Where They Alter Unsightly Faces

"This face under new management" is a sign that may well be carried by a child who has been accepted for the correction of crooked teeth, "lantern jaws" and other physiognomical defects by the Philadelphia Center for Research in Child Growth. It is the primary purpose of the center to detect and correct, whenever possible, dental and facial irregularities that otherwise would disfigure and result even in poor health.

The chief reliance of the physician and other dentists who will take ugly ducklings and the facially handicapped in hand is a remarkable instrument, known as the "cephalometer," a new type of X-ray apparatus devised for the production of scientifically accuated "pictures" of the exterior and interior head and face. The cephalometer will enable those in charge of the project to determine whether or not facial and dental disharmony is the consequences of a generalized growth failure in other parts of the body.

"The new device will make possible a more accurate diagnosis of the cause and cure of crooked teeth and jaws," says Dr. John W. Ross.

Slow Stupid, Cowardly

There are a few animals which are extinct, in a sense, and don't know it. The elephant is one, and the opossum is another. Of the two the opossum is the more difficult to study—perhaps one reason why Dr. Harold C. Reynolds is concentrating on it .

The opossum has changed very little since it roamed the continent with the dinosaurs seventy million years ago. Most animals have become more and more specialized as they evolved. But not the opossum.

Dr. Reynolds is the only man who has raised opossums in captivity. He now has a third generation to study. The only man who has witnessed the unusual phenomenon of the birth of an entire litter of opossums, he reports that, after a gestation period of only thirteen days, the embryolike young, each about one-half inch long and weighing no more than a single paper match book, emerge to make their way into the mother's pouch. If they fail, they die; if they succeed, they attach themselves to a teat in the pouch, where they remain for about sixty days.

Period of Pouch Life

Another month passes before the young are weaned. There may be as many as twenty-one in a single litter. Since the pouch contains only thirteen nipples, some in such a large litter must die. The pouch literally overflows with opossums by the end of the period of pouch life because the young are then about 800 times bigger than they were at birth.

Because it is a primitive creature and because it is a marsupial, Reynolds believes the opossum may prove to be a valuable laboratory animal, now that he has shown how it can be raised in captivity. For example, if a scientist wishes to observe the effects of an injected hormone on embryonic development he now has to cut a pregnant animal open to reach the embryo. The process must be repeated when he wants to observe the effects. The embryonic young in the opossum's pouch would be readily accessible for such studies at any time.

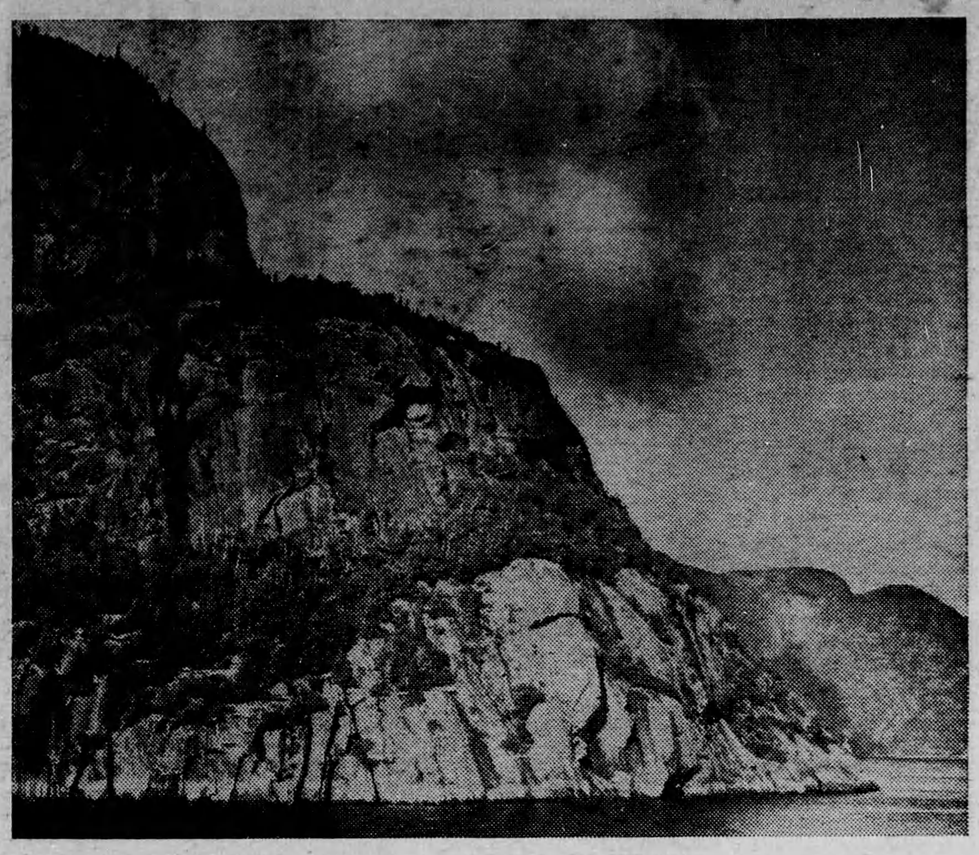
Why On This Gontinent?

