Woman's World

By MAIR M. MORGAN

"A Woman's Place Is in the Home."

Emergency Cake

When father and son give you a shock and announce that they are bringing guests home to dinner, serve this cake, which can be stirred up in a jiffy and immediately changes an ordinary meal into something special:

Sift 1¾ cups cake flour once before measuring. Sift flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup sugar and 2½ teaspoons baking powder together. Measure 1-3 cup softened shortening and fill the cup with milk (not too cold). Add these with one unbeaten egg to the flour beat well for 2 or 3 minutes. Pour inmixture, add 1 teaspoon flavoring and to greased and floured pan and bake. Time, 25 to 35 minutes. Temperature, 350 degrees F., moderate oven. Size of pan, 8 inches square.

For a quick and new icing, try this "broiled" recipe:

Broiled Icing

3 tablespoons melted butter, 5 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons cream or top milk, ½ cup shredded coconut. Mix all ingredients together and spread on top of cake while it is still warm. Ulace very low over the broiler with flame turned down, 275 degrees F. Broil until icing bubbles all over the suface and becomes brown, but use care that it does not burn. This amount will cover a cake baked in a pan 8 inches square.

For Summer Suppers

For summer suppers, don't overlook tiny home-made cookies for dessert. They give you that bit of sweet you want and are light and most acceptable as the last touch to a good meal. Made very, very small, in different shapes and filled with nuts, raisins, chopped fruit, these tiny dainties simplify your work because you can make a big batch of them at one time.

Old-Fashioned Spice Cake

One cup brown sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup sour milk, ½ cup seedless raisins chopped, ½ cup thinly sliced citron, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg, 1 teaspoon baking soda, 5 cups sifted flour. Mix as for any cake. Bake in loaf cake pan in slow oven until done. Serve plain or with a brown sugar frosting.

Some Liver Tips

Since liver is considered one of the best foods in the world, for building up the blood, many mothers are interested in methods of cooking it rather than frying it with bacon or smothering it with onions.

Calves' liver has soared in price since it has gained its widespread reputation, but beef liver and pig liver are still cheap and quite as valuable as the expensive calves' liver. They are not as delicately flavored, to be sure, but the food value is there just the same.

Creamed liver and bacon is a better dish for small children than the ordinary fried liver and bacon served in many households.

Creamed Liver

Three-fourths pound liver, 4 thin slices bacon, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups milk, ¼ teaspoon pepper.

Dice liver and roll in flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Broil bacon and use drippings to saute liver. Shake liver over a low fire until tender. Meanwhile melt butter, stir in flour and slowly add milk, stirring constantly. Bring to the boiling point and pour over prepared liver. Heat thoroughly and serve on hot toast, garnishing with crisp broiled bacon.

Baked Beef Liver

This recipe may appeal more to the woman who lives in the country and has buttermlk at hand. However, buttermilk can be purchased at nearly all city dairies.

Two pounds beef liver, 6 thin slices bacon, 1 medium size onion, 2 cups canned tomatoes, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon pepper, 12 stewed prunes.

Let liver stand in sour buttermilk overnight or for six or eight hours. When ready to cook remove from buttermilk and wipe dry. Lay bacon over surface and fasten with wooden toothpick. Cut peeled onion in thin slices and place in a well buttered baking dish. Put liver on bed of onions, add tomatoes, sugar, pepper and stewed prunes with one-half cup of prune juice. Cover baking dish and bake one and one-half hours in a moderate oven. Serve from baking dish.

Shears in the Kitchen

Perhaps one of the cheapest time and labor-saving conveniences in the kitchen is a good-sized pair of sharp shears.

Celery and peppers are quickly cut for salads. Slit each stalk of celery with several gashes, then cut crosswise. The celery can be cut as fine or coarse as wanted.

Lettuce is easily shredded, tops cut from beets, green onions trimmed and grape fruit prepared by means of the shears.

In trimming round steak and cutting the rinds off bacon the shears work twice as fast as a knife and with less danger of cutting the fingers.

