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EDITORIAL

COMFORT

Perhaps the most comfortable-looking sight in the world is a man with an easy-chair, a pipe, and a book or a paper. Some people object mightily to a pipe—one probably the tobacco habit is wasteful of money and injurious to health—but "the critters" do seem to enjoy it so! Anyhow this ramble isn't about tobacco.

"No matter what his rank or position may be" said Dr. John Langford, "the lover of books is the richest and happiest of the children of men." If you don't believe that, ask anyone who has formed the habit of reading. Personally we do not know a single one of them who would give up the taste in exchange for any other taste or amusement in the world. Reading is a pleasure that belongs to childhood, youth, middle age, and old age. The quality of one's choice may change, the pleasure never wears out. And with the pleasure may come profit in so much that makes life worth while. When you read books or articles of travel, lives of men and women, history, science, etc., you know more than you did before you read them. Essays help you to think,—an idea here, another there, and off you go on a track of your own, thinking about things that might never have entered your mind had some one else not stimulated you through what you have read. Then there are other things which one reads for the sheer enjoyment of their beauty, for there is a beauty in literature as well as in painting or sculpture, and [illegible] perhaps not everyone can see it. Most people can realize it when it shines through a pink cloud at dawn or in the purple haze on distant hills, [illegible] on the shadows on a lane, or the amber depths of a babbling brook. These last are likely to miss the beauty that breaks luminous through the printed words, sings in the cadences of the printed page and may bring a glowing picture before the mind's eye. Since the same thing that makes one man's ear [illegible] may not please another, and since we are what we make ourselves, there can be no many rules for reading worth while. But some things seem to be clear. In order to get the most out of reading one must have ears to hear, eyes to see, and feel in harmony with Nature, and cultivate appreciation of these things. A very good way not to, is never to try. And yet the effort is so very worth while, makes life itself so very much richer. What good thing, anywhere in life, is to be attained without trying?

Perhaps the habit of reading is one of the easiest in the world to acquire. It does not require an outlay of much money. One can develop it while sitting in the easiest of chairs, with one's feet "on the damper", even a cushion behind one's shoulders if one wishes. The picture is rather attractive for a long winter's evening, is it not?—Storm howling outside of the windows; a light, a fire, a book, the family, within.

And where there are children, a problem solved. Children who love reading are not likely to give much trouble through wanting to be on the street.

How often we have wished that our village library could have a commodious place for its housing. A section for each kind of books, with bookcases so low that the people in search of a book might prowl along the shelves, on a "book-hunt" ended when the right one is found. A section for "lives" of men and women; another for history; another for scientific works; for agriculture; mechanics; for household economics; for children's books; for religious works; essays; political works, and so on; as well as one for fiction—which seems to be the camel which has pretty well shoved everything else out of the tent in our community library.—Moreover if it were possible, every book for children, every book of fiction, passed on by censors of mature mind before being put on the shelves. We do not know how many censors are connected with the Owen Sound library. We know two of them,—and are sure that the judgment of either would be worth while.

Why have we not such a place for our community library? Is it the old matter of dollars and cents?

At all events, most of us might very wisely decide to do more reading, and better reading, during 1929 than we have done heretofore.

A. M. W.

The Armchair

The Old Parsonage

The Continuation School Commencement play was a bright, merry little comedy; but no doubt some of you detected in it a note of real depth. Indeed one wondered if possibly that note, or idea, was the starting point from which the author worked—writing the play for the purpose of bringing the idea out. At the very beginning "the kid" revealed an "inferior complex". He had been told he was no good, laughed at, made to believe no girl would look at him, until he really thought he was of no account, could do nothing well, could not even take his place in the social world in which his family moved. The young stepmother, sharp enough to understand the harm she was doing to the boy, undertook to give him a better opinion of himself. Perhaps she even adopted a little of the "Dr. Cove" method in making him repeat "I am it! I am it!", somewhat to his discomfiture when he is caught in the middle of the exercise.

Psychologists tell us that there are many "complexes" which may be developed in us,—"the inferior complex", "superior complex", "fear complex" and so on. These may be developed by many agencies. For instance a "fear complex" may be developed by accident or suggestion in early life. I know a very fine woman who, a few years ago, suddenly developed a most unaccountable horror of crowds, darkness, and lonely places. She could not even go to church because, at any moment while there, or in any crowd elsewhere, she was likely to be seized with a sudden spasm of fear that caused her to start up and rush out. To be thrown in darkness was a terrible experience to her; she slept with the light on. Not understanding her condition, thought the whole thing a expressibly silly, something she could get the better of by exercising a little will-power and accustoming herself to things that seemed to make her afraid; and one night I persuaded her to come with me to the theatre. She got interested in the play and everything was going "right as rain" until all of a sudden every light in the building went out—some accident in the lighting system. "Oh! Oh!" she gasped and started in panic for the exit. We had been sitting about in the centre of the balcony, and in the thick blackness she scrambled out—I after her—somehow, over people's feet, down steps, without a "by your leave" or "excuse me", she ahead, I stumbling along to keep up. I am sure people thought one of us, or both, had gone crazy.

