Thirty-Five Cent Boiled Dinners

It has just occurred to me with something of a great surprise that cookery, or whatever is left of it, has lost its ingredient which may be called "cheapness." Cheapness, as used in this connection, has no bearing on quality, and is not meant to be a slur. Cheapness had only to do with the price, now called consumer cost, and it was entirely possible for an entire meal to be served to a family of fourteen, and the hired man, for 35c. Those days are, you see, gone forever.

It was possible for a good cook to feed her family the kind of things that stir up fond memories and tears of gratitude in later times, and do it without handling so much money that the Federal Bank was embarrassed. There were cheap meals that will be remembered more than the famous Roman orgies, but the sterling area never knew they got et.

The other day a neighbor went to the store here and bought a small chunk, or junk, of corned beef, with which to lay down the broad pattern of a boiled dinner and it cost her $3.45. By the time she invested in the other things to accompany this major expense, she had put her family budget on the brink of financial disaster. She ate sparingly, and did not rightly enjoy it.

This fiscal fact, stated so swiftly above, is about as severe an indictment against our social and political system as you can muster. The boiled dinner, besides being a gustatory maneuver of extreme magnificence used to be something you could tackle with the most stringent monetary status. It was not a major economic event.

Corned beef did not imply the choicest cuts nearest the apex or zenith. It was wholesome and nutritious, but not high society. And it was most of all symbolic. Essential, yes, but indicative. It was the starting point, the fundamental beginning. Around it you erected an opulence of carrots, potatoes, cabbage, turnips, beets, etc., until the pot was filled. The corned beef, itself, was nothing more than the attention-arresting chord that commences a symphony. And the way things operated you had the whole luscious commingling without too much expense.

You could visit the gold and ivory mansions of the rich, and sit with them amongst damask and mahogany, waited on by liveried servants, and partake of their silken Sarmacands without feeling they ate any better than you did. There wouldn't be a thing their millions could assemble that would do the culinary job of a small piece of brisket and a peck of assorted vegetables.

Furthermore, they might dine on hummingbird giblets day after day, and they would never get the next-day bonus of flannel hash. If you're going to have flannel hash, you've got to start with a boiled dinner, and there you are.

It is interesting to remember that, on occasion, the best of Blue Book families would draw the curtains and have a boiled dinner. They did not do this because it was cheap — they did it because it was good. They might have had any exotic fare they pleased, but they liked corned beef and cabbage. We have now reached an economic plateau where a boiled dinner costs about as much on either side of the tracks, if you can find a decent piece of corned beef to begin with.

It is a fallacy of modern times when we are taught that old-time kitchen affairs were always laborious. The patent mix in its airtight package, coming for the express purpose of lightening Mother's chores, is actually a partial hoax, for Mother's chores were not always that heavy. Most of the good things were not only cheap, but they were quick and easy to make, and I can recall many a conversation over recipes that began, "Oh, it's easy enough to make . . ." Grandmother wasn't altogether a slave in chains, and she knew a shortcut or two.

It has always amused me that the professional bakers took bread out of the home, liberating womankind, and then after a full circle brought back the half-baked biscuit. You have to go to the store, stand in line to pay, come home again, and then finish baking the product you bought so you wouldn't have to bake.

All this takes five or six times the effort and duration that Grandmaw spent on the batch of sal'ratus biscuits — particularly when you stop and reflect that Grandmaw didn't go to the store at all, ever, for such staples as the place needed. Of course, you can emphasize the amusement values of going to town, which Grandmaw didn't have, but you must also figure in the cost — and it's cost we're considering. There was some kind of an anti-American attitude in those days which believed in saving money.

There was some kind of a pudding made with skimmed milk and things in a flat pan, and I don't remember that anything ever pleased me more than that did. It cost about ten cents an acre, and the labor involved in making it was incidental. But on the end of a large supper, this pudding was a monumental experience, and there is nothing — no, nothing — in modern affairs than can approach it.

It was manufactured so that the ingredients, all of them cheap, were disguised, and I have no knowledge of what the pudding came from. I just know it was good. And it was cheap enough so we could have it about any time we wanted to. Today, no doubt, that same pudding would run into real money.

