THE SYLVESTER DIAMOND

By BLANCHE ROBERTS

SYNOPSIS

Honey Meadow succeeds in taking the Sylvester Diamond from a woman in a Los Angeles department store and discovers it in her apartment. But Joe Dunbarton, professional thief whom she knows for some months, breaks down the door and takes the diamond from her. Joe and Honey leave for the apartment of Dan Brewster, district attorney, with whom she is in love. When the two men get into a fight she makes a hurried escape. Knowing that Joe will try her to get the stone, she boards a plane for Honolulu. Joe follows her on the same plane, making a forced landing when he hits the sea.

CHAPTER VI.

Honey did not know where she was and she hated to open her eyes to find out. But her whole body ached and she was cold and very wet and lying in a most uncomfortable position with her head resting on something hard—not a pillow, to be sure. As her senses returned to normal, she became aware of motion and a chug-chug-ging noise like a small boat would make. She waited several minutes, trying in vain to identify some familiar sound, then she opened her eyes slowly.

Pea-soup fog was the first thing she saw above her. She lowered the line of her vision and made out the form of a man near by. He was leaning out to sea and sat very still, hunched over in deep thought, a pipe between his lips.

"Where am I?" she called, teeth chattering, and lifting her hand from its hard resting place.

Her voice startled the man and he turned quickly to face her.

"Thank goodness you're alive." There was downright relief in his voice. "I was afraid . . ." He did not finish the sentence.

It was then that realization of what had happened to her came back to her mind. The air liner had crashed. She shuddered like she had a chill.

"Are—are—the others—?" She could not go on with her question, but he guessed what she was trying to ask.

"I only found you," he said and his voice was gentle and soothing. "Are you all right?"

"Yes." At least she felt no pain and presumed she was not hurt.

There was no more conversation until they made land. He helped her out of the boat at a deserted old wharf in the cove. She looked at him then. He was young and tall, slightly stooped of shoulders and very sun-tanned.

"I will take you to my house," he told her and there was a softness in his voice that betrayed culture. "I know you're cold with those wet clothes on. Ma'll loan you some of hers. She is no more than a minute herself—just about like you." He smiled down at her and Honey liked his face instantly, so open and honest.

"I really am freezing," she said simply and started to follow him and discovered that her equilibrium was not what it used to be. He took her arm and she leaned on his strength as they climbed the rocky cliffs to a little house sitting at the end of the trail, overlooking the ocean below. Even in the fog, Honey marveled at the brightly colored flowers surrounding the house, the restful atmosphere everywhere that spelled peace.

"Ma!" the young man called and there was a caress even when he lifted his voice to shout.

A little white-haired woman came to the door in answer to his summons.

* * *

"Sakes, Art!" she cried and came forward to meet them. "Who is that with you? Why, she is wet as a drowned kitten."

"I certainly am," smiled Honey convincingly. "I have been in the ocean and he fished me out." She found that lightness came back to her voice without much effort. "You were fishing, weren't you?"

"Honest, I was fishing. I have never caught one so big before, nor half as pretty."

"Come in, young lady. Don't pay any attention to that son of mine. He likes to charter." It was easy to see that she adored him. "I'll give you some dry things to put on before you catch pneumonia."

Inside the house, Art reached to take her coat off, but just then Honey remembered the stone fastened in her pocket, and she huddled deeper into the wrap. After all the dangers she had been through for the diamond she was not going to take a chance of losing it now.

"Not yet," she told him with a smile, and followed the woman into the small bedroom.

"Art probably didn't think to introduce himself," said her hostess. "I am his mother, Mrs. Carey. He is a nice boy but he needs his manners now and then." Mrs. Carey looked at Honey searchingly.

"I am so glad to know you. My name is Honey—ah—Honey Roe." She smiled with relief when she saw that the woman did not notice the hesitation over her name. She hated to lie about anything, but on the moment it seemed the wisest course to take. She was not ready to advertise her true identity.