On another occasion, one lovely early July day, she proposed to go "out the lake" to get some wild strawberries. Three of us went, but no sooner had we reached the strawberries, about a mile out the L. & P.S. electric road, than our afflicted friend suddenly turned and rushed back citywards. We had to run, too, to keep up. I can't tell you how foolish it seemed—rushing madly from nothing at all, in the early afternoon of a perfectly delightful day, along a road which was as peaceful as "the old road" up Dillane's hill. At last, blown and hot and red-faced, we reached the first houses of the city, and immediately she was all right. She looked rather foolish about it, but tried to explain. "I just took a panic", she said, "I—I just couldn't help it. I can't go far from the chimneys".

Another evening in the late fall she and I walked to the University and across the grounds to see the tulip-trees in their dresses of pale gold—such lovely things they were! The hill below, running to the river, was all mauve and purple with millions of Michaelmas daisies, and I went down to get some. "Come on down!" I called, remembering her peculiarity and hoping to give her a little practice in common sense. It was early in the evening, long before dark, but the hill-face was as quiet as it was beautiful. She paused on the brow of the descent, looked right and left, then hiked for a clump of the daisies on the top, away over towards Bishopstowe (Bishop Williams' house),—she would not go away from "the chimneys". Another time she came along with our class of eight on a sketching trip to a "blue weed field", just outside of the city limits. The evening was quite cool, with heavy lowering clouds, but we calculated on an hour's work before dark. At the end of the sidewalk our friend refused to go a step further—even with a company of eight! Down she sat where she was and on the rest of us went to the field. When we returned it was almost dark. She had painted a little picture showing the view from the point where she sat—a bit of moor, a winding path, a fence and some trees, and the heavy clouds against a cold, yellow "sunset" sky. She had caught the feeling of the evening perfectly,—indeed perhaps her little picture was the only one finished that evening that showed the spark of genius,—for she is a genius, one of the few Canadian artists whose work was sent to the great exhibition at Wembley. Afterwards she gave the picture to me, and if any of you chance to call at the Old Parsonage you may see it.

At last I came to the conclusion that something disease must be at the back of such queer notions, and asked my Doctor about it. "Probably she is suffering from a fear complex", he said. "Something may have happened so long ago that possibly she cannot even remember it, although the effects have remained all this time."

One evening I asked her if anything had ever happened when she was a child to make her afraid; and told me of having gone to visit an older cousin once, when she was very young. The cousin had taken a delight in frightening her of the dark, telling her "bogaboos" would get her, and closing her in a dark room once or twice. I told the Doctor what she had said, and he said that might be the explanation. The fear had been submerged for many years, then, when her physical condition became somewhat weakened, up it sprang like a Jack-in-a-box.

They are strange things, these complexes, and it is well to know a little about them, especially if one has anything to do with children or young people. Although, indeed, people of any age may develop a complex. Children and young people, however, are most susceptible. Realizing what "suggestion" may do, we can understand better how extremely foolish it is for people to threaten children with the doctor, or the dentist, or the school teacher. Yet how common it is! "If you don't take your medicine we'll have to send for the doctor!"—and straightway the child thinks of the doctor as some kind of ogre, and one day when the doctor really has to be called in he finds a panicky little patient, with heightened temperature, much harder to cure than if he were assured that this physician coming to see him is a kindly, benevolent being coming to do him good.

Again, "Just wait till you go to school!"—How many and many an irate parent has made that threat! What a dreadful thing to do! laying up trouble for the child, and the teacher too.—Developing a "fear complex" of the school, of the whole system of schools.

"You numbskull! Can't you learn anything?"—Even teachers have not been guiltless of such blunders.—And the child develops an "inferiority complex" that is likely to make him timid and self-depreciatory all through life.

Perhaps the greatest psychologist of the child-mind in America is Angelo Patri, of New York. What he doesn't know about children, and the best ways of dealing with them, isn't worth mentioning. In one of his articles (and what kindergarten teacher does not know them?) he says: "Never laugh at a child who has made a mistake, who is in trouble, who is worried, no matter how funny it may be."—For to laugh, in such a circumstance, may be tragedy to the child. It may develop a very serious "complex". "When a child makes a mistake", Mr. Patri goes on, "be very wary about correcting him. If there are other children present who will remember his error and taunt him about it, wait until you get him alone. If there are elder folk present who will feel called upon to smile broadly and express their surprise, or worse, at the child's stupidity, or ignorance, or bad grace, wait until you can see the child alone."

