ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I am a bewildered and unhappy fiancee because for nearly a year I have kept my man waiting. I am afraid to marry him. My mother is badly handicapped, besides being one spoiled woman, and she would have to live with us, for I cannot pay board for her elsewhere.

"She has always objected to any man I knew because she hates the idea of my marrying. My fiance is patient and wonderfully kind, but she doesn't get along well with him and I know it is mainly her fault. Wouldn't it be harder for him after we marry? I really am frightened at the prospect.

"I must take that chance, though, or end my engagement. We love each other deeply, but I can't ask him to wait any longer. (He is 31 and I'm 26.) He insists we shall all manage somehow, but have I the right to expose him daily to my mother's irritating ways and her foolish whims? I value your opinion, so please give it.

IN LOVE BUT AFRAID"

- Your fiance is old enough to
- see your mother as she is yet
- so eager to marry that he is
- unafraid of the consequences.
- Why not go ahead? He would
- not offer her a home unless
- he believed you three could
- live agreeably together.

I suggest that you tell your
- mother you have fixed your
- wedding date. When she sees
- your marriage is inevitable,
- she will reconcile herself to it.
- Self-centered as she is, she
- should be grateful you have
- found someone to love you
- and take care of you. In the
- circumstances, I think you
- have the right to ask her to
- be more tolerant toward him.
- In planning your living ar-
- rangements, provide a pleasant
- room for her, furnishing it
- like a sitting-room with her
- books and radio. When you
- are settled, encourage her
- friends to drop in often, and
- otherwise see that she finds
- other interests than herself.
- After a while, you may find
- a private family living nearby
- who can give her the little
- care she needs; many people
- are glad to add to their in-
- come this way.
- Neither of these suggestions
- is ideal, of course, yet how else
- can you marry at all? Your
- fiance wants a home of his
- own, and he does not want
- to move into your mother's
- house. Go along with the idea
- and take it for granted that
- things will work out well. If
- each of you will be a little
- more thoughtful and charit-
- able, you will probably find
- that the trouble you antici-
- pate will not develop.

MOTHER IS RIGHT

"Dear Anne Hirst: I am 15, and am in love with a boy whom I've been going with for eight months. I have found out now that he has a bad reputation and comes from a questionable family, so Mother wants me to break up with him soon.

"I met another boy some time ago, a nice one whose people are respected. He's in the Navy now and will return in September: Mother wants me to go out with him then and drop the one I care for. What should I do?

MISERABLE"

- I go even further than your
- mother. Break up with this
- boy at once, making any ex-
- cuse you please. At 15, you
- evidently do not realize how
- vital to your social life is your
- good name; if you keep on
- dating this young man you
- cannot help but share his
- reputation, and that might
- take a long, long time to live
- down. After you send him
- away, date any boy your
- family approves.
- If you let your feeling for
- your present beau overcome
- your judgment, how do you
- know the Navy lad will want
- to date you when he comes
- home next month? A well-
- born young man with the
- right instincts selects nice girls
- to take out, and if this one
- learns of your association with
- your friend he and his people
- might pass you up entirely.
- Be smart.

Inviting an older relative to share your home is never a welcome idea, yet if it must be done there are emotional adjustments which intelligent people make that can prevent anticipated discord. Ann Hirst has practical ideas which will be useful. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Crochet in Color!

861

by Laura Wheeler

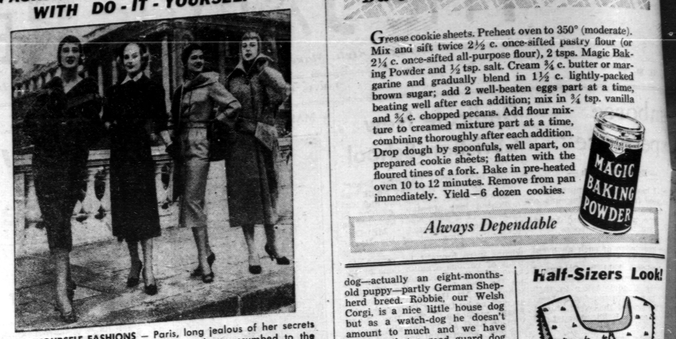
New beauty for your home! Crochet these modern leaf-design doilies in two glowing colors! Easy to do — look so lovely!

Pattern 861: Crocheted doilies in modern leaf-design. Larger size 16½ inches, smaller 11½. Use crochet and knitting cotton.