"That is a right pretty name," Mrs. Carey pulled things from the dresser drawers and put them on the bed. "Kind of romantic, too. Well, here is everything now. You hurry and dressing will be felt the room.

Honey slipped quickly out of her wet things. And as she dressed, she asked herself: "I wonder what I'm we are from San Francisco? I must get there as soon as I can."

The light woolen dress fitted perfectly. She took the diamond from the fur coat and dropped it into the pocket of the borrowed dress whose skirt was rather full and hid the sag to some extent where the box weighted it down. When she came out of the room, there was a nice hot cup of coffee, toast and preserves waiting for her. Art was smoking his pipe and looking out of the window. He turned as she came in.

"I guess we should ride into town and notify the authorities of your safety," he suggested.

Honey shook her head quickly. That was the one thing she did not want.

"Please don't. I have no relatives to inform and I hate to be bothered by reporters. I would rather forget the crash for a while—if I can, she added wistfully. "There is no one to worry about whether I was saved or not." Her heart cried: "Except Dan, and he may hate you by now for what he thinks you are. A thief." A shudder passed quickly over her.

"You poor lamb," consoled Mrs. Carey sympathetically. "We won't mention it again. And if any one sees you here . . . Well, I can always invent a daughter or an old school chum.

"Or," drawled Art and his eyes twinkled with fun, "I did know some girls in school, ma. I could have a visitor."

Right after lunch, which seemed the best meal she had ever eaten, the fog lifted and Honey went for a walk along the rugged shore with Art. The breakers pounding hard against the rocks, was calming to Honey's over-wrought nerves and she breathed deeply of the salty-air. As they walked, she learned that Art was a lawyer of profession but that he and his mother were in California for his health. And now that he was well again, they would be going back to the Middle Western town to take up life where they left off.

(Continued next week.)

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Policeman
7. Prevent
9. What person
12. Atmosphere
13. Lord's estate
14. Turn left
15. Birds
17. Sign up
20. Numerous
22. The tentmaker
23. Publish
25. Mottled
26. French river
28. Baked foods
29. Musical note
31. Night before
32. Resist
33. Point of egg
34. Myself
35. Eucharistic plate
41. Measure
43. Played the lead
45. Swindles
48. Prevaricator
49. Aurocle
50. Particles
51. Profane word
52. Spanish title
54. Pointed arch
55. Hear judicially
56. Ore deposits
57. Understand

DOWN
1. Cover
2. Lubricate
3. Floor of thorax
4. Wooden spike
5. Change
6. Existence
7. Artificial language
8. Hiker
9. Revolve rapidly
10. Owns
11. Be in debt
16. Wind instrument
18. Knocks
19. Made of a certain wood
21. Imaginative writings
24. Fasten
27. Defied
28. The cream
30. Matrons
37. Powder
38. Sunshade
39. Presents oneself
40. Stiffly proper
42. Stinger
44. Unaccompanied
47. Palm fruits
50. See enclosure
46. Put with
48. Trifle
49. Cover
50. Exist
51. Alkali
52. Leave

Answer to This Puzzle Will Appear Next Week

Modern Etiquette

By Robert Lee

Q. When a man is wearing gloves and takes a piece of his companion's arm on the street and she offers her hand, should he apologize for his glove?

A. No; it is not any more necessary to apologize for one's glove than it would be to apologize for wearing shoes.

Q. When a young man and a girl have become engaged, and the man's relatives have called to see her, should the girl return the calls?

A. Yes, accompanied by her mother.

Q. Is it permissable to eat the lettuce when a salad is served on a lettuce leaf?

A. Yes.

Q. Where does the bridegroom have the bride's bouquet sent before the wedding, to her home or to the church?

A. To her home.

Q. How should the salad, roast, and fish forks be placed at the dinner table?

A. To the left of the plate, prongs up, the salad fork nearest the plate, roast fork next, fish fork on the outside.

Q. How should one address a doctor in the salutation of a letter?

A. "Dear Dr. Smith." Always abbreviate the word "doctor".

Q. What are a few suggested phrases to use when congratulating a bride and bridegroom?

A. "May you have many, many years of happiness." "I wish both of you all the happiness in the world." "Good luck and God bless you."