An easy way to prepare fresh pineapple is to slice it across with a large knife and then "peel" each slice with the shears. Eggplant can be prepared this way, too.

Candied fruits and marshmallows are easily prepared for desserts when snipped with shears. Dip shears in water to prevent sticking while cutting.

Afte using shears they should be washed and scalded and lightly rubbed with any salad oil before putting away. Keep them in a drawer away from the children because they must have sharp points and be sharp on the edges if they give the most satisfactory results.

For Your Files

If your aluminum saucepans become discolored, boil them with a little water and a piece of rhubarb, or lemon or tomato, the acid in any of which will clean the pan.

Cake tins which have been allowed to get rusty should be scrubbed with sand and soft soap, then with hot water and soda, and finally rinsed in boiling water.

Curtains with frilly headings may be given a crepe effect by inserting a cane through the fold, gathering the curtains along it, and ironing over the gathers. This creping helps the heading to stand erect.

Frying pans of iron, when new, should be washed in hot soapy water for the first and last time. Put in about two ounces of fat and bring to the smoking hot stage. Pour off the fat and rub the pan vigorously round with tissue paper. Repeat twice more allowing pan to get cold between. After using the pan for cooking, pour off all fat while hot, and clean pan at once with a tissue paper ball, Then you ought never to be troubled with burning.

Lamp shades, if of parchment, may be satisfactorily cleaned with a soft rubber eraser and art gum. If of silk on wire frames, dabble up and down in luke warm soapy water. Rinse in the same manner in clean water and hang in the wind to dry.

Floor oilcloth, when new, should be varnished and then wax polished. This will obviate washing with soap and water.

Razor blades make excellent pocket knives and string cutters if fitted into a handle. They also rip up seams more neatly than a pair of scissors. Always use them for cutting fur on the wrong side.

Varnished paper may be cleaned in this way. Dust the walls well first. Then wipe over a small portion at a time with a flannel cloth wrung out of parraffin and water, one quarter cup of paraffin in a bucket of warm water, use when cool. Polish with a soft silk duster.

Net curtains, after being washed, should be hung in their permanent position wet, not ironed.

They will then dry quite stiff, and hang straight. No pulling or ironing is needed.

Protect the Trees.

In addition to the work of nature, young trees in the city urgently need the intelligent co-operation of every citizen to enable them to give the full benefiit of their beauty. Let everyone make it his duty to protect trees and grass, and more particularly teach children to protect them. It is a small effort to require of any citizen, but if everyone does his share the appearance of the city will be remarkably enhanced.—Le Nouvelliste.

Amusing Anecdotes Of Famous People

Europes Royalty Found Gangster Tales Diverting — The Oxford Accent vs. American

The prize story told by the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia in the second volume of his royal reminiscences "Always a Grand Duke," has to do with an offer made him by Alfred Lowenstein—notorious Belgian financier, who later disappeared from an airplane while crossing the English Channel—to become his social secretary at a salary of $2,000 a week for five years. All the work the Grand Duke would have had to do would be to sign Lowenstein's social invitations:

"Alfred Lowenstein, per Alexander the Grand Duke of Russia."

Wow!

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Another Russian Grand Duke—also an exile in Paris—who, as Alexander puts it, "wanted to eat," determined to try his luck as a wine salesman. His mind drifted towards the city of Rheims, with its miles of cellars laden with champagne.

"The cursed stuff cost me so much money before," said the Grand Duke, "that surely it ought to support me now."

He duly made a connection with a famous champagne firm and, in no time at all, called on his first prospective customer, a wholesale dealer and a former caterer to the Imperial Russian Court.

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They talked of the good old days. They became emotional. They drank a bottle of "extra-special" vintage. The dealer said that wine of such quality was not obtainable any more in Rheims. The Grand Duke smiled and produced his portfolio. He thought he could easily oblige his amiable host by selling him a thousand dozen of champagne of even higher standard. But the dealer said "No."

"Poor France — poor champagne!" he exclaimed dejectedly. "If even the Russian Grand Dukes must sell it, who the devil can buy it?"

