TABLE TALKS
Jane Andrews

Margarine and other butter substitutes are getting a terrific advertising "play" nowadays—and here I might say that I don't believe Mrs. Kate Aitken ever dreams what a shock it has been to her countless listeners to hear her sponsoring one of them. There's a line in Omar Khayam that might fit, but I won't quote it.

However, the producers of butter may have been a bit lax in the way of publicizing same — and the following article by Jeanne Hamm, stolen from the (Philadelphia) Home Journal, is well worth reading, clipping and passing around.

* * *

Dairymen's families can help the dairy industry get back on its feet by using more butter themselves — in cooking and on the table. That's what the wives of dairymen in the states of Wisconsin and Washington are saying.

* * *

In fact, the Washington State Dairy Wives' Association was organized last November just to promote wider use of all milk products. Mrs. Harley A. Brown, president of the King County Club, Washington, tells us: "Now that the price of butter is so much lower, all of us can afford to use a lot of it at home. And we need to urge city people to use more good, wholesome dairy products, too."

* * *

The Dairy Wives of Washington and the University of Wisconsin sent us some of their best butter recipes to share with you. (Wisconsin homemakers tested and approved the University recipes.) When we tried these dishes in our Farm Journal Kitchen, we agreed that they certainly made fine eating.

* * *

If you want more good recipes that call for butter, you can send ten cents for the leaflet "Butter Recipes." The address is: College of Agriculture, Bulletin Room, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin.

* * *

REFRIGERATOR PIE

Crust:

5 oz. plain chocolate cookies (about 1½ to 2 c. crumbs)
¼ c. melted butter

Crush cookies to make crumbs. Take out 3 tablespoons of crumbs to use for topping; add butter to remaining crumbs. Mix well. Pack, as crust, into 9-inch pie plate.

Filling:

1 c. milk
½ lb. (32) marshmallows
1 c. heavy cream, whipped

Scald milk in a large sauce pan. Add marshmallows and allow to melt. Cool until mixture begins to thicken. (Add flavoring if desired.) Fold in whipped cream. Pour into chocolate crust. Sprinkle top with cookie crumbs. Refrigerate 2 to 3 hours, or until set.

* * *

BUTTER SPONGE CAKE

11 egg yolks
2 c. sifted sugar
1 c. milk, scalded
1 tsp. vanilla
2¼ c. cake flour
2 tsp. baking powder
½ c. butter, melted

Beat egg yolks and sugar until light-colored and fluffy. Add milk and vanilla. Sift flour and baking powder. Add to batter. Fold in butter. Bake in 2 greased, 8 x 8 inch pans in moderate (350°) oven, 30 to 40 minutes.

Fluffy Frosting:

1 c. sugar
4 egg whites
1 tbsp. corn syrup
¼ tsp. cream of tartar

Mix all ingredients in top of double boiler. Set over hot water and stir constantly until mixture becomes very hot. Pour into mixing bowl and beat by hand or with electric mixer until it stands in peaks.

* * *

EASY HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

¼ lb. butter
3 egg yolks
Juice of a lemon (about 2 tbsp.)

Combine all ingredients in top of double boiler. Let stand until all ingredients are at room temperature. Just before serving, heat over gently-boiling water until thickened (about 4 minutes), stirring briskly with wooden spoon. Do not over-cook. Makes about ¾ cup of sauce. Serve at once on broccoli, asparagus or other cooked green vegetables.

* * *

Nothing tastes better than fresh butter on thick slices of home-made bread. But for variety, you can fix many kinds of butter spreads for sandwiches or to eat on crackers. Just watch the youngsters wolf them down, with a glass of milk—after a 4-H meeting! The men will like them, too, when they stop by the house for a quick snack. Here are some spread recipes from the University of Wisconsin:

FLAVORED BUTTER SPREADS

Use ¼ cup butter as a base for preparing any of the following spreads. Cream or whip butter, add ingredients as indicated, and mix thoroughly. Store in tightly covered jar in refrigerator, ready for use.

Cheese Butter: Add 1 to 3 tablespoons Blue, Nuworld, Roquefort, or Parmesan cheese rubbed through a strainer. Season to taste.

