CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

So this is June. Cold, wet overhead, and even wetter under foot. Storm windows still on and the only comfortable room in the house the kitchen—that is unless the furnace is alight, as it often is when I get tired of being cold and can summon up enough energy to gather wood and chips for quick heating without wasting good fuel. Partner says he is looking forward to winter so he can be warm in the house without feeling it an extravagance to burn good fuel.

Of course there have been days when a few bright rays of sunshine have penetrated the leaden skies and we have been foolish enough to get optimistic—"Ah, it has come at last," we say, "that bright, warm weather we have been waiting for!" And we feel still more cheerful when we listen to the probs, as told by Ananias, the weatherman. We hear him say, "Tomorrow, clear and warm." And "tomorrow" we wake up and find clear, warm weather more of a dream than any we had in our sleep.

* * *

On fine days we work like fury to get a few jobs done outside. Last Wednesday we moved the chickens from the small brooder house where we start them to a larger pen where they have more room but no heat. On this exercise extraordinary I did the catching and Partner the carrying. And believe me, that was one time I wasn't complaining of being cold. It was a fairly warm day anyway but about an hour after the chickens were moved the temperature began to slide—that was the night we had our first late frost. It was also the first of two nights that I carried hot water bottles to the chickens. What do you think of that? My hot water bottles were quart sealers wrapped around with heavy stocking legs, and I placed them among the chickens to keep them from crowding and smothering each other. Even with that extra precaution I went out next morning prepared to pick up the dead. But there were none. However, the next two nights I did lose five but as they were evidently members of a nudist colony they certainly were not much of a loss.

* * *

The foregoing was written last night. By the time I had got thus far with my speel the furnace had burnt itself out so I went to bed. The rest of the family were already under the covers.

We slept—in blissful ignorance of wind and weather. But this morning . . . one look outside was enough. Rain pouring down from grey unbroken skies; apparently it had been raining all night. The creek had flooded its banks and part of the pasture fields were awash. The cows were the far side of the creek! Normally the cows walk through the usually shallow creek because that keeps the back lane from being churned up all the time. This morning—because of the swollen waters, Bob tried to drive the cows to the gate at the back of the field and out down the lane. Do you think they would go? No sir . . . cows can be the stupidest, stubbornest things on the farm. They broke away, came running back to the creek and plunged into the swirling water. I was watching from the back of the house. The first cow completely disappeared for a minute—I thought she was drowned—then I saw the water churning and the cow scrambled to her feet on this side of the creek. The rest of the cows came after her and swam the creek. All that is, except one. Eva will never as much as put her foot in a puddle of water if she can help it. That cow has personality. She allowed Bob to drive her down the lane to the bridge. But here was more trouble. Brush and debris swept down by the fast flowing creek had dammed the bridge. The water, as water will, had diverted its course, and flowed on across the lane below the bridge.

* * *

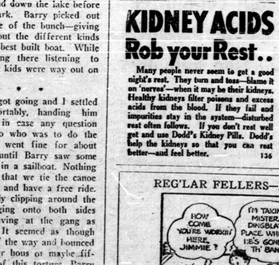
Incidentally, before any milking was done this morning, the men paddled around at the bridge and removed all the planks so they wouldn't get a chance to float away. Now it is ten o'clock, still raining and the water still rising. A ditch at the back of the house has risen higher than the outlet pipe from the cellar so water is backing up into the cellar. Things are beginning to look mighty serious. But, like the man without any shoes who pitied himself until he met a man without any feet, so we in this district have much to be thankful for. At least a tornado hasn't come our way, wrecked our homes or killed helpless victims. Thoughts turned inward and confined to the boundaries of our farm and family are bound to be selfish and despairing. But if we look outward and onward it is more than likely our own troubles will grow less as we come to a better understanding of, and have a keener sympathy for, those other folk whose ills are so often much greater than our own.

