

Make Fortune By Taking Day Off

A dignified man placed his hands on little Bernard Baruch's head. His sensitive fingers felt the ridges and undulations. He turned to Barney's mother. "Ma-dan," he said, "your son may be a fine classical scholar, but his head indicates that he is a financial genius. Train him either for finance or politics."

That interview with the phrenologist sealed the fate of young Baruch. Today, at the age of eighty-five, he is one of the fortune being estimated at up to \$75,000,000.

At eleven he was stumpy, fat and nicknamed "Bunch" by the lads in his street who ran their fingers up the back of his head as he passed. This riled him, but he took boxing lessons and lost both his fat and his quick temper. For it's easier to be calm when you can meet personal insults with a handy left hook.

So good was he with his hands that Bob Fitzsimmons, the fighter, advised him to take up boxing as a profession. But as he could speak French and German fluently, and read Latin, Greek and Hebrew, he put his name down for West Point. One day when he could beat the calculator machines!

As routine work irked him he tackled to Colorado and, during the summer of 1920, dug ore in a mine shaft. Then with his savings he bought shares in an advertising mine and thought he was on the road to riches.

But the ore was so bad that the mine closed down and he learned his first lesson—never buy first and investigate later.

That autumn, almost broke, he returned to Wall Street as a \$3 a week broker's clerk, filling inkwells, running errands and playing the markets. He earned other clerks found it saves time to ask him rather than look up the answers. Unlike them, he perused over law books, studied bookkeeping and became so useful to his firm that soon he was earning five times his starting salary.

Meanwhile, he had met a pretty girl and asked his boss to double his salary. "No," was the answer, "but will you accept a Junior partnership instead, which in last year's figures means at least \$30 a week?" Baruch accepted—it was a good wage in those days.

Later, with an inborn shrewdness and intuition, he calculated that the U.S. Congress would not cut the sugar tariff; he gambled on it and made \$100,000. With \$95,000 he bought a seat on the New York Stock Exchange.

Next year, while holidaying in New Jersey, his partner phoned to say that Commodore Schuyler had destroyed the Spanish fleet at Santiago Bay. The market was closed, for it was the long weekend of July 4th, and he knew that when business began it would go mad. So he hired a locomotive and a single coach and dashed to New York. As the office was locked, he lifted his own through a small window to let him in from the inside.

"Then he telephoned the tip to

the firm's customers and cabled London to buy American stocks at the moment the London Stock Exchange opened. On Monday stocks surged up and he made a fortune.

Once, Baruch made a lot of money by accident. It was when big financiers were fighting for control of Northern Pacific Railroad. Baruch bought as stocks were rising, but knew that the stock was being bought in a sound and intended selling the next day. In the morning his mother phoned and said sternly, "Bernard, have you forgotten what day it is?"

It was Yom Kippur, on which no orthodox Jew may transact business. Yet if Baruch did not sell, he would be ruined when prices fell.

"I expect you to stay at home," said his mother.

"All right, Mother," he promised.

Had he been able to use the phone on Yom Kippur he would have made a few thousands; as it was, three kept rising and through no skill of his own he netted \$750,000.

By the time he was thirty-two he was worth a million dollars for every year of his life.

When he became a multi-millionaire he bought a 10,000-acre estate, well stocked with deer, wild turkey, duck, quail and other game. Here the famous visited him, and once an admiral in uniform he saw a card tied to each member since the invention of the shotgun, spent a week with hundreds of rounds without hitting anything.

Then a guide led him to a tree and pointed to an enormous turkey perched on a branch. The admiral let fly. Down thumped the bird, but when he ran to it in triumph he saw a cord tied to its neck. On it was written: "With the compliments of Bernard M. Baruch."

Baruch knows how to turn everything to profit; even deafness. This deaf aid has a secret cut-off switch. "Aked what I thought of one politician, renowned as a bore, he chuckled: "I've heard nothing he said to me since 1925."

Money, as such, means nothing to him. "You can't eat it," he says, "and when you have enough, the remainder is merely a liability." He gives away millions in sums, and for a year has done government work without pay. Once he gave a million dollars to the Red Cross and no one knew of the gift for more than twenty-five years.

