Scramble For **Royal Souvenirs**

Princess Margaret once had champagne cocktail at a fashion-able West End club — and left her deep-red lipstick imprint on ly put the glass aside. And complete with lipstick imprint occupies a place of honour in the china cabinet of his home.

A Yorkshire housewife once welcomed the Queen to her little council house. Ever since then he doormat on which Her Majesty wiped her feet has been witched to the place of honour in front of the hearth.

Though it's a comm tom in Britain, Dutch burghers were shocked when guests poc keted the place cards after a State banquet for the Queen during her recent visit. Yet such souvenirs as Ascot royal enclosure badges, invitations to royal garden parties and tickets for estiture at Buckingham Palace are cherished today in thous

The souvenir habit sometimes troubles royalty. When the old royal yacht Victoria and Albert was broken up the Queen herelf stipulated that there should be no souvenirs. An astute dealer realized,

however, that much of the furnishing would pass through Portsmouth auction room with other ex-government stock. He awaited his opportunity and entered his bids-and in due

course a reconstruction of the state-rooms of the world-famous yacht was staged in a New York store, where many of the furnishings of the vessel subsequently changed hands at gross inflated prices. Not long ago a casual crayon drawing by a boy of nine, scrib-

bled on a sheet of writing paper was offered at Sotheby's world famous are auction room. But the paper was headed Windsor Castle, the artist had been King George V as a boy—and an art collector considered the trophy a bargain at \$100. It was structly souvenir value

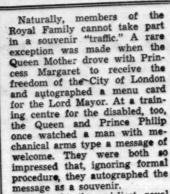
too, when Queen Victoria's gold eloth coronation canopy was sold at Sotheby's for \$120. A woman who has always kept tiny piece of the Queen's wed ding cake recently rfeused \$900 for her treasure. Each in a small white cardboard box with the

royal initials "E R" on the lid in silver, thousands of such pieces - from eleven cakes! were sent out from Buckingham Palace. Though the contents were nearly always gobbled up f luck, it is likely that most recipi ents have kept the boxes. Thousands of homes, too treasure crested silver forks and

spoons from Buckingham Palace. So many disappeared with garden party guests years ago that when a private firm took over the catering it was decided that ordinary cutlery - stamper with the firm's name - should used Naturally enough, few of these vanish.

Prince Philip has often been the target of souvenir hunters. his indignation when yet another of his hats vanished from a royal car. Not long ago, too, he suffered a plague of radiator cap snatchers. When he was involved in a trifling motoring collision, souvenir-hunters even

ran off with the glass splinters. At one time, clergymen would often write to Buckingham Palace to ask for a pair of the Queen's old gloves to be auctioned to help a church sale of work. The Queen, of course, wears out one or two dozen pairs of gloves each year, but when it was found that royal gloves sometimes found their way into hop windows as curios, such onations to charity bazaars were



message as a souvenir.

No doubt the grisliest royal ouvenir was snatched when the coffin of Charles I was opened in the vaults below St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The purpose the opening was to settle scholary doubts on the exact position of interment, but one of the gentlemen present could not resist snatching a lock of hair from the severed head, a piece of neck vertebrae and a tooth. Years later King Edward VII

heard of the existence of these grim relics and insisted that they should be restored to the coffin. One wonders, too, what has happened to all the souvenir horsehairs stolen from the Royal Mews. Some 300 people week are privileged to visit the Mews to see the Coronation coach and other exhibits and the other exhibits and the grooms who show them round have to watch souvenir snatchers. Not long ago one of the veteran horses, Snow White, had his portrait painted. So many people had surreptitiously pulled hair from his tail for luck that the artist asked for a false tail to be

Record Sneezes

Photographers have been snapping our sneezes. High-speed mera shots reveal that when we sneeze germ-laden particles shoot from the mouth-not the nose-at the amazing speed of 10 feet a second.

Not to be sneezed at, too, is

the astonishing fact that sneezes are often a symptom of frustrated young love, according to doctor who has studied them. In the United States a man was taken to hospital because he had sneezed so hard that he displaced his shoulder blade. Doctors gave him a whiff of ether

which caused him to sneeze again so violently that the bone slipped back into place.
For four months a steel engraver worked on the design of a new banknote for a South American republic. One day he sneezed, ruined the design and had to start all over again.

