

SPORTS & A SIXBIT CRITIC

Saved Himself By Flashing SOS Signal—When a freight train crushed his left foot, Donald LaCrosse, 11, blinked a SOS signal with his flashlight to attract attention of the train crew. Donald, a newspaperboy, was trapped under two wheels of the freight car. There is a good chance of saving the injured foot.

Courts Reveal Marriage Secrets

What a strange marriage! We say when we read of a rich wife who made her husband do the housework as a "glorified manservant." Instead, it should be written that he was her obedient slave, her faithful servant, her devoted husband, her loyal companion, her true love, her life.

When these facts were disclosed in a recent English Chancery Court case, the husband declared that, despite them, his thirty-six years of married life was "one long honeymoon" and they were really a Darcy and Jane in all those years they were nearly went out, and slept only one night away from home. She told him she could not bear him out of her sight.

Strange? Yes, indeed, but at times marriages come into the legal spotlight that make one gasp. Coming to Terms There was a remarkable case in Chicago in which the wife of a tram conductor presented the judge with the following ten points as the lowest terms for dropping her divorce suit:

"I run the home. He shall not do a thing for me. He shall allow me more for food and expenses. And an allowance for my personal use. He keeps the yard clean. On days off he mows the lawn. Gives me every other Tuesday off to attend Women's Clubs. Takes me out once a week. Gives me kisses and affection. He can keep ten dollars a week spending money."

"Fine," said the judge. "Now how about a list from the husband?" The man sat down with pencil and paper, but could think up only six points: "She shall break or destroy property in the home; get angry because she can't go out every time she feels like it; gossip about me to neighbors; she shall count to five before doing anything; set the table completely before we sit down; when she goes to shops she will get everything she wants at one time, so she won't have to make ten trips daily."

"Well of all —" exploded the wife. But the judge, holding up his hand, said, "Count fifty." So she sobbed, and they both signed.

The searchlight was focused on another strange marriage when a frantic North Carolina wife told the police that her husband had shot himself. "He threatened to do it if I didn't stop nagging," she moaned. "Oh, if I'd only been kinder to him! Whereupon the 'corpse' sat up and said: 'It's just a trick, boys. The blood is tomato sauce.'"

Was she kind to him, now she had the chance? Not a bit. As they marched him off for unlawfully discharging firearms she screamed: "Let me get at him! I'll murder him!"

her husband she played a record of their wedding, and such happy memories were revived that they kissed and made it up. But she did not state how long the record lasted before it wore out.

Canadian shipyard worker's wife, on a "dramic" charge, was sentenced by the Vancouver magistrate to be manacled by her husband. "I'm sorry, Patricia," he said when they reached home, "there's nothing else for it—sentence of the Court, you know," and put her across his knee and soundly spanked her. After which—believe it or not—she was as good as gold.

He Was Jealous! A curious marriage came to light in Poland recently. Neighbors noted that whenever the husband was absent from the village the wife was never seen. The next time he was away police broke in and found her chained to a wall in the cellar. "My husband loves me," she explained haughtily. "I love him. But he is jealous. He chains me up whenever he goes away. Because I love him, I willingly submit." So they just shrugged and left her to her chains.

In a recent Liverpool divorce case it was the husband who went down to the cellar to get away from the wife. He lived there six weeks, sleeping in damp clothes on a suitcase and tin box.

Topper-survive Household Then there was the man who told a North London magistrate that when his wife made him somewhat difficult by expecting him to do the housework and wait on her hand and foot, he consulted older friends, who suggested that a baby might make her more reasonable. When a baby came along he found that his troubles only increased. Now he had to rise at 6.30 to give baby a bottle. One of the strangest marriages was that of Thomas Day, author of "Sandford and Merton." First he "adopted" a girl from an orphanage to train her to be the "perfect wife." To teach her stoical restraint he dropped hot sealing-wax on her neck and arms, fired blank cartridges at her without telling her they were blank. Giving her up because she loved frivolous clothes, he married a Miss Miller.

