

Christmas Fund Opening



Ceremonies in Vienna recently is officiated over by Dr. Kurt Schuschnigg, Austrian Chancellor, who is seen receiving Christmas candle from white robed "angel" as he launches drive to obtain funds to supply Christmas cheer to Austrian needy families during Yule season.

CROCKERY GIRL

By Lewis Allen Browns

CHAPTER I

"Hello, Sue!"

"Hello, Chet," Susan Morrison replied, but she did not look up until she had completed typing. "3 gross XL stoneware cups and saucers." Then she turned and looked at the young man.

"How was the trip?" she asked.

Chester Hadley, travelling salesman, on commission, for the Sitwick Crockerly Company, tried to look cheerful.

"Could have been worse—I did a little better than last trip. Is the Old Man in yet?"

"Better not let him hear you call him that. He thinks he is practically a young Adonis."

Chester scowled. "Is he making passes at you, Sue?"

"Mr. Sitwick? Of all things, Chet!"

She laughed, then stared out of the window. Should she tell him that Mr. Sitwick had, indeed, been showing signs of interest in her for the first time in all the four years she had worked for him? She decided against it.

"The paper said that Spring was in the air this morning. I must have missed it," Sue remarked. "All I saw was puddles of water, a steady drizzle, and a pack of human sardines in the subway."

"After the rain, sunshine, Sue," said Chester. He hesitated a moment, then said, "Thought it all over, Suet dear?"

"What's the use, Chet? You know, as well as I, that it just can't be done. It may be years before you can make more than barely enough to support yourself—much less two people. If I married you, we would have to live cooped up in a couple of dismal rooms. You'd be on the road most of the time, and—"

"Two can live as cheaply as one," Chet put in.

"No, Chet—it's out. You are a dear boy, and I like you heaps, but we have to use a little common sense."

"Business will be better. Here it is a whole year since I first asked you, and still you are putting me off."

"Not putting you off, Chet. I told you, the last time you were in, that it was all off—for the present, anyway."

They heard John Sitwick coming through the warehouse, heard him speaking to one of the men.

Chet leaned over and kissed Sue. "No matter how long. I'm going to wait for you, and I'm going to make good."

"Good morning," Mr. Sitwick had entered the office.

They returned his greeting as he opened his old-fashioned roll-top desk. Susan returned to her list of sales. Chet stared out of the window and Sitwick called him over.

Susan did not try to listen, but she caught enough of their conversation to learn that Sitwick could not give Chet the additional territory that he had hoped to secure.

When she went out to lunch at the little restaurant across the street, Chet found her there. His hopeless expression made her feel sorry for him.

"Of course," said Chet, "I would-

n't want him to let old Jackson go just to give me that territory, Sue—but it's tough. If I had that, I could make enough so that we could afford to be married right away."

He sighed. "Well, I'll just have to wait."

"They say everything comes to him who waits, Chet, but you can see now, can't you, how foolish it would be for us to get married?"

"That's what hurts, Sue. You are dead right about it. I'm crazy about you, and you know it, but it would be foolish for us to try and set up housekeeping when I can scarcely make a living as it is. I have to be out on the road every minute to eke out the barest existence. I can't even stay over tonight to take you to a movie. There is a hotel prospect at Atlantic City I have to see tonight. Well, next time we'll have a party, Sue."

"Next time," she agreed, with a smile.

That evening, when Sue started home, it was still raining. Umbrellas dripping down her neck. . . humans, wet and tired and smelly, packed into the subway. Then the two-block walk to the ancient rooming house and the cheerless back room that had been her home ever since her father had died and she had left school to go to work.

She prepared her meager supper over a gas plate. Across a cheerless backyard, she could see into the dreary homes of others—quite as cheerless as her own quarters.

The newspaper had announced the coming of spring. Susan shivered. What difference did it make? Spring is blistering summer or icy winter? It was the same dreary routine, day after day, with not a chance of improving her station in life.

She thought of Chet. She was very fond of him, but he didn't make much more on his commissions than she did as general office girl to John Sitwick. She was glad that she hadn't let her heart run away with her head. To marry Chet would be idiotic.

The next morning, Susan was more depressed than ever. The same walk to the same subway, the same jam of morose and harassed workers, and finally, the same ugly brick warehouse, with grimy aisles leading through the crates of crockery to the dark little office at the rear. Four years of it, and so far as Susan could see, her life would remain the same through four times four more years.

