

ANNE HIRST Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I've tried to solve this problem myself but got nowhere. I turn to you. . . Since school days I've been good friends with another woman. When she married, things were rough, and for years I pitched in and helped her clean house, baby-sat for her children, etc. . .

"Well, time marches on. Her boys are grown and getting married. She has come into money, bought a new home and two cars. She has let me down considerably these past few years; the only times she's invited me to entertain, and the visit would end with me right in the kitchen helping the servants. . .

"Recently she visited me for the first time in ages. A son is to be married, and (with the aid of a cousin) she said: 'There will be 100 at the cocktail party and I need you! I'll have no sleep all night. I'd thought I would be a guest at the event, but no, I'm still to be Cinderella. . .

"For a long time she has been so overbearing and given me such a feeling of inferiority! Now she is on the way up, and we are still struggling along. . . I shall be looking forward to your good, sound advice, and thank you kindly for it."

CINDERELLA

* Your problem is not so common as you think. Many a childhood friend accepts gratefully the love, sympathy and practical help another woman gives her for years on end, and when she comes into money, changes her life, she nature, she believes her new wealth entitles her to assume the role of a goddess, with almost unbearable arrogance. Instead of using her good fortune to brighten the lives of less fortunate friends, she thinks they should be flattered by her recognizing their existence. In other words, she becomes a first-rate snob.

* You can take either of two courses: keep on serving her in your former capacity as a helper and getting a kick out

* of it, smiling beneath your hurt, with the conclusion that she doesn't know any better or you can decline the "honors" and end the friendship. The latter choice is the customary one, for there can be little true companionship left between you. She is not the grateful friend she used to be. Her ostentation should arouse only your pity, because she is missing a fine experience in life.

* We all know so many people, who, notwithstanding any change in social position, treasure our friendship through the years. They value us for what we are and have been to them, and lose no opportunity to show their appreciation for long and beloved associations.

* I know how hurt you are, but you should not be. It is she who has failed you, and her better self. She does not need your help now, but she would make a slave out of you notwithstanding. It is she who is inferior, of course. I think you owe it to your personal dignity and self-respect to have the strong stand; she will have to respect it. You will suffer no loss in letting her go for she is not the loving, loving woman she once was. She is responsible for the end of the friendship which today is no friendship at all.

TWO COURSES

* Your problem is not so common as you think. Many a childhood friend accepts gratefully the love, sympathy and practical help another woman gives her for years on end, and when she comes into money, changes her life, she nature, she believes her new wealth entitles her to assume the role of a goddess, with almost unbearable arrogance. Instead of using her good fortune to brighten the lives of less fortunate friends, she thinks they should be flattered by her recognizing their existence. In other words, she becomes a first-rate snob.

* You can take either of two courses: keep on serving her in your former capacity as a helper and getting a kick out

* of it, smiling beneath your hurt, with the conclusion that she doesn't know any better or you can decline the "honors" and end the friendship. The latter choice is the customary one, for there can be little true companionship left between you. She is not the grateful friend she used to be. Her ostentation should arouse only your pity, because she is missing a fine experience in life.

* We all know so many people, who, notwithstanding any change in social position, treasure our friendship through the years. They value us for what we are and have been to them, and lose no opportunity to show their appreciation for long and beloved associations.

* I know how hurt you are, but you should not be. It is she who has failed you, and her better self. She does not need your help now, but she would make a slave out of you notwithstanding. It is she who is inferior, of course. I think you owe it to your personal dignity and self-respect to have the strong stand; she will have to respect it. You will suffer no loss in letting her go for she is not the loving, loving woman she once was. She is responsible for the end of the friendship which today is no friendship at all.

CLERGYMAN PRAISES

"Dear Anne Hirst: I read your column regularly, to satisfy my curiosity about the advice those in your position give to people who write them. May I say that I find it sensible and helpful."

"I commend you on the fine work you are doing with your philosophy and knowledge. Through your insight into human nature (and without benefit of theological training) you are able to unravel the skeins of poorly-knit lives, and you remedy defects which ignorance and ignorance have wrought. I expect you to reach those who would never approach a minister for advice. I hope that your endeavor will continue to bear fruit upon the good ground of those who

CLERGYMAN PRAISES

"Dear Anne Hirst: I read your column regularly, to satisfy my curiosity about the advice those in your position give to people who write them. May I say that I find it sensible and helpful."

