Jumping Beans Down Mexico Way

Thy does the Mexican jump ing bean perform its nervous antics? This oft-repeated question has given most profitable onal occupation to hundreds of Mexican men, women and alldren who pack and ship the beans to novelty stores in Britain, the U.S., Canada, and parts

The jumping bean is a native of the state of Sonora, in northwestern Mexico, near the town of Alamos. The bean, resembling a green coffee bean, grows on the plant Arbel de la Flecha (Tree of the Arrow) in the semi-eroded hills and gullies near the town.

Harvesting is done early July, when the heavy torrential rains cause the tiny pods to start popping and falling to the

The "secret" of the jumping bean is an insect known as the "jumping butterfly," which lays ts egg in the flower of the Tree of the Arrow about this time of

A grub develops from the egg, and it satisfies its hunger by burying deep into the seed pod of the flower. The pod of the flower has three cells, and each contains a seed of the While the grub completely eats the first two pods, it takes up a permanent home in the third.

Somehow the grub knows that the hot July sun, combined with the rains, will explode the pod and drop it to the ground. The "insures" itself against this emegency by "bombproof-

The live grub inside the-bean causes the jumping by rearing up somewhat like a spirited iniature horse. As the grul brings down its forelegs, the bean jumps or moves.

If harvesters would not inter fere with nature, the grub would finally evolve into a little white butterfly. Care is taken that enough do become butter flies to assure a healthy annua

Millions of the beans are harvested annually and shipped i five-gallon cans which hold about 30,000 live beans.

Since the Mexican jumping bean has almost human attributes, special care must be taken in seeing that it remains healthy during transit. The cans that are their temporary homes must be perforated for

A carload of the beans in cans causes a noise like rain pelting on a tin roof. If the can is touched, all noise ceases for a time. Then the beans begin their repeated jumping and clicking

Dimples Popular

Have you a dimple? If so you're in the fashion. Not since Victorian times have dimples been so popular as they are today. A dimple is actually nothin more than a dent or depres sion in a part of the body where the besh is very soft.

What causes dimples? Underneath the outside skin on the face are fibres of varying length, which run in all directions. Oc casionally these fibres are too short in a certain spot, and so pull the skin which forms the

A dimple-making device dis-played recently had three buttons with rubber points fitted to a wire halter which pressed then against the chin and cheeks of the "patient," producing perman-

CROSSWORD

PUZZLE

Brave man

2. Line of



MOTHER NATURE GETS ROUGH — Huge hailstones and blister Ing heat recently took their toll on United States farms. Photos here show typical damage. Near Walker, Iowa, William Mc-Namara, above, lost 95 acres of corn when hailstones pelted his field. Some of the stones, besides breaking 24 windows in his house, went through the roof. At a turkey farm near Albany, Ore., a heat wave killed some 13,000 turkeys, below. Tempera tures, during the wave which struck western Oregon, reached 106 degrees.



THE FARM FRONT John Russell

Recently, in The Christian Science Monitor, I ran across an article about farming in Holland -that is to say, that part of Holland recently reclaimed from the sea. It was so interesting that, without apology, I am passing it along to you. Hope you enjoy it.

Fourteen years ago, fishing boats chugged across the IJsel Meer here. Noisy sea gulls dove low over white-rimmed waves and climbed again in the wind that blew from the North Sea. Today, at this same spot, there the smooth central square of Emmeloord, new town in a new land won from the sea. And all around there lies the wide fertile farm countryred-roofed farmhouses and black

green fields and meadows-ten small villages in all. This is the Northeast Polder the northeastern most of the territories won from the former Zuider Zee. It is a civilization grown out of the sea bottom, an Atlantis created by the courage ingenuity, and work of men.

. . . . This is new Holland where nothing-grass, trees, or roadsis older than 12 years. Even the microscopic organisms needed for the development of the soil were brought in by men.

