

## How Can I?

Q. How can I make a skin tonic?

A. Mix 1/4 pt. alcohol, 2 oz. spirits of camphor, 2 oz. spirits of ammonia, 3 oz. sea salt. Add enough boiling water to make 1 quart. Put in a bottle and shake until the salt is dissolved. Always shake well before using. Rub with this tonic after the bath. It is also very soothing for tired nerves.

Q. What is a good method for cleaning silver?

A. Mix equal parts of whitening, ammonia, and alcohol, and apply with a flannel cloth. Let it dry and then polish with tissue paper.

Q. How can I remove white stains from polished furniture?

A. If the stains are not too deep, try rubbing with a solution of olive oil and salt.

Q. How can I clean white knit?

A. Clean with powdered alum mixed with equal parts of fuller's earth. Dip a flannel cloth into this and rub on the soiled spots. When clean, brush with a clean flannel.

Q. Should the changes of water be the same temperature when washing clothes?

A. It will be far less hard on the clothes when washing if the temperature of the water is the same throughout the wash.

Q. How can I prevent hard-boiled eggs from cracking and crumbling when slicing them?

A. By using a knife dipped in



**BEST SINCE DIETRICH**—That's what Hollywood is saying about the gams of pixyish Shirley Maclaine. Shirley, striking this pose for Hollywood cameramen, stars in the film comedy, "Artists and Models."

boiling water and then dried. Repeat as often as the knife cools.

Q. How can I whiten clothes when laundering?

A. The clothes can be whitened by adding a liberal quantity of saleratus to the water in which the clothes are soaked.

## ANNE HIRST

Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I have to laugh at these so-called innocent victims of married men. If they were respectable women, they would refuse to see them in the first place. My husband was running after me; he told me we were separated and I was suing for divorce at the next term of court. She believed him and, all starry-eyed, she was making plans for marriage."

"The truth was, we were still living together, making plans for our future and the children's. Nothing had ever been said about any divorce. She begged with tears in his eyes for me to forgive him. Needless to say, he dropped her like a hot potato. She kept on calling, begging him to return to her. He told her he was a happily-

## School-Time Hit



4502  
SIZES 2-10

by Anne Adams

Here's the long-torso line—just like mother wears, send her to school in this newest, smartest style—a lower waist cinched by a wide band, atop her favorite whirly skirt! Especially pretty in plaid or plain—thirty too, made of gay remnants!

Pattern 4502: Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6 takes 1 1/2 yds. 35-inch plaid; 1 yard plain contrast.

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 AND STYLE NUMBER.**

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

INSIDE 2 - 1955

## Smart TV Square

60c

by Laura Wheeler

married man and to stop bothering him. **FOOLED**—These home-wreckers have only to refuse to see married men to save themselves a lot of heartaches and regret. Each girl thinks the man she goes with loves her so much he will leave his wife and children. . . . When he tires of her he'll go back to his wife, or start seeing another woman and hand her the same old story. So on and on he goes, fooling one unsuspecting woman after another, each thinking she is the one he loves. . . . "When the truth is he loves no one but himself, and is really interested in his own pleasures and desires."

**"STEADY READER"**—I have seldom seen the extramarital situation presented more clearly. If I could find space, I'd be tempted to reprint your analysis every three months, if only to remind wayward girls that their affair is not the "different" one they say it is, but the old old story of an egoist determined on conquest with not a shred of pity for the foolish girl who drinks in his sweet phrases.

"Today I expect thousands of girls will read this piece, girls who are hesitating on the brink of temptation. I could pray that every one of them will clip the column, to read it themselves against the fate that awaits almost every trusting young woman who plans her future on the lies of a married man invents."

**TOO GENEROUS**—Dear Anne: For four years I've been going with the same boy. He likes me a lot, I know. Yet on anniversaries and even Christmas he has never given me one single gift. I have always had something for him, once a thing then a good razor and such important presents.

"Am I expecting too much to wish he would give me something now and then? It is the gesture I want, the knowledge he is thinking of me, not the gift itself."

"The exchange of gifts between a girl and boy who are fond of each other is customary. . . . usually taken for granted. It is the boy, however, who should take the initiative."

"To continue accepting these expressions of your friendship without making some return is not in good taste. Any young man, however small his income, can manage a modest present now and then to show he appreciates the girl's kindness. Either your friend is ignorant of the social amenities or he has a parsimonious nature."

