In France They Love Him - And They Also Detest Him!

By Rosette Hargrove Paris - Edouard Leclerc is at 30 the most beloved and at the

same time most hated grocer in Leclere initiated a minor revolution in this family of small shopkeepers eight years ago by inating the middle-man in the food business.

Recently he opened his first store in the Paris region in an old working class suburb. Housewives fought to get near the counters. The small grocers are fighting too - but against him. Born in a bourgeois family French Army), he was the seventh of nine children. The family tradition was that the boys were either soldiers or priests He chose the church.

But as an 18-year-old seminary student, Edouard began reading Karl Marx and immersed himself in the study of sociology. At 22, he left the seminary and was married after doing his miltary

He worked on the docks and saved some money. Then he and his wife, Helene, put into action his plan for lowering the cost of living by opening their first store. The shop was in the dining room of their three-room apartment in a run-down house near the railway depot at Lan-

With \$10 to his name, he place ed his first order directly with a manufacturer for \$600 worth of cookies. The manufacturer granted him a month's credit when he learned he was the son of Major Leclerc. He placed a second and much larger order. He also bought candy, oil and dry groceries. The town's housewives flocked to his store. His secret? He was selling his goods 30 per cent cheaper than his

competitors. Leclere's crusade to lower the cost of living got off to a good start and a year later he opened another shop in Grenoble, said be the "dearest" town in

France. pealed to the town authorities, saving Leclerc was an unfair competitor. He also was accused of defrauding the tax collector. Comptrollers went over his books but could find no irregu-

The fact was that Edouard Leclerc was guilty of an unheardof, and inadmissable, concept of business - that of abandoning part of his profits to his customers. Leclerc, as a matter of fact, is a wholesaler who is also a retailer. He has one golden rule - never to take more than nine per cent profit on any one item.

"After three years," Leclerc says, "my annual turnover had reached 70 million francs (about \$135,000). Today it is over 300 million francs. And wherever I have started a store prices have gone down all around. If this war, I am on the winning

There are 800,000 small shopkeepers in France to whom the name of Leclerc is like the red opened his first Paris branch he

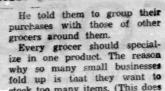
"I do not aim to head a great chain of stores. I am on the small shopkeepers' side. My original store in Landerneau quite enough for me. What I want, as I always have, is to see the cost of living go down."

first birthday. Leclerc thinks that this would be automatic if 40 grocers in Paris and 1,000 in the rest of France would apply his method. "But for this they must have sufficiently large stores," he added, "covering a minimum of 600 square feet, plus a capital of

million francs to pay cash for goods and serve as a recattered throughout the coun try, recently gave some hints to little shopkeepers over the na-



GROCER LECLERC (left) explains how his store operates to a customer at the recent opening of his Paris outlet.



stock too many items. (This does not apply to village stores.) Don't fall for the slick salesman talk that you will do more business if you have neon ights and plate glass windows. These cost money and eat up profits.

Beware of the "help your-self" system. This is the best way to lose money unless you have sufficient staff to supervise customers.

Laughter Is Good For Health

Do you laugh much? The answer may depend on your age. The older we grow, the less we laugh. Children laugh much more than adults.

If yours is a sendentary job, laughter is one of the fines exercises for you. It exercises scores of different muscles in the body which in turn have a massaging effect upon the body's

Watch that laugh of yours if you find yourself rocking in your seat at a humorous show sometime. It may betray your character to an acute observer. Who says so? A serious-minded psychologist who boasts that he rarely laughs himself, although he's been studying the laughter of men, women and children for some years.