Floats at Six-Months—Six-month-old Arlene Atwater of Roselle, N.J., floats leisurely in Elizabeth YMCA pool. Mother remains close at hand just in case.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: I am a mother 28 years old. My married daughter, her husband and baby live with me. Two months ago she started selling for a concern, and I keeps her away from 9 to 10 hours a day. That leaves the care of the baby to me.

"Please don't get me wrong. I love to take care of the baby. But for four years I've been under a doctor's care, who is warning me against a breakdown. I have a large home to look after. So you see between the baby, the house, and preparing meals, at the end of the day I'm so nervous I can't sleep.

"They like me, because places are hard to get. I can't bear to tell them to leave.

"I've explained how things are to my daughter, but she doesn't seem to care. I've even asked her husband to help with the baby evenings, but he said he works all day and won't be tied down at night. Please tell me what to do! . . . And God bless you for the help you give others.

"NERVOUS MOTHER."

A FIRM HAND

"THESE TWO seem to need a firm hand. They are not facing unwelcome facts, or, knowing them, they refuse to be discomfited. You had better set an hour to talk with them together, and have it out.

"Is your daughter working because she has to? In that case, it is little enough for her husband to relieve you in the evening, and cheerfully, and do everything he can do to lessen your household burden. When you are providing a home for his wife and baby, he should show his gratitude in the many practical ways a man can around that home.

"If your daughter is working because she wants to (finding calling on people more interesting than looking after her baby) then she should give up the job and care for her own child, as well as helping you out.

"This should be your ultimatum. Otherwise, they will have to move elsewhere — and you will give them a reasonable time to find a place of their own. If you convince them that this need is imperative, on your doctor's orders, they will be impressed.

"What alternative is there? A breakdown for you, with the consequent necessity that your daughter stay at home altogether.

"Many a young couple have thoughtlessly rushed into marriage during the past years, secure in the knowledge that "Mom" would take them in. They could not be persuaded to wait until their futurg was more secure. Mom, as usual, was more than willing—

"But when it is a question of a mother's health, then it becomes a crisis. Only an ungrateful daughter and a selfish husband would take advantage.

...A mother takes over every family burden she can. But when her generosity is being taken advantage of, she must protect herself. Anne Hirst will help, if you write her at 123 Eighteenth St., New York City.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

Letters In The Bible
Philippians 1:1-11; 4:8-9.

Golden Text—These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life. —I John 5:13.

Twenty-one of the twenty-seven books of the New Testament are epistles or letters, most of them written by Paul. Sometimes because a person was about to make a journey to some church or churches, or to some place where a friend was, Paul would send a letter along, as he did to Titus in Crete. Because the church at Philippi had sent a present to Paul, at Rome, Paul sent back a "thank-you" letter by this same messenger when he returned—the letter to the Philippians.

Paul's affection for the churches is especially evident in this lesson. He was writing from a Roman prison, and doubtless recalled his prison experience when he first visited Philippi. Though he and Silas had been beaten and their feet fastened in the stocks, at midnight they prayed and sang praises unto God. This same cheerfulness spirit possessed him now. He was no whiner. He was praying with joy, confident that He which hath begun a good work in you will perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ."

While one faces the fact of physical illness it is indisputable that considerable proportion of ailments arise from unhealthful thinking. Worry is the greatest disease. Paul gives us good advice, "Whatsoever things are true,—honest,—just,—pure,—lovely,—of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think of these things."

HANDY HINTS

A power emery-wheel is the fastest cutting tool one can use for sharpening dull edges. Lacking this grinder, a thick blade can be reduced to usable shape by careful work with a file, taking off the excess metal until it is thin enough. Then it is brought to a keen cutting edge on a whetstone. Always work from the back towards the edge.

