

# PLEASANT HOMES

by Elizabeth MacRea Boykin

WHITER MODERN FURNITURE?  
A Resume of the Place of Modernism in the Current Decorating Picture—Its Influence on Traditional Rooms



A pleasing compromise between modern and traditional lines has been effected in the living room of Wayne Morris in Bel Air, California. The result is a period that has none of the over-furnished cluttered effect of some period rooms, nor yet the cold austerity of much that we think of as modern. The colors are subdued and restful, the accessories selected with discernment. Note also that, in a room thoroughly modern in spirit, graciously figured fabrics can be used as can basic forms of 18th century furniture.

Most people feel strongly on the subject of modern furniture and decoration. They're either for or against in an argumentative tone of voice. Now we say tut-tut for being so belligerent on the subject. If modern and traditional design were lined up in different camps, modern wouldn't get very far as a style, while traditional would be missing the stimulation that a fresh infusion would bring. As a matter of fact, neither extreme is an accurate picture of the state of modern design today, whatever may have been the case a few seasons back.

**Come of Age**

The twain are meeting—and with gratifying results. For modern furniture has developed a warmer friendlier line, a more gracious mien, a more thoroughly livable quality than earlier versions. None of that clean honest simplicity has been sacrificed in the evolution; none of the practical functionalism has been lost. But with this phase of modern has come a transitional quality that makes it possible to combine it congenially with the old things we love and even with decorative patterns. With this phase, modern may be said

to have come of age; for no style is mature as long as it holds itself aloof from all that has gone before.

As for traditional designs, they have probably been affected far more by the bold breezes of modernism that has modernism as a style on its own. For contemporary ways with colour, with accessories, with textures have jolted period rooms out of their lethargies, have revitalized them entirely without betraying their essential authenticity. Rarely now does one see a really true period room, for such a room is likely to be pretty stuffy. But period furniture has great charm and freshness against modern backgrounds or in combination with modern detail. That of course is the way each period of the past grew out of the one before. For our forefathers were no more willing than we are to throw away everything old just because something new had come along. The result of a really sophisticated combination of old and new is that most provocative of all interiors—that which is "sans époque." And that is the end toward which the more distinguished decorators strive; using beautiful and congenial things from different periods, they really create a style of their own that is without certain age.

**Here To Stay**

So—in regarding the future of contemporary design, it is as futile to say that "modern is going to be everything in the home of tomorrow" as it is to remark that "modern furniture is finished and done for." Regardless of the desires of some extremists who'd have us discard everything but an austere array of modern, the rich heritage of furniture and decorations from the past will continue to be the inspiration for the furnishings of beautiful homes. On the other hand, the die-hard conservatives had better get used to the idea that modern furniture is here to stay, to add a welcome and creative mood to interiors of all ancestry.

Where is modern going? That is a more pertinent question. Beginning as

## Some Odd Mishaps That Sent Victims Off to Hospitals

Toronto Trying to Equal Fame of Hartford in This Particular.

(By FEROY CHENT)

While conducting a class in setting-up exercises, a director of physical education in Hartford, Conn., became a trifle too enthusiastic in his demonstration and sprained his back. An accident insurance policy permitted him, without financial strain, to give gymnastics a rest for a few days while nature attended to the setting-up process in less vigorous fashion. This odd mishap and a number of others, we found touchingly set forth in a story appearing in The Telegram a few days ago. All the queer accidents, we gathered, had happened in Hartford—the whole six of them.

And to Hartford goes our heartfelt sympathy. But, as we are in a position to know, there was no occasion to import that story from the American city. In its record of unusual accidents, as in all other affairs, Toronto will unflinchingly face the competition of any other centre, at home or abroad. Before relating a chapter of accidents, that occurred here within the past few weeks, however, we beg to explain that it is their oddity rather than gravity that is stressed. Thirty years of hospital life have shown us that human misfortune is not a subject for mirth. But there is a lighter side even to accidents—some accidents—and the victim often enough is the first to see it.

**Dog Slammed Door on Her**

Only a stone's throw from the General Hospital, a horseshoe pitching contest was held recently on a vacant lot. Two men on the winning side playfully embraced to express the joy of victory. One of them was hugged with too much pep and had his ribs injured. "I wish I could stop laughing about it," he said, "for laughing hurts." It was because she had just rented a house on Grenville street that a woman jokingly remarked to her husband that they were now handy to the hospital in case anything happened. Within twenty-four hours she was admitted there with knee injuries sustained in a fall on an unfamiliar stairway.