The best kind of laugh is the hearty "Ha-ha-ha!" he asserts. The person who laughs like that has a frank and open disposition and is not likely to deceive you. The "He-he-he!" laugh is not

so good, according to the expert. It's a sure sign of a moody and gloomy man, he says. What about "Ho-ho-ho-ers?" They are usually strong and generous. The worst kind of laugh is the "Hu-hu-hu," says

the psychologist. It reveals that the person is selfish, mean and may have criminal tendencies. Some people may find any attempt to assess a person's character by his laughter laughable, but whatever you think, it's a fact that there have been men and women who frankly confessed that they were unable

to laugh. An Essex man used to say sadly that he had gone through his long life trying to cultivate a hearty laugh. He offered \$300 to anyone who could make him laugh. Many tried. No one suc-

ceeded. "It's no laughing matter trying to learn how to laugh," quipped an American university student who took a course aim ed at developing his sense of humour. He said he was so grimly determined to benefit from it that he did not laugh once throughout the seven weeks' course and even forgot to smile when he failed in his

Moltke, who died in 1891, hated to hear people laugh. All his life he found it almost impossible to laugh at anything or anybody. He was reputed to have laughed only twice after his twenty-In Ceylon a small outcast tribe exists whose members never laugh. Ask the reason

cake at Christmas." why and they reply: "What is there to laugh at?" A Briton who spent years analyzing laughter came to the surprising conclusion that it is

1 lb. treacle (black) -"directly or indirectly related to the behaviour of the instinct of lb. butter love." He contended that only men and women in love know how to laugh well and get real

physical benefit from laughter. 1 lb. flour 2 oz. ground ginger 4 eggs, well beaten 12 lb. citron

> hot oven. "I would like to share with readers of the Monitor a recipe mother. It is an easy-to-make and easier-to-eat, simple but yersatile cake - good when topped with powdered sugar and served with ice cream - superb when filled and topped with sweetened whipped cream and , canned or fresh," write

4 eggs 2 cups sugar Salt (pinch)

1 cup boiling milk 2 cups flour

Beat eggs and sugar together for 20 minutes by hand or about 10 minutes at moderate speed



ME MOTHER TAUGHT ME MANNERS - Daintily folding one paw across his chest much as human diners keep one hand on their laps while eating, this little bear shoves his snout into his dinner pail. He's sampling a meal of bread at the Chessington, England, zoo.

End Of Historic

Mountain Climb

So at last to Camp IV again,

out of the cruel white desert of

snow. The tension and suppressed

emotion that now filled this

camp emanated from it like rip-

when the tents first appeared as

most of the climbers were gath-

been correct, the choice of climb-

ered there. .

TABLE TALKS Hand & clane Andrews

Thank you for the gifts of | with electric mixer - mixture prized recipes that you send in during the year. Your motive in Sift flour, baking powder and sending them is to share the things you like with other readers, and this surely is true giving, writes Eleanor Richey Johnston in the Christian Science Monitor. Sometimes a reader's sharing

goes further, as in the case of Mrs. Elizabeth Bowden, Cowbridge, Glamorgan, Wales, who writes, "My hobby is collecting historical kitchen secrets." She sent in one about George III of England. "The third King George's dis-

crimination in cookery was nicer than in politics. I give you herewith his favorite cakes," she writes, then quotes, "Excellent small cakes which are much esteemed at Court, the King himself having eaten of them (1760 A.D.). "'Take three pounds of very

fine flour, one pound and a half of butter, and as much currants and as much sugar, seven eggs, and four volks, and knead it well together into a paste, adding one nutmeg grated and a little rose water; so make them up about the bigness of your hand and bake them upon a plate tin. When baked, scrape on some sugar.' I generally use onequarter of the quantities mentioned and only half the eggs given, using self-rising flour, said Mrs. Bowden.

