When Employees Rise To Too The Mark

Everyone is familiar with the rules covering those employed in offices and factories today. Generally, the regulations are moderate—entirely too lenient, many employers complain.

The work week for most workers is now 35 to 40 hours, and leisurely lu..ch hours and morning and afternoon refreshment breaks and rest periods are commonplace. Conditions under which work is done are as comfortable as possible, and the work itself has been eased considerably. Onerous and sometimes humiliating tasks and regulations which once characterized many areas of employment have been eliminated.

There are still complaints, of course. Many are the inevitable routine complaints of ordinary workday life, a supervisor's criticism, a lack of balance of work in an office or shop, favoritism, that sort of grievance. Some complaints are more justifiable.

But have you stopped recently to think about the conditions of employment in the last century? Today's easy-going rules would have been unbelievable for employees who worked under these company rules in effect in 1854:

"Any employee who is in the habit of smoking Spanish cigars, getting shaved at a barber shop, going to dances or other places of amusement, will surely give his employer reason to suspect his integrity and all-around honesty.

"Each employee must attend Sunday School every Sunday. Men employees are given one evening a week for courting and two if they go to prayer meeting regularly. . . .

"After 14 hours of work, leisure time must be spent in reading good literature."

A few years later, on April 5, 1872, Zachary U. Geiger, Sole Proprietor, posted regulations for employees in his Mt. Cory Carriage & Wagon Works which included the following:

"Office employees will daily sweep the floors, dust the furniture, shelves, and showcases.

"Each day fill lamps, clean chimneys, and trim wicks. Wash the windows once a week.

"Each office will bring in a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the day's business.

"Make your pens carefully. You may whittle nibs to your individual taste.

"This office will open at 7 a.m. and close at 8 p.m., daily except on the Sabbath, on which day it will remain closed. . . .

"Every employee should lay aside from each pay a goodly sum of his earnings for his benefits during his declining years, so that he will not become a burden upon the charity of his betters. . . .

"The employee who has performed his labors faithfully and without faults for a period of five years in my service, and who has been thrifty and attentive to his religious duties and is looked upon by his fellow men as a substantial and law-abiding citizen, will be given an increase of five cents per day in his pay, providing a just return in profits from the business permits it."

Earlier in the 18th century, Amasa Whitney posted rules in his Winchendon, Mass., plant on July 5, 1830. Excerpted, they provided:

"The mill will be put into operation 10 minutes before sunrise at all seasons of the year. The gate will be shut 10 minutes past sunset from the 20th of March to the 20th of September, at 30 minutes past 8 from the 20th of September to the 20th of March. Saturdays at sunset. . . .

"If any person required of every person employed that they be in the room in which they are employed at the time mentioned. . . .

"Hands are not allowed to leave the factory in working hours. . . .

"Anyone who by negligence or misconduct causes damage to the machinery, or impedes the progress of work, wi.. be liable to make good the damage for the same. . . .

"Any person employed for no certain length of time will be required to give at least four weeks' notice of their intention to leave (sickness excepted) or forfeit four weeks' pay. . . .

"Anything tending to impede the progress of manufacturing in working hours, such as unnecessary conversation, reading, eating fruit, etc., must be avoided . . .

"No smoking will be allowed in the factory, as it is considered very unsafe. . . .

"The hands will take breakfast, from the first of November to the last of March, before going to work. [At other times] 25 minutes will be allowed for breakfast, 30 minutes for dinner, and 25 minutes for supper, and no more from the time the gate is shut till started again."

These were typical company rules. The similarities in some of the regulations were not coincidental; the provisions were so common that even the wording was much the same, place to place. And the penalty for violating the rules? Discharge, of course, and frequently blacklisting with other employers.—By Ed Townsend in the Christian Science Monitor.

Saying A Lot In Small Space

A new sort of doodling is going on at The New York Times copy desk. Late at night, between editions, headline writers have been provided with a pastime called "Through History With Times Headlines." The idea: To tell history's biggest stories with typical Times terse straint, if not understatement.

