

ANNE HIRST

Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: This letter concerns my only child, a sweet and intelligent girl. She studied journalism, and meant to go places—when she met and married. I was happy for her, and thought I had gained a son. But he is mean and selfish, and a constant drinker.

"They bought a home out of town, and I saw little of them, but thought everything was all right. Now they have three children. . . . One day my daughter came home and broke down. She told me everything. Anne Hirst, it was terrible to listen to; some things are so shocking I cannot write them. . . . She has tried leaving him; she has talked to her minister, done everything there is to do. Several times she applied for divorce, only to have him come crawling back and say, 'Each time she forgave him. . . . She has tried drinking with him, and going on parties with him. He ignites her in public, even accuses her of other men. . . . Now she is about fed up, and wants to divorce him. I have told her she must make up her own mind. . . . Do you think a man like that will ever change? The younger children love their father, but the oldest is afraid of him. I want to help her, but I do not want to interfere. If you will print this letter, with your answer, it will show it to her.

"I don't know if there are a few of you in your place of business who read these letters and laugh, but whoever or wherever you are, I thank you for letting me share my burden with you. My daughter is all I have, and I do so want to see her happy, with a decent home for herself and the children. . . . Thanks again. . . . A MOTHER.

"It has been my observation (and knowledge over 20-odd years' experience in conducting this column, that such a man does not change. Occasionally a miracle happens, but only to often enough to affect the average. A man who insults his wife publicly, who doubts the fidelity of a girl like your daughter, who is a drunkard, who is a deceiver in him, if he had of fended her only once, when he was intoxicated, she could not forget it; but to make a practice of such charges indicates a warped mind—and what wife, with the best intentions in the world, can deal with that?

"Your daughter has forgiven her husband time and again, he has taken advantage of her grace and generosity. He is not fit to live with any sensitive woman. As a father, he cannot be a father, indeed, he is a dangerous influence; the two children who still love him are under two years old, entirely too young to see him as he is; the boy, even at four, fears him. They will have, I do not hesitate to say, a better opportunity to grow up normally when he is gone.

"Your daughter may have other unexplained reasons for her hesitancy to divorce him. It is, as you say, her decision to make. This opinion, however, is the one which I must hold. . . . P.S. Since I left a newspaper, I am not a writer, but I am a better opportunity to grow up normally when he is gone.

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For Half-Sizers



4629 14 1/2-24 1/2
by Anne Adams

Especially for the short, full figure — this slimming, figure accentuated by a new and dramatic collar detail. Fit in this crepe, faille, or cotton — you'll gather compliments galore wherever you go. Proportioned to fit — no alteration worries! Pattern 4629: Bust Sizes 14 1/2, 16 1/2, 18 1/2, 20 1/2, 22 1/2, 24 1/2. Size 14 1/2 takes 4 yards 39-inch fabric. This pattern easy to use. Simple to sew, is tested for fit. Has complete illustrated instructions. Send THIRTY-FIVE CENTS (86c) 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.

Mustard-Pickle Dumplings

Mix and sift into a bowl, 1 1/2 c. one-sifted pastry flour (or 1 1/2 c. one-sifted all-purpose flour), 3 tps. Magic Baking Powder, 1/2 tsp. salt. Cut in finely 2 ts. chilled shortening. Make a well in dry ingredients and add 1/2 c. finely-chopped mustard pickle in sauce and 1/4 c. milk; mix lightly with a fork, adding milk if necessary, to make a drop dough. Drop in 6 portions, over hot cooked steak. Cover closely and simmer (never lifting the cover) for 15 mins. Yield—6 servings.

Always Dependable



World-Famous Clown Tells His Story

Spring is in the air—the circus has taken to the road again. And, tramping along with the Greatest Show on Earth—just as he has for years, delighting children and adults alike with his magnificent patios of pantomime—will be that ad-faced tramp clown, Emmet Kelly.

Actually, it won't be Emmet Kelly at all—but "Willie." "Willie and I have travelled a long, long way together since that day when he was turned out of his drawing room in Kansas City," he says. "A whole lot of it has been done on foot—tramping thousands of miles around the oval of the circus hippodrome, over and over again, twice a day, rain or shine.