He allowed his wife no luxury of any kind, stopped all correspondence with her family, forbade her to sing or play the harpsichord, which she did, and when he added to the house a dressing-room for her, she sister that he had no window, so that for years she had to dress by candle-light. He never allowed any consultant about her health; when she was humiliated out of doors to walk until she dropped. The little orphan had not missed much, for falling to grow into the "perfect wife."

Husband is "Furniture" Mary Wollstonecraft, feminist author of the "Vindication of the Rights of Woman," had some peculiar ideas about marriage when she wedded author William Godwin. "A husband," she wrote, "is a convenient part of the furniture of the house." He should have a room some doors away from work; they would dine out separately when they liked; their work and friends would remain separate. And evidently it satisfied both. At least they were on visiting terms.

There has been considerable speculation, we might say, regarding exactly what method of divination we use in making these annual forecasts so uniformly trustworthy. So we might as well say that we are the first ever to employ—not the old tea-leaves method—but the more modern and up-to-the-minute tea bags.

Ordinary tea cup readers — the kind that ladies go to in order to find out in a tall, dark billiard room in their future—claim that with the tea bags they cannot see a thing clearly. Well—neither can we, but if you think that's going to stop us, you little know our determination. Or nerve.

Well, then, in the QUOTE—What's the Fastest Sport? UNQUOTE—what may we expect? you ask. Along about Ground Hog Day the Chicago Black Hawks will discover that, just as a bird cannot fly on one wing, neither can a hockey team continue to soar on one wing line. Jolly Jack Adams will blow his top and shout "I can't believe a concerted effort on the part of the officials to ruin his Detroit Red Wings." Doug Dick Irwin will get even fouler, and assure his clientele that in a conc 4 plot on the part of all the other five teams to make his hospital corner of one of his stars.

Arthur Ross of Boston—who has alarmed many of his friends recently by actually smiling once in a while—will recover his form and say that Connie Smythe is a lot like Stalin in his methods—only worse. Frankie Boucher will be found in a quandary wondering whether he should pull for his team to win more games for Lyn Patrick than he did when under his personal and assured his clientele that in a conc 4 plot on the part of all the other five teams to make his hospital corner of one of his stars.

In other words, as hockey is played today, quality is important enough, no doubt, but it is only one-two-three as compared with quantity. Just who the Maple Leafs' opponents will be in the final finals, we cannot exactly say, the tea bag having developed a split in the seams. But, offhand, we think they will be too much surprised if it turned out to be Detroit.

In Horse Racing, we have no hesitation in coming out and fearlessly stating that the Kentucky Derby will be won by a three-year-old—in fact you can go right now and wager the roll on this, as it's as near a sure thing as possible. Continuing on our intrepid course, we'll go even further and say that the winner of the King's Plate will be a steed that first saw the light of day in the Dominion of Canada. Beyond this we do not care to go. If we were to give the names of the actual winners it would cause the agents who make the Winter Boodle a lot of trouble—and some of us are having enough trouble as it is, hardly knowing where their next Cadillac is coming from.

In baseball—if the present trend keeps going, there will be a take a day off in mid-season and introduce the various Big League managers to one another. Present-day baseball managers probably were taught in school that when there are only two pennants to be divided among sixteen teams, somebody is bound to go short. But they simply don't believe it, and so—as soon as a team

blows its chances, it automatically loses its manager. This is supposed to keep the fans from asking him—another example of the trusting innocence of those who think they can buy pennant winners the same as we do hamburgers—by the lamp.

As to who will actually take the National and American League flags—well, there are dozens, even scores of sport experts who will tell you that, or attempt to. Always original, we shall try and differ, and let you in on the secret that it will be neither the Chicago White Sox or the Philadelphia Phils.

In Canadian football, along about November the first a quarterback will call for a punt on the first down, and the crowd—and the opposing team—will be so stunned by the novelty that they won't recover till the game is over. Forward passers and catchers will be a dime a dozen, and every coach north of the border will be willing to trade them six for one—in exchange for a kicker who can really get distance or distance, or a middle wing who can play for six minutes without yelling for relief.

