TABLE TALKS
by Jane Andrews

I don't know how it is in your home, but many folks of my acquaintance are often up against the "leftover cake problem." Too good to throw out — and yet it hangs around uneaten — What to do?

Well, here are some suggestions that might be helpful.

* * *

APRICOT CHARLOTTE

- **6 slices sponge cake about 2" x 6" x ¼"**
- **1 package vanilla pudding**
- **¾ cup stewed or canned apricots, drained and chopped**
- **1 tablespoon confectioners' sugar**
- **1 cup whipping cream.**

Prepare pudding according to directions on the package and chill in the refrigerator, then fold in the drained, chopped apricots. Line sherbet glasses with sponge cake slices, one to a glass, in circular shape. Fill centres with the apricot mixture, top with whipped cream, and garnish with a minted cherry. Six servings.

* * *

PLUM DESSERT

- **1 cup plum pulp (fresh or canned)**
- **¼ cup orange juice**
- **1 tablespoon lemon juice**
- **¾ cup sugar**
- **⅛ teaspoon salt**
- **1 cup heavy cream, whipped**
- **2 egg whites, beaten stiff**
- **3 cups coarse cake crumbs.**

If fresh plums are used, cook in a small amount of water until soft; cool. Remove pits and put through a sieve. Add fruit juices, sugar and salt. Fold in whipped cream and beaten egg whites. In a refrigerator tray alternate layers of cake crumbs and plum mixture. Chill in refrigerator but do not freeze. Six to eight servings.

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TOASTED CAKE and PEACHES

- **6 four-inch rounds left-over cake**
- **6 peach halves, canned or fresh**
- **½ cup whipping cream**
- **1 tablespoon sugar**
- **¼ teaspoon grated orange rind**

Toast rounds of cake under the broiler unit. Place a halved peach on top of each round and top with the whipped cream which has been sweetened and mixed with the grated orange rind. For a fancier touch, the whipped cream may be forced onto the peaches through a pastry tube. Half a maraschino cherry on the top of each also adds a decorative touch. Six servings.

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Here are a couple of additional suggestions for using stale cake:

Topping for Coffee Cake: Crumble to make about one cup of coarse crumbs. Combine with one-quarter cup of butter or margarine and one-quarter cup of sugar that have been creamed together. Sprinkle the mixture over a baking-powder coffee cake before it goes into the oven.

Topping for Sundae: Crumble stale cake or cookies to make one cup and combine with one-quarter cup of chopped nuts—almonds are particularly nice. Spread mixture on a cookie sheet and toast for 10 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve on vanilla ice cream.

Coarsley crumbled stale cake added to any cookie batter makes a delightfully crunchy product.

Pop-Eyed Pooch — Neighborhood kids in Ottawa get a big kick out of "Lady," who, as shown above, just loves to drink pop through a straw. The six-year-old pointer is the pet of Jo Ruth Igel.

Chapel Of Ice — Members of Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity at Syracuse University built this impressive Christmas chapel of ice on the lawn of their fraternity house. The 14-foot structure is illuminated from within, and chimes are provided by a record player.

Built Trick House To Scare Women

"You look like a human telegraph pole!" jeered a pretty girl at tall, thin Dr. Edwin Sandy. The seven words set in train a future of confusion and indignities for scores of women the girl was never to know.

Jilted by the only girl he wanted to marry, this 6-foot 9-inch wealthy Californian medical man turned bitter. Secretly, he swore revenge on all women.

His chief weapon in a life's work of making women look foolish in the eyes of men was an amazing 52-roomed nansion at Susanville, that came to be known as "Sandy's Funfair." Specially built on seven piles shaped like women's legs, it was cunningly fitted with scores of traps to trick female guests.

There he invited week-end mixed parties. When the guests arrived the suavely courteous doctor led the women to their rooms. "You will find your own way down, all right," he assured the smiling ladies.

But smiles turned to shrieks. Dainty cosmetics set out on dressing-tables turned feminine faces shiny black and bilious green—an hour after use, in the middle of dinner.

