

When Pride Goes

By ELEANOR BERDON
(McChure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

CLAIRE put the telephone receiver down and walked back to the breakfast room. She smoothed the stiff blue folds of her immaculate dressing gown beneath her carefully as she resumed her seat opposite Jim.

Some women might ignore appearances the first thing in the morning, but not Claire.

She sipped her coffee, now lukewarm, and wondered when Mary Fenton would get over that annoying habit of phoning so early. Then, her eyes falling on the hotel brochure which had come in the morning mail, Claire recalled the problem she'd been trying to discuss with Jim before the phone rang.

"Jim—please. This is important. I want to send in our reservations today. Won't you talk to Julie?" Julie would listen to her father. He'd be able to persuade her to spend the summer with her mother at the Mountain Lake House. It wasn't as if Julie didn't love the mountains. Claire knew why she'd taken such a stubborn stand about remaining in the city. But she wouldn't—she wouldn't let Julie continue to make a fool of herself over that Johnson boy.

"What's that, Claire? Talk to Julie?" Jim's voice came muffled through the intervening pages of his newspaper. Claire noted irrelevantly the striking contrast of his prematurely white hair to his bronzed, still youthful face. Yes, by any standards, Jim was a terribly attractive man. Women like Mary Fenton thought her rash, leaving Jim alone in the city every summer. But that was ridiculous! One had to be sensible. And if Jim's publishing firm kept him tied to his desk during the sweltering summer months, that was no reason for his wife and daughter to suffer, too. As for distrusting Jim—well, either he loved her, or he didn't. Should he ever decide he didn't, she had too much pride to want to hold him to an empty marriage vow.

If only Julie had inherited that same pride! That was what was worrying Claire now. But what was Jim saying?

"Good Lord, Claire, the girl's old enough to know her own mind. If she wants to stay home and take some courses, let her. I'll be here to keep an eye on her."

Stay home and take courses. Couldn't Jim see through that pathetic alibi?

"But, Jim—oh, what was the use! He wasn't even listening. She'd have to handle this herself. She'd make Julie go with her. There'd be no more of these pitiful attempts to attract Grant Johnson's attention. Making up excuses to phone him, humbling herself for a smile, a brief hello, an intricately maneuvered date.

Even if one could win a man by such tactics, it was an empty victory. One had to have pride, Claire reflected. Julie was too young to realize that. Her heart twisted with love and pity as she remembered how unhappy the girl had been all these past months. But she'd been wrong, so wrong. If a two months' absence meant losing the boy, he wasn't worth winning in the first place.

Jim was getting up to leave. "Will you be home for dinner, dear?" With two books due to go to press within the week, Claire knew how rushed he must be.

"Dinner? Why—why, no. No, I'm afraid it's going to be two late nights in a row. Sam and I didn't finish those proofs we went over last night."

Claire meticulously poured herself a fresh cup of coffee from the silver urn. "Oh, yes. I didn't have a chance to ask what kept you last night."

"That history text. It's giving us a lot of trouble. Well, good-by, my dear."

The door had scarcely closed behind Jim when Julie came into the breakfast room. How slowly the girl walked—how pale she was, the signs of tears around her eyes and nose!

"Good morning, Mother." Julie slumped into a chair and stared listlessly at her orange juice.

Claire didn't answer for a moment. She was fingering the hotel brochure. Then, "Julie—"

"Oh, Mother, do—do we have to argue again about this summer? I want to stay home. I've got to stay home." Julie's voice was desperate. There was pleading in every fiber of her slim young body.

"Yes—yes, of course you can stay home."

"Mother!" Her voice was suddenly joyous.

"I'm staying home, too." As she spoke, Claire was crumpling the brochure, her gleaming nails tearing through the heavily engraved paper.

"Gosh, Mother, I don't know what made you change your mind. But I'm glad—I'm certainly glad you did."

