Awkward Moments

During a gay party, at which many pretty women were present, someone suggested that it would be a good idea to hold a slim ankle competition. Everybody agreed and soon more than 100 women and girls were lined up so that only their ankles could be seen.

"We'll let the most recently married man be judge," agreed the men present. So, a young man of twenty-five began surveying the attractive array of nylon-shod ankles.

Three times he walked along the line of dainty ankles before finally indicating one particular pair as being the slimmest and prettiest. Then the winner stepped out into the open to claim her prize—an enormous box of chocolates — and the judge blushed a fiery red.

He had picked his own wife!

Even more embarrassing was the experience of a woman in Lansing, Michigan, shortly after Christmas, 1954. She and her husband had only recently moved into their new home when there was a heavy snowstorm.

Looking out of the windows, she saw a man in rather tattered clothes industriously sweeping snow from the paths next door.

She called him over and asked him to clear her garden paths. "Please do it thoroughly and don't forget the drive leading to the garage," she said. "I'll give you a dollar and something to eat if you make a good job of it."

The man did the work very satisfactorily. Then the woman discovered—that he was her next-door neighbour!

An attractive woman living in the Midlands recalled recently that she used to go in for various beauty contests and that during one of them she did something that nearly caused her to faint with embarrassment.

"At the last minute the attire that competitors were asked to wear was changed from swimsuits to evening dresses," she said, "but I did not hear of the alteration and turned up in a bikini.

"As I didn't want to back out, I went on with it, wearing the only swimsuit among thirty dresses. The men in the audience gave me a terrific ovation, but I felt terribly conspicuous and almost naked in the final line-up."

People of all ages can tell of awkward moments during which they wished the ground would open up and swallow them.

A schoolboy of sixteen was entering a room in which women teachers were debating the question, "Is corporal punishment really necessary?" when he tripped up on the doormat and, plunging forward, landed across the knee of a pretty young woman sitting near the door.

There was a roar of laughter which made the boy turn scarlet. Then the chairman, the headmistress, said to the boy: "Get on your feet, young man. The lady whose lap you are on is not giving a practical demonstration today."

Said the schoolboy afterwards: "I don't know who was more embarrassed — the teacher or myself."

In Chicago five years ago a zealous traffic cop put a "Fined three dollars" ticket on a new car which had been parked in non-parking area—only to discover later that it was his own car which he had not recognized. His wife had left it there while out shopping.

One day a young man living in New York took his girl to a luxury movie. It was a warm evening and he soon got thirsty. The girl didn't want a drink, so he excused himself and consulted an attendant, who gave him detailed directions.

Off went the young man, but lost his way after a few minutes. Then he suddenly saw a fountain in luxurious settings and, being more than ever, decided to have a quick one from that.

When he finally found his way back to his seat, the stage show was on and a fountain played in the middle of it.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed to his girl, "that's a fountain, isn't it?"

"You ought to know," came the reply. "You've just been drinking from it!"

A Russian pianist has told the story of the most embarrassing moment in his career which occurred when he stepped on to the platform at a crowded hall in Colombia in 1940.

There was much applause as he did so and after acknowledging it he looked for the piano on which he was to play a Mozart concerto. It wasn't there. The management had forgotten to hire one—and the recital could not be given.

They Still Chirp Tidings Of Spring

There is homely melody and the promise of better days ahead in the chirpings of baby chicks but a few days old.

Rising above the winter symphony of frozen mud, slush, ice, snow and freeze, the spring-like "chirp! chirp! chirp!" of the baby chick in the next few weeks will be heard in railroad baggage car, freight terminal and even among the mail pouches in village and city post offices.

Time was, before this wondrous age of electronics, that the hens were set and the chicks hatched and nursed along in warm brooder house to coincide with arrival of spring. For generations, the baby chick in downy yellowness and bright chirp belonged among the signs that winter's back is broken.

