SHORT STORY

Footsteps In the Dark

By HELEN BEMIS

At five-thirty P. M. as usual, George Madison left the First National bank of Crosstown. He started up the busy street with that deliberate tread of his, then swung back to the corner. It might look suspicious to change his ways tonight.

"The same, sir?" asked old Tim, blind since the battle of the Marne in World War I.

"Yes," said George, wincing as his nickel banged the tin cup.

"A bit cool for April," offered Tim, handing up the Crosstown Evening News. "Get to know weather, don't we — being out in it every day like me an' you. Say—jus' how many years you been comin' from the First National to get my papers?"

George started, paled. Couldn't let on to the old fool that after midnight he wouldn't be around, couldn't explain that after tonight he'd be a free man, a man of means, no longer a slave. Only thing you could call a bank teller, wasn't it?

"It's — it's about 15 years," came from George's dry lips.

"No doubt the bank folks are pretty fond of you by this time," commented Tim. "They're mighty nice to me, too—from the president down."

"Yes, of course," chopped out George, swinging away.

Mrs. Murray's gloomy boarding house irritated him more than ever tonight. But after warm food and lively table conversation with the other boarders, his confidence rose. He was able to let himself into the First National that evening, nearly as calmly as he'd done hundreds of former evenings. Only this time he would not be working overtime for his superiors. Just for himself.

Finally, he was stuffing big rolls of currency into a traveling bag. He hoped his luck would hold, that Henry, the night watchman, would doze in the back room, as usual.

His luck did hold. It held so well it was uncanny. Even his aged automobile ran perfectly till close to daybreak, when he abandoned it and hopped a fast freight for the west. His chief objective now was to reach a certain man highly skilled in plastic surgery, a man who'd do anything for a price.

George Madison now became James Farnum. His hair was bleached white, his upper lip was

"Let me go! I'm James Farnum!" exclaimed the terrified George.

smooth-shaven, his once good-looking nose was unpleasantly aquiline. Even his voice was higher pitched. He not only looked different, he felt different. He was rich.

In Alaska, he went into fur trading, became surprisingly prosperous. He remained a bachelor and avoided making close friends. Three years of this and he grew restless. He went to Chicago, then to New York and took in the best shows and night clubs. He ran into Ed Ratchet, former clerk in the old First National of Crosstown. He talked with him at length and wasn't recognized.

So he decided to return to Crosstown and take a look around. After all it was his home.

He was put up at the Crosstown hotel with no questions asked. In the hotel lobby, on the streets and in the shops, he was treated like any stranger.

One day as he passed the bank, he saw old blind Tim sitting on his customary corner. Tim was selling a newspaper to a strange man. "Guess I'll drop a five spot in Tim's cup for luck," decided George. It gave him a warm feeling inside to be going toward old Tim again.

But as he paused before him, Tim leaped up and grabbed George's beautifully tailored sleeve. He cried, "George Madison! It's George Madison!"

"Let me go! I'm James Farnum!" claimed the terrified George, trying to pull away.

"What a break," said the strange man, holding out handcuffs. "I've been looking for you a very long time! Thought you might blow back—they generally do!"

"Plain clothes, eh?" sneered George. "I'll prove you're wrong—I'll sue—I'll—"

"Can't fool me," piped up old Tim. "I get to know a man's footsteps after hearing 'em for 15 years!" **The End**

In the Holy Land, a New Flag Rises Against Menacing Mortars—These Lebanese soldiers of the Arab Army of Liberation are part of a heavy weapons group using French 75 mm trench mortars. Such mortars have been used constantly in the past few weeks in the battle for Jerusalem; as British moved out, more Arab forces poised for invasion. Two Hanganah soldiers stand guard beside the colors of Israel that were raised over Haifa after the seaport city was captured by the Jews. Departure of British High Commissioner symbolized end of Britain's rule in the Holy Land and the formal birth of the State of Israel.

