

For the Woman Reader

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Shopping

Women spend eighty-five cents out of each dollar, and "buymanship" is as important to the family, as salesmanship is to the factory. Too often, women go about it haphazard, purchasing what strikes their fancy as they saunter down Main Street. To make your dollars buy the utmost comfort one should give careful study to her purchases.

One aid to this is a tiny loose leaf shopping book which slips into the hand bag and is always kept there. In this book, have a page for each member of the family, giving his sizes, measurements and color tastes. A similar page for each room in the house gives size of floor and windows and sample of wallpaper, if there is paper on the walls. With this you can pick up bargains you may find for a member of the family or can buy curtains which are the right length and harmonize with the furnishings of any room.

A gift page for each is also a help. On this list presents for Christmas or birthdays which each member of the family may have expressed a wish for sometime during the year. You will be sure then to get something desired and may find it at a bargain anytime as you ramble around the stores. If so, buy it and lay it away in a secret drawer, awaiting its occasion. If there are children in the family, a small supply of little tokens appropriate for gifts to teachers and friends or for party favors might also lodge in this drawer, picked up fortunately on shopping tours.

It is a convenience to have the name of your favorite clerk in each store and helps in telephoning to the store, matching things or exchanging purchases.

Before you go shopping, make a list of each article you wish to buy. Classify them according to stores: dry goods, groceries, hardware and so on. When you notice a shortage of paving knives, or that the soap is almost gone, write it down and do not trust yourself to remember that when you happen next time to be in the stores.

Other shopping aids are a large handbag which will hold small parcels, a coin purse for change and a bill-fold for bills and a few cards with your name and address on them that you will not have to spell it out each time for charging or delivery.

House Plants

Houseplants which will bloom with reasonable care, and are not bothered too much by pests are: begonias, cyclamens, flowering maples, geraniums and impatiens. There are other plants which are decorative, although they do not bloom, and which do well in north windows, halls, and places where they do not get much sunlight. Among these are ferns, palms and rubber plants. Sansevieria is very ornamental. It has tall swordlike leaves and will grow in a hall.

The asparagus fern is a good table plant with feathery foliage. A dainty centerpiece may be had by planting grapefruit seeds rather thickly. The cuttings of the pachysandra, an evergreen plant, will keep green for a long time in wet moss or a bowl of water. This makes a pretty table decoration.

The conditions demanded by blooming plants are: good soil; plenty of drainage in the pot; such firmness of the soil that the water will not trickle down between the soil and the jar, but will percolate through the soil; an abundance of water; a south window or plenty of sunlight; and a room which is free from escaping gas. Geraniums should be young and stocky plants, cut back thoroughly.

A new chrysanthemum, called Glory of Seven Oaks, blooms all winter with a very pretty, though small, yellow flower. Even plants which grow in the shade should occasionally be set in mild sunshine for a short time. Experience and observation will teach you when they need this. While plants will die for lack of water they can get too much and will turn yellow if kept water-soaked.

Beauty Hints

When putting on rouge or powder stand in front of a good light and take time to do the job artistically. Many a hurried woman dashes the make up on hastily and makes herself look daubed and ridiculous instead of enhancing her beauty. The makeup should begin with a thorough cleansing as cleanliness is not only next to godliness, but the foundation of good looks.

Our French sisters are quite obviously painted, but the rest of us are more moderately tinted, if at all. Rouge and lipstick do things to us besides adding color and intensifying the personality. It may change the contour of the face.

The broad face is made to look more slender by putting the deeper shade of rouge near the nose. The lady with high cheek bones only emphasizes them by putting rouge on them. The thin faced lady will appear plumper if her rouge is set well back on the cheek.

Color accentuates the feature to which it is applied. Remember this in

using lipstick or rouge. . . . the size of a large mouth.

Unless one has an oily skin, use a thin foundation cream before adding the makeup. This makes the skin look smoother and younger and makes the powder stick better. Older women, whose characters shine out through their faces, would do well to avoid all powder and not worry about the slight shine of the skin. The fresh, clean skin of an older woman is usually more attractive than powder, which shows too plainly and only makes the skin seem coarse and artificial.

In choosing her clothing colors, too, the white haired woman must avoid wearing strong shades which overwhelm her personality and make her appear neutral.

