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EVERY DAY LIVING

A WEEKLY TONIC

By Dr. M. M. Lappin

NOISE !

'I dislike noisy people, and all my life I have been troubled by them. Many times I have been compelled to change my address simply to get away from noisy people." These words stand out in a letter that I have now before me as I write. It came to me from a lady correspondent last week and as she relates her experiences to me, I can quite understand why she dislikes noisy people. She further states that she is at present troubled with the noise of neighbors. They go out and in at all hours of the night and day, without a thought for anyone apparently but themselves. Talking loudly, slamming doors, prancing heavily along the corridors, of keeping radios go full blast into the small hours of the morning.

"I get little sympathy," complains my correspondent. "I am always trying myself to be quiet and considerate of other people's comfort, and would never think of entering a house late at night, tramping through a hall and slamming doors. I consider it very bad manners and a mean and selfish thing to do."

In that last sentence I feel myself almost in agreement with her. If folks would only think about these seeming little things, they would be more considerate of others. But they dont think, and thoughtlessness is very often the parent of unconscious selfishness.

We live in a world of noise. Indeed, there is so much noise in the world that civic and other public bodies here and there feel that something ought to be done about it. In New York City, for example, a movement to eliminate noise was sponsored recently by the Mayor of that city. But there seems to be so little that can really be done o eliminate noise. We cannot expect or hope to eliminate it altogether. My own opinion is that, if we could only get men and women to take a little more thought for others, that would go a long way. There is so much noise that will always be necessary that we should try to eliminate all that is unnecessary.

After all, if we must be out late at night, we need not let the whole neighborhood know about it. And if we do want to listen to some late programme on the radio, there is surely no need to keep the radio at full blast. We can tone it down, and radios are so well constructed today that it is an easy matter to tone down so that the programme may be heard quite clearly within the room without disurbing anyone without. If only we would try to be a little more considerate of the other fellow, how much more pleasant life would be for all of us.

On the other hand, I feel that perhaps my correspondent is somewhat sensitive. It may be that she is of a nervous temperament and easily disturbed. Or, perhaps she is among so much noise during the day that she longs for the quiet of the evening and night and, when she does not get that quiet, she feels that more disturbed. There are many who will know how to sympathise with her. I believe we can school ourselves to such a pitch that these things will not trouble us. For example, if one should happen to be reading, it is possible to master the art of concentration to the extent that he can concentrate on his reading to the exclusion of all else. I know this to be true. Or, if it is a case of trying to get to sleep, one can escape from the disturbing noises by suggesting to oneself the need for sleep and the ability to sleep. Sleep can be induced in spite of noise. Granted, it is not easy. One has to go in for some mental training and to learn the art of self-mastery.

My advice to this correspondent is to try and not give way to her feelings. Perhaps her physician would prescribe a nerve tonic, but I rather think that what she should do is try to find a nice quiet locality in which to live and to go in for some kind of mental training that will enable her to adjust herself to her surrounding environment. Of course, one could always recommend living in the country, but even the countryside is not always free from noise these days, and the necessity of having to earn a living has to be considered. I'm afraid that, apart from schooling oneself to paying no attention to noise, this is a problem which, for many people, will never be solved until we all learn to take thought for the other fellow.

* * *

NOTE: The writer of this column is a trained psychologist and an author of several works. He is willing to deal with your problems and give you the benefit of his wide experience. Questions regarding problems of EVERY DAY LIVING should be addressed to: Dr. M. M. Lappin, Room 121, 73 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Ontario. Enclose a 3c stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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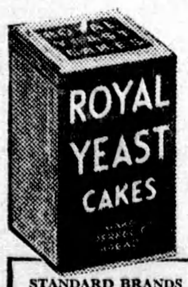

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Rainbow Gold

by

E. C. BULEY

SYNOPSIS

Dan Prescott and Gordon Westerby find gold in the arid bush of Australia. They stake their claim and start the long journey to the coast.

Westerby has a fiancee, Gladys Clements in England, but when they arrive in Sydney he marries a pretty blonde

Gordon forwards a photo of Dan to former fiancee, Gladys Clements, in London and when Dan arrives she believes he is Gordon. Eve Gilchrist, a typist, obtains work in Medlicott's office, the broker who is floating the mine. Eve and Dan fall in love but when Eve is confronted by Gladys she believes in Dan's duplicity.