The Big Four winner will probably be Ottawa Rough Riders again, and when they next meet the Western Champs, the boys from the wide open spaces would do well to have a care—in fact a couple of cares. They have long memories, and they won't forget what happened in the Calgary game when they were out of the game for a week. They won't forget what happened in the Calgary game when they were out of the game for a week. They won't forget what happened in the Calgary game when they were out of the game for a week.

CONCLUSION, we expect to see sports attendances in every line slip considerably during the year to come—and if you think the promoters, who have been making money in large bundles for the past decade, will take such slippage without wailing, moaning or groaning—well, just keep your ears tuned.

Archives

Emergency! Ambulance! Bring a Stomach Pump, I've Poisoned!

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

BABY CHICKS
BARKER'S CHICKS...
70 BELOW ZERO SUITS
Blue, flower-flecked, satin-lined, slanted, wide-lapels...
LEADER TRACTORS
Immediate delivery...
SALE CLEARANCE
BARKER'S CHICKS...
LAKESIDE HATCHERY
Send for your free copy...
3 COLOR CALENDAR
Send for your free copy...
BE A HAIRDRESSER
JOHN CANADIAN LEADERSHIP SCHOOL...
STAMPS
ALL EDITIONS...
WANTED
FARM HELP...
HI-POWERED RIFLES
1000...
CHAIRS
1000...
TOWELS
1000...
SNOW FENCE
1000...

They Go Years Without Water

Ninety-nine people out of a hundred will tell you with assurance of mind—"Of course, all animals need to drink water at least once a day." That is an enormous belief, for there are many animals in the world that go for a period of from a month to two or three years without being able to secure drinking water. Willis P. Knight writes in Our Dumb Animals. The only moisture they obtain is from absorbing dew or from the fleshy leaves of plants. Right in our own country are little animals that do not even care for water if it is set before them.

Camel's Stomach One might suppose that such animals have means of storing water supplies as does the camel, with his stomach of several divisions. The camel drinks very generously and his stomach acts as a reservoir so that he can travel across the desert and not be obliged to drink for several days. A few animals do absorb moisture in their bodies during the rainy season of the country where each lives but others do not even meet with a rainy season.

