# TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews

Like to try some Swedish dishes? The following recipes are for a few favorites in the land of Sweden, all having the advantage of being simple to prepare, yet really tasty. I hope you'll like them as much as my family did.

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**SWEDISH PANCAKES**

2 eggs
1 cup flour
2 cups milk
1 teaspoon salt

Beat the eggs well, add flour, milk and salt. Beat again. Let stand two hours before using. Cook on hot greased griddle, using one tablespoon of batter for each cake and turning them only once. Serve with syrup or cranberry sauce.

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**COFFEE CAKE**

1 cup sugar
½ cup butter
2 eggs separated
½ cup sweet milk
1½ cups flour
teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt

Cream sugar and butter and add the beaten yolks. Sift flour with baking powder and salt and add alternately with the milk. Last, fold in the stiffly beaten whites and mix gently. Put into a pan and pour melted butter on top.

Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and a few chopped nuts. Bake 45 minutes at 350°. Thinly sliced apples may be pressed into the cake before sprinkling with the sugar and cinnamon.

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**FRUIT SOUP**

½ pound prunes
1 cup seeded raisins
1 pound dried apricots
2 apples, sliced
1 lemon, sliced
1 orange, sliced
1 cup sugar
1 stick cinnamon
7 tablespoons tapioca

Soak dried foods, tapioca, sugar, cinnamon, orange, and lemon in water to cover, overnight. In the morning add apples, more water and cook until fruit is soft. It is equally delicious served hot or cold.

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**RICE PUDDING**

4 tablespoons rice
½ cup sugar
1 quart milk, heated
Salt to taste
1 stick cinnamon

Pour hot milk into a buttered baking dish. Add other ingredients and stir well. Place in a slow oven and bake 3 to 4 hours. Stir in the brown top that forms, several times during the baking. This makes the pudding delicious. Let brown the last half hour. Serve warm or cold with cream.

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**POTATO FLOUR CAKE**

Separate 8 eggs
Beat whites stiff and add
2 cups sugar
8 tablespoons potato flour sifted with
2 teaspoons baking powder

Fold in well-beaten egg yolks last. Mix lightly and bake 10 to 15 minutes in a 350° oven. Cover and fill with whipped cream. Fresh peaches, cut fine, may be placed between the layers or any other fruit you fancy. Makes 2 layers.

THEY PROMISE 1956 WILL BE LOVELY—Whether you pick the sweet dream at left or the queen of sophistication at right, 1956 is going to be lovely to watch — on calendars, that is. They're typical beauties of Shaw-Barton calendar manufacturers, who are responsible for a great share of the 125 million calendars distributed by businessmen throughout the nation this year.

## Found His Penny

Should you ever meet genial Tom Perry he'll probably tell you the strenge-but-true story of his war penny.

It begins when Tom was sheltering from German artillery fire in the cellar of a deserted farm house near Fecq, just over the French border in Belgium. He chanced to put his hand in his pocket and found it contained just one penny, a King George V 1914 penny.

Acting on impulse, he put it in a chink in the cellar wall.

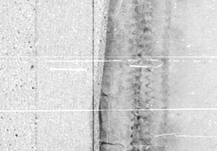
Along came the 1918 Armistice, he was demobbed and returned home to a job in a Warwickshire office. Then one day he thought of that penny and was suddenly curious to know whether it was still where he had placed it.

Years passed, but Tom didn't forget the penny. He went for a holiday on the Continent in 1954 and spent quite a lot of time and money trying to locate that old farmhouse. He failed, but decided to have another go in 1955.

Back on the Continent he tramped many more miles in a further search for the farmhouse. Then he suddenly noticed a familiar landmark, and ten minutes later he had found the farmhouse.

It wasn't difficult to persuade the friendly but surprised farmer to let him visit the cellar. There, sure enough, Tom found the penny exactly where he had left it.

Said Tom, now fifty-seven: "The farmer listened goggle-eyed when I told him the story. Then we celebrated, with home-brewed beer."