To make the task tougher, rules of the game restrict the heads to 14½ units, the maximum under the rigid typeface (24 point Latin Antique) The Times has used since 1907 over one-column a story continued from page one. These samples of the head writers' humor were reproduced recently in Times Talk, the paper's house organ:

JEHOVAH RESTING AFTER 6-DAY TASK

METHUSELAH DIES: JUDEAN WAS 944

MOSES, ON SINAI, GETS 10-PT. PLAN

FRENCH ARE URGED TO CONSUME CAKE

HOLLAND SETTLERS IN $24 LAND DEAL

BLAZE IN CHICAGO IS LINKED TO COW

But no matter how long Times copy editors doodled, they'd have to work hard to beat the actual Times headline announcing the assassination of President Lincoln: **AWFUL EVENT.**

The young and ambitious clerk's desk was close to an area frequently traveled by the executives in his organization. Strategically placed on his desk, and readable at five to ten paces, was the quotation, "Everything good in a man thrives best when properly recognized."

Obey the traffic signs — they are placed there for YOUR SAFETY.

RULES BRITTANY—Jeanine Levesque is a vision in lace in Paris, France. The 19-year-old hairdresser from Poinpont was elected "Duchess of Britonny — 1961" at the annual banquet for natives in the province.

TABLE TALKS

by Elaine Andrews

Nine hundred persons enjoyed a Swedish smorgasbord at the headquarters of the Salvation Army in Kansas City recently, and hundreds more who wanted to attend were turned away because of lack of space. This is an annual dinner — it was started five years ago — that has become increasingly popular until the big overflow was reached this year.

Menu for the dinner included Swedish meat balls, potato sausage, hickory smoked ham, steamed halibut, pickled herring, Bruna beans, boiled potatoes, molded salads (they needed 65 of these), tossed salad, assorted cheese, cottage cheese, cole slaw (100 pounds of cabbage!), deviled eggs, relishes, pickled beets, tapas, rye crisp, white bread, rice pudding, lingonberries, cookies, and several hot and cold drinks.

When guests presented their tickets at the door, they were given a leaflet with recipes for foods they were about to be served. Here, according to Eleanor Richey Johnston in the Christian Science Monitor, are some of them, which I am happy to pass along to you.

* * *

SWEDISH MEAT BALLS

1 pound ground beef
1 pound ground lean pork
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 teaspoons savor-salt
¼ teaspoon nutmeg (optional)
1 small chopped onion
Bread crumbs, coarse—enough to be absorbed by the milk

Combine all ingredients. Mixture should be moist; add more crumbs if necessary. Form into small balls; fry in butter, turning constantly. Do not overcook.

* * *

One hundred seventy pounds of chicken halibut were used at the smorgasbord. It was cooked this way:

BAKED FISH

Wash fish dry. Rub with salt inside and out. Brush with butter and place in greased baking dish. Add a scant cup of water. Cover and bake 10 minutes at 400° F. to sear. Reduce heat to 350° F. and bake 10 minutes more. Remove from oven. Skin one side of fish. Dot white flesh generously with butter; sprinkle with paprika; return to oven. Cook 10 minutes uncovered. Time may vary somewhat according to size of fish. (This recipe is for a family-sized fish.)

* * *

On a small scale, a "Dip" party may be considered to be similar to a smorgasbord in the sense that each person goes around the table and selects the food that he wants. I went to such a dip party on a recent Sunday evening. Small, elaborately decorated paper plates were used by those serving themselves from bowls and a chafing dish. We dipped with corn chips, potato chips, small crackers, carrot and celery sticks, taking some of every kind of dip offered and then settled around an open fire for talk and eating. We went back often — and we needed nothing else for our supper — though the hostess did pass home-made cookies with the hot beverage that we poured for ourselves when we had finished the dips. Four or five varieties are a good number. For a hot dip, try this one. It is made of deviled ham, cheese, mayonnaise, Tabasco, and tomato juice.