Turning to make the most of their appearances in the fitted mirors, even the prettiest woman cried out. For every glass distorted her reflection into that of an ugly hag.

Leaving her room to join the other guests downstairs, an unsuspecting woman set foot on the top step of the stairs. Immediately the whole flight flattened into a slide! On her back, arms and legs waving, she slid helplessly down to land among a crowd of laughing men.

Another trap awaited the woman who chose a second stairway. Descending with dignity, a sudden gust of air blew her dress over her head in full view of the men.

Many women sighed with relief when bedtime arrived. But bed was no refuge for the tormented sex. As they leaned back on their pillows, their eyes riveted in horror on the ceilings. In each room the ceiling was painted with a scene from history, revealing lurid details of women betraying men to shameful deaths. Loud-speakers added other details.

An unmarried girl was always selected by the doctor for a final embarrassment. As she slid between the sheets her bed began to move . . . She screamed as it raced towards the wall, which parted to let her pass.

On rails, in a winding helter-skelter, bed and girl sped down from floor to floor to burst through another opening into the ballroom. There it stopped, to toss her out on to the floor!

"Doctor, doctor!", cried the furious women from all parts of the crazy funfair house. But lovelorn Edwin Sandy, who spent a fortune making women foolish, had vanished—until the time was ripe to hold another women-baiting week-end.

Guessing Game—Here's a parlor game for those long winter evenings. This abandoned car, with it's once-gay message, was found at the bottom of a small canyon in the Big Sur country, 30 miles south of Monterey, Calif. Of a model apparently dating from the late Twenties, the hulk has been there for some time, judging by the height of the shrub growing through the front floorboards. Let amateur scenario writers give their answers to the questions it poses: Who were the presumably happy newlyweds? Where are they now? How did the car get there? Those small round holes, two between the "U" and the "S"; one on the crossbar of the "A"; another between the "R" and "I"; and three in a line below the word "Married"—are they bullet holes? If so, who was the "heavy" who fired the shots?

World's Longest Bowling Game

Here's a story that's still making the rounds in bowling circuits all over the city of Buffalo, New York, although it happened many years ago — back in 1934.

On the evening of March 22 one of the local alleys was playing host to members of the Genesee Business House League. Barney Koralewski, one of the sharpshooters of the loop, could always be counted on for a hot performance, and this night was no exception. With the greatest of ease, Barney got the range of the one-three pocket and stacked up eight strikes in a row.

There's nothing like a potential 300 game to break down barriers between teams, and by the time Barney picked up his ninth ball, the other keglers in the place had forgotten their own games and were concentrating on rooting him home with a perfect score. The alley was tense with excitement as Barney dusted his sweating palms on the chalk and took his stance. There was hardly a breath taken as he leaned forward to line up his next roll.

Koralewski never got a chance to throw that ball. Just as he started his run to the foul line, the lights in the alleys went out, forcing Barney to pull up short and stop his throw. The place was in an uproar, and the manager frantically tried to reassure the crowd, now busily striking matches to pilot its way around the darkened pin palace. He explained that the power was cut off due to an electrical storm and that it would soon be turned on again. Order returned to the crowd, but it fidgeted nervously while waiting for play to be resumed. And then someone remembered Barney Koralewski and his eight straight strikes, and the house was soon buzzing with speculative gossip. It'd be tough on Barney when the lights were turned on again. Maybe he was too cold and too nervous to pile in the four hits he needed.

There was a whole week to speculate about Barney's chances to throw a 300 game, because the power couldn't be turned on that night, and the league president announced that competition would be suspended until the following week, when all teams would be required to finish their games before rolling any new ones. There was never another week like that in Buffalo, particularly for Barney. He was a nervous man when he appeared on the same alleys on March 29 to finish a game he'd started rolling a week before. The scorer announced that Barney had eight strikes in the eighth frame as he picked up his ball.