"I commend you on the fine work you are doing with your philosophy and knowledge. Through your insight into human nature (and without benefit of theological training) you are able to unravel the skeins of poorly-knit lives, and you remedy defects which ignorance and ignorance have wrought. I expect you to reach those who would never approach a minister for advice. I hope that your endeavor will continue to bear fruit upon the good ground of those who

CLERGYMAN PRAISES

"Dear Anne Hirst: I read your column regularly, to satisfy my curiosity about the advice those in your position give to people who write them. May I say that I find it sensible and helpful."

"I commend you on the fine work you are doing with your philosophy and knowledge. Through your insight into human nature (and without benefit of theological training) you are able to unravel the skeins of poorly-knit lives, and you remedy defects which ignorance and ignorance have wrought. I expect you to reach those who would never approach a minister for advice. I hope that your endeavor will continue to bear fruit upon the good ground of those who

CLERGYMAN PRAISES

"Dear Anne Hirst: I read your column regularly, to satisfy my curiosity about the advice those in your position give to people who write them. May I say that I find it sensible and helpful."

"I commend you on the fine work you are doing with your philosophy and knowledge. Through your insight into human nature (and without benefit of theological training) you are able to unravel the skeins of poorly-knit lives, and you remedy defects which ignorance and ignorance have wrought. I expect you to reach those who would never approach a minister for advice. I hope that your endeavor will continue to bear fruit upon the good ground of those who

CLERGYMAN PRAISES

"Dear Anne Hirst: I read your column regularly, to satisfy my curiosity about the advice those in your position give to people who write them. May I say that I find it sensible and helpful."

"I commend you on the fine work you are doing with your philosophy and knowledge. Through your insight into human nature (and without benefit of theological training) you are able to unravel the skeins of poorly-knit lives, and you remedy defects which ignorance and ignorance have wrought. I expect you to reach those who would never approach a minister for advice. I hope that your endeavor will continue to bear fruit upon the good ground of those who

CLERGYMAN PRAISES

"Dear Anne Hirst: I read your column regularly, to satisfy my curiosity about the advice those in your position give to people who write them. May I say that I find it sensible and helpful."

"I commend you on the fine work you are doing with your philosophy and knowledge. Through your insight into human nature (and without benefit of theological training) you are able to unravel the skeins of poorly-knit lives, and you remedy defects which ignorance and ignorance have wrought. I expect you to reach those who would never approach a minister for advice. I hope that your endeavor will continue to bear fruit upon the good ground of those who

CLERGYMAN PRAISES

"Dear Anne Hirst: I read your column regularly, to satisfy my curiosity about the advice those in your position give to people who write them. May I say that I find it sensible and helpful."

"I commend you on the fine work you are doing with your philosophy and knowledge. Through your insight into human nature (and without benefit of theological training) you are able to unravel the skeins of poorly-knit lives, and you remedy defects which ignorance and ignorance have wrought. I expect you to reach those who would never approach a minister for advice. I hope that your endeavor will continue to bear fruit upon the good ground of those who

CLERGYMAN PRAISES

"Dear Anne Hirst: I read your column regularly, to satisfy my curiosity about the advice those in your position give to people who write them. May I say that I find it sensible and helpful."

"I commend you on the fine work you are doing with your philosophy and knowledge. Through your insight into human nature (and without benefit of theological training) you are able to unravel the skeins of poorly-knit lives, and you remedy defects which ignorance and ignorance have wrought. I expect you to reach those who would never approach a minister for advice. I hope that your endeavor will continue to bear fruit upon the good ground of those who

CLERGYMAN PRAISES

"Dear Anne Hirst: I read your column regularly, to satisfy my curiosity about the advice those in your position give to people who write them. May I say that I find it sensible and helpful."

"I commend you on the fine work you are doing with your philosophy and knowledge. Through your insight into human nature (and without benefit of theological training) you are able to unravel the skeins of poorly-knit lives, and you remedy defects which ignorance and ignorance have wrought. I expect you to reach those who would never approach a minister for advice. I hope that your endeavor will continue to bear fruit upon the good ground of those who

CLERGYMAN PRAISES

"Dear Anne Hirst: I read your column regularly, to satisfy my curiosity about the advice those in your position give to people who write them. May I say that I find it sensible and helpful."