The electronics age now hastens the hatching but the cratesful of chicks continue to serve as early herald for the warming weeks of each year's spring. — **Providence (R.I.) Bulletin.**

Open Letter To A Speeding Driver

We saw you barely miss a little boy on a tricycle this afternoon and heard you yell "Get the h— out of the way. Don't you know any better than to ride in the street?" He didn't answer because he hasn't learned to talk very well yet, so we'll answer for him.

No, the little boy doesn't know any better than to ride his tricycle in the street. He has been warned not to, but little boys don't always heed warnings. Some adults don't either, especially traffic warnings, and those limiting the speed of automobiles.

We are going to tell you something about that little boy. He has a mother who endured considerable inconvenience, anxiety and suffering to bring him into the world. He has a father who has worked hard and made many sacrifices to make him healthy and happy. The supreme purpose of their lives is to have their little boy grow up to be a useful man.

Now, stop a minute and think. If you should kill a child, how would you feel facing his parents?

What excuse could you give them for having robbed them of their dearest possession? More important, what excuse could you possibly offer Him whose Kingdom is made of little children?

Children, our hasty friend, were here long before you or your automobile were thought of. All the automobiles on earth are not worth the life of one little boy. We don't know what that little boy may be some day, and we could get along without you, but we can't spare a single little boy in our community. — Reproduced, courtesy General Motors Dealers.

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE SOVIET—Along with a lot of other things, the Russians seem to have invented a truck which converts automatically into a tractor-trailer. Buckled by a too-heavy load, this Russian-built vehicle rests awkwardly in a Helsinki, Finland, street.

GAY AT 105 — Miss Margaret Watson, gaily waves the birthday card she received from President Eisenhower for her recent 105th birthday. She was born in England in 1852 and came to the U.S.A. during the Civil War. Secret of her long life? "Hard work," she says.

TABLE TALKS
Jane Andrews.

There's never any garlic in real Italian spaghetti sauces. This is a fact that astonishes the travelling American in Italy. Whether it's spaghetti, macaroni, ziti, ravioli, fettucini, pastina, lasagna or any other of the many types, shapes and sizes of pasta served as a first course there, you never get a whiff or a taste of garlic!

There seems to be as many recipes for sauces for pasta in Italy as there are restaurants to serve it.

The sauce is, of course, the most important factor in making any pasta dish whether you serve it from the top of your stove or put it in an oven casserole; whether it is simply one of many dinner dishes or comprises your entire meal. Because of this, I am giving you several different sauce recipes from which you may choose a favorite for your family.

But first about cooking spaghetti—or any of the pasta family—the first rule is—do not overcook! Use plenty of water, have it boiling hard before adding spaghetti (also, add salt to it before adding pasta). Stir at once to keep from sticking, then allow to boil 8-10 minutes. Drain spaghetti immediately. Put spaghetti back into hot kettle, add a little butter, cover and allow to stand until ready to serve.

Tomato-Mushroom Sauce
2 tablespoons butter
⅓ cup sliced mushrooms and liquid from 2-ounce can
½ cup finely chopped onion
¾ cup tomato paste (6-ounce can
2½ cups tomatoes (20-ounce can)
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon each, garlic salt and chili powder
¼ teaspoon dried basil, crumbled
Dash pepper

Melt 2 tablespoons butter in skillet. Drain mushrooms and add to skillet; cook gently over low heat until mushrooms begin to brown. Add onion and continue cooking until onion is transparent. Stir in mushroom liquid, tomato paste, and tomatoes; add salt, garlic salt, chili powder, basil, and pepper. Cook gently, stirring occasionally, about 30 minutes. Stir in the remaining 2 tablespoons butter. After blending sauce gently with spaghetti, sprinkle top with the cheese. Enough for 4 ounces spaghetti.

* * *

If you're having a spaghetti party this sauce recipe, from a famous chef in the United States makes 1½ quarts. Serve if from a gravy boat at the table and allow your guests to pour it over the plates of spaghetti you have set before them.