You never know with sneezes. One terrific "atishoo" brought down a war veteran's nose bullet which had remained in his head since he was shot twenty years earlier. A woman in Portugal told her

doctor that she had seen her husband almost prostrate with sneezing all because a speck of flower pollen happened to blow in a window or a tiny soap bubble got into his nostril while he was shaving.

"A particle of dust brushed from his overcoat or hat sets him sneezing for half an hour or more," she said. Such sneezes, say the experts,

nose rather than a germ-laden state. They keep out germs in-stead of spreading them. The record sneezer? An Edinrather than a germ-laden burgh man sneezed 690 times in succession in 1927. A Stowe schoolboy in 1949 sneezed about

1,200 times an hour.
Mrs. Betty Grose, of Califor nia, was called the world's greatest sneezer. She sneezed 200,000 times and every time complained of a piercing whistle lasting ten seconds in her left

If you are canning peaches you may think they might require a flavor booster and very good one is a combination about 1/4 almond to 3/4 vanilla. Add this, a little at a time, to the you. Orange peel is another good booster; just drop a few pieces into the syrup when you start cooking it and fish them out when the syrup is delicately flavored.

Beet Relish 2 cups cooked beets, chopped 1 cup horseradish cup sugar 2 tablespoons lemon juice cup vinegar

Piquant Relish cup hot vinegar

2 cup diced cucumber cup chopped onion cup cropped celery 4 teaspoon each, musta and celery seed



ELECTRONIC NURSES' AIDE—There's a boxful of service at Dianne Benson's finger tips in Wesley Memorial Hospital. She can make house calls as well as outside calls on the one-piece telephone. Electronic cabinet enables her to adjust room temperature, make adjustments of her hospital bed, open or close windows, control room lighting and operate closed-circuit TV connected with the visitors' lobby. In addition, she can talk via intercom to nurse on duty at the desk, tune in favorite radio programs and see the time on a built-in clock. The device, manufactured by a leading electronic control firm, is designed to boost patient morale and help solve the acute hospital

TABLE TALKS

Streusel Coffee Cake, with the purple plums and crunchy brown sugar bits atop and throughout, has unusual texture, richness, and flavor - and is just plum good eating! It's easily and quickly prepared for leisurely breakfast, excellent a second day served cold or heat ed, and still delicious enough to serve warm later in the day as dessert, topped with slightly sweetened whipped cream, dairy

sour cream or cream poure

STREUSEL 4 cup brown sugar 3 tablespoons all-purpose

from a pitcher.

2 teaspoons cinnamon ½ teaspoon salt 3 tablespoons softened butter ½ cup finely chopped walnuts Combine sugar, flour, cinna mon, and salt. Mix well. Work butter into dry ingredients, using a fork or pastry blender to form crumbs. Stir in the nuts.

BATTER 16 plums, halved and pitted 14 cup sugar for coating plur % cups sifted all-purpose flour 2 teaspoons baking powder

% cup sugar teaspoon salt cup softened shortening 1 egg, beaten ½ cup milk

the ¼ cup sugar until fruit is evenly coated. Combine in sifter sugar, and salt. Sift into mixing bowl. Cut shortening into dry Add egg, beaten until thick and lemon-colored, combined with the milk. Stir just until dry

Spread half of batter into buttered 9 x 9 x 2-inch baking dish. Sprinkle with a half the streusel. Distribute 16 of the plum halves evenly over the surface. Spread remaining batter over the plums; cover with rest of the streusel and top with the other plum halves. Bake in a 350° F. oven until done, about 50 minutes.

Yield: 16 generous suares. Note: Wrap any leftover coffee cake in foil to keep fresh for eating cold or heated the next * * *

vanilla and almond extractsyrup until the taste is right for

Combine all ingredients. Cover and let stand overnight.

Mix all ingredients together.