What America needs is a cheap meal. Not just an inexpensive one, but a meal that not only comes in the lower figures but has all those old-day qualities of good, rich hearty, family thoroughness. Something like a boiled dinner at 35c again, with $35 worth of flannel hash as a leftover. This is a crazy thesis, but it's true, true, true. By John Gould in The Christian Science Monitor.

The Smile Habit

It has been said that it takes 65 muscles to make a frown but only 13 for a smile. Yet it seems that a great many people make a habit of looking glum.

Granted that all of us have our troubles — but why should we post a public notice about them? It isn't pleasant for others to look at and it doesn't lessen our problems one bit. On the other hand, the persistent effort to at least "think a smile" will help not only to brighten the face but brighten the heart — and the heart of the other fellow, as well.

—Concord (Calif.) Transcript

GROUNDED CHERUB — Pamela Henry, 8, front row, second from right, is one of three children selected to symbolize the 1959 March of Dimes. She's shown singing with the Cherub Choir of the Covenant United Presbyterian Church, Oklahoma City.

DEATH CAME TO SCHOOL — This was the scene as firemen removed injured and dead from Our Lady of the Angels parochial school in Chicago, Ill., in wake of one of the worst school fires on record. The toll: at least 87 children dead, plus three nuns of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin, who died with their pupils.

TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews

BEEF KIDNEYS

3 to 4 beef kidneys
Flour
Salt and pepper
Paprika
3 tbsp. butter
½ cup onions, chopped
½ cup green peppers, chopped
1 small can tomato juice or puree
⅔ cup consommé
Pinch of thyme

Wash kidneys, remove membrane and cut into small cubes or slices.

Dip pieces of kidney in flour that has been mixed with salt pepper and paprika. Saute lightly in butter with onions and green peppers for 4 to 8 minutes.

Add tomato juice or purees and consommé. (Use a bouillon cube or meat extract if desired.)

Add thyme and taste for seasoning. Cover and simmer about 25 minutes.

Thicken gravy with flour.

Serve with mashed potatoes and a green vegetable.

* * *

CALF'S BRAINS

2 pairs calf's brains
3 to 4 tbsp. butter
Salt and pepper (to taste)
Juice of ½ lemon
Chopped parsely or chives
4 tbsp. butter
2 tbsp. capers (optional)

Wash brains, remove membrane and dry in clean towel.

Brown brains in 3 to 4 tbsp. butter over high heat and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Reduce to simmer and cook gently for 18 to 20 minutes.

Sprinkle with lemon juice, parsley or chives and keep warm.

Spoon drippings from pan over brains.

Brown 4 tbsp. butter in another pan, add capers and pour over the brains. Do not burn the butter but merely brown it well. (Serves 4.)

* * *

CALF'S LIVER

½ lb. liver per person
Flour
Butter
Salt and pepper (to taste)

Dredge liver slices (they should be very thin) with flour.

Saute lightly in butter. Turn and brown quickly.

Season with salt and pepper. Liver should be pink in the centre, but some prefer it well done.

VARIATIONS

Saute bacon till crisp and drain on paper towel. Saute liver in a combination of bacon fat and butter. Serve liver and bacon together.

Saute liver over high heat in butter. Keep warm in the oven. Add 1 tsp. dry mustard and 1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce to pan in which liver was cooked. Stir and cook for a few minutes, pour over liver and serve immediately.

Garnish cooked liver with onions which have been sauteed gently in butter.

* * *

JELLIED TONGUE

1 beef tongue
2 tbsp. gelatin
2 tbsp. cold water
2 cups boiling water
1 tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 tbsp. prepared mustard
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce

Cook tongue, skin and cool. Whole Tongue. Skin and cool.

Sprinkle gelatin on cold water and dissolve in boiling water.

Add salt, pepper, mustard, lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce.

Chill until almost set and fold in 2 cups cooked tongue, cut up or sliced.

Pour into greased 8½ x 4½ x 2½-inch loaf pan.

Chill until firm. Unmould and slice.

* * *

VEAL AND CHICKEN LIVER

12 chicken livers
2 tbsp. butter
2 slices cooked ham
1 tsp. parsley chopped
½ tsp. sage or tarragon
Salt and pepper
1½ lbs. veal cutlet slices (boned)
1 tbsp. butter
1 to 2 tsp. flour
½ cup consommé
6 slices crisp toast

Saute livers in butter, then chop finely.

