ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst:

If there is one lesson I've learned from 50 years of living, it is that nothing lasts. So I am trying to bide my time in a dreadful situation," writes a troubled mother. Half a year ago, during a local housing shortage, she invited her son and his wife to move from their small apartment to her house. For a few weeks everything was all right, but the honeymoon did not last.

"I never thought I'd be one of those mothers who criticizes her son's wife," she declares, "but what I have endured from this one convinced me that two women of different generations cannot live amicably together in the same house.

"The girl is a shoddy housekeeper, but she thinks she knows it all and laughs at my suggestions. She said she knew all about washing machines, and she ruined mine the first time she used it. She is wrecking my lovely home; I have fine old furniture, and she has banged every piece of it by her clumsiness. She won't prepare the food my son needs, and serves heavy stuff that no horse could digest.

"She will not listen to my son when he tries to correct her handling of the baby; how he is going to grow into a healthy child I cannot imagine. When I found how ignorant she was I insisted on a regular routine for him, but soon she refused to bother with it. Now we have to creep silently about the house and whisper to avoid waking him. Yet she complains to my son about me all the time, expecting him to take her part. He doesn't, and this throws her into tantrums.

"My son is trying to buy a house, and it will take at least a year. How can I stand all this quarreling day after day? I only want the best for them all, but I'm afraid he will look back on these months at my home as ugly memories."

* * *

This distressed mother cannot hasten the day of her son's departure, but fortunately she has made up her mind to endure what cannot be cured.

Her chief concern is that her son shall not be hurt. If she stops trying to direct his wife and lets her commit what damage she will, this is the simplest way out. Let the girl talk about her as she pleases; the lad is too well-bred to resent it audibly and for this his mother is thankful. It is her disappointment in his wife's attitude that really floors her. I hope she will take her son's cue, and hide her disgust.

TO "WAITING": For your son's sake, continue to be philosophical and contain your annoyance. When these three leave, what a consolation it will be that you did nothing, said nothing to bring on any crisis, but submitted with mature grace to a tension which many older women would find unbearable.

Tomorrow will bring its own harassing situations, but if you do not anticipate them you will solve them as calmly as you did today's. And remember, every dawn brings you one day nearer to your release.

* * *

SISTER IS RIVAL

"Dear Anne Hirst:

Before I got engaged to this young serviceman, he was dating my sister. On his last leave he told me he didn't want to stay engaged—and then he asked my sister if she would go steady!

"He says he loves me, and asked me to wait for him. But the way he acts now, I feel she is first with him and I'm just a follow-up.

"Shall I find somebody else and try to forget him? Or keep on waiting?

HEARTBROKEN"

Find somebody else fast, and let these two play with love as though it were a new toy. They will find out.

A boy who gets himself engaged and then wangles out of it is at the age where he is trying out one girl after another. He isn't thinking of anybody but himself, and it will be a long while before he grows up. Let him practice on others, including your sister. I feel sorry for her.

I know this is hard to take, but, if you will forgive my saying so, you are well out of it. You will find other lads who will appreciate you, and know how to be loyal to a nice girl.

Next time, hold on to your heart until one of them proves himself a sweetheart who knows what he wants, and how to cherish the right girl when he finds her.

* * *

In any in-law trouble, it is the older woman's place to practice tolerance and restraint. The ways of youth are not her ways, and she contributes best by overlooking what she can and putting up with the rest . . . Anne Hirst's studies of family difficulties have increased her wisdom, and it is all at her reader's service. Write her at Box 1, 123, 18th Street, New Toronto, Ontario.

Beginner-Simple

PRINTED PATTERN

4700
SIZES
10–20

by Anne Adams

JIFFY-CUT and sew! This Printed Pattern is all in one pieced; just pin it to fabric, cut out the entire dress at one time. Beginner-simple to sew — s-o-o flattering. Perfect style for the coming season.

Printed Pattern 4700: Misses' Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 takes 4½ yards 35-inch.

Printed directions on each pattern part. Easier, accurate.

Send FORTY CENTS (40¢) (stamps cannot be accepted, use postal note for safety) for this pattern. Please print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

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

HE'S THE BEST!—Handler Robert Gorman is rewarding his prize-winning charge, Ch. Puttencove Promise, with a tidbit after the poodle won first prize at the Westminster Kennel Club's 82nd Annual Dog Show at Madison Square Garden.

