

## TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews.

Hunters, and lovers of wild game on the table, rave about the deliciousness of wild rice. Personally, I can take it or let it alone; but by experience I know that it is either too hard to get or too expensive for the average budget.

Anyway, here's good news! According to Lucile Fitton, writing in The Christian Science Monitor, your worries are over. Here is what she says:

Finding yourself with a taste for wild rice but a very tame budget seems to be a common predicament. But serving wild rice with wild fowl is a must, for they have more in common than the adjective. Maybe even at the going price for wild rice you will want to splurge on the night you are having your husband's boss for dinner, but for other times you can turn with satisfaction to — not resort to — poor man's wild rice.

Start with ordinary white rice — not the fancy, processed type. You will still be saving, however, if you buy the best quality, the longest grains you can find. After giving it close inspection for dark or discolored grains, rinse it in a sieve.

One cup of uncooked rice will yield three, remember. Toss the rice up and down while it is still in the sieve to remove as much excess water as possible. Then turn it into a large iron (or heavy) skillet in which a quarter pound of butter has been melted. Keep the rice moving in the pan so that every grain becomes amber-colored. The aroma will remind you of popping corn, and some of the rice grains may pop around in the skillet. It is important not to let a single grain burn for this will destroy the subtle flavor you are trying so hard to copy, and under-browning will bring you back to just what you bought — ordinary white rice: the importance of which is in cooking until you achieve those golden grains.

Although the browned rice smells good enough to eat, the first one you try will be a disappointment. It is important that you cook it in the same pan with the rice. Keep both under control by doing them as separate processes.

We all want to encourage activities that center around home life, but occasionally we shy away from the sticky mess which often results from a bout of candy making. Here are recipes that make delicious candy with a minimum of fuss and dirty dishes:

**No-Cook Fruit Balls**  
1 cup figs  
1 cup dates  
2 cups walnut meats (pecans are good, too)  
Put the stemmed figs, pitted dates, and nut meats through a food grinder. Use the fine cutter. Press the mixture into small balls about an inch in diameter. Press firmly and roll in powdered sugar. You will find it practical to double or triple the above ingredients!

Next comes a great favorite of many, no-cook fudge. It's rich, easy to make, and very, very good. At Brownie or Boy Scout candy sales, it goes like the proverbial hot cakes. Young folks like to go out in the kitchen, whip up a batch of this fudge, and be settled in front of the TV in twenty minutes with a plate of candy ready to eat.

**Never-Fall Fudge**  
1 egg well beaten  
3 tablespoons of cream or top milk  
1 teaspoon of vanilla  
4 squares chocolate melted with 1 tablespoon sugar  
½ cup chopped nut meats  
½ cup marshmallows cut in small pieces  
Mix the ingredients in the order given above. Spread in buttered 8" x 8" pan. Let cool a few minutes. If in a hurry set in the refrigerator. Cut in squares and pitch in!

It was threatened with extinction again in March, 1945, when fire bombs destroyed much of the blooms and foliage. But the roots were undamaged and, although the tree did not bloom that summer and autumn, new shoots afterwards appeared. Today the bush is taller than it has ever been.

**OL'AUSE AND EFFECT**  
A Beirut, Lebanon, landlord has found himself in a tough spot because he tried an old trick on a tenant of his.

The landlord asked the tenant to sign three leases which he himself had already signed: one 25 per cent higher than the rent she'd actually agreed to pay which was wished to show any prospective buyers of the property; one showing the actual rent — intended to be the valid lease; and one 15 per cent lower than the rent she'd agreed to pay — for the income tax collector.

The tenant signed all three — then tore up the first two. She now pays 25 per cent less rent.

