ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Dear Anne Hirst:

"I've got to have more than love. I want a husband and a home of my own. . . . When I met this man, I was divorced. He said he was. I came to his city to marry found he had a wife and two children!"

"There is where I was foolish. I stayed and kept on seeing him. He said he was getting his divorce. (They had already separated.) He said he was sorry for her, and he loved the children. He pays all their bills, and sends them money every month.

"A dozen times I've tried to leave, but I care too much. He is faithful to me, and wonderful in many ways. But all I have are promises! I'm still playing second fiddle."

"I can't respect myself, living like this. I'm not that sort. What do you say?"

FRIGHTENED.

LEAVE—

* When you found this man had * deceived you, it is too bad you * didn't take the first train home.
* It isn't too late. The sooner * you do, the sooner he will get * his freedom.
* After all, what's his hurry * now? He is enjoying your love. * He seese his children. Unless * he learns he's losing you, he will * keep on putting things off, and * take no thought for your scandalous situation and your deepening unhappiness.
* You ars still in love. But love * alone is not good enough for * a woman like you. You must * have honor, too. And you will, * if you — Go back home.

* * *

GOSSIP PLAYS HAVOC

Dear Anne Hirst:

"What can a girl do when the boy she loves deserts her? Other boys, who wanted dates with me, told him lies about me—

"—And he believed them! Now he doesn't even speak."

"I can't go on like this. What shall I do?"

R. T.

* I'm afraid the only thing to * do is to make new friends among * nicer young men.
* Any boy who gossips about * a young girl because she won't * date him is the lowest kind of * cad. The girl can do nothing * against such malice; the more * she potests her innocence, the * less is she believed.
* If the young man you love had * had really loved you, he would * have taken these scandal-mongers in hand and shut them up. * Since he swallowed everything, * without even protecting you, it * does seem that he was looking * for any excuse to end the friendship.
* Go your own way now, with * your head high. Stay away from * all the places your friend frequents. Have nothing to do with * him. Watch your manner and * conduct carefully, so there is no * excuse for criticism.
* There are other boys brought * up as gentlemen. Find them * through your girl friends, through * your church, and through your * family's acquaintances.

* * *

You can always turn to Anne Hirst, tell her things you'd never tell anyone else. Her wisdom and her sympathy are yours for the asking. Address at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

World's Biggest Refrigerator

The announcement that the United States has established a base near the North Pole gives added interest to recent proposals that the opposite end of the earth—the South Pole—should be used as a giant refrigerator for storing surplus food.

Professor F. Plumber, a South African scientist, says that of Antarctica, the six million square miles of practically unexplored country surrounding the South Pole, had been used for this purpose in the past, there would be no food crises in Europe and Asia.

It is a scientific fact that food will keep indefinitely in the Antarctic. Members of Admiral Byrd's 1947 expedition ate a meal which had been abandoned in a hut by other explorers six years before. Bread, butter and meat were as fresh as the day they were sold.

Another part of the expedition found the camp of Cape Evans, which had been set up over 35 years ago. They were amazed to see that boards and rafters looked as though they had just come from the sawmill.

There was not the slightest sign of rot in the timbers and not a speck of rust on the nailheads.

A sledge dog, which had apparently frozen to death while standing up, still stood there looking as though it were alive.

No Insects

Scientists now say that if the world's surpluses of grain were stored at the Antarctic to-day, they would still be in perfect condition a hundred years hence.

Life there is in a sort of suspended animation. There are so few germs in the air they can hardly be detected. The whole atmosphere is being bombarded continuously by sterilizing ultra-violet rays, in the presence of which bacteria cannot exist.

The temperature almost never rises above the freezing point of water and sometimes sinks for long periods to 100 degrees below zero.

There are no insects or vermin to eat grain, no bacteria to spoil meat, no spores to make bread go mouldy. Storage would cost hardly anything, for no special protecting equipment would be needed.

Cure For Diseases

Food would be just dumped in wooden packing cases on to the shore and left there until required again by a hungry world.