Without a warmup, his nervousness increasing with every second, Barney Koralewski, who had started a 300 game a week before and had been stopped by an electrical storm, demonstrated a little electricity himself. In the next few minutes he slammed home four straight strikes to finish his perfect game and win the little gold medal of the American Bowling Congress.

The A.B.C. didn't give any official recognition to the distinction between this perfect score of Barney's and other perfect games which had been rolled in the past, but they should have inscribed somewhere on that neat little piece of gold, "To Barney Koralewski: for skill, fortitude, and great patience in a great game."

Do Animals Possess Second Sight?

Is your dog or cat gifted with second sight? Twenty-nine-year-old Martha Shagton, of Johannesburg, sleeping peacefully in her bed, felt a sudden tug at the sheets. Waking, she was startled to find Bruce, the family's pet dog, scampering to and from the bedroom door. She followed him downstairs and there, before the fireplace, was her husband's photograph lying on the floor — smashed.

A refrigerator salesman, he was on a business trip 250 miles away. After snuffling round the picture, Bruce began licking his master's face amid the glass splinters, and then, as he gazed up at Mrs. Shagton with melancholy eyes, let out a half-strangled bark.

Then the telephone bell rang, and she lifted the receiver to hear the voice of a stranger. His message was terse and terrible. "Your husband, it grieves me to say, has been killed in a car crash." The time of the accident coincided exactly with that when Bruce awoke her. The dog, it seemed, had "seen" through space the crash which killed his master.

Because of their devotion to human beings, many animals endure just such pangs of emotion in times of stress as sensitive men and women.

A Professor of Engineering at King's College, London, the late H. Robinson, had three pets in his family circle: a sagacious Pekinese and two cats.

At the Professor's last illness, his pets sat silently outside his bedroom door, their expressions heavy-eyed, themselves inert. Their appetites dwindled to almost nothing. Then, finally, while the family sat waiting in a room below, leaving two watchers by the bedside, a slight scuffle was heard on the stairs.

A moment or so later, all three pets trooped solemnly into the room. It was the first time for three days that they had abandoned their vigil, and their message was clear. Neither of the two human watchers by the Professor's bed had stirred. Yet the animals knew he was no longer alive.

Many of us have watched sheep dog trials, where highly trained Scottish border collies, in obedience to their shepherds' whistles and signals, pen sheep with uncanny precision.

James M. Wilson of Innerleithen, perhaps Scotland's greatest sheep-dog handler and breeder, tells what was the finest example of canine intelligence in his experience.

It occurred he explained, one wintry morn when he was tramping the snowbound hills with Fly, his International Champion of 1928. In a gully, he found a ewe stamping forlornly about her still-born lamb. As was his custom, he skinned the lamb, intending to rub its coat against a motherless lamb, thus reconciling the unhappy eye to the role of foster-mother.

Leaving Fly in charge of her, he set off to look for similar casualties. On his return, both animals, to his surprise, had vanished. He whistled, but there was no response. Divining his intention, Fly had driven the ewe, unaided, across a mile of tricky ridges, and now stood proudly waiting his coming on guard outside the sheep's pen. A mind-reader could not have done better.

Berwick shepherds still speak affectionately today of Wys Wattie, "the doug wi' mon's brains," who belonged to Robert Wightman of Leitholm. So human in understanding was Wattie that his master used to talk to him as man to man.

"Slip doon, guid doug, to the hoose for ma clippin' breeks," he would say. "And be quick as ye can; it's gaun to be nicht' fore we git started." And sure enough Wattie would dart off and soon come struggling back with Wightman's clipping togs in his teeth.

The story is told of how once at St. Boswell's Fair, Wightman interrupted a crowd of lads while they were booting a football around and borrowed the cap of one of them named Jamie Brown. Then, sending Wattie out of sight, he asked the other lads to whisk off their caps and pile them in a heap. He then hid Jamie's among them.

