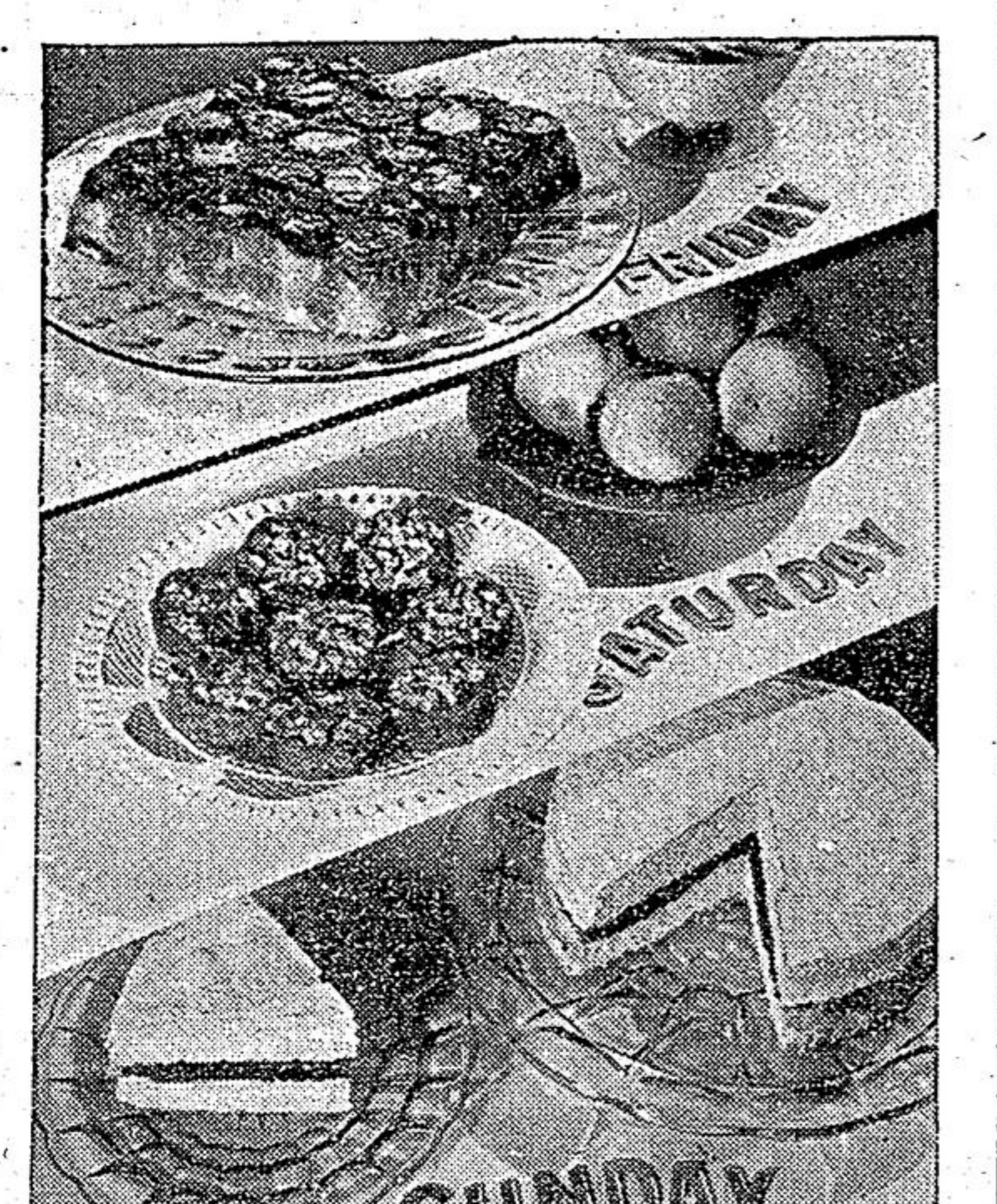


# Woman's World

By Mair M. Morgan



Friday's fish dinner is topped off with a fruit dessert and glazed cinnamon rolls made in just two hours from cake flour that responds quickly to leavening. Saturday's casual dinner becomes important with maple nut cup cakes, and Washington Pie with a creamy filling is a perfect finish for Sunday's supper.

Sunday breakfast trailed out half the morning, Sunday dinner with its big roast, Sunday supper with its guests—these all take the rest out of Sunday for Mother even though most Mothers love this day with all the family at home and their friends at the fireside in the evening. But the day can be lightened for Mother with a little planning for Friday and Saturday baking.