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**.

LOOK FOR smartest ideas in Needlecraft in our Laura Wheeler Catalog for 1955. Crochet, knitting, embroidery and lovely things to wear. Iron-ons, quilts, aprons, novelties — easy, fun to make! Send 25 cents for your copy of this book NOW! You will want to order every new design in it.

FASHION STEPS OFF IN STYLE WITH DO-IT-YOURSELF KITS



DO-IT-YOURSELF FASHIONS — Paris, long jealous of her secrets when it comes to high fashion, has at last succumbed to the do-it-yourself trend. Material for each ensemble, pictured above, comes precut, together with trimmings and patterns. Styles, from left: Woolen coat with deep shawl collar and "flapper wrap" silhouette; horizontally striped wool coat-dress with matching stole; half-belted tweed greatcoat with high-buttoned, pointed collar.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. What should I do at the dinner table if someone asks me a question just as I am conveying a bite of food towards my mouth?

A. Most certainly don't put the food into your mouth and then attempt to answer the question. It is much better to return the fork to your plate, answer the question, and then resume eating.

Q. If the bride is being married in a traveling dress, what should the bridegroom wear?

A. An ordinary business suit, or one that is appropriate for traveling, with perhaps a little white flower from the bride's corsage in his lapel.

Q. Should a woman walk on a short distance, or should she wait with her escort while he pays the taxi fare?

A. She should wait with her escort.

Q. At an engagement announcement party, who gives the toast?

A. The father or a male relative of the girl should rise to propose her health and that of her fiance. It would be nice for the father to say, "To the health and happiness of my daughter, Mary, and to my future son, Bob."

Q. When one is smoking at the table in a restaurant, and there is no ashtray, is it all right to use a plate or saucer for the ashes?

A. Only an ill-bred person would do this. It is much better to ask the waiter or waitress for an ashtray.

Q. When entering a night club with her escort, should a girl go first to the table with him and then excuse herself while she goes to the powder room?

A. No; she should go first to the powder room while her escort waits for her somewhere near the entrance to the dining room.

Q. Is one obligated to send a wedding gift to a friend who is marrying for the second time, if one sent a gift for the first marriage?

A. This is optional: you may or may not send a gift, as you wish.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline D Clarke

There has to be a first time for everything and last week we had it. That is to say for five days we had the privilege of taking care of our grandson without the help of his parents. Daughter was away to camp with her troop of Girl Guides and Art was busy on the transportation end of the affair. So . . . we had Dave. He was asleep in his cot in our room when his parents left and we wondered what the reaction would be the next morning. We need not have worried. Dave accepted the situation and took everything in his stride.

It was very hot and humid . . . as if I need to tell you . . . so we decided that for once in his life Dave could go without shoes and socks as his mother did when she was young. The lawn was hard and dry and we wondered if his feet would be too tender to stand it. But they did. Part of the time Grandpa was building a stone garden walk. Dave, nearby, amused himself by getting in and out of a small wash-tub into which Partner had poured a pail of water. The supply didn't last too long as Dave got a couple of tobacco tins and busily baled it out. It didn't matter how wet he got as his clothing was reduced to a pair of training pants. Poor little chap — he usually settles down so well at night but for several nights there wasn't a breath of air and he was naturally restless. So on two occasions I took him out of his cot and we sat on the front steps together to cool off. After that I put him back in his cot and he went right ff to sleep.

Strange how children will find their own favourite playthings. My little two-year-old niece in England has lovely toys but her pet plaything was a small jar half filled with mixed buttons. She never tired of tipping them out and picking them up again. Dave's mania was to see how many stones he could pick up off the driveway. Every time he came into the house one chubby little hand would be grasping a fair-size stone—and woe betide us if we tried to take it away! A set of farm animals was another joy—two horses, two cows, a pig and a sheep. He sat in his high chair and played with them and at meal-time the animals had to be fed as well as Dave. We made it a rule that the animals must be put back in their box when he went to bed, with the exception of one. He was allowed to take either the pig or the sheep with him, firmly grasped in his wee hand.

Of course our supremacy as caretakers ended when Mummy and Dad appeared on the scene. At that age—not quite two—grandparents just don't count if the parents are around. So for that reason we were glad to have Davey to ourselves and to know that we could manage him without any trouble should an emergency arise. Of course when a child is in a strange place constant vigilance is necessary. So when I was busy in the house grandpa took over. We couldn't just put Dave outside and leave him to amuse himself. There was always the chance he might wander off to the road or be busy picking up stones in the lane when a car drove in.

