

# Dinner May be Pleasing to Eye as Well as Palate

Menus for Each Day in the Week as Suggested by a Culinary Expert. Also Some Timely Recipes. Cottage Cheese Salad and Dressing for Green Salads.



(By Edith M. Barber) There is no reason why dinner should not please the eye as well as the palate. Dinner at this time of year may keep to the seasonal yellow and green without straining the point.

- Thursday—Breakfast**  
Sliced Oranges and Bananas  
Ready-to-Eat Cereal  
Scrambled Eggs Coffee
- Luncheon**  
Creamed Stuffed Eggs With Ham  
Celery and Apple Salad  
Tea Cinnamon Toast
- Dinner**  
Minute Steak  
Baked Potatoes Baked Tomatoes  
Fig Tapioca
- Friday—Breakfast**  
Tomato Juice  
Ready-to-Eat Cereal  
Creamed Finnan Haddie  
Toast Coffee
- Luncheon**  
Cheese Dreams With Chutney and Onion  
Celery and Lettuce Salad  
Canned Cherries Tea
- Dinner**  
Fruit Canape  
Shad Roe  
Creamed Potatoes  
Asparagus With Lemon Butter  
Rice Pudding
- Saturday—Breakfast**  
Orange Juice  
Cooked Cereal  
Corn Bread Jam Coffee
- Luncheon**  
Noodles With Creamed Mushrooms  
Fruit Salad  
Cheese Crackers Tea
- Dinner**  
Baked Pork Chops  
Cupried Rice Dandelion Greens  
Strawberry Pudding  
Cottage Cheese Salad
- Sunday—Breakfast**  
Strawberries  
Boiled Eggs Easter Bread  
Hot Rolls Coffee
- Dinner**  
Easter Canape  
Stuffed Celery Ripe Olives  
Roast Lamb, Mint Jelly  
Potatoes With Parsley Butter  
Broccoli With Hollandaise  
Mixed Green Salad  
Lemon Ice  
Small Cakes With Mint Icing
- Supper**  
Cottage Cheese Salad With Sliced Tomatoes  
Toasted Easter Bread  
Hot Chocolate
- Monday—Breakfast**  
Grapefruit  
Cooked Cereal  
Fried Beef Toasted Rolls
- Luncheon**  
Broccoli Soup  
Crab Salad  
Cakes Tea
- Dinner**  
Baked Ham With Apricots  
Grilled Sweet Potatoes  
Cabbage in Cream  
Baked Chocolate Puffs, Hard Sauce
- Tuesday—Breakfast**  
Stewed Prunes  
Ready-to-Eat Cereal  
Baked Eggs Bacon Coffee
- Luncheon**  
Vegetable Soup  
Cottage Cheese Salad  
Tea Cookies
- Dinner**  
Hot Sliced Lamb, Tomato Sauce  
Baked Potatoes String Beans  
Sliced Fruit
- Wednesday—Breakfast**  
Baked Rhubarb  
Cooked Cereal
- Poached Eggs Bran Muffins**  
Coffee
- Luncheon**  
Lamb Hash  
Raw Carrot Salad  
Tea Cookies
- Dinner**  
Fried Ham With Raisin Sauce  
Baked Sweet Potatoes  
Buttered Carrots  
Cheese Cake

(By Roe Fuikerson, Editor of The Kiwanis Magazine)

Of the thousands of amusing comic strips portraying the adventures of Skippy, Percy Crosby never made a funnier one than the one depicting Skippy halted on the street by the truant officer. The officer demanded to know why Skippy was out of school, and where he was going. Skippy explained that he was out of school because he had measles, and that he was going to the movies.

The medical men have taught us that measles, mumps, whooping cough, scarlet fever, chicken pox and various other diseases of childhood are contagious. Maybe I am wrong about some I have mentioned. I know there are others I have forgotten. But there are quite a few, known to most mothers, which necessitate the child's isolation lest the disease spread to other children.

I have a good friend who lost a job two months ago because he insisted on coming to work in the large office of which he had entire charge, with a contagious disease. Having done all in his power to prevent the man's spreading this contagion, his boss reluctantly decided that as much as he liked him, he would have to let him go before the rest of his employees were inoculated.

This morning I have fastened myself up in my office away from my wife, my baby and even my dog, because I have one of my intermittent attacks of the same contagious disease which cost my friend his job. I once stole a "Do Not Disturb" sign from a hotel room. Now and then when I am very busy, I hang it outside my door and even my wife stays out—that is, unless she has something really important to ask me, like how I liked the dress Marguerite wore to the party last night! Burton Rascoe says that no writer's wife can ever understand, even after she has lived him for twenty years, that he is working when he is staring out of the window. My digression shows how bad an attack I have of my contagious disease.

The disease I have this morning, the disease which caused my friend to lose his job, is as childish as whooping cough, measles or chicken pox. The fact that it is mental makes it even more childish, because it can be cured instantly if the patient wants to cure it. Somewhere in the hinterland of my mind is a fragment of poetry which tells of the bulb which sang to the red, red rose although the thorn on its stem pressed ever further into his bosom. A lump afflicted with my particular mental disease is so proud of his affliction that he nurses it like a mother tiger nursing her cub, that it may become a bigger and stronger killer.

