

**RENOVATING YOUR KITCHEN?  
BUILDING A NEW KITCHEN?**

"A Good Kitchen For Your Home" — This is the title of a new slide presentation available (on request) from the Loan Library of the Home Economics Branch of the Ontario Department of Agriculture and Food, Parliament Buildings, Toronto 5.

The presentation deals with ways to plan a new kitchen or remodel an old one for attractiveness and efficiency. The kitchens shown vary in cost, size, shape and purposes. The work areas of all are arranged according to recommendations based on research. The presentation consists of 47 colour slides and a script and would be suitable for use at a meeting or on an individual basis for anyone interested in improving their kitchen.

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Caesar's love  
    had jeweled arms  
And faintly perfumed hair;  
The merchant's wife  
    had golden rings  
And purple robes to wear.

And for the rabbi's sister  
The finest threads were spun,  
But Mary —  
    Mary was surpassing rich;  
Mary had a Son.

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Sleepless questions  
In the small hours:  
Have I done right?  
Why did I act  
    Just as I did?  
Over and over again  
The same steps,  
The same words:  
Never the answer.

—Dag Hammarskjöld.

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**IF ONE HAS FAILED**  
by William J. Lampton

If one has failed to reach the end he sought,  
If out of effort no great good is wrought,  
It is not failure, if the object be  
The betterment of man; for all that he  
Had done and suffered is but gain  
To those who follow seeking to attain  
The end he sought. His efforts they  
Will find are guideposts on the way  
To that accomplishment which he,  
For some wise purpose, could not be  
The factor in. There is a need  
Of unsuccessful effort; 'tis the seed  
Whose mission is to lie beneath  
The soil that grows the laurel wreath.  
And he is not unworthy who  
Falls struggling manfully to do  
What must be done, in dire distress,  
That others may obtain success.

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**INDIAN SUMMER**  
By Wilfrid Campbell

Along the line of smoky hills  
    The crimson forest stands;  
And all the day the blue-jay calls  
    Throughout the autumn lands.  
Now by the brook the maple leans  
    With all his glory spread,  
And all the sumachs on the hills  
    Have turned their green to red.  
Now by great marshes, wrapt in mist,  
    Or past some river's mouth,  
Throughout the long still autumn day  
    Wild birds are flying south.

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You are letting miserable misunderstandings win  
on from year to year, meaning to clear them up  
some day. You who are keeping wretched quarrels  
alive because you cannot quite make up your mind  
that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and  
kill them. . . . You who are letting your friend's  
heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy  
which you mean to give him some day. If you  
could know and feel, all of a sudden, that "the  
time is short", how it would break the spell! How  
you would go instantly and do the thing which you  
might never have another chance to do!

—Phillips Brooks.

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