LOSING HIS "SIGHT" — "Fay", a seeing-eye dog, takes her master out for the last time. Fay, herself, is going blind. She's been guiding Indiana State Sen. Tom Hasbrook, blinded in World War 11, for 12 years. Now she's retiring, and Hashbrook must train a new "eye" dog.

BIRD-FEEDING HOBBY PAYS OFF — C. R. Likins, almost 75 years old, retired in 1950 as an aircraft inspector and has since parlayed his hobby into a new business — building "scientific" bird feeders. He's shown above inspecting some of his colorful "restaurants" in his workshop. In action now from Canada to Texas, Likin's feeders consist of citrus, tomato juice, pickle and lard cans for containers and cut-up coat hangers for "working parts." Metal "cone" awnings protect birds from the rain. His feeders hold from a pint to as much as 50 pounds of food. He says birds he feeds eat up to 40 pounds of food a week.

## What Pioneer Sod Houses Looked Like

**In reading descriptions of life of the prairies in the days of the pioneers we often find "sod houses" mentioned. But very few of us have any idea of what these houses really were—how they were built and what they were like to live in. So the following report from The Christian Science Monitor should give us a better idea of how many Canadians of an earlier generation "made do with what they had."**

* * *

Twice on a trip across Kansas a tourist may see examples now of how thousands and thousands of pioneers in Canada and the United States lived before wooden dwellings became common on the treeless prairie.

Until railroads and other transportation brought lumber within his reach, the homesteader and his family frequently lived in a "sod house."

In the northwest corner of Kansas, about 50 miles from the Colorado boundary and a little nearer the Nebraska line, a group of residents have constructed a full-size sod house to illustrate that type of dwelling. It has proved to be a strong tourist attraction.

Driving from the east, a traveller will get his first introduction to the sod house at Topeka, the state capital, where the Kansas State Historical Society has prepared in its museum an exhibit of the interior of a sod house of the 1880's as one of a series of "period rooms."

That the museum, considering the weight on its floors, has not undertaken a full reproduction of the sod house is understandable when it is noted that the walls and roof of the house in Colby contain an estimated 89 tons of earth besides the lumber in door and window frames and roof poles.

Sod houses were made by breaking long strips of soil with a spade or sod plow and cutting it into bricks two or three feet long, about one foot thick. In these the earth was held together by the thickly matted roots of the prairie grass. The blocks were laid with staggered joints, sod side down, and cracks were filled with clay. The roof was sheathed with brush, prairie grass, and a layer of sod and clay.

In the case of the exhibit at Topeka the inside walls are papered with old newspapers, following a widespread practice which, as Miss Joan Foth, assistant director of the museum, remarks, "represented a somewhat futile effort to keep the dirt and mud from seeping into the house."

The newspapers used for this wall covering are all from the historical society's extensive collection of papers of the 1870's and '80's.

The Colby house interior is just a bit more fancy in that it has a plastered wall. The plaster was applied directly to the sod without any lath after the excess grass was singed off with a torch. The window and door frames and rafters were fastened to the sod by long, hand-whittled wooden nails.

This sod house, an authentic restoration of a typical pioneer house, was built on the fairgrounds at Colby in 1953. It replaced a smaller one built there 20 years earlier by actual homesteaders as a headquarters for their reunions during county fairs.

Under the homestead law the minimum requirement in order to establish ownership of land was a dwelling 12 feet square with a door and window. The Topeka exhibit room measures 16 by 12 and the house at Colby is somewhat larger. It stands entirely above ground, whereas some "soddies" were of a semi-dugout type.

Again attempting to be true of history, both the Topeka and the Colby examples are filled with a great amount of paraphernalia.

"Since a family ate, slept and lived in this one room," says Miss Foth, "it is fairly cluttered."

The historical society's room includes a table of rough, unfinished walnut once used in a Kansas pioneer home, chairs that were brought west in a covered wagon, a buffalo hide for a floor rug, blanket rolls, washstand, candles and oil lamps, and kitchen utensils made by hand.