Former Official

Answer to Previous Puzzle

HORIZONTAL
1,6 Pictured former U. S. Secretary of Commerce
10 Greek letter
11 Plunge
12 Consume
13 Us
15 Mischievous child
17 More concise
19 Offer
20 Herpic
22 Black (Fr.)
23 Circle
24 Asiatic kingdom
26 Great
27 Nevada city
28 Extremities
29 Accomplish
30 For instance
31 Regrets
33 Belt
36 Swiss canton
37 Brilliance
39 Remainder
40 Battles
44 Friends (Scot.)
45 Winglike part
46 Flyers
48 For
49 Symbol for tellurium
50 Grease
51 Ventilates
53 Symbol for erbium
54 Mournful song
55 Spoke monotonously

VERTICAL
1 Sleeveless garment
2 South Dakota (ab.)
3 Be seated
4 Level
5 Demigod
6 Gibe
7 Boat paddle
8 New Testament (ab.)
9 Sways
10 Bearing
14 Rim
16 Tubular part
18 Yes (Sp.)
19 Feathered vertebrate
21 Glowing with heat
23 Search through
25 Lax
26 Rent
31 Staggered
32 Constellation
34 Error
35 Intense dislike
36 Naughty child
38 God of thunder
40 Ruse
41 Mortindis dye
42 Thoroughfare
43 Ado
46 Hog
47 Standing room only (ab.)
50 Either
52 Symbol for tin



TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

GUEST COLUMN BY SUSIE

Well, Barry finally left for a week's holiday up north, and what a time we had getting him off. His mother is having a much needed rest and I am looking forward to a week of peace and quiet—instead of bomb shattering days.

It was quite a struggle to get the privilege of writing his column. Four nights and days I worked on him and only during a weak moment on the last day did he consent. It was too late then—for he had promised and I had accepted. Barry likes the names of the kids around the province and the different things they are doing in his column, and the thought occurred to me that Barry is doing things different, day in and day out; so why not tell his readers what he is like.

* * *

On thing in your columnist's life, is the fact that he can get in some of the finest messes without even trying. He was helping his mom paint the ceiling of the living-room a few days ago. He turned round to ask her something, knocking over the paint can. Lovely white paint poured down his trouser leg onto the hardwood floor. After the excitement had died down and Barry had stopped admiring his white flannels, he sauntered over to our house to see what was cooking (taken literally). On the way over he decided the car needed fixing, as it wasn't picking up speed properly; and we were going to a dance that night (Saturday Nite).

Well, whatever happened, I don't know, but about fifteen minutes later I looked out to see what he was doing and the largest black cloud of smoke was pouring out from the back end of the car. To make matters worse, he jumped in and roared up the street, gunning her as hard as he could. When he came back everything was normal and the usual load of kids was piled in the back and hanging over the sides—just like any other day.

* * *

One Sunday last summer the gang decided to go up to Lake Simcoe for a picnic. Barry said he knew a short cut. After wasting hours going up and down sideroads and farmers' lanes we arrived on the scene in time for supper. Then everyone decided to hire some canoes and go cruising up and down the lake before it got too dark. Barry picked out the best canoe of the bunch—giving me a line about the different kinds of wood, the best built boat. While I was standing there listening to this, the other kids were way out on the lake.

* * *

Finally we got going and I settled myself comfortably, handing him both paddles in case any question came up as to who was to do the work. Things went fine for about five minutes until Barry saw some kids he knew in a sailboat. Nothing would do but that we tie the canoe to the sailboat and have a free ride. We were really clipping around the lake—me hanging onto both sides and Barry waving at the gang as we flew by. It seemed as though we flew part of the way and bounced the rest. After hours or maybe fifteen minutes of this torture, Barry asked if we could ride in the sailboat. I had had enough of boats to do me for months and politely refused the invitation — meanwhile glaring at Barry and thinking to myself, wait until I get on land will I tell him off? Feeling much better when they let me off, I sat on the beach and waited for the sailor. They seemed to be taking the corners much too fast for my liking, and I was glad to be on dry land. They nearly tipped about five times, but what was worrying me more than the boat tipping was the girl with the honey coloured hair and the trim bathing suit. Barry's quite dependable, but forgets himself sometimes—especially when there is something extra nice around. He was sitting beside her. When they landed he helped her out and stood there laughing quite excitedly. Well, I just tripped over and put a stop to any ideas that migh crop up, and things resumed their usual fashion.