But he has such a genius for making money that he has little fear of poverty. "Right up to the day they put the coffin lid on me," he says with a grin, "I'll accept—it was a good wage in those days."

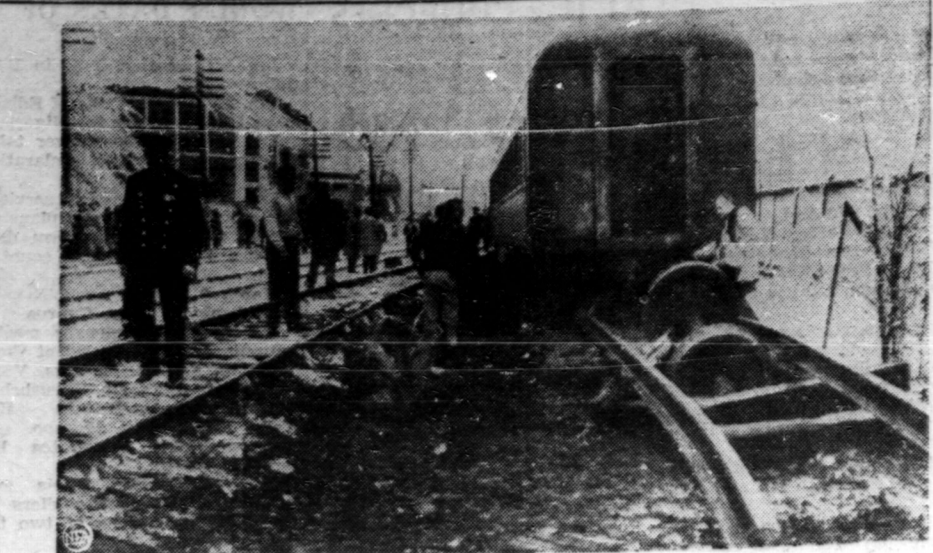
PERFECT ANSWER

Although there are many centenarians living to-day in the United States, it is said that a clerk in an employment bureau in New York was astounded when she noticed recently the figures 110 and 107 in the spaces reserved for "Age of Father, if living" and "Age of Mother, if living" on the document which had been handed in by an applicant for work.

"Haven't you made a mistake?" asked the surprised clerk.

"Surely your parents aren't that old?"

"No," replied the applicant, "but they would be—if living."



12 INJURED IN TRAIN DERAILMENT — This was the scene after a New Haven Railroad passenger train jumped the tracks, injuring at least 12 persons. The train was en route to Montreal from New York.

Jail—Bards

Francois Villon, King of the rascals of Paris, was also a thief and a poet. A good example of his modern imitators comes from the U.S.A. where a gang of chicken thieves, after raiding the local chicken houses, left behind a hen and a rooster in prison to writing hymns and even composed his epitaph. Let's hope that his hymns were of better quality than another prison epic:

O who can tell the pains I feel
A poor and harmless sailor.
I miss my dog and every meal—
Here comes the blooming jailor!

A case which attracted much medical interest concerned the finding of two bodies in a lake. By some property in the water the bodies were extremely well preserved. The advice of an expert from the medical faculty of a certain university was sought by the police. The professor's students gleefully recorded their chief's interest in the case with:

Two bodies found in lonely mere
Converted into adipocere,
Harvey, when called in to see 'em
Said, "Just what I need for my museum."