The Colby house likewise contains a cast iron cookstove, fuel box, wash board, crank-type churn, butter molds, kraut cutter, old guns, powder horns, ox shoes, a rocking chair, an organ, and a soapstone griddle that required no grease to fry pancakes.

Although a sod house lacked many of the refinements of later frame dwellings, old-timers recall that it had a number of advantages and was not as uncomfortable as some may suppose.

Its walls represented a highly effective type of insulation, so that it was cool in summer and relatively warm in winter. The earth floor made housekeeping difficult, but when a terrifying prairie fire swept over the country it was a refuge that wouldn't burn.

It is thought that more than a million sod-built houses once dotted the western plains from Canada to Mexico, but so far as Mr. Kesr knows, only 11 of them remain. Such a house could be built in a few days if all went well, but unless carefully tended it might not last more than five or 10 years.

* * *

**UNFAIR!**

Sitting at home, having a quiet evening, were two spinster sisters. Suddenly one looked up from the paper she was reading and commented: "There's an article here telling of the death of a woman's thru husband. She has had all of them cremated."

"Isn't that life for you?" said the other. "Some of us can't even get one husband, while others have husbands to burn."

PLAYS A BEAUTY — Using descriptions supplied by Homer in "The Iliad," Warner Brothers has selected Rossana Podesta to portray "the most beautiful woman in the world." The Italian actress will star in "Helen of Troy." She is currently doubling with Alan Ladd in "Santiago".

## Grand Salute To Theatre's First Lady

By DICK KLEINER
NEA Staff Correspondent

New York — (NEA) — When Helen Hayes first heard some talk that theater people were going to honor her for her 50 years of acting, she was shocked.

"I couldn't believe it," she says. "It just didn't seem like 50 years. I don't keep a diary or records or a scrapbook, and I'd never kept track of the years. It made me feel old."

In fact, her husband, playwright Charles MacArthur, at first opposed the plans for a "Command Performance" of theater people to highlight the anniversary celebration. He thought it would make Helen Hayes "feel decrepit."

"But I don't feel decrepit," she says, with the laugh that has charmed theater audiences since 1905. And she doesn't look decrepit. She looks pretty much like what she is — a charming 55-year-old wife and mother, who just happens to be one of the finest actresses the American stage has produced.

She started acting as a child in her native Washington, D.C. Then she was seen by Lewis Fields, one of New York's leading producers of that era. And by the time she was a teenager, she was a star. She managed to make the transition from adolescence to maturity painlessly, and for the last two decades has been almost universally recognized as the First Lady of the Stage.

Looking back on her half-century of acting, Helen Hayes thinks she's had a pretty full and exciting career.

"I have no unfulfilled ambitions," she says. "I've done about everything I wanted to — more than I dreamed I would do. I've had a few cracks at Shakespeare, with varying results. I've made movies and won an Oscar. I have no regrets."

Miss Hayes, as you might expect from a woman who doesn't keep scrapbooks, says, "I never look back over my shoulder — I prefer to look ahead."

And, from that vantage point, she thinks the theater is in healthy shape at the moment.

"Of course it has dwindled in quantity," she says, "but the quality is better than it was. My contemporaries — people like Lynn Fontanne and Katharine Cornell and Judith Anderson — we used to wonder when young actresses would come along and elbow us out of the way, as we elbowed the older stars out. For years, there was no one.

"But look now — fine actresses like Julie Harris and that young Susan Strassberg and young actors like Marion Brando and Montgomery Clift. And fine playwrights like Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams and Robert Anderson. The theater is very strong today."

And there's television. She thinks it's wonderful—and particularly good as a training ground for young performers.

"It's much harder to get started in the theater today, because there is less theater. And there used to be stock companies, too. But now television gives a young actor a chance to try different kinds of parts. The only trouble is TV always wants new faces — outside of Maria Riva and Eva Marie Saint, they haven't developed any stars. An actor can be washed up on TV at 25."

