Woman's World

By Mair M. Morgan

Favorite Biscuits

The old mammy-cooks inspired the legend of Southern hospitality by always serving the finest food. They were famous for their quick breads—tender, flaky biscuits and delicious rolls.

Many people believed that Old Mammy never measured the ingredients but carelessly threw them together and, by some magic, got results. But they were wrong. Mammy was an experienced cook—she always measured but she used her hand instead of a measuring cup and she was never careless about ingredients. She knew that flour was the basis of good quick breads and cakes and she always insisted on the most finely milled flour she could get.

Now Mammy's magic cooking has been modernized for everyone so that the newest bride can make biscuits that suggest Southern hospitality.

Dainty Smock Dress for All Day Wear

1853-B

This smock dress is perfectly good for afternoons at home as well as mornings. Even if unexpected visitors arrive you will have the comfortable knowledge that you are attractively dressed. Note especially the sleeve treatment. The wide eyelets and bow knots are smart and new A perky sash 'round the waist can be tied in a bow or buttoned as shown. The front panel also buttons at the shoulders. It's comfortable for any household duty and when the warm days come you'll find it cool and lovely for the beach, garden, porch or even marketing.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1853-B is available for sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires 4 7-8 yards of 35-inch fabric.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address and number of pattern wanted. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully and address your order to Barbara Bell, 73 Adelaide W., Toronto.

Down-South Biscuits

4 cups sifted cake flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt, ¾ cup lard, ¾ cup buttermilk or sour milk.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda, and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Add milk gradually until soft dough is formed. Turn on floured board and knead lightly 2 minutes. Roll ¼ inch thick; cut with small floured cutter. Bake in shallow pan in hot oven (450 F.) 12 minutes. Makes 2½ dozen biscuits.

Orange Marmalade Rolls Ginger Rolls

2 cups sifted cake flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening, 4 tablespoons milk, 1 egg well beaten, 1-3 cup orange marmalade or preserved ginger, finely cut.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Combine egg, milk and marmalade, or ginger; add to flour gradually and mix to a soft dough. Turn on floured board. Knead lightly 2 to 3 minutes, roll ½ inch thick, and cut with 2-inch foured cutter. Butter ½ of each circle, fold, place on well-greased pan, and brush tops with melted butter. Let rise in warm place 15 minutes. Bake in hot oven (425 F.) 15 minutes. Brush tops with melted butter and finish baking. Makes 18 rolls.

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

Peach Surprise

Mix chopped nuts and mayonnaise with Chateau Cheese, place a spoonful of cheese in one-half of a peach. Cover with other half and serve on lettuce. This may be served with mayonnaise or French dressing, as desired. This is very good. — Mrs. Henry Metcalfe, R.R. 1, Alvinston, Ontario.

Waldorf Salad

Arrange lettuce leaves on individual saucers. Slice bananas on the leaves. Sprinkle with chopped nut meats. Then pour mayonnaise dressing on the whole. This is a simply made salad for hot days.—Anna Ella Milligan, R.R. 4, Tottenham, Ontario.

HOW TO ENTER CONTEST

Plainly write or print out the ingredients and method of your favorite main-course dish and send it together with name and address to Household Science, Room 421, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

Homecoming

(Garett Oppenheim in the New York Sun)

Let us go by the kitchen door
And the back stairs
Lightly to the top floor
Where the dim years
Lie stored in the attic.

There's a bottle of old wine,
And a broken rafter,
And a ball of red twine,
And a sound of laughter,
Echoing, enigmatic.

We will make no sound
Moving there together.
Though dead leaves rustle on the ground,
This is Spring weather,
Remembering, enraptured.

There's an old moonbeam
At the top landing
And there, like a child's dream,
An old clock still standing,
Telling forever one moment forever captured.

Australia's "Wandering Jew," Mr. Philip Lewis, during his thirty-seven years of evangelism has travelled 276,000 miles, walked 75,000 miles, worn out 200 pairs of boots, read the bible fifty one times.

Just Around The Corner

When with your wife and family on a little pleasure bent,
And you hear the children laughing, with their glee the air is rent,
While you roll along at twenty and you all enjoy the trip,
And you think there is no danger but from me you take a tip.

