ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anna Hirst:
I send you my unhappy experience as a warning to other well-to-do women who fall for a line so old they and I should have recognized it . . . Two years ago I married a man I'd known only a short time. I had been a professional woman for years, very successful, but I had never met a man I loved. This one was most attentive, had lots of charm, and told me he was the most lonely man in the world and only I could comfort him.

"I took it for granted he was a man of means. He entertained me beautifully, and spoke of his investments lightly. It was not until the honeymoon was over that I learned he had NO INCOME, and was deeply in debt. (He certainly put on a good show while it lasted.) He wanted me to sell my home to clear his debts and give him a fresh start! I had worked hard to buy that home, and I refused point-blank. I was so shocked by his deceit that I despised him from that moment on.

"How glad I am that I kept my head! (I was lonesome, too, and had grown fond of him.) I sent him flying, of course . . . Now I hear he has gone back to an old flame who always has supported him for several years. Well, she can have him. I still have my home.

"His family, I hear, despise this woman. What sort of life can they have together now?
LEARNED TOO LATE"

Newspapers regularly publish tales of impecunious rascals who defraud trusting women of their savings. Your warning is wise and timely.

Such men try to persuade a well-to-do woman to let them "invest" her money. If they cannot win her confidence any other way, they even marry her. Few women suspect an attentive and charming man, and they often hand over all they have, grateful that some male is looking after them. Too late they learn he was only looking after himself.

Be thankful you escaped with no other loss than your illusions.

And don't worry about the life this rascal will have with his former sweetheart; that is out of your hands, and not worth a single moment's concern. Perhaps she will decide before long that she has had enough, and he will find he has met his match.

Be grateful that someone else has the job of paying his bills, and not with your money.

MOTHER REJECTS SUITOR
"Dear Anne Hirst:
I am now 18, and want to marry a boy 23. I've known him over a year, and I know I love him — but my mother says i don't know the first thing about love.

"My family are Christians, the boy is not. Soon he will be discharged from service after five years there. He takes a glass of beer occasionally, but says he will stop if I ask it; Mother doesn't believe him.

"—Another thing, she says he is too old for me. Do you? Every time I mention marriage it starts a quarrel with her, and that I don't want to have. What do you think?
MARY"

I think you two should wait another year, at least, before planning to marry.

That will give your mother time to know the lad better, and she will also find how important he has become to you. If you date other boys, too, that will help; later, if you still prefer him, she will have to admit you know your own mind.

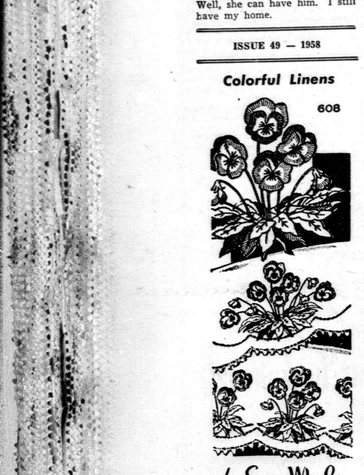
The young man will not, of course, drink at all from now on, if only to show your mother he can stop. He will be wise, too, to go to church with you two if he do so honestly. As to his age, it has long been my opinion that a young man several years older than his girl makes a more satisfactory husband; girls usually mature earlier, and his added years are a safeguard to married happiness.

Talk this over with him, then both of you discuss it with your mother and tell her you will wait to marry. It will give him time to get adjusted to civilian life, and you be learning all the practical details of homemaking so you can be sure of taking good care of him.

Good luck!

Even if you are lonely and longing for the love and protection of a good man, don't fail for the first male that proposes Learn to know his character and his reputation before you decide. Too many lazy males are out for a woman's money . . . Anne Hirst is here to listen to your problem and try to help Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Colorful Linens
608



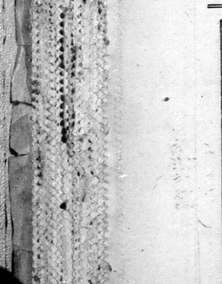
by Laura Wheeler

Let pansies lend color to linens — make a smart gift. Put on guest towels, bed sets, scarves.

Colorful pansies for linens and crocheted edging to finish them. Pattern 608: transfer of a 6 x 20-inch motif, two 6 x 13½; directions for edging.

Send **THIRTY-FIVE CENTS** (stamps cannot be accepted, use postal note for safety) for this pattern topattern to LAURA WHEELER, Box 1. 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly **PATTERN NUMBER**, your **NAME** and **ADDRESS.**

A New 1959 Laura Wheeler Needlecraft Book, JUST OUT, has lovely designs to order: embroidery, crochet, knitting, weaving, quilting, toys. In the book, a special surprise to make a little girl happy — a cut-out doll, clothes to color. Send 25 cents for this book.



