

# THE FARM FRONT

Editor's Note — The following article by Claude W. Gifford appeared recently in a leading United States farm magazine, *The Farm Journal*. Whether or not you agree with all the writer's statements or claims, many of which are applicable to a certain extent on this side of the border as well, you will at least find them thought-provoking.

It's about time that farmers looked at the "take" the middlemen are drawing out of the milk business. This wouldn't be so bad if these middlemen—whose job it is to sell milk—were doing a bang-up job.

The truth is that milk outlets are partially paralyzed from abuses of dealer shenanigans, selfish labor encroachments, horse-and-buggy laws and regulations and plain old greed in the distributing business.

It's time that somebody besides farmers listened to advice about cutting costs, culling, and selling and promoting harder. If you had competitive markets everywhere pushing milk sales from the small towns, up through the biggest cities, you'd have no surplus of milk—only about 5% of our milk—17 ounces a day per person.

Farmers can do something about this. You can do something. The trouble may be no further away than your nearest town—and if so that's the place to start.

Farm Journal has become convinced of this after talking with some of the country's top milk specialists, and farmer bargaining groups.

The milk middlemen's gross "take" since 1950 has climbed nearly a fifth, in 25 of the country's larger milk markets. Milk prices have dropped 3%.

U.S.D.A. figures show this startling fact: the biggest increase in "middleman" incomes came in 1953 — right when farmers' milk prices were hitting their lowest point.

Dairy plant wages were never higher. Wholesale milk deliveries for a company in a well-known eastern city averaged \$11,500 a year for a 40-hour week. More than \$3 an hour!

U.S.D.A. figures show that typical New York dairy farm families worked for less than 40 cents an hour labor return last year.

The dairy distributors—whose job it is to sell one milk—actually sell 14% less total milk per person than they did in the depression thirties. And this while consumer incomes are at peak levels, and farmers are producing higher-quality milk.

Middlemen are an essential part of the dairy team, and in some markets they are doing a bang-up job—but in others it's another story.

A. L. McWilliams, general manager of Chicago's Milk Association, gets to the core of this problem quickly. "Too much talk and too little action." As a busy director of a farmer bargaining group representing more than half of the farmers selling milk in the Chicago area, he

speaks with the conviction and experience that comes from fighting on a turbulent milk market.

"There's only one way to get the job done—that's for farmers to pitch in and do it themselves."

Do what? Dr. Roland W. Bartlett, the University of Illinois crusading milk marketing specialist, answers: "Recognize a dead-end market, wherever it may be, and do whatever is necessary to lift it up—make it a live market."

Just ask yourself these seven questions about your own market. They'll tell you whether the place to start is right in your own back yard.

1. Are your dairies, the ones in your milk market, promoting milk with vigorous advertising in newspapers, over radio, and with signs in stores?
2. If not, that may be the tell-tale sign of stagnated competition between milk dealers.
3. Or perhaps a "dead-wood" company has the town "sewed up." Or dealers may be operating backlogs to soft-pedal competitive selling, or to set prices that will keep them all in clover.
4. Pricing or health regulations may have frozen prices—or may be protecting dead-wood distributors by keeping aggressive companies off your market. Local farmers often applaud this, figuring that it protects them from competition, too.
5. Can customers save money enough to amount to anything by carrying milk home from stores in your milk market?
6. To make "carry-home" attractive, the difference between home delivery and store prices needs to be two cents or more a quart, except in little stores in small towns.
7. If there isn't this difference in your town, "middlemen" costs are too high. What's worse, people aren't drinking as much of your milk as they would if they could make this much saving by going after their own milk.
8. A little over a year ago competition dropped store prices in Cleveland from one cent below home delivery (in quart containers) down to five cents below (in gallon jugs). Milk consumption shot up 8% for the year—the biggest increase for any large city in the country.

**SLOW-DOWN SIGNAL**—This is something new which farmers around Columbia hope will promote highway safety. The slow-moving farm tractor flies a red flag that warns approaching cars to slow down. Without the banner, the farmer's vehicle is often hidden from a speeding motorist as he tops of H. The Missouri Farmers' Association is furnishing the flag to all farmers requesting them.

# Blueberry Cheesecake Is a Real Summer Delight

BY DOROTHY HADDON

HERE'S a delicious cheesecake all your family will enjoy. It is glorified with a glaze topping of soft blueberries, and is as beautiful to look at as it is delightful to eat.