Helen Hayes' career has been a newsy one, in a non-scandalous sort of way. She was closely involved with the actors' strike that established Actors' Equity as a potent theatrical force. And there was the famous "Act of God" baby, her daughter, whose birth she maintained was an "Act of God" and therefore she should be released from an existing run-of-play contract. Years later, there was the tragic death of this child from polio.

But mostly it's her talent that's made her famous. Over the years, she's run the histrionic gamut from comedy to tragedy, played parts as varied as Pollyanna and Cleopatra, appeared with leading men like John Drew, William Gillette, Alfred Lunt, Sidney Blackmer, Philip Merivale, Maurice Evans, and, in the movies, Ronald Colman, Clark Gable, Ramon Novarro, Robert Montgomery and Gary Cooper.

Probably her best-known characterizations were in "Dear Brutus," "Bab" (her first starring part), "To the Ladies," "She Stoops to Conquer," Maggie in "What Every Woman Knows," "Mary of Scotland," "Victoria Regina," "Harriet" and her recent appearance in "The Skin of Our Teeth" in Paris and New York and on television.

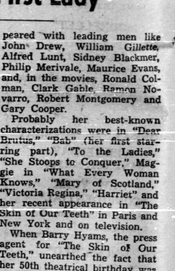
When Barry Hyams, the press agent for "The Skin of Our Teeth," unearthed the fact that her 50th theatrical birthday was nearing and the plans for the celebration were proposed, Helen Hayes says she wasn't sure what her reaction would be.

"I would vacillate," she says, "between wanting to do something great on Broadway to show my appreciation, and a desire to go somewhere and rest." She's decided to rest.

But her idea of rest is four weeks in Florida, during which she'll spend one week acting in "The Glass Menagerie" in Miami. Then she'll come back to do a new play — "Cock-a-Doodle Daisy," written by her husband and Anita Loos.

After 50 years, there's no reason to expect she'll quit now.

SALUTE TO HER CAREER: Alone on the bare stage of the Helen Hayes Theatre in New York, actress Helen Hayes reads words of congratulations after theatre was named in her honor.



"Now, THIS is what I call a FAMILY tree!"

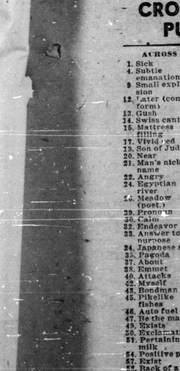
## CROSSWORD PUZZLE

**ACROSS**

1. Sick
4. Subtle emanations
9. Small explosive
12. Later (comb. form)
13. Gush
14. Swiss canton
15. Mattress filling
17. Vivid
18. Son of Judah
20. Near
21. Man's nickname
22. Angry
24. Egyptian river
25. Meadow (pasture)
29. Pronoun
30. Calm
32. Endeavor
33. Answer to purpose
34. Japanese sash
35. Pagoda
37. Abont
38. Emmet
40. Attacks
42. Myself
43. Bondman
45. Pikelike fishes
46. Auto fuel
47. Be the matter
49. Exists
50. Exclamation
51. Pertaining to milk
54. Positive pole
57. Relief
58. Back of a boat
61. Conflict
62. Type of automobile
63. Spread loosely

**DOWN**

1. Writing fluid
2. Pasture
3. Went at easy gait
4. Squire
5. Abets
6. Sheath
7. Part of a curve
8. Arctic bear
9. Young hen
10. Native metal
11. Fruit stone
16. Alternative
19. Male sheep
20. Short excursion
22. Fur-clad king
23. Make amends
24. Mountain where Moses died
25. Comes in
27. Pleasant smell
28. Units of force
30. Thus
31. Corrodes
36. Like
39. Inquiry for lost goods
41. Crulsed
44. In good health
46. Specter
48. Not so much
50. Article
51. Statute
52. Constellation
53. Dined
54. Mass; cape
55. Female rabbit
56. Olden times (poet.)
59. Sun god



Answer elsewhere on this page.

# THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

**The following article, taken from "American Farm Youth" tells how one poultryman gets premium prices for his eggs; and I thought it interesting enough to pass on to you. Incidentally, where it speaks of selling eggs at "auctions" it just means "wholesalers."**

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Through careful control of his feed and hens to produce large, high quality eggs the year around, one New Jersey egg raiser is selling 30,000 dozen eggs a year at a 50 per cent increase in profits on a retail route.

The raiser, Abe Berkowitz of Kosherville, N. J., follows a closely controlled, all-mash feeding program and a plan of careful management of hen rotation. In addition to supplying his retail route in New York City, Berkowitz' 5,000 hens produce 45,000 dozen eggs a year for the auction at Pennington, N.J.

* * *

Berkowitz reports that sales on his retail route in upper Manhattan and the Bronx, worked two days a week, average 580 dozen eggs a week; 290 dozen a day; 29 dozen an hour; a dozen every two minutes.

Such a schedule gives little time for sales talk or displaying the quality of the product. The customers, who have been sold on the Berkowitz egg by the recommendations of friends who use them, will stay sold only if the eggs hold the same top quality week in and week out.

To the Berkowitz customer the perfect egg is white, light-yolked and of large, extra or jumbo size. For this egg, the Berkowitz customer will pay from 20 to 30 cents per dozen more than auction prices.

Against a typical run of auction prices per dozen — mediums, 38¢; large, 40¢; extra large, 42½¢; and jumbos, 49¢ — equivalent route prices per dozen are: 58¢, 60¢, 67½¢, and 79¢ respectively.

The minimum premium of 20¢ per dozen on mediums and large is 50 per cent better than auction prices. The 25¢ and 30¢ premiums on extra large and jumbo are 60 per cent better.

* * *

The quality egg that attracts the premium customer does not occur by accident, Berkowitz says. Producing it requires careful feed control and a close schedule of flock rotation.

Berkowitz feeds his white leghorns on an all-mash program. He uses no scratch. The mash formula is delivered in bulk by 22-ton trailers that pump the feed into Berkowitz's three bins.

The mash formula is so balanced that the vitamin A content is high enough to counteract the xanthophyll in the corn the mash contains. This is essential to the productions of light-yolked eggs.

* * *

Berkowitz also believes that full A potency reduces the number of eggs with blood spots. Both the A and D vitamins in the mash must be delivered to the birds at full potency to maintained their health and appetite. Without these two essential nutrients egg size, quality and production become irregular, and Berkowitz cannot obtain the premium eggs he needs for his route.

* * *

The bulk delivery-bin storage method of feed-handling relieves Berkowitz of most of the labor he would have if he used bagged feed and leaves him free to manage his flock and his route.

But bin storage of the mash creates heat conditions that are detrimental to most vitamin supplements.

Sun on bins generates temperatures as high as 125 degrees Fahrenheit and destroys the potency of vitamin A and D unless proper forms of these vitamins are present.

To assure Berkowitz and other customers who store feed in bins that their mash will retain full potencies of vitamins A and D, the cooperative fortifies its mash with the Micratized vitamins A and D.

The cooperative had a commercial laboratory test Micratized A and D against a variety of other vitamin supplements and found the Micratized vitamins were the only ones that would retain full potency in the severe heat conditions of bin storage.

* * *

Berkowitz says his egg quality confirms the laboratory results on the retention of vitamin potency in the mash the cooperative supplies. He has less than one per cent of dark-yolked eggs and his incidence of blood spots is similarly low.

* * *

With good feed to produce high quality eggs Berkowitz couples careful hen rotation to achieve steady production of large eggs. Unlike egg raisers who sell only to auctions, Berkowitz cannot replace his flock entirely every fifteen months. The wholesalers can take all their hens at the same time through the small egg period when their laying careers begin. With no steady requirement for large eggs, the small egg period amounts to a production lull for the wholesaler and a time of lower income, but it does not endanger his market.