When with your wife you're chatting and it seems so good to live,
And have the little pleasure your car to you can give,
But just around the corner and hardly yet in sight
A road hog speeds along your lane and hugs the shoulder tight.

He hits the middle of the road then swings upon your side,
Just a-burning up the pavement with the throttle open wide,
For a road hog's speed is seventy, nothing less will satisfy,
You have a moment for to act or perhaps you all will die.

When scarce three lengths in front of you he swings to miss your car
His car which is a heavy one will hardly feel the jar,
But when he hits your running board your car will give a hitch
In spite of all that you can do you land into the ditch.

The road hog never looks around and hardly bats an eye,
He's thinking only of himself, he don't care if you die.
He will not stop to help you nor his assistance lend,
But steps still harder on the gas and hides around a bend.

You are safer in the jungle where the lions prowl and roar
Than you are upon the pavement that runs smoothly by your door,
With all the road hog nuisance that endangers life and limb
Lt would be a public kindness to rid this world of him.

Keep a sharp lookout for road hogs when out upon a trek
You can always recognize one by the bristles on his neck,
If speeding down the highway by chance one you should spy
Drive your car clear off the pavement and let the brute go by.

Now there are many road hogs on the highway I am told
But they will never speed their cars where streets are paved with gold.
Then where will earthly road hogs go when they no longer dwell,
There is no room for such in Heaven, they have a place in.....Well?
(Your guess is as good as mine)
—M.R.B., Walla Walla, Wash.

Need We Fear

By John O'Ren in Baltimore Sun—Those who are anxious over some "new trend" in the colleges and undergraduate thought ought to look at the results of the Princeton poll of the senior class. The favorite poems, in one-two-three order, are Kipling's "If" (of course!), Gray's "Elegy" and Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach." The favorite novelist is Dickens; the favorite dramatist is Shakespeare; the favorite book is "A Tale of Two Cities."

And the only concessions — if they may be called that—to the one-time spirit of the age are made in behalf of Masefield, whose poetry ranks fourth after Arnold, and "Anthony Adverse," which takes second-place among the novels, and "Ah Wilderness," a favorite play which is, by the by, full of nostalgia for dear days of '08.

Could One ask, in this year of 1936, for a more astonishng comment upon the tastes and mental habits of the undergraduates of rather a gay college.

"The only liquid which I can honestly say ever impaired me is bath water, applied externally."—J. B. S. Haldane.

New Zealand Avitrix Wins Trophy

Miss Jean Batten ,New Zealand, shown at the Royal Aero Club in London with the Britannia Trophy for 1935 after she was presented with it at the club in recognition of her flight across the Southern Atlantic last year in her Perival Gull plane. The Britannia Trophy is awarded annually by the Royal Aero Club to the British aviator making the most meritorious air performance each year. Miss Batten has already been awarded the Harmon International Aviatrix Trophy for 1935 and the decoration of the French Legion of Honor.

Urges More Beauty In Farm Premises

As one motors through Ontario, and especially Eastern and Central Ontario, one is often struck with the forlorn and even dismal appearance of many farms, observes the Kingston Whig-Standard. The house and barns are unpainted, the barnyard is a quagmire and no attempt has been made to have a lawn or flower garden The exceptional farm where an attempt has been made to beautify the home surroundings stands out as a bright spot and makes the others look even worse by contrast

There are mitigating circumstances for the unlovely appearance of the terms, and they are very strong, and chief among them being lack of cash to expend on what is considered a luxury rather than a necessity. Then, too, the farmer works long, weary hours at work which is very like gardening, and he finds no recreation in digging flower beds and mowing lawns. His wife and children also work hard and as a result, only in the odd case does the farm home and its surroundings receive the care and attention which they merit.

But in spite of these very plausible excuses, the Whig-Standard believes that a great deal could be done by the farmers of the district to beautify their home surroundings. Little wonder if the children want to leave home and try their luck in the city when the home is a dingy unattractive place. If the home were pretty they would be more likely to remain on the land

Farmers who cater to the tourist trade find that tourists choose the cleanest and most attractive-looking farm for their overnight stop. In this case a clean good-looking farmhouse pays golden dividends. But any farmer and his wife will find a pretty garden plot around the house will recompense them many times over in the way it will lift their spirits and the pride it will give them in their own home.