"Right then and there," chuckles Alexander, "the noble industry lost its star salesman."

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"I sincerely regret the present temporary retirement of Mr. Alphonse Capone," declares the Grand Duke Alexander. Why? Because he was a subject that never failed to amuse and attract European rulers! Says the Grand Duke:

"While not every one of them was as well acquainted with the rich ramifications of that gentleman's career as King Alfonso of Spain (he reproached me for not knowng the exact nature of the relations between Mr. Capone and Mr. 'Legs' Diamond) a guest who had just returned from America was always certain to please his royal hosts with the recital of this or that latest episode in the Capone epic."

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Outside of Mr. Capone, what do Kings and Queens talk about at the family dining table? Here is Grand Duke Alexander's report:

"Each time I return to Paris, the permanent seat of my exile, from a visit to this or that reigning relative, my friends want me to tell them, 'in strict secrecy' of course, what news I have brought and what was said in the privacy of a royal dining room. I find it difficult to make them believe that the miraculous 'backhand' of William Tilden 2nd provided the main topic of conversation in a palace in Scandinavia, while the qualities and the defects of the Salt Lake Bridge were discussed in detail by the railroad-loving King of Belgium.

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"'And London? What did you hear in London about the future of the pound? When do they think it will be possible to stabilize the British currency?' I blush. I sigh. I admit reluctantly that 'they' talked about the Christmas presents received by Princess Elizabeth and debated whether it was really advisable to permit the girl to be photographed so often."

Wise old kings!

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A word of warning to "beware of the Oxford accent" is given by Dr. L. P. Jacks, former Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, to those "of my British countrymen who may go lecturing" in the United States. And Dr. Jacks should know whereof he warns, for he has lectured his way through the United States, and Canada, on several occasions, and—look at his Oxford connection!

"If you practice the Oxford accent, or the Cambridge ditto—the people of the United States cannot distinguish the two—you will find that it afflicts your hearers," he says (in his stimulating book, "My American Friends.") "Moreover, it will cause them to think that the British are an exhausted race and that what you are talking about is 'bunk.'"

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Dr. Jacks says after addressing a Woman's Club in a midwestern city, a lady came up to him.

"I came here in terror lest you should have an Oxford accent," she exclaimed. "Somebody told me you had it badly. Thank heaven, you haven't a trace of it! But have you?"

Perhaps the lady's doubt was justified after all, for Dr. Jacks confesses —a little later on:

"Once or twice when my own reception (not at that particular lecture) was flatter than I hoped for I had reason to suspect that the reason lay in my lapsing inadvertently into an Oxford manner.'"

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It must have been during one such lapse that Dr. Jacks telephoned a lady who was giving a dinner in his honor. He had forgotten the hour and so rang her up to inquire. Let him tell the story:

"Now I have always had a difficulty in hearing the voices of United States women when speaking on the telephone; they are pitched in a key to which I am not accustomed; and they, reciprocally, have a difficulty in hearing me. On this occasion neither my hostess nor I succeeded in achieving intelligibility.

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"For some time we yelled at one another to no purpose, she apparently getting more exasperated as the imbroglio deepened. At last her voice came through quite distinctly:

"'What damn fool is this,' she cried, 'trying to talk the English language to an educated American woman?'

"Whereupon I managed to make her understand that I was the guest of the evening and the conversation assumed a different tone. Subsequently I took her into dinner, and found her a charming companion, the conversation turning mainly on the poetry of Woodsworth."

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It seems incredible that a little over 100 years ago—in 1825, to be exact—in an article on "Railways" in the "Quarterly Review," the writer prophesied that "everything was to be done by steam, and that everybody would whirl along the road at 12 miles an hour." . . . The reviewer "hoped that Parliament would limit the speed of trains to eight or nine miles an hour, and postpone all thoughts of passenger traffic until the steam engines had been perfected and were not likely to murder the public."