CHAFING DISH DIP

½ pound processed cheese
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
1 can (4½-oz.) deviled ham
1 tablespoon finely chopped onion
¼ teaspoon Tabasco
3 tablespoons tomato juice

Melt cheese over low heat. Stir in mayonnaise, deviled ham, onion, and Tabasco until well blended. Gradually stir in tomato juice, mixing very well. If dip seems too thick, add more tomato juice; transfer to candle warmer or chafing dish and serve with chips and raw vegetables. Serves 8.

* * *

Dips made with sour cream are popular and any dip party should include at least one of these. Here is one to serve cold.

CLAM SOUR CREAM DIP

½ cup sour cream
¼ cup minced clams, well drained
¼ teaspoon each, onion and garlic powder
Dash ground black pepper
Dash ground cayenne pepper
½ teaspoon ground basil leaves
¼ teaspoon salt
Paprika for garnish

Combine all ingredients except paprika. Mix well. Pour into a small bowl, sprinkle with paprika. Serve on a tray surrounded by carrot and celery sticks, raw cauliflower, raw broccoli flowerlets, radish roses, chips, and small crackers.

* * *

For an unusual dip, try one made of avocado and ripe olives.

BLACK OLIVE-AVACADO DIP

1 soft ripe avocado
1 tablespoon minced onion
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon Tabasco sauce
½ cup chopped black olives

Peel avocado and mash. Stir in onion, mayonnaise, lemon juice, salt, and Tabasco. Blend well. Stir in black olives.

* * *

PARTY EGG DIP

4 hard-cooked eggs
¼ cup mayonnaise
¼ cup tomato catchup
2 tablespoons milk
½ teaspoon onion juice
¼ teaspoon each, salt and sweet basil.

Chop eggs fine and place in a bowl; add remaining ingredients and blend well. Chill before serving.

Making A Comeback After A Stroke

Over BBC radio one night recently came a voice from the past. The rich baritone accents were those of Douglas Ritchie, a popular news commentator during World War II whose "Colonel Britton" broadcasts were almost as well known as the inspired exhortations of Winston Churchill.

Now, after a long silence, Douglas Ritchie spoke again. Not as a news commentator but as the author of a personal-experience book, "Stroke," which had just been dramatized on the BBC program "True Story."

"I didn't know I would ever again be talking to you from this microphone—or from any other," Ritchie said. "Four years ago, I was dumb and paralyzed. I can't speak quickly now, but I can speak, and I go on improving. I go for a half-mile walk with a stick every day. My right arm and hand are still useless, but I've learned to write with my left hand."

After the broadcast, the BBC switchboard flared with calls from listeners who wanted to know more about what had happened to the long-remembered news commentator. To his cozy, gray-flint and red-tiled house on a steep hilltop overlooking the River Mole at Mickleham, Surrey, where he lives with his devoted, charming wife, Evelyn, came a sheaf of letters. "Your voice has the same timbre and clarity that I remember during the Battle of Britain," wrote one woman.

Ritchie's book "Stroke," tells the full story. On May 7, 1955, the robust, fidgety perfectionist, then 50, suffered a severe brain hemorrhage. At first it was thought he would die. Eventually, relieving his paralysis (the complete right side) and aphasia (loss of voice from injured brain cells) became a job for the rehabilitation experts.

"Stroke" reveals with poignant perceptiveness the various stages of Ritchie's ordeal, from the first efforts to exercise his paralyzed muscles, to the painfully slow, frustrating task of relearning the language he had used so well.

To stroke victims everywhere (750,000 in the U.S.), Ritchie offers this practical advice: "You must be patient, no matter how slowly things go. You must set your sights lower . . . learn to accept your limitations."