The antiseptic properties of the Antarctic, it is suggested, might also be utilized for the cure of infectious diseases such as tuberculosis.

The fact that a military base can be built near the North Pole, which has a climate much less hospitable than the Antarctic, proves that hospitals could be established, or even health resorts to which patients could be flown by air ambulance.

American doctors have estimated that convalescence in the Anarctic would be six times more beneficial than convalescence in Switzerland.

Chest troubles of all kinds could be cured there, for it is the healthiest place in the world, getting more sunlight than anywhere else on earth.

Supposing babies were born in the Antarctic—would they be immune to the ailments that afflict children in other parts of the world?

Only for as long as they stayed there and providing they did not come into contact with people from the warmer regions, say the scientists.

Only one baby has ever been born in the Antarctic. Her name is Antarctic Kishelava, and she first saw the ice in January, 1948, on the Russian ship Slava. But within six months she was back in Russia.

IN ADVANCE

A report, being circulated in the Munich beer halls, has it that a thief recently broke into the chief propaganda office in the Soviet Zone of Germany and made off with complete results of next year's elections.

Weekly Sew-Thrifty

R4803
12—20 40
by Anne Adams

DOUBLE VALUE for your sewing time! Summer's most practical, coolest Wrapron — make it also in a brief version for a cover-up apron that really protects you! See the neckline — it's air conditioned! Check that diagram — couldn't be easier, faster sewing.

Pattern R4803: Misses' Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16 takes 3⅞ yards 35-inch fabric.

This pattern easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Has complete illustrated instructions.

Send **THIRTY-FIVE CENTS** (35c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.**

Send order to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Training For The Big Contest—Men as well as women will be among the more than 700 contestants in the daily "Mommoth Cooking Competition" sponsored at the Coliseum by the Women's Division of the Canadian National Exhibition. Contestants will prepare their specialties in five model kitchens before audiences, with daily prizes of up to $50.00. Highest over-all score will win the grand prize of $200. Food like the spaghetti and meat balls Marc Cox will enter will be cooked every day, and sampled by the audiences after being judged. Mr. Cox is practising up on his specialty for the big day.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Last week an accident happened in this neighbourhood—an accident such as we read of in the papers every day—of someone being struck and killed on the highway. We think "how terrible" and then, not knowing the person, we forget about it. But when it is our next door neighbour, then we do not forget.

Last Thursday night tragedy came to the family on a farm that adjoins our own. A well-liked and respected farmer was crossing the highway to his own house . . . a screech of brakes . . . a crumpled body . . . and a woman had lost her husband; a young lad his father. Just as suddenly as that a family can be bereaved and saddened. There is little one can say —so little one can do. Only time can lessen the anguish and dim memory of such a tragedy.

As far as I was concerned the timing came as a coincident. That same day I returned from a short stay in Fort Erie and as the bus wheeled along through the congested traffic in St. Catharines and Hamilton I sat at the bus window wondering how any of us have the nerve to drive at all these days. No wonder there are so many accidents when time after time you see a driver whose ambition seems to catch up to, and pass, the fellow ahead of him.

However, traffic was not congested all the way, I am glad to say. Where the scenery was at its best we had the road almost to ourselves. Such a lovely drive. From Niagara Falls to Fort Erie along the River Road was, to me, more beautiful than the Falls themselves—not so majestic and awe-inspiring but restful with a loveliness all its own. Eighteen miles along a good road, with beautiful homes on the one side and greensward and shade trees on the other, bordering the beautiful Niagara River, where hundreds of swift-winged terns, or sea-swallows, dipped, circled and dived over the water. And then, every few miles, there were fascinating, tree-shaded creeks flowing down to the river with such intriguing names as Usher's Creek, Black Creek and Frenchman's Creek — and a few others that I have forgotten. These creeks appeared to be wide and deep, with rippling waters, darkish-green in colour. The friends with whom I was staying took me for a lovely drive that same evening along the Black Creek road where we found quite a colony of houses bordering its shaded banks. And why not — it was just a little earthly paradise, with rowboats at anchor gently swayed by the lapping waters.