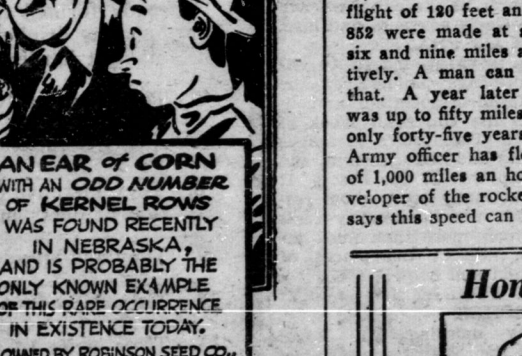
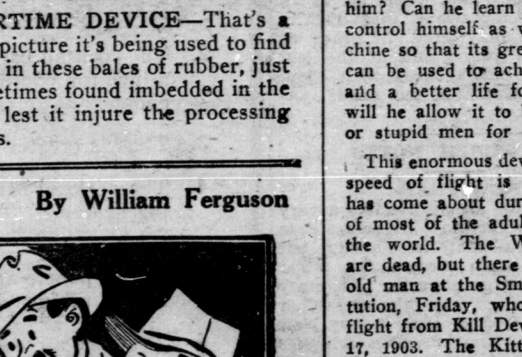
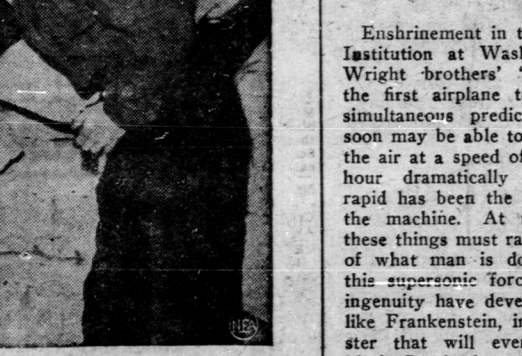
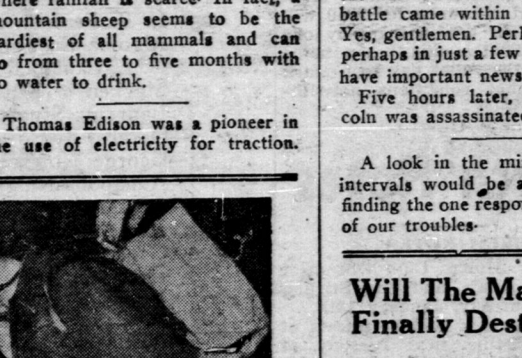
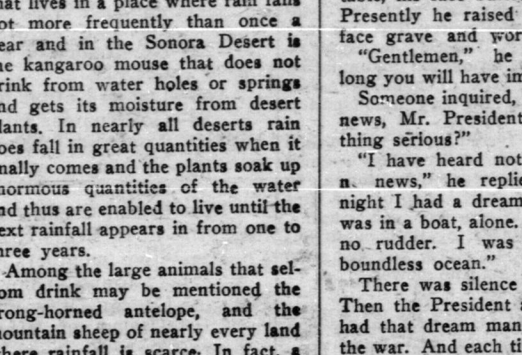
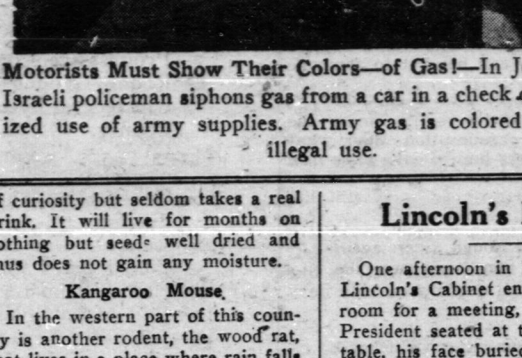
In the Pacific Ocean lies an uninhabited land known as Henderson Island. It is about six miles long, has no annual rainfall, no swamps or water holes and no springs. It is the driest place imaginable and yet on that island live rats, lizards and about half a dozen birds of various species. The birds may be able to fly 120 miles to Pitcairn Island and get water but the rats and lizards stay there at home and get absolutely no drinking water as long as they live. What moisture they get comes from dew and from a few desert plants that grow on the island.

Sahara Desert If you were to go to the Sahara Desert you would find wild pigs living along its border foothills. This region has rainfall perhaps once in two or three years and it is not of a sufficient amount to fill up deep water holes or cause springs of water to form. These wild pigs get their moisture they get from the thick, fleshy leaves of the cactus. One of the most interesting animals that does not seem to need an abundant supply of water is a small rodent known as the pocket mouse which lives in our deserts. It re-creates its name because each cheek has a fun-filled pocket on the outside and in this it stores food such as nuts, etc. This tiny creature thrives where water seldom falls and where springs are rarely encountered. If one of them is kept in captivity and water is offered, it may taste it out of curiosity but seldom takes a real drink. It will live for months on nothing but seeds, well dried and thus does not gain any moisture.

Kangaroo Mouse In the western part of this country is another rodent, the wood rat, that lives in a place where rain falls not more frequently than once a year and in the Sonora Desert is the kangaroo mouse that does not drink from water holes or springs and gets its moisture from desert plants. In nearly all deserts rain falls in great quantities when it finally comes and the plants soak up enormous quantities of the water and thus are enabled to live until the next rainfall leaves in from one to three years.

Among the large animals that seldom drink may be mentioned the porcupine, antelope, and the mountain sheep of nearly every land where rainfall is scarce. In fact, a mountain sheep seems to be the hardest of all mammals to can go from three to five months with no water to drink.

Thomas Edison was a pioneer in the use of electricity for traction.



Old Gray Mare Shows Them More

The horse is a good swimmer and he moves through the water very smoothly. I saw a hundred horses swim half way across the lake and back at Fort Qu'Appelle and it gave me quite a thrill to watch them.

An old grey mare was their leader. They were in a strange pasture bordering on the lake and she was home! She led the band down to the water and after a few swallows, with her ears pricked, she walked deliberately out beyond the shallow water and headed in a beeline for the opposite shore which was a good mile away.

