TABLE TALKS

The sugar maple trees, native to the North American continent and found nowhere else in the world, no sooner yield their sweet crop each early spring than grocery stores around the country fill their shelves with fresh stock.

Folks who live in syrup-producing areas have long been familiar with a wide variety of uses for this flavorsome syrup To educate the rest of us, the 100% Pure Maple Syrup Institute collected some of the best recipes they could find this past spring. The results show hat our maple syrup can and should be used for more than

Here are just a few of many MAPLE SUGAR TWISTS

2 cups all purpose flour ½ teaspoon sait 4 teaspoons baking powder

1/4 pound butter

Sift flour into bowl: add salt and baking powder. Mix well nto this 34 of the butter which is at room temperature but not melted. Wet with sufficient milk to make into a biscuit dough. Spread on a slightly floured board and pat down with fingers to about 3/4 inch thickness. (Do not use rolling pin.) Melt the rest of the butter and spread on dough. Sprinkle on this, to about 1/2 inch thickness, maple syrup tub sugar or that grated from a cake of maple sugar. Roll up tight and cut crosswise, lay on a buttered tin

and bake at 400° F. Serves 4.



BRANDED - A four-foot-tall emperor penguin proudly shows the "USCG" painted on its feathers at McMurdo Sound in the Antarctic. There's no danger of popping off the buttons on his vest - they're painted on, too. The penguin was recruited as a mascot by crewmen of the Coast Guard icebreaker, Eastwind, which was unloading supplies during "Operation Deepsyrup 1½ teaspoons salt

½ teaspoon pepper 1 egg white Combine ingredients with rotary beater until thoroughly

14 cup maple syrup 12 cup cream 1 cup cracked ice ½ pint vanilla ice cream small bottle charged water Mix maple syrup with cream, add ice, and shake well. Pour into glasses. Place a scoop of

MAPLE ICE CREAM FIZZ

ice cream in each glass and fill with charged water. Makes four servings. Chocolate and nut ice cream may be substituted for vanilla. MAPLE CORN MUFFINS

11/3 cups flour s cup cornmeal 3 teaspoons baking powder 2 teaspoon salt

2 eggs 3 cup milk 1/3 cups pure maple syrup ½ cup melted fat Sift hour, cornmeal, salt, and baking powder together three times. Beat eggs; add milk and maple syrup. Add dry ingredients. Add melted fat. Put in hot greased muffin irons. Bake

Fussy Sleepers

20 minutes at 425° F. Makes 12

First thing attractive, twenty-five-year-old Miss Olga Deterding does when she is preparing to make one of her frequent tours of Europe from her home in Paris is to see that her fa vourite pillow is packed with

her luggage.
It is about twelve inches square and encased in satin and lace. "It's really my old pram pillow," she revealed the other day. "I have had it ever since I was a baby and somehow I just

can't sleep without it." She is not the only person who has found that the choice of just the right kind of pillow important for sound sleep. A famous actress confesses that for on theatrical tours was a feather-filled pillow, one of her wedding presents. She regarded it as a kind of lucky mascot and e calculated that she had trarelled 65,000 miles with it.

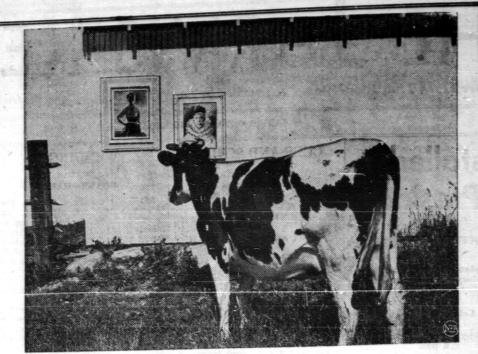
Soft down pillows are specially popular today, but some people dislike soft pillows of any kind. An American bishop who died some years ago used a than fifty years. Wherever he travelled to preach, he carried the stone with him in a specially-made satchel and used to say: "I owe my robust health to my hard pillow." But once he got to sleep quicker than expected-he dropped his head on the stone pillow and knocked himself out.