Another beauty spot was the Fort Erie race track—not the track itself, but the approach to it. Here there were fences of white trellis going in all directions with grandest display of rambler roses I ever saw. Then at the main entrance to the race tracks there was a sort of courtyard with cement walks and great white pillars. In between the pillars were hanging baskets in which were growing red, trailing geraniums, that were literally a mass of bloom.

And of course, at Fort Erie there are places of historic interest for those who have time to visit them —the Museum and the old Fort. But all we had time for during my brief visit was to drive past them— I was there for one night only.

Then as a contrast to all this natural beauty and historic landmarks there is Buffalo and its wonderful shopping centre. Because I had never been there we took a bus and spent three hours window-shopping, enviously comparing some of the U.S. and Canadian prices. To me, the one main street we walked along looked like something from a midway show—neon signs of every type and size. At night it must be just a glare of flashing coloured lights. By comparison Yonge Street, in Toronto, is going to look very dignified — which, perhaps, is all to the good.

Well, I think this has been the hottest day yet. Around here it is 98 in the shade. For once I did something I don't usually like doing—shut all the doors and windows and in that way managed to keep the house temperature down to 78. How glad everyone will be when this hot spell lets up a bit. It is certainly pretty hard to take, especially for those in one or two room apartments, with possibly only one window and no means of creating a draught in the cool of the evening. Last week-end we had a houseful of visitors; this week never a one—for which, in view of the heat, I am extremely thankful. Incidentally I remember some years ago the thermometer climbing to 103! Partner and I were scuffling the turnips—and we quit. The one and only time I remember us quitting on account of the heat.

"I just can't marry you till after my vacation from the office, dear. Look at all the fun I'd miss!"

How To Keep Cool In Torrid Weather

Don't try to set the world on fire when it is already burning up; plan housework so that you can take things a bit easier. Keep heavy cleaning to a minimum.

Meals should be planned several days in advance. This will save a lot of leg work coming and going to markets, and try to get your cooking done in the cool of the morning before the thermometer begins zooming up. This allows time to chill foods which you wish to serve cold, others can be taken from the refrigerator and heated for serving with a minimum of time, trouble and kitchen heat.

Once you've acquired a good tan, you'll be able to tolerate quite a bit of sun. Sun bathing from noon till three is a poor time, especially for small children with tender skins. Plan if possible to sun yourself before and after these hours. Most doctors will tell you that plenty of fresh air, but in the shade, is almost as beneficial as being exposed to the direct rays of Old Sol.

Long hours of water play serves no real purpose in the race for better health. Give little tots a brief ducking in hot weather, if this early introduction to salt or fresh water is made gently and safety precautions are followed to the letter.

Many people make the mistake of opening all doors and windows to keep out the heat. It doesn't. Shades should be down and doors closed if you want your home to be comfortably cool in hot weather.

However, it's a good plan to open attic windows as the heat from the lower rooms rise to an uncomfortable degree—often 120 degrees—in hot, hot days in one's attic.

To get the best results for an electric fan, place it in front of an open window and turned towards the room. In this position it will suck in cool, fresh air. But be sure fan is out of the reach of small children.

A good fan can be bought at a reasonable price and believe it or not, costs less to run than a 40-watt bulb.

Most people drink too much ice cold water, etc. Better go in for luke warm drinks on hot days. Warm drinks increase perspiration, the evaporation of which makes one feel cooler.

You'll be more comfortable in hot weather without fatty foods. During this season there's plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables to be had.

Remember, too, that the body loses salt in perspiration. To offset this don't spare the saltshaker when you serve melons, grapefruits, tomatoes, etc. This goes for kiddies as well as adults.

Infants and very young children should not be over-dressed. Just enough clothing to protect them from draughts is best.

On a very oppressive night, it's a good idea to change the pillow cases and sheets as they absorb much perspiration.