There is no worse disease, nor one more likely to become chronic, than a grouch. There is nothing more absolutely childish than a grouch. When a child runs into the corner of a door and gets a lump on his head, he believes the door was inspired to injure him, so he either calls the door what nasty names are in his limited vocabulary, or else he hits it back. When a child pours cream on cucumbers and wants to eat the mess and it is taken from him, he believes only that the parents who is trying to prevent an intestinal disturbance, is doing it just to be mean, so he becomes enraged at the hand stretched out to save him. So also the man with a grouch tries to take it out on innocent people who have the misfortune to be helpless—servants, employees, his wife and children!

### Boy Scouts Association to Meet Thursday, May 7th

The Local Association of Boy Scouts will hold its regular monthly meeting on Thursday, May 7th, it was announced to-day. There is much of interest to Scouting in Timmins and is discussed at the meeting and a good attendance of members is the association and Scouters is expected.

Arrangements have been made for the use of the town hall, and the meeting is scheduled to begin at 7.30.

St. Louis Times-Star.—With reference to that watch on the Rhine, sooner or later somebody's going to get the works.

## One of the Worst of Contagious Diseases

### One of the Kiwanis Leaders Discusses on His 'Grouch.' It's Catching, he Says.

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## Canadian Pacific

For two weeks I have been struggling to inspire a group of people to action which is unquestionably to their best interest. My motives are absolutely altruistic. There is nothing in the world for me to gain, and everything for them. I have met with disheartening indifference. Now, just before the finish, I admit that I am licked! I am sore as a mashed thumb because I have failed. I want to bark at my wife and children. I am as silly as the child which smacks the door against which he bumped his head. I want to take this out of somebody's hide. I want to find fault with my wife. I want to tell my baby to go some place else and play and leave daddy to suffer in silence. My wife is no angel, thank heaven. If I snapped at her, she would snap back. My grouch is contagious and she would become infected. From her, the cook or the grocery boy would catch my grouch, and heaven only knows where it would scatter from there.

Every health department has a lot of signs to tack on houses in which there is a contagious disease. "Diphtheria Within" and "Scarlet Fever Within" are signs that warn people on the outside away from these contagious diseases. I have been sitting here wondering if it would not be a good plan to give some group of psychologists the power to make a man feeling like I do this morning, wear a sign "Grouch Within". I believe that if some one would hang such a sign around my neck, the absurdity, the absolute childishness of my mental attitude would be impressed on me, and I would laugh and take off the sign. If, instead of putting me in a good humor and curing me, it only made me grouzier, there would at least be the advantage that others could stay away from me and not catch my misery to spread it yet again in ever widening circles.

I have had my dish of cucumbers and cream snatched away from me. I did not get my way. The reason these people didn't do what I wanted them to do was because I was not a convincing enough speaker to sell them the idea. I did not have enough fire and enthusiasm to inspire them to action. The failure was mine, not theirs. I am sore because I am not as good as I thought I was. I am aiming my grouch at them, when in my heart I

am humiliated at my own failure as a leader!

But I claim some credit. I know I have a grouch and I am ashamed of it. I am determined that I am not going to spread the contagion, no matter what happens. If my friend who took his chronic grouch to the office had done the same, he would still have his job. His boss was right, though. He couldn't afford to have his entire office force inoculated.

Nobody can hurt us as much as the people we love. Only those who can give us great happiness can give us unfathomable misery. A grouch is the cruelest state of mind in the world. We take it out on those we love the most because we can make them more miserable than we can any one else. We are in a cruel state of mind and want to wreak our cruelty on those we love most. Could anything be more childish? Could anything be more contemptible?

I'm going to pull the sign off my study door. I've cured myself because I don't want to look ridiculous in my own eyes. And I think I will try being extra nice to my wife for fear I was a bit silly at breakfast when I said the fried apples were not done, and the bacon was burned.

After all, she had the bacon and fried apples for breakfast because she knows I like them. Now she has probably contracted my grouch and will have parsnips for lunch because she knows I loathe parsnips.

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### staked far out from the main camp and shaft houses arose everywhere. It was not uncommon in those days for a company to be formed on a single 40 acres. (The staking regulations had something to do with this, as a discovery of mineral in place was a prerequisite of staking). Pretty soon the professional staker developed and he would contract to deliver the required number, fully sworn in, for a set price per claim. This was very handy for the share pushers who could draw a little on their imaginations, with respect to locations and discoveries. Some young men who just had barely enough brains to throw stakes around a lot made tidy fortunes supplying the claim market.

## Fire Losses in Ontario Serious in First Quarter

During the first quarter of 1936, fires claimed the lives of 37 persons and caused injuries to 38 others in Ontario. Casualties resulted in 44 of the 4124 fires in this period. While there were 19 less fires in the first three months of this year than in the same time in 1935, the property loss was \$2,577,751.00, an increase of \$789,046.00. Weather conditions are considered largely responsible for the increased fire losses of the past winter. Prolonged spells of cold weather and heavy snowfalls, not only required more heating in buildings, but also prevented fire departments from functioning as efficiently as usual when blazes occurred.