**Blueberry-Glazed Cheesecake (Makes 8-10 servings)**

**Crust:** One and one-half cups graham cracker crumbs, 1/4 cup sugar, 1/4 cup melted butter.

Combine crumbs and sugar. Blend in butter. Press mixture evenly on sides and bottom of 8-inch greased spring-form pan.

**Cheesecake Mixture**

Two 8-ounce packages creamed cottage cheese, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, 4 eggs, separated, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup sour cream, 2 tablespoons grated lemon rind.

Force cottage cheese through a coarse sieve. Add sugar gradually, then flour. When well blended, add egg yolks, one at a time, beating until very light. Add butter and vanilla. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Stir in sour cream and grated lemon rind. When smooth and not bubbly turn into crumb-lined pan. Bake in water oven 275 degrees F. 1 1/2 hours or until firm to the touch. Remove from oven and set aside to cool.

**Blueberry Glaze**

Two teaspoons undrained gelatin, 1/4 cup cold water, 2 cups fresh cultivated blueberries, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1/2 cup cranberry juice, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Sprinkle gelatin over the 1/4 cup water in small dish. Wash and drain blueberries. In saucepan, combine cup of the blueberries and 2 tablespoons water. Bring to a boil. Drain berries, saving liquid.

Press berries through a food mill or sieve. In small saucepan combine strained pulp, juice, sugar and sugar. Stir to blend. Heat. Add gelatin and stir until thoroughly dissolved. Let mixture chill until consistency of unbeaten egg whites. Then spread over cheesecake.

Blueberry cheesecake, served with a beverage, makes a wonderful summertime eating experience.

cheesecake and top this taste-treat with remaining 1 cup of cultured blueberries.

Chill until glaze is firm.

Note: If frozen berries are used, thaw and proceed as with fresh berries.

Yet farmers were getting more per hundred for Class I fluid milk. They collected a half-million dollars more for the year.

In Chicago stores milk can be bought from four to seven cents a quart under single-quart home-delivery prices. In 1950 Chicago stores handled only 6% of the milk sold in the city; now it's near 70%.

The simple facts are that milk can be sold through stores (in all but dairy towns) at substantially lower costs than when delivered from door to door. If your store prices don't reflect that, you're not doing it right.

The stores may be charging too much, maybe because they're forced to.

The milk distributors may be dictating store prices in your area.

The milk-wagon delivery union may be pressuring companies to keep store prices high.

Outmoded state price-fixing laws and regulations may have frozen store prices.

In about three-fourths of the nation's cities and towns, a quart of milk still costs the same, or less, than it did in 1950. In some cases, it's more.

Pricing or health regulations may have frozen prices—or may be protecting dead-wood distributors by keeping aggressive companies off your market. Local farmers often applaud this, figuring that it protects them from competition, too.

Can you buy milk at lower prices in half-gallon or gallon containers? Or can you get discounts for taking more than one single quart container per delivery?

"The important thing is that milk should cost less per quart for quantity sales no matter what size package is used," states Dr. Leiland Spencer, Cornell University's well-known marketing specialist.

That's what happens in Fort Wayne, Ind., where you pay 18 cents for a single quart. If you take two quarts per delivery, the price is 16 cents for four to six quarts, 15 cents a quart.

In Minneapolis you can get a 2-cent-per-quart discount on deliveries of two or more quarts. Why aren't more markets passing along this saving for encourage higher milk use?

O. Milwaukee's retail stores take 70% of his retail route business in half-gallons. He passes along a one-cent-per quart saving—two cents if the customer takes 26 half-gallons a month.

Quarts are going out of the picture in Chicago, observes Federal Milk Market Administrator A. W. Colbank, 67% of the milk there is already being sold in gallons or half-gallons — at a good price saving.

Yet May U.S.D.A. figures show that less than half of the nation's 122 larger markets were selling milk in half-gallons or gallons at a saving under single-quart prices. Even then, the difference was often only a half-cent a quart.

Why?

4. Can you find new products on your market? Lots of dairy products are available in varying sizes and quantities? Such variety is a healthy sign — indicating spirited competition and aggressive promotion.

Some distributors are offering a 2-cent-per-quart discount on only 2% butterfat and 10% extra-non-fat solids. It's going great guns under such "health" names as Zest, Zim, Champ.