Neat Sewing

For neatness in home sewing, cellophane tape can be most helpful. For instance, you can use such tape to attach a sizeable paper bag beside you at the sewing machine for discarded threads, cuttings and ravellings. This does away with untidiness which must otherwise be cleaned up afterwards.

Similarly you can keep a neater sewing basket if you tape the loose ends of binding, tape, rick-rack braid to each card before stowing away.

Use Remnants

787
by Laura Wheeler

THRIFTY outfit uses remnants! Your little girl will wear this as a pinafore now, as a sundress later. Bonnet is scalloped and adorable. Both garments open flat to iron! Pattern 787; pattern parts, cutting guides, sizes 2, 4 and 6 included.

Send **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly **PATTERN NUMBER**, your **NAME** and **ADDRESS.**

Such a colourful roundup of handiwork ideas! Send twenty-five cents now for our Laura Wheeler Needlecraft Catalog. Choose your patterns from our gaily illustrated toys, dolls, household and personal accessories. A pattern for a handbag is printed right in the book.

Those Pensions Make A Big Difference

Pensions are a wonderful thing! No wonder the M.P.'s were so fast in voting themselves one.

Now qualified for full pension are a group of 12 including Earl Rowe, Gordon Graydon, Joe Harris and Hughes Cleaver. When the next session of Parliament meets, there will be 87 qualified for some pension.

But now it is reported that some M.P.'s who thought of retiring at the next election are reconsidering. One more round and some will qualify for the full pension of $3,000 for the rest of their lives. Members first elected in 1940 could put up $4,543 next November and qualify immediately for a life pension of $2,754 a year.

It's a lovely deal.

—From The Financial Post.

BUSINESS-GETTER

When the woman got her bill from the doctor for treating Johnnie for the measles, she was shocked at the price he charged and called him up to tell him so.

"Don't forget," the doc reminded her, "that I made eight visits to the house."

"And don't you forget," she tartly replied, "that Johnnie infected the whole fourth grade."

Paints House At 74 — Never thinking about hiring some young fellow to do the job, 74-year-old Mrs. Harriet Morse paints her own house from a rickety old ladder. The self-reliant grandmother of three is used to doing things herself. She was widowed when her only son was 12 years old and she earned their livings by taking in roomers. She's anxious to complete the house so she can get started on the big porch and a three-car garage.

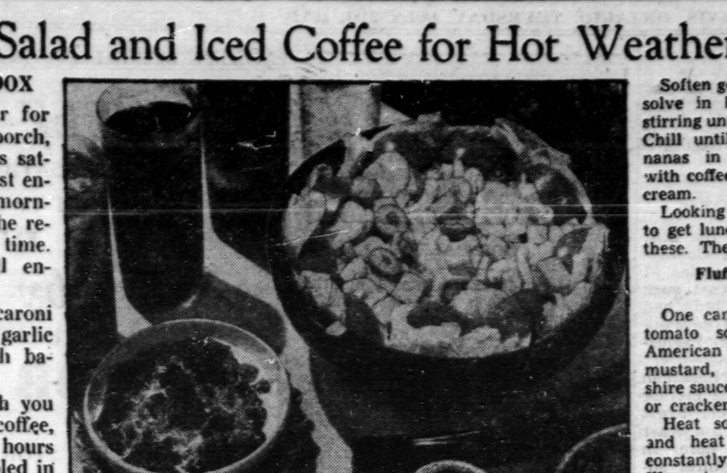
Macaroni Salad and Iced Coffee for Hot Weather Supper

BY DOROTHY MADDOX

HERE'S a fine supper for outdoor eating — porch, terrace or garden. It is satisfying and can be almost entirely prepared in the morning hours and kept in the refrigerator until supper time. The whole family will enjoy it.

Vegetable juice, macaroni chef's salad, relishes, garlic bread, coffee jelly with bananas, iced coffee.

The hot coffee, which you will convert into iced coffee, can be made several hours before serving, and cooled in a non-metallic container. If you prefer, make it double-strength at the last minute and pour into ice-filled glasses. Be sure the coffee is fresh and strong, and that you serve it with plenty of ice in the tallest, frostiest glasses you can manage. Serve with cream and a pitcher of simple syrup or sugar.