Rolls to be toasted for Sunday breakfast or supper can be baked on Friday, and cinnamon rolls which are easily made in two hours used to top off fruit dessert that night. The left-over rolls are delicious if split, toasted and buttered.

1½ tablespoons sugar.  
4 cups sifted cake flour (about).  
½ teaspoon cinnamon.  
1-3 cup sugar.  
1 cup milk scalded.  
1 egg, slightly beaten.  
½ cup currants.  
4 tablespoons butter.  
1 cake compressed yeast.  
¾ teaspoon salt.  
¾ cup sugar.  
1½ tablespoons butter or other shortening.

Add sugar to milk, cool to lukewarm, add yeast, and stir until smooth. Add ½ of flour, then egg, salt, and butter, beating well. Add remaining flour (enough to make as soft a dough as can be handled). Knead gently until smooth. Place in greased bowl, cover and let rise in warm place until double in bulk. Press edges of dough to centre, working it down slightly. Turn dough over and let rise again until double in bulk. Roll in sheet ¼ inch thick, sprinkle with currants, sugar, and cinnamon. Dot with butter. Roll as for jelly roll, cut in 1-inch slices. Place cut-side down in pan that has been sprinkled with sugar and dotted with butter. Let rise until double in bulk. Brush with additional melted

## WEEKLY CASH PRIZES

Winter meals, with their roasts, stews, puddings and pies are due for a change now that Spring is here. The wise housewife will want to devote less time in her kitchen, consequently she will refer to her files for one of those combination-main-course dishes. Every home-maker has at least one dish that she has concocted out of this and that, which has surprised the family by its delicious flavor.

Such a dish is lima beans, combined with left-over meat, fish, vegetables, or cheese, seasoned with onions, celery or green peppers. Have you another variation of this dish or another combination which is equally economical?

Here is an opportunity for the thrifty housewife. Each week we are offering a cash prize for the most economical, tasty main-course dish. Recipes calling for detailed ingredients and involved method of preparation will not be considered.

One dollar will be paid for each recipe selected for publication.

## HOW TO ENTER CONTEST

Plainly write or print out the ingredients and method of your favorite main-course dish and send it together with name and address to Household Science, Room 421, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

## What's Ahead?

The London Daily Herald reports that the Government is constructing gigantic underground steel tanks embedded in cement in which to store the oil supplies for the Navy. Hitherto the fuel has been kept in huge tanks above the surface, which would be shining marks in the event of an enemy airplane raid. Science is advancing so rapidly with effective engines of destruction that governments are kept busy invent-

## MOTHER'S FOOL

"Tis plain to me," said the farmer's wife,  
"Those boys will make their marks in life.  
They never were made to handle a hoe,  
And at once to college they ought to go  
Yes, John and Henry—'tis clear to me—  
Great men in this world are sure to be;  
But Tom, he's little above a fool—  
So John and Henry must go to school."

"Now, really, wife," quoth Farmer Brown  
As he set his mug of cider down;  
"Tom does more work in a day, for me,  
Than both of his brothers do in three.  
Book learnin' will never plant beans or corn,  
Nor hoe potatoes—sure as you're born;  
Nor mend a rod of broken fence;  
For my part give me common sense."

But his wife the roost was bound to rule,  
And so "the boys" were sent to school;  
While Tom, of course, was left behind,  
For his mother said he had no mind.

Five years at school the students spent,  
Then each one into business went;  
John learned to play the flute and fiddle  
And parted his hair (of course) in the middle.  
Though his brother looked rather higher than he,  
And hung out his shingle — "H. Brown, M.D."

Meanwhile, at home, their brother Tom,  
Had taken a notion into his head;  
Though he said not a word but trimmed his trees  
And hoed his corn and sowed his peas;  
But somehow, either "by hook or crook,"  
He managed to read full many a book.

Well the war broke out; and "Captain Tom,"  
To battle a hundred soldiers led,  
And when the rebel flag went down  
Came marching home as "General Brown."

## No Announcements to Make, But



Mary Pickford as she arrived at Newark airport from Hollywood. She said she had no announcements to make about rumored engagement to Buddy Rogers, but has not turned back on romance.

Repaired the house and broken fence,  
But he went to work on the farm again,  
Planted his corn and sowed his grain,  
And people said he had "common sense."  
Now, common sense was rather rare,  
And the State House needed a portion there;  
So our "family dance" moved into town,  
And people called him "Governor Brown."  
And his brothers, who went to the city school,  
Came home to live with mother's fool.

people give anxious thought to the problem of adding to their stature, but many persons do give thought to the prolongation of their allotted age, and that by any amount, great or small.