Now we have a new job on our hands . . . breaking in another dog—actually an eight-months-old puppy—partly German Shepherd breed. Robbie, our Welsh Corgi, is a nice little house dog but as a watch-dog he doesn't amount to much and we have the idea that a good guard dog on a farm is a necessity these days. Rusty the Second is that all right but he needs quite a bit of training. So far he has only to bark and people keep their distance. We had a "Rusty" once before so this dog has to be Rusty the Second. Robbie, of course, is frightfully jealous but the cats don't mind him at all. In fact Partner said he witnessed the funniest thing last night he has been for a long time. Rusty and Robbie were having a wrestling match outside, half playing, half fighting with a good deal of growling mixed in. Black Cat Joe was sitting on top of the woodpile looking on. All at once Joe raced over to the dogs, jumped in between them and broke it up. The dogs were so surprised they stopped immediately. Then Reference Joe calmly walked away and went back to the woodpile!

Well, I really think this is the happiest morning since my return from England — and only because it is pleasantly cool. In the Old Country I was never warm enough but I can certainly take the cool weather better than the heat, especially when it goes on day after day. It is exhausting to say the least. Sometimes I think there should be a law against working in temperatures over 90 degrees. Who was it said — "Only mad dogs and Englishmen lie out in the midday sun."—or words to that effect. Here's hoping we don't get another heat wave for a little while. Some jobs are quite impossible in hot weather.

Butterscotch-Pecan Cookies

Grease cookie sheets. Preheat oven to 350° (moderate). Mix and sift twice 2½ c. once-sifted pastry flour (or 2¼ c. once-sifted all-purpose flour), 2 tsps. Magic Baking Powder and ½ tsp. salt. Cream ¾ c. butter or margarine and gradually blend in 1½ c. lightly-packed brown sugar; add 2 well-beaten eggs part at a time, beating well after each addition; mix in ¾ tsp. vanilla and ¾ c. chopped pecans. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture part at a time, combining thoroughly after each addition. Drop dough by spoonfuls, well apart, on prepared cookie sheets; flatten with the floured tines of a fork. Bake in pre-heated oven 10 to 12 minutes. Remove from pan immediately. Yield—6 dozen cookies.

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Half-Sizers Look!

4670

14½—24½

by Anne Adams

Want something new in a jiffy? Sew this in a jiffy! It proportioned to fit the shorter fuller figure — no alterations worries! Simple, slimming lines with a collar, pocket flaps that can match or contrast with the dress. Have it with or without sleeves!

Pattern 4670: Half Sizes 14½, 16½, 18½, 20½, 22½, 24½. Size 16½ takes 4½ yards 35-inch.

This pattern easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Is complete illustrated instruction.

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Scald 1 c. milk and stir in 5 tbs. granulated sugar, 2½ tsps. salt; cool to lukewarm. Add to yeast mixture and stir in ½ c. lukewarm water. Beat in 3 c. once-sifted bread flour; beat well. Beat in 4 tbs. melted shortening. Work in 3 c. more once-sifted bread flour. Knead until smooth and elastic; place in greased bowl and brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough in bowl, grease top and let rise again until nearly doubled. Punch down dough and roll out to ½" thickness. Cut into rounds with 3" cutter; brush with melted butter or shortening. Crease rounds deeply with dull side of knife, a little to one side of centre; fold larger half over smaller half and press along fold. Place, touching each other, on greased pans. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in hot oven, 400°, about 15 minutes.

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FRANCONIA	—	Wed. AUG. 31	—	Havre, Southampton
QUEEN ELIZABETH	—	—	Wed. AUG. 31	Cherbourg, Southampton
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PARTHIA	—	—	Fri. SEPT. 2	Liverpool
CARONIA	—	Wed. SEPT. 7	Sat. SEPT. 3	Havre, Southampton
SAMARIA	—	—	—	Havre, Southampton
QUEEN MARY	—	—	Wed. SEPT. 7	Cherbourg, Southampton
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Her Books Sold By Tens Of Millions

When the woman who had thrilled our grandparents with the magic of her pen died, the cry went up, "Who Was Marie Corelli?" Everybody was eager for the truth that lay behind the mystery built up around this queen of best-sellers.

