



Woman's Chatter...

By MAIR M. MORGAN

LONDON CALLING!

The other evening I was talking to Hubert Eisdell, English lyric tenor, who has returned from England and one of the first questions he asked was whether I had heard the B. B. C. broadcast from London on April 11 when Keith Falkner and he broadcasted altogether eight songs and two duets. It was 1 p.m. in London and the scene Mr. Eisdell brought to my mind gave me quite a thrill to be living in 1933 when such things were possible. The heavily draped room—silent. The two singers before the microphone—then the announcer on the dot of 1 p.m. began to speak: "London, England, calling Canada, Newfoundland and West Indies." The hour in Toronto was 7 p.m.—4.30 in Vancouver. Naturally both the B. B. C. and Mr. Eisdell are interested to know what kind of reception listeners-in had. If any of my readers were fortunate enough to hear this broadcast I would appreciate it if they would write to me, care of this column, 73 Adelaide Street W., Toronto, if the broadcast came clear or cloudy or not at all, and if the announcer could be heard distinctly.

A TEA DAINTY

Something sweet and different yet very cheap to make up is what we are all looking for these days for teas and here is a sweet that a friend of mine served at tea which proved very successful. All you need are equal parts of cocoa and sugar, add enough water to make a paste. Then cut fingers of bread, roll these in the paste then again in a bowl of dessicated cocoanut. The result is an interesting tea-cake and you can make about one hundred for a quarter.

A FILING SYSTEM

A system that seems to work almost automatically and makes the paying of bills seem almost a game—almost but not quite, is the spike method as one young matron has dubbed it. She painted three spikes that is those spike files used in offices, three different colors—red for unpaid bills, green for paid and white for recipes and keeps them on a small table in her kitchen. With much pleasure she transfers the monthly terrors from the red to the green and it is a constant reminder when she is tempted to be extravagant, that some of the bills are still in the red!

BOOKS

Some people will find Thorne Smith's books irritating, others will enjoy his quite different humour. I found his "The Jovial Ghosts" very amusing. Topper is the centre character, a mild, foolish and innocent man who is plagued by three couples of ghosts, low spirits of a baser kind, who take control of his hitherto uneventful life and plunge him into excitements which he had never dreamed about. These ghosts have the advantage of being able to materialize or become invisible at moments most convenient to themselves and most embarrassing to poor Topper.

So far one does not associate Mexico and literature of her own that will meet the demands of the world outside and it was with much pleasure that I came across "Marcela" by Mariano Azuela, who it seems is one of the most eminent novelists of contemporary Mexico. It is quite fitting to observe that he first made his name with his tale of the Revolution Los De Abajo (published in the United States as The Underdogs) and translation swiftly followed in Spanish, French and Russian. His characters may not be agreeable to many of our standards, yet in order to understand Mexico, it is necessary to read the works of one of her native sons and thus become aware of Mexico as a country of volcanoes and of flowers.

Opinions

"The root cause of all our industrial and financial troubles is lack of confidence in the stability of international relationships."—Lord Davies.

"Unemployment spurs intelligence."—Benito Mussolini.

"Of all the senses, I am sure that sight must be the most delightful."—Helen Keller.

"All human progress has been made by ignoring precedents."—Viscount Snowden.

"Those who aspire to leadership today must realize that it is more important to inspire goodwill than instill fear."—B. C. Forbes.

"The more government we have, the less we care for it."—Will Payne.

"The problems of politics, economic and ethics should be treated as scientifically as those of industrial production."—Aldous Huxley.

"Happiness lies not in the mere possession of money; it lies in the joy of achievement, in the thrill of creative effort."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"The world is in more danger of being governed too much than too little."—John W. Davis.

"Great armaments are no longer a remedy for fear; they are the major cause of fear."—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

"American ballads deserve a greater place in music than they have ever been given."—Lily Pons.

"If you believe the world can very well get along without religion, you probably mean, without the other man's religion."—John Erskine.

"The prosperity of those who till the soil lies at the basis of world prosperity."—Viscount Astor.

"International sports meetings sow seeds of war. They only cause bad

manners and ill feelings."—George Bernard Shaw.

"Democracy does not champion educating a man because he is miserable, but because he is so sublime."—G. K. Chesterton.

"Let us not ask for a return of our former false prosperity, but for a return of integrity and honor and responsibility and duty among us."—Bishop Wm. T. Manning.

"The reputation of a country depends upon the contribution she can make to the progress and happiness of mankind in art, literature and science."—Stanley Baldwin.

"Banking needs men with the keenest sense of the social responsibilities of their position."—Henry Ford.

"In a rapidly changing world, wisdom cannot resist in mere adherence to tradition."—Bertrand Russell.

"Probably in the mirror of his past a man will mistake his vices for his virtues."—William Allen White.