Spaghetti Sauce
2 cans tomato paste
2 cans Italian bell-shaped tomatoes (12-ounce)
1 tablespoon garlic, chopped fine
4 tablespoons onion, chopped fine
4 tablespoons celery, chopped fine
1 cup olive oil or ½ pound butter
1 pint water
3 whole pieces garlic
1 tablespoon salt
½ cup sugar
1 large bay leaf
1 whole red pepper
1 grated carrot
1 grated pecorino pepper

Sauté chopped garlic, onions, and celery in the oil or butter, until golden brown. Add tomato paste and sauté 5 minutes, stirring well; add can of tomatoes and cook for 10 minutes; add water and cook 30 minutes. Add whole pieces of garlic, salt, sugar, bay leaf, red pepper, grated pepper and carrot. Cook slowly not longer than 2 hours, stirring frequently. Remove pieces of garlic and bay leaf, if desired. Store in glass jar in refrigerator if desired.

* * *

Meat balls are always popular with spaghetti.

Spaghetti and Meat Balls
¾ pound ground beef round
1 tablespoon chopped parsley (optional)
1 tablespoon salad oil
1 pound can tomatoes
1 can tomato sauce (8-ounce)
¼ teaspoon basil
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
8 ounces spaghetti
3 quarts boiling water
1 tablespoon salt

Combine beef and parsley; mix well. Shape into 8 meat balls. Cook in oil until browned on all sides. Add tomatoes, tomato sauce, basil, 1 teaspoon salt and pepper. Cook over low heat 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add the 1 tablespoon salt to rapidly boiling water. Gradually add spaghetti so that water continues to boil. Cook uncovered; drain. Serve meatball sauce over spaghetti.

* * *

If you want an elaborate dish of pasta try this oven-baked lasagna made with layers of cheese and meat sauce. This recipe serves four. If lasagna is not available at your food store, you may substitute ½ pound of spaghetti or elbow macaroni.

¼ pound lasagna (or spaghetti or elbow macaroni)
2 tablespoons butter
½ cup finely chopped onion
1 clove garlic, finely chopped
½ pound ground beef
⅔ cup tomato paste (6-ounce can)
2½ cups tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon each dried basil and oregano, crumbled
½ pound ricotta or cottage cheese
½ pound Swiss cheese slices
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese

Cook lasagna in 4 quarts salted water until tender (15-20 minutes). Stir occasionally with wooden spoon while cooking. Drain and rinse with hot water. Separate lasagna and hang over edge of colander or pan to allow for easier handling later.

While lasagna is cooking, melt butter in large skillet; add onion and garlic and cook gently for about 5 minutes. Add ground beef. Cook slowly, stirring frequently, until all red color disappears from meat. Blend in tomato paste, tomatoes, salt, pepper, and spices. Continue cooking, stirring ocasionally, about 30 minutes.

Grease a 1½-quart baking dish. In it, make layers of meat sauce, lasagna and the three cheeses, using equal parts of each. Repeat layers twice. Bake at 350° F. until mixture is bubbly and cheese is lightly browned—about 35-40 minutes.

DREAMLAND DRIVE

Driving from Melbourne to Sydney, P. G. Pick thought he heard a strange sound from the back of his car. He listened, then heard it again. A distinct snore.

He stopped, and cautiously got out. After fetching a fire spanner from the boot, he threw open the rear door of his car and found a tramp sound asleep on the floor.

The tramp had boarded the car in Melbourne where it was "too cold to sleep in the park." He was thoroughly annoyed to discover that he had been taken some 200 miles from Melbourne and demanded his train fare back until Mr. Pick threatened to hand him over to the police. Then he changed his mind, decided to walk and was last seen thumbing a Melbourne-bound car.

He's TV's Unashamed Intellectual

By DICK KLEINER
NEA Staff Correspondent

Charles Van Doren, an unashamed intellectual, is in the market for a wheelbarrow to carry his money. He'll need it to bring home his winnings — when and if he ever quits or gets knocked out of his TV role as a brainy glamor boy.