Sausage Skins Hid Big Money

As the grey truck pulled to a stop nearby, the Milan policeman stared suspiciously. He had noticed the van delivering salami and other sausages many times before and had noted that it always seemed to stop at the same spots—and always the same wary-looking customers were served. The matter needed looking into.

A report went in. Milan's police chief decided to investigate. The next time the van pulled up at a customary stopping place to serve a waiting man, a squad closed in. The driver pushed his engine into gear and tried to drive off, but the squad was too quick for him.

When the sausages were examined, the police found a few genuine ones but the others had light skins stuffed not with meat, but counterfeit American dollar bills.

When the police traced the source of the notes they got a surprise—they came from the local Palace of Justice. The bills had been sent there following a raid on a printing shop and seizure of its output—40,000 counterfeit dollar bills.

A Ministry official had been delegated to burn the fake notes. Instead, faced with the tempting pile, he had hidden them between the wall and a safe in his office. As regulations demanded, he certified that he'd destroyed the notes. Top officials made appropriate entries in their records and the matter was forgotten. The notes remained in their hiding place.

Later, however, the official was arrested and found guilty of another charge. He was jailed for six months. While in prison he often thought of his hoard and the time passed in pleasurable anticipation.

Immediately after his release he returned to the palace, sneaked past the guards, and made his way to his old office.

Feverishly, he removed wads of the counterfeit notes, stuffed them under his shirt and crept away. He repeated the visits at intervals.

Accomplices helped him to pack the dollars into sausage skins, organize a "sales round" and distribute them. The truck's customers were illegal money vendors. Passing off the dollars as genuine, they exchanged them for Italian lire.

By the time police swooped, their system had worked so effectively that only $4,000 of the hoard remained. The ex-official had done well for himself before he stood in the dock again, charged with burglary, swindling, false pretenses and concealing stolen goods.

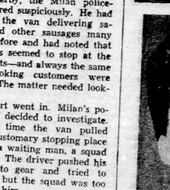
In the last five years, Interpol has uncovered and smashed seventeen workshops for printing counterfeit currencies, documents and passports in France, sixteen in Italy, eleven in Germany and eight in Belgium.

In a basement workshop in Paris a gang was busy printing millions. Not content with producing false franc notes, it ran off thousands of German D-marks, Dutch guilders, Spanish pesetas and American dollar bills.

But, unknown to these clever operators, the police got a whiff of their activities. Inspector Lecroux waited until the next big press day. Before daylight, on a drizzling autumn morning, his squad crept into tactical positions near the counterfeiters' den.

He listened intently — and then the knock and whirl of printing machines in full cry. He tossed a stone into the basement window and, as the glass splintered, his men closed in.

The three counterfeiters tried to bolt, but they were soon handcuffed. The cellar was littered with wet notes, and stocks of waterproof paper, some of it stolen from the Bank of France.



ROCKETEER — Professor Alla Masevic is vice president of the Astro-Physics National Council of the U.S.S.R. The lady scientist, shown in Rome on a lecture tour, has worked on several Russian satellites.

YES, SHE CAN, BILLY BOY — These girls have been judged the U.S. nation's best cherry pie bakers in a Chicago contest. Sherry Shirley, 18, (seated) is number one.

SWEET ON J. F. K. — Mrs. Marion Tucker has created a unique portrait of President Kennedy. The painting is done in cake icing, framed in marshmallow. Cake topper and Bible complete gift, presented by Mrs. Tucker at the Democratic National Committee.

Making Friends On A Jungle Road

The first people I saw in Nigeria had come out of a bus. The bus had its name painted on it . . . and it was in a ditch by the side of the road with a creeper of bright red flower tangled in the bundles tied to the baggage rack. The passengers were scattered in cheerful family groups over the road. Some of them had their cooking pots and were frying up the bananas and stew they had carried with them, some of the men were chatting together, and several had settled themselves comfortably to sleep.