Improving the home surroundings on the farm need not be an expensive undertaking, necessarily. A little paint, some work, and a few cents worth of flower seeds will do wonders. Apart from the physical improvement the planning and the awakening of the spirit of improvement will do much for the souls and minds of the inmates of those farm homes which will try the experiment.

Mothers will feel more like entertaining the Women's Institute; Dad will eye the place with a new pride of ownership; son and daughter will feel that they and their home are every bit as good as their city friends and their home.

It is the spirit of not being satisfied with things as they are that does make the world progress and if all of the farmers of the Kingston district become so dissatisfied with their own home surroundings that they set to work to improve them, they will be greatly enriched at the expense of a little bit of energy which perhaps is expended now on a less useful enterprise.

Home beautification should not be the job of any one individual although it is good to have a leader); it should be a family job, for all will benefit from the ultimate result. And home beautification is not a job that can be worked at a few days and then left. It must be worked at intensively at first and then regularly during the Summer every year.

Gossip Town

(Author Unknown)

Have you ever heard of Gossip Town
On the shore of Falsehood Bay,
Where old Dame Rumor, with rustling gown,
Is going the livelong day?

It isn't far to Gossip Town,
For people who want to go.
The Idleness train will take you down,
In just an hour or so.

The Thoughtless road is a popular route,
And most folks start that way.
But it's steep down grade; if you don't look out,
You'll land in False hood Bay.

You glide through the valley of Vicious Folk,
And into the tunnel of Hate,
Then crossing the Add-To bridge, you walk
Right into the city gate.

The principal street is called They-Say
And I've heard is the public well,
And the breezes that blow from Falsehood Bay
Are laden with Don't-You-Tell.

In the midst of the town is Telltale Park
You're never quite safe while there,
For its owner is Madam Suspicious Remark,
Who lives on the street Don't Care.

Just back of the park is Slander's Row,
'Twas there Good Name died,
Pierced by a dart from Jealousy's bow,
In the hands of Envious Pride.

From Gossip Town peace long since fled,
But trouble, grief and woe,
And sorrow and care you'll meet instead
If ever you chance to go.

Underwriters sit in Lloyd's building, Leadenhall Street, London, in seats resembling those of the original coffee house kept by Edward Lloyd in 1796, from which the present corporation developed.

"You clean men as you clean milk pails, by scalding them." — George Bernard Shaw.

Shirley Entertains An Overseas Visitor

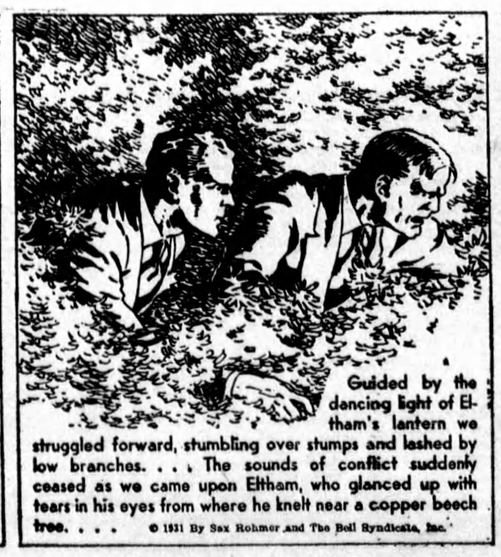
Shirley Temple and Teru Kurusu, 10-year-old daughter of Saburo Kurusu, Japanese Ambassador to Belgium, have a great time together in Hollywood as Teru presents a Japanese doll to the young movie star. The Kurusu family stopped off in Hollywood while en route to Belgium so that Keru could visit Shirley

FU MANCHU By Sax Rohmer

Conflict Rages

My nerves bristling with excitement, I dashed through the passage and down the stairs. The front door was open and through it I ran into the moonlight and the fragrant country scents. I hurried to catch up with Nayland Smith. . . .

"Eltham is mad, Petrie," Smith cried as I came up with him and we both ran on. "Heaven knows what lurks in there!" A terrible conflict raged in the shrubbery between the dog and something else. . . .



Guided by the dancing light of Eltham's lantern we struggled forward, stumbling over stumps and lashed by low branches. . . . The sounds of conflict suddenly ceased as we came upon Eltham, who glanced up with tears in his eyes from where he knelt near a copper beech tree. . . .

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"Look!" Eltham exclaimed.
The body of the dog lay before him.