* * *

A number of different sized screw-drivers are always handy. Press down the ends till there are sizes to turn most standard makes of screws.

* * *

If a tack or brad is pressed through a narrow strip of cardboard, the nail can be held in hard-to-get-at places, without danger to fingers, etc.

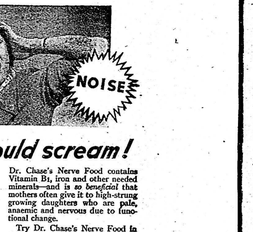
* * *

For a noon-day lunch in winter, a hole should be dug with the snowshoe down to earth, and a fire built where it is sheltered from winds, and still not melt down and be quenched.

* * *

A switch with prongs about four inches long can be used to hold bacon, bread, etc., until cooked. Small cubes of meat can be impaled on each prong till broiled.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle



...I could scream!

Do your nerves ever get so bad you feel you're almost being driven to hysterics?

Too often, both men and women neglect these signs which may indicate your system is becoming run-down and your natural store of nervous energy used up! But you can start to correct this condition today. You'll find the tonic elements of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food of real benefit in helping you rest and eat better . . . and so be valuable aid in restoring nervous energy.

So try this time-proven remedy which has helped thousands when nerves worn, edgy and run-down!

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food contains Vitamin B_1 iron and other needed minerals—and is so beneficial that mothers often give it to high-strung growing daughters who are pale, anaemic and nervous due to functional change.

Try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in the large "economy size", to help you rest better, feel better, look better. The name "Dr. Chase" is your assurance.

Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD

Damaged Enough

An ambulance-chasing lawyer picked up a lady who had been knocked down by a Washington streetcar. "Here's my card, lady," he said. "I'll get you damages."

"Don't be an idiot," snapped the lady as she dusted herself off. "I don't need no more damages. What I need now is repairs."

Dodd's Kidney Pills

When your BACKACHES...

Backache is often caused by lazy kidney action. When kidneys get out of order excess acids and poisons remain in the system. They backache, headache, rheumatic pain, disturbed rest or that 'tired out' feeling may soon follow. To help keep your kidneys working properly—use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Time-tested, popular, safe, non-habit-forming. Demand Dodd's Kidney Pills, in the blue box. Both the red box remained. Sold everywhere. 125

New... for quick baking

...no need to keep it in the ice box!

Keeps in the cupboard for weeks! Always right there when you need it! It's New Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast—the modern baking discovery that gives you delicious breads and rolls in quick baking time. No dashing off to the store at the last minute—just keep a supply of New Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast handy in the cupboard. Use it as you need it. IF YOU BAKE AT HOME—get Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast today. At your grocer's.

FLEISCHMANN'S ROYAL FAST RISING DRY YEAST
ACTS FAST! STAYS FRESH!

How Can I?

By Ar— Ashley

Q. How can I test the contents of canned goods, to determine if fresh or spoiled?

A. Place a drop of water on top of the can to be opened. Run a sharp-pointed tool through the water and the tin. If the water is sucked into the opening, the contents are all right. If gas escapes through the hole and blows the water away, the contents are spoiled.

Q. How can I make a good cranberry pie?

A. A good recipe is 2 cups of cranberries, ½ cup water, 1 cup of sugar. Cook for about 10 minutes, then cool, and bake in pie crust. Make a rim and strips across the top.

Q. How can I prevent a costume necklace from leaving a dark ring on the neck?

A. Dip the necklace into shellac. This will prevent tarnish.

Q. How can I check falling hair?

A. Try rubbing a cut lemon into the roots of the hair, then wash in warm, soft water. This is claimed to strengthen the hair.

Q. How can I prevent the fermentation of jams?

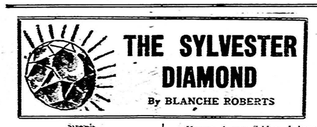
A. By adding a small piece of sulphate of potash to the boiling syrup.