Macaroni salad, coffee jelly and iced coffee pep up summer-wilted appetites and can be prepared beforehand.

Macaroni Chef's Salad
(6 generous servings)

One 9-ounce package elbow macaroni, 12 stuffed olives, sliced; ¼ pound American cheddar cheese, cubed; ½ pound bologna, cubed; 3 tomatoes, quartered; 1 cucumber, sliced; salad greens, Russian dressing.

Cook macaroni in boiling, salted water until tender; drain, rinse with hot water; chill. Combine macaroni, olives, cheese, bologna, tomatoes and cucumber Place in salad bowl with salad greens. Toss with Russian dressing.

Coffee Jelly With Bananas
(6 servings)

One and one-half tablespoons unflavored gelatin, 3 cups strong, hot coffee, 3 tablespoons sherry, ⅓ cup strong, cold coffee, ½ cup sugar, 2 bananas cut in ½-inch slices.

Soften gelatin in cold coffee, dissolve in hot coffee. Add sugar, stirring until dissolved; add sherry. Chill until set. Place sliced bananas in serving dishes, cover with coffee jelly. Serve with light cream.

Looking for substantial but easy to get luncheon dishes? Well, try these. They're good.

Fluffy Tomato Rabbit
(4 servings)

One can (1¼ cups) condensed tomato soup, 2 cups shredded American cheese, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 eggs, separated; toast or crackers.

Heat soup slowly; add cheese and heat until melted, stirring constantly. Add mustard and Worcestershire sauce to beaten egg yolks; stir into hot mixture Gently fold in beaten egg whites and heat thoroughly. Serve on hot toast or crackers.

Baked Eggs in Tomato Sauce
(4 servings)

One can (1¼ cups) condensed tomato soup, 4 eggs, 2 tablespoons butter, black pepper to taste, parsley.

Pour ¼ can tomato soup into each of four buttered baking cups or muffin tins. Break an egg into each; dot each with ½ tablespoon of butter and sprinkle with pepper. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F) for 20 minutes Garnish with parsley.

GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

—From Countryman's Year, by Haydn S. Pearson

WHEN a countryman takes a little nooning in the shade of the tree at the house corner on a July day and looks out over the heat-blanketed fields, meadows, and pastures he's apt to recall the familiar phrase, "the good old summertime." In spite of certain discomforts it is a good season of the year.

There's a spirit of tranquility and brooding fulfillment over the land. The sun hangs like a molten golden ball in the blue sky. Barn swallows swoop and wheel over the fields; catbirds scold from the hedge around the garden, and deep in the woods a crow sends forth his melancholy, halfhearted call. In the heat of noontime, the cows gather under a clump of trees and wait for the sun to lower before grazing again. The hens congregate beneath the tangle of blackberry vines and dust themselves in cool holes in the earth.

One can almost see the corn push higher day by day, and the kitchen garden is lush with greenery. Along the brushy lines of walls and rail fences the quail rest in the shade and wait for the cool of evening. The plump, philosophical toads burrow in the moist earth beneath the tomato and melon vines.

And then in the evening, after a day's work in the hot sun, the countryman sits in his favorite rocker on the porch and watches day turn into night. The swallows dart through the air; the robins carol their evening song. And as dusk gradually turns into darkness, fireflies dot the night with red gleams while frogs chant their monotone symphony. It's a good time of year, a part of Nature's cycle when the promises of spring are finding fruition in plant and animal life.

MONEY QUIZ

Suppose you were going to visit all of the countries listed below. You should know the monetary unit in each case so you could intelligently convert some of your travelers' checks. Score: 18 or more correctly matched—very solvent; 15 to 17—you'll get by; 14 or less—better call in your loans!