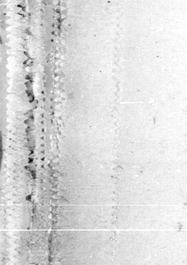
Garlic Butter: Crush 1 to 2 cloves of garlic with ½ teaspoon salt, few grains black pepper, ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce, and a drop of Tabasco sauce (sauces may be omitted).

Honey Butter: Add ¼ cup honey and blend thoroughly.

Nut Butter: Add 2 to 4 tablespoons finely chopped pecans, hazel nuts, or almonds. Season with salt.

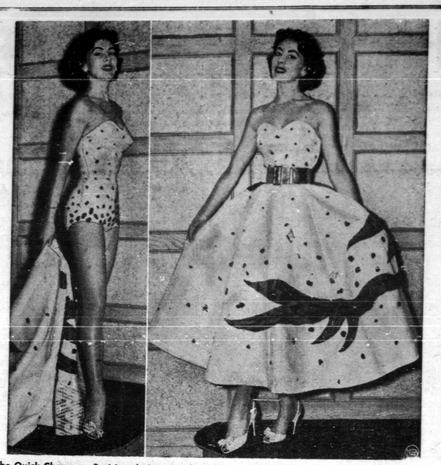
Olive Butter: Add 2 tablespoons finely chopped green or stuffed olives, and a few drops of onion juice.

Parsley or Chive Butter: Add 1 to 2 tablespoons chopped parsley or chives.



New President—William R. Knox of Boston, Mass., today was named President of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts, at the Annual Meeting of The Mother Church attended by Christian Scientists from many parts of the world.

Pocket-Press — Tiny newspapers, below operator's right hand, and at right on table are turned out by this miniature model of a huge newspaper press, which was on display at the International Paper and Printing Exhibition in Dusseldorf, West Germany. Complete in all its operations, the miniature machine delivers, cut and folded, a four-page paper which comes off the press at point between the operator's hands.



The Quick Change — Parisian designer Andre Ledoux created this twosome that will probably make many women happy. It's form-fitting white linen swimsuit, left, that has a side zipper for easier dressing. The strapless swimsuit can easily be converted into a dance frock, right, with the addition of a wide skirt. Multicolored spots decorate both suit and skirt.

Colourful Land Silent, Yet Alive

Tibet is a most colourful land. All the stones and rocks, the sands and limestone hills, are red-brown; although the hue is light it is maintained into the farthermost distance, not just close at hand. This clarity of atmosphere is almost beyond the imagination of a European. Peaks forty miles away seem very close and are likely to be a hundred miles if they form a background. One's eye travels across the red-brown sand to the startling white of the summit snows, and sometimes these are reflected from blue or pale green lakes at one's feet. Wherever there is water there too will be gay flowers, but even out in the dried ground some tough and more venturesome plant will always offer a bright new blossom.

Being big and spacious Tibet seems still and silent which is one of the country's many paradoxes, for it is at the same time a land loud and alive with birds and animals. Roaming over the plains are the wild ass, the wild sheep, and the gazelle. Tiny mouse hares scuttle in and out of holes. Marmots, like rabbits with short legs and ears, pierce the silence with shrill whistling. Overhead sings the lark, itself invisible, swallowed up whole in the vast void of the sky.

In summer the scene changes when the monsoon breaks in June across the Himalaya. A haze of damp air spreads across the red-brown land and beautifies it anew. Far distant shadows take on a brilliant, unimaginable blue. The great peaks, formerly stark and near, become again remote. Ever-changing cloud-scapes wrap them around. They are no longer of our world but belong to the unknown, mysterious world of the heavens to which mountaineers are called.

Although rain accompanies the monsoon cloud the weather would not be called foul by British standards. It brings benefits by more water for more flowers and pastures, colour for the sunsetting. Across seemingly infertile tracts, carpets of grass and green herbs unroll with a magical swiftness. At all seasons high winds sweep across the loftiest summits, whirling powder-snow from the ridges far and high through the air. But at nighttime when the sky is clear, the topmost snows flash to the moon, their white fires glowing on a vault blue-black. — From "The Story of Everest," by W. H. Murray.

DUG OWN GRAVE IN SPARE TIME

Having attained his 85th birthday, Mr. M. Magner, of Limerick, Ireland, decided to pass away some spare time by digging his own grave.

