Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. Should one take small bites when eating?
2. Is it ever proper to make a social call in the morning?
3. Is it proper for a woman to send a man a boutonniere?
4. Should one always keep the mouth closed when eating?
5. Is it correct when introducing two persons to say, "Mr. Brown, Mr. Thompson; Mr. Thompson, Mr. Brown"?
6. What is the proper length of time one should stay when making an evening call?

Answers

1. Yes. The bite should never be so large that it is difficult to answer a question immediately, without the necessity of first chewing and swallowing. 2. This is sometimes done in the country, but city people never do so, unless a very intimate friend has been given the privilege. 3. Not unless the man is her father, brother, or husband. 4. Yes; after the food is in the mouth the lips should be closed while chewing. 5. No; it is not necessary to mention each name but once. 6. One hour is sufficient.

Profitable Chore

If mowing the lawn is a chore, on a poultry farm at least it can be a profitable one, say the Farm Journal. Tom turkeys at the Pennsylvania Experiment Station gained an extra 1.4 pounds when fed lawn clippings, and hens gained nearly half a pound extra. The clippings had as much protein in them as skim-milk .When dried clippings, soaked in water, were fed to breeder hens hatchability of fertile eggs went up 6 per cent.

CANADIAN GIRLS TRAIN FOR DOMINION SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Barbara Ann Scott, who hails from Ottawa, is versatile in sports. Riding is a favorite pastime of the present skating champion of the Dominion.

Barbara is in training for the Dominion figure skating championships.

Rosemary McDonald, a member of the Toronto Skating club, is one of several Canadian girls training for the championships held at Schumacher, Ont.

DARK LIGHTNING

By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

CHAPTER XVI

The car bounced and skidded over ruts, and in places the road was so narrow that bushes rasped at fenders and the top.

They made inquiry, and were regarded with half-hostile suspicion by a lanky man in faded dungarees. "What you want to see Maggie fur?" he demanded harshly.

"We're from the government," lied Gary cheerfully. "We might have some money for her. Which is her house?"

"Go down the road about a mile, and you can't miss it. It's got a chimney made out of oil cans."

They found the place at last.

* * *

"And there's Maggie," Gary said, as they slowed in the sand outside a leaning, two-wire fence. "She has been to town, all right. She bought herself a new green calico dress. You wait here, and I'll talk to her." He got down and carefully untastened the gate. The woman in the yard advanced toward him suspiciously, a broom in her hand. She was a narrow-faced creature with a cold blue eye.

"Howdy," she said, sullenly.

"Is your name Maggie Williams?" Gary asked politely.

"Yessir. What you want?"

"I'm from Mr. Ellis' office," Gary prevaricated glibly, keeping a bland smile. "Mr. Ellis sent me out here with a paper for you to sign—you and your son."

The woman did not answer. Instead she turned and raised a whoop, so ear piercig that Gary jumped. "Purdy! Come h'yere!"

* * *

From the door of the house a youth appeared, also shoeless and, like Maggie, attired in new raiment—a stiff pair of blue overalls.

"How do you do ,Purdy," Gary said. "I'm from your lawyer's office . . ."

Purdy glared, kept his hands in his pockets. "Me and Ma—we ain't signin' nothin'," he announced belligerently. "Ellis told us not to."

"And he told us not to talk to nobody but him," added Maggie, with vicious emphasis.

"Ellis is in court today," Gary persisted, using all his best wiles "But the people you are suing are trying to prove that you didn't sign the papers that Ellis has. So I came down to get a duplicate of your signature's, on his card."

"Ellis knows I can't write—nor Purdy neither" snapped Maggie. "We made our mark to them papers, and he knows it. Ellis didn't send you, young feller—it was that skunk, Harvey Mason."

She made a menacing advance with the broom, followed him to the gate and there, suddenly, she seemed to spring two feet in air and, making a dive toward the car, she uttered an eerie screech. Simultaneously, old Hughey, who had wakened, gave one look and a yell of horror.

"Git her away from me! She'll kill me! She done tried it a couple of times!"

"You know this woman, Hugh?" Gary shouted.