## Christmas Seals Mark Their 50th Birthday

It's just 50 years ago, this Christmas season, that the now-familiar Christmas Seal first went on sale in Denmark. The 1954 seals, fittingly designed by a Danish-born artist, Jorgen G. Hansen, commemorate that event. It all goes back to 1903 and Einar Holboell, a Danish postal clerk who gave his spare time to sick and poor children. As the great flood of Christmas letters and packages poured in, he wished that each piece of mail would mean pennies for the children he loved. The idea came—a special stamp for holiday mail could be sold to raise money. King Christian later approved the plan. So, during the Christmas season of 1904, four million special stamps were sold in post offices throughout Denmark. The money raised went toward building a sanatorium for children with tuberculosis. At the same time, Sweden picked up Holboell's idea and issued similar stamps. In America, the Danish-American philanthropist Jacob A. Riis heard of the seals and published a magazine article about it in 1907. The first United States seal sale on a nationwide basis was sponsored by the American Red Cross in 1908. In 1910 the National Tuberculosis Association became a joint sponsor and in 1920, took over the task completely. To date, the seals have brought in \$335,704,044.50. Last year's drive produced \$23,889,044.50. Christmas Seal sales are now held each year in 45 countries throughout the world.



At left is the first Christmas Seal, bearing the portrait of the late Queen Louise of Denmark. Four million of them were sold in 1904. The other stamp is the first Christmas Seal issued nationally in this country.



Youngsters in a Christmas dance decorate the 1954 Christmas Seals. Designer Jorgen Hansen says they are "the healthy, happy children Einar Holboell dreamed of when he proposed a Christmas Seal to fight disease."

## Oldest Rose-Bush In The World

Visitors from all over Europe are making special journeys to see the oldest rose-bush in the world, which today stands 35 feet high.

For this bush, with its myriads of pink and white blooms, is at least 1,000 years old, and may live another 1,000 years.

It stands, sheltered from all north and east winds, close to the city's cathedral. In the cathedral are historical art treasures, but it is the fabulous rose-bush which lures sightseers.

Seventy years ago, in 1884, the rose-bush was found to be suffering from old age. Drastic action was immediately taken to preserve it for posterity.

Specialty constructed pipes were installed so that the roots could be perpetually watered in dry weather. A team of gardeners "rured" every new shoot with loving care. The rose-bush was saved.

## Is He The World's Worst Husband?

Prince Ali Kameel Fahmy Bey had all that the world can give. Young, handsome, with a charm that fascinated women, he had inherited from his father boundless wealth and all that goes with it—a palace at Zamak on the Nile, yachts, racing boats, limousines, slaves—but for all his charm there was something about Fahmy Bey, a hint to latent cruelty.

In Paris he fell in love with Marie Albert and pursued her with all the ardour of an Eastern wooing. Even when he returned to Egypt he wrote to her — "The torch of my life" — begging her to come to him. Eventually, when she received telegrams in a week, a month, or three months; but I was to disappear by his hand... I desire and demand justice for my daughter and my family."

The drama was not yet over, however. In vivid words Marshall Hall drew a picture of Madame Fahmy's life with her husband — surely one of the worst in the world — and the threat to disfigure her with acid and sand, of the crescendo of cruelty and humiliation to which she had been subjected. He described in powerful phrases the terror of that night when, with lightning, intermittently flooding the darkness, the grim, relentless figure of the Oriental advanced on his terrified wife.

Marshall Hall held the little pearl-handled pistol in his grasp. As he uttered the words, "to her horror the thing went which she was the victim of her vivid imagination—that she had not swallowed a lizard or any other animal, but nobody could convince her of the truth."

There was only one thing for the surgeon to do, and he did it. He put the woman under chloroform, made a trifling cut on her flesh, and as she came round showed her a small lizard which had been rubbed in the telephone for him by a pet-shop owner.

The woman sighed with relief when she saw it and her pains were over. Within a few days she was home.

He has helped to find the vital clue which cleared an innocent woman; he spent the eve of execution with a woman distracted with terror over her husband's "hanging order"; and he writes touchingly of a woman's noble love for an ignoble murderer and of her insistence upon seeing him after execution.

The law of England knows no such excuse as the "crime passionnel," but the law will not permit the accused to stand defenceless. Indeed, Madame Fahmy had the greatest advocates of the day to her defence. But incidental as were Sir Edward Marshall Hall and Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, the lady was in many ways her own best advocate.