A Weston woman is the owner of a dog trained to shut the door whenever anyone leaves the house. Standing on the doorstep herself when the dog suddenly slammed the door behind her, she was thrown down and suffered a fractured ankle. Running ahead of another woman, a playful cat rolled up a wrist. She fell over it and snapped a wrist. And chasing a cat that was stalking a bird, a girl fell in a garden and fractured a shoulder. It was the shoulder of another girl that was damaged, too, when the horse she was riding stopped to take a drink and threw her over his head.

**Pig Turtle and Mouse**

Carrying on his back the carcass of a pig weighing close to 200 pounds, a butcher was thrown to the floor when a leg of the animal collided with a door post. He was treated for back injuries. Down on Dundas street, a poultry dealer was about to kill a hen.

Though we have no doubt whatever that the modernist movement will survive with glory, we do often wonder what it will be called. The term "modern" can't be used indefinitely, for the style it describes will inevitably become dated and therefore no longer modern in a literal sense. Will it go down as Democratic or Republican furniture or will it become known as the Capitalist style or the Roosevelt mode? The chances are that it will take on some political name, if furniture of other times is any criterion. Your guess is probably as good as that of the bigwigs!

(Released by Consolidated News Features, Inc.)

When the bird struggled, he dropped his knife and inflicted a deep cut in one of his feet. A lad who owned a snapping turtle that really snapped was attended for a gash in his hand. We remember a youth, too, whose finger was nipped by a mouse he was removing from a trap. At an abattoir, a frozen lamb fell from a hoist and injured the leg of a worker. Dehorning a cow, a farmer of Uxbridge had his forearm broken when the animal became fractious and crushed him against a post. At a recent cattle show a prize bull, objecting to having his face washed by a garden hose, charged and injured the ribs of his "valet."

Slipping on an icy walk, a tall youth threw out his arms to help maintain his balance and prevent a fall. He didn't fall and wasn't hurt—but his elbow struck and fractured the nose of a woman walking beside him.

**Hurt "Cracking" Knuckles**

Engrossed in a horoscope to learn what the future had in store for her, a girl walking on College street collided with a tree and hurt her head. And, in her anxiety to be the first to read the "comics," a wee girl rushed out to meet the newsboy, tripped over a strand of wire protecting a lawn, and broke a wrist.

His collarbone broken in a fall at play, a small boy was kept from school while the bone was "knitting." But, his free arm waving gracefully in the air to preserve balance, the young man was doing circus stunts atop a backyard fence when his mother saw him. He was sent back to school for safety. Another lad, at school to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the proffered knowledge, went a step further and swallowed a pen nib. It was while he was using his teeth to chip the wax from a new point—after the time-honoured manner—that the nib inadvertently slipped down his throat. Pulling hard on his fingers to hear the knuckles crack, a lad of 17 fractured one of the digits.

**Steeplejack Fell off Sofa**

Twice within two years, a man over 70, who lives on Sherburne street, dislocated a shoulder while raising his arms for an awakening "stretch." By the convulsive spasm of a violent sneeze, the shoulder of another man was put out of joint. Swimming, wrestling, tennis and rugby had each in turn produced a dislocation of a shoulder for a valiant athlete from an Ontario town. He was admitted to hospital for an operation to make the joint stay put.

Dreaming that she was being pursued by a purse snatcher, a woman fell out of bed and fractured several ribs. A sudden gust of wind blew a frail woman of 70 from a verandah and fractured her thigh. Working at dizzy heights for years without a mishap, a steeplejack, reaching for a newspaper on the floor, rolled off a chesterfield and damaged an elbow.

Six feet tall and weighing 180 pounds, the 16-year-old son of a Toronto man demonstrated a rugby tackle on his father. Father went to hospital with injured ribs. And a 65-year-old man who passed unscathed through many battles of the Beer and the first Great War, was deeply grieved in spirit to admit that the first visit to hospital in his life was occasioned by an encounter with a cyclist at a busy corner.

Emerging from an intricate brain operation with her courage and sense of humor unimpaired, an elderly woman stuck a gay feather in her turban-like bandage: "It makes all the difference between a bandage and a Paris creation," she declared.

**Smith Falls Record-News**—Before the present war, much was said and forecast about the great threat from Russian parachute soldiers. It was predicted that Stalin's henchmen would be able to drop battalions of soldiers a la parachute, behind enemy lines and thus attack from two directions. So far, in the war with Finland, this mode of warfare has proven ineffective as reports show that in all such attempts the soldiers were either killed or taken prisoners.

