

Death Pact Vow Led To Haunting

"You'll never convince me, life after death! All right—prove it!"

Even as a third-year law student at Edinburgh University, Henry Brougham was a confirmed skeptic.

The friend to whom he made this declaration considered for a moment. Then he asked, "If somebody you liked or loved appeared to you at the moment of death, would you be convinced?"

"Well, I might," conceded Brougham reluctantly.

"Suppose we now make a compact that whoever dies first will appear to the other at the moment of death?" the other suggested.

To Brougham the idea was little more than a joke. But when his friend took out his penknife and made a small cut in his hand saying, "We'll record this compact in blood," he began to take the proposal slightly more seriously.

The pact was drawn up, each party to it using his blood as ink. Then, as so often happens with youthful stunts, the whole business was forgotten.

We do not know the name of the young man who challenged Brougham. But the Scots lawyer referred to him in his memoirs, written years later when he was a rich and famous peer, as "G."

Some years after their pact, Henry Brougham went with some friends to Sweden on holiday. The party did not include G., who had joined the Indian Civil Service.

One day the party decided to walk from Sweden into Norway. Their objective was Gothenburg. The Swedish port, the first leg of a long hike.

The way was mountainous and it was at one o'clock on a cold December morning that they arrived, exhausted, at an inn and decided to stay there for the night. They were fatigued and cold, but the inn people were hospitable.

To their delight they found that the inn was able to offer them the unexpected luxury of hot baths. And Henry Brougham sank back into his with a sense of voluptuous pleasure. Immersion in hot water when he had been so cold and tired induced sleepiness.

He had been seeking for some time when he chanced to look at the chair where he had left his clothes, and he was staggered to see sitting there his almost forgotten college friend!

The figure was precise and clear and completely lifelike—no lifelike, in fact, that as Brougham gazed from his bath he collapsed on the floor in a dead faint. When he revived the spectre had vanished.

Sugar Adds Spice To Sculpture

Artistic chefs recently displayed their skill as sculptors at a hotel show. But their medium was mostly sugar, rather than marble. Items that attracted wide interest were, above, a graceful statue of ballerina Phyllis Ponn and an elaborately pursed, also of sugar. Below are a statue of Robin Hood, in sugar, and a wheat-filled literal "bread" basket made of baked dough.



Glamorous Sandwich Loaf

4 hard-boiled eggs
1 cup finely chopped, cooked turkey
¼ cup chopped sweet pickles or pickle relish
1 can cream of mushroom soup (10-12 ounces)
Salt and pepper
12 slices bread
2 tablespoons softened butter
¼ cup milk

Chop 2 of the eggs combine with turkey, pickles, and half the soup. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Trim crusts from bread and cut slices in half to make 24 pieces. Place 2 pieces bread close together on baking



Scots have the reputation of being hardheaded, and Brougham was no exception. If he argued, I tell my friends about this they will only laugh or say that I have been dreaming.

So before leaving that inn the next morning he recorded what had happened and dated it December 19th, 1799.

Soon afterwards, Brougham was back in Edinburgh, busy with his law practice, when news reached him that G. had died suddenly in India.

Going to a black box, Henry Brougham unlocked it and took out a folded paper.

Time had changed the writing in blood to a dull brown, but there it was, that solemn compact made on a wintry night many years before.

One can tell from reading the great lawyer's memoirs that the existence of that death compact irked him. He would have preferred to have forgotten it, and with it, the spectre in the inn.

But the legal mind is ever hungry for evidence, and Henry Brougham made it his business to find out the date of his former friend's sudden death.

Did he guess, even before he had the evidence, that it would be December 19th? And did he realize that the hour of G's death would coincide exactly with the anniversary of the spectre in the inn?

That's how it worked out: yet Lord Brougham remained a skeptic to the day of his death. He wrote off the ghost as a dreamlike illusion brought about by extreme fatigue and the action of hot water on exhaustion.

There are other cases of phantoms who seem to have appeared to the living. For example, Pliny the younger, a Roman writer who lived in the first century A.D., told us of a Greek named Athenodorus who was offered a fine house very cheap.

"Why is it so cheap?" he asked. "It's haunted," he was told.

Being a skeptic, Athenodorus decided to buy the house.

The first night he spent there he was suddenly aroused by a loud clanking. He sat up in bed to see an aged man, loaded with chains, beckoning from the doorway.

Trembling with fright, Athenodorus rose and followed the ghost out into the courtyard. There it dropped and pointed to the ground.

Having done that, it vanished. The next morning, Athenodorus dug at the spot indicated by the spectre. Finally, after going deep, he came upon a skeleton in chains.

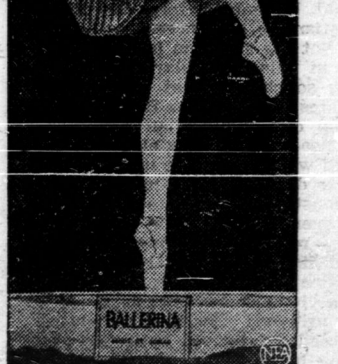
The skeleton was given honorable burial, after which, Pliny relates, the hauntings stopped.