5. Are milk sales going up in your market? 100% more in 1950? 150% more in 1951? 200% more in 1952? If so, they're taking a bigger bite than they're entitled to, and adding costs that hold down sales.

Part of the answer in larger cities may be milk sub-dealers — those independent distributors who own their own trucks, and buy their milk wholesale from a dairy. Unlike milk wagon men on delivery, these sub-dealers handle up their own customers, set their own prices where they can, and take their own profits. They often handle 50% to 100% more milk in a day than a union driver.

What if these seven questions show that your market doesn't measure up?

# SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren, B.A., B.D.

Growing Through Bible Study

Acts 12:16-17; 1 Timothy 4:13-14; 2 Timothy 3:15; 23:1-17; Hebrews 4:12

**Memory Selection:** All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. 2 Timothy 3:17.

The study of the Bible contributes greatly to the Christian's growth. The people of Berea were more noble than those in Thessalonica in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the scriptures daily, whether those things were so. The study of the scriptures has an ennobling effect. It begins in early childhood. Timothy was fortunate in this receiving the Word early. He also gave diligent heed to the Word of his mother and grandmother. The Word of God is more powerful than atomic weapons or hydrogen bombs. It is sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. The Word applied by the Holy Spirit will discover men to themselves. Consider the quickening and conviction for sin follows. The awakened sinner sees the precious promises inviting him to trust in Jesus Christ as his Lord and Saviour. He enters the kingdom of God by embracing some such promise as, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," or "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Through the Word we enter into the life of salvation. We grow by continuing the study of the Bible. It is the best medicine. As bread to the body so is God's Word to the soul. Let us search it daily.

**How We Get Heat From The Sun**

Heat comes to us from the sun across millions of miles of empty space by means of radiation. Radiant heat may pass through objects without heating them. Energy, or radiant heat, from the sun passes through the upper layers of the earth's atmosphere without heating them. Glass permits some of the short waves of radiant energy from the sun to penetrate, but not longer waves like those of a flame. If a pane of glass is held before a gas flame, it will transmit only a little of the heat and will become very hot because it has absorbed very much of the heat. The reason is that the flame emits long waves. The sun's heat, however, passes readily through a glass-enclosed greenhouse; yet the heat from the inside of the greenhouse can not escape through the glass. The short waves from the sun can penetrate the atmosphere but when they strike the earth they are absorbed and warm up the earth. The earth radiates longer waves which are mostly absorbed by the surrounding atmosphere. If the atmosphere were not present we would burn to death during the day and freeze to death at night.

Working is the best cure for growing. Remember the old saying: "A mule can't kick when pulling."

**Burns Both Track And Cigars** — Big favorite with the Sicors fans of the C.N.E. track in Toronto is Burlington's cigar-smoking Jim Howard.

**OH, MY ACHING ARM** — It's all J. Fred Muggs can do to keep from yanking himself away from that hypodermic needle the veterinarian is holding. The popular television chimpanzee had to be inoculated against yellow fever by his TV studio staff. Peeking from behind his nervous paws, Muggs looks like a scored child.

# TABLE TALKS

By Jane Andrews

**CREAMED EGGS WITH CHEESE**

12 hard-cooked eggs  
1/2 c. butter  
1/2 c. flour  
1 c. light cream  
2 1/2 c. milk (about)  
1 lb. sharp cheddar cheese, cut up  
1 tsp. salt  
Dash of pepper  
2 tbsp. chopped parsley  
18 frankfurters  
1 slice white bread  
Use 2 of the eggs for garnish. Chop yolks and whites separately. Cut remaining eggs into quarters.

Melt butter, blend in flour. Add cream slowly; cook, stirring constantly. Add milk to make a smooth, rather thin sauce. Stir in cheese, salt, pepper.

Cover pan and simmer, without stirring, over low heat until cheese melts — 10 to 15 minutes. Stir to blend and add quartered eggs. Bring sauce to a boil. (If sauce gets too thick, add a little more milk.)  
Split frankfurters, and cut in halves; fry or broil until crisp and brown.  
Toast bread slices. Cut into triangles.

Pour creamed eggs onto hot serving platter. Garnish with rows of chopped egg yolk, egg white, and parsley. Place frankfurters part way into egg mixture around the edge of dish, alternately with toast triangles. Makes 8 servings.

