

NANCY BROWN



EXPERIENCE



TRADE MARK REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE

Questions sent to this department on affairs relating to the daily life of busy women and men will be answered in these columns daily and Sunday. Please write on only one side of paper. Personal replies will be sent to those who enclose addressed and stamped envelopes. Address EXPERIENCE, The Detroit News.

By NANCY BROWN.

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DEAR COLUMN FOLKS: For the benefit of those of our readers who may not have been able to listen in to our radio talk, Friday night, and who perhaps receive only the Sunday paper, I want to announce the decision about the Column picture that we are to present to the Art Institute—it will be hung at the celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of the Column, April 18, 1934.

The choice of pictures eligible to hang in the Institute will be made, from time to time, by Mr. Burroughs, secretary of the Art Institute, and myself, from the art galleries of Detroit. Those chosen will be hung in the Institute for your inspection, and you will send your votes to me at The News.

In the early out-of-town edition of last Sunday's News, the cut lines describing pictures of our Column door pieced quilt were accidentally reversed. The line, "Diagram of pieced blocks for Column House Quilt," belonged under the diagram of the small blocks. The longer description belongs to the cut of the door, itself.

A leaflet containing diagrams and instruction for making the quilt blocks will be mailed to those who send stamped and addressed envelopes with their requests.

The make-up of our book, "Dear Nancy," is being hurried on as fast as possible. I cannot yet give the exact date of its appearance, but will let you know as soon as I can.

It will be helpful to both you and me if you will write me whether you want the book. NANCY.

DEAR NANCY BROWN: I am

show him and others like him who are out of work not to get in the slough of despond.

I am a man 55 years of age—well over the present day age when a man is relegated to the scrap heap. I haven't worked at my own trade for nearly four years but I have never given up trying, and have filled in with what ever came along from washing paint or windows, to cleaning out basements. Whatever came along I gladly accepted, although at my own trade I rank as a superintendent and a pretty highly paid operative. However some six weeks ago I got a steady job — seemed almost as though it were a gift from heaven, for 24 hours before I had no thought of such luck, but out of the blue I got my break.

You cannot realize the difference between casual labor and steady employment unless you have experienced it.

This job pays \$20 a week, and that's a fortune to me, although it's about one fifth a week of what I once earned.

I have no debts—no liabilities—good health, a good disposition—willing and able to work, and eager to please. This job looks real big to me — so you see, Boy Blue, it doesn't do to give up all hope.

* The Ex-Shantybo

SOMEHOW about this time o' ye callin'.

An' I seem to feel the autumn in the trees.

I know the maple leaves are red an' so

An' the buglin' of the wild geese wi

An' the city seems to fade away an' so

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