"If then ye are not able to do even that which is least, why are ye anxious concerning the rest?" The Master often clinches some great argument with a penetrating question.

"Consider the lilies, how they grow they toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you, Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." (For the glory of Solomon, see 1 Kings 3:13; 10:1-29.)

"But if God doth so clothe the grass in the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven; how much more shall he clothe you, O ye of little faith?" In Palestine, wood being so exceedingly scarce, grass was often used for fuel.

"And seek not ye what ye shall eat and what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind." The phrase here translated "doubtful mind" is the translation of a word derived from an old verb meaning "to reach up on high," "to be buoyed up," and, especially "to be tossed by a ship at sea," "to be anxious," "to be in doubt."

If you want to have as little pitching and tossing on your voyage as possible, keep a good strong hand on the tiller, that is to say, have a definite aim to which you steer, and to keep a straight course for that.

"For all these things do the nations of the world seek after; but your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." Our Lord here distinguishes between the believers to whom he was speaking, who knew God as their Father, and the Gentile nations about them who were wholly dependent upon themselves for the necessities of life.

"Yet seek ye his kingdom and these things shall be added unto you." When a person truly and primarily seeks the kingdom of God, many other things will be true. He will be honest, he will be thrifty, he will be quiet and his life will be radiant with high and lofty ideals.

"Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." The humblest handful of believers in a heathen village, the poorest congregation in the meanest back street at home, they are Christ's little flock, guarded and nurtured by Christ himself, and heirs of the kingdom which he has promised to them that love him.

# SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

## LESSON XII — March 22

JESUS TEACHES TRUE VALUES  
GOLDEN TEXT — "Seek ye first his kingdom and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." — Matthew 6:33.

THE LESSON IN ITS SETTING  
Time — All the events of this chapter occurred in November and December, A.D. 29.

Place — As far as can be determined, the events of this chapter took place in Perea, that area which was on the farther side of the Jordan River extending a considerable distance both above and along the shores of the Dead Sea.

"And he said unto his disciples, Therefore I say unto you, Be not anxious for your life what ye shall eat; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on." The verb here translated "be anxious" comes from a root meaning "to be drawn in different directions," "to divide" and thus a person who is subject to anxiety is one whose strength

ing safety devices for the people and their wares. To be safe from each other, men may in time have to build subterranean shelters everywhere.

and attention are always divided. The anxiety is defined as "painful uneasiness of mind, expecting an impending or anticipated event, "concern about some future or uncertain event."

"For the life is more than the food, and the body than the raiment." This might be called a summary of the teaching that our Lord had just completed in his giving the parable of the rich fool.

"Consider the ravens, that they sow not, neither reap; which have no store-chamber nor barn; and God feedeth them; of how much more value are ye than the birds!" (See Job, 38:41; Psalm 147:9.) He did not mean to say that we are to sit down and expect God to feed us as he feeds the birds. He said they sow not, they reap not, they have no store-chamber and yet God feeds them! But we can sow and reap and have barns; and, if God cares for the birds who have no thought and rationality, how much more will he feed us to whom he has given foresight and rationality!

"And which of you by being anxious can add a cubit unto the measure of his life?" The Revised Version has greatly improved the reading of the last phrase of this verse. Not many

## Buy It Here!

If you want to help your town Buy it here.  
Help it up instead of down Buy it here.  
Every dollar that you spend Helps a neighbor or a friend Helps to make depression end— Buy it here.

If you need a suit of clothes Buy it here.  
Or a rake or garden hose Buy it here.  
There are bargains here galore Heaped up high in every store No place else can offer more— Buy it here.

Just resolve to "do your bit," Buy it here.  
Much as income will permit Buy it here.  
Buying outside is a bad mistake, So for everybody's sake, Give your home town a break— Why not buy it here?

## For the "Miss"



An adorable pink grosgrain ribbon bow accents the shirt collar of this darling little blue chambray princess dress. It may have brief puffed sleeves or long sleeves, slightly full toward the wrist and cuffed.

No waist seams to join, makes it very quickly fashioned. This cute dress is lovely in any of the cottons of the gingham type, quaint and smart calico prints, challis prints, linens or in plain or printed tub silks.

Style No. 2669 is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards of 35-inch material with ¾ yard of 3-inch ribbon for bow.

## HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of pattern wanted. Enclose 15c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

"Sell that which ye have, and give alms." Christians are not commanded to retain nothing for their own use, but to take care that fear of poverty does not interfere with benevolence. "Make for yourselves purses which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief draweth near, neither moth destroyeth." (See, especially, Matt. 6:20; 21.) This might truly be called "the banking law of heaven."