1. Netherlands ( )	a. Peseta
2. Finland ( )	b. Franc
3. Germany ( )	c. Peso
4. Japan ( )	d. Lira
5. Spain ( )	e. Pound
6. Russia ( )	f. Rial
7. France ( )	g. Markka
8. Brazil ( )	h. Yuan
9. Argentina ( )	i. Zloty
10. Austria ( )	j. Guilder
11. Britain ( )	k. Yen
12. Czechoslovakia ( )	l. Rupee
13. Greece ( )	m. Dinar
14. Italy ( )	n. Mark
15. Norway ( )	o. Cruzeiro
16. Poland ( )	p. Drachma
17. Iran ( )	q. Schilling
18. Yugoslavia ( )	r. Krone
19. China ( )	s. Ruble
20. India ( )	t. Koruna

(Answers elswhere on this page.)

TABLE TALKS
by Jane Andrews

Even during the thirstiest days of the years youngsters—and lots of grownups too—will pass up less nourishing drinks for good, cool milk, so long as you have alongside a jar of delicious chocolate Syrup for flavoring. And here's how to make that syrup with a minimum of trouble.

* * *

CHOCOLATE SYRUP

1 package semi-sweet chocolate chips
¾ cup sugar
¾ cup corn syrup
½ cup boiling water

Melt chocolate chips in top of double boiler. Remove from heat and stir until blended. Add sugar and mix well, then add corn syrup and stir until smooth. Add boiling water gradually, stirring constantly. Cook over boiling water 2 minutes. Makes 1-1/3 cups sauce.

* * *

For CHOCOLATE MILK—measure 2 tablespoons syrup into tall glass. Add chilled milk slowly to fill glass, stirring well. Or shake together in bottle or shaker. Serve with chocolate chip macaroons, if you like.

* * *

For CHOCOLATE EGGNOG—prepare chocolate milk and add it to well beaten egg. Mix well.

* * *

CHOCOLATE FLOAT — is prepared chocolate milk with about 3 tablespoons of ice cream, vanilla or chocolate flavour, added. With coffee ice cream, it becomes **CHOCOLATE MOCHA FLOAT.**

* * *

MINTED CHOCOLATE

A summer thirst quencher for grown-ups and youngsters alike, is **MINTED CHOCOLATE.** For this you add one cup of milk to 2 tablespoons chocolate syrup, stirring constantly. Add 2 to 3 drops of pepermint extract beat or shake well. Pour into tall glass. Top with 2 tablespoons whipped cream and serve with a sprig of mint. If poured over cracked ice, serve at once. Or, if the ice is to be left to melt, add more chocolate syrup to the milk to start with.

* * *

Here is a very quick recipe . . . giving deep, swirling folds of frosting fit for a banquet cake. And it makes something very special even your quickest and easiest cake-mix cakes!

BROWN VELVET FROSTING

1 package semi-sweet chocolate chips.
¾ cup evaporated milk (undiluted.)

Combine ingredients in small saucepan. Cook and stir over low heat until chocolate is melted and mixture is blended. Bring to a boil and boil gently 5 minutes, or until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Cool, stirring occasionally. Makes enough frosting to cover tops of two 8-inch layers or top of 8x8x2-inch cake generously.

* * *

Ice cream, summer's staple treat, turns into a super-dessert when covered with rich chocolate sauce. For time saving and luxurious flavour combined, it's hard to beat this quick variation.

* * *

QUICK CHOCOLATE SAUCE

4 squares semi-sweet "candy-making" chocolate.
4 tablespoons butter.

Melt the chocolate over boiling water. Add butter, blend. Serve hot. Sauce may be kept hot over boiling water. Makes ⅔ cup sauce.

* * *

For a really "deluxe" dessert, yet one that's not too hard to make, just try this.

CREAM SPONGE

1 cup sifted cake flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
2 eggs, separated
¾ cup sugar
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 teaspoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons sugar

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together 3 times. Add water and lemon rind to egg yolks and beat until light and foamy. Add sugar gradually, beating well after each addition, then add flour mixture in small amounts, beating to blend. Beat egg whites until foamy, then add lemon juice and sugar and beat until it stands in peaks. Fold into flour mixture. Turn into 2 ungreased 8-inch layer pans and bake 25 minutes at 350° F. Invert on cake rack until cake is cold. Spread lemon cream filling between layers and sprinkle powdered sugar over top. Serve with lemon cream sauce.