TWO-WAY STRETCH—It takes two models to display what the well-rounded woman will wear as Rose Wood, left, and Betty Kelly show off a size 72 girdle. The garment, displayed at the Midwest Corset and rBassiere Association Show, was designed for a circus fat lady.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Well, what shall it be first . . . farm price prospects, the forthcoming general election or the American Sputnik? All are very much in the news and all are bound to have some bearing on our ordinary everyday lives. Farm prices, so we are told, are expected to be somewhat higher, except possibly in the case of eggs. (Case of eggs — no pun intended). Apparently there are either too many eggs or not enough people to eat them. Or it could be that modern appetites demand something a little more fancy than plain old-fashioned egg dishes. Country people still use plenty and if town people used as many eggs as farm folk there soon wouldn't be enough to go round. Of course there is a reason why more eggs are used on the farm. Every day among the eggs that are gathered there are bound to be a number of cracks and culls. So eggs appear on the table in various ways just to use them up. Angel cake is no problem. Yes, and even the cats and dogs benefit. Collie has no objection to a few eggs dropped into his evening meal and cats are equally appreciative. And oh dear, when one is occupied in cleaning eggs how handy it is to have a cat or dog around to clean up a dropped and broken egg. Bad enough to have an egg break in your hand without having to scoop it up off the floor — just about the messiest job there is. A dog or cat's tongue does a far neater job.

Years ago when Partner's mother was watching us I so well remember her coming to the supper table one night and exclaiming — What! Eggs again? First thing you know you'll have me looking like an egg!" Poor grandma — soon after that she was back in England among bombs, doodle-bugs and rationing. Never again did she need to fear there was any danger of her looking like an egg.

And now we have another sort of egg — a live egg, that's due to hatch on March 31. The incubation period will be as chancy as it always is and what the egg will be when it is hatched is anyone's guess. It could be any breed. It might even be addled and then we wouldn't be any better off than we are now. Thank goodness the date (for hatching) wasn't set for April 1. If it had been there would have been an extra big crop of annual April fools.

Ditto — our omen cat — is about as crazy these days as a cat could be. Tries to catch things on the TV screen; jumps on to the window-sills to catch the odd flies that the warm sun has brought out; and worse still, thinks the edge of my coffee table is a good place to sharpen her claws. I guess I'll have to keep her away from the TV when the election campaign gets underway otherwise she might take a jump at Diefenbaker's nodding head or Mr. Pearson's bow-tie.

Last, but no means least, there was all the excitement last week about the successful launching of the American satellite — "The Explorer" to give it its correct title. A tremendous number of people in many countries will be happy about that. And now there is another problem . . . who controls the regions of outer space? Shall we soon need a special detachment of orbit traffic cops? But oh dear, I'm getting into deep water. It is all too fantastic for words. I think I'll get back to where I feel more comfortable. And that is Daughter's birthday, which also took place last week.

Being her mother my thoughts naturally turn back to this time over thirty years ago. Partner and I had been in Canada only six months then. We were living with a farm family on the Saskatchewan prairie. Towards the end of January I went to Moose Jaw to await the arrival of our first-born. Partner saw me safely settled down at a boarding-house and then went back to the farm, leaving me to a lonely wait. Five nights later my landlady phoned for a taxi-cab to take me to the hospital. I waited and waited and still the taxi did not come. My landlady phoned again. Yes, a taxi had been sent — something must have happened to it, they would send another. The second one arrived and on the way through the city we passed the first taxi. One of its wheels had come off! Daughter arrived in due course and ten days later I returned to the farm. And were Partner and I the proud parents! I remember we drove from the "depot" to the farm in an open cutter at 15 below zero. Dee was known in the hospital as "the good baby" and she remained that way for several years. Of course there were no conveniences where we lived — no hydro, or plumbing; no car, no shopping centre! When the baby got the croup we dosed her with emetics. Fifty miles was a little too far for a doctor to come except in a matter of life or death. As you know we all survived.

Koala Bears At Home

The most popular inhabitants of the (Flinders) Chase are undoubtedly the Koala Bears. These are of the Victorian species with thick fur, grey toning to brown, and very feathery ears.

