

Crystalize Rose Petals

For crystalized rose petals select highly scented fresh roses, dark red preferably, and wash well. Remove petals and drain. Remove white pulpy base of petals, as this has a bitter flavor. Beat the white of one egg to a foam. Dip a small pastry brush (or use fingers) in the egg white and brush both sides of the rose petal well. Be certain that no surplus egg white remains on petal but that both sides are moist. Shake granulated sugar on both sides of the petal and place on a tray in the ice box. Use the same process for mint leaves. These may be used for trimmings, or curled as a rose bud for decorating, combined with mint leaf on a cup cake. They give that French pastry chef's touch. These are perfect with tea as a decoration and delicious as candy.

Start of a Rug



Gail Patrick busy with handwork between scenes for M-G-M's "Galaxy," directed by George B. Seitz and produced by Frederic Stephani. Sewing, knitting and doing little odds and ends are some of the hobbies of the stars as they relax between scenes.

All-Steel Train For King, Queen

Princesses in Own Car—Picked Craftsmen Are Reported Preparing Fine Coaches For Royal Family

A new streamlined all-steel airway train to replace the 35-year-old wooden coaches which the King and Queen have been using on their rail trips through Great Britain is being built by the pick of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway craftsmen, says a story in the New York Herald-Tribune and the Windsor Daily Star.

AIR-CONDITIONED

The train will consist of three cars, one each for the King and Queen and a third for the young Princesses. The old cars used now were built for the King's grandfather, Edward VII. When completed early next year, the Royal train will be the most modern and most luxurious in the world. The cars will be air-conditioned with electric fireplaces in every room. A special telephone system will permit the King to speak with any part of the world when the train is stationary.

FIRE PLACES AND TELEPHONE

Though sturdy, the coaches will not be heavily armoured-plated. The train was designed by architects of all the big railway companies and will be paid for equally by the four main British companies.

The King's car, which is nearly completed, is masculine, its decorations severe. The bedroom is of weathered sycamore and the lounge is upholstered in beige. The ceilings in the entire train are white and cream.

FEMINE TOUCH

The Queen's coach shows a feminine touch. The sitting room is of silver gray and the bedroom Worcester blue. Timber, regarded four years ago as "only fit for firewood" will be used in the entrance of the Queen's carriage and Waterloo elm, the tough Canadian elm which formed the piling of the old Waterloo Bridge across the Thames in London for nearly 100 years. After its burial in the river mud, this wood, when cleaned and polished is of varying shades of silver and gray.

The Princesses' car has two bedrooms, a sitting room and accommodations for their governesses.

Andy HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE

Adapted from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

By Beatrice Faber

SYNOPSIS:

Andy Hardy is secretly in love with Daphne Fowler, New York society's top glamour girl. He knows her only from magazine photos which he collects in a scrap-book. Then, unexpectedly, Judge Hardy takes the family to New York where he is having a Court fight over the Carvel Orphanage Trust Fund. Now Andy must prove that he knows Daphne (as he boasted), and bring back a picture of himself taken with her or Polly Benedict, with whom he has quarreled, will make him the laughing stock of Carvel as she has threatened. In New York he meets little Betty Booth, who adores him. Though he does not mention Daphne's name, she knows that Andy has troubles. With her aid he makes several attempts to meet Daphne, all of which fail. Now, all decked out, he has just gone to the Town Club, sure he will make her acquaintance there. But before she arrives, Andy looks at his dinner check. It is forty dollars and he has exactly eight.

CHAPTER NINE

Andy felt like a criminal in every port as he stood before Mr. Carrillo, the proprietor. Feebly, he gave his name and his home town.

Carrillo glared at him. "You come in here, you say you are the son of a Judge and you mention Miss Daphne Fowler—"

Andy nodded. He had kind of shot off his mouth to the waiter. "So," Carrillo said grimly. "An all-round four-flusher eh? Wanting everybody to think you're a big shot. You could at least have looked at the menu prices." He picked up Andy's check. "Well, what are we going to do about this?"

Andy shrivelled. "Gee, he hadn't meant to be a big show off. He hadn't meant anything but to meet Daphne. I got eight dollars," he said without hope. "And maybe I could work out the balance washing dishes." Carrillo's face remained unchanged. "Please don't put me in jail."