* * *

LEMON CREAM SAUCE AND FILLING

1 cup sugar
5 tablespoons cake flour
1 egg, slightly beaten
⅓ cup lemon juice
2/3 cup water
2 teaspoons butter
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ cup whipped cream

Combine sugar and flour; add egg, then all other ingredients except lemon rind and whipped cream in top of double boiler and cook 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Chill and add lemon rind and ¼ cup whipped cream. Use half for cake filling. To remaining half, add the other ¼ cup whipped cream and use as sauce.

Brazilian Sage—Looking like a bewhiskered wiseman, "Mustachio," a rare Imperial marmoset, states his views at the Bronx Zoo. This species of marmoset, rarely seen in captivity and the first owned by the zoo, is native to western Brazil.

KEEP IT CLOUDY

Beaming with happiness over the enthusiastic reception his campaign address had received, the veteran politician bowed himself off the stage and into the midst of his faithful co-workers who awaited him in the wings.

"That speech was great," cried one starry-eyed supporter. "You certainly made yourself clear on the provincial rights question."

"My gosh," muttered the old campaigner, "what a blunder!"

An embittered acquaintance defines genius as a man who can earn money more quickly than his family spends it.

Parrots Aplenty

With the bald dome of El Viejo as our guide, we made our way up the steep and desolate hillside beyond the sullen, lifeless lake. . . .

It took us four hours to reach the crest of the ridge beyond. The view was spectacular; it was heaven itself. Twin lakes, iris-blue, nestled in a field of green, spreading their bays like white-edged petals of a freshly opened flower. Against jade green of the jungle were clusters of scarlet, of flamingo pink, purple, and opalescent yellow. There were showers of gold blossoms, and some that in the distance looked like falls of snow.

From the saddle of the crest where we stood we counted four more lakes beyond the gems at our feet. The hot tropic sun burnished them until each stood forth like an individual jewel.

Ginger sighed and then said in almost a whisper, "Whatever else this unknown jungle holds, there won't be anything more beautiful than this."

"Right now," I said, "I can almost taste that water. Let's go get it."

We started forward, machete blades flashing as they bit through the growth which clung to the mountainside.

When we cut through the last barrier of jungle and stepped onto the curving shore of a glorious blue cove, we unshouldered our packs and sat down at the water's edge. Both of us were a little weak in the knees. I felt an emotion so intense it resembled physical pain, and glanced at Ginger.

She said, "It's no use trying to say what we're feeling."

I shook my head. "This is one thing we've planned on, and worked for, and earned, and hasn't let us down a bit."

We stopped talking and stared at the unbelievable lovliness around us. . . .

While we swam lazily, we realized that, whatever else our Paradise might offer, it would not be silence. Continually, it seemed, there were shrieking flights of parrots over us, but it never palled. We had such a variety: yard-long red macaws, bright green parrokets, not much larger than sparrows; moon-faced, graceful contures, and stocky, yellow-shouldered parrots, so much like the "Pollys" we'd known back home. Ginger and I promised each other that never would we keep a parrot in a cage, nor a macaw chained to a perch—not after seeing them fly free, with the bright sun giving brilliance to their plumage. . . .

On the shore of Dana Lake, we found a high, conical structure made of huge limestone blocks. The flats of each terrace were filled with black earth. At the base of the cone was what appeared to be a landing for canoes, and upon its crest was a small temple of sorts. The fact that its base and its flat top were almost perfect circles in shape, made us wonder if we had not stumbled upon a Mayan astronomical observatory. For though they never developed telescopes, astrolobes, or such, and must have depended only upon what the human eye could see, they had been amazing astronomers.

By our campfire that night, with the new moon a tilted crescent over the slanting silhouette of the pyramid, I said to Ginger, "I don't believe the Mayas ever built without an eye for beauty."—From "Quest for the Lost City." by Dana and Ginger Lamb.