Prince Akihito

Michiko Shoda

PRINCE AND COMMONER — A romance with great natural appeal has Japan all atwitter as the Crown Prince is believed caught in the tender trap with Miss Shoda, daughter of a wealthy manufacturer. If the marriage takes place, she will be the first commoner in the palace in 2,618 years.

INTERVIEW — Group Capt. Peter Townsend (right), one-time beau of England's Princess Margaret, and Belgian cinematographer Marie-Luce Jamagne, 19, (left) are shown at San Francisco's Airport following their arrival from Australia. During cisco's Airport following their arrival from Australia. During their five-hour stopover, Townsend denied rumors he would marry Miss Jamagne and refused to pose with her. He is rounding the world to make a motion picture.

FLY WITH ME — For the restful hours before the fire after a bracing day on the slopes, this after-ski poncho drapes over tapered ski pants. The topper's done in Swiss cotton and trimmed with Swiss cotton knit to match the pants.

napkin onto a tray held under the table edge.

Q. Should a man precede a woman he is with through a revolving door, in order that he might do the pushing?

A. No; he should start the door off with a push, and then allow the woman to precede him.

Q. Is it proper for a woman to shake hands with her gloves on?

A. This is quite proper — and without any excuses for the gloves either.

Q. Is it all right to type social letters?

A. This is quite all right. Typed letters should be written on a single sheet, with only one side of the paper used. And be sure that your signature at the end of the letter is written by hand.

Q. When a man is walking along the street with two women, does he walk between them?

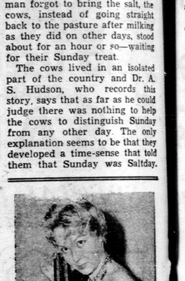
A. No; he should keep to the curb side, so as to avoid turning his back on one of the women while talking with the other.

Wise Cows!

Five cows, kept in a pasture near a country house, were given a ration of salt every Sunday morning. As a handful of salt to a cow is as tasty as a bar of chocolate to a child, the cows began to look forward to their Sunday treat.

After a while the cows started to anticipate the salt. For six days, whenever milking time came around, they had to be rounded up, but on Sundays they came voluntarily towards the house and stood about with an air of expectation. If the cowman forgot to bring the salt, the cows, instead of going straight back to the pasture after milking as they did on other days, stood about for an hour or so—waiting for their Sunday treat.

The cows lived in an isolated part of the country and Dr. A. S. Hudson, who records this story, says that as far as he could judge there was nothing to help the cows to distinguish Sunday from any other day. The only explanation seems to be that they developed a time-sense that told them that Sunday was Saltday.



SONG, ANYONE? — Nineteen-year-old France Grove holds a king-sized mouth organ in Paris, France, after she wound up with the unusual title of "Miss Harmonica."

Spent Honeymoon On Ocean Bed

It was the attractive, blue-eyed blonde's wedding day—but she had failed to turn up at the country church. The young American bridegroom with his best man, looking strained and shifting nervously from one foot to another. What had happened to the girl he loved?

Near-by sat two bridesmaids, almost on the verge of tears because of the bride's non-appearance. She was already fifteen minutes late, having planned to drive alone in her car to the church from her town flat 30 miles away.

The best man, after consulting the bridegroom, decided to ring a police station near the girl's flat, fearing she had met with an accident. Meanwhile the wedding guests grew more fidgety.

Another 20 minutes had passed when a policeman suddenly appeared with news he had just received from police in the bride's home town. She had been found fast asleep in the little country bungalow where the couple had secretly planned to spend a week's honeymoon!

The bungalow had been lent to them by a mutual friend who had gone abroad for a holiday. On the eve of her wedding the bride had impulsively decided to drive to the bungalow to put some finishing touches to it.

Feeling exhausted after the strain of wedding preparations, she lay down for "a little rest", and at once dropped into a sleep from which she did not awake until a police car drew up outside. The police had got a clue to her whereabouts from a pump attendant who had sold her gasoline on the previous evening.

The police whisked the bride to her flat where she changed hurriedly into her wedding gown. Then she was rushed to the church where the ceremony was performed at one p.m. instead of ten a.m., the time originally arranged.

Some adventurous couples deliberately seek adventure and excitement on their honeymoons.

Take the one promised by Mr. J. E. Williamson when he proposed to Miss Lilah Freelands. He was an underwater photographer so the pair went to the ocean depths after their wedding in a specially built flexible metal tube which could be extended from 30 to 100 feet.