She had a seven weeks old foal at her side and a yearling colt following her. They never hesitated but followed her closely, as did every horse in that band. Ezra peeked, eyes gleaming as much as to say, "I don't know where the old girl thinks she is going, but I guess it's all right. Anyway they are good swimmers and we had just about made up our minds to ride around to the other side of the lake so as to head out some of the cattle ashore, when for some inexplicable reason the old grey leader swam around in a wide circle and headed back to the very spot where she took the water."

Perhaps her foal was tiring—they had been in the water for 15 to 20 minutes, or she made up her mind the distance across was too great. Anyway they all came safely and if you ever saw a sick-looking lot of horses you did them! The sun shining on their coats made them look like bronze and ebony, gold and silver. It didn't take them long to change their appearance, however. A couple of shakes and a roll in the sand and the transformation was complete.

Try This Test Dr. Donald A. Laird once asked a class of boys at Colgate University to write down as fast as they could the initials of people they disliked. In a half minute some boys could think of only one person, others listed as many as 14. And those who disliked the largest number of people were the boys who, Dr. Laird had discovered from previous research, were themselves the most widely disliked.

A young bride, disturbed by her husband's presence in the kitchen while she was preparing dinner, asked him to leave. He said, "I'm not a nuisance, I'm a help."

A look in the mirror at regular intervals would be a great help in finding the one responsible for many of our troubles.

Will The Machine Man Finally Destroy Mankind?

Enslavement in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington of the Wright brothers' "Kitty Hawk," the first airplane to fly, and the simultaneous prediction that man soon may be able to travel through the air at a speed of 3,000 miles an hour dramatically illustrate how rapid has been the development of the machine. At the same time these things must raise the question of what man is doing to control this apparatus force his skill and ingenuity have developed. Has he like Frankenstein, invented a monster that will eventually destroy him? Can he learn in time how to control himself as well as the machine so that its great potentialities can be used to achieve good ends and a better life for everyone, or will he allow it to be used by evil or stupid men for evil ends?

THE FARM FRONT by John Russell

Maybe you've heard of the old-fashioned farmer who—when asked if he ever made use of the various bulletins sent out by the Dominion and Provincial Departments of Agriculture, sniffed scornfully. "In the summer time, when they might be useful good to me, I'm too busy to read them; in the winter, when there's nothing a body can do about the land?"

Well, that's one way of looking at it, all right. But during the long winter months it mightn't be a bad notion to sort of catch up on one's reading, and get a slant at some of the ideas—both new and old—that are going the rounds.

For instance, Bulletin No. 459—"Life of the Soil"—issued by the Ontario Department of Agriculture, has some mighty interesting things to say, from which I quote as follows:

"A soil without organic matter, or fibre or humus, is a DEAD SOIL. All soils contain at least some of such organic matter, but many farm soils contain so little that they are perilously close to exhaustion and ultimate death. This is the result of over-cultivation and cropping, with failure to put back enough organic matter to keep up sufficient resources in the soil."

So why not write a night away before you forget—for your copy of the "Life of the Soil" is not to be found in any of the usual book stores, and is also "free."

Chance Takers Of the some 20 persons who attempted to make a living by swimming in Niagara Falls between 1859 and 1928, ten succeeded and lived. Two men passed through the rapids, one in a barrel and one in a swimmer. Two men and one woman, Annie E. Taylor, were taken in by the rapids. Four men and one woman, Marie Speltzinger, walked and perished. Six men and one woman, on 1,000 lightrope stretched from the American to the Canadian side 185 feet above the waters of the gorge.

Why must we have enough memory to recall to the tiniest detail what has happened to us, and not have enough to remember how many times we have told it to the same person?—La Rochefoucauld

The first step toward returning soil to its original productive condition—The Bulletin goes on to explain in detail how to do this, and to do it in a plain—i.e. to do it down and take stock of your past cropping programs.

150 Missions Equals 14 Pairs of Socks—Capt. Harry C. Newcome, an Allied flyer engaged in the great airlift operation, has 150 missions to Berlin chucked up to his credit. While he waits for his cargo of coal to be unloaded at Gatow Airport he works for his 14th pair of Argyle plaid socks.