"Wattie, d'ye think ye could seek oot Jamie Brown's bonnet?" he asked, having whistled the dog back. Straightway Wattie ran to the heap and snatched up one, which Jamie Brown promptly claimed.

There was a veteran Aylesbury shepherd, whose dog Rosie fell blind in her old age. So he summoned an R.S.P.C.A. inspector to put a merciful end to her. She was kennelled as usual in the barn. The shepherd whistled her for the last time, mournfully thinking: "Ah, Rosie, you've spared me many a weary mile."

But Rosie did not emerge. He had never known her fail like this in all their twelve years of association. And when he went to the barn, there was the blind, faithful old dog, quaking like a leaf.

Some powers of premonition may distinguish cats, too, especially the slant-eyed Siamese, whose inscrutable black "masks" suggest many an Eastern sorcerer's secrets or magic locked within. Many families exist today because of their pets' timely warning of fire, subsiding cliffs, floods, a baby about to be smothered in her sleep, or some other impending fatality.

Oh, Deer—Finally Got Him — After five years of hunting, Mrs. H. L. Ripley finally made her first kill, and only 12 minutes after the hunting season opened. The animal was expected to dress at about 250 pounds.

Combs Same Style As Cleopatra Used

Take a look at that comb on your dressing-table or in your handbag. The comb Cleopatra used was of the same pattern—a pattern even then established for thousands of years in all parts of the world.

It is strange that in spite of the enormous changes in clothes and fashion since Cleopatra's days, and all the advances of science which divide the primitive bow-and-arrow from the rocket-propelled, wireless-directed "arrow" of to-day, the comb on your dressing-table is just the same have been excavated from Swiss in principle as those which lake-dwellings thousands and thousands of years old. The combs found in so many ancient Egyptian tombs are of the same pattern, though fashioned in finer materials, including ivory, and sometimes decorated with inlays of coloured glass and gold.

Ladies in ancient Greece and Rome used combs of boxwood, sometimes elaborately ornamented, but still of the same pattern as those used by their sisters of earlier civilizations. In the British Museum there is a comb from ancient Rome which is astonishingly like those "small-tooth" combs we use now!

We can take our Time-Machine through later history and always we find the same familiar pattern—combs carved with saints and angels in mediaeval times, ornamented with "loves" and cupids by the Italians of the Renaissance, decorated with painted gesso by the French, made of silver and used in public by bewigged men of the seventeenth century!

Well, there you are — wood, bone, buffalo horn, ivory, tortoiseshell, bamboo from Asia, coconut palm from Polynesia, all kinds of metals, rubber and plastic have been pressed into service in the interests of hair hygiene and decoration, without one important change in 5,000 years —

Last year, 1953, that pattern became for the first time out of date! In conditions of some secrecy a very famous hair-brush manufacturer has developed what is claimed to be the first actual improvement to the comb in 5,000 years.

What is the closely guarded secret of the new comb? Although it looks like a specially nice ordinary comb, when you comb your hair with it the teeth don't just stick out stiff and rigid in the way combs have always dan, with only thre or four points touching your scalp at a time. They slide back a little way into the base so that their points conform exactly to the shape of your head as the comb passes through your hair!

In Civies — Marshal Klementi E. Voroshilov, chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the U. S. S. R., wears civilian clothes as he poses for his latest portrait. Long a military hero, his position is comparable to president of Russia.

Tie a tiny bell, as a warning device to the neck of every bottle containing poison. And keep the bottles on top shelf of cabinet.

THE FARM FRONT
by John Russell

More and more the art of cattle judging is coming to be recognized as a real asset to the modern farmer. So the following article, taken from "American Farm Youth" may interest some of you, as showing the views on the subject prevailing "South of the Border".

* * *

Farm students taking their first animal husbandry course at the University of Minnesota usually think they know all about judging good breeding stock.

Dr. Raymond Anderson, animal husbandry instructor and coach of many successful judging teams, soon makes them see the light. He knows that most of his students come from livestock farms and that some have shown baby beef animals as 4-H club or FFA projects. He also knows that while some might recognize outstanding animals, few can give reasons for their choices.