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# TEN YEARS AGO IN TIMMINS

From 1 to 10 in the Porcupine Advance Files

At the Kiwanis Club luncheon at the Empire Hotel ten years ago there were two outstanding features. One was the excellent address by the speaker of the day, Kiwanian Reg. Smith, whose talk was both informative and intensely interesting. The other special hit was the singing of home-distilled songs by members of the club. This originated at a previous meeting when Kiwanians Lee Honey and Bill Rinn were taunted and tormented to sing. The charge was made that they found humorous fault with the singing of others and so should show how it should be done. They pleaded at the previous meeting that they did not have their music with them. Monday they very plainly had the music there on display. They started to sing behind a block of cardboard that hid them from view and made it difficult for them to be struck by any missiles.

Timmins Curling Club ten years ago won the T. & N. O. Cup and retained the Englehart Cup. Two rinks from Timmins went over to South Porcupine to lift the T. & N. O. Cup. They won by 4, and returned triumphantly bearing the T. & N. O. Cup with them.

There were about fifteen prospectors and others attending the classes for prospectors being conducted in the Oddfellows' hall, Timmins, under the auspices of the Ontario Department of Mines ten years ago. While the attendance was not as large, perhaps, as in some previous years, there was great interest being shown and those attending felt they were getting something well worth while in the way of assistance and instruction in prospecting work. The classes were being directed by Dr. E. M. Burwash who was experienced and competent and well fitted for the task undertaken. Several old-time prospectors were taking in some of the classes and were agreed upon their notable value.

The regular meeting of the town council was held ten years ago with Mayor Geo. S. Drew in the chair, and Councillors Dr. Honey, R. Richardson, Alfred Caron, J. T. Chender, and C. P. Ramsay. There were three matters that came in for special attention. One was the matter of the sale of firecrackers in Timmins; the second was the serious danger from motor traffic in town; and the third "nuisance" to be referred to was that embodied in the complaints made to the mayor in regard to the annoyance caused by gramophones with loud speakers going all the time.

There was only a comparatively small attendance at the regular monthly meeting of the Northern Prospectors' and Claim Owners' Association in the town hall ten years ago, but there were some interesting and helpful discussions on some questions of vital importance to prospectors and claim owners. Ralph Dipaolo the president, was in the chair, and there were many questions considered and discussed. It

was decided to urge the railways and the government to assist in the development of the country by allowing reduced railway fares for prospectors and reduced freight rates on supplies and equipment for prospectors.

An event of unusual kind took place ten years ago in the Oddfellows' hall. It took the form of a supper and dance and was as a welcome to Timmins. The event was given jointly by Mr. and Mrs. E. Cowan and W. France in honour of the arrival in Timmins of their parents and relatives Mr. and Mrs. I. Hooks and Mr. and Mrs. E. Hooks of Newcastle, England, and Mr. and Mrs. P. Slater, of Toronto. A very nice supper was served, the tables being attractively arranged. About sixty guests were present, and the evening throughout was a delightful one. Mr. I. Hooks said he was very pleased to have received so hearty and kindly a welcome in a strange country and hoped to make many friends in the district. Mr. A. Wilford made a suitable reply.

Among the local items in The Advance ten years ago: "R. F. Francis is in Paris this week attending the big convention of the Gypsum Co. there." "Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Henderson, of Hamilton, were Timmins visitors last week." "Her many friends were pleased to see Mrs. J. R. Todd able to be out again last week after her recent illness." "Born—in Timmins, Ont., on March 3rd, 1930, to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Leonard, 70 1/2 Tamarrack street—a son (Laverne)."

Toronto Telegram:—It's easy to trail a pipe smoker. Just follow the burned match stems.

## KRUSCHEN SHIPMENT LOST AT SEA!

50,000 Giant Packages were en route to Canada

Kruschen users who have learned the utter joy of that "million dollar Kruschen feeling" are advised to get their packages of Giant Kruschen at once to avoid disappointment. Recently 50,000 bottles, Canada-bound, were sent to the bottom of the Atlantic and the supply is thus strictly limited.

To avoid just such a catastrophe, other Giant Package shipments were sent on different ships, were successfully landed and have been distributed thinly across the Dominion. There is no saying when further supplies of Giant Packages will be made available. So do act now if you suffer the pangs of rheumatism, lumbago, frequent headaches or from blotchy skin—get your Giant Package, which includes the regular 75c bottle plus a free trial size bottle. Your money back if not satisfied after using free trial size bottle. Simply return regular bottle unopened. At all drug counters.

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The new and more gracious of modern decoration is reflected in this bedroom. The mirrored wall brackets that serve as bedside tables and the chest of drawers in a natural light wood with lacquered drawer fronts are simple without being severe. The upholstered bed head is interestingly finished with brass nail heads. The colours here are pastel in tone, the walls, spread and rug being a pale pinkish-beige while the ribbon design, which is painted on the wall is in white and turquoise.

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