Many sufferers from insomnia use pillows filled with soporific herbs to woo sleep. The herbs sage, thyme, rosemary, lavender, peppermint and elder—give off a subtle perfume which is said to induce sleep.

Drive With Care



MRS. ELSA JENKINS gets some pointers on the handling of the new ship Bonavista from Captain A. O. Elliott, while on a tour of Newfoundland to assemble an exhibit of handlicrafts for this rears Canadian National Exhibition.



YOU CUD TITLE THIS 'BOVINE CONTEMPLATION'-Grade A appreciation of art is expressed in the attitude of this cow as she gets in the moood of the Geauga County Artists Assn. annual Barn Art Show. Some 15,000 person saw the show. Proceeds of several thousand dollars went to the Geauga Historical Museum.

Without retiring, the jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder against the elegant young man

Not one of the jurymen belonged to London's Smart Set, and to them there was no difference at all between killing an enemy in a witnessed duel-as Law had doneor wavlaving him on a dark night. So John Law-" Beau " Law was found guilty. The handsomest, boldest gambler in Town was taken off to Newgate prison, there to await his last journey - to th scaffold at Tyburn.

Locked in his bleak, chill, evilsmelling cell, he had ample opportunity to reflect with despairing ness on the appalling mess that he had managed to make of his Still only twenty-three, John Law had been born to great ad-

vantages. His father was a wealthy Edinburgh banker, and John had been left a fortune when the father had died seven years earlier. Ye though Law had come to London only when he was eighteen, he had got through his fortune so rapidly that, no more than three years later, he was forced to part with his ancestral estates of Lauriston. Even so, he had been living com-

fortably for the past two years on his winnings at the gaming And now . -. . he was awaiting death at the hands of the public executioner. The tragedy of the situation lay in the fact that Law was no ordinary fop, dissolute though he was. As a boy he had shown an astonishing aptitude for mathe-

matics, and even after having plunged wildly into the riotous found time to ponder on the economic problems of the day, and serious measures of commercial and financial reform. A young Scotsman, Patterson.

had just persuaded the Englsh government to let him set up the Bank of England. There were many - Law included-who thought that John Law had a better financial brain even than the famous Robert The difference was that Patter-

son had not wasted his money and his reputation in scandalous living. Law, though, could look back on his wasted life, and realize that he had used his mathematical genius only for working out gambling systems. He had not been unlucky at the tables, as soon as he had begun to apply system to his play. But, the young man thought des pairingly, he could surely have lone better with his life. "If I ever get out of here," he murmured, "I'll see that things are different!"

Now the bold gambler was to get the greatest chance of his life. One night, a woman, heavily veiled, was admitted into his cell There was time for her only to press his hand, and to point to the open door. She did not dare to peak, lest the jailer shaould recognize the voice of Princess Anne afterwards Queen Anne of Great Britain - who had a weakness not

Law did not hesitate. He paused just long enough to take a valuable diamoind ring that the Princess pulled off her finger, and lifting her hand briefly to his lips, he strode out of the door. A carriage was waiting to take him to Greenwich, and at Greenwich Stairs a yacht was ready to

only for gambling but for gamblers

By the evening of the following rulers—among them the Tsar—to set Law up in business again. But day, John Law, his only capital a diamond ring, was safe in Holland. he had grown dispirited, and he For a few months Law studied wandered about Europe, playing the banking system of the Dutch the tables for just enough to get merchants and government, even while he perfected his analysis of he various games of chance. Then with a fair sum of money, he set out for Paris — at that time the ruined when Law's bank and colonizing companies crashed, the French colonies that the gambler had founded were still thriving. The Regent of France had lost greatest gambling city in the world.

Law had had time to make his
plans. He now wished to gain fame,
not as a gambler or as a fop, but
as an economist. \$300,000 to Law. Nearly a century later, another French ruler needed money for the State.