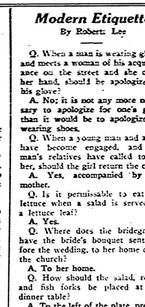
Refreshing new idea for a chaise! These graceful deer in filet crochet make an addition to any living room. Easy too!

Filet crochet is a simple-to-do new design! Pattern 900 has directions; charts.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

ISSUE 50 — 1948





4766
SIZES
12—20

Oh beautiful basic! It's KIND to your budget! Clear classic lines, adaptable collar, frivolous, fascinating accessories to make many dresses of one!

Pattern 4766 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16, dress, takes 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

This pattern, easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Has complete illustrated instructions.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

Send your order to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

We sold some hens last Monday. When the buyer came in and offered us a price, we accepted, providing he took them all—either that or none at all. He agreed. There were about forty. Then he started catching them. Presently he threw one down—"That's a cull," he explained. "Just a minute," said Partner, "you said you would take them all at the price we agreed on." The man started to hedge but Partner stood his ground. That kind of thing has happened before. A buyer comes in, takes his pick of the flock, and then tries to leave us with the poorer birds. This time it didn't work. Partner did not try to force a sale, in fact he repeatedly told the man to put back what he had caught and we would sell to someone else. But no, he wouldn't do that. Finally he took them all —and after that he got away in a hurry. I'm telling you Partner was really mad! And yet all the birds weren't sold after all. One got away and we haven't been able to catch her since! Now our Light Sussex pullets are in the hen house. It is going to be interesting to see which pullets put on the best show . . . in another week everything will be right. He always does that some time during the evening anyway as he says if there is anything wrong with the animals that it is the most likely time for it to show. He thinks to have them from one chicken time to chore time next morning without looking at them at all is too long altogether. Coming back he sang out as he opened the kitchen door—"What's the use of a birthday if you can't have things go right?" Here's what happened. He took a warmish drink of water to Queen—and she wouldn't touch it. He gave the bull a pail of water in his manger—and he promptly upset it. He thought one cow was looking as if she wanted a drink so he put a pail of water in her manger. She snuffled around it with her nose until it, too, was upset. It all had to be cleaned up. Then Partner took a look at the heifers he has running loose in the barnyard—and they weren't there! Somehow or other they had nosed open the back door of the barnyard and were running around in the muddiest part of the outside yard. And it was muddy after the heavy rain we had yesterday. So Partner was quite ready to say with Gracie Fields—"What's the use of a Birthday?"

Speaking of Christmas . . . we haven't any plans at all—although it is open house here for any of our friends who care to come. But I am thinking I had better start spring housecleaning in the middle of winter! Partner's sister in England says she hopes to visit us this summer—and there is just a chance two cousins may also be coming.

Secret of Health

Grandpa Cartmell was celebrating his 100th birthday and everybody complimented him on how athletic and well preserved he appeared. "I will tell you the secret of my success," he cackled. "My wife and I were married 75 years ago. On our wedding night we made a solemn pledge that, whenever we had a fight, the one who was proved wrong would go out and take a walk. Gentlemen, I have been in the open air practically continuously for 75 years."

Surprise, surprise! — When Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Weitzel, newlyweds, return from their honeymoon they're apt to get a shock when they see the stork friends erected on top of their new home.

Goat? Just the "Call the Vet" will you—Queen is sick!" Oh . . . oh! However, it wasn't as bad as it might have been The "Vet", fortunately, was at home and after he had given the mare a hypo she was soon all right again.

After supper came another shock . . . a telephone call . . . "Fort William calling Mr. Clarke." My heart just about skipped a beat. You know how you can imagine all kinds of things in the space of a few minutes. But the call wasn't about Daughter — it was FROM her—just a call to wish her Dad many happy returns of the day. That was her birthday present—and she couldn't have hit on a better one. It was just wonderful to hear her voice, and from her happy laughter we knew she was all right. Daughter could have sent a wire, and it would have brought her message, but there was a lot more satisfaction in hearing her voice. It was also doubly welcome since there is no possible chance of her being home for Christmas.