"Discontinue the habit before you cheapen yourself in his eyes."

If you are a lonely girl listening to sweet words from a married man, don't be brisly off before you too break your heart over his treachery. Anne Hirst understands, and her sympathy and guidance await you. Write Anne Hirst at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Sometimes a brother or a sister can be a big help in putting the subject at ease.

## CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

Over 100 Years of Experience

"Well, was it a good Christmas at your house? Or were you celebrating away from home? Quite likely. As families grow up parents and married children often take it in turn to hold Christmas in their own homes and then come to the old farm house for noontime Christmas dinner. But I must tell you more about that in a later column. Right now it is time to wish you a very Happy New Year, which I do with all my heart."

I suppose we are all glad to greet that innocent-looking little cherub whom we have come to accept as a symbol of the New Year. Perhaps he is responsible for the feeling we get as we approach the new year—a feeling that sort of fills us with renewed hope, optimism and all kinds of good intentions. After all, isn't the New Year a joyous occasion? With twelve new chapters just ahead of us, with twelve new chapters? As time passes we ourselves shall help to write these chapters. The year is ripe to write those of 1955. Chapter and verse are not always written the way we expect or want them to be, because so often fate guides and controls our hand even as we write. Nevertheless, greeting the New Year is a joyous occasion. Is there anything lovelier than to hear church bells ringing out across the frosty night, welcoming the new born year.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new. Ring, happy bells, across the snow. The year is going; let him go. Ring out the false, ring in the true."

When Tennyson wrote those charming words people used to listen for the church bells to usher in the New Year. But now, alas, too often the peal of the bells is drowned by the noise of horns blowing, whistles shrieking, clappers and other rowdy celebrations that seem to be the modern way of greeting the New Year. Customs in other lands sometimes seem very strange to us yet many of them are far more romantic and interesting than ours.

For instance, in Spain, on New Year's eve almerica grapes are pulled from their stems and put into bags twelve grapes to a bag. In restaurants patrons are handed a grape-bag, and they can also be bought from vendors on the street. At the first stroke of midnight, Spaniards who believe in the old superstition try to swallow all twelve grapes, one at each stroke of the clock. Good luck for the coming year depends on the number of grapes a person can swallow. If two or three are left over it means bad luck.

In Russia New Year's is a great activity among farmers, merchants and country-folk to eat, drink and be merry before the old year dies. That is one custom that our western civilization might do well to copy. But what would happen to all the cars and television sets bought on the

installment plan? There would be so many around, that's certain.

In Korea, as I've been told, father makes a brightly coloured kite in the form of a dragon. To the tail of the kite he ties red slips of paper bearing the age, name and birthday of each of his sons. The kite is then released in the wind. If the paper children are not torn from the kite, then the father is sure his real sons will be safe from disaster for another year.

And in Scotland there is a superstition about "first footing." It is unlucky to have a fair-haired person to be the first to cross your threshold on New Year's. So for a day at least, dark-haired persons are very popular.

Very few people nowadays believe in old-world superstitions. We have become far more prosaic and practical in our outlook. We have gained a lot in knowledge but perhaps we have lost something too—an idealism which we are not likely to regain. So, in keeping with the times, I wish you all—not only a Happy, but a Prosperous New Year.

When I write this column next week it will be 1955—and the first chapter started in that unwritten book. One book in which we cannot turn to the last page to find out how the story ends!

by Laura Wheeler

LOCK for smart girl ideas in our Laura Wheeler Needlework Catalog. Crochet, knitting, embroidery, lovely things to wear. Dolls, iron-ons, quilts, aprons, towels—easy, fun to make. Send 25 cents for your copy of this book NOW! You will want to order every new design in it.

**Buried Alive**

In olden times a grim method of execution was to bury the accused alive. If what we hear about present-day China is true, the method has been brought up to date. It is said that enemies of the regime are made to dig their own graves, then they are forced to stretch themselves in the narrow trench and earth is thrown on top of them. If the guard is feeling merciful they may get a bullet first.

But what of those people who have buried themselves? In Tsarist times twenty-five members of a fanatical Russian sect, the "Old Believers," let themselves be buried alive when they heard there was to be a new Russian emperor, which meant registration for military service.

