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Being as Important as Doing.

By RUTH CAMERON.



RUTH CAMERON

"I think she is an asset to the club because she has such a keen active mind that she is a mental stimulus to us all." I heard a woman say the other day.

She was speaking of another woman who had been criticised because she was not ready to serve on a committee which the club president wanted her help.

"What's the use of her belonging to the club if she is always so busy with other things that she can't do any work," the club president had said.

And then the other woman had her defense.

"One can make gifts of character. I did not know enough to judge, but the discussion interested me because it brought up a point which in these days of intense activity I think is sometimes in danger of being forgotten. Namely, that one can make one's contribution to the world by being as well as doing."

One can make gifts to the world character as well as of activity. For instance, among my friends there is a woman whose serenity and quietude is a daily gift to all.

And I think the little fellow bending now over his book or slate may be the one who some day will be ruler of the state.

Here they are, the men and women of the future! Who can read what great man now sits among them who shall serve his country's need?

Here perhaps in frock of gingham with her hair in ringlets curled is the heroine of tomorrow who may rise to bless the world.

place of doing. It couldn't anyway because if one really is worthwhile one just naturally does worthwhile things. But neither does doing take the place of being. I often think of a woman who is always full of good works, like the widow in the Bible. She had moved recently into our neighborhood, and I asked her washerwoman if she liked her. "Why yes," she said with a lack of enthusiasm that surprised me, "she's awful kind but, well, she doesn't smile very much does she?"

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Billiards.

INMAN ON "POTTING THE WHITE."

Safe, too! Is there a more stubborn defender of his position than the champion? There is not, because there cannot be. He has made himself quite unpopular with the majority of people who attend the billiards matches because he will "pot the white" when it suits him to do so. And as surely as he sinks the white, so does he set up a double-baulk. Now there are few I have yet met who do not consider this kind of game ungentlemanly and unfair.

Prejudice dies hard, and never so much as among those who only think they know. There have been times recently when a murmur of resentment has gone through the company of spectators at the sight of the champion's persistent potting the white and "closing up the game." They could not understand this sort of billiards at all. Their idea was to say "Sorry!" and not mean it—when they happened to fluke their opponent's ball in.

All in the Game.

Very jocularly, and with a look in his eye that told how far his words fell short of his beliefs, Inman has also been heard to remark, "Sorry!" when he has "shopped" the white. But it never needed a Sherlock Holmes to guess that he did not mean what he said. He is never sorry when he "downs the white." Nor should

any sensible man be. It is all in the game.

Looking at the thing in a common-sense light, the player "downed" should be pleased at seeing his ball go in—one less for the striker to score off! And there are very few players I know of—first class or any other class—who can leave themselves a really nice shot to follow on with. What is more, if you don't set up an easy position you have lost the initiative. Your opponent—if he knows anything about the game—safely misses, and you are left to make the best of a ball "leave." So never get annoyed nor believe it to be an unfair act when your ball is pocketed. You will have the same opportunity some time or another; and do not be squeamish about applying the closure!

Inman's Luck and Flukes.

Like all, good players, the luck has generally leaned towards the champion. He never has been an unlucky player. Without an exaggeration, he gets as many flukes during the course of a season as all the other leading players put together. This is because he plays the open, all-round scoring game, which leaves itself to an occasional unexpected incident.

There is no false modesty about him. He doesn't try to give the impression of having played for the fluke—like some others I have known. He will openly say: "Time I had one!" or "The first this year!" and acknowledge fortune's favours with a smile. Just as in "pitting the white," the calculating, experienced billiard player will watch the course of events and take stock of what the fluke leads to. It is not the actual fluke itself that counts, but what follows. If the fluke makes a "break" from it or adds a further batch of points to the innings he is engaged upon his slice of luck will have done him good. It doesn't always happen this way though. And if he barely scores again, or fails, and the other player steps in to something more or less useful, the fluke will be to the latter's advantage. A fluke is only worth what it brings you. Its effect is often disturbing, of course. See it out, though, and judge by results.—Daily Mail.