Reynolds is primarily interested in finding out why of all marsupials only the opossum has developed on this continent and why it has been spreading northward, even into Canada, within the last few hundred years. He suggests that the answer may be a superior ability to adjust body temperature.

Opossums are stupid, slow and cowardly. How, then, did they survive in competition with hundreds of stronger predatory animals? The well-known talent for "playing 'possum" would be no help, since the creature could be eaten easily while feigning death. It looks as if the opossum has few natural enemies, so that it has a good chance of survival.

Reynolds has been able to disprove some of the tales about the opossum—its cunning, cleverness at deception, ability to swing by the tail, and the young riding on the back of their mother and holding onto her arched tail with theirs. There's no truth in these, says Reynolds.

Historic Canadian Beauty Spot



Cape Trinity, rising majestically above the Saguenay Canyon

2nd Shakespearean Outdoor Festival

Canada's second annual Shakespeare Festival opens on June 91 in the quadrangle of Trinity College, Toronto, which is recognised as one of the most authentic and beautiful Tudor settings in America. In the open air, surrounded by just such bildings as people might have stepped from in Shakespeare's day, plays will be given for four weeks by the Earle Grey Players: A Midsummer Night's Dream, June 19-24; The Taming of the Shrew, June 26-July 1; The Tempest, July 3-8; and Twelfth Night, July 10-15.

The extension of the festival makes it possible to have three Sunday night concerts of old English music. These programs, which are free to ticket holders for the week-night plays, will again be given in the Great Hall of the college, where candlelight flickering on the tapestry background of the dais, and the fine heraldic decorations by Scott Carter recall the golden age of British culture.

The chance to enjoy Shakespeare under the stars drew crowds from many parts of this country and the United States last year, and the fact that thousands of leaflets of information have been requested in the United States this year indicates an even larger festival for 1950. In case of rain the plays are given in the Great Hall.

The festival has made theatre history because it is the first outdoor Shakespeare project of its kind in America, and because Trinity College, with its stately charm, has no peer in Tudor architecture on this side of the water.

CHARGED WITH DRIVING 70 m.p.h. a Little Rock, Ark., man claimed that he was merely trying to frighten his wife out of her hiccups.

After Surviving Many Disasters "Madame Tussaud's" Still Flourishes

Accompanied by her elder son, Joseph, Madame Tussaud landed at Dover in May of 1802, and set up her first waxworks exhibition in England, at the old Lyceum Theatre in the Strand. Her husband remained in Paris to supervise the exhibition there.

Her story—which survives today in the shape of the world-famous exhibition in London's Marylebone Road—is obviously a story of success. Yet that success was not won without long years of endeavor, interspersed by triumph and despair.

Twice, the sea all but engulfed her efforts. When sailing to Scotland, 36 of her figures were badly smashed and the remainder damaged by heavy seas. And again, when within sight of the Irish coast, a sudden storm sank the ship carrying most of her collection. Each time she set to and rebuilt her waxworks, to tour triumphantly once more.

