

SUIT FOR SPRING

A charming in-between suit in one of the lighter woollens. This is in stone-beige with large wool hand-stitching, buckles and plumed hat in nigger. The gauntlets are of suede. Note the new stiff squared collar and the absence of belt. An alternative scheme is one of the brighter tones of navy with stitching of white.

SCHOOLS— NOT ARMS

IT would take more than a casual glance at this warring world to find an independent nation that can reasonably be called a democracy and that is actually unarmed. Yet there is such a nation.

Costa Rica—Central America—is able to boast that she has more schools than soldiers! In the 437 years of her existence Costa Rica has never indulged in international conflict.

In 1923 over 21 per cent. of the entire budget was devoted to education. The military and the police, of course, suffered accordingly. There are to-day 475 schools, 1,902 teachers and 51,500 pupils in a country of less than half a million population. The "army" consists of 246 elderly "unemployed!"

During the last hundred years there have been two revolutions, both bloodless, both lasting three days, both ending in collapse. There is little political discontent because Costa Rica has genuine popular elections.

Years ago, exaggerated tales of its wealth brought prominent Spanish families and their retainers to the "Rich Coast," but time has proved that the real treasure lay in her soil, not only in her gold, but in coffee and bananas.

Little Costa Rica freed herself from governing Spain, not by revolution, but by a simple declaration. Thereafter — with great and united sacrifice on the part of her people — she built her roads, her schools, her wisdom and her peace.

Does she offer us hope?

Gardeners, Note

Brown had been vainly searching for his tools in his shed one Saturday afternoon and at last went to his wife.

"What!" he said, on learning where they had gone. "D'you mean to say you've given the fork and the spade to the woman next door? What am I going to do, then?"

"O yes, of course, I forgot to tell you dear," wifey replied, "I promised to lend you to her, too, to dig over her kitchen garden."



Making the Best of Ourselves

THE older English school of thought that looked upon ugliness of feature as distinguished, seems absurd to us now, doesn't it? We know perfectly well what constitutes beauty, and we quite candidly make a shot at achieving it. That's honesty, and common sense, and a decent consideration for others besides ourselves.

Still—"if you look like a horse, never mind—you're one of the Landed Gentry, the Hunting Class! If you've a double chin, never mind—you're obviously Highly Bred! If you're not as pretty as your sister, never mind—you're Clever!"

All the sheerest nonsense, of course! But—there's something definitely to be said for the point of view that accepts and makes the best of a bad job.

I knew a girl once with an enormous dome of forehead. Privately, in the candid atmosphere of our school bedroom, she'd say to me, "Just look at that for a delicate brow—I guess my face has slipped!" But she went about in cheerful disregard of it, making occasional discreet comments on the brow of such oddments of genius as the blind Homer.

Well, it worked more or less, all through her life. Strangers, encountering her, who commented in pity, soon came to regard her exaggerated feature with a certain amount of awe and even envy. At school, I know, in the self-conscious last year we made ourselves almost bald scraping our hair back in the effort to compete!

A small nose, a narrow chin, an over-wide mouth—all the things you can't possibly do anything about—can be charms and attractions if you've the wisdom to hold your head up and regard them as such. So—go to it!

—M.L.

WHILE THE KETTLE BOILS

Dear Friends,

Last week the promoters of the Centennial Exhibition announced their intention of keeping faith with the public and carrying on with the Exhibition in November. We can do our part by entering into it with the same spirit — endeavouring to discover the bright side that always exists behind the darkest cloud.

I must tell you of an amusing story I heard the other day — which happens to be true.

Brown had invited his friend, Jones, to come out for the week-end. Before retiring on Saturday night, Jones inquired the hour for family breakfast. "Oh, any old time," was the airy reply.

Jones awoke at eight o'clock the following morning and crept to the door to listen for any sound of activity in the household. Everything was silent, and, presuming the family were still asleep, Jones did a few physical jerks, wandered round the room, admired the view, then sat down on the bed to await events.

Meanwhile Brown, who rose at 7.30, was executing a similar manoeuvre. Creeping to his friend's door, and, hearing no sound, he stole back and issued strict orders for silence so their guest would not be awakened. The clock crept round to 10 o'clock, each man a reluctant prisoner in his room, till on one of their cautious investigations they happened to collide in the hall. Explanations were in order, and the two men had a hearty laugh over the morning's happening.

This story has a moral. Don't embarrass your guests with a vague time-schedule. If you breakfast at eight, tell him so, and he will be grateful for your consideration. If you have one of those informal family breakfasts that progress like Noah's Ark, you will save yourself a lot of worry by bringing your guest a breakfast tray. Don't be an over-anxious hostess. Your good intentions may be appreciated, but you will not succeed in making your guest feel at home. The best way to entertain is to let your friends entertain themselves. It is the secret of a successful hostess.

During the Centennial Celebrations, you will be called on to exercise this gift. Outdoor entertaining, particularly if you own a car, is ideal. Most people love the outdoors, and days in the open, in any of the lovely bush retreats that surround us, will make it enjoyable for everyone concerned. You can concentrate on your bush picnic. What is more delicious than chops or steak cooked over an open fire and potatoes roasted in the ashes — to say nothing of billy tea?

We have spoken before of renovating the home. Below are a few suggestions which I hope you may find useful:

For cleaning tapestry or upholstered furniture: Warm bran rubbed well in and wiped off with a soft brush will work wonders.

To remove heat or other stains from polished trays or tables: Apply a thin paste of salad oil and salt. Leave for half an hour, then rub off with a soft cloth. Another excellent method is to rub in some spirits of camphor, then polish with a duster.

For removing stale odour of tobacco in room: Place a lump of crystal ammonia in a jar with a few drops of lavender. Add a few tablespoonfuls of boiling water and leave overnight.

To remove scratch marks and renew silver: A little putty powder mixed to a paste with olive oil is an excellent cleanser. Polish with a soft chamois.

A spring cleaning for your china: Rub china with a cloth dipped in powdered borax. It will remove all discoloration and scratch marks.

Yours Cordially,

Cynthia