CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

By the time this week's column gets into print elections will be a thing of the past. Will you be sorry? We won't be, anyway. But still we do hope that, whichever party leads the government, the public and the opposing parties will give it credit for honest convictions. No party is altogether bad any more than any one party is altogether good and in a democratic country the majority rules, so, if we should be on the losing side the least we can do is to hold our fire for awhile and at least give the other fellow a chance to show what he can do.

* * *

We have really got our garden planted at last—on June 8 to be exact—and if moisture is a good omen then we should have a wonderful garden. At any rate there should be plenty of peas—we sowed three pounds of seed. You see I hope to put some away in cold storage—in a new frigid locker plant that has been opened up in our nearby town. Quite uptodate are we not?

* * *

Really, these modern locker plants are a marvellous invention. So far we have stored only beef and pork but I hope to experiment with fruits and vegetables later on. There is only one thing I don't like about the plant. It is so cold! And I hate being shut up in the locker room. I have tried leaving the door ajar. But that doesn't work because someone always shuts the door behind me — warm air makes the pipes get frosted. And I don't like handling the frozen packages in my hunt for what I want. The other day I was looking for T-bone steak. I knew there was some there but after turning the parcels over and over my hands got so numb I finally picked up a parcel at random and came out. It was hamburg, so our visitors had meat loaf for dinner next day instead of a choice piece of T-bone steak.

* * *

It is funny too, the things that can happen at a frigid locker plant. The locker room is constructed with a heavy door at either end with a light switch outside. Patrons are supposed to switch off the light on their way out. The other day two women were busy getting meat from their separate boxes. The first woman out, forgetting the other was left in, switched off the light. Imagine it —shut in a huge room at some thing below freezing and in the dark! My friend did the only possibe thing—felt her way carefully but hesitatingly along the cold, flat locker surfaces until she came to one of the heavy doors and thus out to safety, light and warmth. Maybe it doesn't sound very serious but I wouldn't want the experience. "Don't fence me in" is my theme song any time I visit our locker plant.

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Britain Orders 5,000 Homes From Sweden

The 5,000 permanent prefabricated wooden houses being ordered in Sweden by Britain will be delivered between Sept. 1 to the end of December of this year.

Anders Tengbom, the Swedish architect, thinks that British housewives will be pleased with the four different types of houses designed jointly by British Ministry of Works experts and himself.

The outer shell of the houses and interior parts such as built-in cupboards will be made in Sweden, but some of the fittings will be supplied in Britain. Dwellers in these wooden houses will thus have homes with painted Scandinavian exteriors and tiled roofs, and familiar British open fireplaces, mantlepieces and wall coverings inside.

Important-
AT ANY MEAL, ANYTIME!

Busy housewives all over the country have learned the wisdom of serving Kellogg's ready-to-eat cereals often. Nothing to mix or cook. Appetizing *anytime* of day. Easy-to-digest, too!

Princess of Gratzen

LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

CHAPTER VI

"And I shall leave you, too, Baron, and you, M. Goujon; to talk of old times."

Old Mimi Fabre sang softly as she went upstairs to her room. "So like a play," she mused, "so like many in which I have taken part."

Ah, if madame could have sat beside Mephisto Follet as he rode in his rich limousine down the mountain — and read what went on in his dark mind, she would have realized that she had never played in any piece so starkly, terribly real as this; if she could have been transported to far-off England and there stationed on a blitzed quay to watch the embarkation of a group of prisoners, former members of the Luftwaffe, to see one tall youth among them — ah, then she would have known that here was no gay light comedy, no Chocolate Soldier or pretty pastime cut from cardboard!

But she could see none of these things. She went to her room and sat in her big chair and dreamed happily over a cigarette until she heard the light voices, the muffled laughter of the little ones in the hall.

* * *

They came into madame's sitting room quietly, the young Goujons seeming all eyes.

"Ah, we shall have a gay party, my little ones! Never before have I entertained such lovely and appreciative guests, and I have never before been so honored. Did you have a good game on the lawn?"

"We taught Emil and Magda how to play Bonhomme Fricot," said Pol Martin.

"He did not want to play being the soldier who came down out of the sky in his parachute and marched up to Bonhomme Fricot's door and killed him."

"It was not good," said Emil. "But since this was only make-believe I did not mind after a while. But I would not like to shoot an old man."

"Eh, well," said madame, "we shall soon find more cheerful games for you to play. We shall have a great many other children here as your companions, and we'll find amusements that will help you, when you grow up, to be strong men and good women."

