

## Costly Kisses!

The big society wedding was over. The great congregation was dispersing from the flower-filled church. The pink-checked lovely little twenty-three-year-old bride was being driven swiftly away with her young husband, through the busy American city, when they heard the sudden, shrill whine of a traffic cop's siren.

Puzzled, the bridegroom told the chauffeur to pull over to the curb and stop. Up roared the cop on his motor-cycle.

"Have we committed a traffic offence?" asked the groom.

"Of course not," replied the cop, "but I just want to remind you that I've been in front of the church for two hours driving traffic for your wedding."

Luckily, the groom had a keen sense of humour, and he replied: "All right, go ahead—if my wife doesn't mind." No, the bride didn't mind. Smilingly she allowed the good-looking young officer to give her a resounding kiss on the lips. Then the couple's car sped on to the reception.

If a girl's attractive, it's amazing what some men will do and date to win a kiss.

When two impressionable bachelors heard that a lovely young actress planned to auction a kiss for charity at a London ball, each decided to buy that kiss, however much it cost.

Bidding began at £50 and was brisk until £2,000 was reached. Then most of the men began to drop out, but the bidding continued. By the time £8,000 had been reached, only the two bachelors remained.

They went on out-bidding each other until the grand total of £10,000 was attained. At this point the actress stopped the fantastic bidding and gave her £10,000 kiss—a long, lingering one—full on the delighted winner's lips.

One spring day a Hungarian, Jovan Petrograt, was sitting in a park café near Zagreb when he noticed an attractive redhead sitting near him. She smiled at him, but a moment later she was joined by a man.

Jovan found himself longing to kiss the girl, but the other man's arrival seemed to make that impossible. Suddenly, the pair surprised him by coming across to him.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, but we need your help," said the stranger. "You see, I'm a married man and this is not my wife. My father-in-law has just come into the café. Will you please sit with this lady to save me getting into trouble?"

Jovan assented, feeling certain that the redhead would let him a kiss or two if he helped them. Soon the girl suggested a stroll in the park.

There, on a bench, she expressed her heartfelt gratitude to Jovan and threw her arms round his neck, allowing him to shower her with kisses. Five minutes later the man came back, thanked Jovan very much for his good turn, and vanished with the girl.

Jovan returned to the café and sat daydreaming about the lovely girl for the next hour and a half. Then, noticing it was getting late, he put his hand into his pocket to pull out his watch. But it had gone—together with his well-filled wallet and gold fountain-pen. Those who had had won the park had proved very costly!

When, during an invasion scare, in 1904, recruiting to Scottish regiments was going slowly, a beautiful woman friend of the Prince Regent bet him that she would be the first to recruit 1,000 men.

She won her bet in less than a month. Her provocative racy lips persuaded more than 1,000 men who would not otherwise have thought of enlisting to become soldiers. Every man she kissed and cuddled joined up within twenty-four hours!

It's hard to believe that a kiss could result in a war, but that happened in 1703, when Ferdinand of Bavaria, during a visit to a nearby state saw a charming girl walking in the park surrounding the palace of his royal neighbour. Her beauty bewitched him and an impulse to steal a kiss proved irresistible.

What Ferdinand did not know was that the chamberlain, who was engaged to be married. Worse still, her husband-to-be was a witness to the incident. There were hot words and blows were exchanged. In the duel that followed, both men were wounded. Diplomatic relations between the two kingdoms were suspended and war broke out.

Some men will go to great lengths to steal a kiss. In Nebraska a susceptible young man who attempts to woo a slim brunette had been rebuffed, walked ahead of her as she left her office one evening and suddenly collapsed on to the pavement and lay motionless.

Believing he had fainted, she knelt beside him, immediately he "recovered" and putting his arms round her drew her to him and kissed her heartily half a dozen times before she could free herself. She never forgave him.

One stolen kiss is not enough to send a man to jail, said a Canadian judge two years ago after an attractive sixteen-year-old girl had described how her former boy friend had awakened her with a kiss and then walked out of her home which he had entered at dead of night.

In summoning him for assault she said she wouldn't have minded being kissed by him when she was going with him two years earlier, but it was "different now."

The judge dismissed the case, saying to the young man: "I don't want to give you a criminal record for stealing just one little kiss."

"I hear you've bought a television set to keep your children at home. Has the idea worked?"

The neighbour considered the matter for a moment.

"Well," was his eventual reply, "they don't go out now until all the channels close down for the night."

Instead of spreading the message over the top of the strawberry chiffon pie, you fold it into the filling.

