

HOME ECONOMICS

MRS. ELIZABETH KENT, MACDONALD COLLEGE.
CARE OF MAGAZINES.

Magazines are a bother to the soul of the neat housekeeper, they are so irregular in shape and size, and get so scattered about by the careless family. Newspapers are bad enough, but they

at least have a uniform size and habit of folding. The lower shelf or shelves of the book case may be curtained and used as the reserve space for magazines. A small table in a convenient corner may hold those for immediate use, being cleared every two days or so, and old magazines removed for destruction or storage, or resuscitated to some reading room or hospital where others can have the benefit of them. The most convenient way of handling them, however, is a light cane rack, with three or four shelves, on castors. This enables the housekeeper to keep them available for use neatly, longer than she can in any other way.

In libraries the broad lower shelf of the library table is likely to become the untidy refuge of papers and magazines, but it is not a good place for them from any point of view. Each housekeeper must find her own best way of caring for magazines and disposing of them, for without some system they are a nuisance and an eye-sore.

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NEW WOMAN IN CONGRESS TALKS OF SHORT SKIRT

Not So Much Worse Than Old Long Ones.

Atlantic City, N. J., April 28.—Miss Alice Robertson, new congress woman from Oklahoma, cafeteria proprietress, and school teacher, is not sure that the nation is ready for a federal department of education with a cabinet officer. At the session of one of the groups of the National Education Association Miss Robertson spoke to several thousand educators.

"I do not feel that enough deliberation has been given to the subject of a federal department of education as yet," said Miss Robertson. "This does not mean that I am opposed to such a thing or even that I will not vote for it. I am not in congress yet and therefore not in a position to talk definitely about these things."

She is a Conservative. Defining the position she will take in congress, she said: "I would rather be like a humble bird than a peacock. I have a long distance to travel across the prairie than a bright sky rocket that flashes in midair for a few seconds and then falls to earth with a dull thud. If people think that I am going to do something sensational, they're mistaken. I am a conservative. The platform upon which I was elected is: 'I am a Christian; I am an American; I am a Republican.'"

Discussing woman's dress, she said: "I do not believe that the modern short skirts, if they do not go to extremes, are much worse than the prudish long skirts of the mid-Victorian period that were held so high when crossing the street."

Henry Starr's Ambition. "About movies and the modern dance—well, I have not seen many of them. But that reminds me of the last time I spoke with Henry Starr, the Oklahoma bandit, who recently died after being shot in a holdup. He told me that he was going to stage some of his old holdups as he performed them before he reformed. I said to him, 'Henry, do you think it is the right thing to do? He told me he needed this money to educate his boys. Poor boy! His downfall, I believe, was due to unjust arrests in the first place.'"

Great Grandfathers! I am going with a young man whose great grandfather was a first cousin to my great grandfather. Is this too close a relationship for the best interests of our marriage?

Ans.—Yes, it is better to bring in new blood.

THRILLING TALE OF THE DESERT

Brave Woman's Wonderful Journey.

London, April 28.—Women like Lady Baker and Livingstone's wife have done wonderful things in the way of travel in African wilds as the companions of pioneering men.

New a brave and venturesome young married lady, Mrs. Rosita Forbes, alone and unsupported by European help, has achieved new wonders on her own account. She has braved the horrors of the Libyan Desert, with its risk of death by hunger and thirst.

She has escaped repeated attempts at murder, and she has penetrated to the headquarters of the powerful Senussi tribe at the oasis of Kufra, where no white woman had ever been before, and only one white man very long ago. She has discovered mountains unknown to geographers, and she has written a new chapter in the history of indomitable womankind's marvellous achievements, which has been told in the Times.

A Terrible Tale Party. The journey from Benghazi on the Mediterranean coast to Jedabia, 80 miles south, performed on horseback in the company of an Egyptian servant, was easy, but at Jedabia the local chief, said Rida, though very friendly, was unable to prevent a plot by fanatical followers to assassinate his guest.

Mrs. Forbes was warned of the plan. She invited her would-be assassins to dinner, and with her one night, drugged the beverages, threw the conspirators into a deep sleep, and escaped, dressed as a Bedouin, with five natives. They wandered until weary in a circle, as it proved, for when dawn broke they were still only a mile from Jedabia and its murderous plotters. But the distance was soon lengthened, and for two days the party fled south. Then, joined by two more natives, they travelled for a further four days, when they were rescued by a caravan.