At the moment, after 11 weeks and 12 opponents on NBC-TV's "Twenty-One," he has amassed $138,000. Theoretically, he can go on until he gets beaten, bored or bounced off when the producers decide they need a new hero.

But he hasn't seen a penny of his take yet. "I'll get it in one lump sum," the 30-year-old Columbia University English instructor says. "And I guess I'll need a wheelbarrow to take it home."

The wheelbarrow will also come in handy for a trip to the office of the Collector of Internal Revenue. Of his $138,000, tax experts estimate he'll be able to keep around $34,000; the rest will go in federal and state income taxes. (This is assuming he remains single through '57 — and he has no current plans for marriage.)

Van Doren's Columbia salary is $4,400 a year.

Money will be no problem to him ever after, should he choose the high road of show business that now seems open to him. He has offers from Hollywood, from television, from radio. The public has become entranced with his honest good looks, his soft voice, his warm smile. And he admits to a long-time fascination with acting.

"A show business career somewhat interests me," he says. "If I were less tired, I might be more interested."

He squints, squirms and beats his brow as he struggles for the answers on "Twenty-One." And no Oscar winner has a more charming smile than his winning beam.

The 11 weeks on the show have exhausted him, worn off 13 pounds from his 173-pound frame, deprived him of his privacy.

"Even if I decided it was best to go back to my former life," he says, "I don't know if it's possible any more. I think I've become a public figure."

He's right. It's a strange fate for a man of his background to find himself a TV star and a magazine cover boy.

Van Doren's family is famed in American literary historical and poetic circles — his father, Mark, his mother, Dorothy, his late uncle, Carl, his aunt, Irita, all are intellectual celebrities.

Charles Lincoln Van Doren set out to follow them, except he never could make up his mind exactly what field was his. In college and post-graduate work, here and abroad, he studied mathematics, English, music, astronomy, poetry, education and countless other subjects. This background, plus a fantastic memory, is what enables him to handle the show's varied categories.

Each week pits him against college professors, lawyers, and Ph. D.'s of assorted stripe. The winner is paid out of the loser's stake — if any — at the rate of $500 a point.

He has enswered questions on baseball, musical comedy, queens, Shakespeare, seas, medicine, George Washington, art, chemistry and history. There would seem to be no soft spots in his knowledge. But he says there are two categories he fears.

"I'm a little rocky about South America," he says, "but I did answer a high point question on that, so maybe I was wrong. The other is popular culture. Oh, I know something about the culture of the present, but with a subject so recent they're liable to ask very specific questions. So my reading these days are things like comic books and lists of the best sellers of the last 20 years and so on."

What makes Van Doren so successful, some think, is that despite his great store of knowledge he has the common touch.

"I'm not an egghead," he says. "I've got plenty of hair. Whenever anyone calls me an egghead. I like to quote Adlai Stevenson, when he said, 'Eggheads of the world unite — you have nothing to lose but your yokes.'

"I'm not ashamed of being educated or intellectual. There's too much of that. I think it was Samuel Grafton who said that America is the only place in the world where two men could meet and talk and one man knows the definition of a word and the other doesn't and the one who does feels embarrassed. I think that is wrong."

He is not embarrassed by his public display of brilliance, but he did worry, at first, that he might show his ignorance. He entered the program originally purely for monetary gain.

"The idea of appearing successfully was very pleasant. But the idea of possibly making a fool of myself worried me. I waited four or five weeks to get up enough nerve to apply for the program. Then one Friday afternoon — I always feel relaxed on Friday afternoons — I'd been to the dentist and afterwards, I just went over and did it."

Now that the danger of making himself look foolish is over, the week-to-week decisions about going on or not are based pretty much on mood. He knows that each match's possible net take is not very high, after taxes. He also realizes he has relatively little to lose.

He makes his decisions in the half-hour before the show, when he is alone in a small dressing room.