"I commend you on the fine work you are doing with your philosophy and knowledge. Through your insight into human nature (and without benefit of theological training) you are able to unravel the skeins of poorly-knit lives, and you remedy defects which ignorance and ignorance have wrought. I expect you to reach those who would never approach a minister for advice. I hope that your endeavor will continue to bear fruit upon the good ground of those who

CLERGYMAN PRAISES

"Dear Anne Hirst: I read your column regularly, to satisfy my curiosity about the advice those in your position give to people who write them. May I say that I find it sensible and helpful."

"I commend you on the fine work you are doing with your philosophy and knowledge. Through your insight into human nature (and without benefit of theological training) you are able to unravel the skeins of poorly-knit lives, and you remedy defects which ignorance and ignorance have wrought. I expect you to reach those who would never approach a minister for advice. I hope that your endeavor will continue to bear fruit upon the good ground of those who

CLERGYMAN PRAISES

"Dear Anne Hirst: I read your column regularly, to satisfy my curiosity about the advice those in your position give to people who write them. May I say that I find it sensible and helpful."

"I commend you on the fine work you are doing with your philosophy and knowledge. Through your insight into human nature (and without benefit of theological training) you are able to unravel the skeins of poorly-knit lives, and you remedy defects which ignorance and ignorance have wrought. I expect you to reach those who would never approach a minister for advice. I hope that your endeavor will continue to bear fruit upon the good ground of those who

CLERGYMAN PRAISES

"Dear Anne Hirst: I read your column regularly, to satisfy my curiosity about the advice those in your position give to people who write them. May I say that I find it sensible and helpful."

"I commend you on the fine work you are doing with your philosophy and knowledge. Through your insight into human nature (and without benefit of theological training) you are able to unravel the skeins of poorly-knit lives, and you remedy defects which ignorance and ignorance have wrought. I expect you to reach those who would never approach a minister for advice. I hope that your endeavor will continue to bear fruit upon the good ground of those who

CLERGYMAN PRAISES

"Dear Anne Hirst: I read your column regularly, to satisfy my curiosity about the advice those in your position give to people who write them. May I say that I find it sensible and helpful."

"I commend you on the fine work you are doing with your philosophy and knowledge. Through your insight into human nature (and without benefit of theological training) you are able to unravel the skeins of poorly-knit lives, and you remedy defects which ignorance and ignorance have wrought. I expect you to reach those who would never approach a minister for advice. I hope that your endeavor will continue to bear fruit upon the good ground of those who

CLERGYMAN PRAISES

"Dear Anne Hirst: I read your column regularly, to satisfy my curiosity about the advice those in your position give to people who write them. May I say that I find it sensible and helpful."

"I commend you on the fine work you are doing with your philosophy and knowledge. Through your insight into human nature (and without benefit of theological training) you are able to unravel the skeins of poorly-knit lives, and you remedy defects which ignorance and ignorance have wrought. I expect you to reach those who would never approach a minister for advice. I hope that your endeavor will continue to bear fruit upon the good ground of those who

CLERGYMAN PRAISES

"Dear Anne Hirst: I read your column regularly, to satisfy my curiosity about the advice those in your position give to people who write them. May I say that I find it sensible and helpful."

"I commend you on the fine work you are doing with your philosophy and knowledge. Through your insight into human nature (and without benefit of theological training) you are able to unravel the skeins of poorly-knit lives, and you remedy defects which ignorance and ignorance have wrought. I expect you to reach those who would never approach a minister for advice. I hope that your endeavor will continue to bear fruit upon the good ground of those who

of it, smiling beneath your hurt, with the conclusion that she doesn't know any better or you can decline the "honors" and end the friendship. The latter choice is the customary one, for there can be little true companionship left between you. She is not the grateful friend she used to be. Her ostentation should arouse only your pity, because she is missing a fine experience in life.

We all know so many people, who, notwithstanding any change in social position, treasure our friendship through the years. They value us for what we are and have been to them, and lose no opportunity to show their appreciation for long and beloved associations.

I know how hurt you are, but you should not be. It is she who has failed you, and her better self. She does not need your help now, but she would make a slave out of you notwithstanding. It is she who is inferior, of course. I think you owe it to your personal dignity and self-respect to have the strong stand; she will have to respect it. You will suffer no loss in letting her go for she is not the loving, loving woman she once was. She is responsible for the end of the friendship which today is no friendship at all.

