

This, That and the Other

Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

Though my electric range will have its thirteenth birthday before long, its inside workings are still mysterious to me. I have not the slightest idea of what to do to it besides turning those little knobs across its front. And none of its mysteries are more profound than that which has to do with the monthly bills for current. This, however, is invariably true. The months which bring the highest charges are those when I had made up my mind to save electricity; had watched the oven carefully, turning off heat before bread was quite done and letting it finish cooking with the unit off; boiling everything on "low" after the process had well begun; and all the other little savings economy teaches. Then, when I hopefully open CP L's next envelope it is to find we owe them more than the months when most of the canning and preserving were done. I am not complaining. It is just one of life's little mysteries.

In looking for a certain quotation last Sunday afternoon, I read all of Shakespeare's "King Henry the Eighth," and no new best seller has ever given me more pleasure; and I mean to go over a good many of them again. It is good to renew speaking acquaintance with passages that first were memorized when studying Harvey's English Grammar—"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness"—"I charge thee, Cromwell, fling away ambition. By that sin fell the angels," etc. And never before had I realized how the Bard of Avon played up the good qualities of Anne Boleyn; "Bullen" he called it. Probably this was because Anne was mother to Queen Elizabeth. Not having read this play since I was a child, it had for me overtones and undertones never known at twelve.

A good letter from Charles Horton at Westminster Choir College, Princeton, New Jersey, gave me some information about Kipling's "Road to Mandalay," and what that poet meant by saying the "dawn comes up like thunder over China, cross the Bay." Charles heard a member of the English faculty of Princeton University say he asked Kipling himself what the line meant; and Kipling replied that because of the winds and the climate in Burma there are frequently racks of thunderclouds that suddenly fill the sky; and he merely used a contraction of the expression. The English teacher said the line had defied interpretation. It never bothered me especially. I had an idea he meant

the dawn came so swiftly and with so much color it was a sort of visual thunder; being to the eyes what thunder's crash is to the ears. Another proof that one does not have to understand poetry to enjoy it.

Not that I like all of Kipling's verses. "If," and the "Recessional," are, perhaps most loved of his writing. I might be admitting something wrong in stating I also like "The Women"—or is it "The Ladies"? Anyway, I have heard that this poem cost Kipling the appointment to the position of poet laureate of England, which Queen Victoria had meant to give him. She did not like at all what he said about the ladies; and I guess he also "learned about women from her." Many of his ballads are dreary reading, but no matter how often they're hanging Danny Deever in the morning, you may count me among the chief mourners.

Going down to my son's home late one afternoon last week, I found the little granddaughter still sleeping and remarked that she must have had a long nap. Her mother said Ann was worn out when she lay down, "exhausted

from bossing the little Fiddner boys," who had been her dinner guests that day. Since one little Fiddner is three, Ann's age, and the other one older, I asked in surprise if they let Ann boss them. "Well," said Selma, "they will stand it for a while and then they rebel. But she never quits trying." Something, my conscience maybe, asked whether this trait came by way of heredity from her grandmother. But I'm keeping quiet about it.

Wakelon seniors put on a well-acted play last Friday night. They must have had good coaching, for no group of high school pupils could have done that well without careful training. I think they were wise to select a farce instead of tragedy, which is often beyond the grasp of actors so young. And most of us prefer laughter to tears, unless there is real need for weeping.

Dr. Chas. E. Flowers

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Alan Ladd Donna Reed

Chicago Deadline

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18—
Eddie Dean
Prairie Outlaws
Ellen Drew Richard Denning

Rhythm Hits Ice

SUNDAY and MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19-20—
Bill Williams Jane Nigh
Blue Grass of Kentucky

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21—
William Holden Nina Foch
Dark Past

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22—
The Bowery Boys
Blonde Dynamite
William Elliott
Law Comes to Texas

THURSDAY and FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23-24—
Glenn Ford Nina Foch
Undercover Man

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SUNDAY, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19-20—
Story of Seabiscuit
Barry Fitzgerald Shirley Temple

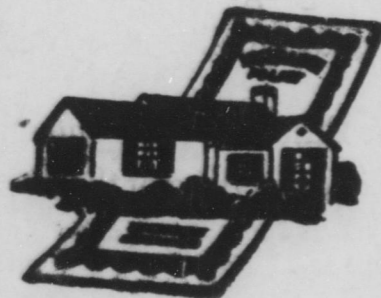
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21—
It Ain't Hay
Abbott and Costello

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22—
The Hatchet Man
Edward G. Robinson Loretta Young
King of Rocket Men Chapter 6

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23-24—
Prince of Peace
The Life of Jesus Christ
Ginger Prince Millard Coody
Shows 3:00 — 7:00 — 9:00 p.m.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25—
Shadows of West
Cases of Pimple Street
Adv. Wild Bill Hickok Chapter 3

Insurance



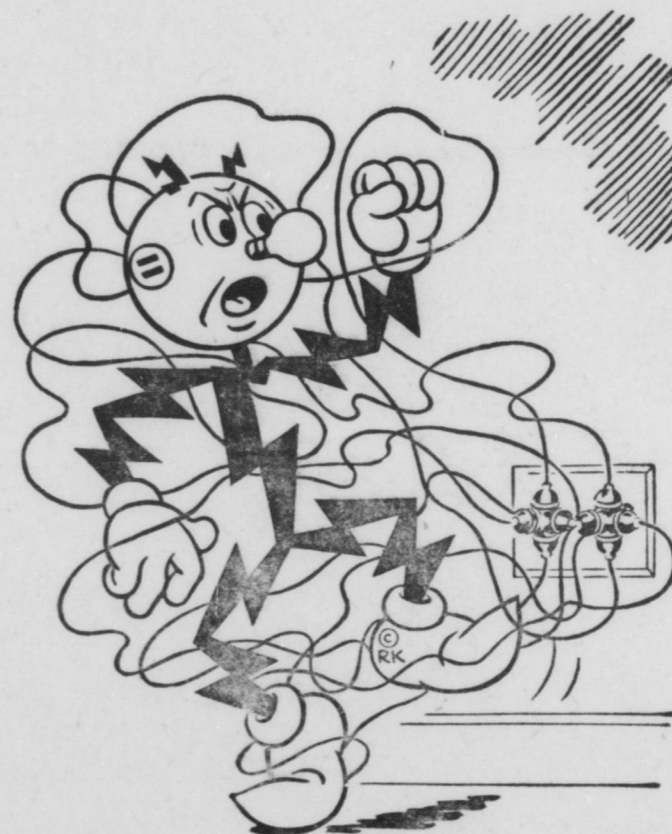
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TROUBLE



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