Just before John Sitwick arrived at the office, Chet telephoned from Atlantic City. He had contacted the customer but had sold only half the bill of goods that he had expected to.

"Tell the boss he says times are too hard to risk spending much—but, anyway, it's better than a turnaround, dear."

"Sure it is, Chet." But there was hopelessness in Susan's voice.

That afternoon, John Sitwick came back from lunch late. During lunch, he had put over a nice deal. Also, he had stopped off at a barber shop and, after being spruced up, felt that no one could say that he was old, or even approaching it. He was forty-five.

Outlook Bright For Dominion

Economic Santa Is Leaving Best Business, Wages Since 1930

"Canada's Christmas Stocking," is the subject of a comment in Canadian Business for December.

"A year ago," says the Canadian Chamber of Commerce magazine, "we outlined what Canada's economic Santa Claus had in the bag for Canada and estimated that that gentleman would have about ten per cent. more there this year. That estimate has proved to be just about right."

"Moreover, we have every reason to believe that in 1937 business activity will increase at least that much again. There is a more general sharing of improvement this Christmas season. More people have jobs than at any time since 1930, wages have been increased, the farmer gets higher prices, the stock investor holds more valuable securities, most industries are working at increased production rates, retailers get more volume at a better price, railroads run more cars, and the exporter ships more goods. Larger and better presents bulge the national stocking to gladden Canadians who can see less difficulty ahead in filling up the spaces left by unbalanced budgets, railway finance, unemployment and lack of national unity."

In a Humble Car

The Peterborough Examiner writes—The humble citizen who drives in a humble car upon our great system of highways is the person who has the preference thereon. And that is not the outpouring of this paper, but rather the considered statement of none other than Hon. T. B. McQuessen, Minister of Highways. And what's more, the Minister was speaking to 1,500 transport men at a dinner in Toronto. What a man! He had partaken of their virtues and then stands up and tells these owners and managers of the giants of the highway that they are second raters.

We cannot but wonder how the humble citizen driving a humble car is going to give voice and effect to this newfound superiority. If he toots his humble horn at one of the great caravans of the road and receives no response, what then? Must he run into the thing to assert his superiority? Or if it comes to an intersection and the great truck appears, would it be all right for the humble man in the humble car to proceed as though he was driving a through express with nothing but green lights ahead of him?

We wish Mr. McQuessen had been a little more explicit or had given a few rules and directions. He may have kindled a little fire in the mind of the humble driver of the humble car, but he has placed in his hand no weapon to his coat or armor. If the driver of the humble vehicle becomes bold in his effort to assert these new rights which are outspokenly his, can he do so in the firm knowledge and conviction that traffic officers and courts and all other individuals and agencies will hastily affirm that he is right? Until there is something more definite we fear the humble fellow has won a hollow victory and the visible and actual importance of the great truck upon the highway cannot be ignored with impunity.

Benningon Jug

(Gerald Raftery in the New York Sun)

Molded when George the Third was England's king And slow cows grazed on Forty-second street, This squat New England urn can bravely sing With any Grecian jug—of cider sweet

With frosty apples—of New England rum— Of hard spring water, cool in harvest time— Of barn floors shaking to the frolicsome And rattling dance—of sleigh-bells' clink and chime— Of hard hands lifting it to tip and drink— Of golden syrup in the sugar camp

Perhaps it's well the old jug does not think, Now that it has become a steady lamp.

Shortly after he came in, he came over to Susan's desk and sat down. "Susan," he said hesitatingly, "aren't you tired of working here?"

"Was he going to let her go? Susan's heart seemed to stop beating.

"Why—no—I—"

"I mean, aren't you tired of working? Of course you are! You have been here four years—I know me pretty well. I'm a lonesome man, Susan. I've been a widower six years. No children, and I have a nice suburban home." He paused. "I—I would like for you to share it with me."

"Share it? Share—"

"I want to marry you Susan."

(To be continued)

Points to Women Still Worse Off

Mrs. Roosevelt Seeks Aid For Rural Women

NEW YORK — Women of New York's least privileged groups were urged by Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt to "stretch their horizon" to include an even worse situation—the "under-privileged of rural communities."

The wife of the president was talking to a group of Mothers' Clubs in Gotham's East Side. Hitherto she had confined such addresses to more leisured and wealthy groups.

Mrs. Roosevelt began by telling mothers about "rural slums" in West Virginia where no free clinic was available and a child had to have a tonsillitis operation in a garage.

