

The *Extra Day* of 1920

WHEN Leap Year comes along with its extra day in February and the first of March "leaps over" one day additional, we get the idea that something unusual is going to happen and we become filled with a feeling of expectancy. Usually, however, this year means nothing more to the average individual than the surrendering, on the part of the male sex, of their right to make all advances and the transferring of this privilege to the members of the fair sex. When Cupid's arrows go whizzing by, we like to fancy that their destination is reversed and, instead of arousing the affections of the girl we have noticed so often in the company of a certain young man, they are directed by her and are intended to make a mortal stab in his quick-throbbing heart.

BUT be such fancies as they may, the extra day that the calendar makers provided to come once in every four years sometimes has a deeper significance, and such we find is the case with the Woman's Institute. Just four years ago the 29th of this month, as practically all of you know, we came into being by enrolling our first student, and from that day on we have had such a phenomenal growth that it has been a hard matter for us to restrain ourselves until our first birthday arrived so that we could show our appreciation in some fitting manner. And now, after waiting and planning

By LAURA MACFARLANE
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and rejoicing, we come to our natal day only to find that it falls on Sunday, and in respect for the day we shall have to defer our real birthday festivities until some later time.

Leap-Year Day Dinner

	Chicken Broth	
Salted Wafers	Celery	Pickles
	Roast Lamb	
Mint Jelly		Gravy
Mashed Potatoes	Scalloped Brussels Sprouts	
Pineapple and Banana Salad		Cheese Wafers
French Vanilla Ice Cream		White Cake
Coffee	Bonbons	Salted Nuts

HOWEVER, we need not let the day pass without marking it in some way. Sunday being the one day of the week when the home circle is usually completed, what would be more fitting than to take greater pains than usual with the Sunday dinner and provide a repast that will be at once dainty and appetizing? This will probably be the order of the day all over the land, but in the families of Institute members, this especially planned Sunday dinner will have a double significance.

WITH this thought in mind, I have prepared a menu that I am sure will prove a most delectable one if care is used in its preparation. If it is not possible to procure the food called for in some of the dishes, others may, of course, be substituted, provided attention is given to the proper balancing of the meal. For instance, if Brussels sprouts should not be obtainable, carrots and peas or cauliflower would make a very good substitute.

For the salad suggested, a sweet dressing in which pineapple juice forms the foundation and whipped cream is added for delicacy, will be found delicious. Large white cherries may be substituted for the slices of banana if they should be preferred.

In this day of high prices, it may seem an extravagance to have French vanilla ice cream because of the number of eggs required in its preparation, and yet when you consider that only the yolks go into the ice cream and the whites may be used for your cake, which may be angel food or merely a white butter cake that the family like, the dessert selected is not an extravagance after all. And is not this meal to be served on the odd day of the year, when, if ever, we might feel free to allow ourselves a little license in the way of our food so long as we still keep within the bounds of our resources?

After the *Day's Work*

AFTER the day's work, in the quiet night, sit care free, relaxed, and silent. With the silver threads of memory and the gold threads of hope weave a fabric of wholesome dreams. If you are old, perhaps you will tell yourself the story of by-gone happy times with friends—maybe with some one you loved. You may recall the nights with the big stars and the gold-burnished moon, and the wonder that it was to be young. With gentle hands, memory will soften the picture, and the delights of other years will live in you again.

By MAX EHRMANN

IF YOU are young, you will paint a picture of the dream of hope. Hope is the helmsman of the phantom ship of life. It sings as the sirens sang. Hope is a whisper in a waking dream, a spirit hand that beckons, a voice that says, "Come." Like love, it is the sunlight of the soul, the rose of the springtime of the world within. Hope says to fancy, "Show me the heights that I shall climb; and light up, if but for a moment, the chambers of my future palace."

IF YOU are young, you will paint a picture of the dream of hope. And as you sit in the quiet night, you will be the thing you crave to be, sail the seas you yearn to sail, and know the love your heart would know.

And on the morrow, when you build in the world of contending men, you may make a thing that is real of the picture of your dream. Therefore, that you may rest and hear the luring whispers of hope, coming like distant music, in the quiet night sit care free, relaxed, and silent.

Let us hope that one day all mankind will be happy and wise; and, though this day never should dawn, to have hoped for it cannot be wrong. And, in any event, it is helpful to speak of happiness to those who are sad, that thus at least they may learn what it is that happiness means.—MAURICE MAETERLINCK.