More and more the teachers are beginning to understand these things—the real teachers, I mean, not the time-servers. It would be well if more of the parents understood them; for it is hard for an intelligent, up-to-date, conscientious teacher to undo the bad work of a continuously blundering parent, who does not understand the first principle of child-psychology. Some parents are born psychologists—they do not make mistakes—but others are sad blunderers. And a blunder may mar the whole after-life of a child. Perhaps books or magazines containing Angelo Patri's writings might be more important in a house than a cookery book. Quite likely the "Hendry Company, School Supplies, Victoria St., Toronto, keeps them in stock.—I will write them, and let you know as soon as I find out.

A. M. W.

THE THOUGHT-BOX

"A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives [illegible] higher pleasure than statues or pic[illegible]es; it is the finest of the fine a[illegible]"—Emerson.

THE COOKERY COLUMN

Easy Chocolate Icing

Put [illegible] a bowl one cup sugar, half cup[illegible]m, one egg, one square chocolate. [illegible]fix up without beating. Boil well [illegible] put on cake. If a more fancy [illegible]ing is desired first ice the cake [illegible] white icing and spread the choco[illegible] icing over it.

Boiled Icing

Beat the white of an egg stiff. Have [illegible] syrup made with one cup of sugar [illegible]d quarter cup water boiled together. Pour in a fine stream into the be[illegible]en white, beating to a stiff cream. [illegible]hen add quarter teaspoon cream [illegible] tartar and almond or vanilla ex[illegible]act to flavor.

Orange Icing

Gr[illegible] rind of an orange, two tables[illegible]ns orange juice, one tablespoon [illegible]mon juice. Add gradually to be[illegible] a yolk of an egg, then stir in ic[illegible] sugar.

Butter Icing

Mix[illegible]ng sugar with butter to light consis[illegible]cy, adding a little milk or lemon [illegible]ice to soften. Beat well and spread [illegible]n cake. Decorate as you choose. [illegible] Leaves cut from angelica and [illegible]lied cherries arranged in a wreat[illegible]re nice.

HELPFUL HINTS

Dry [illegible]ep House Air Humid[illegible]

keep [illegible] W. Hill advises people to winter[illegible] air in the house humid in ness [illegible] when, unless enough damp dry t[illegible]mplied the air becomes so heath[illegible] it is hard on the skin, the much [illegible]nd the furniture. Also it is the a[illegible]der to heat a house in which shoul[illegible] is too dry. A dish of water of hea[illegible] kept sitting on the back is to [illegible] or stove. Also a good idea teres[illegible]p water in bowls or jardinieres or two in a room. It is surpri[illegible]g how quickly the water evapo[illegible]s, steam in a room is particular[illegible] necessary where there is a suffer[illegible] from bronchitis or croup.

Adding Salt to Milk

Salt [illegible]ded directly to hot milk will [illegible]ly curdle it. To avoid this add it [illegible] the flour thickening, or eggs and s[illegible]r, which are to be put into the m[illegible]

Enough soda added to tomat[illegible] will prevent curdling when makin[illegible]omato soup; but soda is said t[illegible]estroy the vitamines of the tomat[illegible]hich are so useful to health. Instea[illegible] using soda a thin white sauce [illegible]ade with milk thickened with [illegible]r) can be made and poured into t[illegible] hot tomato. Some do not add an[illegible]dd until the soup is actually served [illegible]nus avoiding the curdling which [illegible]y occur if the soup waits any t[illegible] before being eaten.

Labor Savers

Do [illegible] know what a labor-saver zinc is[illegible]he kitchen is? It is fairly expens[illegible] (for you must be sure to have [illegible] zinc, not galvanized tin) but [illegible] pay for itself many times over i[illegible] saving of work and worry. Have [illegible]r kitchen table covered with it, als[illegible]e sink draining-board; and have [illegible]rip nailed on the wall behind [illegible] sink. The zinc wears well, does n[illegible] rust, is easy to keep clean.

Waterproofing Boots

Cas[illegible] oil is a good preservative and sh[illegible]d be applied once or twice a week[illegible] snowy or wet weather. It should [illegible] applied to warm boots and rubbed [illegible] well. A mixture of 12 ounces [illegible] allow melted with four ounces [illegible]d oil is also good. Or tallow [illegible]ool grease. Do not allow grease [illegible] oil of any kind to touch rubber [illegible]ela.