Through its glass windows they daily watched the constantly changing undersea scene, viewing lovely fish, varied coral formations and amazing plant growths. Often the Williamsons were too absorbed in what they saw to come up for meals, so the men in the ship above lowered food and drink to them.

One of the worst misfortunes that can befall a bride is to lose her trousseau. This nearly happened to a comely Manchester bride who, with her groom, was already on board the boat-train en route for the United States when she discovered that the porter at the hotel where they had stayed overnight had sent somebody else's luggage instead of her own.

The hotel manager was telephoned and, just five minutes before the liner was due to sail, the case was rushed on board.

A faulty lock on another unlucky bride's honeymoon trunk led to trouble. She and her husband had travelled 30 miles on their motoring honeymoon in North Wales when the bride chanced to look behind and found that the trunk on the old-fashioned luggage grid was open and that all her trousseau had vanished.

The couple turned back and found the roadway for several miles strewn with dainty garments!

When it comes to choosing a place to spend a honeymoon, some young couples seem dogged by bad luck. While on honeymoon at south coast hotel, a former famous footballer and his bride heard a noise on the floor of their room . . . then a man crawled out from under the bed.

He had robbed the bride of jewellery which he had found in her handbag while the room was temporarily empty. Hearing the couple returning to the room, he hid under the bed, but had later become cramped and decided to reveal his presence. He was handed over to the police.

Another bride made the disturbing discovery that her husband was a burglar. On each night of their honeymoon he waited until she was asleep and then crept out to burgle villas in the fashionable resort where they were staying. On the last night she awoke to find him sitting on the edge of the bed counting a wad of banknotes which he had stolen from a fellow guest at their honeymoon hotel. She left her husband next day, vowing never to see him again until he had given up his life of crime.

An American couple in Cleveland, Ohio, faced flood, fire and lightning on their honeymoon. In the middle of their wedding night the basement room where they were sleeping was flooded when heavy rain caused a river to burst its banks.

Young newlyweds who chose an island in mighty Lake Victoria took honeymoon jobs as caretakers of a disused fishing station there, with hippos, leopards and vultures for company. Hungry crocodiles waited in the swamps of their honeymoon island and its leafy jungle hid Africa's deadliest snake.

Said the young bride: "We loved it. I didn't mind the animals a bit, but I disliked the ants. The house where we stayed was full of them and I had to stand all the food in tins of water."

Another newly married pair spent an 18-month honeymoon going round the world in a 98-ft. motor boat. The bride took her turns at the wheel when their mutinous crew threatened to desert because of the perils and hardships they had to face. The newlyweds landed on one island where they had to explode dynamite to scatter headhunters and cannibals who were attacking them. They also fought a monsoon in the China seas.

TIPSY LIQUOR STORE — While it appears quite secure from the front, the view from behind this liquor store in Kansas City, Mo., reveals that the rear half of it has a rather unsteady foundation, hanging a number of feet above a creek by the grace of three supports.

Good Old Days When Pumps Were Pumps

If, as may be — sort of — an overcritical attitude toward television creeps in here, it is not so much that television causes comment; but rather that television so often puts me in mind of something. I go off into placid ruminations of my own, sometimes extending the transient half-hour to a week or so. Television itself is beside the point. It is an electronic tip-off. It happened again this time with the pump.

The young man depicting a disturbed rural citizen beset with perplexities, not exactly typical as of my experiences, dashed into the picture with a wooden bucket, pumped briskly on the handle about four times, and rushed off again with the pail slopping water all over everything.

A lot of country people would greatly appreciate a pump like that.

Most conundrums have a simple answer. I figure this television pump was really a painted length of styrofoam, attached to a plank on the stage, and that a highly paid technician in the wings turned on a valve to let water flow at 80 pounds pressure from the distant city reservoir.

The pumps in my life were never so productive, and a pail of water came much harder. I am glad, however, I was born after the chain pump era, and never had that kind in my regrets. I have heard about them, for whenever I objected to pumping so much, some old-timer would step forward to tell me I was lucky — I should have known the chain pump. The chain pump was real grief.

The chain pump had a crank instead of a lever, with an endless cable that passed down into the well and came up again through a pipe. On the cable were cups, and as they passed up through the pipe they brought water with them, except sometimes. The cups and the pipes would wear, and ordinary gravity would dissipate the water on its way up.

The crank was not geared—a little thought about gears might have made it more efficient. You had no speed ratio, to step up the action. Mostly, the water which reached the top was fractional, and came with reluctance. You would crank until your tongue hung down like a red bedspread, and a bull calf could drink faster than water came.