Parson Invented **Knitting Machine**

England was a sad and sav age realm in the early years of the first Queen Elizabeth. Later she was cheered and hailed as "Good Queen Bess," but during the early part of her reign voices in taverns and market places were constantly raised against

The old religion, perverted by Henry Tudor and made a mockery by the persecutions Bloody Mary, still lingered as an aching memory in the hearts of the people. Statesmen might clamour for

reform, but common folk mur-mured of revolution. The fires f Smithfield and the block on lower Hill might hold terror but they were not strong enough o uphold tyranny. It was during this uneasy per-

iod in English history that William Lee was born. The ne'erdo-well son of a middle-class family, he studied at Cambridge and became a clerk in Holy Orders - that is, a parson of the reformed church.

Lee seems to have had his share of the vices of youth, but

little or no vocation for his spiritual calling. He might have lived and died in obscurity had it not been for his inventive The tavern seems to have appealed to him much more than the pulpit, and before long he

barmaid in whom he had taken rather more than a spiritual in-The lilac-scented village Cambridge held no attraction for Young Willam. There is no record of his having been poster to any living, and it seems unlikely that he ever practised his

found himself forced to marry a

calling as a parson. What he did do was to invent the frame knitting-machine. What impelled him to this achievement can only be guess ed. It certainly brought him little or no reward, although it was destined to make a fortune for his successors.

Was it a nagging wife, weary of child-bearing and drudgery who drove Lee to seek distrac ciated with his name? Or could it have been the monoton clicking of knitting needles the smoke-filled hovel where h lived? Whatever it was, Lee laboured until he had developed a knit-

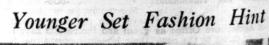
ting frame with automatic lock movement that would knit hosiery in a tenth of the time it took on knitting needles. When he had perfected his machine, he wrote to the Queen begging an audience. His aim was to demonstrate his marve to Her Majesty and gain her patronage for his invention. The audience was granted and

Lee, with hope pulsing through

his joyous heart, demonstrated his machine at Court. A few days later the Queen wrote to Lee refusing the monopoly rights he sought, and affirming, in no uncertain terms, that she wouldn't finance his nefarious scheme for making hosiery by machine. One can almost hear the stridmasculine voice of the

Queen when, in refusing assistance, she writes: "It is of no avail to seek our assistance, lest it may take the bread from the mouths of my poor subjects who earn their livlihood by the craft of knitting." It is an amazing thought that, about two hundred years before

"E" in this new 40-pfenni (about 10c) Europa (Europe) stamp to be issued by West Germany Sept. 13. It is blue in color, with a red stripe with workers attempted to destroy





Chop It Down machinery which they mai ed was endangering the Yank It Out !!

hood, a precedent for this rea-tionary behaviour was set by the Queen of England! Some years after his storm interview with the domineering Queen, Lee travelled through France and Belgium still trying to sell the machine that he hope makes a category, and I call it What-can-be-done - Nothing. It is the letter which protests in would make him his fortune No vain, which cites some outrage one was interested All his at-ent endeavours to free wome from drudgery were of no aval Broken in psirit, he died in ob-scurity somewhere on indicts the rest of us, some how, for not rising up in righteous wrath to correct a wrong I am just now in receipt of such scurity somewhere on the Con. letter from a fellow Maineiac, Then suddenly, and with te. rible irony, the tide turned Lee's

the Continent.

knitting frame and whole fam

lies were finding regular employ.

ment in the manufacture of jet.

So successful was the venture that, a century later, the hand

knitters of Leicestershire sent petition to the mayor and alder

men of Leicester, seeking pro

tection from the encroachment

An obscure parson's dream

of the frame knitters on the

had become a reality. The ide

scorned by a queen and reject

by the people had become #

much part of the industrial is

of developing England that is Worshipful Company of Fran

Knitters had been called in

being. It exists to this day, a

big part of British trade.

The Dodgers had a big inning going and Chick Fewster, sitting

next to manager Robinson, be-

gan pounding the dugout st

pitcher.
"Stop that!" comanded m

Chick looked at his manage in astonishment. "Why?" he

asked. "Ain't we got a rally

going?'
Robbie pointed toward a or

ner of the Dodger bench when

his star pitcher, Jess Petty, wa

snoring away.
"Don't wanna wake up

BUNDESPO

0

EUROPA

E FOR EUROPE-A symbolic bird

of peace perches atop a large

Jess," he whispered.

ager Wilbert Robinson.

wit a bat to rattle the opposin

course knitted products an

SLUMBER TIME

hand-knitting industry.

syes, jackets and stockings.