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For Berkowitz a period of small eggs would be a period when he could not deliver the premium eggs his route requires. To avoid such lulls, he replaces his flock gradually. Each year he raises 4,000 new pullets. With these pullets he replaces 3,000 of his 5,000 hens at the end of their fifteen months laying career. Of the remaining 2,000, he replaces 1,000 at the end of eighteen months of laying and holds the final 1,000 over for a second year. The older birds give him large eggs while the young birds are developing

BOTTLED UP — These jug-tooting high school lads have formed a new kind of band. Bottles are their instruments. Their music is called "wotersport," because various notes are sounded by filling bottles to different levels with water. Trouble is, speculates two-gallon bass Grant Miller, center, that when the music gets real hot the water is liable to steam off and the band get out of tune. Others in the "Blowhearts" band are, from left: Bob Shaw, Swen Swensen, Dave Wright, John Hart and Brent Brockshaw. Oh, yes, they don't really play in a jug. This is just a trick photo.

## Her Nightmare Unearthed Murder

Mrs. Gordon Tombe came down pale and haggard to the parsonage breakfast table at Little Tew, in the rural fastness of Oxfordshire.

"I dreamed of Eric," she said. "It was terrible, I dreamed he was lying dead at the bottom of a well, half-forced through a kind of hole. And yet there was a stone slab above him. It was like — it was like murder!"

Her husband, the Rev. G. C. Tombe, tried to reassure her. "Your nerves are on edge," he said. "Our boy will surely come home . . . ".

It was then autumn. Ever since April of that year—1922—Eric Tombe, a handsome ex-Army officer, had been missing without trace.

His parents went to his London flat and found their letters still cluttering the hall mat, unopened. No doubt it was natural in the circumstances that an anxious mother should dream of accidental death and even murder.

But she had the hideous nightmare again . . . and yet again.

The stone slab in her dream seemed to be in the grounds of a farm, sealing . . well, where far beneath the body of her son lay still and quiet. With gruesome persistence, the vision haunted her sleep through weeks and months.

Finally, the nightly torment grew so extreme that the parson resigned his living and went to London determined to search for his son by every means in his power. He made inquiries in the shops and restaurants neighbouring his son's flat. He pestered Scotland Yard, and perhaps the C.I.D. detectives found the old clergyman somewhat of a nuisance.

For the police had, of course, already made a routine investigation and discovered that cheques duly signed "Eric Tombe" had been drawn from Paris during the summer on the young man's bank account. Moreover, the sum of £2,000 had been transferred to a Paris branch and was practically spent.

It seemed obvious that Eric had cut loose and was buying himself quite a time. Yet his mother's weird recurrent dream still persisted.

Then Mr. Tombe at last struck a lead. A barber remembered not only Eric but also a friend whom he had introduced, a man named Ernest Dyer, living at a farmhouse oddly called The Welcomes, at Kenley, Surrey.

His hunch was that his son was dead and that Dyer still lived. Once more Mrs. Tombe endured her terrible dream. The fact that The Welcomes had been a farm could no longer be overlooked. The old parson went to Scotland Yard, repeating the details of the dream, and begged them to scour the grounds. More to humour him than anything else a few policemen were deputed to search the place — with startling results.

Every yard was overgrown and dilapidated. Yet in a corner of the paddock the police found two stone slabs covering disused cesspools. Both were pumped dry — and found empty.

The police shrugged their shoulders. Many a dream hunch has proved fruitless before now. But suddenly a young constable gave a cry. Almost hidden beneath grass tufts was a third slab. Under it was a cesspool that had been filled with stones and rubble.

The searchers dug with rising excitement. It was hours before sufficient rubble had been removed to reveal a manhole cover. Beneath it was another hole similar to that described by Mrs. Tombe from her dream. And here, hunched up, head downwards, were the remains of the body of a man.

Hideous gunshot wounds at the back of the head, injuries that could not have been self-inflicted, disclosed proof of foul play. Though little remained of the thing that had been Eric Tombe, a watch-key in one of the tattered pockets, an inscribed wrist-watch and gold fillings in the upper jaw proved identity.