DISGRACE AND MISERY
The man said with honest contempt, "I know your type—a small-town sport not dry behind the ears. You got delusions of grandeur but I don't think you even rate jail. I think you need a good spanking." He turned to the waiter. "Fred, take this kid here and put him in a taxi."

Andy's feet were leaden with disgrace and misery as he was escorted outside. He stumbled into the taxi and then, as it started off, the tears welled up, blinding him.

The next morning Betsy was at his house bright and early. Hoarsely, he told her that he couldn't discuss the evening before. It just wouldn't bear speaking of.

Betsy was a little woebegone as she picked up the bundle of hired clothes and went to the door. Then, just to keep on talking, she said, "Uh—father's shirt stud—it's here all right, isn't it?"

He stiffened. He had noticed vaguely, last night, that he had lost it. He made an attempt at airiness. "No, it was kinda loose. I'll have to get it fixed before I bring it back."

She smiled. "Fine. My father's very keen about that stud. Paid four hundred dollars for it. Good-bye, Andy."

There was stark horror on his face. "Four hundred dollars?" Now he would go to jail for sure. A knock came on the door and Andy looked up to see his Dad.

Two Good Things to do!
WITH WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
Roll Your Own
with
DAILY MAIL
ISSUE 50-'40

The Judge had returned from Carvel last night. "Good morning Andy. Thought I'd bring you your mail."

LETTER FROM POLLY
Andy shivered as he opened the envelope. It was a message from Polly Benedict, brief and to the point. There was a dummy cover of the Carvel High School "Olympian," featuring a composite picture of Andy looking with idiotic rapture full into the face of Daphne Fowler. Under it was the caption "The Most Interesting Achievement of the Month by a Student." Clipped to it was a typed memo. "This is the cover we're using—unless you can send us a better one." With a loud groan Andy fell back.

Then suddenly he sat up straight. "Why did we have to be like this? Why couldn't we have had money and family trees and stuff like that?"

"What do you mean?"
"I mean class," Andy cried out, "money, social position. Why aren't we somebodies instead of nobodies?" He was close to tears. "For the first time in my life I've realized I'm not as good as somebody else."

The Judge said coldly. "You're not it." He sat down on the bed. "Now listen to me Andrew." Then, steadily and sternly he spoke to his son. He reminded him of the soil he walked on, soil earned by the blood and tears of men who had said that all men in America should be equal. That they all had equal opportunity.

MAD AT THE WORLD
"Yeah," Andy burst out, "that was fine a hundred years ago when a guy had a chance. Now there's millions of people like us." His head was bowed in boyish agony. "You don't understand and you never will."

The Judge said quietly. "So you've reached that age."
"What's age got to do with it?" Andy exploded. "Back in a tank town like Carvel I might be the king of the kids. But here in New York I'm nothing but a country hick with delusions of grandeur and you—you're making but a small-town judge that nobody ever heard of."

After a long moment the Judge went to the door. "Very well Andrew. I guess there's nothing more to say."

Sick at heart, Andy slunk around the house all that day. Late in the afternoon Betsy came in.

"I'm terribly worried, Andy," she told him. "You didn't call me all day. Are you—mad at me?"
"I'm mad at the world," he moaned. Then, in a gust of confession he told her about the shirt stud. Seemed she wasn't very surprised. "Well, after that, all the rest came easy to tell. How he'd gotten his crush on a New York debutante and how now he just had to meet her. Except he'd tried everything and he couldn't."

"It's funny," he wound up, "but somehow she's—she's not like a real person to me any more. She's just kind of a—goal."

Betsy was looking at him in an awfully peculiar way. "Maybe, if you really met her, though you'd go crazy about her again."

He shook his head. "No! What I been through has knocked all that out of me. No siree, even if Daphne Fowler was to walk right in here now—"

Betsy screamed, "Daphne Fowler!" She leaped to the telephone. "Daphne? Goah, why are men so dumb? Why didn't you tell me?" Now she spoke into the mouthpiece. "Miss Fowler please. This is Miss Booth."

BETTY'S COUSIN
Andy thought he was going bats. It didn't seem real. So there they were talking on the telephone about him coming to Daphne's debut on Monday night. Say, maybe he was losing his mind. He dropped into a chair. "Out of the mouth of babes..."

"You're sure you still haven't got a crush on her?" Betsy begged, when she had hung up. He spoke through clenched teeth. "Didn't I tell you she was only a goal?"