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"Queen Victoria had not trusted herself on a train till 1842," says George Paston (in "At John Murray's"—John Murray, the book publisher and owner of the "Quarterly Review"), when she travelled from Paddington to Slough. Prince Albert was a little nervous, and when the engine got up steam had been heard to say:

"'Mr. Conductor, not quite so fast, please.'"

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There has always been a John Murray at the head of that noted publishing house since it was founded by the original John in 1768. Its most famous author was, of course, the poet Byron. There is a letter in the archives of the house from Newton Hanson, the son of Byron's much-tried lawyer.

"I do know," he writes to John Murray 3rd, "if you are aware that when the Boy Byron arrived at Harrow (school) they gave him a nickname from observing that one of his eyes was visibly larger than the other, and the boys saw the difference of the size was as much as between a sixpence and a shilling, so they called him Eighteenpence.

Kiss the Keg

A kind-hearted English vicar one day observed an old woman laboriously pushing a pram up a steep hill. He volunteered his assistance, and when they reached the top of the hill said, in answer to her thanks:

"Oh, it's nothing at all. I'm delighted to do it. But as a little reward, may I kiss the baby?"

"Baby? Lor' bless you, sir," she returned, "it ain't no baby, it's the old man's beer."—New York World-Telegram.

Apron - Dress Ensemble

By HELEN WILLIAMS.

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern.

A home ensemble that has much charm and modishness.

The pattern provides for the dress and the apron.

The dress is exceedingly simple to make. And as for the apron, it cuts practically in one piece.

In the sketch, you'll notice the apron matches the trim on the dress.

A blue and white cotton print made the dress. The apron was plain toning blue.

Style No. 2982 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust.

Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 39-inch material with ¾ yard of 35-inch contrasting for the dress; with 1¾ yards of 35-inch material with 5¾ yards of binding for the apron.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 15c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

June and the Silly Season

Observes the New York Sun:—A man in San Francisco had a pet chipmunk and a bottle of home brew; the chipmunk drank the home brew and was forthwith gathered to his fathers. Italy has conferred knighthood on some divers who recovered gold from a sunken vessel. A gold medal lost 16 years ago at a dipping vat by a Texan has been found and returned to its owner. A farmer in California makes his living by raising worms for fishermen. A golfing duffer in Michigan took 13 strokes for the first hole and one for the second. A Michigan mayor makes his office in the county jail to which he was sent for refusing to pay a judgment in a civil case. An enterprising thief in California makes a specialty of sealing hives of bees. Philadelphia professes astonishment because a poodle thinks shaving cream a greater table delicacy than ice cream. A cow in Nevada, broken-hearted by loss of her calf, has been comforted by a foundling calf wearing the hide of the departed one. Refusing to fine fishermen because bass were found in their shad net, a California judge said that a man was not expected to don a diver's helmet and shoo the bass from his shad net. A convict in a Massachusetts prison has invented a burglar-proof lock.

It is June. The afternoons grow warmer. Each day it is a little harder to get up steam than it was on the day before. The silly season is on us this year a little earlier than common.

Bumper Crops Expected in West

Premier Brownlee Tells Hope For Better to Manufacturers

Toronto.—People of Western Canada have faced the unusual economic conditions with a courage that "rings true to the best traditions of the British Empire," said Premier J. E. Brownlee of Alberta in addressing delegates to the annual convention of the Canadian Manfacturers' Association here.

If present indications in the West are a criterion, there will be a record crop this year and purchasing power sufficient to set free the people from any feeling of insecurity will be released, he said.

Three Problems Faced.

Three problems at present confronted Western Canada, he said. They were: Finding sufficient markets for livestock; trying to bring back confidence and the necessary feeling of security, and trying to produce a crop of grain sufficient to bring profits to farmers of that section.

One of the reasons why the West's purchasing power has fallen off was the fact that the livestock market had practically disappeared. He was glad to say that this market was now being regained and was bringing a certain amount of cash to the pockets of the farmers. The fact the grain crop promised to be of record proportions also was helping to a tremendous extent, he said.