Of course Julie didn't know why she'd changed her mind. But Claire knew. Knew that Jim had never before lied to her. Not till just now, when he said he'd spent last night going over proofs with Sam. But Mary Fenton had said over the phone that she'd seen him at the theater with that attractive new woman client.

"As We See It"

(By J. A. Strang)

While vitamins are an old story to us now, yet it isn't so very long ago that the vitamin as quite new. Today we hear it mentioned on the radio quite often and it also has its place in the advertising columns of the papers. Most of us know a little about vitamins and are familiar with the list of fruits and grains and vegetables that contain some of the different vitamins. Vitamins were discovered by a Frenchman and he thought that if he sterilized all foods he would be able to do away with disease. Feeding sterilized food to his experimental rats he made the discovery that while he likely was killing some harmful bacteria he also must have been killing some needed elements in that same food, as his rats died after being fed this supposedly perfect diet.

The word vitamin was used at the time of the discovery as a temporary name for those elements and it seems that no other more suitable name has been found up to date. The word itself is derived from the two words vital and amino. Vital because they are necessary and amino because of their composition. Vitamins being composed of amino acids.

The Village of Ripley in Huron County is in the news right now and all because of the fact that a dental survey of the school children in that village revealed the surprising fact that they are practically free of teeth decay. Many school children of fourteen years of age had never even had to visit a dentist. Again any fillings that had been put in were still as good as when the work had been done, which is not the rule usually. The information seemed important enough to warrant the University of Toronto looking into the matter and the discovery has been made that the presence of certain elements in the soil and in the water in that locality is responsible for the perfect teeth. These elements are phosphorus and flourine. Milk as everybody knows contains phosphorus and calcium, both these minerals being necessary for teeth and for bone building. The Globe and Mail seemed to think that this news from Ripley was important enough to send a special reporter up there to get the details. The discovery is of course quite important. However we imagine the reporter missed the main point. He failed to report as to how a dentist could make a living in a community like that where teeth do not require attention.

We mentioned vitamins in a previous paragraph and we are aware of the fact that tablets all ready to swallow are on the market now and they contain all the necessary vitamins. It will be interesting to notice how soon we may be invited to invest in tablets containing phosphorus and flourine all ready to prevent tooth decay. Up-to-date we haven't noticed any discovery as having been made of any element that would prevent grey hair or old age or even baldness. Perhaps that will be next in line.

The sports writer of one of the city papers has been trying to create interest in an agitation for an open Sunday for sports. We enjoy sport as much as does the average person and we think that the six days out of each seven are plenty in which to enjoy these sporting events. In fact hockey players or players of any sport are the better of one day's rest in seven. The excuse is often used, when anything of this nature crops up, that the idea is in the interest of the boys in uniform that are in need of entertainment on Sunday. It looks like an excuse to shift the blame from civilian shoulders to that of the boys in uniform. A quotation from a letter just received from overseas might be of interest. "We have decided to have hymn singing each Sunday evening, along with the Padre, starting this Sunday night. It should be O.K." Those boys are looking forward to invasion or what is commonly known as "The Second Front" and it is interesting to note that their thoughts turn to hymn singing on Sunday night rather than to some sporting event.

HOUSEWIVES APPROVE CANNING SUGAR PLAN

The new arrangements for handling distribution of canning sugar, recently announced by the Ration Administration, are meeting with general approval on the part of Ontario housewives. Realizing the tremendous difficulties involved, housewives hailed the simplicity and flexibility of the plan as well as the fairness and liberal nature of the allowance. Eliminating the complicated, application method, the Prices Board will simply declare valid the first ten Spare F. coupons in Ration Book No. 3; each good for one pound of sugar. The first group of these will become valid about the first of June and the remainder about the end of July. This basic allotment of 10 lbs. per person may be supplemented by use of D preserves coupons from the books of persons who prefer to do their own canning rather than to buy commercially canned goods. On the other hand, persons who do not wish to do home canning, may exchange their F. coupons for D coupons on the basis of one for one.

THE NEED GROWS AS VICTORY NEARS

\$10,000,000 needed NOW!