Cut ham into small pieces and add to liver with herbs and seasonings.

Pound veal so that slices are very thin, and spread each slice of veal with liver-ham mixture. Roll and secure with toothpicks.

Melt 1 tbsp. of butter in skillet and add veal rolls, cooking till meat is browned all over.

Sprinkle flour over butter in pan, add consomme and cook till liquid has nearly evaporated.

Add a little water to this pan gravy, arrange veal rolls on toast squares and pour gravy over them. (Serves 6.)

Call Me Mister?

Should the habit of addressing men as "Esquire" on envelopes be abolished? Yes, say critics of the custom in pleading for a plain "Mister" for every man.

They declare that the title of "Esquire" has lost much of its original value through indiscriminate use and that when we write to a man and address him as "John Jones, Esq." we are indulging in meaningless flattery. In olden days an "Esquire" was a candidate for knighthood and, virtually, a knight's apprentice and servant. He was the armsbearer of the knight he followed. In a strict social sense, say students of heraldry, no man is an "Esquire" who does not inherit a coat of arms.

Nearly a century ago, in 1859, a man who wanted to take out a life insurance policy described himself on the proposal form as "Esquire" after his name and gave as his address the mansion in which he was then living. It chanced that he carried on business as a shopkeeper in a nearby town.

On his death, the insurance company sought to evade payment on the ground that the description was misleading. The court over-ruled their objection.

Latest Fashions For Your Pooch!

Looking for something special for your dog?

Saks Fifth Avenue has it: A space suit.

It's made of silver lame, with a plastic bubble for the head, and wriggly antennas fore and aft.

"Nothing serious technically, of course," explains Eric Richmen, head of Sak's dog toggery. "Just a conversation piece."

Actually, the space suit is for the dog that has everything. That means only for a small circle of dogs, to be accurate about it, for to have everything isn't easy for a dog in New York.

First of all, there is the long regular line of furnishings every well-dressed dog should have — coats (from simple woolens to $375 minks) with matching berets, suits, dresses, snowsuits, bathrobes for after grooming, and pyjamas.

For owners not fully aware of the wide range of dog fashions, here's a hint from Mr. Richman on how to avoid being caught in the wrong outfit:

"For the morning constitutional, we recommend just a sweater with matching cap — blue and visored for the boys, pink ruffled for the girls.

"For noontime shopping the thing to wear is a little tailored coat, matched to the mistress's wardrobe. For late afternoon, there is a sweeping choice of cocktail coats, of course.

"In the evening for going out, it's time for the tuxedo for the boys and sequin coats for the girls, with some nice jewelry. One of our popular items in dog jewelry is a rhinestone tiara. It can be worn by either boy or girl, I dare say.

"Dogs' tastes, like men's, vary But it's usually determined by the owner's. In fact, if the owner is fashion conscious, the dog is almost certain to be fashion conscious. At times we just take one look at the dog and we can tell what the owner is like.

"If the dog is extremely shy, you can be pretty certain the owner is, too; except that he can hide it and the dog can't."

To please the highly developed nose of dogs, Mr. Richman has developed his own line of canine cologne. "It's called 'Faithfully Yours,'" he said with a gentle blush of pride, "it comes in two kinds, rugged masculine scent for the boys, sweet and dainty for the girls."

For other seasonal giving, there is a Christmas stocking with gaily colored bones. "Made of latex. We try to get away from rubber. It hurts the teeth."

What about actual bones?

"Out of the question," said Mr. Richman, "they tend to splinter. Our dogs aren't used to them."

Mr. Richman is dead set on safety. Saks wouldn't think of selling a woman's necklace at the dog counter. "We have special ones, smoothed around the edges so the dogs won't catch their hair in the setting."

For the dog that rides in open cars there is a pair of motoring goggles, personally designed by Mr. Richman, writes Frederick W. Roevekamp in The Christian Science Monitor.

Born in Vienna, Mr. Richman grew up among six dogs and several horses at home. None were dressed except in ordinary collars.

In the United States, he gave up a stage career to enter the dog fashion world. He has been an outstanding success.

Although competition in dog haute couture is sharp, few if any of his competitors take their business as seriously as Mr. Richman. Dogs pretty much shape his life.

He writes to them on birthdays and the major holidays. In return he gets autographed photos.

