Ingrid Says "Cut" — Ingrid Bergman and Italian Director Roberto Rossellini drink a toast after completing movie, "Stromboli," at Farfa, Italy. The Swedish-born actress, who is expected to wed Rossellini after divorcing her husband, said the movie would be her last.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Have you been enjoying the cooler days? I think the weather has been just about perfect the last few days. A little chilly night and morning perhaps, but doesn't that give one a grand opportunity to burn up rubbish in the cookstove, creating a little warmth in the house which is by no means unwelcome.

Rubbish . . . but what is rubbish? This last little while I have been driven to think that question out quite seriously. You see, Daughter has been on the rampage around the house since she came home. "Mother," she says, "whatever do you keep all this junk around for? . . . Mother, do you want this? . . . How about throwing this thing out?" And that's the way it goes.

Unfortunately, some of the things Daughter regards as "junk" I would not part with for anything. Scraps of paper, some of them of no value to anyone but myself. Looking through some of this so-called rubbish yesterday I came across a page torn from a school scribbler filled both sides with verses written on it. "What's that?" asked Daughter curiously, as she noticed I was ready very intently, and I wouldn't wonder, with a smile on my face.

"Just some verses I wrote about you and your very first Christmas," I answered. And it was. I had forgotten I ever wrote them, yet I remember every detail that was mentioned.

Rubbish? . . perhaps so—and of no literary value whatsoever—but I'm glad that sheet of paper wasn't destroyed with some of the other "junk" that we threw away that day. It brought back so many memories—some happy, some sad, but all of them belonging to our life on the prairie.

Rubbish . . . another kind of rubbish . . . odds and ends of print and silk. And yet what beautiful-pieced quilts have been made from just such little bits of material that might otherwise have been thrown out. Take the Dresden plate, for instance—such wee scraps of gaily coloured print make up the pattern—and how lovely when it is finished. And other things made from scraps . . . in our house we have two lovely warm and practical knitted wool blankets made entirely from old wool. That is, wool from old socks and sweaters, unravelled and knitted into squares. In some cases I have used three strands of wool because it was so thin and worn.

Rubbish . . . apples lying on the ground to rot because we can't use them up fast enough or find enough people who would like them. Daughter has been taking apples to her friends in the city every few day and they have been glad enough to get them. And of course I have been giving them away by the basketful. Too bad such good food should spoil until it is no more than rubbish.

Well, we have one little creature around here who doesn't intend to let anything to to waste if she can help it—although she isn't too keen on apples. And that is our Honey. When she is hungry she does her best to prove it. The two dogs have their supper served up to them outside the back door in separate dishes. Tippy's—a brown earthenware bowl; Honey's—a deep narrow oblong tin. The reason for this odd-shaped dish is to help Honey to keep her ears out of her supper! Recently she showed signs of picking up her dish and carrying it around. So we kept her at it and now she will pick it up with her teeth, carry it through the woodshed and into the kitchen. But she never touches it until she knows it is just about supper time. But tonight she must have forgotten to look at the clock or something. Anyway, Honey followed me out when I went to pick corn for supper. At least that was my intention—but it wasn't Honey's. Oh no, Honey went straight to her dish, picked it up and walked into the house with it. Even though it wasn't supper time I had to reward her with a little milk. She looks so funny because she will often grip the dish by the lower end so that the rest of the tin covers her nose and eyes. She can't possibly see where she is going, yet she navigates the steps and gets into the house and hardly ever bangs into anything at all. I have been hoping that some day I would turn around and see her stepping in with my glasses in just that same way. But so far no luck. Now I have given up hope of finding them and plan to visit the city tomorrow for a new pair of glasses. I'm tired of having a headache all day and every day.

Gave Special Show For Man About To Be Hanged

Sarah Bernhardt, the world's most exotic actress, lived as many lives as a cat—or the puma or lion cub she kept among her many other strange pets.

When she took her company to the U.S.A. a slick showman pestered her to go to see a captured whale on view in Boston harbour. "It is still alive, but you must be quick," he said. "I have brought it to Boston especially for you. It has cost me a small fortune."

She arrived at the frozen harbour to find a step-ladder in place so that she could mount the ninety-foot whale's back and "publicize" the spectacle before a big crowd. The back was so icy that at the first step she slipped.