The home of the koalas by the Rocky River is a particularly beautiful wooded flat. The steep sandbanks run sheer down to the river bed on one side, and on the other bank the woods run north to steep limestone cliffs. The flat is a jungle of tall, slim Manna Gums interspersed with larger trees, and carries a thick undergrowth of wattles, prickly bushes and dead branches. It is broken here and there by patches of sunlit bracken, as part of this country was cleared for barley growing when the old Rocky River station was worked as a farm.

In the swaying tops of these tall trees the little bears can usually be found, silhouetted against the sky, swinging in the wind, curled up asleep, or reaching out for gum-leaves. On a hot day they will curl up on a fork or limb and sleep motionless for hours. Often if one is studying the branches of a big gum tree, what appears to be a knob or curly branch will unroll itself and turn out to be a koala moving off for a feed. In the evening they become active and perform some amusing acrobatic feats for such clumsy little animals, swinging on the twigs as they search for a foothold. It was a source of great joy to us the first time one appeared in the trees shading our camp and performed for our special benefit. He was a very large, handsome buck, and crossed the river by way of a big Sugar Gum leaning over and touching the branches of one on the other bank. The bears are rarely seen on the ground but they often descend by night to reach fresh feeding trees.

The mother Koala carries her baby in her pouch for six months until he emerges in the spring, a dark, woolly little fellow, and clings to her chest as she walks up the branches, or sits with him in her lap. Later he crawls up on her back and reaches out for some leaves for himself, and if frightened may leave the mother and go right up into the topmost twigs.

Our best vantage point for watching these little bears was to climb the cliffs beyond the flat, until we were level with the tree-tops, and could look straight into their faces a few yards away, to their great surprise!—From "Flinders Chase," by Mervinia Masterman.

Today's housewife has only to push a button to get the dishes washed. Her mother had to push a husband.

"Of course, I know you'll call it a night gown for outdoor wear."

Modern Etiquette . . .
by Roberta Lee

Q. Is the guest of honor supposed to be the first person to rise from the table at the end of a dinner?

A. No. The hostess is always the person who signalizes the end of a dinner by rising from her place.

Q. Just what is the proper rule governing the removal of a man's hat in an elevator?

A. He removes his hat only when an elevator in a building where people live, such as a hotel or an apartment building. The elevators of office and store buildings are rated as the street.

Q. When there is no one waiting on table, and the serving dishes are passed from hand to hand, are they passed to the left or to the right?

A. To the right, so that the person receives the dish in the left hand and helps himself with the right.

Q. Is it required that one be directly at another person's the time that person is talking with one?

A. Of course, you imply close attention to what the other person is saying if you look at him — but be sure this doesn't become a fixed stare.

Q. Is it necessary to write a "thank you" note to a hostess who has entertained you informally at dinner in her home?

A. No; when leaving, be sure to tell her how much you have enjoyed your visit, and do sometime in the near future invite her to your home.

ISSUE 9 — 1958

Make An Heirloom

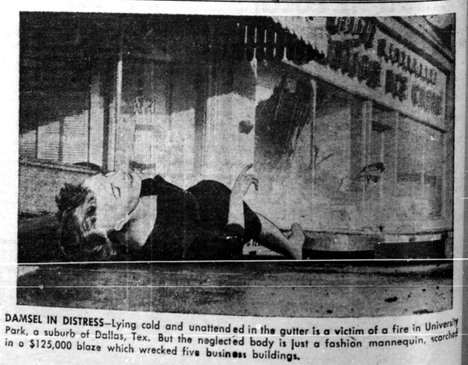
by Laura Wheeler

Decorative cover for a table or to use as a tablecloth for special occasions. Lovely as the round table so popular now or on an oblong table.

Pattern 510: crochet directions for 54- and 64-inch cloth of string; 36-inch in No. 30 cotton.

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

As a bonus, TWO complete patterns are printed right in the LAURA WHEELER Needlecraft Book. Dozens of other designs you'll want to order—all fascinating handwork for yourself, your home, gifts, bazaar items. Send 25 cents for your copy of this book today!



DAMSEL IN DISTRESS—Lying cold and unattended in the gutter is a victim of a fire in University Park, a suburb of Dallas, Tex. But the neglected body is just a fashion mannequin, scorched in a $125,000 blaze which wrecked five business buildings.