Strawberry Chiffon Pie  
1 baked 9-inch pie shell  
2 (10-ounce) packages frozen strawberries (or equivalent fresh)

1 envelope unflavored gelatin  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
3 egg yolks  
¼ cup sugar

Add salt and lemon extract to egg whites and beat until they form soft peaks. Add sugar 1 teaspoon at a time; beat well after each addition. Continue beating until mixture forms stiff peaks.

Whipped cream  
Defrost berries and drain well. Sprinkle gelatin over ½ cup of the strawberry juice combined

with the lemon juice; set aside. Beat egg yolks slightly and mix with remaining strawberry juice plus the ¼ cup sugar and the salt, then cook in double boiler until thick, stirring constantly.

Remove from hot water, add softened gelatin and stir to dissolve. Stir in drained fruit.

Beat egg whites until fluffy, add the 6 tablespoons sugar gradually and beat to make stiff meringue. Fold into fruit mixture and pour into pie shell. Refrigerate for several hours until set. Just before serving, breathe with whipped cream.

Have you ever made a peach-cornstarch pie? When peach season comes, try this—it is a Pennsylvania Dutch recipe.

Peach Custard Pie  
1 unbaked 9-inch pastry shell  
6 large fresh peaches  
2 eggs, slightly beaten  
¼ cup sugar  
1 tablespoon cornstarch  
Pinch salt  
1½ cups milk

Nutmeg or cinnamon (optional)  
Peel and slice peaches, and arrange in pie shell. Combine all other ingredients except spice. Pour over peaches. Sprinkle with spice. Bake 5 minutes at 450° F. Reduce heat to 350° F. and bake about 45 minutes longer.

Once a beachcomber finds a coin or a hairpin he knows he has hit on a spot where someone was sitting playing.

If the previous day was hot he may not bother very much, for people will have been in brief swimsuits, bikinis perhaps, and you don't carry many valuables in those. But if it was cool, holiday-makers will have worn more clothes and had much more to lose.

And the things people do leave behind! Signed open cheques will bequeathing over \$10,000, love letters, complete bicycles, false teeth, artificial legs and glass eyes have all been found.

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PLAYTIME FOR THE PRINCE—Bot in hand, Prince Charles (right) scampers over the Chelsea playing field in London as he plays cricket with some of his school chums. It was Charles' first day back at school following the Easter vacation.

## TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews

"Can she make a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?" was a question asked in an old popular song, implying that the perfection of the pie making art was greatly to be desired in Billy Boy's and other boy's sweethearts, and no doubt the same is true today. So, girls, be sure to read and heed this column!

There are 3 parts to making cream pies—the crust, the filling and the topping. Use your favorite pastry recipe for almost any of the pies you want to make—but here I am going to give you the recipe for a special pastry that will give this lemon pie a festive taste.

Cream Cheese Pastry  
1½ cups sifted flour  
½ teaspoon salt  
1 package cream cheese, (3-ounce)  
½ cup butter

Combine flour and salt and sift into a mixing bowl. Mix cream cheese and butter together thoroughly. Blend cheese-butter mixture into dry ingredients until it forms a dough. Shape mixture into flat, round patty. Chill in refrigerator until firm.

Roll about ¼ inch thick on lightly floured board or pastry cloth. Fit into a 9-inch pan and trim one around edge of pan. Fold under and seal. Prick bottom and sides with fork. Chill. Bake in 425° F. oven until crisp and brown—12-15 minutes. Cool and fill with lemon cream filling.

Lemon Cream Filling  
1 cup sugar  
¼ cup cornstarch  
½ teaspoon salt  
2 cups milk, scalded  
2 tablespoons butter  
3 egg yolks, beaten  
½ cup lemon juice  
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel

1 egg white, beaten stiff  
Mix sugar, cornstarch, and salt in top of double boiler. Add hot milk slowly, stirring constantly. Add butter, blend. Cook over boiling water until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from heat.

Stir a small amount of hot mixture into beaten egg yolks. Add to remaining hot mixture, stirring vigorously. Blend in lemon juice and peel. Return to heat and cook 2 minutes. Remove from heat and fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Cool slightly and pour into baked pastry shell.

Make meringue border around edge of pie. Lightly brown meringue in 400° F. oven, 5-7 minutes. Chill.

Meringue  
¼ teaspoon salt  
¼ teaspoon lemon extract  
2 egg whites  
¼ cup sugar

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## Ideas Have Legs

There is poetic and historic justice in the news that a boycott in the Union of South Africa has ended with a moral victory for 50,000 Africans. Since last January, the Africans had refused to board the buses on a 10-mile ride from Alexandria to Johannesburg in protest against a fare increase. Under the compromise settlement, the fare will remain 5 pence (6 cents), but the Johannesburg Chamber of Commerce will sell natives a 4-pence coupon worth 5 pence on the buses.