**SAVORY DRESSING**

1/2 c. cold water, washed  
1 c. cream cheese  
1 c. cream  
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
1 tsp. salt  
1/2 tsp. lemon juice

Blend blue cheese, cream cheese and chopped garlic. Stir in cold water, Worcestershire sauce, salt and lemon juice.

Add all other ingredients; blend well. Store in refrigerator in covered jar.

For dessert try this molded rice cream. It's grand eating served with a champagne cherry sauce. You can make both the mold and the sauce the day before, too.

**MOLDED RICE**

1/2 c. rice  
1 1/2 qt. boiling water  
1 qt. milk  
1/4 c. sugar  
1 tsp. salt  
1 tbsp. butter  
3 envelopes unflavored gelatine  
1/2 c. cold water  
1 pt. heavy cream  
1 pt. heavy cream

Pour rice into boiling water. Boil briskly 2 minutes. Drain in sieve, rinse with cold water.  
Return to pan. Add 2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, and salt. Bring to boil; add butter. Cook, simmer 20 minutes — do not stir.  
Pour into bowl. Add remaining milk and sugar. Cool.  
Soften gelatine in cold water for 5 minutes. Heat slowly until gelatine dissolves. Add to rice. Chill until thick enough so kernels don't sink.  
Whip cream, adding vanilla gradually, as you whip. Fold into rice.  
Pour into mold, 2-quart mold. Cover with foil. Chill over night. Makes 8 to 10 servings. Serve with — Cherry Sauce.

Bring to a boil, 3 cups pitted sour cherries, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, and 1/4 cup sugar.  
Mix together 2 tablespoons corn starch and 1/4 cup water. Stir into sauce.  
Cook, stirring, until thick and clear, 2 to 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add butter.  
(Sauce should be tart, but a little more sugar may be added if desired.)  
Chill before serving.



IT COULD MAKE PLENTY OF BREAD—More than 4000 bushels of wheat are piled in a Missouri street after farmers ran out of storage space. Forecasts indicate some 300,000 bushels of wheat from this year's billion-bushel crop will add to the storage problem throughout the U.S.A., where 875,000,000 bushels are already in storage.

# And Yet They Say "Respect The Law"

Lyman E. Cook, St. Louis atorney, is a collector of freak laws. Here are some of his exhibits.

If you are at a bar in Wisconsin, drive a red automobile in Minneapolis, careen through Oklahoma, marry your mother-in-law in the District of Columbia, or arrest a dead man for a debt in New York you may run afoul of the law.

Legally, according to Cook, citizens of Barre, Vermont, are required to take a bath every Saturday night, every male in Branford, Minnesota, must grow a beard, and the female population of Providence, Rhode Island, cannot wear transparent apparel — even silk or nylon stockings.

Custom dictates more strange laws, yet when times changed no one remembered to repeal them. Thus, in Oregon a girl cannot legally enter an automobile with a young man unless accompanied by a chaperone. Utah's daylight must be seen between a dancing couple. A man in Lewes, Delaware, cannot wear trousers that are form-fitting around the hips, while in Reading, Pennsylvania, no man can wear a suit that does not have a collar.

# They Sure Suffered For Their Art

It is said that Sir Alfred Munnings, who likes a horse on canvas, was taken to an exhibition by artists of an advanced school. When he had found his horse, he asked, "What do you think of them?"

"The Commendations," he groaned.

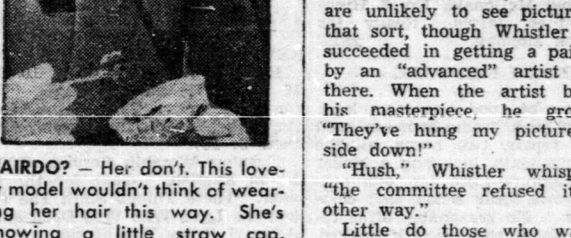
"What do you mean?"

"I mean that they've not made it themselves the likeness of anything that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth."

Visitors to the Royal Academy are unlikely to see pictures of that sort, though Whistler once succeeded in getting a painting by an "advanced" artist hung there. When the artist beheld his masterpiece, he groaned: "They've hung my picture upside down!"

"Whistler whistled," the committee refused it the other way.