Adrift On Ice-Floe

White with fury at being exploited in this way, she leapt on to an ice-floe, and from that to others, intending to make for the quayside. But her floe broke away in the treacherous current and began floating towards the open sea, with the crowd shouting frantically. Not until a boat put out and rescued her did she realize that she was in serious danger. The floe hit the boat so heavily that its gunwale cracked as Sarah was hoisted safely aboard.

Later, when she went on to Chicago, the showman was there ready to cash-in again with a huge cloth stretched over the station exit: "Come and see Sarah Bernhardt's whale. The celebrated actress wears stays made from the monster's bones."

Never having worn stays in her life, she refused to leave the train until the notice was removed.

En route to Columbus her train was held up because the Ohio was in flood and an arch of the Gallipolis bridge had been strained by the pressure of the stream. The engine-driver offered to race the train across the tottering structure if Sarah would sign a paper compensating his widow in case of accident. She accordingly guaranteed 2,500 dollars on a document deposited with the stage manager, who was to remain behind.

The train, gathering speed, rushed the bridge over the swirling torrent in rain and mist. There was a rumbling, swiftly followed by a jar which shook the train, tilted Sarah's carriage, and made it shudder like a racehorse. When it slowed down, panting, there was a noise like thunder, a great rushing of water. Behind the last wagon the arch had collasped and fallen into the river. His face streaming with rain, sweat, coal-dust, the driver ran back, laughing. Sarah shook his hand through the window and made him a present of the 2,500 dollars.

In Chicago she was so mobbed by a huge crowd that she became separated from the rest and all but suffocated. Suddenly, she found herself hoisted on the shoulder of a giant of a man with one eye, who bore her through the crush to her carriage. "Come with me, please, monsieur," she begged, still terrified.

Thought He Was Mad

During the drive to her apartment he cowered back into a corner, pulled his greasy cap down over his forehead, his one eye looking nervously to right and left. "He's crazy," she thought.

Immediately they reached her suite he dashed to the window, then fell on his knees as if to hide his presence from the outside. "The man is mad," she thought again. "I must call the chambermaid." The next minute he was saying: "I won't do you any harm, madame. Only they are already there."

"Who?" she asked.

"The police, the detectives," he said. "They are going to recapture me. . . . I have escaped from the Joliet prison. Ten years ago I committed a crime—for a woman; I was mad with jealousy; I was sent to prison. Once my crime was purged . . . I sought the woman out again; she married me, then she began to be unfaithful to me again. My business failed, she tormented me and left me. This time it was not the man I killed, but her. . . .

"So I was condemned to death. I escaped, but I was recognized among the crowd," he went on. "Oh, I have no regrets, madame; I am a doomed man. I do not regret what I did this morning; it will be a memory to me . . . until the day when I shall be hurtled into another world."

Haunted Her Dreams

She gave him food. His one eye, his enormous hands, terrified her. Finally, she thanked him for his kindness; he went to the door, two waiting detectives swooped on him, and she fainted.

A few days later she was invited to entertain the convicts in Joliet. "Do you remember the one-eyed man? asked the governor. "He is going to be hanged and has asked me, as a last favour, to ask you to come and play for us." She gave the performance, and there were eight curtain calls. "And now, madame," said the governor, "Number 729 will read you the usual address of thanks. We are hanging him the day after to-morrow and this is his last favour."

The one-eyed giant came forward and read a speech in a halting voice. Sarah thanked him, shook his hand. On the day of his execution she was so prostrate that her impresario suggested cancelling the evening's performance. For many nights his face haunted her dreams.

Unusual things were always happening to her. On the rough Atlantic crossing a huge wave threw her and another woman passenger to the deck, and the other slid feet foremost towards the companionway. Realizing that she might crack her head at the foot of the iron steps, Sarah flung herself at the elderly woman, grasping an arm with one hand, the handrail with the other. It was a miracle that they were not both scuppered.

"Madame," she told Sarah, "I have to thank you for saving my life," and asked her rescuer's name. "I, madame," she added, "am Abraham Lincoln's widow."