He is perhaps the most sought after dog-party guest in town.

"Some of these dog parties you must see to believe At one birthday party I went to the other day, the lights were turned out and we all sang 'Happy Birthday to You.'

"And the birthday child, that is birthday dog, who was the belle of the ball, went around getting pats. And then she went to open her packages. That's why we gift wrap everything on request.

"Well, you should have seen those fabulous presents —everything from a diamond necklace to an ermine collar to gift certificates and even stocks and bonds."

Some of Mr. Richman's competitors think things are going a bit far. Said British-born Ken Eggar, salesman at Abercombie & Fitch Company:

"In England, we just take the dog for a brisk walk They don't need any coat. But then those heated apartments in New York you know. Well, you've got to take it with a grain of salt, I'd say."

"How did you do at school to-day, Tommy?" asked a schoolboy's mother.

"All right," was the answer. "Teacher said I was a regular little beaver."

"She did?" exclaimed the parent proudly. "That goes to show what a hard worker you are."

"We-l-l, not exactly," said the boy. "It was really for chewing my pencil."

Designed To Please The Masculine Eye
--- Shirts For Dad 'n' Son

No matter what his age, every male cherishes a secret yearning to own a wardrobe of custom-made shirts. Thanks to our new, easier to cut and sew Printed Patterns, it's simple (and fun) to make this masculine dream come true.

Printed Patterns 4555 for men and 4735 for boys can be used for sport or dress shirts depending on the fabric you choose. For casual wear, we suggest cotton, flannel, rayon, or foulard in paisley, bright solids, stripes, or plaids. For dress shirts, choose classic Oxford cloth, fine stripes or white-on-white designs. If a lightweight jacket is his order for spring, a wool plaid is soft, warm and fashion-bright.

Pattern 4555 is available in Men's Sizes Small (14, 14½); Medium (15, 15½); Large (16, 16½).

Pattern 4735 is available in Boy's Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12.

Send **FORTY CENTS (40c)** (stamps cannot be accepted; use post-it note for safety) for this pattern. Please print plainly **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER. Send the order to ANNE ADAMS, Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.**

Grandma Was A Champion Fryer

When I was a boy, a fall or winter Saturday evening had attractions offered by no other time. It was an interval for relaxing, remembering, preparing — the luxurious, cozy end of another busy week.

Of course, Saturday evenings in spring and summer had advantages, too, but they couldn't produce the snug comfort that arrived with the early darkness of, say, late November. Our unelectrified home was never so cheerful, never so hospitable and carefree. The lighted lamp on the round golden oak table in the living room, the dusky print of the three horses' heads (Grandma said the steeds were racehorses), the easy chair in the window that kept its eye on the Mohawk River, the book on the nearby stand, awaiting the after-supper reading — well, my environment has changed many times, but those shining hours have been my yardstick for contentment.

Relaxing to the boy meant an hour with Black Beauty, the Brownies, the Argonauts, or with Ernest as he studied the Great Stone Face in the White Hills. Grandma assisted in the reading, even when the lad was well able to do his own, for he was always eager to hear her animated voice act out the stories.

The remembering on Saturday evening recalled not only events of the week — academic and recreational — but a much more recent pleasure: Grandma's fried potatoes, a traditional part of the day's supper. She was a champion frier. I recall the pleasure I got from slicing the cold potatoes, left over from dinner, and speeding the thin slivers into the iron pan at the hot front of the coal stove. I took a station close by, to be certain that my pieces were allowed to carbonize properly. To me the height of culinary perfection was a heavily overfried potato. I loved it and still do.

"Well, if you turn into a chunk of charcoal, don't say I didn't warn you." Grandma would chuckle. Fortunately, the transformation did not take place, so she had no occasion for I-told-you-so.

The Saturday remembering, however, concerned loftier matters recalling major and minor triumphs of the last week—that I had beaten my arch rival, Freddie Winters, in arithmetic; that I had successfully, yes, triumphantly, identified in geography class the capitals of the Balkan countries, a feat I was unable to duplicate in later years.

It was also, perhaps, good to remember that I had planted a rather sharp left on the chin of my occasional antagonist, Jack Niles, Grandma, to whom I promptly reported my victories as they came to pass, seemed especially pleased when I had walloped poor Jack, realizing full well, I suppose that the next time there would be a different story and that credit should be given in a hurry.