Carpets of Moss

The country around offered a scene very uncommon and to us quite new. The moss was the reindeer feeds covers the whole ground, which is flat and only skirted by hills at some distance; but these hills also are clothed with this moss. The color of the moss is a pale yellow, which, when dry, changes to white; the regularity of its shape, and the uniform manner in which the surface of the ground is decked with it, appears very singular and striking; it has the semblance of a beautiful carpet. The plants grow in a shape nearly oval, and approaching to a circle; and as they closely join each other, they form a kind of mosaic work or embroidery. The white appearance of the country, which thence arises, may for a moment make you imagine that the ground is covered with snow; but the idea of a winter scene is done away by the view of little thickets in full green, which you perceive scattered here and there, and still more by the presence of the sun and the warmth of his rays. As this moss is very dry, nothing can possibly be more pleasant to walk upon nor can there be anything softer to serve as a bed. Its cleanness and whiteness is tempting to the sight, and when we had out up our tent, we found ourselves in every respect very comfortably lodged. I had many times before met with this moss, but in no place had I found it so rich. It was the only produce here, which nature seemed to favour and support; no other herb was growing near it, nor any other vegetable on the spot, except a few birch trees, which by their underwood, and some fir, dispersed on a hill by the river side. All these seemed to vegetate with difficulty as if deprived of nourishment by the moss, and appeared withering and stunted. Some trees, indeed, which grow very near the water, had the appearance of being in a flourishing state, perhaps owing to the moisture they derived from the river; but, in short, this moss appeared to be the royal plant, which ruled above all over the vegetable kingdom of the coun-

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews.

According to Kipling there are "nine-and-fifty ways of constructing tribal laws," and I'm sure there are at least that many recipes for making pancakes, flapjacks or whatever you like to call them. But here's a kind that were new to me, until recently—a Danish variety that I'm sure you'll find well worth the little extra trouble of making them.

At least once during the Christmas season we have selectives. They are the little round Danish pancakes, which are delicious with jelly and butter. The whole family endorses them as a breakfast treat and they are equally good for afternoon or evening refreshments, served with jam or fruit and a beverage.

Perhaps the custom came to us through a San Francisco boarding house where my landlady used to prepare these delectable morsels during the holidays. But my appreciation for them goes back even farther than that. My Danish school friends introduced them to me, writes Evelyn Jensen in The Christian Science Monitor.

Once I remember visiting a friend while she was baking the pancake balls. Fascinated, I watched her carefully grease each depression in the selectives pan, then fill each three-fourths full of batter. She waited until bubbles appeared on the surface, then with two forks flipped each ball so it could cook on the other side.

"Are they hard to turn?" I asked.

"You can try the next batch," she asked.

With some trepidation I took the forks. My movements were clumsy, but I got them over. Not only that, mine came out almost as fine and round as hers. Her young brother stared at me in amazement. "Why, you can do it, too!"

We all laughed, but I must confess that up until that moment I'd shared his conviction that turning selectives was an exclusive Danish accomplishment. Right then I made a decision. An selectives pan

ty, and distributed its bounty and influence amongst a particular race of men and animals.

—From "Travels Through Sweden, Finland, and Lapland, to the North Cape," by Joseph Acosta.

would be included in my future household equipment!

An indeed it is. We purchased our from our local hardware dealer during the early years of our marriage. Mine is cast iron, which keeps a steady heat, and has seven depressions, the pan is ready when drops of water bounce on its surface, or when it just barely begins to smoke. It mustn't be too hot.

A mixture of half butter and half lard is used to grease the depressions. I keep it warm in a flat-bottomed aluminum measuring cup and dip it out with a teaspoon as needed.

Kneading needles will turn the balls as well as sharp forks. If you want to be sure there is no uncooked dough in the centre, test with a knitting needle or cake tester. Experience will soon teach you when they are done.

If you are wondering about pronunciation, it's ab-la-skeev-

er, with the accent on the first syllable. (Or at least that's about as close as most of us can get.) Even if you resort to calling them "dingle berries," as some of our friends do, you'll enjoy them!

Here are three of our favorite batters.

AEBLESKIVER
Separate 6 eggs. Beat the whites until stiff.
Put the yolks into another bowl and beat slightly.
Sift together:
2 cups sifted bread flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt. Add the dry ingredients to the yolks alternately with:
2 cups milk and 2 tablespoons melted butter.
Fold in the beaten white. I hardly have this recipe for my family of four.

AEBLESKIVER WITH SOUR MILK
3 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 teaspoon salt. Sift into a bowl. Add:
1/2 cup sour milk or buttermilk
2 tablespoons cream or melted butter. Start stirring.
Add 1 1/2 cups of sweet milk as enough to make a batter the consistency of waffle batter.
Flavor with 1 teaspoon lemon extract.
A little nutmeg.
Add 3 eggs, beaten light, the last thing.