Boy Meets Mother After Tewelve Years

A mother and son who were parted 12 years ago were recently reunited at Southampton when the Empress of Britain arrived from Quebec.

The mother, Mrs. G. Scott, of Hampshire, had not seen her son, Stanley Kennedy, since he was two years and five months old and the ship's officials had to point him out to her.

Then there was a dramatic scene as she rushed towards him and embracing him, exclaimed "my son."

TAKEN TO CANADA.

Stanley was taken aback by the sudden greeting and after returning the kiss proffered his hand and said, "Glad to meet you, Mother."

"I separated from my husband 12 years ago," Mrs. Scott said, "and he went to Canada and settled in Montreal. I secured a job as stewardess on the Melita, and while I was at sea an uncle of the children took my two boys, Bob and Stanley, to Canada, where they joined their father.

"I did not know Stanley was coming over until I received a cable on Sunday."

Girl Art Student Wins High Honor

On the frame of the picture of an "Oriental Portrait," by Miss Janet Cree, in the Royal Academy exhibition (London), is a label inscribed: "Purchased by the President and Council of the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest."

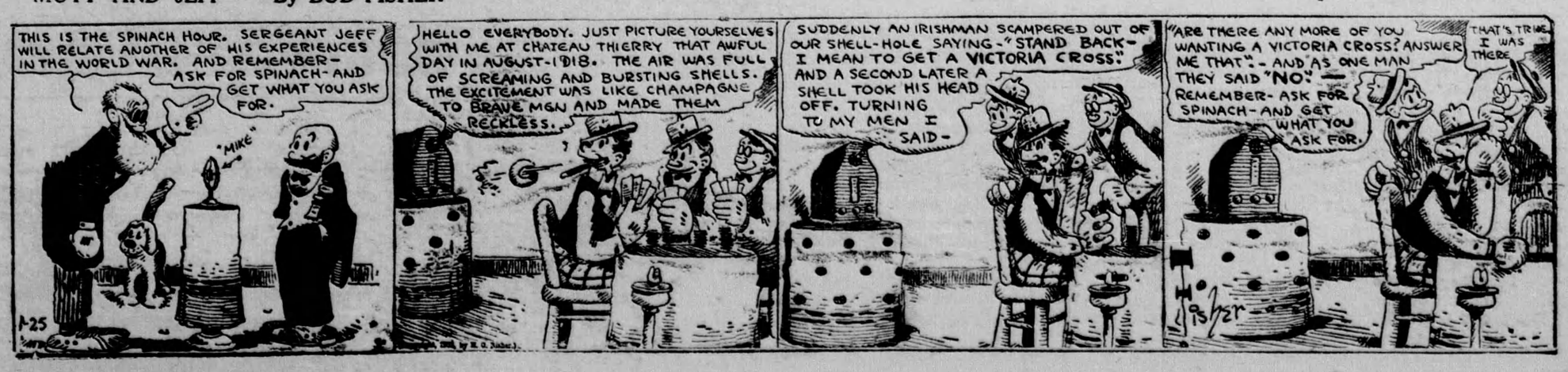
This honor thus won is of especial importance, as it is the first time that the work of a student still at school has been purchased under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. Moreover, in the 56 years of the Bequest's existence the work of only six other women has been purchased out of its fund.

Lover of Roses Dies From Prick of Thorn

Montreal.—Although a lover of roses and a man experienced in handling them, Harry Damerell, of Montreal, died here last week from septicaemia resulting from the prick of a rose thorn. He had taken precautions against blood-poisoning after the incident, but they proved unavailing.

$2,250,000,000 GAIN IN INSURANCE WRITINGS

Ottawa.—The theory that it is an ill-wind which does no one good is illustrated in the fact that since the stock market crash, new life insurance in Canada has increased by $2,250,000,000. The insurance department's latest figures for the past three years disclose that. In the same time, $2,000,000 of insurance lapsed or was surrendered. These were mainly policies of persons unable to pay the heavy premium. Insurance now in force totals $6,500,000,000 in Canada.

MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER

The Spinach Hour On the Air.