"Know her?" squeaked Hughey. It was an odd group arranged in Slide Ellis' office a little after five. Harvey Mason was there, grinning. Gary held tight to old Hughey Fothergill's arm. Gary had bought him a brilliant blue shirt and the most brillian pair of red suspenders to be found in the town, but the suspenders still supported old Hughey's ancient and lanky pants. He had refused to go farther in the work of modernization, after his hair was trimmed and his beard tamed somewhat.

Hobson did the talking. "You weren't quite slick enough, Ellis," he said blandly. "You can take your case against Mason into court if you want to—but when you do, Hughey Fothergill here, will go into court and swear that Maggie Williams is still his legal wife. He married her in 1917; he was never divorced from her. Here's a photostatic copy of the marriage record. And this boy, Purdy Williams, whom you claim to represent, was born in wedlock, no matter whose son he may be—in law he's Hughey Fothergill's son, and consequently can have no legal claim whatever to any estate left by Elihu Plummer. We're giving you till nine o'clock tomorrow morning and get this injunction removed from Mason's drilling operations."

They laughed all the way home.

Harvey went sound asleep at dinner. Adelaide came around the table and squeezed Gary's hand. "Oh, Gary—we did it! And it was such fun!"

* * *

Gary got up impulsively, and put his arm around her. He kissed her swiftly on the forehead. And then he walked away, quickly, his face very red and confused. He lay awake a long time that night, wondering if she were furious. The next morning they sat together on the tool box and watched the slobbering of the cuttings into the slush pit.

"It looks lovely, doesn't it?" sighed Adelaide. Then she looked off toward the horizon and flushed a little. "Gary—" she began.

Gary jerked "About last night," I'll try to remember who I am —and who you are . . ."

"And who am I?" she demanded furiously. "I'm a rancher's daughter . . ."

Gary had lunch with the drill crew and at dusk reluctantly started toward the house, wishing himself far, far away.

A car was parked in the drive and he took himself upstairs the back way, deciding that if there was company for supper he would ask Maria for something on a tray. He was splashing in the shower when someone tapped at his door.

* * *

He wrapped himself in a bathrobe and opened the door a crack. Mona Lee stood there, looking worried.

"Gary, come down as soon as you're dressed . . . Gary, Oliver's here—and Grace."

"Gosh — what now?" Gary thought, as he squirmed into a shirt and jerked a necktie through his collar. He smacked his hair flat and went down quickly. The Mason family were all sitting in the living room looking solemn.

(To be Continued)

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P Clarke

What part of the day do you like best? Have you ever thought about it? Take tomorrow for instance, what do you look forward to most? ..ow don't try to tell me it is getting up in the morning because I won't believe you—not in winter time anyway.

Some mothers will probably say the happiest time of the day is when the kiddies come rushing in from school. I can believe that. But then there are other women who will admit they breathe a sigh of relief when the last of the youngsters has disappeared with his books and his lunch box. They think that is their happiest time—when they are free to scrub and clean, bake and mend to their heart's content. But mothers, you know you only think it because you are reasonably sure that along around five o'clock these same youngsters will come whistling up the lane that leads to home and you. If you were not sure of that, those hours of quietness would be almost more than you could bear, wouldn't they?

* * *

I expect too, some folk will say their happiest time comes with the evening hours. The dishes are done —nothing more to worry about at the barn—so Dad sits down with his paper; Mum with her mending and the children with their homework

Then we come to the over-anxious mother—her happiest time in the twenty-four hours may come at night when she hears the car turn in at the lane and she knows she can relax now and get some sleep. I wonder what mothers worried about in the horse and buggy days!

Then from what I hear there is another class to whom the happiest time of the day is from two o'clock to five o'clock in the afternoon when they can sit down by the radio with their darning or ironing and listen to one serial story after another. Well, everyone to her taste. But I do wonder how radio addicts ever keep from getting one story mixed up with another.

* * *

Now I suppose you are wondering what part of the day I am going to say that I like best. Well, it is mail time. No matter what I am doing, if I see the mail man stop at the gate I drop everything and away I go. And on my way down to the road I work myself into a fine state of expectancy. That's what I like about it—the element of surprise, the uncertainty of what one will find. But oh, what a let-down feeling when one opens the box to discover nothing more than the daily paper. But when there are letters and magazines, well—that is something else again. Especially do I like my "fan" mail. Maybe if I were famous and received hundreds of letters everyday I might get tired of them. But that time isn't yet.