"I used to read the World Almanac during that period," he says, "but now I just sit and relax and make up my mind."

He'll have an even bigger decision to make at the end of this academic year, when he is offered a new contract by Columbia.

"I haven't signed yet for the next semester. I'm employed at the discretion of the Board of Trustees. When I'm offered a new contract, I'll have to decide what to do."

It'll be a decision that could make Van Doren a star — or a professor.

CHARLES VAN DOREM, READER: Comic books, book lists.

Smugglers Curse Irish Terrorists

Irish terrorists are being cursed heartily these days — for an unusual reason. They've wrecked the best racket in all Ireland — cattle rustling — just when folk on both sides of the border were getting rich through two-way smuggling. But now there are too many guards.

For over thirty years the clash between smugglers and preventive men has been fought out non-stop along the 180 mile line that divides Eire and Northern Ireland. During the war and just afterwards Dublin, jammed with luxury goods, was regularly invaded by weekend visitors from Belfast and Britain, seeking cigarettes, chocolates, nylons, clothes, cameras, watches and jewellery.

Nowadays the amateur smuggler confines himself to this small stuff, but the professional goes in for large-scale cattle rustling and the import of fertilizers into Eire. It is highly prosperous, thanks to the ingenious two-way system that could only happen in Ireland!

The Eire farmer hands his cattle over to a professional smuggler. Along the whole frontier line that crosses mountain and bog and much desolate country, there are only eighteen routes by which people are permitted to pass from one territory to another, via customs control points. But there are scores of tiny roads crossing and recrossing the border. The penalties for being caught on these roads are extremely heavy, but the smugglers generally know how to evade the customs.

Some fifty cattle, say, are taken across and sold at auction in the north. Each animal collects a government bonus of up to $30, depending on its quality and the price it reaches. Once sold, the animals are promptly turned round and smuggled south again, to be resold in Dublin! By this system an animal can realize $300 for an expenditure of about $90. With a herd of fifty the profit is hefty.

Another two-way racket consists of filling a large lorry with any goods more expensive in the north at that time, running it over the border and selling the contents. The lorry makes its return trip loaded with fertilizer, which is enormously more expensive in the south. A lorry full of cigarettes can go north and be back with fertilizer in two or three hours, maybe making several trips on a dark night.

Smugglers are glad when the hordes of tourists start flocking in and out, tying up the customs in routine checks on major traffic routes. These checks are always a battle of wits.

It was rather a pity one ingenious fellow was caught. He used to smuggle a quart of whisky at a time in the inner tube of his bicycle — but had a puncture outside a customs station!

Only the very stupid woman now smuggles butter into the north concealed in her clothes. At Dundalk railway station she is liable to be taken out of the train and into a small room where generally there is a blazing fire, whatever the weather. Stood casually in front of this, she can be kept in conversation until the butter threatens to betray its presence, when she will invariably give in!

The customs men can be very tough. They've even taken genuine engagement rings from girls, as well as watches and bracelets.

And if the amateur smuggler does get past the customs man, let him beware of leaning back and relaxing as the train moves off again for Belfast. For that good-looking girl sitting opposite is liable to invite him sweetly to accompany her to the guard's van, where he finds that she, too, is a customs officer, left to trap him.

Biters Get Bit

One type of criminal who does not often get into the news is the gentleman who specializes in robbing the robbers.

There was once a footman who had his eye on some jewels belonging to his master. One night, as a first attempt in crime he decamped with $50,000 worth of gems bulging his pockets. But a professional cracksman had also had his eye on those sparklers for a long time, but couldn't get at them. He waylaid the absconding footman, stunned him, and removed the loot with the comment: "Let this show you that honesty is the best policy!"

In New Zealand this year a man stole $10,000 from the police payroll. The money was found in a schoolboy's satchel. The boy said he saw a man hiding the money in a hole in a wall and when the man had gone he helped himself.