Everybody seemed pleased to see our car, and one of the cooking women pressed a banana on me. The bus would be there two hours, three hours, or perhaps a day or so, she said. It depended on when the men from Manfe came to drag it out of the ditch. We tried to edge past the bus—carefully—because we had seen further back the burnt-out wreck of a lorry which had got too close to the side of the road, and rolled over into the trees down the bank. Several of the bus passengers woke up or left their food and lined the side of the bank, testing the mud, pushing at our wheels, and telling us to an inch how near the ditch we could go.

We were on our way from Bamenda in the Cameroons to Calabar in East Nigeria. Mostly we had travelled on the worst road I had ever seen. It was narrow and twisting, and open to one way traffic only, the direction of the traffic changing on alternate days. During the Rains one day each week was reserved by the Public Works Department for running repairs. But even so the ruts in the road were deep enough to make ordinary English sedan cars stick with their wheels hopelessly turning inches above the hard surface. The cars that can manage these roads are Continental, American, or best of all, long wheel-based Land Rovers with four wheel drives to get them out of the worst mud patches. In a French car we got through, but at the end of the journey our exhaust pipe had been knocked off and was tied to the roof-rack and we had also stuck four times between Manfe and Calabar. But this did not matter much because even the empptiest bit of jungle miraculously produced a crowd of people within a minute or so to help push us out. . . .

It was a good way of coming into Nigeria. For most of the journey the road was a narrow track through very dark, very dense forest with tall straight trees, almost branchless, but with festoons of creeper hanging from them. Everything was trying to push its way up into the sun above tree level, and after a time I wanted to see the sun too. . . . Very occasionally there was colour in the dark green . . . flame-coloured flowers, or leaves striped with white. . . .

But nothing worse than sticking in the mud happened to us, and the machets we saw were all waved at us in the most friendly way.—From "Nigeria: Newest Nation," by Lois Mitchison.

Hide All Your Shiny Articles!

People who visit a large ostrich farm in South Africa are usually asked by officials to hide all shiny articles they may have brought with them.

This is because ostriches might otherwise gobble them up. Ostriches are used to swallowing bright pebbles which help them digest their normal food and they find visitors' rings, bracelets, watches, buttons and spectators irresistible.

While in the Kalahari desert of South Africa, traveller and novelist William J. Makin reported that twenty large and small diamonds were found in the stomach of one ostrich which had been allowed to wander freely with his companions over the diamond fields.

Mr. Makin reported that the ostriches often swallowed diamonds to assist their digestion, preferring the gems because of their hardness or because they were not naturally attracted by their brilliance in the sand.

The South African government claimed that since the ostriches had taken the diamonds from the fields, they were the property of the state.

A large number of coins weighing more than four pounds and worth $10 were found in the stomach of an ostrich which died in the Buenos Aires zoo. And a London Zoo ostrich's stomach yielded two shillings' worth of coppers, a bangle, several pieces of silver, jewellery, glass, a watch-chain and a glove, as well as smaller articles.

Ostriches still give us many everyday articles. Their tough leathery skins are made into handbags, shoes, wallets, belts, gloves and even Bible and other book covers.

And their bones, when milled, yield a good-quality bone meat. In fact, South African breeders pride themselves on using every part of their birds, except their brains.

Gaicty girls, flaunting gorgeous ostrich plumes, created huge business for ostrich farms in Edwardian days, and feathers fetched prices as high as £500 a pound, which often worked out at $750 a feather.

Nearly a million ostriches were farmed in one district alone. But to-day, the feather price has slumped to below $30 a pound, and the same district supports no more than 50,000 birds.

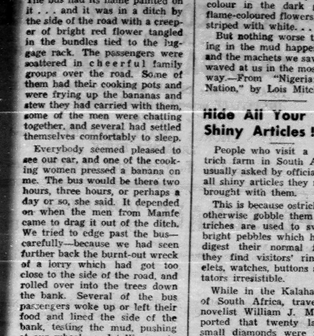
When fully grown an ostrich could easily beat champion runner Herb Elliott. Within seconds the bird can reach 40 m.p.h. and keep it up.

