

Of Interest to Women



THE MIXING BOWL
Illustration by MARGARET WOODMAN

HELLO HOMEMAKERS. My next door neighbor is a good housekeeper even if she doesn't like housework. Her house is well kept; her work is well planned; her kitchen is so arranged and equipped to make work easy. Mrs. T. herself is a fast, efficient worker but she doesn't believe in spending all her time doing work she dislikes, so she has worked out a plan for managing housekeeping so that it doesn't manage her!

TAKE A TIP
 From Mrs. T.: She does not dawdle over or postpone chores she dreads gets them out of the way as quickly as possible.

Preferring to do such things as washing and ironing on Monday and Tuesday makes the job so automatic that she is free to think of other things while doing the laundry.

Like many homemakers, she enjoys flowers. Thus she spends one or two hours in the garden, weather permitting, which makes her position as homemaker enviable.

If she gets downhearted the radio is moved to the work area to keep her entertained.

Special cleaning jobs—the silver, paint, windows, etc., are times for many people. Mrs. T. tries the new cleaners and keeps a cleaning box with clean cloths and equipment ready.

Housecleaning at her house is a regular routine: the windows, pictures and mirrors in one room are done thoroughly one week; in the next room the next week; and window curtains, metal trim and all ornaments are cleaned regularly before they begin to look badly.

Care of Vacuum Cleaner
 1. Never pick up tacks, pins or other hard or sharp objects with your cleaner.
 2. Empty the bag frequently — a clean dust container gives better suction; therefore better cleaning.
 3. Keep brushes free from hair and threads.
 4. If your cleaner is a brush type machine, adjust brushes to correct position.
 5. If brush still does not work, check the belt. If too loose, replace with a new one.
 6. Lighten your housework by using the attachments.
 7. Don't run cleaner across cord. Coil cord loosely on hooks when not in use.

Make Electric Cords Last Longer
 1. Always connect the cord at the appliance before plugging in.
 2. To disconnect, remove the cord at the outlet by pulling the plug not the cord itself.
 3. Wait until the appliance is cold before winding an attached cord around it.
 4. Keep your separate cords coiled loosely in a drawer instead of hanging them on a nail.
 5. Repair frayed or damaged cords immediately by cutting off the end and re-attaching the plug correctly.

Protection of Cords
 1. Heat and strong sunlight tend to destroy the insulation, so keep cords away from radiators and never wrap the cord around a hot appliance.
 2. Rubbing, pinching in doors, walking on cords, dragging furniture over them—anything that frays the outer covering will sooner or later damage the insulation.
 3. Damages is hard on insulation. Keep cords out of water or places where they will be continually splashed. Don't touch them with wet hands.
 4. Kinking, twisting, knotting and yanking breaks wires. Always keep cords loose or tacked with protective staples.

THE QUESTION BOX
 Mrs. M. W. asks: Why do cookies sometimes burn on the bottom before they brown on top?
 Answer: Cookies baked in too deep a pan may burn on the bottom and not brown on the top because heat cannot circulate around them. Cookie sheets must not be so large in proportion to the size of the oven that they interfere with the proper circulation of heat.

Mrs. P. R. asks: Do granite basins absorb heat more quickly than aluminum baking dishes?
 Answer: Bright aluminum pans reflect some heat and require more heat than those of granite, glassware or cast iron.

Mrs. S. T. asks: Why are dumplings soggy on the outside but light inside?
 Answer: There may not be sufficient liquid for the batter to be immersed in. Use about 2 1/2 cups of stock in a 2-quart saucepan with a tight fitting cover.

Freedom won through force of arms can only be kept through strength of character.

Founds Orphanage: In Her Own Home Gets \$1,000 Gift

Sara Murphy Shelters and Teaches 49 Waifs for 15 Years in Georgia Hills

CEDARTOWN, Ga. (CP)—Surrounded by children to whom she has given a home, a plaid Negro woman is dreaming of the time when she can offer them, and others like them, a college education at their doorstep in these north Georgia foothills.

"I'm glad I've spent my life as I have," said Sara Murphy, founder of an orphanage where she has housed a half hundred charges during the last 15 years. "I've been dealing in human lives. What could be better?"

Here is a story of slender resources strengthened by faith. "She's a wonderful woman and a fine Christian influence in her community," commented Kankakee Anderson, Polk county school superintendent under whose direction Sara runs the 2-room school she founded. "She and her children have a fine record."

Sara moved into the Grady community, six miles south of Cedartown, in 1920. She was the bride of Marion Murphy, cement plant worker and part-time farmer. Behind her was a record of constant struggle to establish schools for Negro children in her home community seven miles to the east where she taught for several years.

"There was no school here and people told me I'd never build one—that I'd never get the land," she said. "But I taught school in the church building and kept praying for the land."