This is the year of supreme effort, the year Red Cross will be needed as never before. And as our all-out victory drive gains momentum, as casualty lists mount, as the horrors of war spread wider and sink deeper, this need will grow.

We must see them through: the fighting men on every front, the gallant Merchant Navy, the wounded and maimed in British and Canadian hospitals, Prisoners of War, the homeless war orphans of Britain and the suffering millions of Europe.

Only the Red Cross meets this call for vital life saving food for Prisoners of War parcels, medicines, comforts, blood serum and nursing that spell survival for so many. There is no one else to do the job.

That is why we cannot fail: why we ask you to open your hearts and purses, giving to the limit of your ability.

Remember, Victory will not be cheap; the real need lies ahead.

RED CROSS HEADQUARTERS
Phone 19

CANADIAN RED CROSS



Demand for Waste Paper Still Acute

This global war has taught us lessons in the use of paper and paper packages that in pre-war days would have been termed fabulous.

Paper containers are doing a very job. The time was, and not so very long ago, when a paper box was merely a container designed to convey its contents to destination without scuff or breakage. Today—paper containers have gone to war.

Paper containers have met the emergency on every front, on land and sea, in the Arctic, in the Tropics, in the Desert, in the swamps and underneath the sea.

Paper containers, in addition to their hundreds of well-known uses for military and civilian purposes have also been designed for the following uses:

1. To be thrown overboard for landing operations, float to shore or sink to the bottom to be recovered at low tide.
2. To provide adequate protection for the valuable contents such as medical kits, blood plasma, emergency rations, gas masks and for hundreds of other Naval, Army and Air Force uses.
3. Paper parachutes, strong enough to convey to earth precious food and supplies for isolated men and units are now in use on many fronts.
4. Containers made from treated papers capable of forming a package liner that will contain and hold highly volatile solvent vapors such as naphtha and benzine.
5. Fibre paint cans are now in widespread use, saving tons of metal for vital war purposes.
6. Treated paper electrical conduits are replacing metal and wood.
7. Paper containers for shells, grenades, fuses, etc.
8. Paper containers for dehydrated foods, saving the cargo space of a ship. Beef, potatoes, eggs, milk, pork, etc. when dehydrated and compressed and packed in paper containers (cartons) means a saving of about 85% of cargo space.
9. Paper containers for canisters are used for transporting powder in shell-filling plants, the T.N.T. tubes and shell components.
10. Ack-ack shells, airplane propellers, bombs, require substantial paper-board containers.

These millions of paper containers sent overseas cannot be returned for re-use.

The Voluntary Salvage Committees, other organizations doing Voluntary War Work, dealers and the public at large, are justified in being proud of their present and past results in all their undertakings in connection with Salvage and Conservation Programme.

We have reason to hope that within the next few weeks the stock inventory position of the paperboard mills will begin to reflect the enthusiasm with which all parties concerned, in and out of the waste paper trade, have pitched in to meet this critical emergency—waste paper shortage.

There is a definite guarantee, up to June 1, 1944, that every carload of waste paper, baled or securely bundled, for which no market is available through regular trade channels, will be cleared through a Government Company.

Judging from the reception given to this campaign by cities, towns and villages we have so far heard from we are confident that the previous urgent message for help has not gone unheeded—but the situation is still critical and the mills are still operating from hand to mouth.

Tell your friends the true facts of this case, ask them to join you and help you in saving waste paper. The job is important.

Save your salvage for the Boy Scouts.

The Lack of An Inch Meant Millions To Prairie Farmers

(By H. G. L. Strange)

This is a tribute to an outstanding Canadian farmer—Dr. Seager Wheeler of Rosthern, Saskatchewan.

As a boy, young Wheeler was refused by the British Navy because he was one inch too short. He emigrated to Canada, homesteaded, and became a seed grower.