NO MEMORIES

First Old Maid: "I hate, to think of my youth!"

Second Old Maid: "Why, what happened?"

First Old Maid: "Nothing."



Remember to take your turkey out of the oven 15-20 minutes before it is to be carved to allow juices to be absorbed—and have your platter large enough for convenient and graceful carving!

In many families the after-Christmas meals with turkey are as enjoyable as the first one. Here are a few suggestions for ways to serve your turkey as long as it lasts:

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SIR ANTHONY EDEN

EDEN DROPS THE REINS—Retirement from public life by Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden, left, poses a new threat to Britain's stability in the Middle East. The 59-year-old diplomat turned over the job of guiding Britain through the coming crisis days to R. A. ("RAB") Butler, right, Lord Privy Seal and leader of the House of Commons. Butler has not seen eye-to-eye with Eden on some aspects of his policies toward Egypt.



R. A. BUTLER

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Using And Abusing Electricity

While fatalities are rare, most electric shocks are quite common. For the most part these are due to the faulty installation, care, and handling of appliances and connections.

In addition, electricity ranks as an important cause of fire. This is chiefly due to overloaded and short circuits, often hidden inside the walls of the house. When a circuit is overloaded, there is a short circuit, the wires get hot. Unless there is a circuit breaker or fuse in the line, a fire may result.

The average house fifteen or more years old—and for that matter, many new homes—has inadequate wiring. Complete rewiring has been added to laundry lines have been added to the kitchen circuit, and so on. Ironers, all of which take many amperes. An attic fan with peak loads of 15 H.P. may have been installed in a parolous manner.

Laundry appliances should be plugged in wall receptacles not attached to overhead light fixtures.

When an air conditioner is installed, unless a separate line is added you are apt to have an overload, unless it is the small, ½ ton size.

The ordinary house fuse is 15 amperes. If any number of appliances are added to the kitchen circuit—especially broilers or irons, an overload will follow. The best answer is an additional circuit.

Obviously, when an electric range is installed, a separate line must be added, usually 220 volts.

Power machinery also requires a separate line. It is best to install a key switch, which can be thrown when machinery is not in use.

While many homeowners are sufficiently skilled to make some of these installations, they need to have major electrical work done by licensed electricians.

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Little Princess Almost Starved

The little Princess Katherine of Wales was sobbing her heart out. She was cold, hungry and very dirty. There is no food for her. The servants are all dead. The door opened and Katherine screamed as she saw a wild, disheveled man appear.

"That is your father, the King," said her governess, dropping a deep curtsy. The Princess looked at him with terror in her eyes. She knew that her father was mad and that her mother kept him locked up in the palace.

He was having one of his rare bad spells, and, noticing the tiny state of the palace, had been questioning the servants. He heard that his children were aged and hungry while his wife, Queen Isabeau, was away enjoying herself with a new lover.

"Who is this child?" he asked the governess as he gazed at the tiny girl.

"She is Katherine, your present daughter, sire."

"Because she is cold and hungry," he was told.

"Take this gold vase, sell it and buy food for the children," the King replied. It was the last thing of value left in the palace.

When Isabeau heard of her husband's return to sanity, she was frightened. All France knew of stories of her scandalous life. Her present lover, Louis of Orleans, urged her to flee with the children. Fortunately, Isabeau was captured and sent to prison and Katherine was removed to a convent.

Her father died and it was years later before she saw her mother again. Katherine had grown into a beautiful young woman and the wily Isabeau was in her power.

"We must try to marry you off well," she said. She had Katherine's portrait painted and sent to Henry V of England, who was waging war against France.

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BUCK LAMB QUESTION

Maine has never had a buck lamb. Sportsmen beg deer regardless of sex. They have ample proof that this works. Poor game laws and sportsmen. The annual bag has averaged over 35,000 deer for the past three years.

The state half the size of Missouri. Maine deer have steadily increased in size and improved in condition. In 1925, a 200-lb. deer was a rarity. Last year 837 deer were bagged that weighed over 200 lbs. and 55 went past 300 lbs. Few buck law states report their herds are decreasing in stature, antler development and reproductive vigor. Yet many sportsmen throw up their hands when a no-sex law is mentioned.

So you taste those that come in the mail judiciously, turning over a bite in your mouth to savor the spiciness, you try them on your husband to get his judgment, the children eat as many as you will let them have, and the verdict is always the same. The ones you are best of all!

Here is the recipe:

GINGERBREAD COOKIES

7 pounds of flour
1 ½ cups freshly ground ginger
1 ½ cups freshly ground cinnamon
1 ½ cups nutmegs (nowadays we substitute 1 ½ teaspoons of ground nutmeg. I haven't seen a nutmeg grater for years!)

1 pound brown sugar
1 pound white sugar

Mix these dry ingredients well with the hands before adding 3 pounds lard.

Blend in the shortening with the hands, then add 1 ½ quarts dark molasses, into which has been put 1 teaspoonful baking soda.

Knead and mix with the hands until a smooth dough is obtained. Cut, then bake for 12 minutes in a 375 degree oven.