She got it, two acres, from men to whom she had made a gesture of friendship with an offer of flower seed from a plant they had admired.

Cared for Orphans
 In 1931 Sara was called to the bedside of a neighbor woman who died shortly after giving birth to her sixth child. There was no one to care for the orphaned children so Sara and her husband took them in. That was the start of what she terms "the work I was called to do."

In 1934, the year in which Sara's only child died, they made room for another six, in 1935, still another. In 1935 Sara was granted a state charter for the Sara Divinia Murphy Home, named for the last daughter.

Now there are 49 in the home, the youngest five months old. Eight of the girls have married. Three of the boys were in the armed services. Only one of the children has died.

"I've taught 'em all to work," Sara said, "in the fields or making quilts or bottoming chairs. We chop or pick cotton, or gather berries or we pick peas all of us. If the field is deep enough by, even the littlest ones go along to do their bit."

Sara recently was given a \$1,000 bond as a "good neighbor of the year" by the Breakfast in Hollywood radio program. That, she said, is strictly a building fund, to be held until an expansion is undertaken.

For Sara, nearing 50 and only slightly grey, has plenty of plans. "First of all, I want to see some decent dormitories for my children. Then a better school and then—why can't I found a college? Right here? I'm praying about it."

"No! Oh, I expect to find my reward in heaven!"

SPRING CLEANING TWICE A CENTURY

Spring housecleaning, or at least the tidying up part of housecleaning is not confined only to modern and civilized communities, according to K. E. Kidd of the Royal Ontario Museum. At least one ancient people of the New World indulged in it, not, indeed, every year but at stated intervals, perhaps every 10, 20, or 50 years. These were the Toltecs, who lived about a thousand years ago around the present city of Mexico. These folk built mounds often called "pyramids"—of rubble and faced with blocks of stone, on top of which they erected their wooden temples. When the stone facing on the "pyramids" grew soiled or damaged, the Toltecs renewed it by adding a new surfacing of rubble and cut stone, much as we put on a new coat of paint or paper. However, this refinishing job was done in honor of the gods and was, therefore, in a way, a religious rite. In the Mexican gallery of the Museum there is a model of a Toltec city showing a "pyramid" which is now known was redecored seven times.

BUTTER ATOMS

SASKATOON (CP)—Dr. Spinks of the University of Saskatchewan had been dilating at length about splitting the atom and the fissions emanating therefrom.

"That," said one bright lad, "is absolutely nothing compared to the ingenuity and ability of restaurantmen in splitting up a pound of butter into 3,000,000 pieces."

Chronicles of... Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Acton Free Press by GWYNDOLENE P. CLARKE

This is one of those times when I hardly know where to begin—so much has been crowded into one short week. Take Thursday for instance. When I was trying to light the kitchen fire first thing in the morning part of the grate dropped out. Then three hundred chickens arrived on the 8 o'clock train. You who are in the chicken business will know the time it takes getting a few hundred chickens comfortably settled in their new quarters—settling the stove so that it is neither too hot nor too cold. Yes, setting it just right so you think then back to the house, maybe to get a few dishes done—off to the chickens again to find the stove is too hot. You set it again and leave it while you get potatoes peeled for dinner. Then another trip to the brooder house and this time the fire is too cool! In the middle of this Partner comes to the house for hot water. Mary has just produced a calf. In between cows and calves, chickens and stoves, I manage to get some kind of dinner on the table. After dinner I think how grand it would be to have just about thirty-nine winks. But it can't be done. It is the day of our local Institute annual. And an annual meeting is the one meeting of the year which one feels morally bound to attend. So away I went to the meeting—a little late in getting there and the first to come away. And from that time until late at night the chickens kept me occupied more so than usual, because, you see, I was experimenting with an electric brooder stove, the running of which I knew absolutely nothing. But I had heard plenty—that they were great time-savers, easy to operate, although not too satisfactory in cold weather unless there is other heat in the pen. But at any rate I thought it was worth a try.

Keeping a coal stove going is a chicken-raiser's main worry. There is always a danger of the place getting overheated in cold weather, and you need the magic of a magnet to keep it night in warm weather. So, says I, what's the good of the hydro if you don't make it work for you.

The brooder has been in operation now for nearly five days and I am really delighted with the results. It is so clean and, when one understands its mechanism, very easy to operate. Last night the wind got quite strong and it was a real treat to lie in bed and listen to it without having to worry about either chickens or fires.

Naturally there is one great drawback to electric brooders, and it is a serious one if the power goes off, you're sunk. As a matter of fact it went off for about five minutes this morning. I almost developed a case of nervous prostration. The only way I can think of to meet such an emergency is to put several sealers, filled with hot water and wrapped in old socks under the Hoover. And no doubt by the time one had heated the water and filled the last sealer, the power would be on again. Life's like that—haven't you noticed it?