In Paris, at one time, there were three gangs specializing in waylaying crooks homeward bound with the proceeds of a night's "work." When arrested the gangsters could not understand that they were doing anything wrong in stealing from thieves.

Some months ago a man was sentenced to death for stabbing a shopkeeper in the East End of London and stealing clothes. Before he was arrested he met another man and this man stole from him the clothes for which the murder had been committed.

"How is your son getting on with his medical studies?" inquired Mrs. Green of her friend.

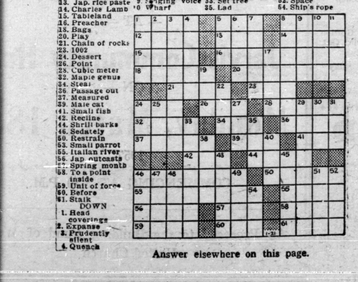
"Very well, thank you," replied the proud mother. "He can already cure small children."

EYE CUTE — Gagging it up with a pair of trick spectacles, Ralph Santos, TV cameraman, takes a turn in front of the lens. The specs are weird enough at first sight (top), but when Ralph turns on his "zoomar" lens (bottom), he really makes folks jump.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Little cats
6. Owned
9. Engrossed
12. Seed covering
13. Jap. rice paste
14. Charles Lamb
15. Tableland
16. Preacher
18. Bags
20. Play
21. Chain of rocks
23. 1002
24. Dessert
26. Point
28. Cubic meter
30. Maple genus
34. Music
36. Manage out
37. Measured
39. Make out
41. Small fish
42. Heckles
44. Shrill barks
46. Sedately
50. Restrain
53. Small parrot
55. Italian river
56. Jap. outcasts
57. Spring month
58. To a point inside
59. Unit of force
60. Before
61. Stain

DOWN
1. Head coverings
2. Expanse
3. Prudently silent
4. Quench
5. Meat
6. Among
7. Cotton fabric
8. Temporary delay
9. Fencing voice
10. Wharf
11. Small pie
17. Egypt. goddess
19. Collection
22. Evergreen
24. Old card game
25. Frozen water
27. Cooking vessel
29. Having being
30. Free
31. French for summer
33. Set free
35. Lad
38. Dagger
40. Crass
42. Smyrna figs
45. Pers. fairies
46. Hurried
47. Tasting like oats
48. Chaff of wheat
49. Period of time
51. Grafted (Heraldry)
52. Space
54. Ship's rope



Answer elsewhere on this page.

PLOWING IN THE PARKING LOT—This striking contrast between the ultramodern apartment house and the age-old plowman behind his horses presents itself in West Berlin, Germany. The "city farmer" is actually a gardener who took advantage of the warm weather to turn up the soil for spring planting in the apartment house yard.

THE FARM FRONT
by John Russell

HUMANE TRAPPING
By Donald Baillie
Vice-President
Canadian Association for Humane Trapping.

Are you interested in trapping? Perhaps you don't do much of it — just the odd mouse or rat around your own house or barn. The trap you use probably has a striking bar attached to a strong spring. When the spring is released the bar strikes the animal, crushing it to death pretty quickly. A trap like this, which kills almost instantly, is a fairly humane way of destroying mice and rats.

The kind of trap I want to discuss with you today is a different story altogether. It has a very powerful spring, but instead of a crushing bar it has steel jaws. These jaws will try to clamp together when the spring is released. If something tries to stop them from clamping right together, they bite into that something.

By the stretch of imagination can these traps be called humane. When the jaws spring shut on the leg or paw of an animal, the pain he feels is only the beginning of his sufferings. At the best they may be ended fairly soon by drowning, if he is a water animal, and if the trapper has taken the trouble to arrange a drowning set, which will hold him under the water when he dives for his natural cover. Even then, drowning is a fairly slow business for a beaver, or otter, or mink, or muskrat, equipped to stay under water for a long time. If there is no way for him to drown, he must either gnaw off his paw, or twist it off, or endure the trap as best he can until death releases him. He may struggle till he is dead — he may freeze till he is dead — another animal may kill him — or at last the trapper may kill him.