He had gone. Eve sat stock still, fighting hard against the temptation to run after him. Presenly she was washing fervently that she had yielded, and as the day wore on abundant reasons were provided for wishing so, apart from her own personal and private feelings.

Milton Medlicott asked for Dan as soon as he arrived; and at intervals repeated the demand. Cairns was also eager to get in touch with the absent man; and to him, as to her employer, Eve had to offer the explanation that Dan had gone away without giving any information about his movements.

Then the London Press developed a deep interest in Mr. Daniel Prescott; and to Eve, as Dan's secretary, each new reporter was referred for information. There was nothing to be said, except that Mr. Prescott could not be seen; and that bald statement, Eve felt, was calculated to highten the bad impression which already existed.

Next came a telephone call from Australia, for Mr. Prescott and nobody else. The man speaking at the other end refused maddeningly to enter into the suggestion that he should state his business or give his name. He cut Eve off in the middle of an anxious question.

The interest taken by the whole office staff in discovering Dan was maddening. Nobody made a direct reference to Eve's responsibility for his absence; but she felt that they blame her. Even her friend Frankie seemed less cordial than usual, and Eve sensed her disapproval. The atmosphere of the office suggested that she alone, of the whole Medlicott organisation, had been mean enough and disloyal enough to turn upon a man just because he was down.

It was almost closing time when Medlicott referred directly to the cause of Dan's absence.

"I expect you know something about it, Eve?" he said. "No; I don't expect you to discuss it with me. But Mrs. Medlicott would like you to take dinner with us, if you will."

Eve's face probably portrayed the thought which at once came to her mind, for Medlicott added quickly:

"I know what you are thinking, but it isn't so. We have no idea where he is. But my wife has something in her mind, and would like to see you again, anyway."

"I don't know why she should," Eve said, miserably. "I may as well tell you that Mr. Prescott went away hurt, because I told him that he had ceased to exist for me, out side business hours."

"I fancy that something like that had happened," Medlicott said. "It's beyond me; I'm saying nothing. Suppose we make a start. It's no use waiting for Prescott any longer."

"Have you tried his hotel?" Eve asked.

Everything has been tried. He paid his bill at the hotel, and arranged for some of his bags to be cared for. I'd like to know what he's up to."

"Do you mean . . . ." Eve faltered. "Oh, he can't have run away, just when he ought to be facing it."

"I hope not," Medlicott agreed. "Let it ride until tomorrow. Are you ready?"

Mrs. Medlicott, languid, and smiling amiably, received Eva with every sign of gentle liking.

"Come to my room and take off your things, my dear," she said. "You must be worn out, working as you do at that old office."

She seemed quite untouched by the storm which was working havoc with the Medlicott organisation, and Eve was te more surprised when she had removed her hat and attended to her hair to hear her hostess say:—

"Those men of ours seem to have made a real muddle of their affairs, don't they? You and I, my dear, must put our heads together and put things straight."

"You mean— your husband and and—"

"And your Dan Prescott. Yes, I know that you are done with him for ever, and all that sort of thing. And that shows me how much you care. You're jealous, Eve Gilchrist; and I don't blame you in a way. I know what it is to feel jealous myself."

Beyond all power of speech, Eve stared helplessly at the gentle lady, whom she had not credited with much penetration or interest in anything except her own personal appearance.

(To Be Continued)

Make The Most Of Your Best Features

To be glamorous you don't necessarily have to be a raving beauty. In fact, if we use some of the screen stars as examples we discover that natural beauty doesn't have much to do with the elusive quality which all women want. Many an actress has achieved glamor and fascination for her public by emphasizing what might be called a bad feature or simply by playing up one good point.

First of all, keep in mind that you have to stand out vividly as an individual. You must be you — no copyhat tricks. Just because your best friend with the too-high forehead has emphasized it and made herself look fascinating, don't go ahead and point up your own high forehead unless you are perfectly sure the effect will enhance your allure.

