

GAY HAVANA LATIN PARADISE AS COSMOPOLITAN AS LONDON

(By Rex G. White in The Detroit News)

Havana,—You eat too much in Havana. That does not mean some folks—every one. Holidays tend toward happiness and happiness tends toward good digestion, and that builds up the appetite, and there you are.

Given an appetite, still further spurred by hours in the open air, and placed at a table with foods of a newness and a flavor the average American visitor let the calories go hang and proceeds to experiment with just how much the human stomach can hold.

There are two things that stand out on the Cuban menu, the wonderful chicken and sweet corn tamale and crab Moorish. There is also chicken and rice—a national dish—and more ways of distinguishing a fish than the average cook ever dreamed. In the big hotels you can dine on lamb chops and steak, if you wish, but if you like novelty try the little Cuban cafes that seem to blossom every other door. For a dollar you will be filled to the brim, stuffed, loaded, fairly swoolen with food, all washed down by black Cuban coffee, which you will have to learn to like, and the chinks filled in with a fine grained very white bread—the loaf about the size of a grapefruit.

Lots of Seasoning

Everything will be nicely seasoned, peppered, onioned, tomato drenched, chile tanged, paprika red. You will be confronted with dishes that look like "messes" but swell like heaven and taste like an epicure's dream come true. There are folks who go about looking for pancakes and oatmeal, ham and eggs and similar American standard breakfasts, but take a tip and, in Cuba, eat as Cubans do.

Which reminds one that if you go shopping, try the stores patronized by Cubans. It will be a mild but merry adventure and by the time you have spent \$5 you will have the entire staff of the store at your heels eager to translate your wants.

It's amazing what a gesture can indicate. Hold up your right hand to the level of your forehead and see if it could mean anything else than an umbrella, although trying to explain that a B. V. D. is wanted rather than a two-piece underwear offers an interesting experiment.

Havana is two cities in one, the old and the new.

Old Havana is a place of twisting, turning, narrow streets, of yellow, century-old buildings, of iron grill work, open patios, ponderous doors, barred windows, high ceilings, dim little shops, onion smells, twangling guitars, careless dress, crumbling and age-beautiful old churches, flowers, balconies and romance.

New Haven is a city of broad streets brilliant light, marble seats, tall buildings, tourists, automobiles, perfume and novelty shops, vendors of naughty dolls and bad pictures, open faced bars, generally half filled with American women who would faint if asked to enter a similar place at home.

The Latin love of statues, parks and imposing public buildings has had full play here, and before your ship had slipped past grim old Morro you will be exclaiming over the beauty of these things. Having got by the customs a most delightful group of uniformed men who slap O. K. on your baggage without a glance at its contents, and having convinced yourself that the uproar about you is not the middle of a political uprising, but only the pleas of hotel runners, baggage haulers, taxi scouts and what-nots, you will go sailing out into the city behind a man who is doubtless intensely mad.

Your First Thrill

This mad man is at the wheel of your car. He drives at top speed, to right or left as the whim sizes him, and exchanges curses and screams of rage with all the other drivers who are as mad as he. Your first thrill will be then and there.

It is delightful in Cuba just now—warm, lazy days, cool, breeke-swept nights. The startling blue of the sea and the sky, the delicious pinks, blues, purples and yellows of the stucco houses and the bright greens of palm and park one would think would deaden the sense of color with their insistence long before you got "up-town." But this is a snare and a blink at the gay dresses of the shadowy senoritas and then you will believe a

rainbow has exploded in a dye factory and drenched the citizens with the result.

The writer knows of no more cosmopolitan city than Havana, nor any city in Europe or Asia where contrasts are more violent. From beggars to millionaires, from ink-black Negroes up through every known shade to sugar sacking skirts, from Swedish sailors to English peers, from grand opera stars to Broadway jazz dancers, from Spanish dons to Dominican sponge divers, from Iowa farmers to Parisian beauties, from Chicago stenographers to hunting English duchesses—all are here, all form part of the great human parade that flows back and forth along the Prado.

The World Represented

Costumes by Charlot to Costumes by Finkleberg of Sixth avenue, diamonds as big as walnuts from the high priced jewelry stores cast sparks at near diamonds as big as two walnuts from Woolworth's aged sin and youthful folly stroll arm in arm in the wake of grave finance and hold church as broker and chorus girl trod on the heels of strolling priest and judge.

Your first evening in Havana will give you plenty to gaze at, plenty to comment on and plenty to remember as long as you live. You may have intended to go to bed early—you won't. There is something in the air, in the noise, and color, and perfumes, and music, and laughter that starts you to desire wildly to go places and do things.

All right. That little matter has been well taken care of by the canny Cuban—with the assistance of some smart Americans, Frenchmen, Greeks and others.

You may go to a jal-alai games and if you go your idea of hockey as a fast game will be shattered. If there is a more violent game and one more replete with thrills, excitement and a desire to join the howling mob all about you than jal-alai it is yet to be made public. How it is played? With a ball, a curved bat and a wall. The players seem to have been fed on raw meat and bottled lightning. Americans have been known to come away from their first jal-alai game too weak from nerve exhaustion to do more than sit in Sanitary George's or Sloppy Joe's bar room and whisper orders for liquid revival.

If the Cosina de la Playa has not cast a shadow on your evening by taking all your money you will probably go to any one of 50 cabarets. These run from the nightclub type, in which you sit in bewilderingly gaudy furnishings and bring champagne as you watch two dozen pretty girls put on whoopee dances, to the haughty and Ritazy places where dinner clothes are demanded.