A single kick from an ostrich could kill a lion.

Curiously, the male ostrich, though ill tempered and resentful of humans, is thoroughly domesticated. Under the female's eye, he builds the nest and sits on the eggs for the first five days.

After that, the female sits by day and father by night. That goes on for forty-two days, until the eggs are hatched.

Orators in Grandpop's day used to say that history is at the crossroads. Now we're at a cloverleaf.



PHOTOGENIC — Lilly, a 450-pound hippo, gives out with a heap of no expression. The animal was sold by the New York Central Park Zoo to a circus.

HIS OWN RACCOON HAT — Sleddy Reynolds, 10, wears his live racoon hat, "Gordy." His parents were performers at a Sportsmen's Show.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

Domestic disappearance of beef cattle, averaging 38,700 head weekly in 1960, set an all-time record for Canada, reported Ralph K. Bennett, Canada Department of Agriculture.

He said the long-term picture of the industry "can hardly be anything but bright."

Total marketings in 1960 of 2,465,000 head were nearly seven per cent higher than in the previous year. Alberta accounted for 33 per cent of the total output, Ontario 30 per cent and Saskatchewan 19 per cent.

Inspected slaughter of cattle totaled 1,942,000 head, an increase of 11 per cent over 1959.

* * *

There was a dramatic rise in the marketings of Choice grade cattle, he pointed out. In 1960 the weekly average was nearly 11,900 carcasses, or 32 per cent of the total kill. Mr. Bennett called this figure startling when compared with 2,450 Choice grade carcasses, or 11.1 per cent of the kill ten years ago.

* * *

The increase in Choice grade reflects the improvement in cattle and the growth of the cattle feeding industry in Canada, Mr. Bennett stated.

The greatest increase in Choice and Good grade cattle during 1960 has taken place in Alberta, where marketings totaled 350,000 head, about 55 per cent of total deliveries.

* * *

He said that human population in Canada was climbing steadily but cattle numbers had increased much in the past five years. The cattle total on December 1, 1955 was almost 10 million. Last December 1, it stood at 10.9 million, an increase in five years of nine per cent or an average of 1.8 per cent per year. During the same five-year period, the human population rose from 15.7 million to 18 million, a 13.5 per cent boost, or an average yearly gain of 2.7 per cent.

* * *

Predominantly, Canadian cattlemen were on an export economy with their fortunes linked very closely to those of American cattlemen. In 1960 Canadian cattle exports to the United states were about 10 per cent of total marketings — much less than the 655,009 live cattle and 53 million pounds of beef shipped in the peak year of 1958. That shipment was the equivalent of 780,000 cattle or 28 per cent of the total marketings for 1958.

* * *

He noted a decreasing supply of boneless beef and an ever-increasing demand for this product.

A decrease in the number of dairy cows in the past 25 years had meant fewer canners and cutters for slaughter, "M" grade carcasses in the 1960 inspected kill totaled 218,000 or 11 per cent.

Artificial insemination was reducing the number of bulls in Canada. In 1960 the number of carcasses in the "C" grade totaled 63,013 or a little more than three per cent. The 1948-51 average was approximately five per cent.

* * *

Cattle prices at the year's end, he said, were "about $25 for Choice steers in Toronto and $23 for the same grade at Calgary."

The potential capacity to produce on the North American continent was still tied basically to the carrying capacity of the Western rangelands. Grass was a limiting factor because "every piece of beef starts out as a calf and cow on grass."

Analysis of two significant facts in the beef cattle industry —the limitations of grazing lands, and the growing demand for beef arising from the rapid growth in human population—indicated a basically favorable situation.

* * *

There were 6,764,196 hogs graded in 1960, a drop of 1,804,021 from the near-record 8,568,217 carcasses graded the previous year.