Well, after Partner's telephone call he went down to the barn again, just to make sure everything was all right. He always does that some time during the evening anyway as he says if there is anything wrong with the animals that it is the most likely time for it to show. He thinks to have them from one chore time to chore time next morning without looking at them at all is too long altogether. Coming back he sang out as he opened the kitchen door—"What's the use of a birthday if you can't have things go right?" Here's what happened. He took a warmish drink of water to Queen—and she wouldn't touch it. He gave the bull a pail of water in his manger—and he promptly upset it. He thought one cow was looking as if she wanted a drink so he put a pail of water in her manger. She snuffled around it with her nose until it, too, was upset. It all had to be cleaned up. Then Partner took a look at the heifers he has running loose in the barnyard—and they weren't there! Somehow or other they had nosed open the back door of the barnyard and were running around in the muddiest part of the outside yard. And it was muddy after the heavy rain we had yesterday. So Partner was quite ready to say with Gracie Fields—"What's the use of a Birthday?"

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Puzzle—Find the Car—Beauty in wholesale lots descended on an automobile exhibition in Paris, France, as a contest for the title of "Miss Automobile" gets under way. In case anybody cares, the car is a Simca 6CV.

When the King Heard and Acted

Are kings worth what they cost? Party-cooch Alfred Bell, 48, thinks so. Recently Alfred stook looking through the grubby window of an empty little shop in the main road of Bedhampton, a Hampshire village. He smiled broadly as he pictured the cookies and cakes and pies he would bake to fill it. "It's all the King's doing", he cried. "God bless the King!"

After the First World War, in which he served as an RAF observer, Alfred had opened up his own pastry shop in London's Ealing. In World War II, Alfred joined the RAF again. His house at London was bombed one night while Alfred was at home on leave. Alfred, his wife and their two children survived, although Alfred was left with a crippled leg, his wife with a weak heart.

After the war the Ministry of Labour rated Alfred as "unemployable." Four times he had applied for a permit to open a pastry shop in Bedhampton, to which he had moved. Four times he had been refused.

Last April, Alfred sat down in his red-curtained sitting room and wrote a letter to the King at Buckingham Palace, telling His Majesty the whole story.

A few days later, King George VI was sitting at his Georgian walnut desk in the lofty blue and white study of the palace, reading the morning's mail. Among the letters with embossed headings he saw Alfred's cheap writing paper and careful penmanship. He reached for it, read it twice, then handed it to his secretary with instructions.

It took four months of bureaucratic gear-grinding for the King's instructions to bear fruit. Last week, an official buff-coloured envelope flopped on to Alfred's doormat. Inside was a letter signed by Food Minister Strachey's private secretary: "Your letter . . . was referred by the King to the Minister of Food who, by His Majesty's command, has given it careful consideration and has decided that . . . an exception to the general rule . . . may be made in your case." Said Alfred: "When my wife and I heard what the King had done, we burst into tears."

The Bookshelf ...

Corporation Finance

By C. A. Ashley

The Professor of Commerce at the University of Toronto has written a book which, while it may not have any great appeal to the general-reading public, will undoubtedly become a "must" for all forward-looking business executives. It will be all the more welcome because there is very little Canadian material of recent date easily available on the subject.

In this book Professor Ashley deals with the forms of business organization, the formation and control of companies; the capital market and the stock market; shares, bonds, borrowing, financial structure, combination and monopoly and a host of other matters and all in a manner both clear and concise. He is a recognized authority on such subjects and was elected a Fellow of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in 1947.

Corporation Finance . . By C. A. Ashley . . The Macmillan Co. of Canada . . Price $2.50.

Same As At Home

An English guide was showing Kenilworth Castle to some soldiers from Ontario. "For hundreds of years," he proclaimed, "not a single thing repaired." "Say," observed one of the soldiers, "we must have the same landlords."

Facts, Not Alibis, Wanted on Hydro

The present power breakdown is the greatest industrial calamity that has ever hit Ontario.