AEBLESKIVER WITH YEAST
Meat 2 cups rich milk to lukewarm.
Add 1 tablespoon sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup sifted flour. Beat. Then add, one at a time, beating between additions:
4 eggs
Add 1 cup more of flour. Beat before baking.
Any of these recipes may be varied by adding lemon, nutmeg, or cardamom. Currents, seedless raisins, small cubes of raw apple, or bits of cooked prune may be dropped into each individual section just before turning the pancake balls.

BOY AND HIS HERO—Three-year-old Alex Carroll, Jr., is probably too young to appreciate his luck, but he knows growlps are making a fuss over "Bubbe," his pet mongrel. Alex, too lightly clad for winter temperatures, wandered down to Bull-creek run, a creek near his home. He fell in, but Bubbe's barking had moved a neighbor, Mrs. Howard Bush, to keep an eye on him. She ran to the creek, pulled out the blue-cold youngster, took him home and dried him out. He was none the worse for the accident.

NEHRU WELCOMED TO WHITE HOUSE—India's Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru is greeted by President Eisenhower outside the White House. At left is Nehru's daughter, Mrs. Indira Ghandi, and Mrs. Eisenhower.



Jokes That Ended In Tragedy

At a merry party in a Shropshire manor house an attractive young guest was about to sleep in the "haunted room."

"I don't believe in ghosts," she declared defiantly.

But the young sons of the house decided to give her a proper scare. From their father's collection of foreign curios they obtained a mummified hand, covered it with phosphorescent paint and placed it on the girl's pillow. Then when she went to bed they listened outside her door for the expected cry of fright.

It came—but it was no ordinary cry. It was a high-pitched scream of wild and unreasoning terror, which chilled their blood, and it was followed by fearful growls and savage snarls that the boys rushed to their father and blurted out their story. He and some of the guests rushed to the bedroom and battered down the door.

The girl was sitting on the bed. Her eyes were wild and staring, her features contorted into a mask which seemed scarcely human. From her throat came the bestial noise which had so terrified the two boys.

The stupid joke had driven her mad.

Horrible! Undoubtedly, but this is by means the only occasion on which jokes have resulted in tragedy. A Lancashire half-hand, of poor mentality, was unable to find a girl friend. But one day he was conspired by some of his workmates that an attractive young woman in the same mill had fallen in love with him.

Delighted, he approached the girl. "Give me a kiss," he begged. She stared at him contemptuously. Then emboldened by the nods and winks of his mates, he attempted to seize her in his arms. In her annoyance the girl pushed him violently aside and gave him a stinging slap on the face. "Keep your dirty hands off me, you half-wit," she blazed.

The same evening his body was found in the canal. Ridicule had played on his weak mind and driven him to suicide.

Schoolboys are fond of playing jokes; sometimes their ideas of humor lead to unintentional cruelty—and worse. At one school, a boy was terrified of mice. His classmates regarded him as a sissy. They captured a mouse and hid it in his desk. When the boy lifted the lid the mouse jumped out, ran up

his arm, on to his shoulder and scuttled off. The boy shrieked, turned deathly white and fainted. This experience brought on a serious nervous condition that he had to be sent to a special school. A joke had jeopardized that youngster's whole future.

To some of the London boys who were evacuated during the war the country was a frightening place after dark. And a number of Suffolk locals played on a city-bred youngster's fears.

"That lane you go along every evening is haunted," they told him solemnly. "The devil walks there."

The boy was scared, but he put a bold face on the matter. One night he heard the clanking of chains in the lane and a queer noise. In the light of the stars he saw a ghastly, devilish-looking youth with horns coming towards him.

The boy was terrified. He turned and ran, not realizing in his terror that the "devil's head" was only a goat, tethered there by the jokers. They found him the next morning. In his unreasoning fear he had pitched over the edge of a sand-pit. Result: several weeks in hospital.

Highly strung people are dangerous subjects for jokes. An Essex husband learned this through a bitter experience. "Shave in in the late to-night," he told his wife as he left for work one morning. "I'm going out with another woman."