* * * From Bristol, England, comes a possible holiday recipe with a history copied just as handed down for generations. Mrs. A. R. Richardsen writes: "Dear Friends: I thought you might be interested in the enclosed recipe which has been handed down band who lived at Kirklands. Scotland. I have copied it with the footnote, 'This recipe was always used at Kirklands' - Kirklands was the home next to Sir Walter Scott. I also make this

AUNT JOANNA BAILLIE'S GINGERBREAD December 25, 1843, Kirklands

b. soft sugar (brown) Melt all in pan over fire and let it cook and add

1 dessertspoon baking soda To be baked in a moderately

Mrs. Robert Orr. Palisade, N.J. HOT MILK SPONGE CAKE

1½ teaspoons double-acting baking powder 1 teaspoon vanilla

salt together three times. Add flour mixture alternately with hot milk to the egg-sugar mixture; mix well after each addition. Add vanilla and mix well. Pour into well-greased 10-inch pan (it should be 3 inches deep) or 2 9-inch pans. Bake single cake 65-74 minutes, and 2 smaller layers for 35-40 minutes at 350° F. To test for doneness, toothpick stuck in cake must come out clean and cake must

To go from cake to soup, here is soup with marrow balls that will be good on any cold night this winter. Mrs. Elsie Estell Stanley, Seattle, Wash., writes, "I recall that a reader once asked for a recipe for marrow balls. However, marrow balls not accompanied with a wonderful. delicous soup would be like a pie with no filling, so I am sending ecipes for both.

spring back when touched light-

MARROW BALLS 1 well-rounded tablespoon creamed marrow 1 beaten egg

Dash of nutmeg Dried rolled and sifted bread crumbs

Mix first 4 ingredients, then add enough bread crumbs to form into a soft ball about the size of a nutmeg. Drop into boiling soup stock. Balls will at first sink to bottom of kettle, but will rise later. Remove and serve with soup. This amount make Multiply it, if you wish SOUP STOCK

1/2 pounds shank of beef 6 cloves 8 peppercorns piece mace or sprinkling of 1 bunch celery cut in small

teaspoon celery seed

1 carrot

1 sprig thyme Several sprigs parsley Place shank of beef in large soup kettle; cover with cold water several inches higher than meat; let stand 1 hour. Then add all other ingredients except salt. Simmer 3-4 hours. Add salt 1/2 hour before soup is done. Strain through a colander; set aside to

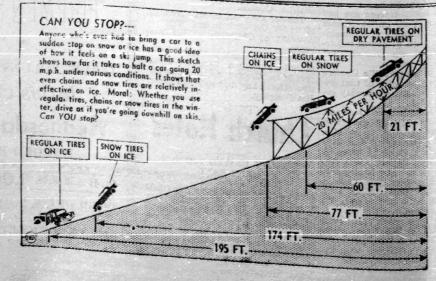
cool. Place in regrigerator until

fat forms on top; remove fat.

Reheat and strain again through

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HO-MAXTEPCK H "FIRST" FOR NIKITA — Portrayed as a youthful-looking miner, Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev is shown demolishing a coldwar snowman is a Prayda cartoon titled, "Just Like a Miner." It's the first time the Red boss has been pictured in cartaon form in a U.S.S.R. paper, although he was once depicted in a Hungarian publication in cartoon style during his U.S. visit.



Blanchford, a youth of nine-n, took his girl to her door, sed her good-night, remount-his motor-bike, and roared off the night. Two minutes late taxi swung out of a minor scroad and flung him and his chine with terrific force

inst a house. hat grave mishap inspired n to dedicate his life to re-

just-specks on a mountain wall "There they are!" I rushed to the door of the tent, and there emerging from little gully, not more than fine hundred yards away, were four worn figures in windproof clath.

I could not see the returning climbers very clearly, for the exertion of running had steamed up my goggles, so that I looked ahead through a thick mist. But watched them approaching dimly, with never a sign of suc cess or failure. . . Down they tramped mechanically, and up we raced, trembling with exper-

or whether, when Hill Tenzing returned defeated from the last ridge of Everest, h

again. . . .

would have to begin all one

"There they are" someon shouted. "There! Just behind that big sarae! See them? You know the one, Charles, that brut

of a thing with the big crevasse just behind it. See them? Then

they go! just crossing the gan

I looked again, and high on the

face of the mountain, sun

enough, there they were. Fin

little figures were moving slow.

