

## A

CHILI

6-11

CHILL

6-11

LADIES

5-10

CHILDRE

MISSIS

BOYS RU

YOUTHS

CHILDRE

A small

Mus

Olde

HAG

FR

ALL TI

CHILI

R

PT

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

P

## Duke's Car Broke Down -- On Purpose!

During the "phony war" of 1939-40, Gerard Fairlie—author, screen-writer, the original of Sapper's "Bulldog Drummond"—was in charge of U.S. and French war correspondents at our G.H.Q. in France, and he recounts how Americans were very eager to interview the Duke of Gloucester, then touring front positions. The Director of Military Intelligence had raised, however, that no special privileges be given to any one nationality. Mr. Fairlie and Bobby Hartman, a colleague, proceeded secretly to pull some strings. And the result was that one day the Duke's excellent car "broke down" near a certain estaminet and strangely enough, he found the Duke's car broken down. Fairlie and Hartman there with the American correspondents! A pleasant chat ensued, the Duke, whom Fairlie had known at Sandhurst, playing his part magnificently.

It was, Fairlie says in his gaily-written memoirs, "With Prejudice" a pretty low trick on the British correspondents, and he nearly lost his job over it. But in the long run it was well worth while, since the Duke impressed the Yanks enormously. Those who were beginning to be critical of the British ceased to be so, and Fairlie was told that the resulting articles did a great deal to prepare the U.S. public for their immediate reaction after Pearl Harbor.

On a visit to Buenos Aires with his friend, (Sapper) Lieut.-Col. H. C. McNeile, Gerard Fairlie was playing round of golf on the Mar del Plata Club course when he suddenly saw a camel. He was pretty sure that there were no camels in South America, and, shaken, he looked again. There it undoubtedly was, and now it appeared to be wearing snow shoes!

Apparition! Spoil Party! "In a panic and thinking 'blast those martians'—he drew Mac's attention to the phenomenon. Mac turned quite green and admitted it looked like a camel, and was certainly wearing snow shoes. He, too, had indulged in martians at the previous night's party.

Fairlie missed his next shot—and the following four—and lost the match by a hole. Later, at lunch, he picked up courage to ask the captain: had he, or had he not, seen a camel on the course that morning?

"Ah, so you saw him?" was the reply. "A rarity in these parts. We have one we use for nearly all the heavy work."

Why does it wear snow shoes? Fairlie guessed weakly. "Snow shoes?" The captain laughed. "We have fitted that footgear so that its hoofs will not hurt the fairways!"

Sapper's first effort, when he was a needy subaltern, found a home in a weekly journal. But the editor omitted to pay for it, and, when Sapper went to see him, pleaded there was nothing in the money-box but a few shillings and stamps.

"I know a way in which you can get more money for this article of yours than I could ever pay you," he added. "I'll give you big rate today up north. Go out and put your shirt on so-and-so 'cause it's going to win."

Mac and some friends "boiled all they had, backed the horse, and it won at a long price. In this way that first effort earned more per word than he ever received when he'd become probably the highest-paid short-story writer in Britain!

Embarrassing Moment The author had a highly embarrassing experience in the summer of 1919, soon after he'd received his commission in the Scots Guards and was Officer of the Guard at Windsor Castle.

It was a hot day. He had been to a dance the night before and

wanted to make up lots of lost sleep. Accordingly, when his afternoon rounds were completed he returned to his quarters threw off every stitch he was wearing, gave himself a rub-down with a bath towel and lay down still undressed on top of his bed.

He woke with a start to see Queen Mary standing in the doorway, staring at him open-mouthed, and a socialist lady-in-waiting dancing about behind her in an ecstasy of embarrassment. The Queen said nothing, turned quickly away. The lady-in-waiting slammed the door behind her.

Later he discovered that Queen Mary's kindly practice was occasionally to tour the entire Castle to satisfy herself that all within it was as happy and comfortable as might be.

In those days, too, not infrequently the Adjutant of the battalion at Windsor Barracks would receive a message from the Castle informing him that the Queen and her ladies-in-waiting were to be there that night for a special occasion.

About three weeks after the incident one of these invitations came, and as one of the officers available Fairlie was sent to the Castle that evening—not without a tinge of apprehension, hoping that Her Majesty's memory would prove to be short.

They were received with her usual graciousness, and in turn presented to her. When his turn came and someone began introducing him, the Queen cut him short. "Oh, we know each other," she said, and turning to Gerard Fairlie, laughed. "I loved her from that moment!"