The grave was lined with bricks, and the mortar mixed with milk; the constructor thought milk was the best medium for "holding."

During the recent cold spell Mr. Magner went to buy some milk, and on the return journey slipped and fell. He died from his injuries; later was laid to rest in his own grave.

Remote-Control Sting — This B-47E Stratojet packs a remote-control sting in her tail. The turret, mounting a twin 20-mm. cannon, depends on recognition of an "enemy" image on a radar screen. Once sighted, automatic devices supply firepower when the foe is in range—unless the operator counteracts the "brains" order. A GE development for the huge Boeing ship, it operates on an all-weather basis.

Boys Battle Eagle

Three boys have had a victorious fight with a large eagle which carried off their small dog to the top of a tall tree near Tyson's Corner, Virginia.

Twelve-year-old Irving Hazenner, and his companions, Frankie and Wayne, were in the woods about half a mile north of their home hunting for flying squirrels.

They had several dogs with them and a puppy, a three-month-old terrier named Whiskers.

"The puppy was a little way from us in the woods," Irving said. "We heard him screaming, and then the first thing we knew, we saw the eagle fly up with him in his claws. We hadn't seen the eagle before then.

"He took Whiskers up in a tree. We ran over, but we couldn't climb the tree. It had no branches near enough to the ground. But there was a smaller tree next to it. Frankie climbed up. We pushed the little tree over towards the big one, and he got on to the big tree. He climbed up to the nest and fought the eagle off and got the puppy down."

"Th. eagle was flying around me," said Frankie later. "He was grabbing my pants and tore them. So I hit him. I just hit him one good one with my fist. He flew off to a branch and sat there. There was a baby eagle and two big rabbits there in the nest, too. I got the puppy and climbed down. I sure was scared."

Israel, which recently celebrated the sixth anniversary of its founding, is the first Jewish state to exist in the last 19 centuries.

Smog May Prevent Sleeping Sickness

Smog, that choking, murderous curse of our cities to-day, may soon be hailed in non-industrial Africa as a great boon. It is science's best answer to that age-old pestilence, sleeping sickness.

Artificially reproduced, smog is the latest weapon in an all-out attack against the tsetse fly, chief carrier of sleeping sickness fatal to African cattle. Smog will be laid on, a Government scientist declares, in bomb form by aircraft. As the insecticidal smoke generators burst, the browsing tsetse should be poisoned.

Field trials in East Africa will take place shortly. Smog bombs, I am assured, have one prime advantage over older fly control techniques. As they hit the ground they will discharge their lethal vapours in rising clouds, so catching the tsetse with an effective puff from below.

Hitherto, tsetse swarms have been sprayed from the air. Apparently, the flies' backs are not nearly so vulnerable. At present this pest makes it impossible for the farmers to graze cattle in some four million square miles of good African farmland. If smog can snuff it out, Africa will become a far richer agricultural country.

WOIM MUSIC

A soldier from Brooklyn was on maneuvers in West Texas. He strolled out into a nearby mesquite break during a rest period, and returned shortly with a rattlesnake rattle.

"Where did you find it?" asked one of his pals.

"I got it off a big woim," the Brooklynite replied.

Carriage Trade — Like many little girls their age, Barbara Rupe, left, and Peggy Quinley are often seen pushing their doll buggies along the street. But there are no dolls in the buggies. The girls are taking their rabbits for a stroll. Sometimes they are accompanied by Scott Burns, right, who takes his rabbit along in a toy jeep. The kids got the pets for Easter.

Grim Humour

The French police have an ironic turn of mind. In the case of a certain anarchist who was giving trouble, they were loath to imprison him, as this would only make a martyr of him.

So they gave him a medal of honour and published it in the Press as being bestowed "for services rendered." The horrified anarchist fled the country to escape the wrath of his fellow plotters who would not believe that he had not been selling information to the Government.

A jest of another kind was played upon a prisoner who was awaiting trial. It was suspected by his fellow rogues that he was a man who had the ear of the authorities, and might seek to save himself by turning State evidence.

During the course of the trial he was permitted to have his meals sent in to him. One day as he lifted the cover from the dish he found that someone had sent him a human ear. A grim warning.

In another case the positions were reversed. A detective at a mortuary opened a receptacle expecting to find a body — and discovered the mortuary keeper's beer.