* * *

We were just sitting down to supper tonight, when Mrs. M. phoned to say that Barry was back on the scene again. This time by telephone, asking for twenty dollars. She is sending six. He had trouble with the car and took it into a garage to have it fixed. The man at the garage had two bear cubs, and Barry bought one and was shipping it home.

So friends you now have an idea of what your columnist is like and the life he leads; also the disturbance he causes wherever he goes. I can just see him and that bear cub sauntering over here after supper every night. Well, I can tell you now, I won't play second fiddle to any grizzly.

Oil-Rich

The newly rich oil farmer, unable to write, deposited his first royalty cheque in the bank and arranged that his signature should be two crosses. Soon, a cheque showed up signed with three crosses and the banker summoned the farmer for an explanation, "Well, my wife is gettin' into society," he explained, "and she thinks I should have a middle name."

BOILS

Poultices of Mecca relieve pain, bring out cores, heals quickly, no scar. 15c, 35c, 50c, $1.00.

"MECCA" OINTMENT

KIDNEY ACIDS
Rob your Rest..

Many people never seem to get a good night's rest. They burn and tease—blame it on 'nerves'—when it may be their kidneys. Healthy kidneys filter poisons and excess acids from the blood. If they fail and impurities stay in the system—disturbed rest often follows. If you don't rest well get and use Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's help the kidneys so that you can rest better—and feel better. 136

. . . TABLE TALKS . . .

"Can All You Can"

Canning methods, like everything else, have changed greatly during the past decade or so. They are no longer haphazard. When each step is followed with care there should be no worry about the keeping quality of the canned product, success is assured. For up-to-the-minute canning information, the home economists of the Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture recommend their new, revised bulletin "Home Canning of Fruits and Vegetables."

In this booklet you will find the essential steps of canning outlined in a clear, concise and easy-to-follow manner. It gives detailed information on such topics as the equipment used in canning, the preparation of containers, the selection and preparation of the product to be canned, packing the product, along with the processing, cooling and storing of the canned product. It also contains a Question and Answer section, where the reason for many failures may be found.

You may obtain your copy by writing to the Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

STRAWBERRY JAM
4 quart boxes strawberries
OR 8 cups crushed strawberries
6 cups sugar

Wash, hull, crush and measure strawberries. Bring to boiling point and precook uncovered, for 15 mins. Add sugar, bring to boil and boil, uncovered, until jam stage is reached—about 12-15 minutes.

Yield: 6½ cups.

TO CAN ASPARAGUS

Wash, break off tough ends of stalks. Remove scales if necessary. Cut in lengths to fit containers. Tie in uniform bundles and stand upright in 2 inches of boiling water. Cover, bring to boil and boil 3 minutes. Pack hot, all tips up, except 3 with tips down in centre. Add 1 teaspoon salt per quart. Cover with boiling water, leaving headspace. Time to allow if processed in:

Boiling Water Bath—Pints and 20 oz. cans — 2 hours
Quarts and 28 oz. cans — 2 hours
Pressure Cooker (10 lbs.) Pints and 20 oz. cans — 30 minutes
Quarts and 28 oz. cans — 35 minutes.

RHUBARB CHUTNEY
2 lbs. rhubarb (7 cups)
1 large onion
few grains cayenne pepper
¾ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ground ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon allspice
1 teaspoon whole pickling spices (tied in cheesecloth bag)
1 cup vinegar
1½ cups sugar

Wash and cut rhubarb into ½" pieces. Peel, slice and cook the onion in a small quantity of water for 20 mins. in a covered pan. Add rhubarb, seasoning and ½ the vinegar. Cook until rhubarb is tender. Add sugar and remaining vinegar. Continue boiling over low heat, uncovered, until the chutney is of the consistency of jam—about 45 minutes. Yield: 2 pints.