It used to be sacrilege to make these cookies "fussy." No, they must be ¾-inch thick, cut with a round cutter about 2 ½ inches in diameter and watched carefully.

Next morning the children are excited or they are all allowed to cut, after Mother has rolled out the dough to an even thickness. We always time our baking for 12 minutes, so long that all could help. Mother does the baking, and if a child is allowed to bake a few cookies, it is loved to taste a mile from the road marks a milestone on the road to adulthood.

Watching the oven is a bit of a privilege. To find out whether a cookie is done, you press it lightly with a finger, and if the dent remains, you leave

the painful in for another minute or two.

These cookies are rather chewy if underbaked, and some families like them that way; other batches may be very crisp because overbaked, but part of the lot is always "just right." They are hot with spice, and I know that most folks don't know when to stop eating them.

In making these cookies, you never use spices from the cupboard; you always buy them fresh. Some families use vegetable shortening in place of lard, but this causes head shakings and dubious looks from others. You just don't tamper with great-grandmother Catherine's recipe!

Legal Loopholes Trick Justice

An assize judge in England wondered recently whether he could accept a naked footprint as evidence against an alleged bare-footed burglar. In giving evidence on footprint and fingerprints, a Scotland Yard expert mentioned that in twenty-eight years he had examined millions of fingerprints never to find two the same and then the defense counsel leaped up.

They pointed out that if the detective had examined only a million prints he would have had to look at twenty an hour every single working day for twenty-eight years—and millions of prints involved obviously double that task.

Though the burglar was convicted on other grounds, legal loopholes often trick justice. One crook won an appeal because a witness was gone. He pointed out that he didn't have to break anything to get in.

An embezzler made a get-away from England, and ended up in Australia. Detectives traced him and the Home Office began extradition proceedings. But the United Nations for should we say, Disunited Nations, our alliances, our diplomacy; these United Nations are hazy, allegorical, and save us from destruction. We need Jesus Christ. Only as we repent of our sins and believe on Him, shall we receive this love which is the very nature of God. God so loved that he gave his only begotten Son . . . John 3:16. May we believe on Him.

BLACK CAT TURNS WHITE

James W. Wright had a jet black Persian cat. Old Tab was always giving trouble trying to get at the canary. One day, while the cat was figuring out a new approach, the bird cage fell, striking the door with a loud clatter and rolling around noisily. The frightened cat ducked for cover.

Old Tab disappeared for over 24 hours. When he finally showed up again, there was a white ring around his neck. Wright says that the ring has spread now until only the cat's tail remains black. Some say:

Upaidedown to Prevent Peeking

Carefully every day the boy put a penny in the slot, but the coin was fastened to a piece of thread with which he whisked it out again. "The notice tells you to drop a penny in the slot," he declared. "It doesn't say anything about leaving it there!"

IT'S EASY

Usually you can tell, by looking at a girl, what kind of person she is going to have.

THE FARM FRONT

John Russell

PRICE OF A PICTURE—When Thayne Smith, stopped to take a picture of some goats, he got this. Curious, one of the goats leaped on the back of his car. The trunk lid was badly scratched by sharp hoofs.

Great—great—grandmother Catherine's Christmas cookies! I can smell them yet—the first thing we sniffed when, as children, we went to our grandmother's house a week or so before Christmas! A gingery, cinnamon aroma that pervaded every room for a week after the cookies had been made. And no matter what relatives we called on during Christmas season, we could always tell by the fragrance that met us at the front door whether we would be offered some of THE ginger cookies.

I can taste those cookies in memory, too, for I have eaten them almost every Christmas that I can remember, so hot with spices that I just wasn't sure I liked them. But when the grown-ups praised them and ate them by handfuls, I had to make believe I enjoyed them too. And then each year the taste grew on me, until I was asking with the older children along in December, "When will we go down cellar to bring up the big gray crockery bowl dedicated to great-grandmother Catherine's gingerbread?"

Some families use their biggest dishpan, others even use a wash boiler, for this is not just an ordinary batch of cookies. When you're done, you have two or three hundred! At our house these were always kept in the gray-and-blue stone, wedge-shaped crock that stood in one corner of the dining room. The original lid was gone, but a large pie plate did as well.

After inspection of hands and the rolling up of sleeves, the younger ones look on while Father or one of the older boys mixes the first part: dry flour, sugar and spices, with the lard. Squish comes the soft dough through the fingers, puffed comes up the bowl from the bottom of the flour. Advice is given freely (and a good deal of dry left on that side) or "Better turn it all over Dad, there's still flour at the bottom!"

When everyone is satisfied that the sticky mass is completely blended, then comes the hard part. The bubbly, yellow soda-and-molasses is poured in. The mixing now is real work for it takes strong arm and hand muscles to knead the whole into a smooth dough. After a partial kneading by Father, the small children are given a wad to pound and press, and finally a smooth, dark brown, glossy dough is produced, with not a sign of any ingredients or smear of fingers showing.

Now a bit of the dough is pinched off to taste, and usually is pronounced perfect. We always did our mixing in the evening, because the dough is supposed to be allowed to stand some hours before baking, to "ripen."

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