But the weirdest case was that of the self-styled "Marquis de Champeaux," an ingenious publicity stunt to help sell his book. He alleged that a secret society which punished criminals who escaped the law was after his burial.

In October, 1929, he arranged to be buried alive in a newly made coffin, but a message was sent to the police in time to dig him up, still breathing, and so create a sensation. But something went wrong—when they came for him he was dead, his clothes torn to shreds in his struggles.

Some times a brother or a sister can be a big help in putting the subject at ease.

## HOT ROLLS double-quick!

with wonderful new fast-acting DRY YEAST!

**PARKER HOUSE ROLLS**  
Measure into large bowl, 1/2 cup lukewarm water, 1 tsp. granulated sugar, stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with 1 envelope Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 minutes. THEN stir well.

Scald 1 c. milk and stir in 5 tbs. granulated sugar, 1/2 tsp. salt; cool to lukewarm. Add to yeast mixture and stir in 1/2 c. lukewarm water. Beat in 3 c. once-sifted bread flour. Knead until smooth; grease top; cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Beat in 4 tbs. more once-sifted bread flour. Knead until smooth; grease top; cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in hot oven, 400°, about 15 minutes.

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 1/2" thickness. Cut into rounds with 3" cutter; brush with melted butter or shortening. Grease rounds with melted butter, a little to one side of center; fold press along fold. Bake, 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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## Kensington Palace Does A Come-Back

In all the heart of London only one royal palace stands unmolested in green parkland. Shopping streets actually flank the southern walls of Buckingham Palace and King George V once seriously considered selling it for \$10,000,000 to convert into offices. But he longed to live in tranquil Kensington Palace, now the wonderful new home of the Duchess of Kent.

Not so long ago Kensington Palace was slipping into ghastly disrepair. The walls were bulging—according to a report—the rafters rotting and the old candelabra and painted ceiling slowly crumbling in decay.

The Duke of Edinburgh spent the last night of his bachelorhood in Kensington Palace but the servants found the scrubbed board floors creaking so badly that they tiptoed about for fear they would wake him too soon.

The Duke stayed in the palace flat occupied by his grandmother, the Dowager Marquess of Milford House. But her rooms are now a ghost suite, empty and echoing. It is not only that Kensington has been called the "sleeping beauty" palace. When an official took stock of the hundreds of rooms, at least four out of five were empty.

Yet Kensington Palace has been a royal home for 240 years and for over a century it was the chief official home of royalty, just as Buckingham Palace is today. King William III found the London smog so trying to breathe that he bought the palace when it was called Nottingham House, rural home of the Earl of Nottingham.

At \$55,000 purchase price it seems a bargain. But William spent ten times this sum in five years in making improvements. He had scarcely begun a new wing than the walls fell down, killing eight workmen, and then a disastrous fire meant that much of the work had to be done all over again.

Like William, Queen Anne died in the palace. Queen Victoria was born there. When George II was living there as sovereign, his wife laid out the gardens. Convinced that she was betraying the bills out of her privy purse, the King never entered it. It had a rude shock after her death when he examined the bill and found that she had bank accounts and found the Queen had drawn park money to the tune of \$100,000.

Today Kensington Palace is the only royal residence in London with state apartments regularly open to the public. You can stand in the very room where Victoria, as an eighteen-year-old girl, stood in dressing gown and shawl to receive her betrothed, the Prince of Wales.

There is a staircase that was thought to be made of ebony until restorers tried to clean it and discovered the black was merely dirt. So much dirt and rubbish was taken out of the palace during the clean-up that the Duchess of Kent's suite that it took twenty truck loads to cart it all away.

When King George VI allotted the Duchess a twenty-two-room suite in the Palace as a grace-and-favour residence, he warned her that it would take time to put it into shape—and as the Duchess viewed her new home

it must have been one of the most depressing experiences of her life. The suite had been occupied for a quarter of a century of widowhood by Queen Victoria's daughter, Princess Louise, and left untenanted for another ten years. Dust and cobwebs lay thick.

"No longer suitable for human habitation" was the verdict. There were staircases wide as stables, chilling corridors along which all coal and water had to be carried, and rooms that led into one another in gloomy vistas.

The walls were damp and mildew—and no wonder, for very little light came through the grimy latticed windows. Above the ceilings could be heard the soft tap of the death-watch beetle.