The miracle is that despite 14,000 arrests, the white supremacy government could not crush the spirit of the strikers and force them to ride the bus. The boycott technique will remain to haunt the South African Government.

The Africans, of course, adopted their strategy from the successful bus boycott staged by American Negroes in Montgomery, Ala. That is where the historic justice comes in. The leader of the Montgomery movement was the Rev. Martin Luther King, who drew his inspiration from Mahatma Gandhi's philosophy of passive resistance. And where did the Indian leader formulate his theory? In South Africa, where he began law practice as a young man in 1893 and remained for two decades.

Gandhi, in turn, absorbed his philosophy partly from Tolstoy and Henry Thoreau, whose tract on Civil Disobedience has been a veritable handbook for all who seek justification for passive resistance. Thus, in circular fashion, the ideas of an eccentric Yankee individualist and a saintly Russian count have spun 'round the world and have provided the oppressed with an effective philosophy of resistance.

At a time when it is sometimes fashionable to scoff at the power of ideas to bring out the best in men, it would be well to ponder the lesson of the contagious bus boycott—Washington Post.

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Some 400 years ago a small bottle came drifting across the Straits of Dover to the shores of England. The fisherman who found it naturally opened it . . . and was nearly executed for his pains.

For it contained a red-hot political secret of the day. At once Good Queen Bess appointed an Official Uncarrier of Bottles—and hanging was decreed as the penalty for anyone who didn't take their finds to this official.

The law of salvage has never changed an upstairs as well as a downstairs maid, and mahogany paneling in the dining room, and similarly unshakable Britishers' good friends and employed "doing things" for her. She received their favors gratefully, but insisted on keeping her end—a jar of grape jelly for Mrs. Young (who, Grandma said, couldn't make toast), a box of fudge for Mr. Young.

This fortunate couple had the first chauffeur in our little community. People differed on the pronunciation of his occupation, but everyone agreed that he was handsome in his olive green uniform with his brass buttons and bayonet.

The new panoply, victrola or played. It was felt, became him even better than had the coachman's garb which accompanied the Young's boy team into Academy Street's memory book when progress dictated the shift to internal combustion engineering.

One spring evening the chauffeur—he was called Mel—rang our doorbell while Grandma and I were at supper. He had a messenger bag slung over his shoulder and was looking at his watch. "We would like a ride the next afternoon. My grandmother's birthday is coming and she has a few things to buy. After a storm the bigger lot of debris was dumped from a 'plane on to the lonely Essex sea marshes seven years ago."

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## Grandma's First Automobile Ride

To Grandma, the automobiles, phonographs, and telephones that came into our town during my boyhood were "contraptions."

When the Youngs stopped at the house to let us admire their first car she exclaimed, "You'll never get me into that contraption!"

When the Dawsons' first talking machine spluttered a concert at her, Grandma told Mrs. D.: "Now there's a contraption I don't understand." The man who had to sell her a telephone installation heard his offering similarly labeled, but with this concession: "Well, it's probably all right, but I can talk enough without one."

Grandma's adjustment to the encroaching mechanics of the muscled-flexing 20th Century was rather easy and pleasant. She was thrilled when called across the street to talk by phone with her daughter in New York, and she listened rapturously to Caruso, Kubelik, and Schumann.

But it was soon apparent that the present emergency had not been covered in Mel's training from Mahatma Gandhi's philosophy of passive resistance. And where did the Indian leader formulate his theory? In South Africa, where he began law practice as a young man in 1893 and remained for two decades.

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Mr. Young, sitting in front beside him, and Mrs. Young, Grandma, and I in the back seat.

The first few miles of our journey, proved pleasantly exhilarating. Trees, hills, houses and fields just flew by, and the wind was so strong Grandma could hardly retain her bonnet. It was like riding down Market Street in a roofless trolley car, only much bumpier.

When Mrs. Young shouted to Mel, "How fast are we going?" he reported, rather proudly, that the gallant Packard had touched 30 on the last level speedometer. He was advised to slow down.

A little farther on the car sighed and stopped. The Youngs looked at each other and at Mel, who shrugged and got out. After tinkering with the engine briefly he "got under," as the saying was.

Mrs. Young hoped he could fix it. "Don't worry," reassured her husband. "He took the course, didn't he?"

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