An uncle, thinking back over a long lifetime of sturdy affairs, used to say the hardest, worst, meanest memory of all was coming home from school in the gray afternoon of a winter's day, to bundle up in every possible garment, and go forth to stand in the windway between the house and barn and chain-pump the water for 47 cows, 16 young stock, four horses, ten sheep, and a bull—and enough more to carry in pails to slop the hogs. My uncle said he never honestly got so he could approach this labor with open-faced joy, although he never shirked until he was old enough to run away from home.

The common sink-shelf pump was itself a miracle. It defied natural laws. There is a recollection of some such figure as 32, for the length of a column of water balanced by atmospheric pressure, but also a codicil to this because of friction and uncooperative factors, amounting to, seems-if, 28 feet. But they also used to say about 22, if you really wanted water. True laboratory conditions and domestic purposes were not always wedded.

Anyway, if you had a well 16 feet deep, containing three feet of water, and it sat down over the knoll, and your house was on granite underpinning, and your sink shelf was three feet off the floor — the fact that your pump worked was a miracle. You could stare the physicist in the eye and pump water; yet every schoolbok said you couldn't.

I do not know why this was so, particularly with the added problem of "rundown". A pump in these parts was always arranged so it leaked back into the well and stayed dry except when you drew water. True, we knew about foot-valves on the lower end of the pipe, but we also knew that a pipe with water in it would be frozen come morning, at least between August and June. Foot-valves would be all right in Equatorial Africa, but not so good in Maine.

We did not use foot-valves, and we also cut a smallish notch in the pump leather, inside the barrel, so there would be a leak-back. This notch didn't spoil the suction action too much, but it kept pipes from freezing under the sink.

A typical household noise was the pump "running down". You'd get yourself a drink and go back to the rocker with your National Tribune to see if the pension had been increased, and you'd hear the pump gurgle and wheeze, and then it would glug and blup, and the handle would lift to an east-west position, and after about ten minutes of gasping and straining, the pump would suddenly go "Groomp!" and be still. The water had run down.

It would be quiet in the old kitchen after that, except for the ticking of the clock and wood snapping in the stove and Mother counting her knitting softly. A run-down pump never froze.

Neither would it produce water when you went for more. The handle would be limp and loose, the leathers dry and reluctant. You had to dip in the sink pail, or go to the reservoir on the stove, and pour in enough water to start the dry leathers to working again, to promote the suction. Then you pumped and pumped and pumped and pumped, and the water would work up in the pipe like musical tumblers until there would come a gurgle again, and the spout would produce.

Before the days of TV, relying on my full memory, it took about twenty strokes on the handle, after that, to fill a bucket with water. This, if you had what we may refer to as a "good chance".

Not all pumps were as good as ours.

—by John Gould in The Christian Science Monitor.

How Can I?
By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I determine whether a stain remover will take the color out of the material, before using it?

A. Try it first on a section under the hem of the garment.

Q. How can I test the contents of canned goods, to determine if fresh or spoiled?

A. Place a drop of water on top of the can to be opened. Run a sharp-pointed tool through the water and the tin. If the water is sucked into the opening, the contents are all right. If gas escapes through the hole and blows the water away, the contents are spoiled.

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EACH GARMENT

by Anne Adams

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CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

This column sometimes comes in quite useful as a sort of weather diary. As you know this year November is establishing a frost-free record. One radio broadcast was noting the difference in our present mild spell as compared with weather conditions in November, 1933. So before starting this column today I looked up my "Ginger Farm Year Book" for '33 and thought they were better at home. For which I was very thankful. I had visions of Art getting a bad attack of arthritis and the boys coming down with coughs and sniffles.

Wet weather wasn't a very good start for the Royal Winter Fair either. However, weather isn't so important to the Royal as it is to the C.N.E. Once you get to the Fair the weather this is what I found written. "Winter in December, January, February or March isn't so bad, but winter early in November, that's something else again. The birds, like ourselves, seem hardly to know what to make of this white blanketted world and fly hurriedly from tree to fence and fence to tree again. The snow as it falls is settling on to any tiny leaf or branch that will hold a snowflake."

That was published November 16 but turning back the pages again I find winter had really set in even earlier than that. November 2nd of that same year I mentioned fetching Daughter from a Girl Guide meeting and driving home in thick, slushy snow, facing the storm, driving with one hand, and with the other working the hand-operated windshield wipers on the old Model T! That night there was a wild scramble to find last year's gum rubbers, overshoes, heavy oversocks and winter work boots. Next morning the children set out for school with mitts and rubbers, heavy coats and windbreakers and whoops of joy. Winter had come! Incidentally, they had to walk a mile and a half — there wasn't any school bus to pick them up in those days.