TO BE POPULAR insist on serving Maxwell House coffee. It's packed 2 ways. In *Super-Vacuum Tin* (Drip or Regular Grind) or *Glassine-lined Bag* (All Purpose Grind).

Ford's Answer

A favorite story about Ford is the one told on the occasion of the Ford's fiftieth wedding anniversary, when a reporter asked "Mr. Ford, to what do you attribute your successful marriage?" The kindly automobile king answered: "The formula is the same as one used to make a successful car—stick to the same model."

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A dual-purpose DDT Powder. Mixed with water, one pound makes up to a gallon of Barn Spray. Mixed with five gallons of Water makes an effective Barn Spray. Convenient to use, economical and safe—no fire hazard ½ lb., 2 lb. and 5 lb. packages.

*Reg'd trademark

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NUGGET SHOE POLISH

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● If you've never tasted *Lipton's* delicious *brisk* flavor . . . if you've never felt the exhilarating FLAVOR-LIFT you get with *Lipton's Tea*, you've got a real treat coming! For *Lipton's is* the only tea that gives you brisk, mellow *flavor*—plus a *lift* that picks you right up. It's the *blend* that makes *Lipton's*—and the *blend* is *Lipton's* own secret. Whenever you're tired or depressed, drink a cup of *Lipton's* and see how much better you feel! Ask for *Lipton's*—the tea with the FLAVOR-LIFT—at your grocer's today!

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REG'LAR FELLERS—Bigger and Better Business

By GENE BYRNES

The Quality Tea

"SALADA"

ORANGE PEKOE

Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN

W.N.U. FEATURES

SYNOPSIS

PAPER XX: Karen corroborates Mark's surmise about the family plot to get control of the fortune through Vera. She also says that it was Vera who found a scrap of a letter from Vallancourt tipped his hand.

Chapter XXI

When Christopher Storm bounded in with his quick virile stride, Vera turned hurriedly to shake the young man's hand. He looked at the clean-cut face and spoke first.

"I'm in a hell of a hurry, Storm. You can answer just one question, I will."

"Gladly." He faced McCale with his candid eyes.

"How did you happen to give The Nest to the bride and groom?"

For a moment Storm looked rattled as if the question were far from what he had expected. Then he explained.

"You see McCale," he said, "I'm an architect. The Nest was a little place for newlyweds. I'd built it for myself. It's a modern affair, as you know if you've seen the model and is full of the latest gadgets, sun decks, and stuff."

* * *

"Yes, yes," McCale interjected blandly.

"Well, Veronica and I had worked on it together. We were practically engaged and we thought as we did marry it would be just the place for us." His eyes were far away. "Exactly," McCale said. "I understand that."

Then Curt came along." His face was bitter.

"Then it was a gesture? A deliberate backhand slap—"

"Not at all. I never would have done a thing like that. I'd had it for Curt, all right, but after I had a talk with him, just the day before his death, he convinced me he really was in love—that he wanted to make Veronica happy. I was still in a great big sentimental mood. I decided to deed them The Nest. That's all."

* * *

McCale studied him. He said finally, "Yes. That's just about what I'd expect you to do."

The telephone at his elbow rang and he made a motion for Storm to answer it. The young man spoke a few words, then turned to McCale. "It's for you."

"McCale here," he said, wondering who could be calling him there. It was Ann. She sounded frightfully urgent.

"Is it all right for me to spill?" she asked.

"Go ahead."

"Mike, I'm down at the drug-store under Shari Lynn's Hotel. I got here an hour ago and could not raise her. I thought she was asleep. I came back just now. The police are there—our friend Donlevy, and the homicide squad. The bellhops won't say a word, but, Mike—Duke—does that mean—?"

"Hold everything," McCale said. "I'm leaving Christopher Storm, he is a grab for his hat.