Lost in the Desert. Even when death from privation threatened, one of the strangers sought to slay Mrs. Forbes as a Christian, so she had to pretend to be a Moslem, and half English and half Egyptian, and to pray five times a day under suspicious scrutiny, like a true Mohammedan.

Eventually a caravan, secretly dispatched by kindly Sidi Rida, came up from Jedabia, with 18 camels, 9 black soldiers, 2 slave girls, 3 Bedouins, and a guide who proved a villain. After a rest set out on a seven-day march from Jalo, on the edge of the Libyan Desert, to the wells of Bahari, across a waterless wilderness. For nine days they marched in search of the oasis of Talsarbo. They marched through the place where, according to the maps, Talsarbo should be. But they never found Talsarbo. The guide lost himself; and Mrs. Forbes, steering by compass and sweeping the horizon with her glasses, directed the caravan, so that they came at the end of the ninth day to El Harash, an uncharted well.

They had wandered for the last two days without water. Here, however, was drink enough, and to feed the cam-

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TORAH, 150, OLDEST PERSON IN WORLD, TO GET PENSION

Abstemious in His Eating and Also in His Bathing—People of 79 Remember Him As Aged Man When They Were Youngsters.

PARIS, April 28.—The oldest known person in the world may soon receive a special pension and food allowance from the French Government. He is a Kurd named Torah, and asserts he has lived more than 150 years. His statement is borne out by numerous persons who are more than 70 years old, who declare that when they were youngsters Torah was aged, grey and bent.

The war scattered Torah's friends. He is now penniless and must depend on charity. Although his mind is hazy regarding events in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, he is reported to have followed recent history closely. He immediately won the hearts of French officers in Constantinople by declaring to them that he always prophesied a French victory, after which he pocketed small sums of money with which to buy a month's supply of split peas, fruit and "Turkish delight," the only food he has eaten since he passed the century mark.

Incidentally, Torah then stopped washing himself. He refuses ablutions even at the risk of losing the friendship of his new benefactors.

WARSAW, April 27.—Poland claims the oldest woman in Central Europe. She is Miss Anna Dobek, living in Chocholow, who recently celebrated her 123rd birthday. Miss Dobek is still quite active, physically and mentally, and does some housework each day. She also has a sense of humor, and to her acquaintances attributes her longevity to the fact that she has never been bothered by having a man about the house. She doesn't like cats, either.

More ceremony attends the king's meal of beef. The meat is cut into small pieces ready for eating. The cook holds a two-pronged fork, which he dips into the pot and brings up a piece of meat and puts it into the king's mouth. Should he by accident touch the king's teeth with the metal he would be put to death on the spot. During the meal the people kneel and cover their faces.

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Behind the king, on a dais raised only slightly from the floor of the hut (about fifteen inches), and covered with splendid lion and leopard skins, stands a youth who is always present near the king. He hears a lion skin on his shoulder, but concealed beneath he holds a large and sharp blade, ready to hand to his master should he stretch out his hand for it, to punish by immediate death the person who

should disobey or not observe the very detailed etiquette of the ceremony.

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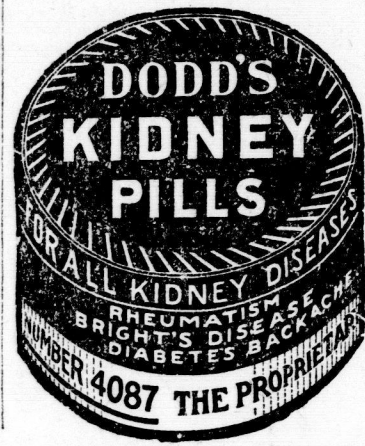
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|---|---------|---|---------|--|---------|
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| Oven Roasts, 20c | per lb. | Breasts Veal, 15c | per lb. | Breasts Lamb, real buy, per lb., 20c | |
| Boneless Pot Roasts, 23c | per lb. | Veal Cuttings, 20c | per lb. | Shoulders Lamb, per lb., 35c | |
| Fresh Hamburg, 20c | per lb. | Veal Shanks, 10c | per lb. | Lamb Chops, per lb., 45c | |
| Fresh Shoulder Pork, 25c | per lb. | Bulk Cream Cheese, 35c | per lb. | 3-lb. pails of Lard, 65c | |
| Mild Cured Pickled Shoulders, per lb., 23c | | Old Yellow or White Cheese, per lb., 38c | | Small-size tins Pork and Beans, per doz., 60c | |
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