"I know you here in New York do not know much about farm conditions," she said, "but they matter to you just as much as to any one because your children and the children from those farms are going to work together to make the United States of the future."

"You women must educate yourselves in conditions in other parts of the country, and be ready to back up the Government's measures that effect the whole nation."

"You here, of course, are especially interested in better housing, and if poor housing ever becomes a thing of the past it will be because everybody knows what he is talking about. Individuals may try very hard, but unless we all work together things won't be changed."

North Window Is Best For Fuschia

If you have a stand or window-room on the north side where you can keep window plants in a room not too warm, that will be the best place for ferns and fuchsias. They require coolness and not too much sun, in order to survive the winter change of temperature.

There are two classes of fuchsias, the summer flowering varieties, will winter safely in a frost proof cellar if they can have light and water; the winter varieties will blossom if placed in the north window, as described.

Daring Pajamas



Mummy or Aunt will enjoy every stolen she makes in sewing these darling Tyrolean pajamas.

Buttons give a double-breasting effect and emphasize the high-waisted bodice with full shoulder sleeves. The bloomer legs are as cunning as can be.

Make it of a flamelette print to keep her cozy and warm.

Plain or printed cottons as broadcloth, chambray, challis, etc., are also lovely.

For special occasions as visiting over night with grandma, she'll adore it of crepe de chine or of satin crepe.

A nice suggestion for Auntie is to give her the pattern and the material in a Christmas box.

Style No. 3284 is designed for sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/4 yards of 39-inch material.

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 St., Toronto, Ont.

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Ask for Salada Brown Label

"SALADA" TEA



Household Science

By SUSAN FLETCHER

DELICIOUS NOODLES

Good egg noodles boiled in chicken broth. Noodles flavored through and through. An aroma to start mouths watering long before the food reaches the table!

That's the dish recommended—one that will become a prime favorite immediately with the entire family.

Ingredients  
1 qt. well-seasoned chicken broth, 4 oz. egg noodles.

Method  
Bring the broth to a boil. Add the noodles. Cook over a moderate fire, stirring constantly, until tender and until broth is almost all absorbed. Serve plain or with a good sauce and grated cheese.

A Casserole Variation

As a variation nothing could be better than Noodles with Chicken in Casserole. It's so simple—no trick at all to do it to a king's or a queen's taste.

Put the noodles cooked in broth as above recommended into a buttered baking dish. Stir into them 2 cups of cooked chicken, and a quart of milk. Top with buttered bread crumbs. Brown in a moderate oven. Serve piping hot. (Spaghetti can be substituted for the noodles, if desired, or as a change).

Limas California

2 cups cooked, dried Limas, 2 tablespoons butter, 1/2 cup hot water, 2 hard-cooked eggs, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1-3 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 egg, beaten, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Heat Limas in a double boiler. Cream butter, add salt, pepper, parsley, lemon juice and beaten egg; mix well, add hot water, then pour over Limas and cook over hot water until creamy. Turn into a hot vegetable dish and arrange sliced hard-cooked eggs over the top and sprinkle finely chopped parsley in a border around the dish.

Vary Your Flavor

Sometimes we get into a rut by serving dressings, stuffings and other dishes time after time without changing the flavor. A can of pineapple juice will come in handy in this connection. Try the following stuffing and deviled steak and you will appreciate the possibilities when varying the flavor.

Apple Stuffing for Pork, Duck or Goose

4 large apples, 2 cups stale bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon powdered sage, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon paprika, grated rind of 1/2 lemon, canned pineapple juice.

Pare, core and chop the apples until fine. Blend with the bread crumbs and seasonings, moisten with the pineapple juice. Place stuffing in the cavity made in a shoulder of pork, when the bone has been removed, or in a bird for roasting.

Sufficient for 1 bird. Divide in half for small pork roast.

In the Day's Work

Writes the Peterborough Examiner—In the early days in the village printing office wages were \$1.50 per week for the first year. The boss then used to be very particular about how the floor was swept. Any bits of loose type which had become wedged in the cracks of the floor had to be pried out and placed back in the case.

All the spoiled papers on press day had to be sorted out, and all the exchanges had to be saved, and they were cut up for wrapping the outgoing papers. The government blue books had to be saved and cut in two on the office cutter and taken to the village barber shop, and the barber used them for wiping off from his razor the whiskers and stubble of his customers, and for that slight service the boss got his whiskers trimmed for nothing.

