

### Paradise Isle Ruled By Cats

From the deck of the schooner on Tetiaroa, the man with the suitcase stared at the island. Captured. It was a perfect South Pacific atoll, circular in shape, with palm-studded barrier reef enclosing a wide, deep and very blue lagoon. The man had come far to find this paradise island, but it was worth it. "Here," he thought, "I can escape from the disillusionment of civilization and live simply, next to nature."

The schooner's boat landed him on the palm-shaded beach of Tetiaroa. . . . Three days later, another trading schooner en route to Tahiti from the Tuamotu Archipelago, sighted an outrigger canoe floating off the reefs of Tetiaroa. It was the lone white man who had gone ashore on the coral isle. His clothes were in shreds, his body was lacerated all over, as if some sadistic fiend had tortured him with knife slashes.

He had lost much blood and was delirious. In his eyes was an expression of utter terror. From his blood-flecked lips bubbled the words: "Cats! Thousands of 'em! They tried to eat me!"

The captain and crew of the schooner knew what had happened. The wild cats of Tetiaroa had increased to a dangerous number again! The French government in Tahiti would have to send natives against the cats, with stronger ones overpowering weaker ones.

Annihilation raged on Tetiaroa. Dwindling numbers forced gangs to break up with members attacking each other. The quicker stronger cats soon defeated and ate the weaker ones in this amazing life survival-of-the-fittest. It seemed that this would continue until at last only two cats would face one another in mortal, cannibal combat.

But, strangely enough, cat-sense seemed to manifest itself suddenly among the hundred or so left on the atoll. Probably they held some sort of truce, with all agreeing to end the insane war of extinction.

Immediately they reverted to an almost forgotten instinct of fishing. And the lagoon of Tetiaroa swarmed with succulent fish and shell-fish. Lying on their backs, the cats swam to the sharp claws of the fish which swam into the shallows or into the many pools dotting Tetiaroa's shores.

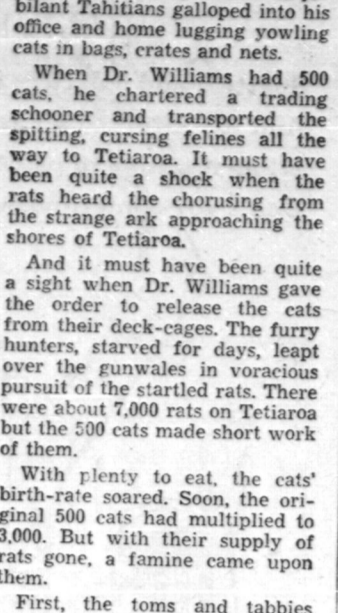
These remaining cats on the atoll, ruled by a king and queen, were fierce as leopards, and they began to multiply again, but not so rapidly as before.

Still, it was not safe for a native or white man to get on the island. In one case the fruit was pared and cut into pieces one-half to three-quarters of an inch in thickness (the cores being extracted) and spread on the day, and immediately with the cats came ashore periodically from copra scoopers visiting Tetiaroa.

To-day, the cats of the atoll are lazy, sleek and fat. Food supply and demand are once again under control.

### HOW NAVY JET PLANE 'SHOT' ITSELF

This F11-F1 Grumman Tiger is the type of plane that caught up with its own cannon shells.



And it must have been quite a sight when Dr. Williams gave orders to release the cats from their deck-cages. The furry hunters, starved for days, leapt over the gunwales in voracious pursuit of the startled rats. There were about 2,000 rats on Tetiaroa, but the 500 cats made short work of them.

With plenty to eat, the cats' birth-rate soared. Soon, the original 500 cats had multiplied to 3,000. But with their supply of rats gone, a famine came upon them.

First, the toms and tabbies raided nests of new-born kittens; then they waylaid weak cats. Gangs formed and fought, with stronger ones overpowering weaker ones.

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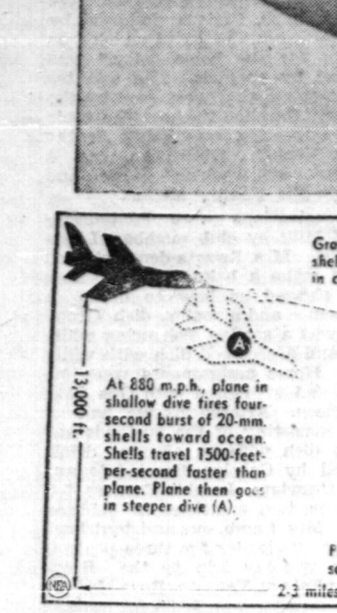
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### Boys Plot To Bump Off Bosses

One bitterly cold winter morning, workmen from a distant camp came to a temple in Mongolia and found the gate closed.



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Standing on his saddle, one peered over the wall and was horrified to see two pious-looking men in a deadly embrace on the blood-covered flagstones of the courtyard, one with his skull smashed, the other exhausted.

Later, an officer and some men came and broke the door down. Both dead lamas had been drunkards who often brawled and fought. The one with the smashed skull, known for his ferocious temper, had his hands locked round the other's throat.