Saved From Gallow | his father had been: but a much | sold the empire that Law had greater one. Yet first it was necessary to

make the acquaintance of the most powerful persons in the land. The leader of the Smart Set in the Paris of that day was the gay, witty, good-natured and dissolute Duke Philip II of Orleans, nepher of the King of France. Soon news of the extraordinary

Scots gambler who had descended on Paris in order to win a fortune reached the Duke's ears. He sent for Law . . . and, during the course of one year, lost no less than \$500,000 to the elegant, polished young Scottish "baron," as Law now described himself. A little later, Law was expelled at twenty- four hours' notice by the old, bigoted King Louis XIV.

have to wait long before the King died, and Duke Philip - since the heir to the throne was a mere child -would assume absolute power as Regent of France. The time of waiting Law spent in Scotland, publishing works on bank reform, and, as soon as news of Louis XIV's death reached him at

ruined France.

and the Ohio.

he established a bank and gave

ent's losses had provided the capi-

rights over a vast area of North

America - Louisiana, and the en-

Soon the French Africa Company

and the French East India Company

He was made comptroller- general

of the finances— "Chancellor of the Exchequer"— and a marquis.

his various enterprises, and the

shares rose and rose in value.

Within a year of their issue the

value of each share had risen from

500 livres to 10,000 livhes (about

\$2,000). And when, on January 1st,

1720, five years only after he had

returned to France, Law declared a

dividend of forty per cent., the

shares rocketed to the fantastic

But the crash was near. It came

when those who had made fortunes

out of the rise wished to cash

their "paper." The bottom dropped

out of the market, there was a run

on the bank, financial collapse, and

national panic. The Regent could

not protect Law from the fury of

With nothing but a few posses

sions-which included the diamond

ring that Princess Anne had given

him-Law slipped out of France

only a step ahead of a mob which

would surely have lynched him.

There were offers from other

Yet, though hundreds had been

So that other ruler, Napoleon

had they caught up with him.

ceiling of 18,000 livres.

his enemies

The public subscribed wildly to

were added to Law's "empire."

tire valleys of the three great

business of empire-building.

But Law knew that he would not

Edinburgh, he went post - haste to France. Duke Philip welcomed him with "If your Royal Highness will give me permission to put some of my financial schemes into operation," said Law, "I will not only enable your Royal Highness to recover his gambling losses - I will

make France the richest and most powerful country in the world. Impoverished by the long wars states. France needed help badly. The Regent lost no time in making peace with England. Then he infish is so modified that the food vited Law to set about enriching appeals to people who don't ordinarily care for fish. Between the Law got to work quickly. First,

ter what fish is used. country had ever had. (The Regtal for the bank!) Then, when the bank was firmly established, Law went into the more ambitious Backed by the Regent, Law founded the French West India In the early stages of fish mar-Company, and acquired sovereign

is stowage time at sea. The Atlantic fisheries scientists feel that the most important thing being done to rivers, the Mississippi, the Missouri raise the quality of the fish in retail stores is to have a higher percentage of better quality fish arrive at the fish plant. In all of the research board's work the underlying thought has been to discourage holding the fish aboard trawlers or fishing schooners for any per-

to the United States for \$20,000,000 in gold. France had had a good return The Rotarian magazine has some fine philosophy for business and for the \$50,000 that the Regent had

ber that most fish is tastier when

cooked just as it es from the

erize fish or to cook it in a slow oven to bring out the best in flavor.

A few minutes in a hot oven or quick fry in deep fat is the best advice to follow i cooking fish

's flavor is inherent in its fresh

packaged frozen foods offers the

brightest new opportunity for the

industr. It perm' properly to zen and handsomely packaged sea

food products to enjoy the same

economy of mass distribution as

as related frozen food items. Fish

and chips is the newest dish to

To retain the quality of froze

fish, packaging protection must be

provided. It must guard against

moisture losses as well as the loss

of vitamins and volatile flavor.