Let me admit that the week had likewise provided events reflecting less glamorously less creditably on my scholastic prowess; however, I naturally wasted no time thinking about them. Nor shall I give you, even now, a sample of my shortcomings, except to suggest that long division was my nemesis for several weeks despite Grandma's patient assistance, and that I never fully mastered the headquarter cities of those troublesome twins, the Virginias and the Dakotas, writes John L. Cooley in The Christian Science Monitor.

The chief item in the preparatory part of my Saturday evening routine was the study of the morrow's Sunday school lesson. Although I never said so to Grandma, perhaps at this advanced day I may confess to you that this was a chore. I frequently conferred with my neighborhood cronies on the matter, and we agreed that the time spent in memorizing the outlandish names of Old Testament characters could be better used. (May I add, not in self-defense but in the interests of truth, that my opinion underwent radical and profound alteration as the years brought enlightenment. My friends' views changed also, I believe; anyway, one of them became a minister.)

Saturday evening at this time of year was an excellent time for forward thinking. Frankly, this was self-centered. It comprised chiefly the active anticipation of the Thanksgiving and Christmas seasons, with their release from the clutches of my educators, the exchanges of good will (and gifts), the extraordinary opportunities for good eating. It was pleasant to contemplate the turkey and mince pie that would be mine, twice in about a month. And it was quite possible, even in November, to plan what one would do on skates, snowshoes, and sled during the glorious week between Christmas and New Year's when a boy would (he hoped) have new equipment to demonstrate to his friends.

Stormy evening, were, I think, best of all. Let the weather charge at our hilltop: I cuddled in my chair and thought of the unfortunate folks who, in Grandma's phrase, "had to be out in all this." We agreed that we were indeed fortunate to have the warm room, the books, the lamp, the good companionship.

But whatever the weather, the hours sped swiftly between Saturday supper and Grandma's inevitable, uncontestable comment, about 9 o'clock:

"Well, there's plenty of hot water, so it's you for the tub!"

They Practise Tongue-Twisters

If you think that tongue-twisters such as "She sells seashells on the seashore" are old-fashioned or merely a pastime for children, ask famous TV and radio announcers, preachers, teachers, after-dinner speakers and singers what they think.

They'll all tell you that the tongue-twister is a vital part of their training. The tongue, say elocutionists, must be trained to precision of action just as effectively as any other part of the human frame.

One radio announcer has revealed that the fact that he could accurately say: "The seething sea ceaseth and thus the seething sea sufficeth us" helped him land a good job.

A well-known clergyman who practised such tricky sentences as "Gaze on the gay, grey brigade" and "The sun shines on shop sign" for months now preaches eloquent and crystal clear sermons. A public-school teacher whose training included such gems as "The sixth shelk's sixth sheep's sick" and "Theophilus Thistle, the thistle sifter, sifted" is in great demand as a lecturer.

Tongue-twisters are also helping to cure lisping. They have often been used to test a person's sobriety. A London doctor once asked a suspected drunk to utter the words "Methodist Episcopal". The man failed, but he succeeded in saying "truly rural" without a hiccup.

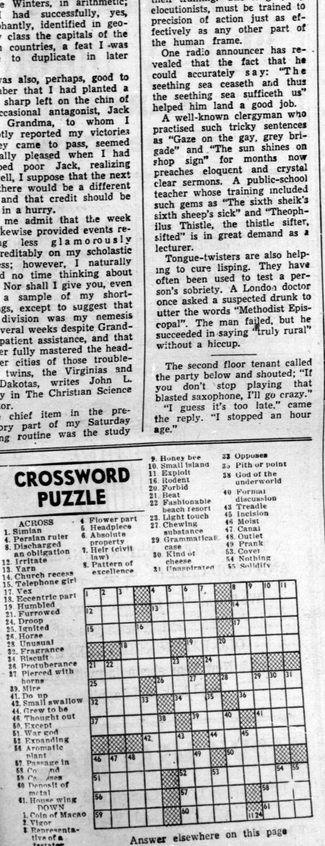
The second floor tenant called the party below and shouted; "If you don't stop playing that blasted saxophone, I'll go crazy."