The people, too, have come from outside, from the old mainland. Living on this polder land they hardly dared to dream of a farm of their own. In this

5. Spy 6. Mingle 9. Shake

36. iDscharges 38. Cab 39. Location

- and Andy

respectful
11. Unity
12. Merciless
19. Light

20. Baseball

Answer elsewhere on this page.

verted into an assembly hall within an hour. . . . A glance from the third-storey hotel window takes in the steeples of new churches all around, the long rows of sturdy modern brick residences surrounded by flower gardens and by the be-

eldest son can hope to inherit

his father's land. Farms are too

small to be divided. And prac-

ically all arable land is under

But also for agricultural la-

borers, mechanics, and clerical

workers, the polder is a new

frontier. Many of them have

found jobs in and around the

town of Emmeloord. There are

three automobile agencies in the

town, a straw factory and many

. . .

two broad shopping streets -

modern stores displaying the la

test merchandise from Amster

street ends, the cow pasture

begin. Lining the curb are trim

small cars, many of them be-

longing to polder farmers. New

branch offices of banks, saving

institutions, and farmer coopera-

Facing the square is the en-

trance of the town's civic cen-

ter, topped by a group of bronze

there is a theater for stage plays

and movies, a modern hotel, and

an artistically designed farm ex-

change hall which can be con-

ives tell of financial growth.

dam and the Hague. Where the

Off the central square 14....

other private businesses.

ginnings of parks and play-The soil on the polder's 2,000 farms is some of the most productive in the world. It is irrigated through a dense network of underground pipes whose total length exceeds that of the equator. The pipes connect with small ditches; the ditches empty into canals, the same canals on which ships bring supplies and carry away the farm produce. Huge pumping stations regulate the polder's water supply in relation to the inland sea.

Farming is highly mechanized from the automatic feeding of the cattle to the harvesting machines and the machines with which the crops are stacked in the large, fireproof barns made of prefabricated concrete Development of the Northeast Polder, like that of the future other polders, has been done through a peculiar combination of socialist planning and capitalist free enterprise.

Apart from the conditional lease, the farmers are free to run their farms after their own plans and under the risks of private enterprise. While half of the crop is subsidized by government price guarantees, the rest is sold on the free market. This system apparently pays off handsomely. Some polder farmers clear a net income of \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year, com parable to that of a higher of-ficial in the middle brackets of

the Dutch civil service,

. . .

R. Barcias Warren B.A. B.D.

The Way of Christian Fellow ship, 1 John, Chapter 1 Memory Selection: If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another. 1 John 1:7.

No one was better qualified than John to write of the way of Christian fellowship. Of all the disciples he was the closest to Jesus. He leaned upon Jesus' bosom at the last supper. was "the disciple whom Jesus In the first general division

(1:4 to 2:29), the apostle states that God is light (1:5); then he proceeds to show that we must walk in the light if we are to walk with him. He then shows the conduct expected of those who walk in the light. In the second division (3:1 to 4:6), he emphasizes the fact that God our Father; and he shows that we cannot have fellowship with him unless we act like sons of God. In the third division (4:7 to 5:21), John states that fod is love. The only way, then, whereby we may walk with him is for us to walk in love; and the requirements of such a walk are made clear.

To walk with God we must have our sins forgiven. "If we confess — he is faithful and just o forgive." As we walk in the light the heart is cleansed. One who has fellowship with God does not walk in sin. (3:4-10;2:1). f he should fall into sin, he has an Advocate who is eager o assist him back to restored fellowship with God. Ralph Thompson writing in Arnold's Commentary lists other characteristics of the walk with God. it is a walk of obedience to the Father; it is a walk of love for the brethren, it is marked by an absence of love for the world. Those who walk with God have faith when they pray. This walk is a way of happiness. "These hings write we unto you that your joy may be full." (1:4).

John's letters have a warmth reflecting the intimate fellowship which he enjoyed with the Saviour. His second letter to a Christian lady expresses his delight in the Christian character of some of her grown children. In his third letter to Gaius he expresses his disapproval of th church boss. The church board who allows a Diotrephes to lominate is as guilty as Dio-

Angler's Paradise

Every fisherman dreams of he perfect day when he will hook a fish every time he casts his line, and go on doing so until his basket is full. What a tale he would have to tell!