It must prevent exposure to the

air which results in oxidation, ran-

cidity and changes in color and flavor. Good packaging can guard

against these harmful physical

Hardtimes

sales people. It's the psychological

It begins with the French artist

"Hard times?" exclaimed the cafe

maker. "Then I must not remodel

"Hard times?" sighed the con-

tractor. "Then I cannot have my

After receiving the letter from

the contractor canceling the order

to paint his wife's portrait, the

artist went back to the cafe and

picked up the same newspaper he had read there before. Studying

it more closely, he found that it

NOT SO RARE - Silver gibbon

who makes his home at the

Rare Bird Farm near Miami,

apes humans who get all

tangled up in their work. The

faceful of threads he's trying

to unravel are shreds of coco-

nut fiber. Any day now, he'll

crack the tough nut he's been

working on and get at the meat

of the problem.

wife's portrait painted."

was two years old!

effect that depressive talk has,

and fish cakes.

changes.

join such innovations as fish sticks

Eat Fish And

gambled away a century before.

who sat sipping his wine in a cafe. Spying a headline "Hard Times Coming" in a news-paper on als Feel Brainier table, he canceled his order for a second bottle of vin and explained If only there were some truth in the old saying that "fish is brain owner. "Then my wife must not food," what a nation of quiz kids order that silk dress."
"Hard times?" said the dresswe would be! For, the fact of the

matter is, Canadians are eating more fish these days. A connotation of elegance is replacing the "poor man's label that used to be associated with fish and fish dishes. This is reflected not only in the increased Canadian consumption but also in the seafood specialty restaurants which have sprung up in most large cities. Annual per capita consumption

of fish increased four pounds during the period 1944-54, raising the rate from 9.8 to 12 9 pounds. Moreover, the fishing industry hopes to boost this figure considerably over the next generation.

ceptance of a fish product is the overnight rise to fish sticks. Sales in Canada last year exceeded the United States for 1955 run as high as 80,000,000. Encouraging from the Canadiar point of view is the fact that a large part of this volume is represented by Canadian fish supplied to U.S. processors in A peculiarity of fish sticks is hat the characteristic flavor of

bread crumbs, cooking oil and the seasoning it hardly seems to mat-The industry believes that Canalians will eat more fish if they are assured of a product of consistently superior quality and freshness. Hence, the attention being paid to this aspect of consumer require-

keting the most critical phase now



LUCKY TO BE ALIVE—Anatole Bykov, 9, who suffered a backet arm in a cave-in which claimed the lives of six children comforted by George Koller, who first discovered the tragedy, and an uidentified woman. The children were buried tons of earth while playing in a 25-foot deep excavation Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE FARM FRONT by John Russell

When I was a small boy-which | man that his trips to the fields take wasu't yesterday or even the day before — about the only sort of hay you ever heard mentioned by name was Timothy. In fact to me Timothy and hay were pretty well wnonomous and when I had to resynonomous and when I had be peat the books in the New Test-ament, or attempt to do so, I al-ways had a picture of tall, heavy-headed hay whenever I came to that particular Apostle. Or was he

days, as I drive along the roads, especially in Southern Ontario, Timothy hay is about as much a back number as the writer. Of course I may need new glasses, or don't look in the right places. Which is my roundabout way of telling you that I am going to pinch an article "Buttercups and Timothy written by Lansing Christian for the control of the The Christian Science Monitor, and that I sincerely hope you'll enjoy it as much as I did.