wherein enough of the gist of the category is found to warbrother returned to London bringing with him the cast-on wider reading: "What can be done to save the rustic setting of this little corand forgotten frame knitti ner where three roads meet, named Little River Corner, in machine. He tried to win the in. terest of woollen merchan down-East Maine? We live four who were slowiy migrating from miles straight north from Route 1 at Columbia Falls. A quarter some weeks he met with success and a small company wa or a nalf mile of the road running past my house is to be re-built right away. The "builders" formed to manufacture the machines and use them to produce hosiery for sale at home and on down this way adapt the big, ugh-route ideas to our country lanes and byways, laying the little gnarled crabapple trees daring to grow close soon several home factories were equipped with the revolutions

"An old gristmill stone has lain near our roadside for over a hundred years, telling the chance passers-by that it used to be in the business world of to be in the business world of this little town long, long ago. It will, of course, be moved — bumped and pushed away by a heartless bulldozer driver, with a certified engineer waving his arms in whichever direction it is to be pushed.

of these dispatches, one

ensitive perceptions, and

sort, is becoming more

"There are only two or three families left here now at our corner. Trees have made quite a growth along our road, shading us in summer, joying us when they releaf in spring—and showtheir colors after autumn frosts. A small stream runs through here, too, with falls to delight the eye, a purr for the ear, and foam on the ledges. hat's our 'little river.' "This is a most secluded spot

and this is its charm. It should be kept serene, left serene, and bettering it will spoil it. The oses grow almost to the road. rees, shrubs, wildflowers—wha are they worth? Where is the commissioner who sits down



FULL MEASURE - Tailor Max Danchik inches his way along one of the tallest fitting jobs ever to walk into his Hollywood tailor shop. She's Patricia Hopkins, six feet, three inches tall and a member of a local "tali club." By one of those Hollywood-type coincidences, a phoographer just happened to be iding in the steam presser.

of one rosebush, wild, to a highway line? Engineers have slide rules and compass lines, and where the line runs, they go roses or not. Machines have no gentle touch, no taste, no feeling-and men who operate them

ecome as mechanical parts. They damage so much. "Our little road is wide enough and hard enough. It doesn't need rebuilding. But there is nobody to say so, nobody to cry stop, nobody to distinguish the rose from the cold statistics of appropriations, contracts, profits. Money is provided, money will be spent, willy-nilly. Whom can I turn to, to explain that I like roses and country lanes and old millstones that haven't turned in a century? Am I so alone? Isn't there anybody else?"

There you have it. There is more to the letter — the lady wrote to the highway commission, and the letter was turned over to the underling who answers such letters and does nothing else about it. She got in touch with this one and that one, and shoulders were shrugged. The Chamber of Commerce man told her it would take 'pull. And so cn. In the end, she has written

her letter to me, and I have merely observed that as time of similar letters. It isn't always a road-but it is some kind of encroachment always, a tread ing on sensitivities and intangi bles by the great forward striding era that, in a nutshell, n longer cares about roses.

Here in Maine, and in other states too, we have an active organization known as the 'Good Roads Association.' It has worked hard to further a program of bigger and better highways, but it has neither constructed nor preserved any 'good roads' through quiet, shady, rustic vistas, with crooks around knolls, little bridges by foamy falls, past recumbent millstones festooned with wild roses. The reason is factual and mo-

dern-the membership is composed of contractors, machinery salesmen, transit interests, politicians, bonding outfits, compensation insurance underwriters, and others dedicated to mighty avenues of commerce, the more expensive the better. They are in short, a pressure group, although they won't like this blunt description any more than my correspondent will like their misappropriation of 'good roads.' They are the people who push

nillstones out of the way, in the interest of long hauls between major cities. They have banded logether in common cause against millstones and roses and country corners and front-porch views down shady lanes. I mention them specifically because their name might invite dissenters, like my correspondent, to appeal to them in this present consideration. Just what is a 'good road'? Just what can tree lovers and

brook listeners do? Nobody on the side of the roses is permitted an opinion any longer. If you even mention a rosebush to a highway engineer, you are peuliar and odd—to be brushed off deffly by any of the several accepted ways. You are protesting against the bulldozer, which is here to stay. You are sentimental, and senti Chop it down; yank it out; level it off. Anybody who doesn't see the mighty wisdom of the great program is a crank, to be

Science Monitor.