* * *

Selection is the basis of all successful livestock breeding. In order to mate beef animals so that the offspring will be superior to the sire or dam requires the knowledge of a standard accepted as ideal. Few students know what this ideal is.

* * *

This standard changes slightly over long periods of time because of market demands. At a recent conference of judges at Iowa State College, it was discovered that medium-sized animals were most desired by the modern breeder. Cows of this type would weigh from 1400 to 1500 pounds.

In the past, breeders and judges favored the small, short-legged, fine-boned, extremely compact animal. Too many "dwarfs" cropped up as a result. At present, breeders do not want this type nor the large, coarse, open-shouldered, and unevenly fleshed cows.

* * *

A front view of the beef animay often tells a buyer or breeder all he needs to know. A slightly dished face, short from muzzle to poll with a wide, broad forehead is considered a good start. Such a head is related to the short neck, wide back, deep body, and short legs of the ideal beef type animal. In beef cows the eyes should be wide apart, prominent, and mild, indicating the disposition of a good mother and feeder.

* * *

Both dam and sire should have short, thick necks that blend smoothly with the shoulders. Ideal beef animals have shoulders so thickly fleshed, or "laid-in" as the judges say, that it is hard to tell where the neck ends and the shoulders begin. The shoulder bones can be easily felt on poorly fleshed animals.

* * *

The chest of the beef animals should be wide and deep with a full heart girth. Such a chest indicates the strong constitution and feeding ability of good breeding animals. Front legs should be short, straight, and set squarely under the corners of the body.

* * *

From a side view the beef animal should appear symmetrical. Its body, giving further evidence of constitution and digestive capacity, should be wide, deep, and compact. The back should be as level, wide and as smoothly and uniformly fleshed as possible. In breeding animals a depression just back of the shoulders in the region called the crops is not serious, but a depression in the region of the loin, just ahead of the hips, is an indication of physical weakness, for the kidneys lie just below.

* * *

The ribs of the ideal animal should be long and widely arched or "sprung." This combination guarantees an animal with a large capacity of roughage. They should also be set close together. Animals with close-set ribs mature earlier and are the easiest "keepers."

* * *

As seen from the rear the ideal beef animal should carry out smoothly at the tail head. That is, the tail setting should be level with the back. The hindquarters should be wide and thickly fleshed especially in the region called the round. The hind legs should be short, straight, and set squarely under the body.

* * *

Breeders must keep in mind that while the region of the round, rump, loin, back and hindquarters represents only one-half of the weight of the beef carcass, it comprises approximately two-thirds of its value. These are the regions of the most popular wholesale cuts.

* * *

"It should always be remembered," says Dr. Anderson, "that grass is the foundation of livestock production. Pasture, hay and forage crops supply 80 per cent of all feed fed to beef cattle." To improve the beef herd then, beef animals must be picked for a combination of characteristics which makes them better able to produce top quality beef from Youghage. Buying animals from purebred herds does not guarantee superior animals—they produce their share of inferior livestock.

* * *

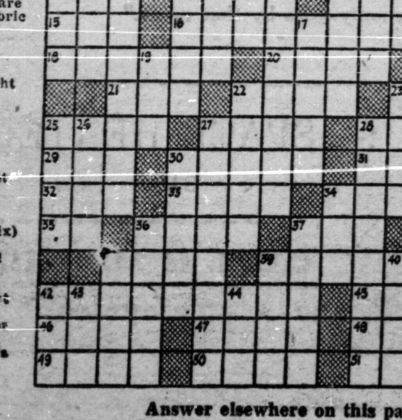
Selection of a sire is most important since it means establishing the very backbone of the herd. He must be a better individual than any of the cows because he is going to influence every single calf produced. A very good sire and "grade" cows improve the herd faster and more profitably than vice versa. Herd sires should be picked for characters found lacking in the cows. If the cows have a tendency to be long-legged and rangy, a short, compact sire should be selected.