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." A man is always determined by what he seeks, by his objects. If he sets his heart upon a degrading object, he is degraded, if upon that which is noble and generous, his character is morally elevated.

## Less Home Life Today, Says Writer

### Rushing Modern Life Affords Little Opportunity For Companionship

There is a dismaying truth in the general impression today that parents and their children are not as close to each other as they used to be. Not that there is less love, but rather, less expression of it in companionship writes Carolyn E. Sloat in the New York Sun.

The consuming restlessness which sends mothers to bridge parties, women's clubs and garden clubs and the like, and takes fathers to golf courses, men's clubs and stag banquets finds its counterpart in the children who feel that they, also, must have every hour of the day filled with entertainment away from home. Meal times provide the only occasions for family sociability and they are short and hurried affairs at best. Leisurely lingering over dessert in friendly discussion is a thing of the past. Appointments come crowding in and the family group soon disperses.

It is a common weakness in all of us to paint the past with flattering colors. We like to think of it as those good old days when life abounded in simple pleasures and the home was the seat of all activities. It is true, there were fewer outside diversions. On the other hand, the diversions that claim our time today are good in themselves; we enjoy them, and if we are honest with ourselves we wouldn't go back to the good old days if we could. But the fact remains that the home props are tottering and it is a situation that should give us pause.

My adolescent daughter was recently confined to bed for two months with a serious illness. After the danger period had passed there were long weeks of convalescence during which time I was with her constantly. I read to her, I talked with her, played and improvised various games and other ways of making the days seem less tedious. Naturally all my outside activities were given up, and I found to my amazement that I did not miss them greatly, for I was finding a new satisfaction in exploring the mind of my child. Evidently she was having a similar reaction for one day she suddenly looked up at me and said: "Say, mom, I never realized you were so much fun. I guess I didn't know you very well before." Needless to say there is a real bond of understanding between us now.

To balance outside attractions with home interests requires thought and planning. Too many of us have carelessly let the matter take care of itself, and the result is far from ideal.

A family get-together on Sunday nights, if cleverly planned beforehand might well prove to become one of the week's most anticipated "coming attractions." Or each member of the family might be assigned a certain night for which he or she were responsible as host or hostess for the other members. The program could be as varied as the imagination dictated. Think what fun the children would have! And what a practical way it would be to stimulate their ingenuity.

Many other ways for keeping the family in closer touch would suggest themselves if parents would seriously admit the condition now existing. We do not wish to return to "the good old days" for life today is rich in many interests and life must go forward. But as we go forward with it we would do wisely to "hold on to that which is good"—the home.

## The Vegetables

A potato went on a mash,  
And sought an onion bed,  
"That's pie for me," observed the squash,  
And all the beets turned red.  
"Go away," the onion, weeping, said,  
"Your love I cannot be,  
The pumpkin be your lawful bride  
You cantaloupe with me.

But onward still the tuber came,  
And laid down at her feet,  
"You cauliflower by any name  
And it will be as wheat;  
And I too am an early rose,  
And you I've come to see,  
So don't turn up your lovely nose,  
But spinach with me.

"I'll not carrot all to wed,  
So go, sir, if you please,"  
The modest onion meekly said,  
"And lettuce, pray, have peas!  
Go think that you have never seen,  
Myself or smelled my sigh,  
Too long a maiden I have been,  
For favours in your eyes!

"Ah, spare a cuss!" the tuber prayed,  
My cherished bride you'll be,  
You are the only weeping maid,  
That's currant now with me."  
And as the wily tuber spoke,  
He caught her by surprise,  
And, giving her an artichoke  
Devoured her with his eyes.

## FU MANCHU

By Sax Rohmer

## Shinning Little Knives



Greba Etham told Nayland Smith about her adventure of the previous day on the train from London: "Father and I fell asleep in our compartment almost as soon as we entered the train. I thought it odd when father began to nod, and when I felt myself slipping into a doze I was frightened. But I could not keep awake."



"It must have been the coffee we drank in the station," broke in Mr. Etham. "We were drugged. I emptied my cup, but Greba barely touched hers, she told me afterward, because of the awful taste..."



"I awoke in the train," continued Miss Etham. "Father still slept. I was in a daze, and it was a moment or two before I noticed that there was a man in the compartment. When he saw I was awake he moved toward me..."



"The man draw closer to me. . . His face was yellow, with the strangest dyed he bent over me. I saw he had in his hands an open case of shining little knives and other instruments..."