The mystery of their deaths was solved. They had been drinking. The one who was killed had been drinking. The other was killed because he was drunk.

At the same time, a man who carried a bag containing a thousand jingling silver dollars. As they drew up to the inn they saw a crowd of dirty, slovenly frontier soldiers from near-by watch-tower, and later in the darkness, Rasnussen heard them planning to murder and rob the party—caught the wrong man.

Rasnussen decided at once that they must get away from that inn in the car before the soldiers could stop them. He drew the driver aside, tipped off the others, and on the pretext of getting gear from the car, they went out to the shed, past the watching soldiers, jumped in quickly, and were off at full speed.

But he had no idea of the appalling mountain-track they now have to climb in the dark. A black chiasm fell away from his edge. A snowstorm was raging; the wet headlamps lit up only a narrow semicircle ahead.

Soon the windshield cleared up, the driver could see nothing, and stopped near the top of the pass. Rasnussen told where they were until they could see.

"But that is impossible!" the driver, "the radiator will freeze and the wolves will attack us if we stand still for long." They could hear the "whuff-whuff" of the engine, but they suggested going back slowly and waiting two miles from Chaput until they could be safe to shelter at the inn.

### TABLE TALKS

By Jane Andrews.

No apple dumplings or apple puddings have ever tasted so wonderful to me as those made at the farm with dried apples. They weren't just homemade, they were neighborhood-made! All the apples were prepared at our apple-paring parties.

I seldom hear of apple-paring parties these days. They have become almost as extinct as the old quilting bees. But when I was a very little girl, my grandparents had an apple-paring party every year. And so did our neighbors.

These parties were considered "after-supper frolics," yet they were the means of getting a valuable piece of work accomplished. All through the following year, we had hardly a meal without an accompaniment of apple pies, sweet-sauce, and apple preserves. On Saturday nights those apple puddings or apple puddings—umm, um.

There were two methods of drying apples used by the country people. In one case the fruit was pared and cut into pieces one-half to three-quarters of an inch in thickness (the cores being extracted) and spread on the day, and immediately with the cats came ashore periodically from copra scoopers visiting Tetiaroa.

To-day, the cats of the atoll are lazy, sleek and fat. Food supply and demand are once again under control.

But if any adventurer should have the urge to land on Tetiaroa's coral beaches, he should first make sure that there isn't a sign tacked to a palm which says in French the equivalent of: BEWARE OF CATS!

I recall that the first money I ever earned was that which I day paid me by a neighbor to turn the apples, periodically, so that all sides would be equal exposure to the sun and the Harriet Patchin Botham in The Christian Science Monitor.

The other method was more general, and was the one we used. The apples were strung on a string and hung up to dry in the kitchen (where we had a large wood stove). During the months of October, November and December the ceiling was decorated with strings of apples intersecting one another in every direction, with an ever-increasing amount of string showing, as the apples shrank. This method was the most pleasing to me, too, because I loved stringing them. It was for this system of drying that the apple-paring party took place.

When all the neighbors had been duly notified, it was expected they would appear at our house at the time appointed. This annual paring-party, as I have said was what we called "an after-supper frolic," but then it should be remembered that supper in those days was at an early hour. So usually before 7 o'clock the party would arrive and form themselves into small groups. Each group surrounded a large basket into which they would drop the cuttings, and my grandparents took care to supply these helpers with plenty of water material.

While fingers and knives were busy, the evening was always enlivened with songs, banjo and guitar music (especially for the occasion) and sweet cider. Although the paring had had an upper, over six hours of diligent work to store their appetites. So about midnight, more sweet cider, and an abundance of Johnny cake.

### Rock Lays Oeuf

Reports come from France that American prestige has hit an all-time low since the war, and the reporters are inclined to blame it all on Secretary Dulles and his handling of the Suez crisis.

Another report from Paris that blames it all on Secretary Dulles and his handling of the Suez crisis. But don't you believe it!

When the classic movie "Rock Around the Clock" was premiered on the Champs Elysees last week its reception was cool, man, cool. The audience sat through it in polite amusement, which is not the way to receive Rock 'n' Roll.

Abandoned furniture and refrigerators are a great source of "play" for children. Cabinet doors swollen with age and dampness often stick and old refrigerator doors too heavy to push outward can succumb to a youngster's shoving.

Machinery and the handling of livestock is associated with two-thirds of the fatal farm accidents. Make it your business to keep small tots from playing near tractors, compactors and shears and from wandering about without supervision.

Chemicals such as farm disinfectants, poisons and fuels should be kept in sealed containers, stored out of the reach of young children. Children have been poisoned by drinking kerosene and similar liquids improperly labeled and stored.

Tools and guns should be safely stored. Axes, pitchforks, fishhooks and sharp tools not to be stored with children care are all dangerous. Guns if kept at all, should be put away unloaded and under lock and key.

Men who are too big to take orders are too small to give them.

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### Chilly Dish For Chilly Days

The melancholy poet Bryant (who didn't like autumn) will soon be flying the winds, piercing the fuddles freezing over, and the demand for tongue-cooling, bone-chilling ice cream will keep right on.