The Clubby Way

Two chummy housewives belong to different clubs and they have a friendly way of co-operating, which makes it possible for each to attend her club meetings without neglecting her family. One buys a roast and bakes it with potatoes and gravy, while the other is at her club. They divide the contents and the cost and the meal is ready when both families come to supper. The one who has attended the club that day has new ideas with which to regale her family as she serves her evening meal. Tea may be brewed and a can of something opened or a salad quickly made, if a more elaborate meal is desired.

Rice-Meat Loaf

If you have a cup of left-over boiled rice, use it in a meat loaf, mixed with a pound of hamburger, one egg, a fourth cup of breadcrumbs, a green pepper and an onion, chopped, salt and pepper to taste, and a half cup of milk. Mold this mixture into a loaf and bake about an hour in a moderate oven. Parsley for a garnish, or white sauce with it, makes it more palatable.

Drop Cakes

Mix two cups of sugar and a teaspoon each of nutmeg, cloves and salt. Into this, cream a half cup of fat and add a cup and a half of sour milk and two teaspoons of vanilla. Sift into the mixture four cups of flour to which has been added two teaspoons of soda. Lastly fold in three well beaten eggs and two cups of well floured raisins. Bake twenty minutes in muffin tins.

Hang Up Brooms

Have screw eyes in the ends of brooms and hang them up when not in use. If they sit on the floor or even stand upside down on their handles, they will be crowded out of shape and will not do such good work.

Mrs. Solomon Says:
Blessed are the happiness-makers.

Scotland Scores Again

Cohen, the tailor, discovered when examining his stock that he had six thirty-shilling suits.

"I can't sell them at all," he confessed to his friend Isaacs.

"Why not wrap them up and put an invoice in for five suits at forty shillings and send them to MacNab?" advised the other sharp business man.

"What will happen then?" asked Cohen.

"MacNab will think that you've made a mistake and buy them at once," Isaacs replied.

Cohen called on his friend three days later, and his face was white with rage.

"You've ruined me, Isaacs," he cried. "I sent the six suits to MacNab with an invoice for five, and he returned five suits saying that he did not order them."

Don't judge the Neanderthal man too harshly. What will future archeologists think of us if they dig up

16-Year-Old Air Pilot



Miss Winifred F. Bryden, aged 16, of Detroit, Mich., is youngest licensed girl air pilot in United States. She plans transcontinental flights in near future.

Chivalry on the Indian Frontier

An Adventure Over the Afghan Border Told by British Official

The Kohat Road is shut. No Europeans are allowed beyond the barriers of the British camps. And the old Frontier game at which there is none so cunning as the Afriid and his neighboring tribesmen, is—with intermittent lulls—much in the news with a bigger stake for the winner than has ever been offered before.

So it is easy, in reading brief official communiqués, to remember a night, little more than a year ago, when I slept amid the frowning hills over the Frontier, the wrong side of the barbed wire.

There is something uncanny about passing over that theoretical line that divides India from Afghanistan. There is something in the look of the pinched Bengalees, affutter with fountain pens, who let you go through. There is something thrilling in the last salute of the British Indian sentry. There is a "lost" feeling as you pass from the orderly array of a British camp to the wilderness, and the loneliness of the bleak land that nobody claims.

Here in these hills had been enacted adventures which read like the old story books of danger, daring, and often chivalry. In these villages there had been whispered the names of Englishmen who had impressed their personality and their word on even the hardest of the mountain chiefs, so that they could do no wrong.

And it was one such, now retired to a pleasant and honorable obscurity in South Kensington, who told me a tale of the Frontier which shows the chivalry of the wild lands.

He was Political Officer for the Khyber. His was the word which carried peace along the road to Kabul. His was the influence that protected the caravans and the tribes, which moved with their armed protectors along one of the oldest trading routes

in the world. And his habits, his face, his figure, and his skill with a revolver were known to a nicety by every self-respecting thief, brigand, hold-up merchant, and ransom expert in the Khyber hills.

It was but a matter of routine when the message came to his office about the proposed murder and looting that night. The time was given. The place was exactly indicated. The object of the raid was detailed and the Political Officer thought that, on the whole, it promised to be an ably-thought-out, systematically executed and amply-rewarded enterprise.