THE WEEK'S POEM

To a Friend

(Richard Le Gallienne)

Ah, [illegible]romising earth that seems [illegible] kind,
And [illegible]ontrades with outstretched [illegible]nd,
But d[illegible]ou never stand alone
In [illegible]ack, forsaken land?
Then [illegible] wonderful things that God [illegible] do
One [illegible] to understand.
How [illegible]urns the desert dust to a [illegible]am,
And th[illegible]onely wind to a friend,
And m[illegible]s a bright beginning
Of w[illegible] had seemed the end;
'Twas [illegible]such an hour God placed [illegible]mine
The m[illegible]beam hand of a friend.

Professional Cards

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Graduate in Medicene of Toronto University, Member of the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons; also Canadian Medical Association. Day or night call, Phone 5, Chatsworth

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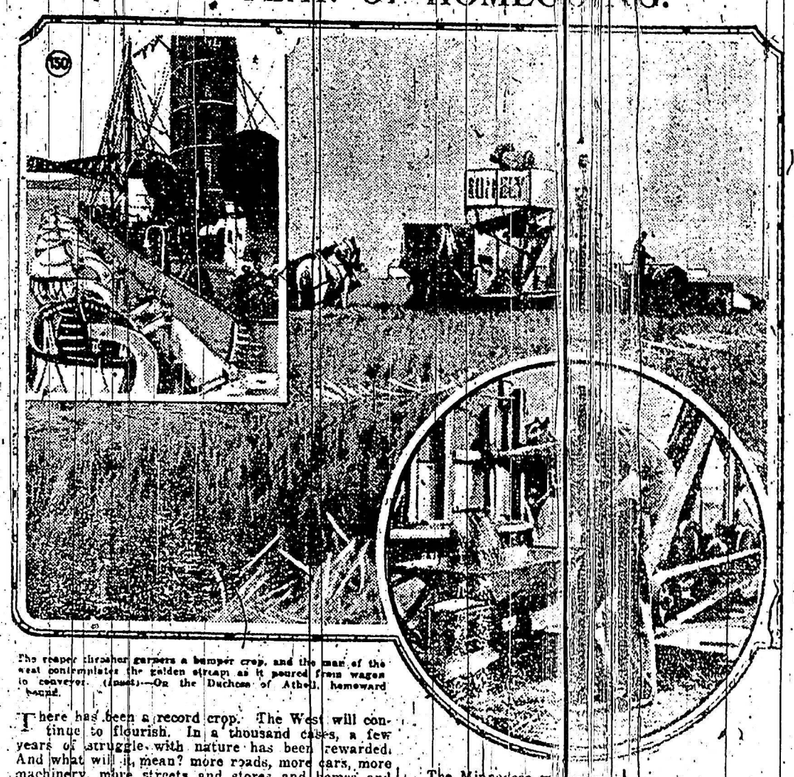
THE YEAR OF HOMECOMING.



The reaper thresher garners a bumper crop, and the man of the west contemplates the golden stream as it poured from wagon to conveyor. (Inset)—On the Duchess of Atholl, homeward bound.

There has been a record crop. The West will continue to flourish. In a thousand cases, a few years of struggle with nature has been rewarded. And what will it mean? more roads, more cars, more machinery, more streets and stores and homes and radios. A brisker trade, more industrial activity in the east, more shipping and more car-loadings per mile. More wheels turning all over the country.

But the man whose labours by the favour of Providence has been mainly responsible for all this, his threshing done, he has time now to think of other things than wheat and rain and frost and sun and harvesters and the rail and steamship companies are doubtless planning as he thought. In a few weeks now, there will be a feverish packing of bags, a collecting of the children, a cleaning of new hats and shoes and a rush for the trains.

This say the transportation officials will be the year of the home-going. The English, the Jersey Islanders the Scotch and the Irish and the Continentals too. The Canadian Pacific officials foresee so great a rush that they have already planned many special trains out of the West, and many steamship sailings which will facilitate the movement and ensure Christmas and New Year's with the old folk and an inexpensive journey in comfort and luxury.

The Minnedosa will make more fortunate ones happy. On November 28 for Glasgow, Belfast and Liverpool, the seventh of December the Metagama and [illegible] will sail from Saint John, one for Cherbourg [illegible] Southampton and Antwerp and the other for Glasgow [illegible] run. The Metagama will make a special round trip sailing on the fourth of December [illegible] Helier with a large [illegible] going down to Channel Islanders and to the [illegible] fifteenth will take [illegible] Christmas via Glasgow [illegible] the Montroyal on [illegible] whom New Year's means [illegible]

Just to illustrate [illegible] western crop effects [illegible] ment was kept busy [illegible] printing an extra order [illegible] cheques and money [illegible] said, be sent or carried [illegible] every quarter of the [illegible] world [illegible] conditions [illegible] will be appreciated [illegible]

The Markdale Standard
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