She nodded and brightened. Then she began to tell him about Daphne. Gee, Daphne was a swell girl when she wasn't on display. Without her makeup she didn't have any of that phony glamour

Don't 'Force' Tots To Hear Music

Particularly Symphonic Type, Which Is Too Complicated

There is no modern overstuffed furniture in the room in New York City where Clara Damrosch Mannes teaches music. It's a quiet room, scrubbed, polished, with straight-backed chairs, a padded sofa and rows of books. But out of this slightly old-fashioned setting come decidedly modern ideas about musical education.

KNOW MELODY, RHYTHM FIRST

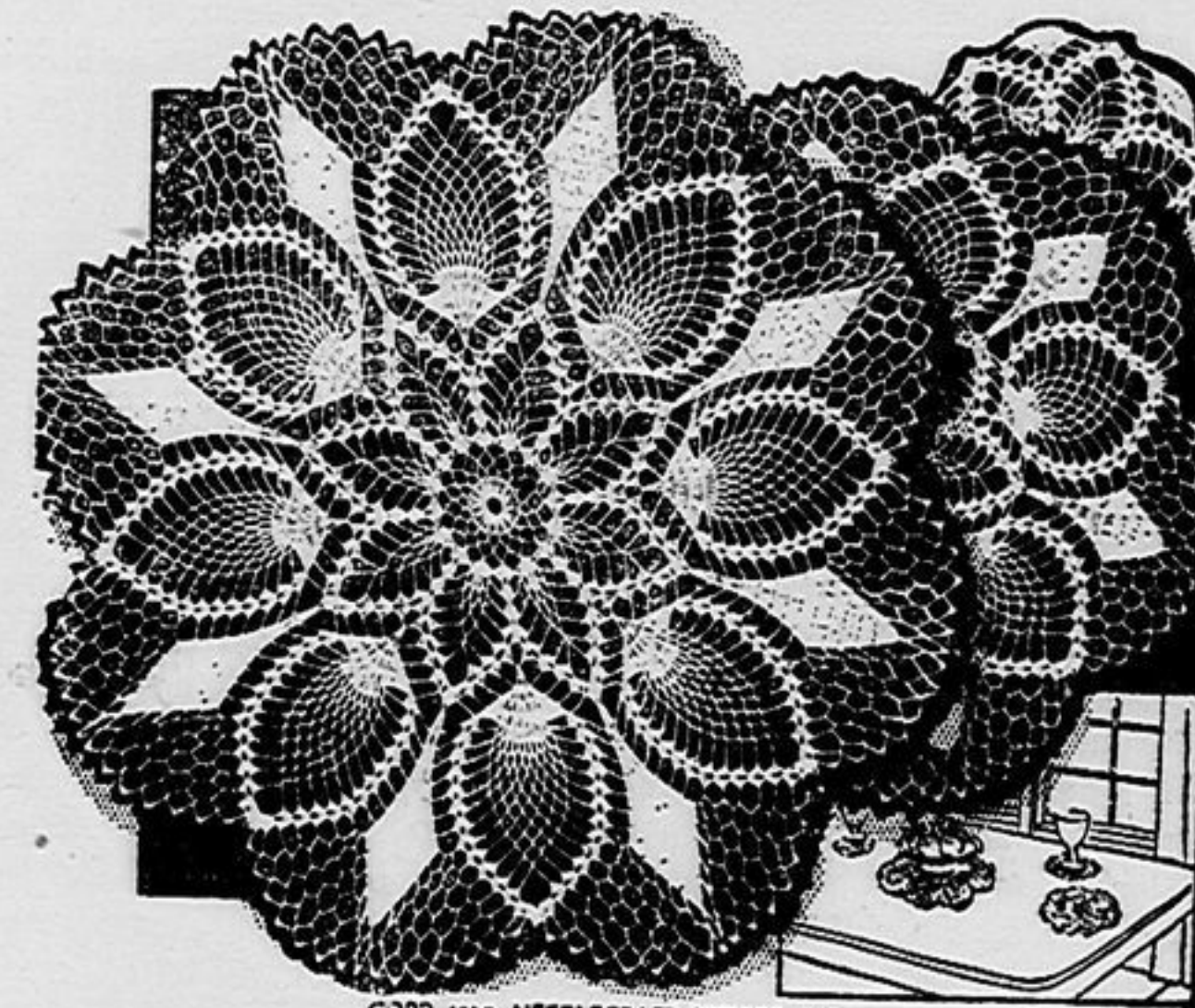
Mrs. Mannes, a professional musician for almost half a century, believes that the present crop of American children is fortunate in a musical way. "We no longer believe in forcing young children to practice hateful scales for hours on end. Nor do we expect them to spend perfectly good afternoons listening to heavy concerts. Instead, we lead them to an appreciation of music by natural, easy stages. "Here in this school—and in many others—we first train the child to know melody and rhythm."