MONEY QUIZ ANSWERS

1. (j); 2. (g); 3. (n); 4. (k); 5. (a); 6. (s); 7. (b); 8. (o); 9. (c); 10. (q); 11. (e); 12. (t); 13. (p); 14. (d); 15. (r); 16. (l); 17. (f); 18. (m); 19. (h); 20. (l).

Mind The Paint

Take care of your woodwork. Don't use coarse scouring powder or strong cleaners to clean it.

They may remove or roughen the smooth outer surfaces of the paint so that it soils faster and is more difficult to clean.

Strong alkali can weaken and also discolor paint. Test any new cleaning preparation in an inconspicuous place first, and whatever you use, follow directions carefully.

A mild, neutral soap is satisfactory for washing paint, but if it is necessary to scour, finely powdered whiting is one of the best abrasives, and is inexpensive to buy by the pound at paint or hardware store.

Wash only a small area at a time, and rinse carefully. Even a mild soap contains some alkali that will eventually injure paint if left on it.

Famous Home Of Sherlock Holmes On This Side Of The Atlantic Now

Sherlock Holmes, the famed detective in the deerstalker hat, arrived in Manhattan the other evening from London.

With his friend and companion, Dr. John Watson, he went straight to his lodgings at 221-B Baker Street, and wouldn't say whether he was there on a case. He just said his Baker Street rooms looked exactly as he had left them.

This, of course, is a bit of fiction, just as Holmes himself is fictional —and probably the most famous character of all time in the world of detective stories.

On closer inspection, 221-B Baker Street turned out to be the Plaza Galleries on 59th Street, but that, as Holmes would say, is elemental, my dear Watson, Baker Street is inside, and it's a completely faithful and authentic reproduction of the room where it is always 1897.

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The room has been brought to America by Adrian Conan Doyle, son of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the writer who created Holmes and finally had to kill him off so he could return to his other pursuits.

To a great many people all over the world, Sherlock Holmes is an actual person, not just a character in fiction. Each year, Adrian Conan Doyle gets frantic and pathetic pleas for help, all of them addressed to Holmes.

When the exhibit here opened, an elderly lady stopped in an asked for the great detective. Conan Doyle explained that Holmes just wasn't around, whereupon the lady grew indignant and red-faced. She knew quite well he was there, she said; she'd seen his picture somewhere recently.

As you stand at the railing, look into the Baker Street study, you can't help feeling that Holmes and Watson have just quit the room—bound, perhaps, for Paddington Station in a hansom cab.

* * *

It's a room of Victorian charm and clutter, with Holmes' armchair on one side of the fireplace and Watson's on the other.

On a long deal table stands a tray with half-empty teacups, half-eaten crumpets and napkins just tossed down. In the silver butter dish are the bullets Holmes has carelessly flung there (they were taken from the body of a man murdered in 1895), an on the back of the door, hangs Holmes' deerstalker and Inverness, together with Dr. Watson's tall silk hat and respectable black coat.

Beside the fireplace is the coal scuttle where Holmes kept his cigars; in one corner the acid-stained table at which he worked out his experiments in chemistry and next to it, the wax bust of Holmes, draped about with his mouse-colored dressing-gown. (The latter items figured heavily in "The Empty House.")

There is also the big desk at which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote the Holmes stories. On it, is Holmes' famous magnifying glass.

* * *

There are various and sundry other wonderful things in this cosy room: the Persian slipper holding Holmes' shag tobacco; a harpoon like the one that killed Black Peter; cigarettes from the year 1897; the "agony columns" of the London newspapers ready and waiting for Holmes' perusal.

The red velvet curtains are drawn against the raw and inclement weather of Baker Street; offstage, there are sound effects of horses' hooves clip-clopping across the cobbles.

The game is afoot.

As you leave the lodgings and find yourself back on 59th Street again, you'll see a red car at the curb, its sides lettered "Holmes Electric Protection. Burglary Service."

A little modern for Sherlock, perhaps, but you know all goes well in Baker Street.