* * *

Shari Lynn lay on her back, a small, tragic figure in death. Her head was half under the table, as she had fallen, but not too far under to hide the staring eyes and the look of surprise and terror on her face. The patent artifice of her hair accentuated more than ever her age and dissipation.

McCale's eyes were grim as he noted the neat-round hole in her chest, the pool of dark blood that had spilled down her side, saturating her gown, soaking the carpet. His eyes swiveled around to encounter two calm gray ones which dissociated him from the excited opposite corner of the room. Merriot sat astride a small metal trunk. She was holding the hand of Veronica Bigelow, who looked white and haggard looking, in a straight-backed chair.

"Ann, why did you come back after you called me?"

"Well, I saw two officers escort Mrs. Bigelow—Veronica here—into the lobby. I thought: 'Good Lord, what are they up to with that poor girl now?' So I came on up in the same elevator."

"Good girl. But how did you manage to invade the premises?"

"That was too easy. In fact, I was brought in as a prize suspect. Darned if the elevator boy didn't remember he had taken me up an hour before, so, of course, being properly awed by the majesty of the law, he just couldn't help whispering that bit of information at the door. Whereupon I was rushed in with a firm grip on my elbow." She turned to Veronica. "Are you feeling better, Miss Bigelow? Mr. McCale is going to get us out of here."

* * *

"I'll do what I can," he said, and there was genuine concern in him that came as a real surprise. He heard a soft tread behind him and turned to face the lieutenant.

"Johnny-on-the-spot as usual, I see." There was a shadow of a smile on Donlevy's lips. "Sorry I had to detain Miss Marriot, but she rather arranged her own entrance, so to speak, together with one of my over-zealous squad."

"Surely you're through with her now?" McCale was devastatingly formal.

"Quite, quite. She could have gone a half hour ago, but when I learned she had phoned you, I thought—that is—Miss Bigelow was a bit under the weather." He disregarded Veronica studiously, his manner to her hard, restrained.

So that's the way the wind blows, McCale thought, and said to Ann, "You run along now. Wait for me at the office." He looked at his watch.

* * *

Then he added pointedly to Donlevy, though he faced Ann, I'll see that Miss Bigelow gets home safely, unless, of course"—he turned steely eyes to the lieutenant "—unless you are not willing to remand her in my custody."

"Oh, quite all right," Donlevy said.

Ann murmured a few cheery words to the girl and went out.

At the window, Donlevy spoke with an impatient gesture which took in the whole room. "A little more of the same mess," he said. "Eh, my friend?"

McCale sighed. "Looks like it," he said bitterly. "The worst part of it all is that if I'd had my wits about me, it might have been prevented."

"What?"

"I was here in this room talking with Miss Lynn about two this morning. I'm convinced by what she said that she knew something. When I came in I had the feeling that she expected someone else."

* * *

"A little blackmail, what?" Donlevy's eyes showed their intent interest.

"Yes." McCale began to prowl around the room. Everything seemed just the same as it had been.

He stopped before the collection of snapshots and photographs he had noticed on the wall the night before. He pointed to a space.

"Someone has removed a picture," he exclaimed.

Donlevy came right over. "I noticed that. But whose picture—that we'll probably never know. You didn't by any chance—"

"No I looked them over last night, but didn't recognize anyone. What about the rest of the place?"

"Oh, the whole joint has been searched. Bedroom torn apart. What they were looking for is probably gone."

* * *

McCale let his voice drop to a murmur. "Then why in God's name are you determined to pin it on that girl over there?" He indicated Veronica. "Surely—"

Donlevy shrugged. "The motive, my friend. The motive always comes back to that. The motive has piled up in the last twenty-four hours."

McCale sounded sullen. He knew only too well how it had piled up. "You satisfied?"

(To Be Continued)

Chinchilla Thrives on Baby Food—Charlie, a two-day-old chinchilla, is an orphan for all practical purposes. Born in the California State Exposition building in Los Angeles of parents kept for exhibition, the mother chinchilla ignores her offspring, born in captivity. The caretaker says he is making progress on a diet of strained baby food.