Perhaps the most piquant story is that of a doctor who was giving evidence at an inquest at which the famous pathologist Sir Bernard Spilsbury was present. The doctor fainted in the witness box.

He was carried out, and for want of a better place, was laid on a table. He opened his eyes to find himself stretched out on a thing like a slab with the great pathologist bending over him. He fled.

But what grim jester can compare with fate? A young burglar courted a housemaid as an excuse to examine a house he intended to rob. He succeeded in bringing off a rich haul. He was genuinely in love with the girl, but she became suspicious and eventually won the truth from him.

She was horrified and insisted he must make reparation, and become an honest man, or she would never marry him. To please her, he went back to the house one night to replace the jewels — and was caught in the room with the jewels in his hand.

Remember? — If there's gray in your hair, and the kids call you "Grandpa," you do. It's Pola Negri, star of the silent movies, and as glamorous as ever to the young in heart of yesteryear. She recently arrived in New York from Hollywood, on a rare business trip.

THE FARM FRONT
by John Russell

"From Rags to Rhubarb" is the intriguing title of an article by Pearl P. Puckett in a recent issue of "The American Farm Youth". It tells the story of Verner Bass of Chaldron, Nebraska and — well — I'll let Miss Puckett take on from here . . .

Back in 1929, Bass was fireman and locomotive engineer for the C.&N.W. Railroad, then the depression laid him off. At that time Bass had a family of four small children and a wife, and just couldn't afford to be out of work. At the very last resort, he turned to truck farming on a small rented place. In spite of his frugal management, the going was plenty tough, for the severe drought, grasshoppers and hail took most of his garden stuff year after year.

* * *

At the end of two years, his entire savings of $200.00 was used to buy the one-acre tract, and Bass labored early and late to erect a make-shift basement-type house for his family Then, he hit upon the scheme of adding a little nursery stock, perennials and house plants, more or less as a sideline to supplement his lagging income.

* * *

Bass didn't even know at the time he unwrapped the geranium plants, which he had received from an Omaha greenhouse, that the old newspaper wrapping would figure in his riches. The reason he noticed it all was because it had been published in Lousville, Kentucky, then because he loved rhubarb pie, he went on to read an article in the paper about an allred variety of rhubarb which had been imported from Canada through a leading nurseryman, who had already secured a permit to import it through the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D.C. The rhubarb was seedless, everbearing in nature, and sweeter than any variety ever produced. By the time he had finished the article, his mouth was fairly watering for rhubarb pie, and he sat down and wrote to the paper, inquiring where he might purchase such a plant. In a few days, he received one small root and a "swell" letter from the newspaper.

* * *

Bass took the small root and cut it into seven divisions. After months of pampering the small rhubarb cuts, five of them lived to start the mother bed which has figured in his riches. The rhubarb was propogated as rapidly as possible, for Bass could see the vast possibilities. Considering the fact that it was seedless and that it would always have to be increased from root divisions which would take a lot of time to increase it in sufficient large portions to supply the demand, he used to look at the mother plants and study them for a long long time before making a cut so as to be sure to get all the divisions possible from the plant.

* * *

Even with a fairly large stock of young rhubarb and an expensive new green house, 1934 was a rugged year. Bass had two mortgages on his acreage and equipment and a bumper crop which looked promising until August 15 — then it began to look like Bass' were finished; for a hail storm not only laid his garden low, but entirely demolished his glass greenhouse.

* * *

Instead of quitting, Bass pulled his belt in a couple of notches and took his trouble to the F.S.A. After a few hours waiting he was granted an interview; but when he told them he was building up a stock of new rhubarb which would make him rich, and that he really had no assests, other than his precious rhubarb plants, the fellow behind the desk pumped his shoulders up and down and stared wildly: "Mr. Bass," he said, and it sounded painfully contrived to a guy with his dreams geared on 80 acres of all red rhubarb, "You remind me of the fellow who went into the frog business to get rich quick — and he had his frogs all counted before they hatched, too. Almost everyone likes the stuff, has a few stalks of rhubarb growing in his own yard. I'm afraid we can't do much for you."

* * *

Bass had weathered six years of pretty tough times and wouldn't take "no" for an answer, so the guy behind the desk promised to investigate the possibilities of making a fortune in rhubarb, and finally, after much urging and high-pressure sales talks, made Bass a small loan that carried him through until he could market some of the root crop.