Some Notes From The Farm Front

Of Special Interest To Rural Readers

By John Russell

Another farm crop that's coming to the aid of afflicted mankind is the good old pancake ingredient—buckwheat.

That's because buckwheat contains a chemical substance called rutin which—during the few months it has been used—has proved highly beneficial in certain types of internal bleeding. Rutin does this by strengthening the walls of the tiny blood vessels known as capillaries.

To meet the national needs for rutin in the United States alone, medical manufacturers estimate that at least an extra 50 thousand acres of buckwheat will be needed annually. The entire plant, around blossom time, is used for the extraction of its rutin, so that no grain from this extra acreage would be available for flour or for livestock feeding.

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Nothing is of greater importance to the welfare of both man and beast than proper protection of drinking water supplies. Precautions which will guard against polluted water are simple, and either boiling or chlorination will insure that water is safe for drinking.

If boiling is used, the water should be kept at boiling temperature for at least ten minutes.

For chlorination, two teaspoonsful of fresh chloride of lime should be mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water. To this add one quart of water and mix well. You now have your sterilizing solution, four drops of which — added to one gallon of water and let stand for 15 minutes—makes the water fit for drinking. A fresh sterilizing solution should be made every seven days.

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An Australian farmer makes cheap but highly effective bird scarers out of empty fruit cans or jam tins.

One end of the tin is removed and then six or seven cuts are made down the sides of the tin to within an inch or so of the other end. These strips are then bent at a slight angle. Dead centre in the unopened end a dent (not a hole) is made, so that the tin will sit snugly on a piece of wire stuck in the ground.

The slightest breeze catches the out-turned strips of tin and turns the glistening contraption speedily enough to frighten all the birds from his fruit and vegetables, the farmer claims.

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A purebred Canadian Holstein cow has just established a new world's record. Owned by J. J. E. McCague of Alliston, Ont., in 305 days she gave 28,243 pounds of milk containing 980 pounds of butterfat.

This 305 day fat production is also a new North American record for the Holstein breed in the mature class and makes her replace—as Canadian champion over all breeds—an Ayrshire cow with a mark of 909 pounds fat from 21,241 pounds of milk. The displaced world champion milk producer for 305 days is a United States Holstein with a record of 27,613 pounds of milk.

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Staging a wrestling match with a half-grown beef animal in order to clip its horns is far from the softest job in the world — particularly as there's a much easier way of accomplishing the same thing. You just use a little caustic potash on the new-born calf.

According to a Provincial experimental station a little of the caustic, in either paste or stick form, applied to the horn buttons when the calf is a few days old will do the trick. To prevent unnecessary spreading and burning of the skin, apply vaseline or grease around the outside of the area treated. This method not only works on small farms but is being used with success on large cattle ranches as well.

Protection of crops from frost damage in early spring or at the end of the growing season is still a problem that challenges agricultural scientists; and although various methods have been successful to some extent most of them require too much trouble and labor, or are too costly.

The smoke screen method of protecting seedlings and trees from frost has worked well on many occasions, but is inconvenient because of the constant attention necessary to keep smudge fires going. In some places agriculturists have worked on the development of infra-red and fuel-burning radiant heat generators; and while these have been fairly successful, the area each unit can cover is so limited that the cost appears to be much too high for general use.

Chemists are working on two other angles of approach to the problem. One is to find a chemical which will increase the frost-resistance of plants — an investigation prompted by the discovery that potatoes treated with certain fungicides were not killed as readily by fall frost as those untreated.

Second approach is through the use of plant hormones. In England, for instance, the same chemicals which stop apples from dropping off the trees have been used to delay the blossoming of peaches until the danger of frost has passed. Development of plant varieties which will grow to maturity within the frost-free period is another form of defence being tried by some Canadian plant breeders.

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In many soils across Canada it is almost impossible to grow such things as tomatoes, corn, cabbage, cauliflower and tobacco unless wireworms are first destroyed. And although benzine hexachloride was responsible for tainting such crops as turnips and potatoes last season, its use—under proper precautions — for the control of wireworms, cabbage maggots and other soil-infesting pests cannot be condemned.