He was only joking. But his wife took it seriously. She wept, and in her extreme depression put her head in the gas. Fortunately, she was rescued in time.

Another woman who suffered through the misguided humor of others was a decidedly plain girl who worked in a London office. She rushed in one day wearing a letter which bore an address in Wardour Street. "One of our talent scouts has been watching you," it said. "You seem to be eminently suitable for a big part in our next film."

The foolish girl went to the address given—only to find that she was the victim of a cruel joke. She guessed that her office colleagues were responsible and knew that they would pull her leg unmercifully. Terrified at facing their ridicule, her eyes blurred with tears, she staggered into the street. She walked straight into a bus and was crippled for life.

Watch Quiz

Do you know a watch? Is so, do you know that Mary Queen of Scots possessed a death's head watch which was made out of a human skull?

That the world's largest watch made for the St. Louis Fair of 1903, was so enormous that people could walk among its moving wheels and its balance wheel weighed a ton.

That London watchmaker John Arnold made the world's tiniest watch for which he was paid 50 guineas by George III.

That one of our Queen's wedding presents was a tiny 15-jewel Swiss watch set into a gold watch-chain.

That when Guy Fawkes was arrested after trying to blow up the Houses of Parliament an oval-shaped watch found on him was inscribed with pictures of running figures.

Mabel arrived home with an engagement ring on her finger. "What kind of a fellow are you engaged to?" her father asked.

"Well, he says, he always wanted a home."

"That sounds good."

"And he likes ours very much."

14. Arrow poison 21. Deserve
16. Arder 24. Traditional
20. Garden tool 27. Not so much
21. Coyer 28. Alarm whistle
22. Pasting 29. Scouring
23. Seal 30. Expect
24. Head 31. Unexploded
25. Armed 32. Post
26. Conflict 33. Fab. shortage
27. Dirge 34. Bond of
28. Hammer 35. Black bird
29. Possessive 36. Blackbird
30. Otherwise 37. Covering

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Confagration
2. First evening
3. That woman
4. Dead covering
5. Watchman
6. Dealer in
7. Candy
8. Parcel of
9. White-footed
10. Bird covering
11. Heath
12. Parcel
13. White
14. White
15. White
16. White
17. White
18. White
19. White
20. White
21. White
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48. White
49. White
50. White

EGGS AND POULTRY

Eggs — During the remainder of 1956 and the first five months of 1957 swings in the supply and price patterns will be more pronounced and egg prices will, on the average, not be as favorable to producers as during the corresponding period a year earlier. During the summer months of the coming year it is expected that production and prices will be dominated even more by developments in the chicken broiler and turkey industries than in 1956. Both of these segments of the poultry industry are rapidly developing new and more efficient methods of production and marketing, the result of which is that they are now the two major sources of poultry meat in this country. In view of this

situation it is expected that price levels for poultry meat in 1957 will be about the same as in 1956.

Fruits and Vegetables

The 1956 apple crop of 12.0 million bushels was 37 per cent less than the bumper crop of 1955 and 10 per cent below the 1949-53 average. As a result of the small crop, prices have been, and are expected to continue at higher levels than in 1955. Barring unforeseen developments, the 1957 crop will probably exceed that of 1956.

Larger crops of peaches, pears and cherries are anticipated in 1957 than in 1956. The 1957 crop of strawberries and raspberries is expected to exceed that of 1956 but it will be a few years before the 1949-53 level of production is reached.

The 1956 potato crop of 66.8 million bushels was one per cent larger than that of 1955. Both imports and exports during 1956-57 are not expected to reach the levels of 1955-56. The average price received during the season as a whole is expected to be above that of the 1955-56 crop.

Consumer demand for fresh vegetables in 1957 is expected to remain strong. Because of the smaller supply of domestic vegetables in 1956, the acreage contracted for processing in 1957 is expected to be increased. During 1957 the growth of the frozen fruit and vegetable industry is expected to be maintained.

SOLID, MAN, SOLID

Belvin is this Sphinx-like statue of a ram, made of red tile bricks, possibly a new medium for sculptors.