ly down the snow: Hillary, Tea-zing, Lowe, Noyce, and the markable Sherpa Pasang Phuta

How were they walking? Jaunt

ily, like men who have reached

in the depression of failure? No.

body could tell, for they wen

summit? or dragging their fee

Soon I could not see a thim for the steam, so I pushed the goggles up from my eyes; and just as I recovered from the sudden dazzle of the snow I caught sight of George Lowe, leading the party down the hill. He was raising his arm and waving t as he walked! It was thumbs up! Everest was climbed!

ples, so that far down the Cwm. Hillary brandished his ice-an weary triumph; Tenzing blobs on a distant ridge, a sharp slipped suddenly sideways, n tang of expectancy suddenly struck us. It was midday, and covered and shot us a brilliani white smile; and they were among us, back from the sum mit, with men pumping their And there in his shanty tent was Hunt . . . a heroic figure, I thought, like some grizzled Hanhands and embracing them, laughing, smiling, crying, taking photographs, laughing again, erynibal in climbing-boots, awaiting ing again, till the noise and the the arrival of elephants. This was nearly the end of the advendelight of it all rang down the Cwm and set the Sherpas, folture. Soon, within an hour or owing us up the hill, laughing two, we would know whether all in anticipation. -From "Coronation Everest," by James Morria his careful plans had succeeded, whether his own wonderful climb to 28,000 feet had been justified.

whether the loading tables had You know winter is here when the spring flower catalogues begin to arrive. ers wise, whether the weather he had trusted had turned sour Spring, on the other hand, is nnounced by the early bid on him, whether the equipment he had chosen had proved sound: anti-freeze mail for next winter.

Ambulance Stolen Gas

was so badly injured that surgeon who later attended a said that he was "theoretidead." For eight days he unconscious, for three oths on the critical list, but he

eving the sufferenigs of others
the 1930s Guernsey's 40,000 cople were served by only one equipped ambulance with a are time driver. Prompt firstaid, Blanchford realized, would ave minimized his injuries and He joined the island's newly

med St. John Ambulance unit, bought a second-hand ambulance with voluntary subscriptions and started a rival service based in low he developed this into a et-class land, sea and air serv-

Ice and earned the G.M., M.B.E., and the Life-Saving medals by his bravery and resource, Don Everitt relates graphically in maritan of the Islands". pended on a rope he made many hazardous rescues from Guernsey's perilous cliffs. In wartime this meant running the gauntlet of hidden minefields.

One fisher-iad, climbing a cliff, d trodden on a mine. It blew on to a narrow ledge twenty below. To reach him, anchford and his four helpers had to slither down the cliff, grasping for hand-holds, fearing each piece of grass and jutting rock concealed a mine.

Rain soaked them: a cold wind lashed their faces and numbed their fingers. When they reached the body it took twenty minutes to get it off the ledge and straped to the stretcher. Several times on the way up,

with darkness falling, one or other of them slipped, nearly dragging the rest down the cliff. On top at last they had to thread lheir way through a minefield vergrown with gorse and find gaps in the brabed wire. Then they collapsed, utterly beaten. Ill with worry and cverwork in 1950, Blanchford went to Petit Bot Bay for a week's hardearned holiday with his wife. While sitting on the beach he noticed a boy climbing a near-by

"Rona." he said, "I'm sorry, but we'd better go back. Sooner or later that boy will get stuck up there, and the way I feel I ust couldn't face having to bring

him down." The boy did get stuck, on a tiny ledge seventy-five feet up. Blanchford phoned the ambulance control room, guided the rew to the cliff top, and, despite rotests, donned a canvas hars attached to a 250 foot rope and swung down. As he sighted the boy, elinging to a sheer slab drama for twenty novels! rock by toes and fingers, the rope dislodged a large piece rock above Blanchford's head. It fell between his face and the eliff, hit his stomach, knocked

him unconscious and sent him swinging and spinning across the cliff-face. When he regained his senses he swung himself towards the boy, grabbed him by the waist, pulled

nim foot by foot to the cliff botom. Then he collapsed, bruised and bleeding, into a rock pool. After rescuing a boy scout who had fallen into a cliff gully, he went down a sceond time to retrieve the lad's wallet contain-

and steamer tickets.