Precious Image — Standing in a glass case in the Church of Ara Coeli, in Rome, Italy, is a life-sized figurine of the Christ child, considered one of the most priceless items in the Eternal City. Carved from an olive tree taken from the Mount of Olives in Jerusalem, the age-blackened statue is covered with jewelry and precious stones from all over the world, which have been donated by people who have had requests granted. The figure is placed in the center of the church for the holiday season.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Part of a curve
4. Bleate
8. Strike with the open hand
12. River (Sp.)
13. Competent
14. Musical sound
15. High pointed hill
16. Takes again
18. Thoroughfare
20. Binding fabric
21. Attention
22. Evergreen tree (ab.)
23. Afterthought
25. Party
27. Wild plum
28. Domestic animal
29. Cereal seed
30. Be frugal
31. Narrow inlet
32. Donkey
33. God of war
34. Depend
35. Again (prefix)
36. Duck genus
37. Extinct bird
38. Smooth
39. Kind of dog
42. Moving apart
45. Anger
46. German river
47. County in Pennsylvania
48. Lowest number
49. Small pie
50. Knocks
51. Masculine nickname

DOWN
1. Branches of learning
2. Tumultuous disorder
3. Amends
4. More exposed
5. Encourage
6. Armpit
7. Parts
8. Stairs
9. Easy gait
10. Insect
11. Footlike part
17. Mark of omission
19. Devour
22. Soars
23. Bucket
24. Remain
25. Rise high
26. Comfort
27. Unknown person
28. The world
30. More rational
34. Decay
36. Ward off
37. Measures
38. At any time
39. Cut off
40. Sea bird
41. Coarse grass stem
42. Dowry
43. Mountain in Crete
44. Age



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CITY STREET IN SNOWTIME

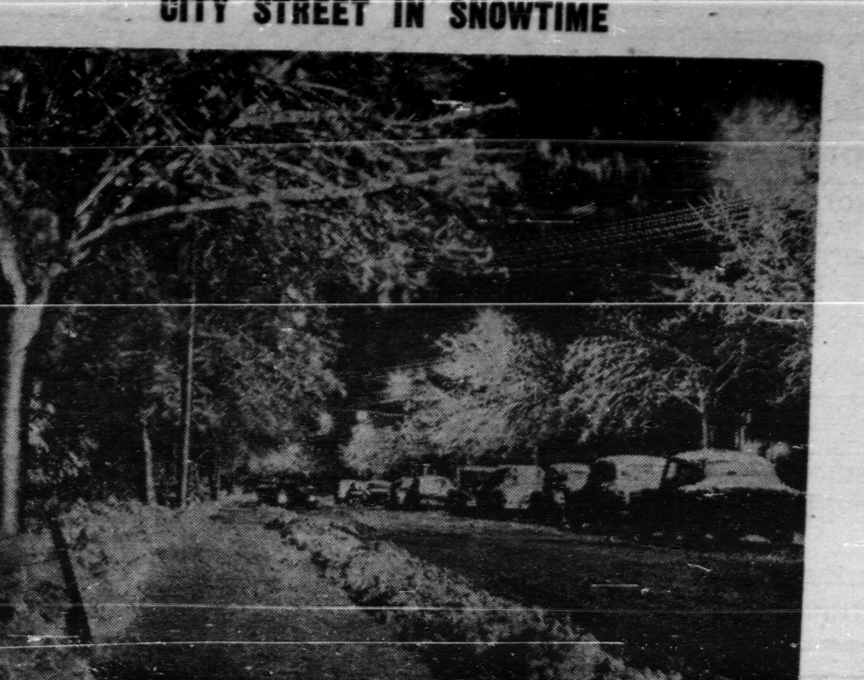


Photo by Ron Sculthorpe

After The Title—James A. Martin is out to cop the champion flag-pole-sitting title. Perched on a tiny platform atop a 40-foot pole in Miami. Martin aims to stay one year. The flagpole-sitting record, set by a woman, is 152 days.