Such a dream may now come true as a result of experiments with electrical aids that have been going on recently It may then be possible for the angler to put aside his rod and to take with him instead two metal poles connected to a portable When these poles are put into

the water and held some distance apart they will attract fish to them All the fisherman has to do is to lift the best ones out with his net. It would be as easy as that. This novel fishing idea was

discovered by studying the electric eel. It had long been known that this South American freshwater fish was capable of producing a powerful electric shock. It was decided to investigate this shock in order to find out how and why the fish produced it. As a result we now have a clear picture of a fish that leads an astonishing all-

A full grown electric eel may be anything up to five feet long and is capable of sending out an electric shock of at least 500 volts. The highest recorded voltage was 650. Even young eels only six inches long are capable of a full strength shock.

With these shocks the eels cap-ture their food, skilfully adjusting the strength according to certain size are thro the size of their prey, so that it is stunned but not killed. them are killed or too badly When electric eels are put into an aquarium tank it takes pured to survive. therefore, does imme them a few days to adjust their shock mechanism. At first most of future years.

of the fish put in for food are With electrical fish killed outright, and the eels well be size of fish attracted to High voltage shocks, though, by varying the str are not the only electrical weap-ons employed by these remarkter. Then only table size would be of radar in finding their way bout and in locating their prey. injury. The young eels have quite well Some investigat leveloped eyes, but these de-

bilities in applying

discharge could draw

owards the ship.

that it might prove pretty p

comfortable for anyone who has

side, the whale would be meas-

ured and if below minimum size released unharmed

Besides having pointed the

switching off the current.

way towards fishing h

tricity, the electric eel has an

other claim to fame. It is now

trying to find out more about

how our nerves work. That

long time, and a good deal of

During the war a team work.

ing on the electric organs of the

eel made the discovery that they

seemed to be nothing more than

sand times. The whole organ

consists of between five and six

thousand separate elements, each

capable of giving a tenth of

volt discharge, like a nerve. In-

vestigating it has therefore pro-

vided information that could not

have been obtained by stud

ing single nerves.

nerves magnified several thou

research has been devoted

inding out how they do it.

nerves give out tiny electrical

discharges of about

misfortune to fall

board! When attracted a

aids to whaling.

time the fish is about a foot When they they give out a series of fiftyvolt impulses into the water at the rate of about fifty every second. These get reflected back from objects in the water, and return to the eels, which have special organs for picking them up. This sixth sense replaces heir lost sight.

generate and are useless by the

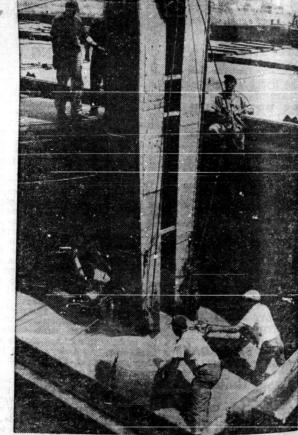
refuse to eat them.

How does a fish produce such big electrical voltage of the least twice the ovltage of the each side of its body to the end of its tail the electric eel has a series of special muscles. These behave like a long line of batteries connected up in series. But how the fish release the electrical discharge remains a

If an electric eel can stun or kill fish with a discharge of electricity surely it might be. possible to design fishing equipment based on the same principle? A number of scientists have been working on this theory for the last ten years with encouraging results. They found that if two metal

rods are connected up to a generator and put into the water. any near-by fish are drawn towards the positive rod. They behave as though hypnotized, being quite incapable of swimming away and are easily scooped up in a net. Even large and crafty fish are enticed from their lairs by this modern pied From angling by electricity it

s only a step to deep sea fishing with larger apparatus, and the Russians are reported to have made some headway in this direction. Electrical fishing has important advantages over the present method of trawling. When a trawler is working, small as well as large fish are



CHICAGO FLOODED-BY WHEAT-An avalanche of wheat descending on Chicago. Nearly one million bushels arrive every 24 hours, as the wheat harvest run reaches its peak. In one seven-day period, 6,825,000 bushels poured in-enough to load a train 36 miles long. In typical scene, above, worke guide power shovel at the city's largest grain elevator, the 17-million-bushel Cargill installation. The shovels pull the grain into high-speed elevating equipment.