And also, he added, an entertaining evening, though only in the course of his routine.

Picked Men

Picked men and personal arms were arranged five miles away. An orderly brought the Political Officer's two-seater round to the office. A junior European applied for an evening's "fun." And just as night was falling in its abbreviated imitation of a Western dusk, the "brains" of British discipline in the Khyber drove off to the rendezvous.

The car was not going well that night. Headlights were switched on; and two miles from the rendezvous the car entered a tiny ravine where a mountain path crossed.

The Political Officer cursed bleakly and staccato as he pulled at the hand brake. The little car skidded and stopped, engine stalled. And in the light of the headlamps the man who sat his horse in the centre of the road jerked his rifle sharp to his shoulder and fired.

There was a cry from behind him, and he laid his rifle across his knee. The shot had gone wide, and at sound of that voice the Political Officer quietened the impulsive rising of his junior and sat at ease at the wheel of the car.

The Procession

Then from the mountain road there emerged a curious procession. It was headed by the man who had given that order. He swaggered into the roadway. He fronted the lights bravely enough. He had his rifle slung. His attitude, you would say, indicated

that he cared neither for Political Officers nor their juniors.

The car was one of those which, going, went on going. Did you still see reverberating engine, however, it needed a walk round to its imposing bonnet to swing at a handle.

The armed procession crossed the road. There were more mounted men, there were armed tribesmen, then a rope, then the elderly, bent figure of a Hindu, attached to the rope, then more rope; and in single file the half-dozen remaining members of one of the boldest and most actively-operating looting bands in the Frontier Hills.

The watching horsemen in the road wheeled and joined his leader. They waited with the calm of men who have waited for years, and can wait for another five minutes to see what an unarmed Political Officer, at the wheel of an ancient car with a stalled engine, will do in strange circumstances. The Political Officer fumbled in his pocket. Slowly he drew out a pipe; then tobacco. He filled the bowl and stuck the pipe in his mouth; let the match flare up to light his face as he applied it to the brown strands in the bowl.

Then he opened the door. Paying great attention to his pipe, which did not seem to please him, he walked to the front of the car. Half a swing . . . the engine coughed and died. Half a swing . . . worn and dirty plugs gave hesitating spark to sluggish petrol. The Political Officer walked back to the wheel, examined his pipe again and turned the little car round in the narrow road not very skillfully, while the two silent watchers waited.

It is perhaps to the credit of the Indian Civil Service that the Political Officer did not swear before he had traversed a mile of the journey back to camp. The raid had been over before he started. The prisoners had been taken. The loot had been hidden. The victims had been perhaps already disposed of by the peculiarly artistic means known to that particular tribal leader. And another rich caravan had paid the price, in spite of the ceaseless vigil of the British in the Khyber.

The Political Officer's language was startling, however, on the following morning as he sat at his desk reading the daily pile of personal letters which awaited him.

The junior, then in the room, left. The orderly, methodically slitting the envelopes with an ivory knife, inadvertently cut a headquarter communiqué in half. The table shook its paralytic tremors from the crash of his fist on the table.

Yet it seemed an ordinary enough letter for a Political Officer to receive. The envelope was cheap and transparent. The writing was careful and neat—the hand of a village professional writer. There was but one sheet inside. It read:

"Dear Sahib,—
"It was indeed fortunate that I recognized your Honour's motor-car. It was indeed an act of Allah that I was able to warn my men to spare your life. It was your Honour's wisdom that brought him unarmed along the road. Would your Honour remember in the future not to drive along dangerous roads at night without a guard?"

"Yours faithfully,"
(The signature was a thumb print).



"You've got a cold, old man."
"Yes. Don't know how I caught it, but it seems—"

"Now, look here. I know a sure cure—that is, if you take it right away."

"No use. Seven men have made me promise to try theirs first and I can't take yours right away, so it won't be any good at all. Sorry."

Sunday School Lesson

November 23. Lesson VIII—The Rich Young Ruler (Refusing a Life of Sacrificial Service)—Mark 10: 17-27. Golden Text—And he said to them all, if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.—Luke 9: 23.