In 1831, when her collection was housed at Bristol during the Reform Bill riots, some of the mob, inflamed by liquor, tried to fire the building. But one of her servants, a huge Negro, kept them at bay with a blunderbuss until the welcome arrival of the military.

Madame Tussaud was then in her 71st year and she found the experience too reminiscent of the French Revolution for her liking. She decided the time had come to settle permanently in London, and after exhibiting at Camberwell, Hackney, Grays Inn Road, and the Strand, took over the Portman Rooms, Baker Street—one-time mess hall for the Brigade of Guards—in 1835.

Six years later, her husband—then a destitute old man—wrote, asking her for financial help. But his mismanagement of her Paris exhibition had been too great a blow to Marie's pride for reconciliation, although she instructed her sons to send what money he needed.

She spent the remaining nine years of her life quietly at 58 Baker Street, where she died on Tuesday, April 16, 1850. Her last words to her sons, Francis and Joseph, were: "I implore you, among all things, never quarrel." She is buried at St. Mary's Church, Cadogan Place, Chelsea.

Since then, Tussaud's has grown and flourished. In 1882 the collection was moved to its present home where it continued to draw huge crowds. But in 1925 came fresh disaster. Fire broke out, and within two hours the work of 150 years was reduced to a sodden ruin. Many of the original moulds were saved, but damage was estimated at $800,000.

Three years passed before the exhibition was able to re-open its doors, and then, in 1931, a minor earthquake caused further havoc. Dr. Crippen and Carnera both lost their heads. Helen Wills Moody was discovered next morning minus her strong right arm.

Soon a pair of dumpy figures appeared in the galleries to glare defiantly at the milling sightseers. But in those halcyon days, nobody paid much attention to dictators—although in 1933 three demonstrators were fined for throwing red paint on Hitler's effigy. They should have been given medals. Particularly since, on the first night of the blitz, Tussaud's itself was damaged by the Luftwaffe!

Despite the draw of the exhibition's 500 celebrtities, it is the infamous who are the biggest lure. People can never resist a visit to the Chamber of Horrors. They like to rub shoulders with killers and see if their eyes are set close together—or whether they look sinister and leer.

They've an old axiom at Tussaud's: "A good murder is worth an extra 30,000 through the gate." It usually works out that way. But the unexciting truth is that usually a killer looks quite ordinary. He could well be your next-door neighbor . . . genteel and respectable, even slightly hang-dog.

Tussaud's only trouble to show the notorious ones. As each pays the penalty, he takes his place in the unholy ranks—his one chance of immortality. Heath's effigy, which took six weeks to make, was on show an hour after he was hanged. A last-minute reprieve, and it would have been melted down into some more respectable shape. Haigh, exhibitionist to the last, bequeathed the green hopsack suit, green socks and red tie he wore throughout his trial expressly to adorn his trim likeness. He also left a note requesting that the suit should always be well pressed.

Many still believe that a reward will be given to anyone brave enough to spend a night among the criminals. The rumor was started by Dickens in his publication, "Household Words," and Tussaud's is still besieged by applicants from all over the world anxious to test their nerves. Originally, the supposed sum was five pounds, but between the wars, it shot up to a hundred.

The only recorded case of anyone spending any length of time alone in the chamber is that of a rat-catcher who went down one night, professionally. He was very soon beating on the doors, frantically complaining that "everyone was looking at him." That's not surprising for the figures are so arranged.

Big attractions in the Grand Hall are the Royal Group, V.C.'s, Tableau and—an old favorite—the beautiful and restful "Sleeping Beauty." She has slumbered peacefully since 1884. In 1928 her clockwork lungs were electrified, and she stopped breathing for the first time during Shinwell's "cuts" of 1947. The original—beautiful Mme. St. Amaranthe, of Louis XVI's Court—ceased to breathe 160 years ago on the guillotine!

Today, Mr. Bernard Tussaud, a great-great-grandson of the founder, is chief artist. He supervises the making of each new model which entails interviewing, photographing and measuring, before the head can be sculptured out of clay.

The figures are made to the exact height and build of the subject in question, who is usually only too pleased to supply a suit of clothes. Where new suits have to be bought, they're made by the subject's own tailor, and usually broken in by a member of the staff.