A fur trapper in Canada will do well to get around his trap lines once in a week. He may have five or six hundred to visit. In bad weather a trap may be left unvisited for nearly a month. I mentioned that the animal may gnaw and twist at his leg until finally the flesh and sinew and bones are all severed apart and he is free — free to hobble away with a raw stump, or the gangrenous remains of a frozen paw. Some trappers have estimated that they lose as many as 20% of their catch by these "wring-offs", that is, 20% of several million wild animals may be amputated this way each winter in Canada. Each year we Canadians kill about nine million animals for their fur, and the great majority of these are not raised on fur farms. They are trapped. Some are caught in wire snares around their necks, but most in leghold traps. This means that one or more steel traps snap shut every minute of our long winter. While you are reading this, two hundred or more of our Canadian animals are being caught in the leghold trap, and several thousand already caught are dying.

Apart from the numbers we kill, let's think about the unnecessary pain we inflict in catching them. It seems to me that higher mammals must feel something pretty close to what we humans feel. Most of the biologists I've met agree with me on this. You all know that your dog or cat certainly doesn't like to have his paws trod on. If you want a rough idea of the leghold trap, just imagine that the door of your car has been slammed across the fingers of your bare hand. Imagine that the door is jammed shut — and imagine that you are then left with your hand so caught until you either starve to death, or freeze to death — or tear your hand apart.

You are probably asking yourselves right now — "If this is such a painful business, why doesn't somebody do something about it?" Well, some countries have done something about it, Norway, for example. The leghold trap was outlawed in Norway over 50 years ago, yet Norwegians manage to trap about half a million animals in humane traps each year. I understand that Sweden, Finland, and Germany, have outlawed it too. In 1949 the British Government appointed a committee of inquiry to investigate charges of cruelty to wild animals in Britain. The tone of their report, issued in 1951, was far from fanatical. They stated quite strongly, "Nobody can doubt that this is a diabolical instrument, which causes an incalculable amount of suffering." Incalculable is the right word, for 20 million rabbits alone are trapped in Britain in one year. They added — "We recommend that the sale for use in this country of the gin trap, and the use of the gin trap, should be banned by law within a short period of time." By the Pests Act 1954 the use of the gin trap will become illegal in Britain after July 31, 1958.

Thirty years ago the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Britain offered a prize for an effective humane trap. In 1947 a rabbit trapper named Sawyer finally won the award. His trap has two arms which snap up, and together, and break the rabbit's neck instantly.

Even if we ignore the question of being humane, we can see that such a trap has two great advantages over the leg-hold type. First, there is no loss of animals by the wring-off; secondly, the animal makes no noise that will attract other animals to attack it, and spoil the fur or carcass before the trapper arrives.

About 30 years ago a national organization was formed in Canada with the object of abolishing the cruelty of the steel trap. It is called the Canadian Association for Humane Trapping. Its headquarters are in Toronto, but there are members from coast to coast. This Association is endorsed by Humane Societies across Canada, since it tries to do for our fur bearers what the Humane Societies do for domestic animals.

Until recent years we devoted most of our association's energy and income to telling people about existing conditions in Canadian trapping. You may have seen our advertisements in magazines and newspapers. We have distributed thousands of pamphlets, and we have operated demonstration booths at the Canadian National Exhibition. We have also kept in touch with the latest practices in fur farms, and in the development of substitutes for natural furs, such as the nylon furs recently developed. We do these things because we want to conserve some of our wild life resources in a natural balance for the people who some after us, and because we just don't like to see unnecessary suffering going on right here in Canada.

In 1951 we interested the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests in importing from England 200 Sawyer traps — the trap which kills instantly and which I mentioned earlier — and the Department distributed these to Ontario trappers for testing. Their reports were so favourable that we imported another 1,000 which we sold at cost to trappers across Canada. Then in the Spring of 1952 we sent out a questionnaire to each purchaser asking his opinion as to the effectiveness of the Sawyer trap in Canadian conditions and asking him to suggest improvements. There was a good response to this questionnaire, with many valuable suggestions. Since then we have continued to sell these traps at cost to the trappers.