The discovery was made on September 12th, 1923, almost a year after Mrs. Tombe first had her dream. And evidence at the inquest set the date of the crime as April, 1922, six months before the onset of the recurring nightmare.

The verdict was one of murder against Ernest Dyer. His wife had seen him one night the previous summer hurling large stones down the death pit. But where was Dyer now? Oddly enough, he, too, was dead. Unerring justice, though thoroughly blindfold, had caught up with him long months before.

There's a flashback in fact to an occasion in November, 1922, when the Scarborough police successfully got on the track of a confidence trickster named James FitzSimmons, who was wanted for questioning after palming off a number of dishonoured cheques on northern business men.

When asked to step round to the police station, FitzSimmons played for time. "Do you mind if I get a few things from my room?" he asked the inspector. They mounted the stairs together, but suddenly the con man brought a revolver from his pocket. Before it could be prevented he shot himself and rolled over dead.

Dyer — alias FitzSimmons— must have thought that the body of Eric Tombe had already been discovered. In his luggage was Tombe's passport, with Tombe's signature and Dyer's picture. Here, too, were blank cheques and practice sheets of forged signatures.

It was Dyer who diverted Eric Tombe's funds to Paris. Dyer killed himself on November 16th, 1922. Though the date was never definitely pinned down, this could have been the eve of Mrs. Tombe's first nightmare. Did the murderer signal his ghastly secret from the grave?



RIGGED IN ICE — With the New York City skyline in the background, a crewman of the fishing boat "Florence B" chops off heavy ice formed on the boat's rigging after returning from a fishing trip. The city was suffering from a record cold wave.

# SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

**Parables on Discipleship**
**Luke 14:7-11, 16-24**

**Memory Selection: Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted. Luke 14:11.**

How very practical is the teaching of Jesus for the everyday relationships of life, in social and business as well as in spiritual matters! He was entertained often in humble homes and in the homes of important people. What a delightful guest he must have been—gracious, courteous, sincere and friendly! He must have been politeness itself, but unaffected and genuine.

In high social circles it is very important that the people at the banquet be seated according to rank. It is embarrassing for the person who has pushed himself forward to be asked to take a lower seat. The person who is called to a higher seat is in a more favorable light. Sometimes the humbleness of the act of taking the lowly seat is more apparent than real. Some individuals take pleasure in being spotted and called to the platform in the presence of all when they knew they were designated to sit on the platform. Ministers are frequently guilty. God knows the heart.

* * *

None of us would think of refusing an invitation from the Queen. Yet many neglect the invitation of the King of kings to the great gospel banquet provided at so great a cost. Most people do it quite politely. But whether they say, "I pray thee have me excused," or "I cannot come," the end result is the same. They miss the banquet.

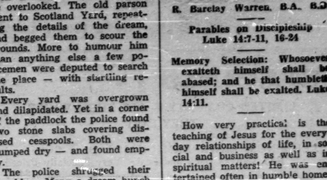
The excuses in the parable are trivial. No wise man would buy land without seeing it or oxen without testing them. No groom would want to miss the opportunity of showing off his bride. They were only excuses. They remind one of the man who went to his neighbour to borrow a rope. The neighbour replied, "I cannot lend it to you, for I am using it myself to tie up a heap of sand." "But," said the first, "you cannot tie up sand with a rope." "Oh, yes," returned the other, "you can do almost anything with a rope when you do not wish to lend it."

No excuse will stand at the judgment.

**REMINDER**

Little David was saying his prayers one night. After the usual "God bless Mummy and Daddy," he came up with: "And please make Tommy stop throwing things at me. By the way, I've mentioned this before!"

**Upside-down to Prevent Peeking**



THAT COLLEGIATE LOOK — This 1911 model-T Ford is the proud possession of Bill Robeson, right. The 12th auto Robeson has restored in two years, this one has gleaming brass radiator and headlights, a high body and straps to hold down the top. The student finished it with 14 coats of hand-rubbed lacquer. His only casualty with car, which averages 28 to 30 miles per gallon of either gasoline of kerosene, was a broken wrist while cranking the car to start it.