Mad Gunman Starts Reign of Terror

With a stetson hat pulled well down over his black mask, the young man kicked open the saloon swing doors with a forty-four in each hand. "Watches, jewellery and money on the table; and add a bottle of Scotch," he said grimly. In panic-striken silence, the inmates crept to the table and laid the gunman's booty on it. With one gun back in its holster and the other covering his victims, the young man shovelled his booty into a sack and backed out the doors.

A Hollywood Western. No. It happened the other day in Kenya's biggest seaport — Mombasa — and it was nothing to do with Mau Mau terrorist gangs. It started a thirty-six-hour reign of terror that left four dead and dozens wounded. The gunman — a twenty-one-year-old European — left the saloon and held up a passing car with three Asians in it. They lost their money, their car; but the blood lust hadn't yet gripped the outlaw, so they didn't lose their lose their lives.

"I'm Buffalo Bill!" he yelled at them, as he smashed the neck of the whiskey bottle against the car. With one hand on the driving wheel and one holding the jagged neck to his mouth, he careered off down the street. The liquor was doing its work. He stopped at a native shop; kicked open the door and shot dead the first person he saw. "Now you know," he said; "give me food." Again he grabbed his loot and screeched off down the street.

Darkness was falling; the bottle was empty, but the Devil looks after his own. The gunman crashed but escaped. He lay low for twenty-four hours. Then, in a small African village, about thirty miles from the city, he was recognized as he boarded a bus. He jumped off and ran down the street, but an African woman and her little boy were in the way. He shot them dead. An african constable led the villagers in a wild chase after the madman, who was frantically emptying his forty-fours into his enraged pursuers. One by one the natives fell in the cloud of shot. The gunman darted round the corner of a shed. The constable told the crowd to go back and tend their wounded, and crossed the street to get a clear field of fire. The gunman shot and missed. The constable shot. In a weird contortion the gunman fell — a bullet through his head.

CAUSE AND EFFECT?

The list of prizewinners at a church picnic included the following: "Mrs. Smith won the ladies' rolling-pin throwing contest by hurling a pin 75 feet. Mr. Smith won the 100 yards dash."

On Other Planets? Does Life Exist

A book has recently been written stating that Venusians have arrived on the earth. True or false, it has brought to the surface a problem that has been with us for many years. Does life exist on our two neighbour planets, Mars and Venus? Before you discard the theory, consider the evidence.

During the present century, and more frequently during the past twenty years, famous astronomers in various countries have recorded strange flickerings from Mars, as though signals were being made to Earth.

Recently the Japanese astronomer, Dr. Tauneo Saheki, reported what appeared to be the flash of an atomic explosion on the planet, followed by brilliant flashes of light of several minutes duration.

He also announced the reception of radiation which appeared to be of artificial origin on ultra-sensititve electronic equipment. These electronic waves appeared to be signals.

There is plenty of other evidence that the Martians, if they exist, might have attempted to signal Earth by other and simpler means. By constructing enormous geometrical signs on the planet's surface, for instance. Such signs have been observed frequently from the Earth.

They sometimes take the form of a triangle, a perfect circle with a triangle inside it, and crossed lines in the form of an "X." They speak a universal language which would be understood by intelligent life anywhere.

Suggestions have been made that we should co-operate by displaying some sort of light signal in return, perhaps also arranged in the form of a geometrical figure that would be visible to Mars.

The Russian government some years ago planted fir trees in Siberia in the form of an equilateral triangle, with sides fifteen miles long, but a telescope more powerful than any in use today would be needed to detect such a comparatively small shape from Mars.

As far back as 1907, Professor A. E. Douglas, another great astronomer, observed on Mars an enormous octagon outlined in a dark colour which was probably geometrically planted vegetation. A few weeks later the octagon had vanished. It was replaced by a five-pointed star!