But it was not easy to discover. One newspaper stated that Marie Corelli had been found one wintry night, a blue-eyed baby with £10 pinned to her shawl, on the doorstep of a certain Doctor Charles Mackay, who had adopted her.

Another announced the finding of a birth certificate proving without doubt that Miss Corelli was the daughter of Thomas Cody, a Marylebone labourer. And yet a third paper entered the fray to publish an account of a romantic meeting in a Stratford-on-Avon church between Doctor Mackay and Maria Coralie Gonsalez, a beautiful Italian countess. Hence the name "Marie Corelli," they suggested.

Marie herself always declared she had been adopted by Mackay. But a lifelong friend insisted that the doctor was the novelist's legal parent.

Research has proved this last statement true, but although Marie was born on May 1st, 1855 (thus the centenary of her birth fell this year), Mackay couldn't marry her mother — an Englishwoman named Mills — until 1861, after his first wife died.

From a letter found after Marie Corelli's death it is clear she did not know the truth about her birth until 1889, when the decease of her father revealed the facts to her.

But she managed to keep the secret for the rest of her life, putting busybodies off the scent not only by declaring she was an adopted child, but by deducting ten years from her age to make the story more convincing.

While yet in her teens Marie started to write, but she could not find a publisher. One editor even declared that fiction-writing was obviously "not her forte." How furious he must have felt a few years later when the novels of Marie Corelli burst upon a startled world.

Like a dazzling meteor this unknown writer sent her works soaring into the blaze of publicity and became the famous author whose sensational books were the talk of the world.

Queens, princes, prime ministers and bishops, all were tremendously impressed by the thirty-one novels she wrote. Their subject-matter ranged from disembodied souls to absinthe addicts in the Parisian underworld, and her imagination was so powerful that everything she touched was charged with rich emotion.

Is it any wonder her world sales could be reckoned in tens of millions, and her earnings £10,000 for each book?

But behind this astonishing success story lay years of grinding slavery for the sake of two worthless men. One was Marie's philandering father, Doctor Mackay; and the other his rascally son Eric.

As soon as these jackals realized what a money-spinner they had in the young Marie they allowed her to support them in idleness for the rest of their days.

Eric was a particularly nasty specimen; fat, flabby and lazy, he had been a sponger all his life. Blind to his vices, his stepsister financed his shady affairs, and permitted him to escort her to the various social functions she attended.

On these occasions Eric displayed such devotion towards her that tongues began to wag. It was whispered they were lovers and even secretly married. When, later, Eric showed his true colours by boasting that it was really he who had written all Marie's books, she did at last turn against him.

Among Marie's many admirers were the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII) and Mr. Gladstone. When the latter visited her one day he brought Mrs. Gladstone, who was obliged to sit outside the house in Earl's Court in an open carriage for over two hours while her husband chatted and laughed within.

Marie Corelli was presented to the Prince of Wales when she stayed in Germany. He gave a dinner party in her honour at which he commented upon the smallness of her hands. "Out of small things what wonders arise!" he exclaimed admiringly.

This was followed by a luncheon in which Marie was introduced to "my son, George, who is well acquainted with your books."

When, eventually, the deaths of the two Mackays relieved her of much responsibility Marie moved to Stratford-on-Avon. Here she became so great a legend that more people went to stare at her house with its cascading window-boxes, than to Shakespeare's birthplace.

Coloured postcards of her were on sale in all the shops, and one tourist was overheard to boast that she had seen "Shakespeare's daughter"!

But Marie was no heroine to the townsfolk. She threw her weight about too much and was not above telling the shopkeepers how to arrange their goods. She drove around in a tiny carriage drawn by Shetland ponies, with a footman perched up behind, and even bought a gondola to glide upon the Avon with a gondolier specially imported from Venice.

To hit the headlines was ever Marie's aim, and she went to great lengths to keep her name before the public. "Nothing succeeds like excess" was her motto and she kept inventing more fables to keep the interest from flagging.

She refused to be photographed, and all likenesses of her had to be faked. She announced that she belonged to a secret religious sect not allowed to worship in church and that she could speak Hebrew fluently. There was no truth in either statement.

But so well did her self-advertising work that if she visited the Memorial Theatre the audience rose to its feet as though she were the Queen; and when the poetess, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, called upon her, she knelt to kiss Marie's hand while her male escort stood behind her with bowed head.