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WHEN YOUR NERVES ARE RAGGED

Ragged nerves and beauty do not go hand in hand. There is no use in trying to make a lively complexion and perfect features if one feels like "running and screaming." Frazzled nerves will undo all the work of the best beautifiers. We must learn how to rest as thoroughly as we have learned so splendidly how to be restless. Half the rushing around we do is totally unnecessary and unimportant and without any progression to our credit. It ages us when we think it is helping us to keep young. It makes us most unpleasant persons to live with, for the poor woman with ragged nerves can't help being irritable and irresponsible and it makes her inefficient. The first thing such women need is to learn how to let go and rest. Go to some quiet corner and lie down and forget the outside world, and let nature do what all the doctors in the world cannot do without help.

Run away into the lovely pink and green country and let the soft breezes cool your throbbing head and blow the wrinkles out of your strained face, and let the brooks and the birds sing you to sleep. In the meantime we may seek beauty and nerve balm in tonic baths. We can all manage the soothing luxury of a sea salt bath before we go to bed, and we can have the cool sponge bath in the morning with diluted alcohol. There are other wonderful baths which will make you feel like a new woman. Boil half a pound of pine cones one-half hour and strain the infusion into the bedtime tub. Mix together one ounce of tincture of champhor, two ounces of cologne and half an ounce of tincture of benzoin. Add enough to the tub to make it milky and soft.

Hot Cross Bun Superstitutions.

There are many very extraordinary superstitions which are connected with the custom of Hot Cross Buns. In some countries a Good Friday Bun is kept for luck, and from the ceiling of many a cottage in Wales will be seen suspended, from Good Friday to Good Friday, a kind of biscuit or cake, which is supposed to be a charm against fire. This is something akin to the old Devonshire rhyme, which is said to be found extant on the borders of Cornwall:—

Save the cake,
Save the rick.

Great care is generally taken by these poor to preserve one or more of these buns. When dry and grated, they are esteemed an infallible cure for many diseases. Cataplasms, in particular, are supposed to be especially amenable to their virtue. The writer once met a lady who mentioned the fact that in her younger days, which were

spent in Normandy, it was the custom of the mistress of the house to offer to everyone, on Good Friday morning, a bun and a piece of silver, and to lose either during the ensuing year was considered unfortunate both for the giver and for the receiver. It is possible that the bun, which in Saxony and Wurtemberg, was laid upon the grave of parents and kinsmen, was something of the kind. A curious circumstance, however, connected with the latter custom, was that it was unusual to place the cake upon the tombs of very young children; whereas in the history of the British bun, it is the children who play the most conspicuous part. Originally a heathen offering then adopted by Christians, who discovered in its distinguished token a mystical meaning which it did not bear, this bun has travelled down from age to age, immortalised by a mistake. There are few English towns where it is not known; yet how few among us think that this little piece of bread, with its four lines, has survived the fall of dynasties, and has been left untouched amidst the ruins of centuries. Mention of it is to be found in the earliest unprinted history to which research has guided us; and here it is still, a modern and insignificant custom, which one would imagine a few years would be sufficient to dispel.

Internal Conditions in Poland.

When the world war began, Russia sent hundreds of thousands of soldiers into Poland to guard its coast from a possible German attack. This garrisoning of Poland had also a further purpose, for Russia desired to make use of the war to completely carry out its policy of russification of Poland, which it had unsuccessfully attempted during the preceding twenty years. The aim was to colonize the country with Russians and by this means destroy the semi-independent status of Poland, making of it a Russian province, much after the fashion of the Germans in German Poland. The Russian soldiers were permitted to act most arbitrarily towards the Poles, commit robberies, and impose severe punishment for the very slightest offenses on the part of the people of the country, on the ground that they were dangerous to greater Russia. In short, the German system of punishments and deportations in Belgium was resorted to by the Russians in Poland.

When the revolution occurred in Russia, the little discipline remaining among the Russian troops stationed in Poland, was soon overthrown by reason of the Bolshevik agitation which had been secretly carried on among them by the agents of Lenin. These Russian soldiers murdered their officers and began to incite the Finnish working men to revolt, to overthrow their own recently

won independent government, and take the power into their own hands and organize it along Bolshevik lines. This caused the civil war in Finland, during which time the country was isolated from the outer world. The food supplies became exhausted, for the revolutionists together with the Russians, robbed the food supplies of all parts of the country in which they were operating or which they had under their control.