And while we are on the subject of "fan" mail, may I take this opportunity to thank "Unknown" for the writer's magazine. Believe me, I have read it from beginning to end—I don't think there is a thing in it that I have missed. It is a most helpful magazine.

And to J.L.B.—thank you so much for your note and good wishes. I shall be writing to you soon. I have an idea we have a mutual acquaintance in Saskatchewan.

Well, the clock says eleven-thirty and since I am the only one burning the midnight power perhaps it might be just as well if I said "Good-night".

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TABLE TALKS..

Foods for the Family

Many a homemaker who has a reputation as a good cook considers the planning of meals a major probem. Then, if the necessary foods are not on the market, changing plans to meet the emergency presents another difficulty. She is always pleased when she gets any idea which helps with her menus.

A little bulletin just issued by the Dominion Department of Agriculture. Ottawa, is packed full of helpful suggesions for buying, saving and serving food. Your free copy is ready for you, write for it today

Here are some of the hints. The others are just as helpful.

Planning Better Meals

Aim to serve satisfying, well-balanced meals, using Canada's Food Rules as a guide.

Plans meals for at least two or three days in advance . . a week is even better Think in terms of the five food groups rather than of individual foods so that if some are not available you can substitute others from the same group.

Avoid monotony in your meals by varying the ways you cook and serve food Follow up-to-date cooking techniques for good-tasting, attractive-looking meals . . . usually a well-bananced meal is an appetizing one.

Plan meals which can be easily prepared with the help available. Fancy foods usually take too much time in preparation.

Contrast Needed

Vary colour, texture and temperature of foods in the meal. Colour attracts the eye and adds interest to the meal Avoid clashes of colour . . . for example do not serve beets, tomatoes and radishes together. Texture contrast between soft and crisp foods often means the difference between a mediocre and superb meal. Serve hot foods hot; cold foods cold. Create contrast in the meal by interspersing cold dishes with a hot one or by serving something cold, in the way of salad or dessert, in a meal otherwise composed of hot dishes.

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You girls and women who suffer so from simple anemia that you're pale, weak, "dragged out" —this may be due to lack of iron in blood. So try Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound TABLETS with added iron—one of the best home ways to help build up red blood—in such cases. Pinkham's Tablets are one of the most effective iron tonics you can buy!

Sunday School Lesson

February 3

The Worth of Religious Anniversaries

Leviticus 20; 7, 8;-23: 4-6, 15, 16, 24, 27, 28, 34, 39-44.

Golden Text

The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad. — Psalm 126: 3.

Moses' Warning

Moses had warned the Children of Israel against the wickedness of Egypt. Any found guilty of the idolatrous rights of the heathen "shall surely be put to death."

The Feast of the Passover was to be celebrated on the 14th or the 15th day of the first month, which was April. It commemorated Israel's deliverance out of Egypt.

Passover and Pentecost

The Feast of Pentecost took place when the reaping of the corn harvest was over. The feast day was a day of pleasant rest after toil, of rejoicing, because God had filled their barns once more. Two loaves made of flour from the new wheat were offered by God's command, as the first fruits of the harvest. These were offered in Thanksgiving to God for his goodness.

Festival of the New Year

The Festival of the New Year was celebrated with appropriate offerings and the sound of many trumpets. As the planting and sowing season opened, the people heard the trumpets calling to diligence and devotion at the same time proclaiming their loyalty to the Lord.

Whilst on all other festivals servile work only was forbidden, and work connected with the preparation of necessary food was permitted, the Sabbath Day and the Day of Atonement were the only days on which the Israelites were prohibited to engage in any work whatsover. On this day Aaron made an atonement for them before the Lord.

Feast of the Tabernacle

The Feast of the Tabernacles came in the early autumn when the harvests were gathered in. It was therefore also called the Feast of Ingathering. It was a time for solemn and sacred rest from labor. It was a time of Thanksgiving and rejoicing. It was an act of worship, being a genuine feast unto Jehovah who wants us to rest as well as to work.

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