"Little do those who wander through the galleries know of the labour, the sacrifice and the heartache that goes into some of the pictures. They glance at a picture depicting a frosty winter's morning without realizing that the artist may have been up and out at first light, his fingers stiff with the cold, for the true artist will suffer almost anything to achieve the effects he wants."



**HAIRDO?** — Her don't. This lovely model wouldn't think of wearing her hair this way. She's showing a little straw cap, named "The Ondine" after a Broadway play. It's made of shaggy leghorn straw, and is offered in a rainbow selection of colors.

# Where All Animals Came From Elsewhere

One of the strangest things about New Zealand is that originally it had no land mammals, no snakes, no fruit trees and no cereal grains or grasses of the kinds that animals eat. There was one poisonous insect, a little spider that lives on some of the beaches. When the Maoris came to the islands, they brought some dogs and a kind of black rat with them in their canoes, but there are none of these dogs left now and the rats are very rare.

When the white settlers came, they had to bring into the country all of the cattle, sheep, and other domestic animals. They also had to import clover and other pasture grasses for the animals to eat, and then they had to import bees to pollinate the clover. Yet to-day New Zealand is one of the greatest sheep and cattle countries in the world, and has many fruit trees. Deer, pheasants, rainbow trout, rabbits, storks and cats are among the kinds of animals and freshwater fish that have been brought to New Zealand and have flourished. Unfortunately, the results of bringing in these strangers have not always been happy. The rabbits became such pests, destroying the farmers' crops, that the government had to take measures to destroy as many as possible. The ferrets and stoats, and cats which had become wild, also became a plague to the farmers in outlying districts, and killed so many of the wonderful wingless birds, the kiwi, and destroyed so many of the other birds, that refugees had to be caged to protect the bird life.

There are many lovely songbirds in New Zealand, such as the tui, or parson-bird, and makoaki. The kiwi, a hawk-like green parrot, has learned how to be a nuisance himself, for he has become a skillful thief, and sheep, piercing their backs with his sharp beak to get at the fat tucked under the wings.

There are many sea birds, among them the graceful albatross, and encouraging verses above which were placed three small lanterns with the words: "Be that your lights shine when you take your exam."

At the next exam fifteen out of fifteen passed with credit, none showing any sign of nervousness.

# Flowers Cure "Exam Nerves"

It was found that young men and women students taking examinations in one of the classrooms of a school in Clausthal-Zellerfeld, Germany, were suffering more than usual from "exam nerves." Some of the pretty girls due to enter for important exams would walk into the room confidently but would "go to pieces" before they had even read the examination questions. As for the young men, they quickly became depressed and nervous.

Said a teacher: "It's the room. It's dreary, depressing. No wonder the students aren't passing their exams."

Rainbow blinds were introduced, and the room was placed on desks. The blackboard was covered with humorous and encouraging verses above which were placed three small lanterns with the words: "Be that your lights shine when you take your exam."

At the next exam fifteen out of fifteen passed with credit, none showing any sign of nervousness.

# Flowers Cure "Exam Nerves"

It's rough navigating—but it shouldn't be in the future. Timothy Vukarot, 2, was crippled shortly after birth by a hip bone infection. At one month he was placed in a waist-down cast. Now he must scoot around a children's hospital on a casted plywood board. He can hold his legs spread to proper growth will take place. Doctors say he has an even chance to gain complete use of his legs.

ON THE CONTRARY

Some years ago the wife of one of the new-rich oil millionaires invited a famous pianist to give a private recital at her palatial home.

She knew nothing about music, but after the concert commented on one of the selections. "What a lovely piece!"

"Who composed it?"

"Beethoven, Madam," said the great pianist.

"Ah, yes," she said knowingly. "Is he composing now?"

"No," was the reply. "He is decomposing."

The pawbroker offered ten shillings.

"Why, the frame alone costs that!" protested Brangwyn indignantly.

"I can't agree the other, 'tis on the frame that I'm lending you the money."

Frank Brangwyn, whose pictures fetch high prices today, was once desperately hard up. During a financial crisis he tried to borrow \$60 on one of his pictures that he had been elected an A.E.A.

The Imperial War Museum refused to study the pottery methods of primitive natives and learned secrets he could not have found in textbooks or art school. Living there on a penny a day he heard anything to achieve the effects he wants.