When this red revolt was overthrown, the food supplies of the country were merely nominal. The bread in use contained ground lichen, ground pine bark, and other additions containing even a slight amount of nourishment. Dreadful hunger prevailed in the country and many deaths brought on by undernourishment or caused directly by starvation.—Service Bureau.

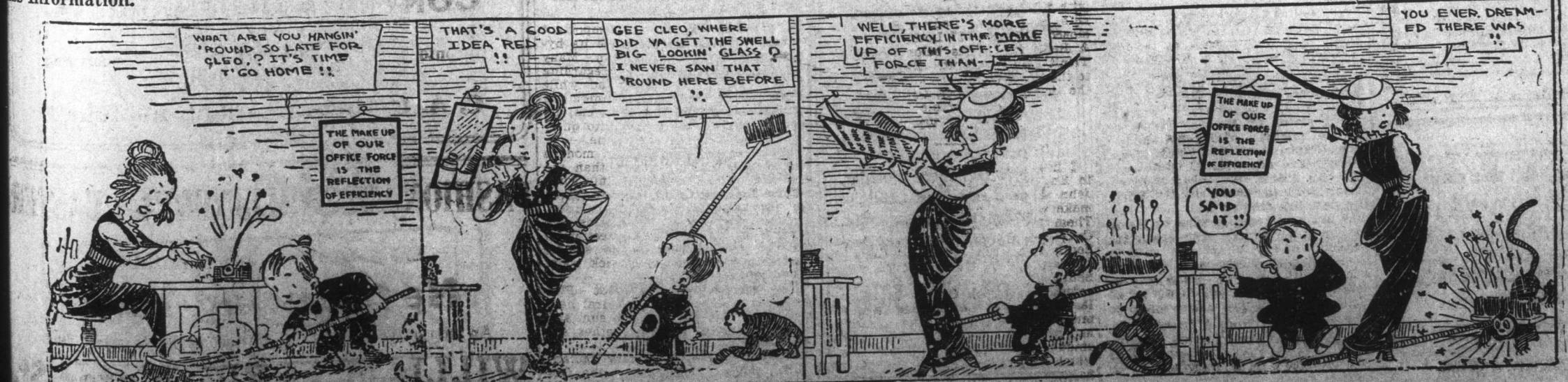
SPRING DOPE.

Now that spring, so blithe and merry, spreads its rugs of living grass, from the learned apothecary we must buy some sassafras. For our blood is coursing slowly after winter's long drawn games, and a lot of oils unholly soon will break out on our frames; and we'll have a bilious fever and a lot of other ills, and old Death will swing his cleaver if we don't buy yards and pills. Oh, the druggist smiles and whistles, as he labours all alone, as he bolts a lot of thistles, for this season is his own; he is brewing tea of tansy and of liverwort and looks, flavored with a dash of panny, and he chortles when he speaks. In the cure of ailments chronic our learned pharmacist delights; he is mixing up a tonic for our livers and our lights. For our blood is slow and sluggish, and we're breaking out with rash, and for poisons dire and ruggish we must blow our surplus cash. And we need a hair restorer and an eye-wash for our glims; dope to stop the elm tree border, which is threatening our limbs. So we see the druggist wrestle, back of his prescription case, with his mortar and his pestle, making dope to save the race.

Household Notes.

The silk cable stitching trims the pockets and collars of many new suits. Narrow shoulders and tight sleeves mark the smartest suit-coats. A white silk jersey evening gown is trimmed with white chalk beads and jet. Mother-of-pearl discs sewn into the fabric are a favorite Paris trimming. A new butterfly sleeve of tulle is caught at the shoulder by a beaded motif. A white crepe de chine dress is trimmed with navy blue uncut wool fringe. This is the day when costumes are designed to go with a bit of beautiful jewelry. A frock of sand colored gabardine has sleeves of batiste embroidered in black silk. A tight fitting long sleeve has an outstanding band of the material something like a fish's fin. To sugar doughnuts put ½ teaspoonful of powdered sugar in a paper bag—twist the neck tight and shake. A one-egg cake baked in a biscuit pan and cut in squares, then served hot with foamy sauce, is a good dessert. Add one-half a cupful of grated cheese to white sauce before stirring it into soup. Grate cheese on top and bake.

Information. "CLEO" FINDS USEFULNESS EVEN FOR THE SIGNS.



By Cowan