Dr. Seager Wheeler won the world's Championship for Wheat five times. He is the producer of the best strain of registered Marquis, the famous 10B. He is also the original discoverer of Red Bobs Wheat, which today occupies 38 per cent of the entire wheat acreage of Alberta, and which variety, because of its early maturity, hence its ability to escape early frosts, has brought untold millions of extra dollars to prairie farmers. It is no doubt correct to say that for his years of hard work in selecting and re-selecting Red Bobs, Dr. Wheeler has not made one penny of profit, but he has received something far more precious than money—an honorary Doctor's degree from Queen's University, the high respect, esteem and acclaim of his fellow farmers, and a membership in the Order of the British Empire, a high honour recently conferred upon him by the King.

Had Dr. Wheeler as a boy been an inch taller, he might today be an Admiral, but the lack of that inch turned him into a farmer, much to Canada's profit.

New Addition for Ontario Hospital, Orillia



Hon. George H. Doucette, Minister of Public Works and Highways, announcing an immediate start on a 300-bed addition at the Ontario Hospital School at Orillia. Shown above is one of the six new cottages, each designed for 50 beds which, with central kitchen and dining room, will comprise the unit. Located on a recently acquired site south of the main hospital, the cottages of one-storey, brick veneer construction, will be occupied mostly by bedridden children. Three cottages will be placed on either side of the central kitchen with covered passages connecting all units. Designed by Provincial Architects George N. Williams and staff, the layout is approved by Dr. Sam Hamilton, well-known U. S. mental hospital authority. Mr. Doucette, who plans to have the new unit rushed to completion, states that additional space must be provided to relieve overcrowding and to care for urgent cases on a long waiting list. Anglin-Norcross Ontario, Limited, are the contractors.



Basuto Pioneers Help Allied Front-Line Troops - NORTH OF SALERNO

Basuto Pioneers did great service in the fierce fighting north of Salerno, Italy. They carried ammunition and supplies up through difficult mountainous country to British troops in the front line, helping the Fifth Army towards its successful break through into the

Lassie is a Laddie

From a letter to her from Hollywood, California, Mrs. Gordon Brown gives us some sidelights on the picture play "Lassie Come Home", a recent attraction at the Gregory Theatre. The writer is Richard C. Craven, western regional director of the American Humane Association. He says:

"The truth is that Lassie is a male dog. When the picture was being projected, the studio sent a man through several States to 'interview' colliers for which pretentious claims had been made. But not one measured completely up to the standard sought. Finally, there was an open contest at the Hollywood Baseball Park for colliers which might fill the bill, about 125 in all.

"I thought there were several that looked better than Lassie, but they did not meet the description of Eric Knight's book. Lassie, at that time, was in the rough as to coat, etc., but had just been brought down from the ranch where she had led an outdoor life. She had certain advantages, however, one being that she would not have to be 'untaught' the habits which a house dog acquires and which permeate their lives. Lassie was owned by a man who has schooled many dogs for the movies and who understands the business, so was confident he could in a few weeks bring the dog into show condition, and agreement was reached with the studio.

"The owner had explained to him exactly what was required. Day after day he led the dog through the different scene actions, and she became what you would term 'letter perfect'. In the fight scene the dogs were invisible (or should I say indistinguishable) muzzles, and the fight was in reality nothing more than a scuffle, because the dogs were no strangers to each other. We must also bear in mind that there could be no risk of Lassie being injured or maimed, because that would have spoiled her for the rest of the picture. She is in fine shape today, and because of her great success has been signed to a five-year contract with M.G.M., so it is certain we shall have more pictures with this dog."

As a matter of fact, cruelty to animals in pictures is practically impossible. Mr. Craven, or a Humane Society Inspector is always present during the filming of scenes where animals are used. Then too, there is a very strictly enforced code of the Motion Picture Industry where animals are concerned. So please do not believe all you hear over the air or read in the movie columns.

One thing we must ever remember is that the technical skill of the motion picture industry is one of the most marvelous achievements in inventive genius. To put it simply, this is generally known as "fake photography".