Mrs. Mannes advises musical-minded parents: "Above all, don't make children listen to symphony records. A symphony is a complicated occupation."

Cleaning Jewelry

Jewelled costume ornaments, used so frequently to accent severely cut dresses, may be brightened up by washing briskly with a soft-bristled brush dipped in a good soap lather. Do not use much water, as this is liable to loosen the stones. Rub and wipe dry on a clean, lintless cloth.

LAURA WHEELER DESIGNS DOILIES EVERYONE ADMIRES



CROCHETED DOILIES PATTERN 2608

The favorite pineapple design makes these doilies accessories everyone will love to own. They're easy to crochet and just one doily makes an acceptable gift. They're equally useful as luncheon or buffet set, them and of stitches; materials required. Send twenty cents in coins for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Write plainly Pattern Number, your Name and Address.

at all. She got hay fever every year, just like other people. That was because she was a little anemic. In fact she was so anemic she had to wear long woollen underwear."

Andy shuddered. "Gee, that makes me feel funny."

Betsy nodded. "I know. Whenever I get disillusioned I always have a pain in the stomach, too."

The telephone rang and it was Betsy's butler Perkins on the telephone. Seemed that a Mr. Green was there from the insurance company—on police business. This morning Perkins had noticed that Mr. Booth's black pearl stud was missing, so he had called Mr. Green.

"I MUST TELL HIM ALL!" "Oh," Betsy said quickly as Andy nearly fainted. "I loaned the stud to a friend of Father's, a Mr. Jones. You remember Mr. Jones, Perkins? You don't? Well, anyhow, I'll telegraph him in San Francisco and have him send it right back."

For a moment or two Perkins conferred with Green. Then he came back to the telephone. "He says, Miss Booth, that he'll have to notify the police unless you have some definite news by Monday."

She hung up and she and Andy stared at each other. What were they going to do?

Conscience-stricken, Andy said, "Betsy that was a lie you told."

She looked at him with feminine superiority. "Oh dear, men are so much more conservative than women."

Andy nodded heavily. "Yeah but Betsy, my dad ain't even speakin' to me, and now I'll have to tell him everything."

(To Be Continued)

TALKS TABLE

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

SMALL CAKES

Nothing quite takes the place of the small cake and cookie, whether it is for the afternoon cup of tea or those lovely holiday get-togethers around the Christmas tree. Again they are very good to top off a light jelly dessert, when tiring of plum pudding and mince pie, — in other words, the home-maker has a very incomplete pantry without small cakes. A couple of weeks ago the recipe was given to you for shortbread. Not so many weeks ago in this column appeared the recipe for Ginger Shortbread. Both are just ideal for this purpose. For variety here are a few more.

Fruited Cheese Cookies
½ cup butter
1 3-ounce package of cream cheese (yellow)
2¼ cups flour
Cream butter and cheese together thoroughly. Then add flour. Mix together and chill overnight. When ready to bake roll out very thin. After rolling, cut in squares (in size two and one-half inches).

Filling
½ cup hot water
½ cup sugar
1 cup dates (chopped)
10 marshmallows cut in small pieces.

Put first three ingredients in double boiler. Cook, stirring frequently until mixture is thickened. Remove from heat. Add marshmallows. When cool place a small quantity on each cookie. Fold diagonally and en-

close filling. Bring ends together and press into crescent shape. Bake on greased sheet in hot oven — 400 deg. for 15 minutes.

Fudge Squares
2 ounces chocolate
¼ cup milk
2 eggs
1 cup sugar
½ cup pastry flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup nutmeats
1-3 cup butter

Cut chocolate into pieces and add to milk in a small pan. Stir and cook over low heat until it forms a smooth thick paste. Add beaten eggs and sugar. Cool chocolate mixture and add the egg and sugar mixture. Measure sifted flour. Add salt and re-sift into the mixture. Add vanilla and chopped nutmeats. Stir well, melt butter and add. Beat well and turn into a greased pan (9 x 9). Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes. Cool and cut into squares.