WILD PASTURES in June always offer goodness to a man. His walks across the friendly slopes bring him sun and warmth; they bring him rest and peace; they bring him beauty and song. He enjoys his walks through the grass

and thyme and buttercups. He likes his pasture trees, the groves of pines, the scattered apple and the sturdy hickories. A man who can find so much on his pasture slopes will go there often for a summer harvest of sun and song and loveliness. Sometimes he comes upon the wild rose, rich in bloom, sending a sweet and delight-

ful aroma across the land. He likes the fragrance of the thyme, permeating the air above the paths and winding trails. It was from the wind- swept pasture knoll in March, a man remembers, that he heard the first spring call of the killdeer plover, loud and clear and sharp. It was from the pasture thicket that the first song sparrow sang. Now field parrows fill many an hour with



LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING - Eddie approved manner.

dolstein is a laundry specialist. as job is to keep the sox shining - the White Sox, that is. The electrician keeps the floodlights polished at Comiskey Park. Safety-wire readers need not be perturbed at his method of ascending the light tower. Eddie's posing outside the girders for better pictorial effect. He actually ascends the ladder in the



him so often brough friendly and

A wild pasture is as rich an up land slope as one could ever know One never stops to think of it in terms of thin soil and stone-ridged hills. He thinks only of its blossoms and its songs, and its good kind ways. And as rich a spot as any, a man believes, is the pasture marsh, filled with buttercups on a sun- warmed day in June. He lik's to think of it as a basin of yellow blooms deep in the heart of the land, a bowl of buttercups over flowing in the summer hills. THERE IS something of pride

that finls a glowing expression up on the face of a man when he looks out over a field of June timothy. the tall hay undulating in the slightest wind that pushes down with a summer gentleness over the slopes and the hills. He saw the same fields turn green in April. He saw the May rains nourish his meadows. He felt the same spring warmth with which the sun unfolded across the rolling land. He was imbued with the season's surging growth, and its vibrant hope. Sum mer has fulfilled that hope; the tables of the earth are full and provident. The timothy stands almost shoul-

der high. The heavy heads sway this way and that; the tall grass bends and rises in the wind, chang ing the moods of a field, changing the shades of green. There are the darker hues, and the lighter, de pending upon the mood of the hour. When the timothy blooms, a man finds the maturity of the season

reaching surely across a field when the pollen clouds are carried by the wind, or by a man pushing his way through the high and swishing hay. It is a never-ceasing wonder to a man that these flags of bloom. born of air and soil, should wave suddenly across his acres like full green banners in the wind. A thousand combinations of growth and reflective melody while the crick ets of the year tune up for their summer symphony. It satisfies a

warmth and rains have unfolded richness and loveliness across the land. They make the days rich and splendid in the sun. A man is not surprised that the bobolinks and the meadow larks have found his fields good, and that the pheasants, on a few occasions, have reared their young in the security and friendliness of the meadows. Vesper sparrows have found the fields good, too, and a man has listened long and attentively to their afternoon and evening songs. A countryman could ask for ao garb of the land more appropriate

than his field of timothy, growing as tall, sometimes, as the walls and the fences in which his meadows are enclosed. The green waves of timothy, on a high hill slope are from ceans that whisper and sigh to a man's heart, and they fill him with gladness for being so close to the irpose of the summer of the year. HIS MISTAKE

He was a new office boy and was having great trouble in

keeping callers from disturbing his boss. "When I say you're out, they never believe me, sir," he said. "They say they must see you." "Whatever they say, be firm," snapped the boss. "Tell them 'That's what they all say. It's impossible.'"
That afternoon a tough-look-

ing woman called and asked to see the boss. "Impossible," said

"But I'm his wife." said the "That's what they ma'am," was the reply.

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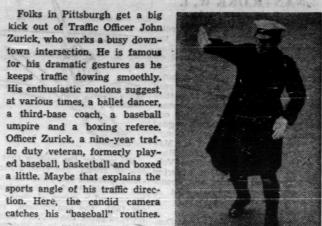
Baseball on the Boulevard-



RUN DOWN-AND OUT.



A CLOSE ONE.