The Duchess of Kent had the help of experts, of course. Angry questions were asked in Parliament when the Office of Works bought a \$2,500 Adam mantelpiece to grace her drawing-room. The \$200,000 spent in repairs has also been called the "miraculous" sum.

If you look carefully you can spot the Duchess's windows from the Park, for they are draped in white-filled nylon, an enchanting modern touch. And every-where in this redecorated, re-planned suite is grace.

If you could walk down the blue-carpeted corridor you would be charmed by the white and gold, and pieces of antique furniture which were wedding gifts have been brought out of storage and placed in the rooms.

The Duchess's bedroom, where Alexandra has a separate sitting-room in which she can entertain her own friends with a modern radiogram.

Upstairs are six bedrooms, but two of these are small guest bedrooms. The Duchess's bedroom is carpeted in cherry, with curtains of white and red-flowered chintz to set the theme, and a bedspread of pure white satin. Princess Alexandra has chosen a white wallpaper patterned with pink and blue.

The Castiglioni were exceedingly kind to Madame Blevary and when she brought along a starting ex-Jewell seminar named Vitellini, introducing him as a fellow-countryman of the Count's who could teach English, the Castiglioni welcomed the man, and took pity on his obvious poverty.

Now the Scots' chance had arrived. For Vitellini was not only poor and grossly dishonest, but he was also very thick with the Scots. He introduced them to Madame Blevary as two impoverished Scottish aristocrats who really deserved to know the secret of predicting lottery numbers. For good measure, Vitellini promised Madame Blevary a cut on the profits if she could manage to introduce the Scots to the Count.

After some trouble—for the Count showed a curious reluctance to meet strangers whom he himself had not marked down for prey—Madame Blevary managed to effect an introduction.

And from that moment "Lady Scott"—actually Mary Fry, the jilted girl who had married the life out of poor Alessandro di Castiglioni for a winning lottery number.

The cream of the best in this part of the world of diamond cut diamond is that the Scots believed implicitly in all the zany claims that the Count had made for himself. The Count, of course, knew that his claims were no more than a device to part the wealthy rich.

But he was, too, with alarm that he would be forced to give some sort of answer to the extremely importunate Lady Scott. The Count—brought up in the slums of Palermo—could tell a dangerous story when he met her. And he recognized just that in this demure but demagogically obstinate woman.

In desperation, though he had enough real confidence in his psychic powers to predict tomorrow's weather, he told her what his magic book had turned up for the next lottery.

The Count and Countess had arrived in London from Portugal in July of 1918. The number that he gave to Lady Scott was that of the draw on November 14th.

She and her confederate didn't stake much on this first number. But they were not at all surprised when the number came up. They had staked a small amount, but they were not at all surprised when the number came up. They had staked a small amount, but they were not at all surprised when the number came up.

Now their pressure increased; the heat was well and truly on! In spite of his refusal to give another number, the Count was forced by the Scots—to now

300 BILLION DOLLARS TOTAL SPENT BY CONSUMERS

SPENDING UP, WILL RISE—Demands of the American people for goods and services was at a record annual rate of 392 billion dollars in 1955, 9 per cent above 1954. Consumer spending rose to the highest level in history and investment by business expanded 14 per cent. Government expenditures—federal, state and local—leveled off. A look ahead to 1956 shows continued strong consumer spending, rising investment claims further, federal government purchases about at 1955 level. State and local governments will spend increasing amounts for schools, roads and other facilities.

## They Tried To Fool Their Fellow Crooks

A couple of seedy rogues—"Lord and Lady Scott" as they called themselves—were greatly interested in the newspaper accounts of the newly-arrived Count Castiglioni, a self-styled alchemist. They were particularly keen to get their hands on his "miraculous" manuscript which, it was rumored, could perform all manner of marvels and could even predict winning lottery numbers—eighteen centuries equivalent of our Pools.

The Count was only too eager to advertise himself through newspaper interviews. For he had come to England to fleece credulous—and wealthy—Englishmen.

So when the Scots read all about the Castiglioni's having taken furnished apartments at Mrs. Juliet's No. 4, Whitcomb Street, Pall Mall, they made a note to mark down the Count for plunder.

The Scots' chance to meet the Count came when his landlady suggested that an impeccable Portuguese lady, Madame Blevary, would like to earn a trifle acting as interpreter for Countess Castiglioni, who knew no English.