She gave evidence from the witness box through an interpreter, and the court listened as she told the sudden change in her husband after marriage. She related how he had fired a revolver over her head to cow her, how on another occasion he struck her a blow which dislocated her jaw; and how he had

sworn the terrible oath that she should die by his hand. Then, with dramatic effect, Marshall Hall produced a document. It was dated six months before her husband's death and showed how she had feared for her life. It read:

"I, Marie-Marguerite Albert, soume maigre and body, formally accuse, in the case of my death by violence or otherwise, All Bey of having contributed to my disappearance. Yesterday, 21st January, 1923, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he took me to a magic journey to the moon.

## The Human Mind -- It Can Kill Or Cure

All was ready for the operation upon the fair-haired boy of four. The surgeon knew that all his skill must be exercised to save the lad's life.

They knew the boy — a highly strung youngster — would be nervous when he was laid on the operation table. And his condition was such that this tension, even under the anesthetic, might prove fatal to the success of the operation.

Then the surgeon had a brilliant idea. Why not let the boy's imagination come to his aid? With his head inside a plastic space helmet he could imagine he was going on a magic journey to the moon.

A fantastic idea? Perhaps. But it worked. When that small boy came to some time later, the delicate operation had been successfully carried out.

The helmet, ingeniously linked with a cylinder of anesthetic gas, had got the boy into the operating theatre without his showing the slightest trace of fear. For his thoughts were concentrated on that wonderful trip to the moon.

What amazing power imagination has on the human mind! It can kill — or cure. It can exercise a tremendous influence for good or ill on our bodies as well. Hundreds of true-life stories prove this.

One morning a young and very pretty woman named Madame Lemaitre was rushed in a car to a Paris hospital, the victim of a strange ailment. She declared that she had swallowed a live lizard and had for days been suffering intense pain as a result.

It was known beyond doubt that she was the victim of her vivid imagination—that she had not swallowed a lizard or any other animal, but nobody could convince her of the truth.

There was only one thing for the surgeon to do, and he did it. He put the woman under chloroform, made a trifling cut on her flesh, and as she came round showed her a small lizard which had been rubbed in the telephone for him by a pet-shop owner.

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## ... Fashion Hints ...



The last instalment in a fortnight's time.

"Please change the ending and let your heroine live," pleaded the surgeon. The author agreed to do so.

The patient, who in her imagination had been identifying herself with the heroine, recovered and was able to leave hospital and resume her job some weeks later.

Another amazing story of the power of imagination is told about a Polish sailor, who was marooned some years ago with a dog on a small island where food was hard to come by.

On the fourth day, when they were reduced to eating dry bread from a small box of ship's stores which had been washed up, the Pole ate his crusts with great gusto explaining: "I'm pretending it's roast pork. How good it smells!"

Daily he enjoyed his imaginary roast pork, often sighing: "My wife's a fine cook, but she'll never cook so well as this." The other men began to think he was mad. They were wrong.

They were all rescued on the ninth day. The Pole looked as robust as he was on the day they were marooned. The others were dejected, pale and frail-looking.

## WEDNESDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren.  
A Prayer for Forgiveness  
Psalm 139: 9-5, 11-13.

Memory Selection: Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee. Psalm 86: 5.

We are losing sight of the sinfulness of sin. Warden Laves of Sing Sing said that few criminals regard themselves as bad characters. So men rationalize and justify and defend evil deeds of every kind. One magistrate thinks that this light-heartedness regarding sin is due in part to the fact that many preachers no longer preach on the reality of hell.

We would rob God of his sense of justice, his power to punish the wicked who repeatedly and finally reject his Son Jesus Christ.

But man still has a conscience. Most people know when they are breaking God's holy commandments. We are not fooling ourselves as much as we think. Many of the illnesses for which people go to doctors and particularly psychiatrists, are mental disturbances arising from a sense of conflict between an inherent sense of right and one's behaviour. We may call it "nerves" or "maladjustment." The fact is we can't quite shake off conscience.