OOPS! HOLD IT



The Old Scout Gets Revenge

A solotary figure, bearded and arrived ontside a rough timber fort Two young troppers - Bridger in the frontier wilds of Montana. and Fitzgerald - agreed to take He pounded on the stockade gate the risk of tarrying in the dangerand shouted for admittance. A ous Indian country; their price sleepy guard unbarred it and heid was 50 dollars each! up a lantern to peer at the starang-The rest of the expedition rode on, leaving the helpless hunter and and slammed the gate shut again. his two guards isolated on the A few seconds later he was shaking lonely prairie. Bridger and Fitzthe commander of the fort into gerald waited impatiently for wakefulness. "Out at the gate!" he cried. "I've just seen a ghost!" iersman clung tenacionsly to life. The man at the gate that night in 1824 was not a ghost, but a tough On the morning of August 24th. 1823, they placed the limp, mutiold scout, buffalo hunter, and pioneer named Hugh Glass. He is lated body on a couch of moss and now an immortal figure in the annals of the American frontier. Treacherously abandoned for

leaves, erected a conopy shelter of their companions. dead onthe limitless prairie, help worst crime - they took Glass's less against wild animals and marmusket, powder and ball, huntingauding Indians, Glass had performed one of the most amazing It took the cowardly pair endurance feats of all time. With week to overtake the expedition. incredible toughness and stamina, survived overwhelming odds They produced Glass's things and for the single purpose of wreaking In the spring of 1823, an expedi-

tion of 80 men had left St. Louis on a fur-trapping trip through Indian country to the Rocky Mountains. It was led by a shrewd, Suffering agonies from a savage mauling by a 1,000-lb., nine foot-tall grizzly bear, Glass crawled to safety on his hands and knees over 210 mlies of rough country. He crossed swirling river on logs, and hid like a stricken animal when danger threatened. For more than three months he inched forward. His only food was grass and roots and sundry living things he could grab with his bare hands. Sometimes, when his tormenting wounds prevented even crawling, he had to slither painfully along on his belly like a

fortune-seeking retired officer of the British Army, Major Thomas Henry. They left the Missouri behind and trekked slowly westward. By late July they were in the wild Sioux country of what is now South Dakato. Hugh Glass, a veteran frontiers-

HAPPY EXILE - Carlos Prio man, was the expedition's scout and pothunter. It was his duty to Socarras, former president of keep them supplied with fresh Cuba, leaves Federal Court in meat. A lean, grey-headed giant, Glass was approaching 60, but Miami, after the U.S. Immigrathere was no one in the party who tion Service granted him politicould beat him at shooting, cal asylum in the United States. ing, or feats of strength. Every morning, before the main expedition hit the trail. Glass his death was accepted. "We gave

started off ahead in search of

game. So engaged one morning in August, he flopped daown to drink Major Henry. "We piled stones over the grave to keep the wolves from a creek. His head swivelled round at a sound A huge grizziy away." While they were glibly lying, was charging straight at him. Hugh Glass was winning his but-There was no time to run or grab tle for life. Regaining conscious his gun, which rested against a tree-trunk. Glass could only draw ness, he realized what had happen ed. His head was clear, and he rehis knife and stab with all his membered Major Henry trying to strength at the great beast's heart tell him Bridger and Fitzgerald The bear was burt by the knife were staying behind to care for Glass was knocked to the ground. Mad with pain, the bear mauled They were no longer with him the man's body, tearing and slash-

him a decent burial," they told

and he knew why. He might have

forgiven the desertion, but he curs

ed them long and hard for taking

his weapons. He vowed there and

then to save himself so he could

hent down and wreak vengeance

on Bridger and Fitzgerald.

The nearest white settle

ing at the flesh with its great Some hours later, several members of the expedition picked up Glass's trail and found his body. He lay by the creek, unconscious but still alive. Nearby was the wounded bear. It was too far gone for further resistance, and was quickly shot.

plainly near death. His back looked like raw meat. The few trappers with medical knowledge bathed and dressed the wounds, but ag-

strength as he drank and assuaged The problem was what to do with him. Although unconscious his hunger with grass, roots, ber most of the time, Glass's pain made it impossible to move him on ries, frogs and grasshoppers. Finally Glass set out. He crawlhorseback. Major Henry decided to push on, but called for volunteers could still see his old bed and to stay behind with the old hunter. shelter. Pain shot through his body