CINDERELLA

* Your problem is not so common as you think. Many a childhood friend accepts gratefully the love, sympathy and practical help another woman gives her for years on end, and when she comes into money, changes her life, she nature, she believes her new wealth entitles her to assume the role of a goddess, with almost unbearable arrogance. Instead of using her good fortune to brighten the lives of less fortunate friends, she thinks they should be flattered by her recognizing their existence. In other words, she becomes a first-rate snob.

* You can take either of two courses: keep on serving her in your former capacity as a helper and getting a kick out

* of it, smiling beneath your hurt, with the conclusion that she doesn't know any better or you can decline the "honors" and end the friendship. The latter choice is the customary one, for there can be little true companionship left between you. She is not the grateful friend she used to be. Her ostentation should arouse only your pity, because she is missing a fine experience in life.

We all know so many people, who, notwithstanding any change in social position, treasure our friendship through the years. They value us for what we are and have been to them, and lose no opportunity to show their appreciation for long and beloved associations.

I know how hurt you are, but you should not be. It is she who has failed you, and her better self. She does not need your help now, but she would make a slave out of you notwithstanding. It is she who is inferior, of course. I think you owe it to your personal dignity and self-respect to have the strong stand; she will have to respect it. You will suffer no loss in letting her go for she is not the loving, loving woman she once was. She is responsible for the end of the friendship which today is no friendship at all.

CINDERELLA

* Your problem is not so common as you think. Many a childhood friend accepts gratefully the love, sympathy and practical help another woman gives her for years on end, and when she comes into money, changes her life, she nature, she believes her new wealth entitles her to assume the role of a goddess, with almost unbearable arrogance. Instead of using her good fortune to brighten the lives of less fortunate friends, she thinks they should be flattered by her recognizing their existence. In other words, she becomes a first-rate snob.

* You can take either of two courses: keep on serving her in your former capacity as a helper and getting a kick out

* of it, smiling beneath your hurt, with the conclusion that she doesn't know any better or you can decline the "honors" and end the friendship. The latter choice is the customary one, for there can be little true companionship left between you. She is not the grateful friend she used to be. Her ostentation should arouse only your pity, because she is missing a fine experience in life.

We all know so many people, who, notwithstanding any change in social position, treasure our friendship through the years. They value us for what we are and have been to them, and lose no opportunity to show their appreciation for long and beloved associations.

I know how hurt you are, but you should not be. It is she who has failed you, and her better self. She does not need your help now, but she would make a slave out of you notwithstanding. It is she who is inferior, of course. I think you owe it to your personal dignity and self-respect to have the strong stand; she will have to respect it. You will suffer no loss in letting her go for she is not the loving, loving woman she once was. She is responsible for the end of the friendship which today is no friendship at all.

CINDERELLA

* Your problem is not so common as you think. Many a childhood friend accepts gratefully the love, sympathy and practical help another woman gives her for years on end, and when she comes into money, changes her life, she nature, she believes her new wealth entitles her to assume the role of a goddess, with almost unbearable arrogance. Instead of using her good fortune to brighten the lives of less fortunate friends, she thinks they should be flattered by her recognizing their existence. In other words, she becomes a first-rate snob.

* You can take either of two courses: keep on serving her in your former capacity as a helper and getting a kick out

* of it, smiling beneath your hurt, with the conclusion that she doesn't know any better or you can decline the "honors" and end the friendship. The latter choice is the customary one, for there can be little true companionship left between you. She is not the grateful friend she used to be. Her ostentation should arouse only your pity, because she is missing a fine experience in life.

We all know so many people, who, notwithstanding any change in social position, treasure our friendship through the years. They value us for what we are and have been to them, and lose no opportunity to show their appreciation for long and beloved associations.

I know how hurt you are, but you should not be. It is she who has failed you, and her better self. She does not need your help now, but she would make a slave out of you notwithstanding. It is she who is inferior, of course. I think you owe it to your personal dignity and self-respect to have the strong stand; she will have to respect it. You will suffer no loss in letting her go for she is not the loving, loving woman she once was. She is responsible for the end of the friendship which today is no friendship at all.

CINDERELLA

* Your problem is not so common as you think. Many a childhood friend accepts gratefully the love, sympathy and practical help another woman gives her for years on end, and when she comes into money, changes her life, she nature, she believes her new wealth entitles her to assume the role of a goddess, with almost unbearable arrogance. Instead of using her good fortune to brighten the lives of less fortunate friends, she thinks they should be flattered by her recognizing their existence. In other words, she becomes a first-rate snob.