SMALL-FRY MERCHANDISING—No wasting of summer vacation time playing cowboys Indians for nine year-old Johnny Lemes. The enterprising youngster collected a number vehicles and, as seen above, fixed himself up aused-car lot, complete with taxis seen above. Chapman, eight, who lives next door, is interested in making a deal but doesn't seem

TABLE TALKS of clane Andrews.

FAIRY DESSERT oon baking powder cup fine granulated or fruit

Beat egg whites until stiff. Sift baking powder with sugar gradually beat into egg Put into two wellered cake or pies tins and bake at 350° F., for 20 minutes. When cool put towith sliced fruit mixed whipped cream. Cover top ith whipped cream. Chill well rator before serving.

PEACH DELIGHT package lemon or orange felly powder cup boiling water. 1 cup cold water tablespoon lemon juice 1 cup diced peaches 2 cup blanched almonds, cup whipping cream

add cold water and non juice. Chill. When slightthickened, beat until frothy with rotary egg beater. Fold in almonds and whipped eam. Pour into one large or x individual moulds that have insed in cold water. Chill' til set Yield: six servings.

CHERRY WHIP 1 cup (about 2 cups pitted) sour cherries, chopped 1/3 cup sugar

4 teaspoon almond flavouring (optional) Chop pitted cherries in food chopper. Add 1 tablespoon sugar and bring to the boil. Strain. Chill fruit and juice.

Beat egg white and salt until frothy. Add 1 tablespoon cherry juice and beat until stiff but not dry. Add remaining sugar little at a time and cont to beat until the mixture stands peaks. Add flavouring. Chill When ready to serve, fold i vield: 5 to 6 servings. ustard or cherry sauce.

RASPBERRY MALLOW cups raspberries
(1/4 lb.) marshmallows & cup icing sugar teaspoons lemon juice 2 cup whipping cream Wash raspberries and place efrigerator to chill. Cut each

rshmallow into eight piece and dust with icing sugar to keep pieces separate. Just bee serving, whip cream. Comspherries and lemon uice, then add coconut and whipped cream and serve in



the can, darling?"

sherbet glasses. Yields: six servings.

. . . GLAZED SOUR CHERRY TARTS . 4 cups sour cherries, pitted 1½ cups sugar
1/16 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon cornstarch
½ cup water

baked tart shells Combine cherries, sugar and salt in a saucepan and allow to stand a few minutes. Bring to the boil and drain cherries, reserving juice. Arrange cherries in baked tart shells. Combine ornstarch with water and add to juice. Return to the heat stirring constantly until the glaze thickens and becomes clear. Add food colouring until glaze is a bright cherry red. Spoor glaze over cherries arranged in baked tart shells. Chill. Yield

12 large tarts, 20 to 24 medium RASPBERRY DELIGHT 1½ cups fresh raspberries 2 tablespoons hot water 2½ tablespoons granulated

2 egg whites 3 cup granulated sugar % teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons lemon juice
3 tablespoons juice drained from fruit

Dissolve the first quantity sugar in hot water. Chill. Pour over the fruit and allow to stand a few minutes Drain the fruit and reserve the juice. Combine unbeaten egg whites, sugar, salt, lemon juice and fruit juice in the top of a double boiler. Place over boil ing water and beat with a rotary beater until the mixture holds its shape — about 7 minutes. Gently fold in the thoroughly drained raspberries. Chill before serving in sherbet glasses. Yield: 6 servings.