WOOL ARGYLES - Playing a joke on city slicker visitors to the Wisconsin State Fair, farmer William McKenrow paints a colorful Argyle plaid pattern on his Shropshire ewe lamb. He says one in ten visitors fall for the gag. Maybe they think that's how Argyle-patterned socks grow.

THE FARM FRONT John Russell

The really up-to-date farmers among my readers — those of you who have the very latest in equipment — may not be so greatly interested in this article y John Gould which appeared in The Christian Science Monitor. Still, there should be enough "old timers" among you to recall the days John writes about, and get a chuckle from his memories of same,

Haymakers no longer rake scatterings. As an accredited scattering raker from away back, into whose fiber the ancient adages were inculcated that I might succeed and prosper. I'm aghast at discovering this change in a basic economy. I can't remember that anybody said so in just that many words,

pulldozed over with the same relentless insistence. Stand aside -we're coming through! And yet-of course-it's only rose, only a millstone long idle, only a country lane by a waterfall. Let us not be silly .-By John Gould in The Christian

Drive With Care

9. Head covering 32. Repeat 10. Form of oxy- 33. Brings into CROSSWORD 11. Mortise insert 31 Most unhappy
12. Winter vehicles 28. Supports PUZZLE 11. Mortise insert 31
12. Winter vehicles 38. Supports
19. Crackle 21. Is defeated 22. Is defeated 24. Parts of highways 26. A hank of 45. Jap. colins
11. Mortise insert 38
12. Mortise insert 38
13. Mortise insert 38
14. Mortise insert 38
15. Refused 48
15. Refused 49. Crab 49. Grab 49. Gra by Galatea
6. Abounds
7. Literary compositions
26. A hank of twine
28 Opening 17 18 . 19 20 21 22 23 24 24 25 26 27 ... 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 148 49 50 51 53. Landed properties
54. Broad thick 52 55 54 9-2 55

Answer elsewhere on this page.

apparently didn't know its own strength is admired by young Charles Acerra in the garden of his home. The tough tomato grew right through the loop atop the metal stake which was used to support the plant. but I came along up with the

idea that dismal doom and downright despair would descend on the untidy and profligate farmer who neglected to rake his scatterings.
True, I was inwardly rebellious all the time, and I never loved scatterings no-how, but that didn't get me anywhere. I raked scatterings just as if I believed in them. I was told that the scatterings would feed another heifer, which was the frugal and utilitarian approach and forced on the growing boy that another heifer was a good idea. didn't think so, personally. Heifers eat more than you think, once they get startetd. . . .

POWER PLANT - A tomato that

Then there was the aesthetic argument — that people admired a well-raked field and would take notice that you were neat. This could also be construed as nasty-neat, and I think I so con-The difference between then

and now is the same old story - mechanical progress. Hay is made today untouched by human hands or feet. A sidedelivery rake makes windrows continuously, and the baling machine passes over the windrows and consumes them. Bales are then hove on a passing truck which never stops, and nobody ever looks back.

In my time the rake was a dump rake, a jack-rabbitlike device that gathered up its capacity and then dumped it before gathering again. You made windrows by dumping always in the same relative line. Afterward, you could run the rake along the windrow and manufacture "bunches" - which is Maine, for they are called other things in other places

A bunch was more or less what a strong man could pitch onto the rack in one forkful. Sometimes the bunching was done by hand, with a fork. And after the bunches were hoisted onto the rack, which always stopped for that exercise, the loose hay left was known as scatterings, and had to be garnered. . . . Of course, in earlier times rak-

ing was done by hand, and in later times they got hay loaders. But until the baler there was always an effort, whatever the method, to rake the leavings because they were valua because they made the eld look We had two ways of raking

scatterings. The first one made the horse mad, because he had to keep turning-turning to bring the horserake over the scatter-ings, passing needlessly over great areas he had already raked any one of 'em anywhere and in the morning and scattering-less now. No horses ever liked I can identify it for you within a tenth of a second." to rake scatterings, because he thought the driver had lost his reason and didn't know what he wanted. * * * The second method was with