ANNE HIRST

Your Family Counselor

Mother Blames Son's Wife For Neglect

DEAR ANNE HIRST: I am a widow with a married son whom I get to see only about once a month—on account, I believe, of his wife. I don't think she allows him to come to see me, for when she visits her mother for a few days he wants no one but me. They have a fine son whom I seldom see, and it is grieving me to death.

I am 52 years old, and work hard at a very responsible job. I can't keep my mind on my work! They live only a few doors from me. I have never to my knowledge interfered with them.

I told him I hope his son will never treat his parents as they have treated me. Don't you think it will come home to them? And what do you suggest I do? I just can't write the way I feel about it! —*Broken-Hearted Mother.*

* * *

● OFFER TO HELP

One way to win friends or family over is to make one's self useful to them. Have you offered to sit with the boy while his parents take the evening off? Reliable sitters, I hear, are hard to find, and I expect your help would be appreciated. You could have the child to yourself, which of course you'd thoroughly enjoy.

Since your son does not seem to know the cause of his wife's indifference, it is probably due only to her thoughtlessness. Assume that, anyhow. The fact that you live close by, too, may be another reason. She has to plan ahead to visit her own mother, but you are so accessible that she probably thinks each day she'll run in tomorrow—and then something arises to prevent it. You know yourself that those whom it is easiest for us to see are just the ones we often seem to neglect.

I understand how deeply you feel about this, and I hope you will not assume there is any personal reason, unless you have to. Go out of your way to do little thoughtful acts for your son's wife when you can, and take it for granted they will be welcomed.

Young people, particularly in their early married life, often seem selfish and thoughtless to older members of their families. They let their own friends absorb all their leisure, and of course they like to be alone, too, in their new privacy.

Try to remember this, and so relieve your mind and heart of this strain. It will do your health no good, you know.

* * *

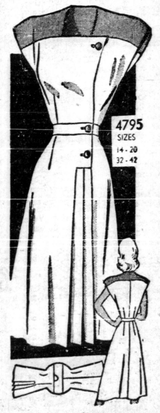
ESPECIALLY in in-law situations
* is it best to believe the best. Anne
* Hirst will help you to. Write her
* at Box A, Room 421, 73 Adelaide
* St. West, Toronto.

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S. Arnott

Handwriting and Reserved Friendship

When letters f, g and y are written with small loops below the writing line, about twice as long as the letter above the line, it is an indication that these writers are reserved and select their friends with care. Although such writers may be friendly and enjoy companionship, they prefer to select a few people as their particular friends. This does not mean that they are snobbish; on the contrary, they make excellent companions. They do not regard everyone as a close friend but prefer to associate with a few.



f g y & Open Small loops

There are many signs in handwriting that tell of unfriendliness or deceit. The most common of these and easiest to recognize is the open space at the base of the letters "a" and "o". It is, however, always well to check this sign of unfriendliness with other signs in the handwriting. These will be discussed in a later article.

Anyone wishing a more complete analysis please send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Box B, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. There is no charge for this service.

Search no more, my lady, for that slim, trim summer casual! Pattern 4795 is the flattery you've been waiting for. No waist seam makes for easy sewing, good fit!

Pattern 4795 comes in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 42. Size 16, 2 1-8 yds. 33-in.; ½ yd. contrast.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

To Antarctica

A combined British-Norwegian-Swedish expedition is to explore the Norwegian territory in Antarctica in the fall of 1948. Under Norwegian command, scientists will study the geography, geology, and the plant and animal life of Queen Maud's Land, practically unknown until 20 years ago, but visited since then by several Norwegian expeditions.

DON'T WAVER. Say "Maxwell House". It's the same marvellous coffee blend whether packed in *Super-Vacuum Tin* (Drip or Regular Grind) or *Glassine-lined Bag* (All Purpose Grind).