The star shape, according to astronomical measurements, was at least 1,200 miles in diameter. A similar five-pointed star shape, outlined in dark colours and having a diameter of at least 1,000 miles, was observed on Mars by Harvard University astronomers in 1924.

In March, 1939, Dr. E. C. Slipher, of the Lowell Observatory in the U.S., went to South Africa to view Mars under the best possible conditions. Among the many photographs he took of the planet were several of a region known as the "Solus Lacus." It is a dark area of presumed fertility, about the size of Europe. These photographs proved that the shape of "Solus Lacus" had altered greatly, perhaps through deliberate intent of the Martians.

Were the changes another attempt of the Martians to attract the attention of the Earth? Some astronomers thought so.

In 1924, when Mars was very near our planet, radio engineers picked up signals which could not be traced to any transmitters on Earth. These signals were received simultaneously in places as widely separated as Vancouver, B.C., London, Eng., and Newark, New Jersey.

Said one scientist: "They were clear and distinct, but so weird in their formulation and modulation that they resembled nothing familiar to human ears or ever received by radio before."

Other scientists in Newark insisted that the signals had come at regular intervals and resembled "someone tearing on the bass strings of a piano." They appeared to come from Mars, since they varied in intensity as the planet approached and receded from Earth and finally faded out completely.

We know that Mars and Venus are the most likely planets in our solar system—apart from the Earth itself—to support intelligent life. Most of the others we can rule out as almost certainly lifeless. Carbon dioxide has been detected on Mars, a gas which is essential to the survival of plants.

That creeping green that appears on Mars at certain seasons is now believed by some to be a kind of lichen, similar to that which grows on Earth.

Creatures adapted to live on Mars, thinks Dr. R. S. Richardson, of Mount Wilson Observatory, "might look like anything between a grasshopper and a yak." It would be foolish to suppose their physical appearance would be like ours.

The famous novelist, H. G. Wells, pictured the intelligent inhabitant of Mars as a strange, insect-like creature which, like our own spiders, grasshoppers, and ants, is able to flourish on a minimum of air and water.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON
By Rev R B Warren, B.A., B.D.

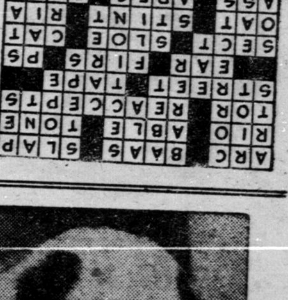
Jesus and Nicodemus
John 3:1-16

Memory Selection: God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John 3:16.

Nicodemus will always be remembered as the man who came to Jesus by night. But at any rate he came. That required courage. Later he boldly called on the chief priests and Pharisees to withhold judgment on Jesus until they had given Him an opportunity to speak for himself. (John 7:50). It was Nicodemus who brought the spices for the body of Jesus after He had died on the cross. There he is mentioned as, "Nocdemus, which at the first came to Jesus by night." (John 19:39). Some see here an intimation of contrast to the boldness with which he now came.

Jesus taught Nicodemus the absolute necessity of the new birth. We need a revival of teaching on this theme today. We have heard so much of the good inherent in man that many of the rising generation think that a new birth is unnecessary. Some rely on religious education. They assume that if one has been brought up in the Sunday School and taken into the church he is naturally alright. Others rely on the sacraments administered by the church to procure their salvation. But Jesus Christ said, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." This is accomplished in man by the Spirit of God. It is a miracle of God's grace. Man must turn from his sin and fully rely on Jesus Christ as his Lord and Saviour. We receive eternal life when we believe in Jesus Christ. That believing is not merely a mental assent but an exercise of the will in obedience to Jesus Christ and a trust in Him. Those who persist in their own way shall perish. But God's gift of His Son is for all. "Whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

(Upside down to prevent peeking)



Home's Where It's Found — Although this pose is just for laughs, "Suds," pedigree unknown, is much happier in the beer glass than he was a while back. The puppy was found in a park during a cold December night. He has since been adopted by a kind citizen.