Just imagine, all that I have mentioned happened twenty-five years ago and yet I remember that drive just as if it were yesterday. We used to call our Model T, "the Optimist". We gave $75 for it. It was our first car and after three half-hour lessons I took it on the road by myself. Possibly "the optimist" applied to the driver as well as the car.

Isn't it too bad one man's meat is nearly always another man's poison? This rain, which we find so cold and unpleasant, is really very badly needed. Many wells in the country and suburbs are dangerously low, in some cases completely dry. But why did it have to rain for the big Santa Claus parade, spoiling the fun for thousands of children, eagerly looking forward to this colorful event? Of course, there was television coverage, but that isn't nearly as good as it used to be. However, it was better than nothing and more or less satisfied our grandsons. Dave and Eddie were going with Daddy to see the parade but Mother

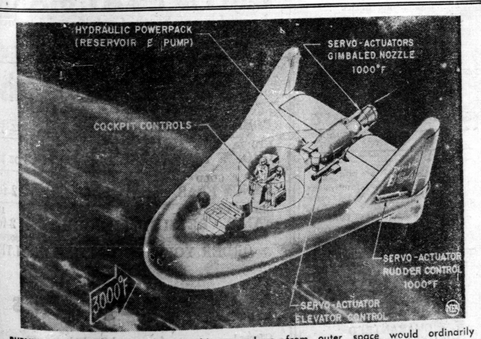
Modern Etiquette
by Roberta Lee

Q. Are all plates removed from a dinner table before serving the dessert?

A. Yes, the table should be plateless. The salt cellars, pepper pots, unused flat silver, are taken off the table, and the crumbs are brushed off each place at the table with a folded

DEATH WAS NEAR — In one of the last pictures taken before his death in Madrid, Spain, actor Tyrone Power (left) chatted with Hollywood reporter Henry Gris on the set of the movie "Solomon and Sheba." Shortly after this, Power collapsed on the set and died of a heart attack.

PEP KID — Pert Peppi Hausman appears to be living up to her name as she does a fancy leap on the sands.



BURNING SPACE— Re-entering the earth's atmosphere from outer space would ordinarily subject a vehicle like this Republic Aviation manned boost-glide space ship (shown in an artist's sketch) to temperatures as high as 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit, inevitably knocking out the ship's control system. Substantial progress in overcoming this heat barrier problem was reported by Republic engineers following 18 month's research on a hydraulic system capable of functioning smoothly at temperatures ranging from 20 degrees Fahrenheit to 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit. The system uses precious gems, exotic metals and man-made oil costing nearly $4,000 a gallon.

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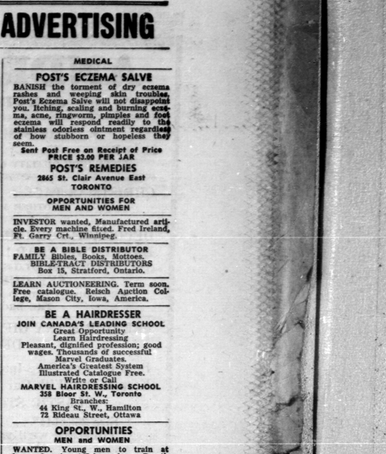
HAIRCUTS ($2) Men! Women! Save $15.00 to $65.00 yearly. "Hairfix" does everything for the entire family. Details. W. Merchandise, 15 Ayer St., Haverhill, Mass.

SPACE SKEES HAVE THE MAGIC TOUCH. Outdoor Interests, Goodwood, Ont.

$1.00 TRIAL offer. Twenty-five deluxe personal announcements. Catalogue included. The Medico Agency, Box 22 Terminal "Q" Toronto, Ont.



CARDBOAD CUTTER — Believe it or not, this is an all-paper boat. Not intended for sale, it was built to show how a new corrugated board withstands water. Called M/R (for moisture resistant), it is being used in the packaging of fresh fruits and other moist items.

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YOU CAN **SLEEP TO-NIGHT**
AND RELIEVE NERVOUSNESS **TOMORROW!**
To be happy and tranquil instead of nervous or for a good night's sleep, take Sedicin tablets according to directions.
SEDICIN® TABLETS $1.00—$4.95
Drug Stores Only!

backache! —tired out! —rest disturbed
ARE ALL WIVES FED UP?
When they are troubled by backache, that tired out feeling or disturbed rest, many, many women turn to Dodd's Kidney Pills. These conditions can be caused by excess acids and wastes in the system and Dodd's Kidney Pills stimulate the kidneys and aid their normal action of removing these excess acids and wastes. Then life seems brighter, housework lighter! Why don't you, too, try Dodd's!