In a vivid account of his experiences at Hollywood, the writer, Mr. Fairlie quotes as the "perfect verbal rapist" a retort of actor John Barrymore's. The Great Profile was drooping in an armchair in his New York club one night after a midnight session, when an acquaintance asked him: "Is it true that you see pink elephants?"

"For a moment nothing happened," then he said coldly, "pink elephants see me!"

World's richly human stories will enjoy this friendly book.

## 34 Murders a Day

According to the latest statistics, crime in the United States increased last year—by five per cent, and four people under twenty-three were arrested in any other age group.

The figures will astonish even those who imagine that the States are overrun with gangsters and that dead bodies lie thickly in the streets of Chicago. In 1937 there were 1,382, 180 serious offences, and every day of the year there were 34 felonious homicides (as distinct from justifiable, or excusable homicides), 1,115 burglaries, 42 robberies, 3,064 larcenies, 46 rapes, 340 car thefts, and 215 aggravated assaults.

No one who has read a book like "Murder by Night" by E. J. Connelley, will doubt these figures, for in that staggering disclosure, "Murder by Night," states that time and again criminals who had twenty to thirty murders to their name were arrested without a charge being preferred against them. No reason is that those who squatted were rid-dled with bullets, killed with ice picks, or dumped into lakes with a concrete overcoat to keep out the wet weather, that accounted for Federal law, no one complicated in a murder can testify against the murderer.

Full days make home cooks think of casseroles, and here are two you may enjoy trying now.

**HAM CASSEROLE**  
2 cups ground ham (preferably baked ham)  
2 cups corn flakes  
Sliced pineapple  
Brown sugar

1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup  
1 can cream of celery soup  
Combine ham and corn flakes lightly. Butter medium-size casserole and cover bottom with a generous sprinkling of brown sugar. Pour ham-corn flakes mixture over this. Combine and partially dilute soups and pour over ham mixture. Bake at 325°F. for about 1 hour.

This one uses inexpensive cuts of lamb, yet is very tasty.

**2 pounds shoulder lamb meat cut into small pieces**  
3 pounds lamb neck packed and cut into small pieces  
1 can tomato juice  
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce

Red Arrival—The Soviet Russia delegation arrives in New York for the opening of the United Nations. Chief of the delegates, Andrei Vishinski (right), smiles for an answer for newsmen. Deputy Andrei Gromyko (left) does not smile.



Ever Try a Chew, Girl? Academy Award winner Anne Baxter, left, may have Hollywood all o'gog over her liking for small cigars, but the girls back in Boston aren't too impressed. Anne learned to relish the ladylike stogie on location in Quebec, where she was introduced to the delights of the weed by film director Alfred Hitchcock. However, Mrs. Evelyn Frye, right, of Medford, has been smoking a pipe for some time, and tobaccoists say many Eastern girls enjoy a hearty smoke.

## Unexplored Island Of Many Secrets

Madagascar, fifth largest island in the world, which lies 240 miles off the Southeast coast of Africa, is one of the few regions still unexplored. The white man's foot has never trodden on vast areas of land in the interior, and French scientists have been hunting for uranium and gold, desperately needed by dollar-hungry France, may lie there in workable quantities.

Death among the Malagasy is the signal for orgies and feasting. The corpse is set up on a stretcher-work, and wild dancing, drinking and sexual license go on for hours around it. An ox is killed and each mourner gets a piece of raw red meat!

The fact that an island so near Africa is so similar to Western Australia has interested scientists for years. Madagascar's natives bear little resemblance to those of Africa, and are more like Polynesians and Malays than Negroes.

The theory has been advanced that Madagascar was once part of a lost continent which included Western Australia. This continent has been called Lemuria, because of the lemurs (monkey-like animals about the size of cats) which thrive in Madagascar. These do not exist in Africa.

British forces landed in Diego Suarez Bay to the north of Madagascar in May, 1942, and defeated the Vichy French forces there with the object of forestalling a possible Japanese invasion. The following year the island was handed back to Free French Forces. It has been a French Protectorate since 1959.

**SNOWBALLS IN AUGUST**  
For a lesson in ice-cold calculation, Master Russell Green, of Levittown, New York, aged nine.

With an eye to the future he filled the family fridge with snow and slammed the door on his assets.

Biding his time for a few months until the August sun was frizzling the pavements at 90 degrees, he had opened the doors of the refrigerator and invited the public to buy his "Snowballs" at a quarter apiece.