The GREEN THUMB
by Gordon Smith

It won't be long now.

In a few weeks, perhaps less, in most of Canada the last snow will be gone, the soil warming up and soon ready for the first seeds and plants.

But the wise gardener while waiting for this necessary warmth will get a lot of pleasure as well as value out of planning his operations in advance.

For this planning a good Canadian seed catalogue is invaluable. And Canadian is used in no narrow sense because these catalogues are especially prepared with Canadian climate and other conditions in mind.

There are all sorts of flowers, vegetables and fruits that will do well in the southern states, or in England or France. But they would only be a disappointment in this country. Only varieties suitable and tested for our climate, for our shorter but rapid growing season, for our soils, are listed in the Canadian seed catalogue.

Basic Information

In addition to the pictures which are actual photographs, the seed catalogue tells us precisely when, where and which to plant. It informs of the hardiness and special likes in the way of soil and location of each flower or vegetable. We then know which will be best and most satisfactory for our particular garden. It also tells us the colour of the bloom in the case of flowers and the days to maturity for the various vegetables. This again is vital information in planning. Heights are also given of most plants so that we won't have some big flowers hiding little ones or try to grow great bushy annuals like the bigger salvia, zinnias and marigolds in little teeny beds. With the information of the seed catalogue before us we can go ahead and plan and dream a perfect garden even if it is still 10 below outside.

Why Lawn Seed Mixtures

Grass is just grass to a lot of people but for a good lawn it must be very much more than that.

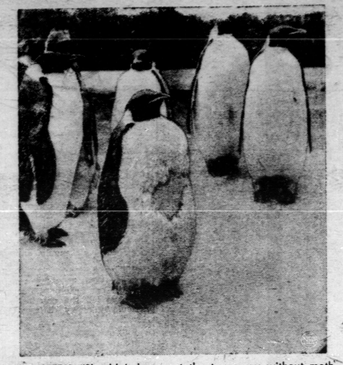
To stay green all summer, to resist drought, crowd out weeds, to stand traffic, to remain fine and velvety, we need not one variety of grass but several. That is why lawn seed comes in mixtures.

In these mixtures there will be some quick growing hardy variety to make a showing early in the spring. Then there will be other growing sorts to fill in and provide colour and fineness after the early varieties have died down and are resting. There is also a percentage of long living or permanent grasses that will take over and continue the colour and texture for years. If only one variety of grass was sown then at some season of the year it would start to mature, set seed and lose its colour.

For special purposes, there are different mixtures. If the location is very shady it is useless to sow grasses that must have plenty of sunshine. So we use mixtures especially adapted to growing in shade. For bowling-and putting greens, for damp locations or very high, it is also advisable to get mixtures or varieties especially suitable.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

In Jefferson City, Mo., when Circuit Judge Sam C. Blair visited the state penitentiary, the prison band honored him with the tune, You Send Me.



BIRD SEEDY—"Shouldn't have put the tux away without mothballs", this emperor penguin might well be thinking. Actually, he's moulting at his new home in Portland, Ore. The warm weather in the city isn't at all to the liking of the bird and his forlorn companions who are among the survivors of a shipment of 63. Most of the others succumbed to a rare disease en route.

Number Thirteen —Lucky, Unlucky?

Snow was falling heavily and the wind was bitterly cold as the ecstatically happy young couple of Irish newlyweds arrived in a taxi at their honeymoon hotel in New York. Nothing seemed able to mar their complete happiness. They were both twenty-five and rapturously in love.

The auburn-haired bride looked radiant in green as she waited in the foyer while he made arrangements about their luggage. For, unlike some girls, she was not a bit superstitious about wearing her favorite colour. It had always been her boast that she was only superstitious of one thing: the number thirteen, which had always been an unlucky one in her family.

The shock came when they reached the door leading to their suite: number 13.

The pretty young bride's face clouded.

"Darling," she exclaimed, "we can't possibly start our honeymoon in room 13. I feel it's a bad omen.'

Her husband hated making a fuss. But he realized she was in deadly earnest, so he sent a bell boy with a message to the hotel manager, who took prompt action. The hotel was pretty full but there was one other small suite vacant: No. 58. Would that do? It certainly would, said the bridegroom gratefully.