* * *

Gesner, the new butler, aided by Corinne, came into the room pushing a tea wagon whose little wheels were surely built of the best oak, such a mighty load of good things did they have to bear — ice cream of red, green and orange colors, brighter than any rainbow; eclairs and pates and tall glasses of lemonade and fruit salads that looked like a picture and bonbons and meringues glaces and a dozen other trifles of which the old lady was as fond as any child could be.

"Oh!" said the little Goujons, their eyes growing even wider, their hands moving involuntarily, and Pol Martin's eyes sparkled. Only Rosine, who had stood up to let Gesner move her cushion, made no sound, gave no sign of rapture. She stood close to madame's tall dresser and she was staring up at the picture partly pushed aside and almost hidden by madame's black lace reticule — a photograph of a laughing fellow, framed in chrome. And Rosine's eyes held shock and wonderment and terror and her lips opened as if she would cry out.

* * *

"You are not ill, child?" Madame had noticed how much slower than the others Rosine was emptying her plate. "Ah, perhaps you do not like my party?"

"Oh, but I do, Madame Laurin. I do indeed. I love this party. It is only that I do not — that I was thinking—"

"Now, child, you must not think when all this good food is before you. Eat up now. Afterwards you can think all you want to. There is nothing bothering you?"

"No — no, madame. It is nothing — nothing at all."

Roger and Meridel came then and Rosine ran to her cousin and clung to her and hid her face against the pink jersey.

"Ah, you have eaten too much, Rosine. You have the stomach-ache. It is no wonder."

"No, no, Meridel. I have not eaten too much. I am not ill. I could not eat. There is—" she stopped and looked about her.

Meridel's hand smoothed her hair. "I am sure it is nothing. Come! You will sit with Roger and me and see that we do not eat too much. Madame Laurin, you will spoil them with so many good things."

* * *

Madame, her mouth full of eclair, looked sharply at Rosine. "You look as if you had seen a ghost here. Have some ice cream now — some green ice cream. I'm sure that is the kind you like."

"If you please, madame. I am sorry, madame. I do like your party. It is all so lovely."

"I shall always remember it," said Pol Martin sturdily, and the little Goujons nodded their heads, which was about all they were able to do, having stowed away a truly marvelous amount of food.

Madame, Meridel and Rudolph sat for a while on the porch. Pol Martin and Rosine slipped up the stairs, hand in hand, to the wing of the house where madame had her rooms. The door was ajar.

"I do not like to go in, Rosine. Suppose Madame Laurin or Uncle Rudi or Meridel were to find us—what would they think? And what should we say to them?"

"I do not know. But you must come, Pol Martin. You must see it. Maybe I am wrong. But you must see this picture."

"But of whom is it a picture? Someone, you say, whom I am supposed to know. But who could that be? I know so few in this country."

"You must see it. On the dresser, in a bright frame. You will know—"

"Come then! Quickly! But I wish I did not have to know."

(To Be Continued)

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Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. If a man is taking an out-of-town girl to a dance, must he dance the entire program with her?

2. What is the maximum height of a centerpiece for the dinner table?

3. Should one permit a child to answer questions by merely saying "Yes" and "No"?

4. If one is telephoning and is interrupted for a few minutes, would it be all right to ask the person at the other end of the line to wait?

5. Would it be proper to smoke at the table, when invited to a friend's home?

6. How should a napkin be unfolded at the table?

Answers

1. No. It would probably be more enjoyable to the girl to introduce her to several friends, and thus exchange partners. 2. This centerpiece should never be more than inches would be better 8. eight inches would be better. 3. No. The child should be taught to answer any questions by saying, "No, Mr. Blank", "Yes, Dad". 4. It would be better to ask them if you may call again within a few minutes. 5. Yes, if the hostess has provided cigarettes and ash trays. 6. Unfold it until it is half its full size; then place it across the lap.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I remove iodine stains from fabric?

A. Wet some cornstarch in milk and cover the stain. Repeat if necessary, but allow it to remain until the stain is gone. It the stain is on wood, allow it to stand for about a minute, then rub with a cloth until the stain is removed.

Q. How can I prevent stubborn window sashes?

A. Rub the cords of the windows that are hard to open with soft soap, and the sashes will run smoothly.

Q. How can I iron linens successfully?

A. Iron linens lengthwise instead of across. Many bulges and little puckers will be the result if ironed across.

Q. How can I keep fish fresh for a day or two before using?

A. Cover the fish with salt and wrap in a cloth wrung out of vinegar. Place on the ice, and when ready to use, rinse with cold water.

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