* * *

That fall, Bass sold all the roots he could spare to a National Mail Order House that paid him 6¢ each for the roots. The next year the National Mail Order House could not use all his available root crop so he mailed a few roots to a large Philadelphia seed house offering them at 6¢ each, however, the Philadelphia house wired back asking him how many roots he could furnish at 35¢ each, then in order to get a portion of his root crop, the National Mail Order House started paying him, 35¢ each for roots.

* * *

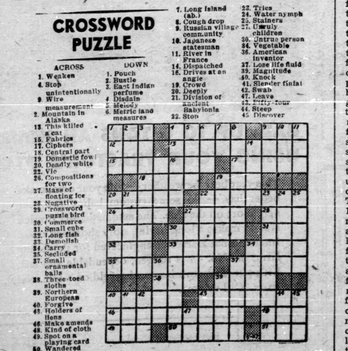
By 1946, Bass had 45 acres of the finest rhubarb ever grown. He sold pretty close to 200,000 roots at 35¢ each, and still could not supply the demand. In addition to the roots sold, he retained 250,000 choice roots to set out the balance of his 80 acres, and was heralded as the Rhubarb King of the World.

* * *

Here is Mr. Bass' secret for rhubarb success: "The plants are set either in the fall or early spring. We plant it in check rows thirty-five inches each way, this takes about 5,000 plants per acre. The plants are cultivated with tractor until the foliage gets so large that we have to use horses, as they do not break up the rhubarb as much as the tractor. We usually cultivate from 11 to 14 times during the season, and hand hoe the plants around each hill of rhubarb about three times per season. Rhubarb is a plant that is not troubled by insects, excepting grasshoppers, and no diseases of the foliage or roots have so far made their appearance, so spraying is not necessary which is a big help in growing the crop. The plants set out in early spring are harvested the next fail. This gives us young roots which are full of energy and vitality and something extra that older growth roots do not have. So far, we have not sold any of the stalks for table use because removing the stalks would also weaken the vitality, especially if pulled the first season, and as a matter of fact, pulling the stalks the first season usually proves fatal to the plant. Digging is done with a plow and tractor, plowing at least a foot deep. We have tried many kinds of diggers but find the walking plow the best. After plowing out the roots and removing the soil from them, they are placed in storage pits where they can be stored over the winter if necessary, or they can be removed to our cutting room for cutting up into marketable size No. 1 divisions any time we wish. They are packed in Bruce boxes 100 divisions to the box and ready to start their journey to a nursery, seed house or to a large grower. We use lots of fertilizer, also the commercial types of Sulphate of Ammonia and Sodium Nitrate have been found to be especially good, as rhubarb is a heavy nitrogen feeder. Of course, it takes good cultivation, too. Rhubarb will not do good if left to grow uncultivated, or in grass land unless the soil is very fertile, and there is lots of rainfall. My rhubarb has been shipped to many of America's leading seed houses and nurserymen and some has already been shipped to Europe and South America, but it begins to look like the biggest outlet will be right here in the U.S.A. — to the growers who raise rhubarb for canneries or for the quick freezing industries, as the beautiful deep red of this rhubarb when processed gives it a top sale appeal."

* * *

Yes, indeed, Verner Bass has gone a long, long ways up the ladder of success — from rags to rhubarb king, with a neat pay-off of close to $200,000 annually. That's clever parlaying a "lot" of debts, one small rhubarab plant, a ton of courage, brains and brawn.



CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS: 1. Weakest 4. Stop unintentionally 9. Wire measurement 12. Mountain in Palestine 14. Chilled meat 15. Fabrics 17. Ciphers 18. Central part 19. Domestic fowl 20. Deadly white 21. Vie 24. Compositions for two 25. Slant 27. Melting ice 32. Negative 33. Crossword puzzle bird 35. Commerce 36. Small cube 37. Long fish 38. Demolish 41. Carry 42. Secluded 47. Small (ornamental) nails 48. Three-toed sloths 49. Northern European 50. Forgive 51. Holders of items 52. Ship's mast 53. Kind of cloth 54. Spot on a playing card 55. Wandered 56. Pigeon