"It's all part of the service,"

Blanchford told the scoutmaster. During the German occupation he kept his ambulance going on stolen or smuggled gas, char-coal or horses. Once he and his assistant, Charles Froome, resolved to raid a locked German asoline - drum store not 100 yards from a German billet. The penalties if they were caught would be a long prison sentence and maybe a concentration camp. They drove up with their van under a cloudy three-quarter moon and unscrewed the rusty hinges from the door. They grunted and heaved to roll one of the heavy drums up a ramp of two planks into the van. Then

"It's the 'greenfly' (Germans) all right," Froome whispered.
"They look like officers."

they heard a car approaching

The vehicle came down the middle of the road. Blanchford knew that its masked headlights would pick out the lower half of the van. The moon suddenly broke through clouds. It was as if a spotlight had been turned on them. He closed his eyes in despair. Then he heard Froome whispering: "They're turning off. They're

going to the house over there." Climbing noisily from the car. the Germans vanished into the house. The night was silent again. The two men heaved the drum into the van and rolled out a second. It was halfway up the ramp when one plank snapped with a crack like a rifle-shot. The drum thumped to the ground. Both froze as an upstairs window in the German

billet opened and someone peer-ed out. Another window opened and there was a conversation in German. Then the windows closed. No search party emerged. Desperately, the two men jammed a piece of the broken plank under the intact one, heaved the drum into the van, shut the store doors, rescrewed the hinges and drove off at full throttle. The ambulance would have gas for

some time to come. Once when a gang of thugs blocked the path of the ambul-ance, Blanchford accelerated and forced a way through. A man leapt on the running board and tried to grab the wheel but Blanchford swerved and flung him off. The ambulance forged on, picked up the patient and took another route back to the hospital. By 1954 the land-sea-air serv-

ice, run on subscriptions, had eleven men and two secretarynurses on the permanent staff. It also had a deficit of almost £2,500 before the States authority came to its support. Last year the men worked 10,800 hours of voluntary overtime, an average of twenty hours a week on top

of their routine forty-four. Blanchford himself has been continuously "on call" for nearly twenty-five years. This splendid story of his pluck and determination is a monument to the Order of St. John motto: Pro Utilitate Hominum, "For the service of mankind." Service, indeed, and enough

PLAINTIFF BECOMES DEFENDANT

I won't say that I'm unlucky Jack. If I started on a shoestring Button shoes would soon come back.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE





THIS OLD HOUSE IS NEW - Under construction in Charlottes ville, Pa., is a replica of the house called Shadwell where Thomas Jefferson was born. The site is not far from Monticello, Jefferson's famous home. Built in the 1730s, the original Shadwell burned down in 1766.

THE FARM FRONT by John Russell

to Newcastle. Yet that's what happened last year. Apple production in British Columbia last season was the smallest in many years. About 4.2 million bushels were harvested, compared with six million bushels the previous year.

. . . To take up the slack, Ontario and Quebec producers shipped McIntosh apples to the west coast for the first time in the memory of veteran officials of the Fruit and Vegetable Division, Canada Department of Agricul-

eastward - especially later varieties and varieties not produc ed by growers in the east. The sudden reversal in this

department that eastern shippers must live up to regulations laid down under the Destructive Insect and Pest Act.

Oriental fruit moth.

William Shaw, 58, called Rochester, N.Y., police to report that someone claiming to be policeman had snatched his wal, let containing \$80. Detectives who arrived on the scene arrested Shaw for public intoxica-

But let me tell you something,

34. Color 37. Perch 39. Tennis stroke per cent increase in eastern Canada during the last three

> . . . This year? year's booming hog market. The total output in 1959 is expected to be 8.6 million, whereas this year it may fall to 7.5 million or lower.