Over wide areas of the most highly developed part of Canada, factories are shut down for hours daily, business is disrupted, workers' income is cut, housewives are seriously inconvenienced and property is endangered. Production is being lost and employment is being sacrificed. And as yet there has been no adequate or convincing explanation of this colossal failure from the authorities who have been responsible, says The Financial Post.

Now this issue has been pitched into party politics which will further confuse the issue, and further postpone its correction.

CCF'ers are making the Hydro affair a major weapon in their fight against George Drew.

This is a precarious limb for them to go out on.

It was under public ownership, which means political direction of Hydro, that Ontario was dragged into its present mess, and one that threatens to be with us for years.

Yet, the CCF is the party that wants more public ownership, more political interference with productive processes.

So, in effect the CCF is saying: "We'll give you more of the same thing that has ended in the present Hydro schemozzle.

The CCF, furthermore, is the party which so vociferously predicted that depression would set in right after the war. On that reasoning the CCF would have had Hydro in a worse mess.

Right now, there is a great scurrying around to find a scapegoat. Municipal, provincial and federal politicians are leaping into the maelstrom, each blaming somebody else. Daily newspapers are thundering at each other, each from its own partisan perch. All this is significant proof that Hydro is up to its neck in politics.

And that's the real cause of today's trouble. No further hunt for alibis and scapegoats need be made. The culprit is public ownership, which means, inevitably, and irrevocably, political control of Hydro.

In the private or stockholder business the management has the authority and the responsibility of doing all that is necessary to assure the present and future welfare of the enterprise. If it mismanages of miscalculates its reserves, it collapses or goes broke. The same happens when it fails to give its customers the service they want.

But enterprises run by politicians inevitably get into trouble because the interests and problems of the politicians are different to those of the businessman.

In the Hydro mess, Canada has a demonstration of what the socialists offer on a scale multiplied many times.

Much Work, Small Pay

From the archives of the Director of Education in Manila (quite some time ago, we assure you) someone has abstracted, or copied, this heart-rendering letter of resignation penned by a harassed native teacher:

"Dear Sir, I have the honour to resignate as my works are many and my salary are few. Besides which my supervising teacher makes many loving to me to which I only reply, 'Oh, not, Oh, not!'"

"Very respectfully

"JOSEFINA."

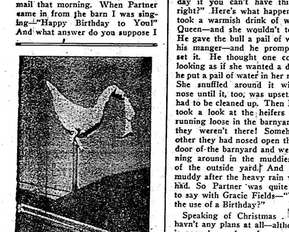
The art of giving ceramic tile a lustre finish was a jealously guarded secret in ancient Mesopotamia.

CUTS, BURNS and BRUISES

Healing, Soothing and Antiseptic, Dr. Chase's Ointment brings quick relief. Regular Size 60c; Economy Size, 6 times as much $2.25. A leader for over 50 years.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Aftermath of the Pennsylvania "Smog" Disaster—Patsy Fresn says goodbye to his daughter, Carol Lee, in Donora, Pa., before leaving with 40 other "smog" victims to recuperate at Wrightsville Beach.



HOW TO FIX IT

By Tom Gregory

A POUCH OR POCKET SLUNG FROM THE HANDLE AND REAR EDGE OF A BABY CARRIAGE CAN BE A BIG HELP TO MOTHER WHEN SHE GOES SHOPPING. IT IS MADE OF CANVAS SEWED OVER LENGTHS OF HEAVY WIRE, THE ENDS OF WHICH ARE BENT TO FORM HOOKS.

IN MAKING THE POUCH CUT THE SIDES TO A RADIUS LARGE ENOUGH TO GIVE IT CONSIDERABLE DEPTH. IT IS A GOOD IDEA, TOO, TO SLIP RUBBER TUBING OVER THE HOOK ENDS TO PREVENT MARRING THE FINISH ON THE CARRIAGE.