* You can take either of two courses: keep on serving her in your former capacity as a helper and getting a kick out

* of it, smiling beneath your hurt, with the conclusion that she doesn't know any better or you can decline the "honors" and end the friendship. The latter choice is the customary one, for there can be little true companionship left between you. She is not the grateful friend she used to be. Her ostentation should arouse only your pity, because she is missing a fine experience in life.

We all know so many people, who, notwithstanding any change in social position, treasure our friendship through the years. They value us for what we are and have been to them, and lose no opportunity to show their appreciation for long and beloved associations.

I know how hurt you are, but you should not be. It is she who has failed you, and her better self. She does not need your help now, but she would make a slave out of you notwithstanding. It is she who is inferior, of course. I think you owe it to your personal dignity and self-respect to have the strong stand; she will have to respect it. You will suffer no loss in letting her go for she is not the loving, loving woman she once was. She is responsible for the end of the friendship which today is no friendship at all.

CINDERELLA

* Your problem is not so common as you think. Many a childhood friend accepts gratefully the love, sympathy and practical help another woman gives her for years on end, and when she comes into money, changes her life, she nature, she believes her new wealth entitles her to assume the role of a goddess, with almost unbearable arrogance. Instead of using her good fortune to brighten the lives of less fortunate friends, she thinks they should be flattered by her recognizing their existence. In other words, she becomes a first-rate snob.

* You can take either of two courses: keep on serving her in your former capacity as a helper and getting a kick out

* of it, smiling beneath your hurt, with the conclusion that she doesn't know any better or you can decline the "honors" and end the friendship. The latter choice is the customary one, for there can be little true companionship left between you. She is not the grateful friend she used to be. Her ostentation should arouse only your pity, because she is missing a fine experience in life.

We all know so many people, who, notwithstanding any change in social position, treasure our friendship through the years. They value us for what we are and have been to them, and lose no opportunity to show their appreciation for long and beloved associations.

I know how hurt you are, but you should not be. It is she who has failed you, and her better self. She does not need your help now, but she would make a slave out of you notwithstanding. It is she who is inferior, of course. I think you owe it to your personal dignity and self-respect to have the strong stand; she will have to respect it. You will suffer no loss in letting her go for she is not the loving, loving woman she once was. She is responsible for the end of the friendship which today is no friendship at all.

CINDERELLA

* Your problem is not so common as you think. Many a childhood friend accepts gratefully the love, sympathy and practical help another woman gives her for years on end, and when she comes into money, changes her life, she nature, she believes her new wealth entitles her to assume the role of a goddess, with almost unbearable arrogance. Instead of using her good fortune to brighten the lives of less fortunate friends, she thinks they should be flattered by her recognizing their existence. In other words, she becomes a first-rate snob.

* You can take either of two courses: keep on serving her in your former capacity as a helper and getting a kick out

* of it, smiling beneath your hurt, with the conclusion that she doesn't know any better or you can decline the "honors" and end the friendship. The latter choice is the customary one, for there can be little true companionship left between you. She is not the grateful friend she used to be. Her ostentation should arouse only your pity, because she is missing a fine experience in life.

We all know so many people, who, notwithstanding any change in social position, treasure our friendship through the years. They value us for what we are and have been to them, and lose no opportunity to show their appreciation for long and beloved associations.

I know how hurt you are, but you should not be. It is she who has failed you, and her better self. She does not need your help now, but she would make a slave out of you notwithstanding. It is she who is inferior, of course. I think you owe it to your personal dignity and self-respect to have the strong stand; she will have to respect it. You will suffer no loss in letting her go for she is not the loving, loving woman she once was. She is responsible for the end of the friendship which today is no friendship at all.

CINDERELLA

* Your problem is not so common as you think. Many a childhood friend accepts gratefully the love, sympathy and practical help another woman gives her for years on end, and when she comes into money, changes her life, she nature, she believes her new wealth entitles her to assume the role of a goddess, with almost unbearable arrogance. Instead of using her good fortune to brighten the lives of less fortunate friends, she thinks they should be flattered by her recognizing their existence. In other words, she becomes a first-rate snob.

* You can take either of two courses: keep on serving her in your former capacity as a helper and getting a kick out

* of it, smiling beneath your hurt, with the conclusion that she doesn't know any better or you can decline the "honors" and end the friendship. The latter choice is the customary one, for there can be little true companionship left between you. She is not the grateful friend she used to be. Her ostentation should arouse only your pity, because she is missing a fine experience in life.