> > The Agricultural Stabilization Board's support of the price of hogs by outright purchase ended January 9, and after that date support was to take the form of

Shipping apples to British | Producers who have not regis-Columbia is like carrying coals | tered for participation in the detered for participation in the deficiency payment program should apply immediately. Forms may be obtained by writing the Agricultural Stabilization. ricultural Stabilization Board, Canada Department of Agricul-ture, Confederation Building, Ottawa, or from the nearest office of the federal department's live stock division.

. . .

Normally, B.C. ships apples

trend has brought a warning from the Plant Protection Division of the federal agriculture

W. A. Fowler, chief of the division's plant inspection section, points out that the movement of apples from Ontario to British Columbia is prohibited unless fumigated under supervision of an officer of the division. This is because of the

. . . Further, since the apple maggot is known to exist in eastern apple growing areas and not in B.C., apples may be exported only from orchards shown by inspections to be apparently free

of the maggot.

Economists with the Canada Department of Agriculture have revised an October quarterly forecast of hog marketings, in the face of a marked slowdown in production. They now predict an October-

to-December marketing of 2.2 million hogs, an increase of about seven per cent over the same period in 1958. The earlier forecast called for a boost of 19 per cent. . . . A spokesman for the marketing section of the Economics Division said he' looked for a 15

months last year, and a two per cent decline in western Can-Indications are for a decline of roughly 15 per cent over last

In revising their figures, the economists predicted a decline of four to five per cent in the first quarter of 1960 instead of two per cent mentioned in the October prognosis.

deficiency payments.

. . . Application cards for registration are being mailed to producers. These should be com pleted and mailed to the Data Processing Unit, Canada Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

In the case of a farmer hvaing a son or a partner who owns some of the hogs marketed, only one name may be registered for one farm enterprise. This means that all hogs from a farm unit or enterprise must be marketed under one registration pletely separate operation necessary to qualify for regisnecessary to qqualify for registration as a farmer producer

That Forbidding North Atlantic

In Europe, seamen have always snown the North Atlantic as the Western Ocean. In the early days the untamable and littlesailed sea, which sent its violent storms to lash at them and beaches with the noisy, fearful challenge of its gales, seemed unconquerable. The march of these wild Atlantic gales against all Europe is most severe in those areas where men are the best seamen, and yet seafaring progress here was slow at first, as compared with that made in kinder seas. Arab, Persian, and Indian dhows crisscrossed the monsoonel waters of the Indian Ocean at least two thousand years before European seamen could manage anything other than coastwise passages in the open waters of the North Atlantic, and the Mediterranean was at least a galley-filled sea

while only the Sargasso weed drifted on the surface of the

broad Atlantic.

The conditions were very different. In the tropic waters of the Indian Ocean there were clearly defined seasons which prought their own winds - the good north-easter, with clear visibility and ideal sailing conditions; the turbulent southwester, which could blow hard but at least provided easy means to sail home again. There was a wind to go out with and and another to return with, and, in the northeast season, there was a reasonable assurance of continued good weather. Fishermen working from open beaches could develop craft suited to their purposes, and mariners could learn to extend coastwise passages to ocean wanderings as far as the monsoon blew. Primitive ships could suffice, in such conditions, and did. Even in 1956, many such ships continued to sail Eastern seas.

But in Europe it was not so. The North Atlantic, beyond the tropic's edge, could blow gales at any season, and there were no seasonal winds, obligingly

mariners on their way. On their way to what? What lay in the West, beyond all the bitter sea? In the East were

silks, spices, jewels, gold. The Old Worlds turned east. The

long spice and rich silk roads led there, and the European em-poriums for both centered on the Mediterranean. India, Per-

sia, Araby "The Blest," were the

sources of riches and of trade

What point was there then in

sailing out into the Atlantic, bound for nowhere? European

seamen had no incentive to make

bold transoceanic voyages. So the

Atlantic was not crossed by

end, its opening was a chance

by-product of the quest for a sea route to the East. Scholars had long theorized that to sail

west would bring ships east, if they sailed far enough, and it

was the East they sought.-From

Saving Water

By Treatment

Health Service.

spending.

material.