a dragrake, or bullrake, and that always made me mad. The bullrake was an infernal machine if there ever was one. It would climb up your back and excoriate you. It was, of course, designed for a man about sixfour and weighing 240 pounds but such paragons were too valuable to use on scatterings and always pitched on, built load, or stowed in the mow. It was the little fellow, like me, who got to rake scatterings and had a builrake riding behind. You could tell a real farm boy in those days by the way he walked - as if he thought some thing was sneaking up on him. A bullrake had a curved han-

dle, and one grasped it in the manner of Mr. Discobulus of old - one hand above the neck and the other behind the belt. This put the long teeth in such a position they could ride flush with the ground, and keep clipping you on the ankles. By actu-al count, 28 to 30 times per wisp is the usual average. Thus accoutered and postured, the rake walked and walked and walked and walked, in the hot sun, picking up any and all loose hay

the harvesting crew had neglected to hoist to the load.

Occasionally the rake would have gathered enough to call for dumping, so you would hike over to the rack and deposit it on the ground. One of the men would spear it and lift it up, always leaving a straw or two as a nucleus for your next batch. Thus, the field was shortly clean as a whistle - the hay was in and nosy neighbors could see that you were a frugal and circumspect husbandman with your scatterings raked.

Nowadays, the scatterings in a field wouldnt make a bale, and what the cam-operated teeth of the baler miss is left, and nobody tries to raise up that extra heifer. That heifer was the subtle difference between plain getting by and the luxury of success. Small boys are no doubt left to delinquency, and I feel

sorry for them. As for the aesthetic considerations, it is probably just as well that modern traffic goes down the road so fast you couldn't see scatterings if they were ten feet deep. I doubt if some of them can even see if the field is mowed at all. Thus we take care o our own, and the poor lost extra heifer isn't missed. If some museum somewhere wants a dragrake . . .

Mind Like A Sponge

Teddy Nadler, the diffident man with a Univac for a mind, had already won \$242,000 cranking out answers on the CBS quiz show "The \$64,000 Challenge." But before he faced his questioner recently and won \$10,000 more to boost his winnings to an all-time record, he was fret ting like any beginner "I might black out," he muttered: "It could be my Waterloo. I know enough about history to know what can happen to people. Robespierre was a big man one day—the next day they shot his jaw off and guillotined him." Back home in suburban St.

Louis, things were a little dif-ferent with the Nadlers as a result of Teddy's late-blooming good fortune. Clara Nadler, whose husband had never earned more than \$70 a week before he got into TV, was bustling about a new, \$15,000 brick home which is fairly squirming with electrical appliances.

"You should put down about the electric bill," she said re-cently. "Whooee! Everything's electric." Pests had forced the Nadlers to acquire an unlisted telephone.

Teddy, in a new income bracket, had quit his clerk's job because there wasn't any sense in driving to work to make 20 cents on the dollar." Otherwise there was no change. The neighbors took i in stride. "Do the Nadlers still live down the street?" asked one "They're very quiet," said another. "We never see them. "Come what may," says Mrs. Nadler, "I'm still the same Teddy was the same old

As a bookworm of a boy the Jewish Shelter Home in St Louis, where he had discovered that he had a "mind like a sponge," he had shown off his brain as the other boys did their biceps. Last week he still

"You know Tchaikovsky was born May 7, 1840, and died Nov. 6, 1893, don't you?" he abruptly asked a reporter "You know Beethoven's symphonies, don't you? I mean all 37 movements by heart? I can hum 'em all. I do it in a monotone, of course, but you start

"You know all the Roman emperors, don't you? Sure you First there was Augustus, and then there was Tiberius, and then there was Caligula . . ."-From NEWSWEEK

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

Justice for People in Need Isaiah 58:6-8; Luke 4:16-22; Hebrews 13:1-3.

this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? 1 John 3:17.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ is in a very real sense, a social gospel. When people are for-given of their sins they become forces for good in society. They are the leaven for the Kingdom of God. They not only live good lives themselves but they are concerned about helping others may live good lives, too.

The righteous have always worked for a better society. The ancient prophets were the re-formers of their day. Religious rituals, such as feasts were secondary to the practical aspect such as relieving the oppressed and breaking every yoke. Jesus, in his first service read a passage from Isaiah which emphasized that he was continuing the work of the prophets. He would give good news to the poor, heal the broken-hearted and set the ruised at liberty. No wonder that the common people heard Him gladly.