Canada Department of Agriculture figures show that on a national scale 50.5 per cent were Grade A. It was the highest percentage of Grade A's since 1951 when the figure stood at 31.3 per cent. In 1959, the percentage of carcasses grade A was 28.5 per cent.

* * *

Elgin Senn, chief of the grading section, Livestock Division, said that the percentage of Grade A's has risen slightly each year since 1954.

In 1946 the percentage of Grade A hog carcasses rose to an unprecedented 32.4 per cent. In 1954 it fell to 29 per cent.

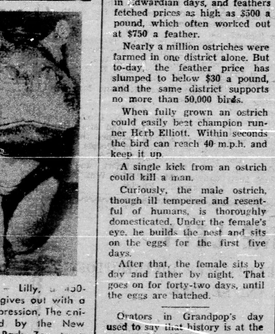
Mr. Senn states one factor may have influenced the picture in 1960. "It's the first full year we've had since A and B grades were altered on October 5, 1959," he said. "At that time the minimum weight for Grade A hogs was dropped five pounds while the back fat measurements were tightened slightly."

In any case, the number of carcasses graded A is increasing slowly and with the change in the payment of the Federal Government premiums from $2.00 on A and $1.00 on B grade to $3.00 on A grade, a further improvement in 1961 is anticipated.

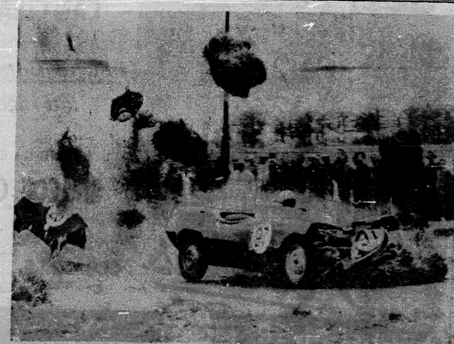
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Dry
4. Bishop's jurisdiction
7. Wife of Abraham
12. Constellation
13. Reckon
15. Good-luck object
17. Hurry
18. Exclamation
19. Pack
20. Anchor tackle
21. And not
22. Swallow quickly
23. Sash
24. Memorandum
25. Land measure
26. Hide
28. Popcorn
29. Maintain
30. Perform
32. Wobbles
33. By
34. Absent
36. Bones
37. Expense
38. Shallow vessel
39. Ignited
40. Throw
41. Year
42. Front
43. European swallow
45. Forgiveness
48. Black cookoo
49. Deal with
50. Small child
51. Fr. article

DOWN
1. American aside
2. Place rubbed out
3. Chews piece
4. Boat for carrying fruit
5. Idol
6. Hits railroad (ab.)
7. Pig
8. Malt liquor
9. Sun god
10. One of "The Three Musketeers"
11. Core
14. Chancellor's office
16. Quill for writing silk
20. Satisfied
21. Nothing
22. Merry
23. Holds
24. Youth
25. Refuse wool
27. Existence
29. Affectedly shy
31. Decree
34. Interlaced
35. Worthless leaving
36. Dress leather
38. Mailing card
39. Separate
40. Irrigate
42. Balloon basket
44. Final
46. Jargon
47. By way of
48. Sound-of cattle
49. Grounds
50. Aloof
51. That thing



Answer elsewhere on this page



ELVA COURIER — EXPLODER VIEW — A speedy Elva Courier sports car, guided by William Widdowson at a Smithfield, Tex., track race, misses a turn. Flying hay bales and flying Elva parts were captured by the camera of newspaper photographer Bob Jackson.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Jesus Gives His Life
John 19: 17-24, 28-30.

Memory Selection: I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. John 10:11.

Chapters 13 to 19, nine in all, of the 21 chapters of the Gospel as recorded by St. John, are devoted to the last 24 hours of our Lord's life before His death on the cross. Why such detail? Examine the biographies of the world's great and no where else will you find a biographer devoting so much space, in fact, more than a quarter of the book to the last day of the man's life. What is the explanation?