Because of such thoughtless acts, relations between farmers and hunters have deteriorated to such an extent that some farmers actually arm themselves to protect their property against hunters. "No hunting" signs are becoming more frequent. Soon hunters will have to travel far afield for game because no

From Switzerland comes this recipe for little fried meat pies—simply delicious with potato salad or a creamed vegetable. Over them they call them:

**1 pound chopped meat (a little ham or bacon fat is good in this)**  
1 minced onion  
Salt and pepper  
Chopped parsley  
1 package pie crust mix

Combine all ingredients except mix. Prepare pie dough according to package direction and roll to 1/4-inch thickness. Cut in 4-inch circles. Put a spoonful of chopped meat on each circle and fold to form half moon. Wet edges and press dough together to seal. Bake at 350°F. for 15 minutes. When they are done, make about 12.

**HOMING**  
G. V. T. Matthews experimented with 340 lesser black-backed gulls, ninety-nine herring gulls and twenty other migratory birds to determine their direction-finding ability. The lesser black-backed gulls were their best in finding their way home when the sun was not obscured. The herring gulls were less efficient. There was no effect on homing ability when the earth's magnetic field was mixed. Another investigator, Gustav Kramer, found that pigeons were astronomical navigators because they seemed to know in what direction to fly even before starting.

**TOPSY-TURVY X-RAY**—Caroline Gollibart isn't defying the laws of gravity. She's just being introduced to the newest thing in X-ray equipment. The examining table of the unit is tilted at an angle of 180 degrees from the vertical position for chest examination, to a 180 degree position for skull and spinal viewing. A special heavy footrest supports the patient on the table.

Tiny insects known as phorids cause agony by boring their way underneath the toenails and laying their eggs there. Disease-bearing mosquitoes swarm in clouds. In some places it rains every day in the year and in others droughts are long and frequent.

Of a population of 2,301,000, only a few hundreds are Europeans, and rebellion against the French is always smoldering in the background. When a native took place four years ago, native Christians were massacred and Roman Catholic churches were systematically destroyed.

Nature worship still remains the most important belief in major sections of the island. Sacrifices of livestock are made as prayers.

A Supreme Deity is recognized called the Creator or Fragment One, and children are given uncles and aunts as "Uncle Face" or "Cross Eye" in the belief that these will ward off evil spirits.

In Madagascar one never tells a mother her child is beautiful, for that would be an invitation to the evil spirits to possess it. But if one calls the child ugly, bandy-legged, stupid and objectionable, the mother is pleased, because such insults are supposed to safeguard the child.

## Chlorophyll—Or "Green Magic"

Everyone has seen large amounts of chlorophyll, even if they do not know it by that name, for it is the stuff that makes grass and leaves green. For years it has fascinated scientists because it is the chlorophyll in plants that enables them to use sunlight to turn water, air, and minerals from the earth into living material.

To-day there is a boom in chlorophyll which started in the United States, has spread to Britain, and will probably go round the world. The boom is due to the almost accidental discovery that this chemical which makes plant life possible has strange properties of making it

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

When eaten chlorophyll appears to be completely harmless, and within a short time destroys all acid on the tongue and in the stomach. It is a small dose of chlorophyll, and within a matter of minutes your breath is as sweet as a newborn babe's. Chlorophyll seems destined to produce a world without a bad smell.

## Cliche and Cup Chapeaux Bare Hairlines

THE deep hat that cups the head but does it becomingly, keynotes the fall millinery collections of top designers. This means that the hairline is bared and the hat is worn deep and straight on, or tilted ever so slightly.

As done by Tatiana of Saks Fifth Avenue, these are young-looking hats with a great deal of flattery. Black is all-important, but this year it's black polished with jet, satin or velvet bands. In close, there are delicate shades of lavender, pale blue, plus glowing reds and greens.

In fabrics, there are velours, velvets, pleated horsehair, wool jersey, and a new very thin silk stocking jersey. There's news in a French fabric that's imaginative. It's fuzzy and soft much like angora, but is in reality a mixture of nylon and rayon.

The cliche is much in evidence. This designer does one in purple velours, gives it a short, rippled brim and a long black quill.

For the equally important turban, there are lines that bare the brow and curve over the ears. One such is done in dark green taffeta with markings of cut black velvet.

For after-five-o'clock wear, the belet appears in white sequins, dazzling as mid-winter snow, slanted against a black velvet arc.

For a second here, there's black velvet dotted by tiny red silk tassels.

For a second here, there's black velvet dotted by tiny red silk tassels.