"Wild Ocean" by Alan Villiers.

Municipal water systems and

their customers, the citizens of larger United States municipali-

ties, are overlooking a ready

water supply through waste wa-

ter treatment, according to Mark

N. Hollis of the Federal Public

Mr. Hollis said that, some six

or eight years ago, the American public was spending \$200

million a year for waste water

cently jumped this figure to \$400

million a year. But he thinks the

bureaucracy at Washington are

If Mr. Hollis said how much

such figures is not good campaign

This treament of waste water

marily from a number of rather

small parellel rivers, nearly al

The time is not far distant when

adopt, first, a much stricter pro-

gram of prevention of water con-tamination in these streams and,

second, a program of condition-

ing this water for reuse. The

two programs will supplement each other because the less con-

tamination, the cheaper the re-

"And what's your name?" the

"Ah, you mean Julius. We

never use abbreviations in my

class. Now, little boy, what's your

conditioning. - Dallas News.

teacher asked the little boy.

"Julie." was the reply.

"Billious.

treatment plants, but it had re-

ships for centuries and, in the

The Converting Power of the Gospel

Acts 16:13-15, 25-34 demory Selection: Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house Acts. 16:31.

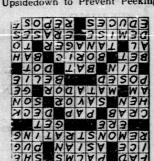
Next to the scene of Paul's conversion, perhaps the next most fascinating scene in the story of his life is that of his night in the Philippian jail and the conversion of the jailer It was no pretty sight as Paul and Silas lay with their feet fastened in the stocks with their backs bruised and bleeding. The beating had broken some of the blood vessels. Some of the blood had

These men were no criminals They were God's messengers of the Good News of the Gospel. In the name of Jesus Christ they had cast the demon out of young lady who was a soothsayer or, as we would say today, a fortune teller. The men who made money from the girl's work were angry and instigated an uprising against Paul and Silas. They should have rejoiced that another had been freed from the clutches of Satan but their greed for money blinded their eyes to the glories of the Gospel. Missionaries still meet with this type of violent opposition. In our own land the opposition is rate should be "above \$500 mil-lion." He did not say "\$500 million"; he said "above \$500 mil-lion." Members of the great more subtle. But the forces that make money on the weaknesses and sins of others are well or-ganized and can fight back with cagy about putting a limit on any estimate of any future vigor when disturbed. If one emerges from one of the more desperate gangs, his life may be in jeopardy for a time, at least.

water was being conserved by these treatment processes, the news story did not quote him. The prayer and praise of Paul and Silas were heard by the prisoners. How unusual it was! Then God intervened with an Possibly the reason that we are making slow progress in this field comes from the fact that we earthquake. The prisoners were loosed. The convicted jailer asktalk too much about the cost ed that most important ques-tion, "What must I do to be saved?" The answer, which is our memory selections, was a and too little about the amount of water we will derive from it. The treatment of contaminated water for reuse by the public has simple one. We are saved, not been fully demonstrated. It was in wide use in Germany before do, but by trusting in Jesus Christ and what He has done for World War I. But there is an obstinate popular prejudice us. We are saved by grace against turning to it in America. through faith. Waste water conservation at any

The jailer was a new man After he was baptized he washed the blood off the stripes that had been laid upon them. How tenis going to be especially importderly he must have done it! Then ant in Texas as time goes on. Our surface water comes prihe fed them. It was a happy home. Jesus Christ had come into their lives. And it came about through the faithful witof which are contaminated with nessing of two of God's children, various forms of waste materials. while enduring suffering for Jesus' sake. we will be consuming the total capacity of these rivers to pro-duce fresh water. We should

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IT'S REALLY HERE - You know winter is here for good when the small ones drag sleds around wherever they go. This youngster samples the white stuff from a car.