DOWN: 1. Pouch 2. Hustle 3. East Indian perfume 4. Middle East 5. Metric land measure 6. Ignoble 7. Long island town 8. Drop 9. Russian village community 10. Japanese statesman 11. River in France 16. Dispatched 18. Drive at an angle 19. Ceased 22. Dentry 23. Division of ancient Babylonia 26. Stop 28. Tries 29. Water nymph 30. Stalers 31. Unruly children 35. Untrue person 36. Vegetable 38. American inventor 39. Lose life fluid 40. Attitude 43. Knot 44. Steer-fer (inf.) 45. Swab 47. Leave 48. Fifty-four 49. Steep 50. Discover

Answer elsewhere on this page.

Having Wonderful Time -- Wish You Wore Hair

It seems that hairdos ought nowadays to be more than merely decorative. They ought to have mundane significance and be functional and what not. To give you an idea of what we mean, we present these examples, graciously posed by Mrs. James Umbehr, a student nurse at Grace Hospital.

BANGKOK INSPIRES this off-the-ear creation. Can be worn closer if girl doesn't have time to wash ears before a date. Not for areas where mountain goat hunting is permitted.

HYDROGEN AGE hairdo, featuring awe-inspiring mushroom cloud, ideal for women who are inclined to blow their tops. Style harmonizes with a prayerful attitude.

OVER-THE-TOP coiffure is latest thing for girl who loses left earring of her favorite pair. Can be reversed for lost right earring. Also nice for girl with one cauliflowered ear.

PONY TAILS fore and aft are appropriate for gals who go to horse races or watch 'em on TV. Also suits personality of miss who can't figure out whether she is coming or going.

Smoking Marathons

Twenty-nine men and four women took part in a novel smoking contest at Burghausen, Bavaria, the other day. Standing in line, they each lit up a four-and-a-half-inch cigar. The idea? To smoke it as long as possible.

At the end of two hours seven minutes—when the old German cigar smoking record had been beaten—three men and two women were still puffing away gently.

Then one woman's cigar went out. One by one the men smokers dropped out. Yes, the winner was a woman, Frau Niederbuchner. She had achieved a new record of two hour twenty-six minutes.

Judged by our standards, her achievement is not impressive.

The winner of a pipe-smoking "marathon" some years ago in Britain started with an eighth of an ounce of tobacco in a briar and kept his pipe alight for two hours fifty-one minutes.

One of the oddest smoking contests held in this country took place in Derbyshire. A veteran smoker undertook to smoke a pound of tobacco at one sitting. A china teapot was the "pipe" and he smoked through the spout. He did it and won $150.

Best Fur Coats Come From Bachelors

Any day now a coastguard cutter will leave a western harbour to keep the world's strangest appointment. At a certain spot an old bull seal will appear close to the ship. Soon the waters all around will become alive with seals, all heading northward for the Bering Sea. Every year the animals keep their appointment without fail.

Escorting their furry convoy, the coastguardmen keep a watchful eye out for seal poachers, until the herds safely reach the mist-shrouded Pribiloff Islands in the Arctic Circle. For this desolate region is the seals' home and breeding ground. Every spring they leave warm and southern waters in which they have spent the winter to trek back to their birthplace where thousands of baby seals will be born.

But first each bull seal endeavours to collect the biggest harem, and savage fights break out when the younger males try to steal a "wife" for themselves. It is the unsuccessful bachelors with unscarred pelts who are destined to become fur coats for women.

Soon after the new pups have been born, the mothers leave them in creches, called "pods," while they waddle into the sea to forage for food. When they return each mother unerringly picks out her own offspring from the mass of mewing, whimpering babies. But if one of the baby seals is orphaned it is callously neglected and eventually starves to death.

When the pups are about six weeks old they are taken to the water by their parents and taught to swim. As soon as they are proficient they are left to look after themselves.

The seals remain in the Pribiloffs until early autumn. Then, guided by their old leader, they plunge into the sea and head south.

One lady to another: "I must hurry. It's ten to three and I have got an appointment with my psychiatrist. You see, if I'm late he starts without me."

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Amos Denounces Intemperance
Amos 2:11-12; 4:1-3; 6:1-7

Memory Selection: Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness. Romans 13:13.

