Fair Sailing — Elizabeth Taylor, 17-year-old film star, poses aboard a boat with her fiance, William D. Pawley, Jr., 28, son of the wealthy ex-ambassador to Brazil, after they announced their engagement at the Pawley home. They plan to marry early next year. The actress denied she ever was engaged to Lt. Glenn Davis, former Army football star.

As True Today As When He Said It

On what principle is it that, when we see nothing but improvement behind us, we are to expect nothing but deterioriation before us?

It is not by the intermeddling of the omniscient and omnipotent State, but by the prudence and energy of the people, that England has hitherto been carried forward in civilization; and it is to the same prudence and the same energy that we now look with comfort and good hope.

Our rulers will best promote the improvement of the nation by strictly confining themselves to their own legitimate duties by leaving capital to find its most lucrative course, commodities their fair price, industry and intelligence their natural reward, idleness and folly their natural punishment, by maintaining peace, by defending property, by diminishing the price of law, and by observing strict economy in every department of the State. Let the Government do this: the people will assuredly do the rest.—Lord Macaulay.

Near Perfection — Pat Hall, 22, Hollywood hopeful, is just about "Miss Almost Everything." She has been singled out as the gal with "the world's most beautiful legs," "Miss Good Posture," "Miss Pin Up" and "Miss Beautiful Feet," to mention a few. But her first two tries at movies were westerns, with the "world's best legs" under calico.

FAIR EXCHANGE

Two men went out hunting with their wives one day. During the morning, one of the hunters thought he saw a deer behind a clump of bushes and took a shot at it. The other fellow appeared and shouted, "Hey, what's the idea? You nearly shot my wife." The sorry," and handing his friend his first hunter then replied, "I'm so gun, he pointed at his own wife and said, "Here, take a shot at mine."

SHORT STORY

Poachers Outwitted

By Richard Hill Wilkinson

It happened that young Glen Lloyd was the only warden on duty when Chief Fred Mather received word that poachers were doing a wholesale business in moose meat up in Birchill county. Glen was a rookie on the job. As yet he'd had no contact with either the hardships or the dangers of a north woods game warden. Chief Mather decided to use discretion.

"You go up there and do some reconnoitering," he told the youth. "You'll find a base camp under a cliff near the headwaters of the Beaver. Make this your headquarters until Warden Loomis arrives. He'll tell you how to proceed." Chief Mather drummed with his pencil. "Don't take any chances, son. I've an idea that Moe Stanford's behind this ring. He's a bad actor."

Glen reached the base cabin two days later. The ground was covered with a six-inch fall of snow.

Glen waited two days more and then decided to take matters into his own hands. Armed with his service pistol and a flashlight he concealed himself near the tote road on top of a ridge where the progress of the truck would have to be slow. It was bitterly cold and a brisk wind was blowing. Also there was the promise of snow in the air.

Midnight came and went and Glen's spirits ebbed low. Cursing himself for delaying action, Glen was about to quit his hiding place when he heard distinctly the roar of an automobile.

He waited until the driver was shifting gears for the final pull, then stepped out into the glare of the lights. He held his gun in one hand. The badge on his sheepskin coat was plainly visible.

Instead of stopping, the driver bore down on the accelerator. The truck roared straight at the warden. Glen stepped to one side, barely avoiding being hit, and as the heavy machine lumbered by he swung himself onto the running board. He clung there perilously for a moment, then something hit him on the head, he heard an angry curse, and went spinning off into space.

Fifteen minutes later he emerged on to the same tote road where it doubled back on itself. The lights from the truck were already sweeping up the incline.

Glen crouched behind a boulder, glad that the darkness was so intense. He waited until the truck had crawled by, then ran after it. He caught the tailboard and hoisted himself up. Two men were standing up front, leaning over the cab. The noise of the motor had drowned out sounds of his approach.

Reversing his service gun, Glen crept up behind the men, felled one of them and grappled with the other. The scuffle was short-lived Taken completely by surprise the poacher was at a disadvantage. Stunned by the blow which he tried to dodge, he fell against the cab and slumped to his knees when Glen struck out a second time.