The death of Jesus Christ has very special significance. The Psalmists and the prophets, particularly Isaiah, had spoken of it centuries before. As our title states, "Jesus Gives His Life." The men who came to take him in the garden fell to the ground at his word. (18:6). He said, "I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself." Why did He give himself to die at the age of thirty-three?

To answer this question thoroughly calls for a study of the whole Bible. It is especially clarified in the Book of Acts, the Epistles and the Book of Revelation. Man through disobedience in Eden fell from the state of innocency. He no longer enjoyed fellowship with his Creator. He was now sinful. Jesus Christ, God's Son, came to pave the way for a reconciliation. He came as a man to save men. He had no sins of His own. As man's representative He bore our sins in His own body on the cross. We are saved from our sins when we repent of them and believe on Jesus Christ. We are saved by His Grace.

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

We may have salvation through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Time To Order Garden Seeds

While perennials are the backbone of the flower borders, most people look forward to growing many of the lowly annuals each season, and now is the time for ordering seed.

Annuals add color and variety to the garden. With a little planning and their long blooming period, one can have an abundance of flowers all summer and into the autumn.

Use them to fill gaps in the perennial border, in front of shrubs, or in among newly planted shrubs which are small. Plant them among bulbs to hide

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking

S	E	E	S	A	R	A	H		T	O	T	L	E	S
A	R	A	C	L	E		W	H	I	T	E	H	O	U
S	T	O	W	E	D		A	W	A	Y		M	O	R
M	A	S	C	O	T		H	I	L	L		H	A	D
	S	T	O	N	E		C	O	N	E		A	L	L
	E	A	S	T			O	N	E			S	T	S
		R	E	M	I	S	S	I	O	N		A	N	I
		T	R	E	A	T		T	O	T		L	E	S
		A	T		V	A	N		M	A	R	T	I	N
		P	A	N		A	U	S	T		P	O	S	T
		A	M	A	Y		A	N	N	E		D	O	
		T	O	T	T	E	R	S		P	E	R		
		C	O	U	N	T	E	N	D					
		A	R	E		C	O	N	C	E	A	L		
		S	T	O	W		D	O	N		T			
		G	U	L	P		S	H	O	U	L	D		
		S	E	E		S	A	R	A	H				

Annuals are classed as hardy, half - hardy, and tender. The hardy can be sowed as early as the ground can be worked. Sweet peas, cosmos, larkspur are hardy. Half - hardy annuals, such as snapdragons, should not be planted in the open until after the last spring frost date for the locality; and tender annuals, such as zinnias, must be planted only after the soil is warm.

If you have no book showing average spring and autumn frost dates for your region, ask your nurseryman or agricultural extension station what your dates are.

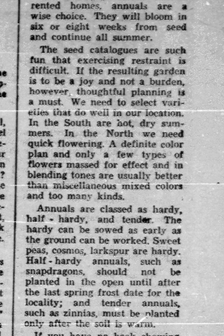
In the front of most seed catalogues are the new flowers for the season. Seeds of these may be more expensive, but it is refreshing to try a few new kinds.

MOST EMBARRASSING

In Miami, Florida, blonde, freckled Marjorie Curry from Washington, D.C., bought a new bathing suit, wore it in the water and sued the store for $5000.

The reason: The suit got so transparent when wet, claimed Marjorie, that people could count all of her freckles, causing her "embarrassment and humiliation."

The most galling problem harassing a suburbanite was to keep dogs from tearing up his patiently-cultivated lawn. His prominent "Keep Off the Grass" sign wasn't taken seriously by any of the dog owners. Seeking a fresh approach, he erected a small sign on a newly-seeded area. It read: "Protect your dog! Lawn specially treated with poison." Not a dog touched a blade.



AH, SPRING — Knorke, a gorilla in the Berlin, Germany, zoo, seems to be waiting for the vernal equinox. He received the flowers on his fifth birthday.