"I guess it's too late," came the reply. "I stopped an hour ago."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Simian
4. Persian ruler
8. Discharged an obligation
12. Irritate
13. Yarn
14. Church recess
15. Telephone girl
17. Yes
18. Eccentric part
19. Humbled
21. Furrowed
24. Droop
25. Jostled
26. Horse
28. Unusual
31. Fragrance
32. Biscuit
36. Protuberance
37. Pierced with horns
39. Mire
40. De up
42. Small swallow
44. Grew to be
46. Thought out
50. Except
51. War god
52. Expanding
54. Aromatic plant
57. Passage in
58. Compound
59. Pertaining to metal
61. House wing

DOWN
1. Coin of Macao
2. Vicar
3. Representative of a testator
4. Flower part
5. Headpiece
6. Absolute property
7. Heir (civil law)
8. Pattern of excellence
9. Honey bee
10. Small island
11. Exploit
16. Rodent
20. Forbid
21. Heat
22. Fashionable beach resort
23. Light touch
27. Chewing substance
29. Grammatical case
30. Kind of cheese
31. Tenderfoot
33. Opposes
35. Pith or point
38. God of the underworld
40. Formal discussion
43. Treadle
45. Incision
46. Moist
47. Canal
48. Outlet
49. Prank
53. Cover
54. Nothing
55. Solidify



Answer elsewhere on this page

HATES CROWDS — Crowds are no novelty to this champion Hereford, and, to judge by his expression, he doesn't like 'em. Beverly McGrath, 12, brought her prize animal to enter him in the 59th annual International Livestock Exposition.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

The following is one of a series of articles by Dorothea Kahn Jaffe in the Christian Science Monitor based on her study of modern farming in the U.S. Middle West. It should be of interest to many Canadians interested in cooperative marketing.

* * *

John Reed sits in his office at the Elkhart County Farm Bureau Cooperative here and looks over the operation of some 50 or more privately owned poultry farms.

He does it by looking at a chart on his office wall. This chart has movable indicators which show just when each farmer started to feed his current crop of broilers, at what dates the chicks were given certain types of feed, and the exact date they will be ready for the scheduled market. Further information about each farm is contained in a hanging file on the wall beside the chart.

John Reed has to know a great deal about these farms in his capacity as director of the poultry department for the cooperative. The cooperative has a financial stake in each farmer's operation. In today's language, the coop is an "integrator." It provides the farmer with feed and baby chicks on credit, gives him technical assistance, and pays him so much a pound (less cost of feed and chicks) after the broilers are marketed.

* * *

This farm-business setup protects the farmer from market fluctuations by guaranteeing him a flat rate per pound in advance of production. It also offers him a bonus for efficient feeding. In return, the cooperative gets a steady supply of broilers. This enables the cooperative to market the birds to the big processors who demand a constant regular volume in order that they in turn may operate efficiently. In this highly organized, low-margin-of-profit business, everything depends upon timing. No longer can volume of supplies be left to the haphazard ways of nature.

The integrator therefore plays an important role in maintaining regular marketing schedules. Almost all of the broilers commercially produced in the United States are now produced by "integration," it is estimated.

* * *

In many areas feed companies, hatcheries, and processors are the integrators. One of the big hatcheries, Cobbs Pedigreed Chix, Inc., operates here. But Mr. Reed and his associates are showing that a cooperative may serve as an integrator with comparable success. The cooperative in this case was already in the feed business. It sells its poultry feed at retail (on credit) to the broiler growers with whom it has contracts.

* * *

Like other integrators, this one helps farmers to increase their efficiency by adopting the latest findings of the research laboratories. Mr. Reed is a poultry specialist, president of the broiler department of the Indiana Poultry Association.

He has a long record of practical experience in the hatchery and poultry processing business. He has also been a feed salesman and part owner of a hatchery.

Working with him is Victor Gardner, another experienced poultry man. Mr. Gardner operates the Farm Bureau Cooperative's hatchery, a sizeable business in itself with a capacity of 210,000 chicks. The cooperative has a contractual arrangement with farmers for the output of 20,000 laying hens who provide the hatchery eggs.

Vic and John, as the farmers know them, are always ready to advise the cooperating farmers in regard to new poultry technology. They act as liaison men between the farmers and the research laboratories of the universities and the feed companies. They work also with the county agent's staff, gathering all the information they can which has bearing on the poultry producer's job. How valuable this new technology is proving is indicated in the reduced amount of feed now necessary to bring a broiler to marketing age.