"Let brotherly love continue." is a good slogan for every age. We have a responsibility to help all that are in trouble of any kind. The art of hospitality which our grandparents practised in simplicity needs revivthat the men he entertained were angels. There are always a few transients who seek hospitality in order to rob their people very canny, perhaps too

Farmer Harry Holt of Cres well, Oregon, has shown his understanding of the social implications of the Gospel by bringing hundreds of rejected Korean orphans to USA and finding good homes for them. These children were born of American G. I.'s and unwed Korean moth ers. In spite of failing health and countless obstacles, this remarkable Christian layman has dedicated his life to finding happiness and opportunity for these youngsters, unwanted in their homeland because of their

mixed blood. If you are not one to whom people in trouble readily turn you should pause and ask, "Why? lave I not the spirit of Jesus Christ?" We need to have the spirit of Jesus Christ that we may live like Him, if we are to be worthy of bearing the name

A tourist in Cornwall overtook a young man running rapidly along the road. He stopped and invited the perspiring runner to get in. "An emergency, I suppose?"

the driver asked. "No," puffed the young man, "I always run like that when I want a ride. It seldom fails."





SPACE DOGS - Russia's space traveling dogs, Whitney (right) and Spot, are shown in their rocket containers. Moscow announced that the dogs had been fired 280 miles into space and brought safely back to earth.



AT THE POLLS - Old timer, Tom Gibson, who arrived in the Klondike gold country in 1898, is helped to the polls in Fair-banks to cast his vote for statehood for Alaska.

dozen sour cucumber pickles 2 each, red and green peppers (hot) 8 large onions l pounds sugar 3 quarts vinegar 1 tablespoon ground horse-radish 1 tablespoon tumeric (to color) tablespoon dry mustard

Chow-Chow

2 medium heads of cabbage

peck green tomatoes

2 peck bell peppers (sweet)

2 tablespoons each, celery seed and ground cinnamon 3 tablespoons each, allspice and cloves Put the first six ingredient through the meat grinder, using coarse blade. Sprinkle lightly with salt: let stand half a day, or several hours. Place vinegar, sugar, and spices in a large kettle and bring to boil. Squeeze a

nuch juice as possible out of

first mixture and add mixture to

Cranberry Ice

Juice of 2 oranges and 2

1 box lemon-flavored gelatin

Cover cranberries with water

and boil until soft. Put through

sieve, reserving liquid. Add the

liquid to pulp. Add orange and

lemon juice. Let cool. Dissolve

lemon-flavored gelatin in the

quart of boiling water. Let cool

Combine the 2 mixtures. Put in

ice cube tray and freeze. Makes

. . .

came from the farm home of

my great-great grandmother in

"When cold, it should be chewy

Chocolate Taffy

1/3 cups chopped nuts (walnuts

Combine sugar, molasses, milk

and chocolate and bring to boil;

er and continue boiling to the

hard-ball stage. Remove from

boil until quite thick. Add but-

1 cup molasses (scant)

2 squares chocolate

or butternuts)

"Here is a candy recipe that

more than 100 years old. It

Island," writes R. T.

3 or more pints of ice.

but not brittle."

11/4 cups sugar

1/2 cup milk

1/3 cup butter

1 quart fresh cranberrie

1 quart boiling water

31/4 cups sugar

sugar-vinegar-spice mixture he kettle. Bring to boil and boil 20 minutes. Pack into clean jars which need not be airtight, should have good covers. "I make a cranberry ice that is not used entirely as a dessert, out can be. I often serve it in

sherbet glasses at the side of the plate to be eaten with turkey or special holiday dinners," writes Mrs. Myrtle Campbell to the Mix plum halves gently with Christian Science Monitor.

heat and fold in nuts. Pour into buttered pans in thin layers. When candy is cold, mark into squares. . . . "This candy recipe of my grandmother's is about 80 years old," writes R. T.

> Butterscotch Candy 1 cup sugar 1 cup molasses cup butter (less will do) Combine ingredients and cook to brittle-ball stage. Pour into buttered pan (or cooky sheet). When hard, tap pan to break candy into irregular pieces.