Sunday School Lesson

Judah's Last Days

Kings 23:31 to 24:7; Jeremiah 36

Golden Text—The fear of the Lord prolongeth days; but the years of the wicked shall be shortened.—Proverbs 10:27.

The Northern Kingdom had fallen before the hosts of Assyria, and its people, carried off into exile or dispersed, had become "the Lost Ten Tribes" of history. The Kingdom of Judah, or Southern Kingdom, lasted another 136 years, but it soon met its downfall and the exile of its people to Babylon. From that defeat and exile, however, there was to be a glorious return and a rebuilding of Jerusalem.

Two things must be borne firmly in mind if we are to understand those times.

Such lessons are particularly appropriate for the United States and Canada, for these democracies face new and unforeseen responsibilities and dangers in their relation to the rest of the world.

The two things to remember about Israel's situation are that the prophets of the time were more important than the kings and that Israel, too, had lost any isolation it might have had.

A small tribal group, in the era before rulers and empires, had set out for world conquest and had now become a kingdom situated between great contending powers. It was always, therefore, in physical danger and in the additional danger of allying itself with one against the other and of the consequences of making a wrong choice.

It was under these circumstances that the prophets urged against entangling alliances and appealed for a high integrity in Israel itself. The prophets could not alter Israel's physical situation any more than we can alter our "one world" situation today.

It is quite possible that even a highly moral and spiritual integrity might not have spared Israel a fate of martyrdom. But what a different fate it would have been from going down in weakness and sin!

What is more to the point, the only real hope of Israel's safety and contribution to the nations lay in the preservation of her integrity. Internal honor and honesty, avoidance of intrigues and entanglements, and wise diplomacy would have been her proper course—the course our countries should be following today.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it proper to fold napkins for the dinner table into fancy shapes?

A. No; the correct shapes for the dinner table are either the perfect square or the oblong, although the triangle may be used for breakfast and luncheon.

Q. Shouldn't a hostess have something to read in the guest room?

A. Yes; a few late magazines, and, perhaps, a short, light novel.

Q. Should a small boy who is ring bearer at a wedding wear a buttonniere in the buttonhole of his jacket?

A. No.

Q. Should word be sent to the hotel to hold the room that has been reserved if one finds he is unexpectedly delayed and cannot arrive on the day stated in his reservation?

A. Yes, because hotels do not hold the room if you are not there to claim it within a reasonable time after you have stated you would be there.

Q. What are the two most important rules to follow in conversation?

A. Refrain from asking personal questions, and be attentive to the person who is talking.

Aid to Burma

Britain will contribute £12,000,000 toward Burma's 1946 budget deficit and advance more than £18,000,000 toward 1947 rehabilitation costs—all under the Anglo-Burmese financial agreement.

TOO WEAK TO DO ANYTHING

On "CERTAIN DAYS" Of Month? This fine medicine is very effective to relieve painful distress and tired, nervous, irritable feelings, of such days—when due to female functional monthly disturbances. Thousands report benefits! LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

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RICH, SPICY CINNAMON BUNS

Recipe

Dissolve 1 tsp. sugar in ¼ c. lukewarm water, add 1 envelope Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let mixture stand 10 min. Then stir well. Scald ½ c. milk, add 3 tbs. shortening, ¼ c. sugar, 1½ tsp. salt; cool to lukewarm. Add 1 c. sifted flour to make a batter. Add yeast mixture and 1 beaten egg; beat well. Add 2½ c. sifted flour, or enough to make a soft dough. Knead lightly, place in greased bowl. Cover; set in warm place, free from draft. Let rise until doubled in bulk, about 2 hours. When light punch dough down; roll out into oblong piece, about ¼" thick. Brush with 3 tbs. melted shortening or butter. Sprinkle with ¾ c. brown sugar, 1½ tsps. cinnamon, ½ c. raisins. Roll up lengthwise in a tight roll; cut in 1" slices. Place cut-side up, 1" apart in greased shallow baking pan. Cover; let rise in warm place until light, about 1 hour. Bake in 425°F. oven about 20 minutes.