We all know so many people, who, notwithstanding any change in social position, treasure our friendship through the years. They value us for what we are and have been to them, and lose no opportunity to show their appreciation for long and beloved associations.

I know how hurt you are, but you should not be. It is she who has failed you, and her better self. She does not need your help now, but she would make a slave out of you notwithstanding. It is she who is inferior, of course. I think you owe it to your personal dignity and self-respect to have the strong stand; she will have to respect it. You will suffer no loss in letting her go for she is not the loving, loving woman she once was. She is responsible for the end of the friendship which today is no friendship at all.

CINDERELLA

* Your problem is not so common as you think. Many a childhood friend accepts gratefully the love, sympathy and practical help another woman gives her for years on end, and when she comes into money, changes her life, she nature, she believes her new wealth entitles her to assume the role of a goddess, with almost unbearable arrogance. Instead of using her good fortune to brighten the lives of less fortunate friends, she thinks they should be flattered by her recognizing their existence. In other words, she becomes a first-rate snob.

* You can take either of two courses: keep on serving her in your former capacity as a helper and getting a kick out

* of it, smiling beneath your hurt, with the conclusion that she doesn't know any better or you can decline the "honors" and end the friendship. The latter choice is the customary one, for there can be little true companionship left between you. She is not the grateful friend she used to be. Her ostentation should arouse only your pity, because she is missing a fine experience in life.

We all know so many people, who, notwithstanding any change in social position, treasure our friendship through the years. They value us for what we are and have been to them, and lose no opportunity to show their appreciation for long and beloved associations.

I know how hurt you are, but you should not be. It is she who has failed you, and her better self. She does not need your help now, but she would make a slave out of you notwithstanding. It is she who is inferior, of course. I think you owe it to your personal dignity and self-respect to have the strong stand; she will have to respect it. You will suffer no loss in letting her go for she is not the loving, loving woman she once was. She is responsible for the end of the friendship which today is no friendship at all.

CINDERELLA

* Your problem is not so common as you think. Many a childhood friend accepts gratefully the love, sympathy and practical help another woman gives her for years on end, and when she comes into money, changes her life, she nature, she believes her new wealth entitles her to assume the role of a goddess, with almost unbearable arrogance. Instead of using her good fortune to brighten the lives of less fortunate friends, she thinks they should be flattered by her recognizing their existence. In other words, she becomes a first-rate snob.

* You can take either of two courses: keep on serving her in your former capacity as a helper and getting a kick out

* of it, smiling beneath your hurt, with the conclusion that she doesn't know any better or you can decline the "honors" and end the friendship. The latter choice is the customary one, for there can be little true companionship left between you. She is not the grateful friend she used to be. Her ostentation should arouse only your pity, because she is missing a fine experience in life.

We all know so many people, who, notwithstanding any change in social position, treasure our friendship through the years. They value us for what we are and have been to them, and lose no opportunity to show their appreciation for long and beloved associations.

I know how hurt you are, but you should not be. It is she who has failed you, and her better self. She does not need your help now, but she would make a slave out of you notwithstanding. It is she who is inferior, of course. I think you owe it to your personal dignity and self-respect to have the strong stand; she will have to respect it. You will suffer no loss in letting her go for she is not the loving, loving woman she once was. She is responsible for the end of the friendship which today is no friendship at all.

CINDERELLA

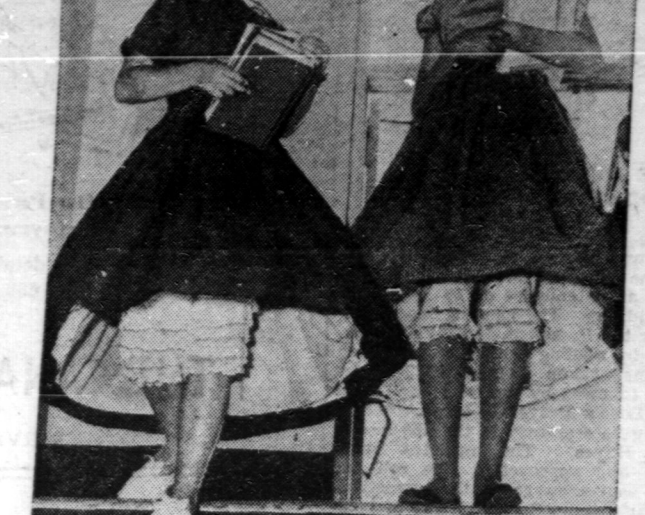
* Your problem is not so common as you think. Many a childhood friend accepts gratefully the love, sympathy and practical help another woman gives her for years on end, and when she comes into money, changes her life, she nature, she believes her new wealth entitles her to assume the role of a goddess, with almost unbearable arrogance. Instead of using her good fortune to brighten the lives of less fortunate friends, she thinks they should be flattered by her recognizing their existence. In other words, she becomes a first-rate snob.