"True happiness is to be looked for in the living of the present moment."—John Masfield.

"I have enough of the devil in me that if any one prohibits a thing it becomes the one thing that I want."—Lady Astor.

"True freedom is from within; it can only come by the knowledge of truth."—McKenney.

"Believe, when you are most unhappy, that there is something for you to do in the world. So long as you can sweeten another's pain, life is not in vain."—Helen Keller.

"Cheerfulness is like money well expended in charity—the more we dispense of it, the greater our possessions."—Victor Hugo.

"TALKIE" THEATRE ON WHEELS

Roadside audiences on the Pacific Coast are being entertained by a talking-picture theatre on wheels.

Amusing Anecdotes Of Famous People

On the eve of his leaving London for Russia in January, 1918, on an important official mission, R. H. Bruce Lockhart, noted British diplomat, secretly met M. Litvinoff, Soviet Ambassador in London—unrecognized of course—at a Lyons teashop in the Strand, for luncheon, and a chat, especially a chat. It was an amazing meal, recalls Lockhart (in his equally amazing book "British Agent"), during which he succeeded in getting from Litvinoff a letter of introduction, and commendation, to Trotsky, who, with Lenin, was running the whole show in Bolshevik Russia.

"The luncheon closed on a humorous note," reminisces Lockhart. "As we were ordering a sweet, Litvinoff noticed on the menu the magic words: 'pouding diplomate.' The idea appealed to him. The new diplomatist would eat the diplomatic pudding. The Lyons waitress took his order and returned in a minute to say there was no more. Litvinoff shrugged his shoulders and smiled blandly. 'Not even recognized by Lyons,' he said."

In June, 1914—shortly before the war started—Bruce Lockhart, then British Consul in Moscow, accompanied by a host of Russian bigwigs, went to the railway station to welcome Admiral Beatty who, with his suite, was arriving in Moscow on an official visit.

"The train drew up, and out of a special carriage stepped a brisk young man," says Lockhart. "I naturally supposed he was Beatty's flag-lieutenant. I stood waiting for the emergence of the great man himself, and there was an awkward pause. It was ended very quickly by my supposed flag-lieutenant.

"How do you do?" he said. I'm Beatty. Introduce me and tell me whom I shake hands with first."

"I went hot and then cold. When I told him afterwards of my embarrassment, he laughed and took it as a compliment."

"Longfellow may have written about America, but the form of his language and his thought was the same as that of his English contemporaries. He shared in their heritage, and added to the common stock. Judged in this sense—in order to make a point clear and rob it of all venom—there is as yet no Canadian literature, though many books have been written in Canada, including some very bad ones.

"But 'Huckleberry Finn' was triumphantly obvious and undeniably American."

Henry A. Lytton, who has recently celebrated his jubilee as a Gilbert and Sullivan actor, tells in "The Secrets of a Savoyard" this story of W. S. Gilbert: On one occasion, during a rehearsal, Lytton sat down so clumsily as to break the seat prepared for him. "I said sit down pensively," remonstrated Gilbert, "not expensively."

Here's another: Gilbert once had a neighbor who was a jam-maker, and it seems that he wrote a letter to Gilbert complaining that his dogs were in the habit of trespassing on his grounds. Gilbert replied:

"Dear Sir—I will take care that in future my dogs do not trespass on your preserves. Pardon the expression."

How William Fox, the film magnate, was temporarily cured of the tobacco habit by no less a personage than Carry Nation, is amusingly told in "Upton Sinclair Presents William Fox." It appears that at the height of her hatchet-wielding career, Mrs. Nation visited New York, and Fox engaged her for a "three-day vaudeville performance at a salary of \$3,000 a week." She was a great hit, and everything was lovely, until she came to into the office where Fox was.