For a second here, there's black velvet dotted by tiny red silk tassels.

For a second here, there's black velvet dotted by tiny red silk tassels.

For a second here, there's black velvet dotted by tiny red silk tassels.

For a second here, there's black velvet dotted by tiny red silk tassels.

For a second here, there's black velvet dotted by tiny red silk tassels.

For a second here, there's black velvet dotted by tiny red silk tassels.

For a second here, there's black velvet dotted by tiny red silk tassels.

For a second here, there's black velvet dotted by tiny red silk tassels.

For a second here, there's black velvet dotted by tiny red silk tassels.

For a second here, there's black velvet dotted by tiny red silk tassels.

For a second here, there's black velvet dotted by tiny red silk tassels.

For a second here, there's black velvet dotted by tiny red silk tassels.

For a second here, there's black velvet dotted by tiny red silk tassels.

For a second here, there's black velvet dotted by tiny red silk tassels.

For a second here, there's black velvet dotted by tiny red silk tassels.

For a second here, there's black velvet dotted by tiny red silk tassels.

## BAG MENDING

REFORE men harassed power by hand looms and whirling machinery tossed out completed products for myriad uses, good countrymen believed that a penny saved was a penny earned. "Waste not, want not" was a fundamental tenet on farms among the hills and in the valleys. At the turn of the century farmers in the Northeast still raised barley, oats, wheat, and field corn. In the fall after the threshing was done and the corn husked and shelled, it was common practice to take a load of grain in burlap bags to the local gristmill for grinding. Thus it came to be, and it still is to a certain extent, an essential task on the farm to keep the burlap bags mended.

A city dweller might ask why the bags need to be mended. In spite of several cats and a dog, rats and mice abound wherever grain is stored and produce holes through the burlap bags mending is an important link in the chain of tasks that constitute good husbandry.

There's an art to the work. After a spring rain, when the soil is too wet to be worked or the fields are too soft for spreading barnyard droppings, countrymen like to sit on a wooden crate or a hayrack on a box in the barn doorway and ply the long needle attached to heavy thread. Small holes and rips are sewed together with criss-cross darning stitches; they have to be reasonably close to prevent the ground grain from seeping through. Big holes and gashes are another matter. They must be mended with pieces from bags that have served their original purpose and are now sources of patching material. There's nothing spectacular about the task—it's just a homely, putty job that has to be done. But after a spell of hard work, many a countryman rather enjoys sitting in the sun and catching up on his bag mending.

begin to realize its importance as a low-cost livestock feed.

World planners believe that grasslands offer a workable solution to one aspect of the problem of feeding the millions of people who inhabit the earth. They have gathered statistics on the growth and production of grass and the mass of information they acquired, these simple facts stand out with impressive clarity: feeding, fertilization and management, production of grasslands on most farms can be doubled and possibly tripled.

How this can be achieved in Canada is outlined in "Farmers' Grassland Guide," by Aubrey W. Hagar, an agricultural scientist on the staff of the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph.

First, he suggests, get the farmer's permission to hunt on his land. If permission is not granted press the farmer's decision. Treat the farmer's property as if it were your own.

Close gates after you pass through them. Don't shoot in the immediate vicinity of the barnyard. Be absolutely certain that what you're shooting at is legitimate game and not farm stock or poultry. Know the range of your ammunition. A .22 rifle will carry a mile; a 200 yards. Observe provincial game laws by shooting no more than your limit. Be sure to thank the farmer when you're leaving his property. If the hunt has been successful, offer him a portion of your suggested with instruction on the proper time and method of feeding.

Special emphasis is placed on the importance of adding plant food in the form of commercial fertilizers and manure for high yielding, high quality pasture, and hay and grazing. While broad recommendations are given, the author stresses the value of having soils tested and consulting local agricultural authorities. Methods of application are discussed and probable returns from fertilization set down.

In a special section, "Grassland Balance Sheet," Mr. Hagar compares costs with probable returns and suggests methods which will enable farmers to calculate their profits from each acre.

With 400 acres out of 100 of Canada's agricultural land in grass, this book should be of interest to a large and important segment of this country's population.

**SOLAR STOVE**  
The Indian housewife will cook on a solar stove if the National Physical Laboratory at New Delhi has its way. The sun's rays are focused by a nickel-plated concave mirror of copper, aluminum, brass or any other convenient metal on the cooking utensil. The mirror gives off the same amount of heat as a 200-watt electric heater. Object? To conserve scarce fuel for industrial purposes.