Build Memorial To Puppet

Now on view in the little Italian village of Collodi is the world's first memorial to the puppet Pinocchio, central figure of a fairy story written in the village in 1880 by Carlo Loren-

Schoolchildren all over the world who have read the story of the "fairy with blue hair" or have seen Walt Disney's film ca toon about Pinocchio contributed coins to pay for the memorial. Pinocchio has, therefore, join ed the very select company of purely fictitious characters who have their own memorials or

In Munich, Little Red Riding Hood and her wolf are immortalized in stone and at the Dutch village of Spaarndam, near Haarlem, is a statue of Hans Brinker, the legendary Dutch boy who prevented a flood by stopping a hole in a dyke with

ists is the graceful bronze statue representing Hans Andersen's "Little Mermaid," which was erected forty-three years ago at the entrance to Copenhagen Harbour. She sits on a huge boulder, looking as though she has just emerged from the sea. One of the most delightful of all London statues is that of Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Another book character with the same Christian name is Shockheaded Peter, created by the German writer, Dr. Hoffman. His statue was unveiled in



AFTER THE BRAWL IS OVER-This wild meles, looking like the brawl to end brawls, is actually a staged fight scene, being filmed in Elstree, England. The shenanigans are necessary for a scene in the film, "The Good Companions." Out of the danger-ous-looking pile-up of stars and extras, the actors emerged unscarred.



HIS CUP RUNNETH OVER - Christopher, a five-month-old Rhesus monkey, doesn't appreciate the helping hand of cleanliness. Bathing is one of those things Christopher dislikes entirely. The monkey is a favorite at the "Pet's Corner" of the Whipsnade, England, zoo.

Old-Fashioned Ice-Cream—Yum!

cream in a box — ten cents," announced the refreshment vendor, stopping at each seat as he made his way down the aisle of

the train. For several weeks (ever since the day my brother telephoned to say he was going to the farm) I had been thinking about the old-fashioned freezer ice cream we used to make on Saturdays at the farm. How my brother or I used to "sit" on the freezer, out back of the barn, while father turned the handle. And the view we had of the farmlands and the mountains, writes Harriet Patchin Butham in The Christian Science Monitor.

So one day last summer I bought a train ticket to the farm. I hadn't been back in twenty years. Not since we turned over the title to Cousin Anne. Naturally, I expected some things would be different. There wouldn't be Joe (with rubber pad slung over his "ice" shoulder) driving his wagon up to the back door; fortifying himself against our onslaught of pleading for "pieces of ice to eat."
While Rosalie, who always wore a straw hat in summer (both ears poking through), would give a disgusted stomp of a hoof

shake of her mane. Some-

times while Joe was in the kit-

chen, we would pull wild flow-

ers and climbing to Rosalie's back twine them around her

ears and hat. My brother and I

were the only ones from whom

she would tolerate such goings

And I had been told the windmill was gone. For the many years it was retired from pumping water its days were easygoing. Accomplishing nothing. But that is unjust. For without it the scene would have been less beautiful. It was a memorial to a more leisurely age. And the breeze blew not in vain, for the windmill would yield to it as long as there was a sweep left upon it. As I now thought of it, I could not but regret the inroads that invention, surveyor, and engineer have made upon such timeless things. But I felt certain there was one thing which would be the same. We'd have ice cream on Frankfurt in 1929.

"Ice cream in a box. Ice | if he had brought home coarse salt the week before. Occasionally, he would forget to specify and have to take the coarse salt back Thinking it would impress him with the importance of bringing pulverized, father had explained that too coarse a salt did not dissolve and thereby produce cold in the cream rapid ly enough. So the pulverized salt was used with the ice for packing, to help keep the cream frozen. But in spite of this my brother forgot once in a while.