Lashed Rival With Whip

Back in France, she was shocked by a book written about her by Marie Colombier, a jealous, spiteful actress who divulged all the secrets and confidences of a once-intimate friend. Sarah went straight to her home with a dramatist friend, Jean Richepin, lashed her with a riding-whip, smashed the china, pictures, everything, while Richepin demolished the chair and table legs methodically, one by one.

She travelled with a silver washhand basin, among other domestic gear. This, at night, she would perch on a chair placed on a trunk set on end against the door of her room. "If anyone touches my door," she explained, 'the basin falls down and acts as an alarm." Hearing a din early one morning, her granddaughter rushed in. The basin had fallen. Sarah was sitting up in bed pointing a service revolver at the door.

It is the granddaughter Lysiane Betrnhardt, who now tells these and countless other astonishing stories in "Sarah Bernhardt: My Grandmother," translated by Vyvyan Holland.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

PSALMS FOR DAILY LIVING
Psalms 15; 24:1-6; 143:8-10

Golden Text: Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto Thee. Psalm 143:8.

The way we should live is clearly set forth in the Psalms. It will be revealed to us as to the Psalmist if we earnestly pray as he did in our Golden Text. The righteous one does not backbite, nor do evil to his neighbor nor take up a reproach against him. If all professed Christians would live up to that standard, there would be much less slander and evil speaking. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man." James 3:2. Moreover, the righteous man speaks the truth in his heart. Being honest with himself, he is honest with the world. The man that shall dwell in God's holy hill is "he that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not." If he makes a promise, he will keep it, even though it prove to be to his disadvantage. This is a searching test. Alas, the old saying, "His word is as good as his bond," is true of too few.

The upright man does not charge excessive interest, nor accept bribes. The standard of righteousness is summed up in the words, "He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully." The key to righteous living is a pure heart. Jesus said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." He shall stand in God's holy place.

The New Testament is the latest in Divine revelation. Truth has been set forth more clearly by Jesus Christ. But in studying today's lesson, we see that the great fundamentals of righteousness are in the Psalms. We need the grace of our Lord that we may practise them. After speaking to workers in a factory canteen, the preacher invited questions. A man stood and said, bluntly: "We don't need religion. We have everything we want. We have plenty of money. The firm provides recreation. Food is put before us, and we don't even have to clear away or wash up the crockery. What need have we of religion?" The preacher found his reply in the poster prominently displayed in the canteen: "Twelve hundred knives and forks have been stolen from this canteen during the past month. In the future, those using the canteen must bring their own cutlery."

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HOW TO FIX IT

— By Harold Arnett

Answer to Crossword Puzzle

T	A	P		C	U	T	S		S	T	A	Y
O	N	A		O	P	A	H		T	A	P	E
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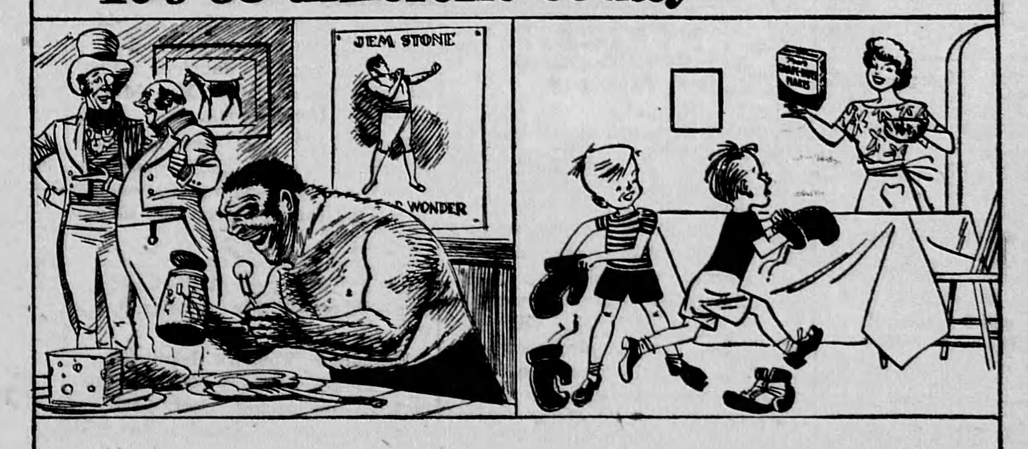

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LITTLE REGGIE By Margarita