Now to get back to the first thing that happened Thursday morning—the broken grate which unwittingly provided a striking illustration of the difference between two generations.

To put in a new grate there was a front plate that had to be removed. The screws were seized up and from past experience we know the only way to remove them was to drill them out. So Partner got the brace and bit and started the job.

But he found it pretty hard work so he told Bob to put his young strength on the job when he came up from the barn. Bob took a few turns at it and exclaimed "Heck, there's no sense in sweating your heart out at that job! An electric drill will do it in just about five minutes. And I can easily borrow a drill!"

You see what I mean, don't you, about the difference in two generations?

While I have been typing the weather has cleared. It was raining this morning but now the sun is out and it really looks like spring. Daffodils are awaying in the wind; sweet scented violets shyly peek through the grass and leaves; a fancy robin is perkily singing from a fence post; and my men are away to the field, one with the tractor, the other with the drill, sowing our first seed of the season.

PLANT BRITISH GARDENS

Over \$600 worth of garden seeds have been sent by the Boy Scouts of Canada in recent weeks to Boy Scout Troops in Great Britain to be used in Scout gardens, and to assist in the drive for more food for hungry Britons.

Pines Bleed More Resin

Science Finds New Method of "Bleeding" Trees Longer

ATLANTA (CP)—At last science has found a way to give pine trees the woodland equivalent of hemophilia—the strange hereditary disease of mankind which causes profuse bleeding at the merest scratch.

"Pine trees do bleed. That's more where turpentine comes from. That's the foundation of the \$25,000,000 gum and turpentine industry.

Pine trees are "chipped" to produce a "farcy" and the face bleeds into a cup. Now it's been found that if you squirt a solution of sulphuric acid on a face it bleeds longer and more copiously.

Hitherto the gum only oozed into the cups and in a week the "blood" of the pine would clot and the drip of the resin would stop. Experiments at the Southern Forest Experimental Station at Lake City, Fla. have shown that a treated face will bleed not for one week, but three.

A squirt gun is used to apply the acid. Laboratory made, it consists of a glass flask, a tube and a nozzle. The chipper slices off a piece of bark, puts the tube in his mouth and squirts the acid on the wound.

The station is trying to develop a tool which will chip the tree and squirt on the acid in one operation. Use of acid in some experiments has increased yields 200 per cent. Dr. Harold Mitchell reports from the experiment station.

In recent years turpentine farmers have been complaining that the old time "turpentine hand" was disappearing from the labor market. He was the backbone of the naval stores industry.

He could make more at other jobs. But now, paid as he is on a per barrel basis, he can work more trees and dip more gum and make much more than before.

COST OF AUTOS IN NEW ZEALAND

We shall not now buy autos in New Zealand! A recent dispatch from that country has this to say: "The landed cost will be almost double the 1938 cost. One of the biggest factors affecting the purchase price in New Zealand is the increased tax on the increased price. Sales tax has quadrupled since 1938, and with the increase in landed cost as shown above, the amount of sales tax paid by the purchaser will be about seven times more than paid on a similar car in 1938."

An American report entitled "Investigation of Concentration of Economic Power" was published in the United States in 1941. It was a hefty book of 480 pages. I am not going to read it. The essence of it was that "the largest companies, made, on the whole, a poor showing in the tests of group efficiency." This is interesting but not surprising. There are limits to the idea that increased efficiency goes with size. There is, however, a tendency for the large corporations to come through a depression with less trouble than private business. The corporation, even if small, provides reserves the individual in times of prosperity increases his standard of living. It makes a difference when hard times come. It is cheering nevertheless to feel that in a country like the U. S. A. the smaller business, if it behaves, still has a chance.

Henry Ford Jr. more talkative than his father, has been telling some things about the price of cars. "The Super de Luxe Tudor is" he says "the favorite car." Factory cost in 1941 was \$512. This doesn't include sales tax, freight, selling costs. It is the factory price.

By 1942 this had risen to \$681, now it costs \$962. How long will it take us to make everybody rich by making him pay more for the things he buys.

CRYSTAL CAVE ATTRACTS VISITORS

Gazing into the apparently endless recesses of the pink calcite cave at the Royal Ontario Museum, the visitor feels rather like Alice, and wishes that by nibbling on a mushroom, he could shrink to a size suitable for exploration of this small wonderland.

Reconstructed from crystals obtained in Sterlingbush, N. Y., the Museum's cave may be viewed through a window let into the wall. As you move from side to side, the beautiful calcite crystals—lining the ceiling, walls and floors change imperceptibly in hue from bright rose pink to mauve. Such a cave is formed when circulating underground waters dissolve the limestone through which they pass, leaving a great hole. If the cavity should become filled with lime-bearing waters which cannot escape, the calcium carbonate in solution has an opportunity of forming large crystals of calcite. In the cave at the Museum there is one weighing over four hundred pounds.

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WHO, ME?

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