The best idea, of course, is to study your features—the bad ones as well as the good, Then learn how to make the most of the nicest one, If you have unusually large eyes, but a rather bad chin line, use a touch of mascara on your lashes and keep rouge well up on your cheek bones.

If on the other hand, you have a good mouth, but just average eyes, omit the mascara, use plenty of lipstick and place rohge just below cheek bones.

Women with beautiful hair should go in for attention-getting coiffures. Thick, luxurious locks blend themselves well to halo braid effects. The beauty of a handsomely shaped head is emphasized by a plain, brushed-backward hairdress.

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And, unlike some people, they don't run away.

—Sarah O'Connell.

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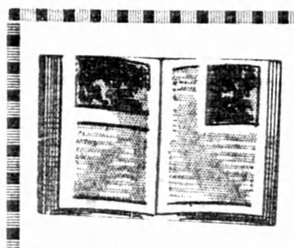

The Book Shelf

BY MAIR M. MORGAN

"GO WEST YOUNG MAN" — by Bernard J. Farmer (Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd.) $2.00 is the story of one Peter Cochrane, ambitious young Briton emigrating to Canada.

There have been few good novels about Canadians who comprise seventy per cent. of the population — the farm and rural people and the mass of "Shirtsleeve" city workers.

Admittedly a number of books have been written about farm life—although real farmers often have some difficulty in recognizing themselves.

This new novel by Bernard J. Farmer should be greeted with a warm welcome as it shows accurately, yet poignantly in simple, unpretentious prose, the experiences of a young man, fresh from the Old Country, tossed into the whirlpool of "unskilled labour" before he is able to land on his feet.

Ontario readers will find it enlightening — the manner in which the unskilled workman obtains a daily subsistence. The hero of "Go West, Young Man" labours on railway section crews, sells silk stockings from door to door in Winnipeg, works on construction gangs and mines in Ontario. He often starves, is often down but never out, and in the end achieves contentment in a modest job, with a happy, contented wife as his partner. Many of the incidents come from the personal experience of the author — and many Old Country folk will recognize some of the difficulties that they too encountered during the first years of taking root in a new country.

Forthcoming Books

FICTION

"MAIN LINE WEST" — Paul Horgan (Musson)—March.

"THIRD ACT IN VENICE" — Sylvia Thompson (McClelland and Stewart)—March.

"DUST OVER THE RUINS" — —Helen Ashton (Macmillans) — February.

R. L. Stevenson And His Beloved Nanny

Many a man has cherished the tender memories of his old nurse. In the instance of Robert Louis Stevenson, it remains a moot point whether his love for his old nurse "Cummy" (Alison Cunningham) did not pass that deep natural affection for his own mother.

The auction room may be held to give supporting evidence. Recently at Sotheby's (London) Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse," 1885 (dedicated to his old nanny), which he had inscribed to his mother, "M. I. Stevenson from her loving son, the author," was purchased by Mr. Ernest Maggs for 330 pounds. A very good price indeed, but let it be recalled that, in the Kern sale, New York, six years ago, the copy which Stevenson had given to his old nurse realized 1,700 pounds.

It must be borne in mind, however, that this well-thumbed copy was accompanied by a wonderful letter, in which Stevenson explained to his mother why he had dedicated the volume of his childhood's verses to his old nurse. The "family" had been a bit annoyed by this preference. Let Stevenson's letter speak for itself:

"I stick to what I said about Cummy, which was that she was the person entitled to the dedication. If I said she was the only person who would understand, it was a fashion of speaking; but to Cummy the dedication is due because she had the most trouble and the least thanks. As for Auntie, she is my aunt, and I am often decently civil to her; four advantages that could not be alleged for Cummy. That is why I chose Cummy; and that is why I think I chose right."

It was the great-niece (living in Alberta) of Mrs. Stevenson who sent the presentation copy to Sotheby's, along with 27 others given to Stevenson's mother, which totalled 2,221 pounds.

"Treasure Island," 1883, proved to be the highest. This was inscribed, "from her afft. son. The Author," and realized 580 pounds; "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes"

"It was not Germany which lost the last war; it was Europe. Another war would destroy us."

—Benito Mussolini.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbours. — Bovee.

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