> going. Once he only escaped being stampeding bison by rolling himself over the edge of a gully, from which it took him a day to crawl Fourteen days of slow and pain-

with every movement, but he kep

ful progress took Glass to the Mo-reau River, 50 miles from his star-His last food was eaten three days before - a prairie rat he had snared with a cord torn from his tron

Hunger was again gnawing a he began the last leg to the Missouri. Glass was reduced to grasshoppers, weeds, and even bark. But his wounds were healing and

enabled him to make greater speed, although it was still impossible for him to stand up. He reached the Missouri. But was 40 miles still to Fort Kiowa.

He had crawled 170 miles, and he knew he could go no farther. Hugh Glass would have died, and endurance, had not two trappers in

a boat sighted him. They picked up the pitiful wreck of a man, fed him, clothed him, and ferried him down the river to the fort. On December 5th, 1824, hobblin with the aid of a stick they had cut for him, he arrived at the gates and told his story. He stayed there for the winter, but with the coming of spring rode out on the mission that had become his life-to catch up with the craven pair

who left him to die.

Months later Glass reached the fort in the Montana Rockies where Major Henry had set up a fur de pot. He showed he was not a ghost as the frightened guard imagined, and was then disappointed to learn his quarry were no longer both left to join the army. Undeterred. Glass set after them but one thought - vengeance. He tracked the pair 1,500 miles to

Fort Atkinson, in Nebraska. Gun in hand he confronted an officer. "I've come to kill a couple of curs," he announced. "Where are The officer had other ideas. He

talked placatingly to the old man,

pointing out he could not kill fellow . Americans wearing their country's uniform. Glass scratched his head and armitted the force of the argu ment. "All right," he decided finally. "I'll wait till they get of the army."

He rode off, back to his hunting and trapping. Never in the years that followed, however, did he forget the debt he wed to Brid ger and Fitzgerald. Some time in 1834 he heard they

were due for discharge from the army. He set out immediately for Fort Atkinson — and was killed by Indians on the way. Revenge The nearest white settlement was at Fort Kiowa, 210 miles eastward on the Missouri. Glass's wounds prevented him standing or even sitting. He could only crawl. Glass struggled out of his sick couch and crawied down to the nearby river. There he lay for segeral days, recovering some of his

and the second of the second of the second

R Barclay Warren B.A. B.D Writing for Perilous Times 1 Peter 2:19-25; Jude, verses 3, 17-25

Memory Selection: Earnestly con-

The lessons for this quarter are called Writings of Faith and Encouragement. The course includes the nine New Testament books from books gave faith and encourage ment to persecuted Christians. The Letter to the Hebrews affords an example of Christian preaching to those making the transition from Judaism to Christianity. James gives a strong challenge to the practical side of Christian conduct and lends encouragement to patient and faithful living. Peter combines doctrine and practical teachings about Christian conduct. John stresses the contrast between darkness and light and sets forth the keeping power of God. The Revelaperiod of persecution.

the quarter. Jesus is set forth as an example of those who suffer wrongfully. His reaction is described. "When he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth right-eously." We are urged to follow in

his steps.

We need these scriptures today. People everywhere need encouragement. It is true that we are not with the sword, wandering about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented. But ish quest for the things that mon-ey can buy we need to check that we are not losing the things that money can't buy. We need to guard against materialism and the present day madness of pleasure seek-

mg.
We must not contend about the faith. False doctrines are on every hand. We must search the scriptures daily in order to strengthen our faith. As we are strong we can help others. Let us give these nins books full and careful study this

SALLY'S SALLIES nance in catfish he speared with a sharp stick. Then he floated across next leg - 30 miles to the Chey-

"Perish the thought, Don! There's





smooth-surfaced broadcloth in fashioned into an easy-to-wash shirt for summer wear. Custom details include tab - buttoned pocket, wing collar and ta band on a cardigan cut.

Drive With Care