THE FARM FRONT
by John Russell

This week we continue the highlights of the farm outlook for 1957 as foreshadowed in the Agricultural Conference held in Ottawa, Dec. 3-5, 1956.

Livestock

Total meat production in inspected or approved establishments in Canada in 1956 appears to be approaching the record 1.9 billion pounds set in 1944. In 1957 production will probably differ only slightly from 1956 levels, an anticipated reduction in pork production being probably offset by increased beef production.

A continued strong domestic demand for meat, plus an anticipated farm improved United States market should prevent any significant decline in cattle prices, while all the indicators — consumer demand, export possibilities, and the supply position point to strong hog and pork prices, both in absolute terms and relative to beef prices. The relative price position will likely cause some switching by consumers from pork to beef, thus causing an additional increase in the already high level of domestic disappearance of beef.

A slight increase is looked for in calf slaughter, while sheep and lamb slaughter will probably remain about the same. No marked change in prices of sheep, or of sheep and lambs, is expected.

Dairy Products

Milk production in 1957 is estimated at 17.5 billion pounds, about the same as in the previous two years. The fluid milk market expanded by increased population, will probably absorb any small increase in total milk production and perhaps divert some milk from other products to dairies.

During 1957 consumption of creamery butter is expected to exceed production with the difference made up out of existing stocks. Cheddar cheese production and consumption are likely to be about the same as in 1956 with slightly less cheese available for export in 1957. Output of evaporated milk and dry skimmed milk will probably be approximately in balance with consumption, with any increases reflecting the growth in population and fairly stable per capita consumption.

Ice cream production may reach 34 million gallons, about one million gallons more than the previous record set in 1955.

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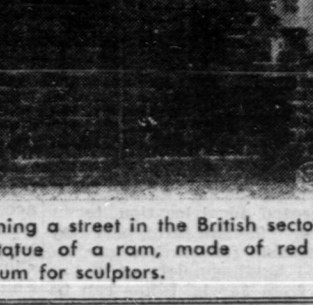
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Riding Out the Gas Pinch

Piggybacking, used by American railroads for several years, makes its appearance in France just in time to help out in the current gasoline shortage. Pictured in Paris is a special flat car (top) equipped to handle trailers or (bottom) big transport trucks. Shippers can send loaded vehicles to distant points at great saving in rationed gas.



Upisdown to Prevent Peeking

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The Sunday School Lesson

By Rev. E. Barcia Warren, B.A. B.D.
How To Resist Temptation
Matthew 23:13-14-11
Memory Selection: Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve. Matthew 4:10.

The great temptation at the end of the forty days in the wilderness was no fancy. Here Jesus in his perfect manhood was subjected to the same temptations that we experience from day to day. He did not yield. If we open our hearts to Him we can triumph too.

The first temptation concerned the basic desire for food. After all, one must eat. But man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. At the recent Christian Business Men's Convention in Chicago a garage owner told of how Jesus had entered his heart and transformed his life. He discontinued the practice of turning back the speedometer when preparing the trade-in for the used car market. Some dealers will tell you that you have to turn them back. "You can't sell a car with 20,000 miles on the speedometer," they say. Well, anyway, this man is prospering in his business better than ever before. People come to him because they know they can believe him. We wish every dealer would follow his example.

Many desire fame. Some have gained it by posing in the nude. Surely that is casting oneself down. But the crowd who applaud today will be a heartless later on. Jesus would take no cheap way to fame by leaping from the temple's pinnacle.

There is also the desire for possessions. Men lust for far more than the necessities of life. The people who are arrested for swindling their employees are not stealing for the sake of bread. It's because they want a new car, beautiful furniture, fine clothes, liquor and the like. In this good country people's need to steal to eat. It's the lust for luxuries that gets people into trouble. Jesus would show how to the Devil to get the kingdoms of this world.

Men are still tempted to give way to the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life. Let us not yield but saturate ourselves in the truth of God's Word. Then we can repel the Devil with the Sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God.

Few ducking stools survive in Britain today, but in 1922 one which was formerly used to punish "unruly women" at Kenilworth, Warwickshire, was discovered in a barn where it had lain hidden.

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