IMPRESSION

HERE IS A PRACTICAL, VERSATILE RUBBER STAMP DEVICE THAT MAY BE USED IF NO STANDARD CHANGEABLE STAMP IS AVAILABLE. IT CONSISTS SIMPLY OF FLAT BANDS SNAPPED AROUND A WOOD BLOCK AND ARRANGED TO FORM THE DESIRED ROMAN NUMERALS.

TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews.

Graham-Cracker Crust
10 Finely Crushed Graham Crackers
1 Teaspoon Flour
¼ Cup Sugar
¼ Teaspoon Salt
¼ Teaspoon Nutmeg
½ Teaspoon Cinnamon
4 Tablespoons Melted Shortening

Combine ingredients and mix well. Press into an 8-inch pie plate. Chill thoroughly.

Any favorite pie filling will do nicely with that quickly-prepared crust. If you have a refrigerator, I can strongly recommend this one, especially timely now that pumpkins are so plentiful.

Pumpkin Ice-Cream Pie
½ Cup Sugar
1 Teaspoon Vanilla
2 Cups Light Cream
1½ Cups Pumpkin (Cooked and Mashed)
½ Cup Brown Sugar
½ Teaspoon Cinnamon
½ Teaspoon Nutmeg
½ Teaspoon Salt
1 Graham-Cracker Crust

Add sugar and vanilla to light cream. Stir to blend well. Mix pumpkin, brown sugar, cinnamon, nutmeg and salt, and add to cream mixture. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze until firm. Remove to bowl and beat with rotary beater until free from lumps but still a hard mass. Return to refrigerator tray and finish freezing. Fill graham-cracker crust with ice cream and garnish the top with graham-cracker crumbs.

* * *

There's one thing I had better warn you about regarding this Banana Cake. It doesn't last long. I'd give you more of the same "last". That's because, whenever it's served, second and third helpings are the order of the day.

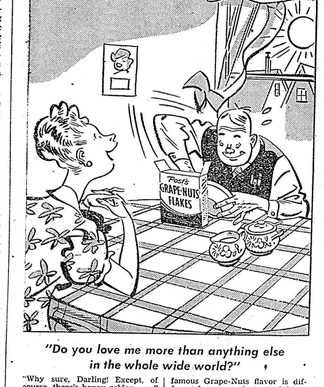
Banana Cake
½ Cup Shortening
1 Cup Sugar
1 Egg
1¼ Cups (Approximately 3) Mashed Bananas
1½ Cups Sifted Cake Flour
2 Teaspoons Baking Powder
½ Teaspoon Salt
2 Tablespoons Milk
2 Teaspoons Vanilla

Cream shortening and sugar together until light and fluffy. Add egg and mix well. Stir in bananas. Sift together the dry ingredients and add with milk and vanilla. Blend thoroughly. Pour into two greased 8-inch layer tins and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 40 minutes. Frost with banana frosting.

And in conclusion, here's the most easily made frosting I've ever run across—not only for banana cake but for almost any other kind. I'm sure you'll get a surprise at how much powdered sugar the mashed bananas will take up, and, by the way, you can leave the butter out if you choose, although the texture may not be quite so creamy. Fully ripe bananas are best.

Banana Frosting
1 Tablespoon Butter
½ Cup (Approximately 2) Mashed Bananas
4 Cups Sifted Confectioners' Sugar

Cream butter. Add bananas and sugar. Mix until creamy and smooth. Add more sugar if necessary for proper stiffness. Fills and frosts two 8-inch layers.



"Do you love me more than anything else in the whole wide world?"

"Why sure, Darling! Except, of course, there's honey-golden, etc."

"Honey Golden, eh? I knew it—a blonde! I'm going home to mother!"

"Hey, wait a minute! I mean honey-golden, malty-rich, oh-so-wonderful Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes!"

"Oh, that's different!"

"Sure they're different! That famous Grape-Nuts flavor is different from any other cereal flavor in the world."

"I know, I know—because they're made from two grains instead of one."

"Sure — and loaded with carbohydrates and minerals and other food essentials."

"You win. Go ahead and have another bowlful — and I think I'll join you!"