ANALYSIS

I. REFUSING THE CALL TO SERVICE, vs. 17-22.
II. THE HARDSHIP OF THE RICH, vs. 23-27.

INTRODUCTION—The lesson raises the question of the attitude of Jesus to wealth. Did he regard wealth as a curse rather than a blessing? Did he think it wrong for a man to accumulate wealth? The answer to such questions can only be found by a careful reading of the whole gospel narrative. Jesus' own folk, the family of Nazareth, were not rich, but apparently people of moderate means. It would seem, also, that the disciples were of the same class. But when he entered upon his ministry he seems to have made no distinction between the rich and the poor. He listens to the petition of the rich ruler and of the centurion and helps them in their need as readily as to the poor and the outcast. He sees clear the temptations of wealth to selfish living, but does not anywhere condemn the possession of it. He commends the servant who renders faithful service to his lord. That man, he declares, is foolish who does not rich toward God. If love of riches prevents a man from rendering the best service of which he is capable to his fellow men then it becomes to him a curse. It is not the having or not having of worldly goods that is in the mind of Jesus a matter of importance, but the good that he can do. In one never-to-be-forgotten sentence he makes his mind clear on this subject when he says, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," Luke 12: 15. Jesus would therefore have men put the pursuit of wealth in its proper place, not first, but second, and subordinate to the real and infinitely precious things of the kingdom of God.

I. REFUSING THE CALL TO SERVICE, vs. 17-22.

It was, according to Luke (18: 18-30), "a certain ruler" who came to Jesus with the question, "Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" No doubt he was a man of some intelligence, well brought up and educated according to the customs, ideas and manners of his time. The Jews had a great inheritance in the history and literature of a thousand years, and in the high conceptions of justice, righteousness and clean living which had come to them through the teaching of prophets and wise men of the past. Their laws were based upon the ancient laws of Moses, which looked for a golden age of justice and universal peace under the rule of a great King and Saviour of David's line. This King, some of their teachers held, would be himself divine, exalted to the very throne of God and only those would enjoy his kingdom who kept the laws of God and lived upright lives. To have eternal life was to be fit and qualified for admission to that kingdom, and therefore to triumph over death and all its terrors. The question which the rich young ruler asked was of the highest importance to him and it is evident that he was not entirely satisfied with the answers which he had previously received from his teachers.

What Jesus meant by his answering question, "Why callest thou me good?" is not clear. Matthew gives it in a different form, "Why askest thou me concerning that which is good?" Jesus may have seen in this form of address an effort of the questioner to pay him a compliment, nor may he have desired to turn his thoughts from the opinions of teachers; however good or great, to the demands of God. And, therefore, he refers the questioner to "the commandments" which all good Jews believed to be the laws of God. The young man's answer is not satisfactory. He has observed all the laws from his youth and yet is not satisfied. He asks, "What lack I yet?" Matt. 19: 20.

There is an interesting expansion of the words of Jesus in an ancient writing, the so-called "Gospel of the Nazarenes." "How sayest thou, 'I have kept the law and the prophets?' How does it stand written in the law? 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' and see, many of thy brethren are covered with filth and dying of hunger while thy house is full of good things, and nothing at all goes out from it to them."

There was evidently much good in this young man, and "Jesus looking upon him loved him." Jesus must have seen that nothing but a life of service to his fellow men would satisfy that deep soul hunger which had prompted his question. He called him to such a life, his wealth given to feed the poor and he himself one of the disciples and followers of Jesus. "But his countenance fell at the saying, and he went away sorrowful."

II. THE HARDSHIP OF THE RICH, vs. 23-27.

The possession of great wealth was more to this young ruler than the call of God. One is tempted to say, "The poor rich man." We often speak of the hardships of the poor. Jesus says, "How hardly shall they that have riches get the best things in life, 'enter into the kingdom of God'! It is hard, not for the rich, but 'for them that trust in riches.'"

At a meeting of a political club it was agreed that no member should talk about what he did not understand. The silence became unbearable.

The man who is really sharp never complains about dull times.

Half-Breeds Participate in Festival



Group of Metis, or half-breeds who travelled from Edmonton to take part in the dance and folk song festival, held recently, at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec. Their demonstrations of folk dances of the northwest were one of the highlights of the fete.