In 1954 we imported another type of instant-killing trap, the Bigelow, from U.S.A. and have sold many hundreds of them also.

In 1956 we sponsored the manufacture of a trap invented in Canada called the Wil-Kil. This trap is made in two sizes, the smaller one is used for mink, muskrat and animals of similar size while the larger one is for beaver and otter. As far as we know, this is the only instant-killer that will hold these large animals.

We are now selling all three of these traps and each Spring the purchasers are issued with a questionnaire so that we can find out the reactions of the men who use them to the different type of traps.

In British Columbia the Association for the Protection of Fur-Bearing Animals is testing another type, the Conibear, also invented by a Canadian.

World's Biggest!

Plans are being discussed in New York for the publication in 1959 of the second issue of the world's largest newspaper which appears only once every century. This monster publication was first published in United States in 1859 and measured 7 ft. long and 4 ft. 6 in. wide.

The first issue of The Illuminated Quadruple Constellation, as it was called, consisted of eight pages each containing thirteen closely printed columns.

It took forty people eight weeks, working day and night to bring out this gigantic newspaper. The contents included news about stars and the universe generally.

Preserved in London, too, is another oddity in newspapers, a small yellowing sheet head "The Daily Citizen, Vicksburg, Mississippi, July 2nd 1863." It was printed during the American Civil War on wallpaper.

THAT NEEDLED HIM

The boss was accustomed to being out of the office a good deal on business and was rather worried about the behavior of his new typist while he was away.

Sending for her one morning he asked: "I hope you don't just sit and twiddle your thumbs while I'm not in the office."

"Oh no, sir," the girl replied, "I get on with my knitting.

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking

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The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

The Authority of Jesus
Matthew 21: 23-32

Memory Selection: The people were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one having authority. Matthew 7: 28-29.

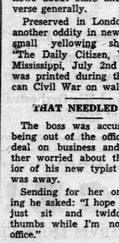
Jesus was the great teacher. He skillfully asked questions which focused attention on the important point. In this lesson he asked a question in answer to a question. The chief priests and elders angered at his cleansing of the temple the previous day, demanded to know the basis of his authority. He in turn asked if John's baptism was of heaven or of men. They wouldn't commit themselves so Jesus did not answer their question. But his question exposed their unbelief in John which premised their unbelief in Jesus. Those who were disciples of John, the Forerunner, readily became disciples of Jesus.

Then Jesus went on to tell a story which added to the condemnation of the questioners. They were like the son who said he would work for his father but failed to go. They gave lip service to God but failed to do righteously in their every day living. Their rejections of John who came in the way of righteousness demonstrated their real attitude to God.

On the other hand the publicans and harlots made no profession of being religious. But under the preaching of Jesus many of these wicked people repented and believed and began to love and serve God.

The lesson is clear. Religion is a practical every day affair. We must all repent of our sins and believe on Jesus Christ if we are to enter the kingdom of God. Our do-it-yourself way of being respectable won't do. We are all sinned and come short of the glory of God. We all need to repent and turn from our sins. Then we can believe on Jesus Christ for His deliverance from our sins.

Jesus Christ's authority is based in the fact that He is the Son of God.



CALM — The graceful prow of the S.S. United States is mirrored in the still surface of New York's North River. Ship and reflection join together to form an illusion of startling streamlining. The luxury liner, third largest in the world, docked recently unaided by strikebound tugboats in an operation regarded by experts as an amazing feat of navigation.

NOT-SO-MYSTERIOUS EAST — The smiles of these children's faces would be understood in any language. The youngsters, in Bangkok, Thailand, are sampling American milk which has been "disassembled" and then shipped to the Far Eastern country where the solids and fats are recombined with water to make whole milk.