My brother and I would carry the freezer to the back of the barn. Father would bring out two pails from the shed . one filled with the pulverized salt and the other with the chopped ice. And after we had put the ice and salt around the freezer can, mother would pour the cream mixture into it. The promised reward of "licking" the dasher made sitting on th freezer enviable and alleviated the discomforts which three layers of old rugs failed to assuage. When a friend offered to build a gadget to hold the buc-ket steady there were vociferous protests from us. "We can hold it steady enough by sitting

on it," we insisted. We thought

we might miss out on the dash

Usually after ten minutes of And as usual, father would so of "turning" the cream was call out, "Children, is it that dasher again?" And he would frozen. The one who had "sat" waited eagerly for the dasher, settle the matter by making me midst great pleading by the own up that I knew very well it was my brother's turn. But I other one for sharing of the rich mixture which would be clingalways managed to extract ing to be blades. Followed by promise of a "lick." our begging father not to "scrape "Last chance to buy your ice off so much." And I could recream — ten cents," called the vendor again. And I found mymember father and my brother carrying the bucket and par self repeating, "No ice back to the shed, followed closein a box on our farm." And I ly by the cat who always seemcouldn't help adding, "It will be homemade, too." ed hopeful that through some good fortune a bit of cream So when Anne met me at the would have found its way to the station, after greetings were outside of the bucket. It would done with and we were seated walk around the two pails and in her car, I said, "Of course there'll be ice cream for desthe freezer until convinced there was nothing to be had. Or unsert on Sunday." "Oh, yes, indeed," she retil we scraped some ice cream off the dasher for it. And I vividplied. "We've carried on the tra-

bucket as a sort of added insula-All this I thought about as I Sunday - made in the old rode along. freezer set in its bucket of pine staves. That was a tradition. And

ly recall its dislike of the green

and white brine-soaked blanket

which we threw over the whole

cause it was then the peach sea-Ice cream in a box?" "Not on our farm," I reassured myself. Never did we buy ice cream. "Nothing but homemade." even knew the recipe by heart. It was under "Philadelphia and Neapolitan Ice Creams" on page 105 of the blue-checked oilcloth-covered cookbook. "Scald one pint of cream; add one cupful granulated sugar, and stir continually. Cool. Add one pint cream whipped stiff, pinch of salt; vanilla or mashed fruit in

Anne was great for carrying on

traditions. I was sure, too, it

would be peach ice cream, be-

On Saturdays mother would give me fifteen cents to buy the cream. And I'd start for the neighboring farmhouse (we didn't have cows) with the two pint pails. My brother would start toward the village with his little yellow cart to get the pul-verized salt. (Joe always left chopped ice and the coarse packing salt with our regular ice or-der.) While mother scalded out the freezer and washed the buc-ket, setting them on the ledge in

the shed to dry out. "Remember — pulverized," she would call after my brother

At the store on the corner of by street there hangs a sign, "Old-fashioned freezer-made ice am." But I never have bought any. "Why?" I now asked myself. "Why am I riding five hun-dred miles for old-fashioned ice cream when I can get it within a five-minute walk from my home?" The answer did not come at once. Then suddenly I knew.

erows; and the sound of grind-

bered up the hill with a load of

feed; and the breeze carrying the voices of my playmates

And I had but to turn my

head to see the dark patterns

made by drifting clouds pass

ing over the treetops and squares

ross the valley. Now and then

I could hear the rhythmic pound-

ing of a hammer echoing up the ravine. Here and there a red-

dened maple leaf seemed an in-

ruder. And I would find my-

self thinking, "Not yet. A little

more time to run barefoot, to

swim in the pond, to lie watch-ing the gold and black butter-flies clinging to the purple clo-

ver's stem — folding and unfolding their winks. More time

to lie face down and breathe

And I remembered the peach

orchard. The fruit suspended like baubles from a Christmas

tree. My brother would clim

to the branches that were be

yond my reach, placing the

fruit in baskets (oh, so gently) set in crotches of the trees. And

when we had filled all the bas-

kets, father would drive through the orchard and we would load

them into the wagon. Then we climbed on Ned's broad back

for the ride to the house. With

what anticipation we carried the fruit into the shed. Most

of it was set aside for canning, but some was held out for the

ice cream. And like the chil-

dren's sugar-plum visions, vi-sions of ice cream danced in our

"It's my turn to sit on th

freezer this week," I would

sometimes say to my brother

(with a slight twinge of con-science) as we placed the last

"No it isn't," he would insist

dition - ice cream on Sundays.