With God there is forgiveness of sin. This has been clearly shown in the Bible. The Holy Spirit, Jesus Christ. It is a very real experience. But there must first be conviction for sin. We must see our sins as not only against society but against God. The awakened prodigal returns to his father's house and in heaven and in thy sight. Then with a godly sorrow for our sins we turn to God for forgiveness. We plead for mercy in the name of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

"In my hand no price I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling." Let the stoner turn at once. God loves to forgive the repentant sinner.

**FOOD FOOLISHNESS**  
Some of these food faddists recommend a daily eating of ewies cheese and limburger. It has always been a puzzle why the Swiss cheese has the holes in it, whereas it's the limburger that needs the ventilation.

The bride was told by a well-meaning friend that she food would give her husband the cup of tea. As I plugged in the electric kettle I noticed a box of kindling for the kitchen stove that Partner had brought in the night before. Ten years ago I would have used that kindling to boil water for our tea and it would have taken from 15 to 20 minutes. With the electric kettle the tea was made inside of five minutes. So, we have only to look back a few years to be very thankful for the conveniences. It is a fact we very seldom forget.

**BOUNCING BOY**  
While sitting in the window of a third-storey room, six-year-old Anthony Wagner, of Hagen Court, Durban, South Africa, over-balanced and fell twenty-five feet to the ground.

All he suffered was a lost tooth which knocked out of his mouth by a stone on the grass patch where he landed.

## CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

At last we have something worthwhile in "give-away" form. Yesterday I opened a packet of certain breakfast cereal and to my delight I found an attractive printed reproduction — in colour — of a well-known picture in the Toronto Art Gallery. This picture is to be one of a series.

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They were all rescued on the ninth day. The Pole looked as robust as he was on the day they were marooned. The others were dejected, pale and frail-looking.

It was the Pole's imagination which had mysteriously kept him from suffering semi-starvation and the effects of the miseries they had undergone.

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE

1. Across	2. Down	3. Across	4. Down	5. Across	6. Down
7. Across	8. Down	9. Across	10. Down	11. Across	12. Down
13. Across	14. Down	15. Across	16. Down	17. Across	18. Down
19. Across	20. Down	21. Across	22. Down	23. Across	24. Down
25. Across	26. Down	27. Across	28. Down	29. Across	30. Down
31. Across	32. Down	33. Across	34. Down	35. Across	36. Down
37. Across	38. Down	39. Across	40. Down	41. Across	42. Down
43. Across	44. Down	45. Across	46. Down	47. Across	48. Down
49. Across	50. Down	51. Across	52. Down	53. Across	54. Down
55. Across	56. Down	57. Across	58. Down	59. Across	60. Down

Answer Elsewhere on This Page

## Household Hints

Strong cheese has an odor (once called aromatics) which is fine in the cheese but far from tempting in the refrigerator. The answer to the problem is a polythene bag or flexible plastic box with a light lid. The airtight and moisture-proof polythene won't let the cheese dry out and it keeps the smell in. To keep the refrigerator sweet-smelling in spite of Oka or Roquefort, twist the open end of the cheese bag and close it with a rubber band.

When there's no storage problem, cheese can be kept on hand to serve in an amazing variety of dishes. Rich in proteins and vitamins, it can be used in appetizers, salads, and even desserts. It adds zest to apple pie and makes a creamy chocolate cake icing.

**MOURNING**—With his head bowed in grief, a Labrador dog keeps a vigil at the side of a puppy killed by an automobile on a highway. The older dog remained at the side of his companion until the police removed the body.

**MILD WINTER AHEAD**—Mothon Kyrtis, a fisherman-restaurateur, Lias, who is weather forecasting on the side, says (Waukegan) of home town, is going to have a mild winter. He bases his prediction on the life habits of the perch. Kyrtis says, on Tuesday, nets were filled, while the deep-water were waffling. (St. Louis) which tells him the weather will