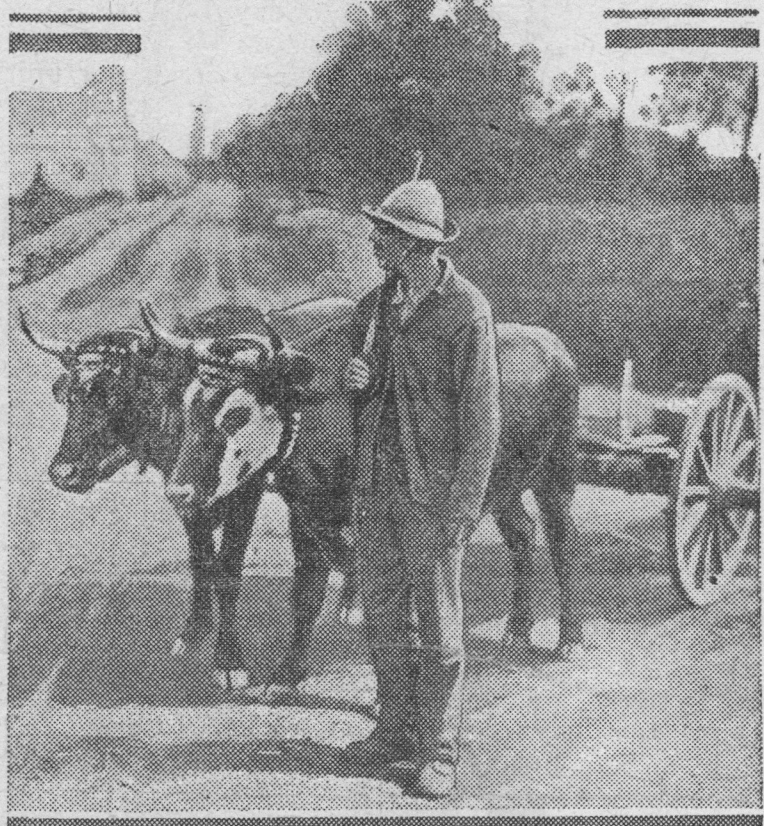
Says the magnate—as quoted by Upton Sinclair:

"When I was introduced, I took the cigar out of my mouth, and four huge cigars which were in my pocket were visible to the eyes of Mrs. Nation. I said I was pleased to meet her. She said: 'I'm not pleased to meet you at all. I will not appear on that stage again. I will not work for a man who is an habitual tobacco field.'"

"Of course, I was shocked at the idea of losing our stage performer, so I said that I would quit smoking. She said I couldn't ever stop smoking. I said: 'I give you my word I will never light another cigar for twelve months.' I threw the rest of my cigars away, and Mrs. Nation resumed her lecturing.

"I ate more candy in the first three of those twelve months than ever be-

+ Do You Know? +



That in certain sections of agricultural Canada oxen are still in common use on farms? The photograph shows a yolk of oxen harnessed to a hay wagon near Greenfield, Nova Scotia.—Canadian National Railways.

fore," adds Fox, "and it was not until November, 17, 1910, that I again had a cigar in my mouth."

Another of Mr. Fox's stories is about the Prince of Wales' visit to the old Academy of Music—then controlled by Fox—during his visit to New York in 1921. Sixty years before, the Prince's grandfather—later Edward the Seventh—had been entertained at the Academy. Wouldn't the young Prince like to come to the theatre and occupy the same chair in which Edward sat?

"I walked into the box with him," reminisces Fox. "Suddenly he turned to me and said: 'What is that gold chair doing there?' I told him it was supposed to be the chair his grandfather had sat in. He asked to have it taken out as he preferred to sit in one of our regular chairs. The time allotted on the royal itinerary for the entertainment was to be just 15 minutes. We had a funny dog comedy called 'The Yellow Dog Catcher.' All the parts were played by dogs; there must have been 50 of them. The Prince laughed until his sides ached and wanted to know the breeds of the different dogs.

"When his fifteen minutes were over I told him his time was up. He said: 'Now don't drive me out. Isn't it the oddest things that they pick out for you to do on a visit like this? I have visited every dead man's grave in New York and placed flowers on them. This is the first bit of relief I have had since I arrived. Now let me stay.'

"He stayed about an hour," adds Fox, "and impressed me as being just as human as any ordinary boy that came from one of our American families."

Wishes

I wish that it were really true, That I could see the good in you, And you the good in me; That all of us would "give a miss" To foolish, thoughtless prejudice, And practice charity.

I wish that you and I could learn The other cheek sometimes to turn, And good for evil give; For this we know, and know full well, That wrong can never wrong repel; 'Tis love's prerogative!

I wish that men of every hue Could share God's gifts with me and you, That all could brothers be; For scorn of but the least of these, Though sundered by the sounding sea, Still shames our pedigree.

For of one flesh we all are formed, By the same spark of life are warmed; We live, and love, and die; And so I wish my wish might prove A presage that we all shall love Each other by and by.

—Paul Preston.

Believe it or not, few fathers just now are in a position to work their son's way through college.—Parkhill Gazette.

Fashion Demands Wide Shoulders

By HELEN WILLIAMS.

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Finished With Every Pattern



A stunning street costume for spring is today's model.

It is greenish-blue crepe silk primed. It has the smart Schiaparelli widened shoulders that jut out over the sleeves that are plaited into the armholes.

The surprise bodice effect is slimming. Bias seaming and centre skirt panel tend further to give the figure height.

Plain crinkly crepes in beige, grey, navy, poppy-red, etc., are charming mediums.

Style No. 2546 is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Size 36 requires 5 1/2 yards 39-inch.

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Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe, Are lost on hearers that our merits know. —Homer