Rocks
This mixture is a soft dough intended for dropping from teaspoon in little rough mounds. It will thin and spread in baking so leave plenty of space between.
1 cup butter
1½ cups sugar
3 eggs
4 teaspoons baking powder
¾ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup chopped nuts
½ cup currants
½ cup chopped dates
Cream butter and sugar gradually, add well beaten eggs; then add half of flour sifted with baking powder, salt and cinnamon. Then mix fruit and nuts with remainder of flour and add to first mixture. Drop by spoonfuls and well apart on well greased sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg.).

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is even ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto." Send stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

Courtesies With Christmas Cards

If They're a Burden To You Each Year, You May Be Sending Too Many

If sending Christmas cards is a burden, perhaps you're sending too many, says a writer on "Common Courtesy." After all Christmas cards should be limited to greetings for friends.

How you sign your name is up to you. To your closest friends, you may want to sign your nick-name. Husbands and wives, usually sign their names "Mary and Joe Baker." It is correct to sign "Mary and Joe" for greetings to intimate friends.

LIMIT THEM TO FRIENDS
More formal engraved cards, especially those for acquaintances and business associates, may have formally engraved names: "Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stanley Baker." That goes for bachelor boys and girls, too.

When you receive unexpected cards, be gracious in thanking the senders—not apologize for failing to send them one.

Wives Work Hard In New Zealand

In a recently conducted standard of living survey it was found that nearly 98 per cent of farmers' wives of New Zealand work on the land for periods varying from two to 81 hours a week. It was mostly wives of share-milkers (men who milk the owners' herd in return for a share of the profits), who spent long hours in farm work. Many farmers started their wives preferred to work on the farm and receive the extra money instead of paying the ruling high wages to a farm-hand.

ATTENTION! Special Rates to Travelers

THE GENERAL BROCK HOTEL
NIAGARA FALLS ONTARIO
Only 20 Minutes' Drive from St. Catharines, Thorold, Welland, Merriton and Fort Erie.
LARGE MODERN ROOM WITH BATH (Facing the Falls)
SINGLE \$2.50
NEW RECREATION CLUB
has been inaugurated on the third floor with billiards, pool, reading and card rooms and radio. Membership FREE to travelers.
Coffee Shop Menu featured in the Beautiful Rainbow Room during Fall and Winter:
Breakfast 35c
Delicious full-course Luncheon and Dinner 65c
FIREPROOF FREE PARKING
Vernon G. Coody, President. Ronald F. Peck, Manager.

FAMOUS FOR HEALTH and FLAVOUR



"Friendly Roach" Domestic Aid?

Claimed There is Nothing Reprehensible About These Insects

A Mr. L. C. Pettit, a New England entomologist, fears that he is unpopular with his friends because he has been devoting himself to a study of roaches, says the Providence (R.I.) Evening Bulletin. He asserts that there is nothing reprehensible about roaches and that the prevailing prejudice against them is unreasonable. He thinks the roach might well be regarded as a friendly insect, asking of humanity nothing more than a hide-away under the sink and a chance to perform a real domestic service by eating up stray crumbs.

Poodles-Hair Suits

Cloth made from dogs' hair may soon be available to British tailors and dressmakers. This wool can be obtained from several breeds, but the poodle, which can be shorn three or four times a year, is best. Collies, old English sheep dogs, and the Dutch Keeshond, are also suitable. During 1914-18 some people in Scotland made use of dogs' wool, and there are families who regularly wear it. They maintain that overcoats and suits of poodle wool beat all records for warmth and cheapness.

Space Bombs Defy Tele

Queen's new... Says Human... Reach the... Heavens...
Dr. A. Albert... Women at Que... told a recent... stitute meeting... boundaries of... probing because... modern telescopes... the limits of the...
Dr. Douglas... in astrophysics... sity said the... in the centre of... off to one side... are literally mill... much like our...
"The most rem... aided eye can... island universes... served as a fair... when you look... beyond the const... dromeda in the... a clear night"



FOR HANG-ON COUGHS DUE TO ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS

BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE
and other Respiratory Ailments Tels the Old Reliable
Mentholatum quickly soothes sore throat, whooping cough, croup, and other ailments.
CUTS AND BRUISES
MENTHOLATUM