In using BHC the recommendations of the Federal Department of Agriculture should be strictly adhered to at all times. For grain, corn, tomatoes and tobacco BHC dust (.5% gamma) should be broadcast at the rate of 125 to 150 pounds per acre a week to ten days before seeding, and the soil should then be lightly harrowed.

For control of maggot of cabbage, cauliflower, broccoli, etc., the same strength BHC dust is used at the rate of 40 pounds per acre. It should be applied to the plants and soil around them 3 to 4 days after transplanting.

Lazy Ants

American scientists, returning from a survey in Central America —where ants are more numerous and more highly developed than they are in colder latitudes— report that in the average colony only 40 per cent of the insects are real go-getters. Twenty per cent work occasionally, and the remainder, we regret to say, are no good at all; they spend their time "lolling about the nest". That is a higher proportion of loafers than in any human society. It's all very disillusioning.

Heard This One?

The famous bandleader, Paul Whiteman, is built on a rather large scale, but he'll never admit that he's fat. When people kid him about his weight, Paul tells them about the millionaire who really was stout.

Calling on him one day a visitor found the millionaire lying comfortably on a couch clad—all 500 pounds of him—in a bathrobe with enormous checks. In the middle of each of these checks a number was sewed.

"What's the idea of those numbers?" inquired the visitor. "Are you practising for when The Law finally catches up with you and sends you to Sing Sing?"

"Watch me," replied the man of wealth and poundage. Pressing a nearby button he summoned his butler. "Wilkins, scratch Number Twenty Three," he commanded with a yawn.

"Butterhoppers"

"Butterhoppers" was the name coined on the spot by a bright schoolboy when he examined some curious grasshoppers on display at the Royal Ontario Museum. Obviously they fascinated him. And no wonder—for these 'hoppers from tropical South America, recently acquired by the Museum, had the grim-looking bodies of their kind, but were transformed into things of beauty by their gorgeous butterfly wings. With a spread of about six inches, the wings have a coloration in shades of reddish brown, and dainty as butterfly wings should be. These winged 'hoppers have a formidible scientific label, of course, but "Butterhoppers" suits them perfectly.

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Correct

Teacher: "If I take a potato and divide it into two parts, then into four parts, and each of the four parts into two parts, what would I have?"

Little Emily: "Potato salad!"

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New Fossil Remains Of Ancient Ape-Men

Over a year ago a scientific expedition left America to study on the spot the fossil remains of man-apes found in 1936 near Johannesburg, South Africa. The remains consisted of two skulls, a femur and an ankle bone; and they had been blasted by miners out of some limestone caves. More bones were later turned up about two miles away.

This month there came news of still further finds, including remains of antelopes, porcupines, bush pigs, hyenas and jackals; and these newest discoveries seem to confirm the belief of the scientists that the earlier discoveries represented subhuman species hitherto unknown.

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The early South African man-apes, or ape-men, were small in stature, only about four feet tall. Their brains were about the size of those of chimpanzees or gorillas; while they had the heavy jaws of apes, their teeth were almost human. There were no over-sized canine teeth, so characteristic of the ape. Their hands were small and delicate, and they walked like men. It is thought that they stand much closer to modern mankin than do the orangoutang, the gorilla or the chimpanzee.

These finds have led to the belief that at some period in the earth's history there were creatures with ape-like brains combined with limbs and bodies that were virtually human — in other words by something like the "missing link" people used to talk about 50 or 60 years ago.

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How old are these fossil remains. While geological dates must always be accepted with a certain amount of caution, these specimens may be anything from half a million to five million years old. The animals, especially the horses, found among the remains indicate that these South African men-apes lived on the plains — an environment which would not have been suitable to the forest-dwelling anthropoid apes. And there is some evidence that they lived at least partly by the chase—that is to say, crushed skulls of ancient baboons were recovered, indicating that they might have been killed by clubs or rocks.

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