In the last lesson we noted the charges of the prophet Amos against the social injustices current in Israel. In today's lesson Amos denounces Israel for its drinking. Even the Nazarites, men who had vowed not to partake of the fruit of the vine, were being served wine. At the same time it was being said to the prophets, "Prophecy not." Perhaps there is more of a connection than we at first realize. As a nation turns more and more to the drinking of liquor there is less desire to hear the word of God. A Sunday finds more people nursing the aftermath of the drinking parties than in the house of God singing His praises.

Apparently the women of Israel, called "kine of Bashan", joined in urging their husbands to bring on the drinks. What would Amos say if he entered a ladies' beverage room or a modern cocktail lounge today? He would find women of every social strata with glassy eye and flushed cheek, reeking with alcohol. Their loud talk indicates that the drugged brain has relaxed the inhibitions. They are not themselves.

This "drinking wine in bowls" was one of the major evils which led Amos to predict the downfall of the nation. "Therefore now shall they go captive with the first that go captive, and the banquet of them that stretched themselves shall be removed."

Was Israel worse than Canada? We doubt it. Canada is spending far more on liquor than on relligion and education combined. And the end is not yet. The railways are petitioning for the right to sell liquor in the dining cars. A company is on southern waters in which they have spent the winter to trek back to their birthplace where thousands of baby seals will be born.

But first each bull seal endeavours to collect the biggest harem, and savage fights break out when the younger males try to steal a "wife" for themselves. It is the unsuccessful bachelors with unscarred pelts who are destined to become fur coats for women.

Soon after the new pups have been born, the mothers leave them in creches, called "pods," while they waddle into the sea to forage for food. When they return each mother unerringly picks out her own offspring from the mass of mewing, whimpering babies. But if one of the baby seals is orphaned it is callously neglected and eventually starves to death.

When the pups are about six weeks old they are taken to the water by their parents and taught to swim. As soon as they are proficient they are left to look after themselves.

The seals remain in the Pribiloffs until early autumn. Then, guided by their old leader, they plunge into the sea and head south.

One lady to another: "I must hurry. It's ten to three and I have got an appointment with my psychiatrist. You see, if I'm late he starts without me."

OVERDONE TREATMENT

An old man heard about a treatment that would restore his youth. The medicine was a certain extract made up in pills. He bought a box. But instead of taking one every day he swallowed the boxful one night.

Next morning the family had great difficulty in waking the old man. At last he rolled over and rubbed his eyes. "All right all right," he grumbled. "I'll get up, but I won't go to school."

(Upside down to prevent peeking)

SAP STARVE WILL
ADDITION DEFICIENCY
CORE HEN
ASHEN CONTENO
SWEAT BEES NAY
DOGS BEES
AN TRADE OF
STRATEGIES
ALIS SLAVY
REALITY LIENOS
AMU ROVED STY

Sea Of Matrimony — It'll take more than floods to stop this couple as they ride in an ox-drawn cart after a wedding ceremony in Siros, France. A swollen river inundated the community, but hip-booted guests forgot about the flood to toast Gabrielle Hourquet and Edouard Lalane at a party on the second floor, where all was safe.

Bats Fly By Sound

It is an eerie experience to sit outside a cave, in the dusk of early evening, and watch the bats come out, flying swiftly and silently, like moving shadows. They have a marvelous way of missing obstacles; and unless they are badly frightened, they never collide with each other. Though we hear not even a whisper of sound, the bats are actually making a series of sharp squeaks, so high-pitched that the human ear can not detect them. However, extremely sensitive machines have recorded the squeaks. Scientists call such high-pitched sounds "ultrasonic." "Ultra" means beyond, and "sonic" refers to sound. The science that studies this type of sound is called "ultrasonics."

The ultrasonic squeaks of the bat help it to avoid obstacles because the sounds are reflected back to the animal as echoes from anything solid with which it might collide. Bats have been masked so that they could not see at all, then turned loose in a room where piano wires were strung a foot apart. The bats flew without any difficulty But when their ears were plugged or their mouths were gagged, they could be made to fly only if they were thrown into the air; and then they collided with the wires and even with the walls of the room.

For a long time people thought that bats were guided by special senses in their wings, but when the wings were covered with nail polish the bats flew as well as usual. We know now that their system for avoiding bumping into things depends on their ability to hear these ultrasonic echoes, a sort of natural radar.