Finances were generally so low that the week's supply of paper had to be paid for in advance and it was considered advisable to have the junior printer bring it from the station in a wheelbarrow to save cartage.

Nearly all the disease-causing bacteria found in milk, says a health official, are introduced into the milk by man, during handling and transporting it.

Strange World

Thought Censor Now!—In 22 Japanese cities, "Thought Surveillance" offices have been opened by order of the Japanese Parliament. Regulation of public thinking and suppression of "dangerous thoughts" are the aims of the new law.

Twenty-two years after a wounded French poilu went home to visit his parents in August, 1914, he was found in the family attic and was arrested as a deserter. He had been there in hiding for 22 years.

Very Jagged Hare — A Siberian recently ate a large uncooked hare, fur and all, for a bet of five s. He followed it with a Moslem peasant's fez by way of dessert.

Bee Masks—Gas masks for bees—not for individual bees, but for hives—have been patented in Czechoslovakia. Experiments showed that hives exposed to chlorine lost 98 per cent of the bees. When exposed to chloropicrin, all the bees perished.

Too Much for the Gangway—A 22-stone woman passenger had to be disembarked from the liner Manchester Brigade by crane in an improvised sling. It was found impossible for her to go ashore in the usual way owing to her size.

Snake Hose—Bending down to pick up a piece of garden hose to water a flowerbed, an American woman saw the hose wriggle away. It was a six-foot blacksnake.

Golfers Rammed Home — A ram charged four players on the seventh green of Dunganston golf links, in the County of Tyrone. The golfers vainly tried to beat off the animal with their clubs. They then took refuge behind a large beech tree.

True to Type—When the bust of Lord Kelvin, the great Scottish scientist, was unveiled at Washington, a congratulatory cable of 1,500 words was sent by representative men of science in England. Scottish scientists sent a cable containing one word: "Felicitations."

Charity Waist—Measuring waist-lines is the latest method of raising money for charity in Hobart, Tasmania. At the meeting of a club for mothers, members agreed to subscribe a halfpenny to charity for each inch of their waist measurement. A hundred members raised approximately 335—about 33 inches a waist.

Apple Champ—In the window of his barber shop at Hattboro, Penn., a barber ate 366 apples in 126 minutes. There were 400 spectators.

Human Safe—Thirteen small keys, one front-door key, one screw, one sardine tin-opener, three cigarette holders, one small spoon, five fountain-pen caps, 13 pieces of pencil, two metal pencils, four small penknives, a safety razor handle, two needles, a piece of glass, four two-line pieces, one half-lira piece, and a watch-chain were taken out of an Italian peasant recently.

Vanishing Birds; Abandoned Farms

Millicent and Irene Finely in Nature Magazine find what seems abundant reason for the disappearance of a part of our wild fowl and also for the abandonment of hundreds of farms that were never meant for farms. They say: Years ago it was the plume and market hunters that we thought meant the end of the birds. This was like a mere visitation of the measles, soon cured. With the coming of the land promoter, a more insidious disease fell upon the feathered residents of the lake. It was a canker in Nature's balanced system, a schemer who persuades state and county governments that vacant desert lands could be turned into prosperous farms, that ponds and marshes could be drained and would add agricultural wealth to the communities.

In this period, civic organizations, chambers of commerce and even the railroads fell in with the idea of ducing settlers from the Middle West and the East to come out and locate on remaining public lands throughout the dry sagebrush country and especially in the submarginal areas. Common sense would have told even a casual observer that these were not fit to support families.

So this promotion fever swept through the western country, eating away the feeding and nesting places of the migratory flocks. Water birds could not live without homes. This false and promotion was an epidemic.

The picture that followed this land promotion flurry was one of desolation; deserted shacks with a few starving cattle standing expectantly at the back door; deserted school-houses with owls roosting in the bell-towers; wind-blown sand sweeping across the bleak spaces—lonely, lonely. It was a pathetic ending of the efforts of misguided men to make homes.

"My nerves are better"

writes Mrs. P. M. Peterson, R. R. No. 2, Strome, Alberta.

"When I was 14 years old I took six bottles of your Vegetable Compound. Now I am taking it again for painful periods and it is helping me a lot. I am in good spirits and do my work every day. My mother used to take your medicine and always recommended it."

98 out of 100 Women Report Benefit.

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