Little wonder the novelist was not amused when the following limerick was circulated:

"There was a fair Siren of Strat,
Who narrated the Sorrows of Sat.
She'd a gond. on the Av.,
She was everyone's fav.,
Though she used Shake's trustees as a mat."

Perhaps one of Marie's most ardent fans was Sir Thomas Lipton, and she often went yachting with him. But during the first World War this friendship landed her in a spot of bother.

At her request Sir Thomas sent her quantities of sugar for jam-making and the incident was reported to the police. The resulting publicity appeared in prominent headlines: MARIE CORELLI CONVICTED OF FOOD HOARDING. She was fined £50 with twenty guineas costs.

When Marie Corelli was fifty-one she fell in love with a well-known artist who was already married. For her it was a deeply emotional affair, but to him no more than a passing flirtation. She was blissfully happy until he dropped her like a hot coal. Then she poured out her soul into her private journal. This was published, after her death, under the title: "Open Confession. To a Man from a Woman."

During this affair she was startled one night by shots in her garden. A young man was arrested, the smoking revolver still in his hand. He had fired through the window of Marie's music-room . . . "only to see Miss Corelli and bring her out to speak to me." He was found insane, and Marie sent his mother a generous cheque.

In January, 1924, Marie Corelli had a heart attack and, for four months, sat propped in a chair. One day she asked for a window to be opened so that she might hear some children singing, and as a result she contracted congestion of the lungs.

As actress Ellen Terry placed a wreath of lilies upon the grave of the woman whose books had fascinated so many she was heard to whisper, "God bless the darling."

"COMES OF AGE"—Princess Margaret holds her pet dog as she poses for an informal 25th birthday portrait in the garden of Clarence House, London. In royal circles, a princess "comes of age" when she is 25.

"PRETTY PLEASE"—Yank's photogenic catcher, Yogi Berra, is caught with an angelic expression on his face as his prayers are answered with a neat snare of a pop foul at New York's Yankee Stadium.

IMPRESSIONISTIC ART — Sculpture affects people in different ways, as witness young Ray Plummer. "Migrant," one of the art treasures exhibited at the Bement Centennial, inspired Ray to make like a bird. The Theodore Roszack creation is valued at $7500.

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How to Pick A Name for Baby

Strange as it may seem, there are more ways of finding a name for baby than by calling a family conference, thinking about characters in films and fiction, or by sticking a pin in a list.

For instance, what a Hindu infant will eventually be called often depends upon the brightness of a flame.

The mother's choice of name for her offspring is usually approved. But if her husband desires something different, each suggestion is written on a separate slip of paper.

On the twelfth day after the birth, two lamps are placed over the two names. And the flame which burns more brilliantly denotes which "label" the child shall bear.

In Egypt, three pieces of paper resting under three wax candles are used in a similar ceremony. But, in this case, one of the three names under consideration is always that of a god or martyr.

And the candle which lasts the longest bestows a name on the little one.

Mohammedans have for centuries employed an even more unusual system, which prevents any possibility of argument.

The five most favoured name suggestions, inscribed on separate squares of paper, are placed between the pages of the Koran, the sacred book of the Mohammedans.

Then after an interval a priest is invited to bless the book, extract the final choice and reveal it to relatives assembled round the child.

More curious still is a custom observed by the Ainos, inhabitants of Northern Japan, who do not name a child until he or she is five years old. When at last the auspicious day has dawned and the father gravely announces his decision, he also explains that he needed time to ponder over the problem!

In some Japanese regions a baby's name is changed four times, with irregular periods intervening. This wily plan is adopted to confuse evil spirits who may be plotting to harm the youngster.

In German rural districts, too, parents are perpetually on guard against adverse influences, and they always pick a fresh name for an infant who is stricken with serious illness.

It is generally believed that the new choice will bring better health to the unfortunate mite.

European gipsies declare that a baby should never be named after a dead brother or sister. According to ancient Romany lore, parents who are foolish enough to do so are inviting bad luck.

The Chinese have the oddest notions of all when selecting a name for junior.

In certain provinces if asked how many offspring he has, the Chinese father of a boy and a girl replies, "I have only one child."

This extraordinary viewpoint is explained by the fact that baby girls are regarded as inferior to boys. Therefore, they are not considered worthy of a proper name, but are simply referred to One, Two, Three or Four, according to their order of arrival on earth.

HARD TOP — Yep, that's a turban she's wearing — turban squash, that is. Mrs. Ralph Kramer, brought the seed from Vermont and raised the turban squashes in her garden.

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