* You can take either of two courses: keep on serving her in your former capacity as a helper and getting a kick out

* of it, smiling beneath your hurt, with the conclusion that she doesn't know any better or you can decline the "honors" and end the friendship. The latter choice is the customary one, for there can be little true companionship left between you. She is not the grateful friend she used to be. Her ostentation should arouse only your pity, because she is missing a fine experience in life.

We all know so many people, who, notwithstanding any change in social position, treasure our friendship through the years. They value us for what we are and have been to them, and lose no opportunity to show their appreciation for long and beloved associations.

I know how hurt you are, but you should not be. It is she who has failed you, and her better self. She does not need your help now, but she would make a slave out of you notwithstanding. It is she who is inferior, of course. I think you owe it to your personal dignity and self-respect to have the strong stand; she will have to respect it. You will suffer no loss in letting her go for she is not the loving, loving woman she once was. She is responsible for the end of the friendship which today is no friendship at all.



THIS MODERN AGE—As school lets out across the nation for the summer, a "new" fashion has left its appearance at school. Nola Marie Beals, left, and Inez Bateman are the subjects for this photographic study of the return of the pantaloons and billowing crinoline skirt. This photograph won \$300 and first prize in a national photography contest for 18-year-old Philip Bateman, who attends high school.

take your words to heart, (You may print my letter if you wish.)

L. R. L.

It may please you to know that I regularly consult religious leaders of all faiths, and have found them eager to advise and co-operate. Various organizations contribute information, too, all of which help me do a better job. I shall welcome any criticism or advice you may feel inclined to send me.

When our friendship is taken advantage of, the hurt may persist, but our conscience is clear. We should only pity the man who prompts the act. Turn to Anne Hirst when you need understanding and sympathetic counsel, addressing her at Box 1, 123 Eighth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Rice Growing

The whole process of the growing of rice is a cycle of beauty, from the seedbed, greener than any green on earth, to the last harvested golden rice, and the rice is always by every change, and especially by the transplanting, when the dry fields were filled with water and the farm family rolled up the legs of their blue cotton trousers and waded into the water and planted the seedlings neatly and exactly spaced over the fields.

Only in Java, years later, did I see the process whole and simultaneous, for there upon the rice fields, the earth in contact with the water, and the some farmers transplanted seedlings into the water others bore home the sheaves. When I think of Java, I see handsome brown men carrying on their shoulders sheaves of rice, heavy-headed and cut as exactly even as strands of silk. . . . From "My Several Worlds," by Pearl S. Buck. Copyright, 1954, by Pearl S. Buck.

Modern Cans Safe Even When Open

Did you know that a "tin can" isn't made of tin? It is actually sheet steel with only a fine coating of tin plated on both sides. And did you know that food left in an open tin can today is just as safe as it would be in a glass jar or any other container? In the early days of food canning, housewives were warned to empty the food from the can as soon as it was opened because of the danger of contamination. Many people are still faithfully following those instructions, in spite of the fact that modern cans are perfectly safe as food containers.

Years ago paint chemists developed corrosion-resistant enamels for coating over the tin. Now you can open up a can of salmon or any other food and leave the left-over portion right in the can. But it's hard to break a habit and Grandma probably never will be convinced!

Commercial food canning in Canada has grown into a multi-million dollar industry since the first salmon canner in the Bay of Fundy in Nova Scotia. Thirty years later a fruit canning enterprise was launched in Grimsby, Ontario, in the heart of the famous Niagara fruit belt.

Today, in British Columbia 90 percent of the salmon catch is canned and represents an annual market value of \$9 million dollars. The yearly value of Canadian canned fruits, vegetables, meats and other foods is about 250 millions. The industry employs thousands of workers and directly supports more thousands of farmers and fishermen. The tin can is big business!

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 Eighth St., New Toronto, Ont.