And what a wonderful honeymoon they had. They toured New York by car, went dancing, enjoyed shows and returned to their newly bought home without giving another thought to number thirteen.

It was not until the following spring that it suddenly occurred to the newlyweds that the digits of room 58, the hotel suite they had stayed in, total thirteen when added together!

"Well, I never!" smiled the girl. "Perhaps thirteen does not bring bad luck after all!"

"Fancy ever thinking that it does," replied her husband, kissing her tenderly.

But the fact remains that comparatively few large hotels in the United States today have a room 13. Many leave 13 out altogether. Some call it 12a. There are some very large hotels where the problem is solved very simply by starting the numbers at 101 and progressing a hundred to each floor.

The manager of a small London hotel told me that he has a room 13 because he has found that a lot of people, especially Scots, consider it to be their lucky number. "We even get requests for it," he said.

That thirteen can cause bad luck is one of the commonest superstitions in the world. It exists throughout Europe, especially in France, where there is hardly a town or a city where you can find a house numbered 13.

When it was officially decided to renumber the houses in one English village street, the number 13 was placed on the door of a certain woman. She protested strongly and when the authorities ignored her protest she took the matter to the High Court.

Evidence was given by house agents that there was no doubt that number thirteen was damaging to the woman's property. They said it was almost impossible to let a house numbered 13.

So the woman won her case. But there was a dramatic sequel the following day. She died suddenly from a heart attack . . .

Incidentally, there was one High Court judge who believed in the thirteen superstition. When he was practising at the Bar it was known that he would never accept any brief marked thirteen guineas. A solicitor who knew of this one sent him a brief marked "Twelve and another." It was sent back to him.

The producer of a popular seaside show decided to try to dodge number thirteen. Knowing how superstitious stage folk are, he decided to call it the fourteenth annual production, although it was really the thirteenth. It made no difference.

First the pavilion where the company performed was burned down, all the props were destroyed and many of the personal belongings of the cast lost. The show went on in a smaller hall.

Then a woman star in the show slipped and hurt her arm so badly that she could appear again. Next, another star was taken ill with gastric trouble, and yet another lost his voice. Others in the company were incapacitated by minor mishaps. And the show manager collapsed on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Uneasily, the cast realized that the show's band numbered thirteen, that the principals numbered thirteen, thirteen songs were featured . . . and the show had reached its thirteenth week!

Sailors don't like the number thirteen. The departure of a new 45,000-ton tanker on speed trials from Hamburg was delayed recently because its captain and crew though that Friday the 13th was a bad day on which to leave.

Students of superstition have called this fear of Friday the 13th, triskedekaphobia — for reasons best known to themselves. On Friday, December 13th, 1957, one London woman confessed that she was so afraid that some ill would befall her that she decided to remain in bed all day rather than "run the risk of venturing out of doors."

After an explosion in a fireworks manufacturing firm in South America, in which eight employees were killed, the proprietor said that the number 13 appeared to have dominated the tragedy. The company's street number was 13, the explosion occurred on the 13th of the month and the number of employees had been increased from eleven to 13 that very day.

But there are many instances when it can be claimed by the superstitious that thirteen is an extremely lucky number. A Berkshire widow who died some years ago had the reputation of being the happiest and most contented person in the village where she had lived for many years. She left a fortune of £13,000.

She was born on the 13th of the month, lived at a house numbered thirteen and had thirteen children who, like herself, lived happy lives unclouded by misfortune of any kind.

Sir Hall Caine, the novelist, used to point out that 13 seemed to be a lucky number for him. Four of his most successful novels were published on the 13th of the month, one of these dates being also a Friday.

AIMING HIGH—Little Eric Edwards seems to indicate that his future is going "thataway" into the wild blue yonder of jet travel. Eric's "horse" is a CJ-805 jet engine. The engine, produced by General Electric, will power the new Convair 880 passenger airliners.

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WANTED — old colored pictures published by Currier and Ives. Send titles for offers. Also paintings by the Canadian artists Krieghoff and Kane.
ALFRED R. DAVISON
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ISSUE 9 — 1958

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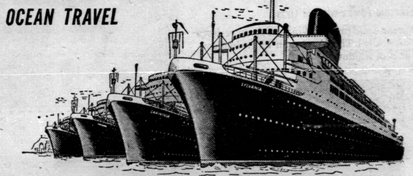

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