The sales saturation point for ice cream and its allied concoctions, observes one member of the ice-cream industry, is limited only by a certain elasticity of youth's weedy wallet.

As for its allied concoctions, Mr. J. H. Bushway of West Newton, is quoted as saying he served the first ice-cream soda quite unintentionally to a drygoods man who wanted his soda water colder, by dropping in a scoop of ice cream.

At Chapout, on his way up-country, he had a startling experience. His party included a man who carried a bag containing a thousand jingling silver dollars. As they drew up to the inn they saw a crowd of dirty, slovenly frontier soldiers from near-by watch-tower, and later in the darkness, Rasnussen heard them planning to murder and rob the party—caught the wrong man.

Rasnussen decided at once that they must get away from that inn in the car before the soldiers could stop them. He drew the driver aside, tipped off the others, and on the pretext of getting gear from the car, they went out to the shed, past the watching soldiers, jumped in quickly, and were off at full speed.

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On arriving at his office the next morning, he found detectives in charge of the building and two office-boys under arrest. Twelve office-boys had been appointed to kill the executives of six leading foreign firms, but were all caught as they slipped out of their offices.

It was a neat plot, he says, for it would have been comparatively easy to dispose of an unsuspecting man sitting at his desk, either with chopper or silk cord, then go on the next office and do likewise. The boys were condemned and shot, but the real culprit, the brains behind them, is an enthralling boy.

Later, an officer and some men came and broke the door down. Both dead lamas had been drunkards who often brawled and fought. The one with the smashed skull, known for his ferocious temper, had his hands locked round the other's throat.

### Guilt Walks In Kid Gloves

In the houses of ordinary folk, the scenes of ghoulish crimes and queers? Several royal princes in Great Britain have been known to have details been allowed to leak out.

All we know of Herne the Hunter, who haunts the grounds of Windsor Castle; but there is a much more eerie story connected with the Castle which is unknown to most people.

The story concerns the first Duke of Buckingham, favorite of Charles I, but highly unpopular with the British people. He was assassinated by a disguised Army officer named John Felton, and the ghost-tale deals with this murder.

There was a Mr. Towes, superintendent of works at Windsor Castle, who had been at school with Sir George Villiers, father of the Duke. Early one morning Towes was surprised by the appearance of his old friend, who had been dead and buried for some time.

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### THE FARM FRONT

By John Russell.

Accidents kill more youngsters than disease. Seven thousand children are killed each year, between the ages of one and fourteen, died as a result of farm accidents, most of which could have been prevented.

Falls are the leading hazard to farm people in all regions; they account for one-fourth of the accidents. Disorder can be a cause for falls—logs, tools and equipment left about. Remove the things you can trip over, slip on or fall from.

Abandoned furniture and refrigerators are a great source of "play" for children. Cabinet doors swollen with age and dampness often stick and old refrigerator doors too heavy to push outward can succumb to a youngster's shoving.

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### How Can I?

By Anne Ashley.

Q. How can I prevent having to scrape cake tins, after using?

A. Where a number of tins are used, as during cake baking, keep the dshpa in the sink, filled with hot water, and as each tin is used, place it in the hot water. Washing of these articles will be greatly simplified.

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### CROSSWORD PUZZLE

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### WHAT DOES THE LORD REQUIRE?

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

Memory Selection: He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God? Micah 6:3.

Of the great Bible passages chosen for this quarter, to-day's is the selection from the Minor Prophets. Micah was a country prophet who lived in a town bordering on Philistia. Apart from the first verse of his book his entire prophecy is poetry in the Hebrew.

Micah foretells of the last days when there shall be some excursions throughout the world. Swords will be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks, or as we might say today, tanks into tractors and atomic energy into the ways of peace.

The memory selection has been called the climax of Old Testament ethics. We can't buy God's favor. Many have sacrificed their children hoping to appease the wrath of the gods. But God wants us to do righteously. With this must be coupled the love of the neighbor.

On the farm, blasting caps are a necessary tool to explode ignamite for removing stumps and loaders, draining swamps and clearing fields. They are safe, and save time, money and manpower when used for these purposes.

A blasting cap in a child's hand is as dangerous as a rattlesnake. Your youngster wouldn't touch a rattler, teach him to show the same respect for a blasting cap. It's as dangerous.

The warning applies with particular force to farmers, for a study by the Institute of Makers of Explosives shows that 40 per cent of all blasting cap accidents in which children are blinded or maimed occur on farms. This is a disproportionate ratio for farmers as a group use only about one per cent of the caps. Industry is by far the largest user. The need for greater precautions in handling caps on the farm is readily apparent.

Safety authorities offer these suggestions: 1. Never cache caps for future use. They can be forgotten and years later seriously injure some child. Many accidents can be traced to children finding caps that have been tucked away in barns, garages, tool sheds and other out-buildings.

2. To reduce this hazard, dispose of all unused caps as soon as the job is finished. Consult your local licensed explosives dealer or county agent on how to dispose of them safely.

3. Teach your children to know a cap at sight. Tell them of the danger.

4. Warn them: "Don't even touch them!"

### SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

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