"The laughter of children is a sound so sweet to my ears that I forget it sticks in my mind and he can still hear the echo warning his heart when he has put aside the makeup and the motley and quiet trouping."

Emmet Kelly put aside his woebegone makeup long enough to relate the story of his "Life in Tatters and Smiles" to F. Beverly Kelly, well-known circus author and publisher. It's the simple story of a circus boy who made good in the great world of make-believe—a boy whose farm home in the Ozarks of Missouri, boasted of "huckleberries, blackberries, raspberries, and grapes. There were peach trees, pear trees, and two kinds of apples as well as hickory nuts and walnuts. . . . We raised corn, cabbage, onions, lettuce, and radishes."

Anyone who has seen the mountaintop tramp ambling around the circus ring, munching delightedly on a cabbage leaf, might have been tempted to offer him a penny for his thoughts. Emmet's thoughts strayed frequently back to those boyhood days in the farm home where he had to cut log chunks for the heating stove and split wood for the cook stove, piling it on the back porch where it was handy for his mother.

These have been some milestones in my career as a clown—times when my spirits rose at the sound of apples or when I had been complimented by people in high places, and it was always the same thing: my mother standing at the kitchen door looking at the woodpile and telling me, 'Well, you are a fine boy, and you have done a good job.'"

It was the color, the noise, and the excitement of the circus which drew Emmet Kelly away from the little farm. From the moment he saw his first parade, his one ambition was to be a performer in that glorious parade. Fashioning himself a backyard trapeze, he learned enough tricks to impress the manager to agree to a tile match. From then on, he trooped with one after another until finally he hit the "Big One," Ring-

maligned stardom around these days. I wonder . . . are they friend or foe to the farmer? Some think one way, some another. Even naturalists do not agree on that point. I like to think they are friends because it is a cheering sight to watch them on a sunny day splashing and hopping around in every puddle of water they can find. I can understand why people want to drive them away from public buildings in towns and cities but surely in the country we can accept them, taking their less desirable qualities along with their beneficial insect-devouring activities. After all the stardom live according to the laws of nature. Can we say as much for the human race? What right have we to criticize lesser forms of animal life when we scold human beings experiment with atomic and hydrogen bombs? Not that we are frightened for ourselves. In view of the devastating qualities of atomic weapons alarm from a personal viewpoint would be little get even a crumb of his pretty cake.

Light snow or rain had been forecast for Sunday but it turned out to be a nice day. We drove down to Onkville and from there Bob and I took to the road of the way. How grab every place looks just before the spring rains. Too wet for raking up the winter debris; too cold for growth. Not a sign of green anywhere except for a few shoots here and there from flowering bulbs. Yet we know, given a few days of bright, warm sunshine and the miracle of spring will be with us once again. The robins know it, too, for last Thursday I saw not one robin but three, two cock-robin and one hen. Ah, me, does that mean that tramping situations exist even in feathered families? There are plenty of the much

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The Calvert Sports Column

by Elmer Ferguson

Nostalgic veterans of the sports world, frequently lament that in no sport do the moderns equal those of another era, for physical ruggedness, durability, and such indestructible qualities.

The modern steamroller hockey with its limited rounds, as a sport that has grown soft. They lament the days of fights-to-the-finish, of ferocity, violence, when contestants showed a stamina and the ability to withstand punishment. And if that is true, we're very glad indeed that things have changed.

After Battling Nelson, the shell of a once-great athlete with the durability traditional of those rugged days of sport, died in complete poverty, we dug into some ancient files to refresh our memory on some of the Davy Crockett's major battles, particularly his long and vicious fight with Ad. Wolgast for the lightweight crown which Nelson then held.

In and our search we came across a newspaper account of All Light, which reported that it was "one of the most gruesome, merciless, heart-throbbing, vicious battles of all times and although Wolgast was he would never be hired again."

Nelson, so the story said, proved a punching bag for the young German from Cadillac. He is now spending his last days in an insane asylum, living in the hazy memories of his great days, and training for the "fight of tomorrow" that his punch-wrecked brain envisions.

That was a fight, so we take it, typical of the era for which nostalgic fight veterans sometimes mourn. Doubtless there were athletes in those days, but more so than today, in the lights of limited rounds, where the accent is on skill and speed, if less on the durability.

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By BOB ELLIS
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