REVEREND R. BARCLAY WARREN—author of "Spiritual Strength For Today," which is reviewed in these columns.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM By Geraldine D. Clark

Seems to me I have quite a lot of catching up to do in this column—some of it good, some bad.

Remember I was telling you about Mac, the dog who was given to me by the Humane Society. Well, after giving him a five weeks' trial we decided there was only one thing to do—take him back to the kennels. We hated to do it—he was a friendly and affectionate dog—but he had bad habits which seemed impossible to cure. Not only that but he would not eat properly and sometimes his eyes looked as if he were suffering.

Who knows—he may have been hurt or ill-treated as a puppy? After our experience with Mac we gave up the idea of getting another dog—for the time being anyway. And then I saw a Welsh Corgi advertised for sale. Remember? . . . I have been wanting a Corgi for years. Now I have one. Long body, short legs, fox-like head and a pedigree as long as his himself. He is nearly two years old, quiet, well-mannered and friendly. But to people who don't know the breed he looks odd. One farmer, who had not approved of Mac, looked at our Corgi and exclaimed—"Well, things are getting worse, aren't they?" His registered name is "Prince Robert of Green-sleeves and we call him "Toby" for short.

It was Tuesday when we got Robbie. Thursday I was baby-sitting in Toronto as Dee and Art were moving. Dave was either sleeping, playing on the veranda, or out walking with me. Dee got home about 5:15, Dave was on the veranda and I looked at him every few minutes to make sure he was all right. The last time I saw him was at 5:15. I looked and I looked, but there wasn't a sign of Dave. I called to Dee—"Dave isn't here!" Then I ran down the steps thinking he might have taken the dog to the veranda railing.

It was Tuesday when we got Robbie. Thursday I was baby-sitting in Toronto as Dee and Art were moving. Dave was either sleeping, playing on the veranda, or out walking with me. Dee got home about 5:15, Dave was on the veranda and I looked at him every few minutes to make sure he was all right. The last time I saw him was at 5:15. I looked and I looked, but there wasn't a sign of Dave. I called to Dee—"Dave isn't here!" Then I ran down the steps thinking he might have taken the dog to the veranda railing.

Monday morning, I was cold, windy and overcast—and yet a little humming bird is flitting around the sweet rocket in the garden. Dear, optimistic little bird, you will take a leaf from my book and hope for brighter days to come. And in the meantime get on with jobs that are much better done in cool weather than in the heat of summer. The experts who head the investigation are the husband-and-wife team of Dr. Joseph and Louis Rhines, of Duke University, North Carolina. Over the past twenty years they have already established new frontiers into the unknown in their investigation of telepathy.

They conducted the amazing tests with 10,000 packs of picture cards that brought a surprise ending—the discovery that the mind-reader was "reading" not "shown" to him but the card next in the pack, the card unknown to both the telepathist and "receiver."

Instead of telepathy, in fact, there was evidence of a sixth sense—and researchers in every part of the globe are now undertaking tests in what they nowadays call ESP, extra-sensory perception.

Now the Rhines are moving on, exploring a further territory in the uncharted and mysterious hinterland. This time, they're mapping the space-travel that goes on in the mind. A schoolboy in bed in Hertfordshire dreamed that his home in Bruges was blazing fiercely. He was so alarmed by the dream that the head-master wrote to his mother. The house had in fact been burned down.

A woman in Florida awoke sobbing uncontrollably because she had dreamed that her son had died in a blazing plane. Trying to be sensible, she wrote the head-master that her son was not in the Air Force and a cheerful letter arrived the next day, announcing that he expected to be home soon on leave.

Within five nights, however, the woman dreamed the same dream again. She was so distraught that her doctor made arrangements for her to be examined by a psychiatrist.

Perhaps the incident should have led to romance, to round off the story. In fact, they met and parted as strangers. Similarly, a truly nightmarish dream prevented a professional dancer from the coronation of King Edward VII.

The Duke of Portland, Master of the Horse, dreamed that the crown on top of the state coach became wedged underneath the horse's head. He was so disturbed by the dream that he had both coach and arch measured. Sure enough, the arch was found to be nearly two feet too low, the level of the road having been gradually raised in preceding years.

Then there was the startling case of crippled Fred Shenton, who awoke in sudden fear one night in his little house on Cannock Island. "The sea is coming in!" he cried. "The island is flooded. George is outside in a life boat!"