The warden handcuffed the two men to an upright in the truck, then approached the cab. There was a small window in its rear. Through this Glen thrust his gun, splintering the glass. The two men inside turned to find themselves staring into the gun's muzzle.

Warden Loomis, trekking northward to join young Glen Lloyd, was astonished to find a truck on the old tote road. The truck stopped and a friendly, boyish voice greeted him.

"Hi, Joe," Glen yelled. "Put some bracelets on these birds in front, will you? My hand's so stiff from holding this gun I can't move it—let alone pull the trigger."

When Chief Mather heard the story he wrote a personal letter to Supervisor Herrick, complimenting the supervisor on his choice of men.

THE END

THE FARM FRONT by John Russell

So you'd like to have more eggs from the same number of hens, and from the same amount of food! Well, who wouldn't? So get this—poultry experts at a great agricultural experiment station in the deep south say that egg production will step up as much as 17 per cent. when you rid your hens of lice. Louse-free hens will lay that many more eggs than hens just moderately infested.

* * *

They're not just guessing either. They released those figures only after extensive field trials.

* * *

Next question — What's the best way to kill those pests. Well, here's what their tests showed:

Sodium fluoride is efficient both as a dust or dip, and costs only 2c per bird. However, you have to handle the birds individually; it's irritating to the person doing the job; it will kill chickens if they eat it.

* * *

Nicotine sulfate, painted on the roosts, cuts the number of lice, but doesn't kill many head lice. You paint it on the roosts; you don't have to handle the birds. Three treatments will keep lice pretty well under control for a year, and will cost less than sodium fluoride.

* * *

Sulfur dust does a good job. Sprinkle it in the litter, at he rate of two pounds for every 100 square feet. Do that twice, seven to 10 days apart, and you'll get control for about three months or longer. It's cheap—$2.50 to $3 per 100 pounds. It is irritating to the eyes, and the birds should be cooped up until they've all dusted themselves.

* * *

DDT, either as a 10% dust or a ¼ of 1% wettable dip, does not do as good a job as sodium fluoride, although you can get good control by catching the birds and spraying them until they're drenched with a 5% wetable mixture.

* * *

Benzene hexachloride, painted on the roosts, gave good control for a time, but the lice returned in about two months. A 5% duet scattered over the floor gave good results, when used at the rate of two pounds per 100 square feet. No off-flavored eggs resulted.

* * *

Chlordane, dusted on the floor at the rate of two pounds per 100 square feet, gave complete control of lice, but right now it's on the expensive side.

* * *

The choice of the insecticide you use still seems to be the one you prefer to use. They'll all do a pretty good job if you use them right. You "pays your money and takes your choice." But, I know you'll find it money well spent, and no fooling.

* * *

And to readers of this column who go in for growing peaches, here's something that may be news to some of you. By packing the peaches like chocolates, some New Jersey growers got a premium of from one to two dollars a bushel last season.

* * *

The tree-ripened peaches were packed in "crinkle cups" in a new type of consumer carton. Each of the cartons is partitioned to hold 12 peaches. The package is made of light cardboard, attractively colored and features a transparent window.

* * *

Four growers packed 2,460 of these cartons last season and marketed them through a co-op growers' association, which made a number of shipments to chain stores, commission houses, and other buyers.

* * *

The peaches arrived at the retail stores in excellent condition. The pliable paper cups held them snugly without bruising, and they got a grand reception from the customers. In some of the shipments the peaches were packed on their sides rather than on the stem end. The high color and blush of the fruit showed to particular advantage against the green background of the crinkle cups.

* * *

The average price which the farmers received amounted to $4.29 per carton of 12 consumer packages (about a bushel). But although this was a premium of $1 a bushel over peaches packed in the ordinary way, naturally the growers had extra expense in packing them in cups. So, if you think of giving it a trial—well, use your own judgment.

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JITTER

By Arthur Pointer