BRITANNIC IS THE THIRD OF THAT NAME

(New York Sun)

History repeats itself even in the naming of ships for service on the high seas. There is now afloat the liner Britannic. She is motor driven and said to be the last word in tourist accommodation, for which she has been put into service.

This particular ship is the third to be named by her owners, the first hull having been laid in 1874. At that time the owners of the ship had attempted to do everything for the comfort of their passengers, as they say they have done in the latest ship. In telling the public of their ship in 1874 the company advertising read:

"Electric bells, separate chairs in the saloon and bridal chambers, as in these days the Atlantic voyage is not too long for a honeymoon." The records do not state how many bridal couples were attracted to make the voyage, but it is safe to say that many did.

The second ship to bear the name Britannic was completed during the war and fitted as a hospital ship. She was lost while in service, and now third to bear the name is in regular service between New York and Liverpool.



DISTRICT WOLF CUB NEWS

On Friday, the "Red" Six, of the 1930 Wolf Cub camp, with Darrell Baker, of the 3rd. Fredericton pack, left by bus for Lower Prince William, to join the six Cubs composing the Lower Prince William pack for a week-end camp on the Baptist Parsonage grounds. The boys arrived in charge of the District Cub Commissioner, during a heavy thunder shower; but the weather soon cleared, and no time was lost in creating the two tents which the party had brought with them. Cubmaster Harold McGibbon had furthermore placed a roomy barn at the disposal of the visitors. Pitching the tents and settling down, which included milking the cow, took up time until late evening, when a combined camp fire was held. On Saturday, after inspection, the Cub Commissioner invested all of the Prince William boys as Tenderpads, then all proceeded by car to Lake George, where a glorious day was spent, the weather being ideal for swimming. Returning to Prince William in the evening, the party witnessed a bad forest fire at the Barony, some twelve miles up river, the smoke having been first seen from the lake. On Sunday, the combined Cathedral and Prince William boys attended the United Baptist Church at Dumfries. Bad weather prevented some of the congregation from attending; this notwithstanding, there was a very fair turn-out, all of the Fredericton contingent being present, with 99 per cent. of the Prince William Cubs. Mr. McGibbon conducted a very impressive service, his theme at sermon time being Talents. This address, in which the life stories of the Wright Brothers and of Jack Miner were told, made a deep impression on the boys. After the church service, the Cub Commissioner invested Mr. McGibbon, as Cubmaster, the ceremony taking place outside the church, in the pouring rain. In the evening, the weather improving, the "Reds" returned to Fredericton.

Thanks largely to the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. McGibbon, the latter of whom acted as Camp Mother, this week-end camp was an unqualified success. All did their best, the work of the "Reds" reaching the same high standard that had won for them the Honour Flag upon four days out of seven at the 1930 District Camp. Credit for this is largely due to Sixer Leslie Simms. The Prince William boys mixed admirably with the older contingent, and one feels safe in saying that this Camp was of value to all concerned. There is a good prospect of starting a Boy Scout troop at Prince William in connection with the Wolf Cub Pack.

Trainng Course For Prospective Girl Guiders.

The above Course, which is running under the Cub Commissioner, is now entering upon the third week, four sessions having been already given out of a prospective twelve. Seven in all are taking the Course, and attendance and progress are gratifying to the Chief. The above Course has been officially recognized by Dominion Scout Headquarters, Ottawa, as a Part Three Indoor Course; and all qualifying will be certificated in due course. Meetings, bi-weekly, are held at the homes of the different candidates.

ROBT. PUGH,
District Wolf Cub Commissioner.
July 28th. 1930.

Why They Leave Boston

"Why, I'm surprised to see you here. Why did you leave Boston?" "I just came down for a few days to read a book."—From the Boston Transcript.

Cook's Regulating Compound

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, \$3; No. 3, \$5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of money. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor)

CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE

4 squares unsweetened chocolate.
3 tablespoons sugar.
3 tablespoons boiling water.
1/2 cup butter.
1 1/4 cups of sugar.
3 egg yolks, well beaten.
1/2 cup Borden's St. Charles Milk.
1 1/4 cups flour.
3 teaspoons baking powder.
1 teaspoon vanilla.
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten.

Shave or break the chocolate in small pieces, add three tablespoons sugar and the boiling water, and melt over hot water. Cream the butter, add sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Add the egg yolks, continue beating. Stir in the chocolate. Add flour mixed and sifted with baking powder, alternately with milk. Beat vigorously, flavor and fold in the egg whites. Bake in two layers in moderate oven. Fill and cover the top with the following:

THE FILLING

4 squares unsweetened chocolate.
1 cup brown sugar.
1 cup granulated sugar.
3/4 cup Borden's St. Charles Milk.
1 tablespoon butter.
1 teaspoon vanilla.
1 cup nutmeats, chopped or broken in pieces.

Shave or break the chocolate in small pieces and cook with sugar and milk until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Remove from stove, add butter, but do not stir it in. Cool slightly, beat until creamy. Add vanilla and nuts, spread between layers, and cover top of cake.

PASTRIES

In "The Good Provider's Cook Book" you will find entirely new recipes and new ways of baking old favorites. The hints on pastry making will appeal to every woman interested in knowing the latest methods.

SAUCES

Add a piquant sauce (with or without vegetables) to cheaper cut of meat and you have a dish of high food value and delicious flavor. For recipes see page 17, "The Good Provider's Cook Book".

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