* * *

One feed company expert puts it this way: "In grandfather's day more than five pounds of feed were needed to produce a pound of broiler meat; today it takes only 2½ pounds. Then it took, 13 weeks to grow a three-pound bird; today it takes about nine."

More efficient production and marketing has made broilers a bargain item at the chain stores. Thanks to lower prices, fried chicken, once a company-dinner dish, now appears on weekday tables and a greatly increased demand exists. Broiler production is reported to have increased fivefold since 1943.

* * *

Integration has had a lot to do with all this. Mr. Reed says the big appeal of the integration plan to farmers is that it takes most of the risk out of broiler production. Under the old system, a farmer might have to sell his entire flock on a low market, for broilers cannot be held more than a week or so from the time they reach marketing weight.

* * *

Under such circumstances a producer could lose money on the operation. If he was so unfortunate as to strike a low market the next time he had birds ready to sell, the loss might be serious indeed. But by dealing with an integrator, he gets a guaranteed return a pound or per bird.

* * *

The integrator can afford to give this guarantee because he is selling constantly, and he gets the advantage of market peaks to make up for periods of slump. Actually, he plans the timing of each brood so that the marketing he does for the different farmers will spread out over the entire month.

Nitwits! Arise!

Lady Helen Nutting, chairman of the British Council of Married Women, wants Parliament to pass a law requiring husbands to turn over to their wives a percentage of their salaries. She would let Parliament decide the amount.

Lady Helen says the status of British wives is inferior and she blames existing laws which make a husband lord and master of his wife's property, if any, and require only that a man must "maintain" his wife and "answer for her debts."

Maintenance isn't enough in this day and age, Lady Helen argues. A wife, unless she is "little nitwit with no ambition," needs some extra spending money which would be hers by right.

As far as American males are concerned, Lady Helen's complaint reads like the account of some strange social custom discovered by an intrepid explorer in an out-of-the-way jungle.

U.S. husbands have long since lost control over the weekly pay check, to the "little woman." The legislation they would favor would be an act permitting a male wage earner to keep some trivial share of his pay for his very, very own.

Which leads us to the thought that if a Council of U.S. husbands were ever organized and amalgamated with Lady Helen's Council, the resulting revolution might be more world-shaking than any Karl Marx ever anticipated.—Denver Post.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Jesus is Christ the Lord
Mark 8:27-35

Memory Selection: Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.

As when Jesus was here, so today, people have different opinions as to who Jesus really is. Students of practically all religions agree that Jesus was a good man who taught fine ideals. Some call him a prophet. The Mohammedans consider him to be a prophet though not a par with Mohammed. One of their favorite sayings is, "There is no God except God and Mohammed is his prophet." As four men carry the open coffin bearing their loved one to the grave, they chant this saying over and over on their way.

There are some bearing the name of Christians who believe in Jesus as a good man, even as a son of God as we are all sons of God,—and stop there. Of course, such a one could not be a Redeemer and Saviour. He could set us a good example but could not provide forgiveness and new life for the sinner.

The confession of Peter is the correct answer: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Since all sin is primarily against God, only God can grant complete forgiveness. His willingness and desire to do so is shown in the fact that He gave His Son to be made in the likeness of men to become a Mediator. Jesus Christ is our only hope.

Though Peter made the great confession, he did not fully understand that Jesus Christ must suffer in order to make atonement for our sins. He did not see that the portrayal of the sufferings of Messiah as given by Isaiah, chapter 53, would be literally fulfilled.

We all shrink from the cross. We seek our own comfort. We hesitate to deny ourselves, take up the cross and follow Jesus. But this is the way into the kingdom for us all. "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it." It is not enough to acknowledge in word that Jesus is the Christ, the son of God. We must follow Him.

"I see that tips are forbidden here, waiter."

"So were apples in the Garden of Eden, sir."

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking

FAIR SHAKE FOR FARMERS — There's a machine for everything nowadays, or so it seems. A good example is this mechanical tree shaker, shown being tested above. It is one of a number of commercial machines under study. The aim is to remove a maximum of good fruit with minimum power and tree damage. The machines are successfully harvesting prunes, almonds, walnuts.