And your brother knew you'd

"Hurrah for both of you,"

want peach ice cream.'

almost shouted.

forcefully. "You sat last week."

the sun-drenched earth."

farmlands, on the hills ac-

ing wagon wheels, as Ned lu

across the fields.

er to the back of the barn. I've wasn't alone the old-fashioned got the ice and salt and we can ice cream, or even licking the get the bucket packed by the time Anne has the cream mixdasher. It was the purple peaks of mountains rising between the ture ready." dips of distant hills; and oaks, "I won't help you do anything two hundred years old or more, unless you let me sit on the leaning against an azure sky; freezer," I said with feigned and yellow butterflies over the trailing squash vines - flying petulance. Anne came to the kitchen wide apart, then close together Their wings crossing back and forth like a dancer's entrechats. It was these things blending with the songs of locusts and crickets; and the caws of

gan, shaking her finger in mock

asked eagerly, "out back of the barn where I can see the moun-

just as I used to do? And of

course I want to lick the dash

er," I went on, hardly atking a breath. "I've been looking for-

"Just in time," my brother said as I wandered around to

the shed. "Just in time to help

me carry the bucket and freez-

tains and fields and orchard

ward to this for weeks."

" ... is it that dasher again?" we finished out in chorus.

About Henry-The Handy Man

For those of us suburbanites gaudy enough to have a summer place up in the mountains er at the shore, the Man of the Hour, practically any hour, is a man in a blue denim shirt, disreputable pants and perfectly disgraceful hat . . .

He's the handyman. He knows somebody who knows, how to do everything under the sun or a leaky roof. He can bank salt grass around the foundations and put leaves and burlar around the shrubs and put a cap on the chimney against winter snows and drain the water systhings so they won't mildew and put the shutters on and disconnect the electric generator and check up on the lightning rods and make the barn door stay shut and find a home for the cat that wandered in from some-

The first Henrys were probab-ly fishermen, or hired hands from nearby farms, who were prevailed upon to help some cottager pry open an attic win-dow or get rid of a wasps' nest Whatever they started as, they developed into a startling breed of men. With a broken-bladed knife and a small Stillson wrench they will tackle, suc-cessfully, everything from a collapsed back stoop to a magneto. Still another of the Henry's must have been pretty nearly the archetype. Fittingly, he was always called mister—Mr. Todd. He could seemingly do anything, find anything, and invent anything. One house needed a few slate shingles. There wasn't another slate-roofed house within twenty miles or a slate quarry within a hundred. Mr. Todd went off to his own place, and flowerpots and a few teeth for

dozen slates he'd sort of "been holdin' onto" . . . furbish an antique from an auction sale. He found a piece of basswood he'd "been keepin' and fitted it into a chipped bil of inlay on a table. He happene to have some old brass-headed tacks which were just the thing for a fireplace bellows. He charged for everything he dug up, but most often it was, "Well, ha'f a dollar'd be about right." —From "Slightly Cooler in the "Suburbs", by C. B. Palmer.

"Good morning, dector," said the young man. "I just dropped in to tell you how much I benefitted from your treatments. "But you're not a patient of mine," the doctor said.

"No. It was my uncle. I'm his "May I sit on the freezer," I heir."





HEAT GOT YOU BEAT? GRIN AND BARE IT-One surefire method of surviving the sizzling summer is with a cool pool. Witness the ladies in wading, left. Martine Dowling and her silent bronze partner enjoy the fountain in the Place de la Concorde in Paris, France. In coother section of the same city, a young lady strips for action, prior to a cooling dip in her birthday suit at a local pool.