In dwellings throughout the province, 3293 fires originated during the first three months of 1936, causing losses of \$738,521.00 to property. While the number of fires was slightly less than in the first quarter of 1935, the loss was \$88,644.00 greater. The loss from factory fires was \$467,674.00 in 112 fires. This represents an increase of 29 fires and \$302,591.00. Stores also suffered heavily as 342 fires caused damage of \$633,015.00, an increase of 62 fires and \$215,085.00 in property losses. Barn fires since January 1st, 1936, decreased considerably from the same period last year. Only 23 barns, valued at \$49,377.00 were destroyed, a decrease of 16 fires and \$55,766.00 loss.

New Yorker.—Prof. Josephine L. Rathbone of Teachers College thinks people ought to relax more, and one of her rules is: "Delegate as much of your office work and worries as possible to your subordinates." But what if they relax right back at you?

## SAID TO HAVE CONFESSED IN NEW YORK MURDER CASE

John C. Fiorenza, 24 years of age, is reported from New York as having confessed to the murder of Nancy Evans Titterton, well-known author whose nude body was found in a bathtub on April 10th. The only clue available was a small piece of cord, but the police used this to such good advantage that they believe they have solved the crime. Police were able to prove that the cord was similar to that used by upholsterers. The cord was actually traced to the factory at which it was made. Then by a series of eliminations the cord was traced back after it had left the factory. Eventually it was shown, the police say, that Fiorenza had purchased such a piece of cord. Then it was shown that he was an upholsterer by trade. When he was arrested and charged with the murder he is said by the police to have admitted the crime and proceeded to show just exactly how the crime was committed.

## BE BEAUTIFUL

By ELSIE PIERCE  
FAMOUS BEAUTY EXPERT



Miss Pierce approves of permanent wave end curls for the girl in her teens and the coiffure worn by ANYA TARANDA is appropriate and flattering.

### HOW MUCH BEAUTY FOR THE TEEN AGE?

A "much-concerned mother of a 13-year-old" writes to ask just where I would draw the line for beauty "needs" and "nots," if I had a daughter of teen age. She goes on to say:

"We (her older sister and I) tell her that there's a profound beauty in being lovely and charming and healthy and ever so natural at that age. But the young hopeful is stubborn. She has a mania for clipping coupons and her dressing table is flooded with samples of all kinds. What's more she uses them all indiscriminately, which worries me. And I know she uses more lipstick outside than in the house. It seems so utterly unnecessary, like gliding the lily, for she's really a pretty little thing. I've permitted her an end curl permanent, a little powder, a good hair brush which she seldom uses, an eyebrow brush and a manicuring set with dry polish and a buffer, which made her "sneak." What more do you think she should have?"

What more should she have? What more should she ask? Here is a devoted mother taking a very sane, broad view, meeting the young modern more than half way. But the young one has a will of her own and a dressing table full of samples. Oh, she'll appreciate her mother's preaching some ten years from now. That's the unfortunate part of it.

An end curl permanent—that's fine and quite in order particularly if straight hair makes its owner feel inferior. That's fine, too, if the ends happen to be unruly and the permanent will help to keep them in curl. I would permit the little expensive curlers too, to encourage the ends. But I'd get her wielding that hairbrush up and out a hundred strokes every day. Tell her there's a beauty tonic in every little bristle of the brush. The manicuring set is fine, too. Don't let her cut her cuticle, but have her file with emery board; push back cuticle, cleanse with nail brush and orange wood stick, use buffer and dry polish, and use a little cream or hand lotion on her hands.

But keep things off her face. Admonish her not to use this and that indiscriminately. Explain that there may be a chemical reaction to such a melet that may make her skin blemished, harsh, coarse. Have her use a good, bland soap and a complexion brush, rinse thoroughly, leave the skin free to breathe. Outdoor exercise, instead of rouge, to keep the cheek colour at its height. A little powder to tone down shine on the nose and accentuate the cheek roses by contrast. A little pomade on the lips if they are dry, but no colour. A wee bit of vaseline and brushing is permissible for brows and lashes. Point out to her that people measure beauty in the very young by health and the natural glow and sparkle. The time she spends at the dressing table had better be spent out-of-doors.

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..... I hate garbage pails!

"I'm a pretty even-tempered—and temperated—fellow but I've one pet aversion. It's the garbage pail. Not for what it is but for the waste it is accessory to. Just think of the leftovers, the odd slices of meat and spoonfuls of vegetables and dessert that go into it when I'm not around. So, my slogan is 'Save the Food and starve the garbage pail' which I promptly proceed to live up to by keeping every last bit of every dish so attractively fresh that you simply cannot help but think of new and appetizing ways of serving it. I'm just as careful with liquids, too, and am always ready to make up a batch of tinkling ice cubes for any occasion."

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