The public examining some of Turner's wilder seascapes might well wonder how the artist got his effects. The question was once put to him by Charles King, a painter.

"I wished to paint a storm at sea," Turner explained. "So I went to the coast of Holland and engaged a fisherman to take me out in his boat in the next storm. The storm was brewing, so I went down to his boat and bade him to bind me to the mast. Then he drove the boat out into the teeth of the storm."

"Not only did I see that storm and feed it, but I blew myself into me till I became part of the storm. And then I came back and painted that picture."

"Sir William Orpen's colour effects were amazing. Once, an amateur who had been invited to get anything like the same results, asked, 'How do you mix your colours, Orpen?'

"With brains," he replied.

The true artist hates to part with his work. He puts so much of himself into it that it becomes part of him. Few laymen can understand this feeling. Georgia

Some years ago the wife of one of the new-rich oil millionaires invited a famous pianist to give a private recital at her palatial home.

She knew nothing about music, but after the concert commented on one of the selections. "What a lovely piece!"

"Who composed it?"

"Beethoven, Madam," said the great pianist.

"Ah, yes," she said knowingly. "Is he composing now?"

"No," was the reply. "He is decomposing."

ON THE CONTRARY

Some years ago the wife of one of the new-rich oil millionaires invited a famous pianist to give a private recital at her palatial home.

She knew nothing about music, but after the concert commented on one of the selections. "What a lovely piece!"

"Who composed it?"

"Beethoven, Madam," said the great pianist.

"Ah, yes," she said knowingly. "Is he composing now?"

"No," was the reply. "He is decomposing."

ON THE CONTRARY

Some years ago the wife of one of the new-rich oil millionaires invited a famous pianist to give a private recital at her palatial home.

She knew nothing about music, but after the concert commented on one of the selections. "What a lovely piece!"

"Who composed it?"

"Beethoven, Madam," said the great pianist.

"Ah, yes," she said knowingly. "Is he composing now?"

"No," was the reply. "He is decomposing."

ON THE CONTRARY

Some years ago the wife of one of the new-rich oil millionaires invited a famous pianist to give a private recital at her palatial home.

She knew nothing about music, but after the concert commented on one of the selections. "What a lovely piece!"

"Who composed it?"

"Beethoven, Madam," said the great pianist.

"Ah, yes," she said knowingly. "Is he composing now?"

"No," was the reply. "He is decomposing."

ON THE CONTRARY

Some years ago the wife of one of the new-rich oil millionaires invited a famous pianist to give a private recital at her palatial home.

She knew nothing about music, but after the concert commented on one of the selections. "What a lovely piece!"

"Who composed it?"

"Beethoven, Madam," said the great pianist.

"Ah, yes," she said knowingly. "Is he composing now?"

"No," was the reply. "He is decomposing."

ON THE CONTRARY

Some years ago the wife of one of the new-rich oil millionaires invited a famous pianist to give a private recital at her palatial home.

She knew nothing about music, but after the concert commented on one of the selections. "What a lovely piece!"

"Who composed it?"

"Beethoven, Madam," said the great pianist.

"Ah, yes," she said knowingly. "Is he composing now?"

"No," was the reply. "He is decomposing."

ON THE CONTRARY

Some years ago the wife of one of the new-rich oil millionaires invited a famous pianist to give a private recital at her palatial home.

She knew nothing about music, but after the concert commented on one of the selections. "What a lovely piece!"

"Who composed it?"

"Beethoven, Madam," said the great pianist.

"Ah, yes," she said knowingly. "Is he composing now?"

"No," was the reply. "He is decomposing."

ON THE CONTRARY

Some years ago the wife of one of the new-rich oil millionaires invited a famous pianist to give a private recital at her palatial home.

She knew nothing about music, but after the concert commented on one of the selections. "What a lovely piece!"

"Who composed it?"

"Beethoven, Madam," said the great pianist.

"Ah, yes," she said knowingly. "Is he composing now?"

"No," was the reply. "He is decomposing."

ON THE CONTRARY

Some years ago the wife of one of the new-rich oil millionaires invited a famous pianist to give a private recital at her palatial home.

She knew nothing about music, but after the concert commented on one of the selections. "What a lovely piece!"

"Who composed it?"

"Beethoven, Madam," said the great pianist.

"Ah, yes," she said knowingly. "Is he composing now?"

"No," was the reply. "He is decomposing."