Eyes, which originally came from Germany, are in short supply today. Particularly scarce are gray-green and gray-blue shades—that of most notabilities. Hair is another headache. It used to come from the Balkans, where girls grew it specially long and sold it to the waxworks for as much as $125 a time to pay for their dowries. Occasionally, where fashion dictates, women in Great Britain donate their tresses to the exhibition to be interted into the models strand by strand, 300 to the square inch.

Souvenir hunters have always been a problem at Tussaud's. Every year, dozens of fingers, snuff boxes, medals, jewels and rings are filched by the public; while Crippen and other murderers lose buttons so fast that—in the words of one official—"After a bank holiday, it's as much as they can do to keep their trousers up!"

But next time you visit the exhibition, don't fail to look for a demure little figure in black, standing alone in the Grand Hall like a pocket edition of Mother Hubbard. It is a beautifully modelled self-portrait of the founder, completed by herself at the age of 82.

She has a far-away look in her eyes, almost as if she is looking both backwards and forwards in time—to the roistering, colorful past, so faithfully portrayed by her and her descendants, and to the unknown future yet to be recorded in her name.—From Tit Bits.

Not As Tough As Most Men Think

Ask any man what he thinks about shaving and he'll tell you the same thing: "I've got a tough beard." In actual fact, the beard of a young man is rarely tough; whiskers become harder with age, and white or grey hair is sometimes about as strong as piano wire.

Once a young man starts to shave regularly the hair on his face grows at the rate of six inches a year. This means that after half a century of shaving a man has grown the equivalent of nearly twenty-five feet of beard.

The razor blade cuts through 25,000 hairs every time a man shaves, and it is estimated that the razor covers an area of about forty-eight square inches each time.

Our ancestors had to use sharply-ground flints or shells, or even bones, for shaving, or else they had to pluck the hairs out by the roots. Either way, shaving was such a painful business, as we all know when a blunt blade "pulls" a little, that many people grew beards.

Causes of Bluntness

In 330 B.C., Alexander the Great made all his men shave because beards provided a convenient handhold for an enemy to seize his opponent's beard and cut off his head.

It is over half a century ago now since King C. Gillette, then a forty-year-old American salesman, first thought of a cheap razor blade that could be thrown away as soon as it got blunt. In 1903 the first Gillette razors and blades were put on the market.

In ten years half a million safety razors and three and a half million blades were sold; but the decline of the old "cut-throat" was very gradual, partly because of the excellent wearing properties of the high-grade steel blade.

Bluntness is chiefly caused by minute particles of grit embedded in the skin of the face, and also by specks of rust, too fine to be seen with the naked eye.

The edge of a razor blade is about 1-80,000th of an inch thick, and this fine degree of finish is obtained by sharpening with vary-pressures against a 300-foot long strop in the factory.

Such an edge is very delicate and sensitive, and if, for instance, a blade is dropped on the floor, although it may not land on the edge, the sudden blow sets up strains which result in microscopic cracks. These spread in a matter of hours, so that the next time you use the blade you are painfully reminded of the ancients and their flints.

Making Blades Last

The edge of a razor blade lasts longer if, after shaving and rinsing the razor, instead of removing and drying the blade, you pop the whole razor into a jar of methylated or surgical spirit, or one of the proprietary liquids now on the market that are made specially for this purpose.

An authority on shaving maintains that haste is the greatest enemy of a good shave. It takes hot water about three minutes to soften up the hairs, but the majority of men only allow half this time, so that they do not get a good shave.

The principle function of soap is to remove the protecting film of oil and grease from the skin.

Toast With A Twist—Curled up like a couple of pretzels, acrobats Mai, left, and Mati Jonnenen of Finland drink a toast at the annual banquet of the National Society of Acrobats and Aerialists. George A. Hamid, right, who presided over the convention, admires their contortions. Mai and Mati will make their American debut soon.

"Gwan Back To Sleep!"—Just like any human youngster who's up and ready to play at the crack of dawn, Brumas, the London Zoo's polar bear cub, plagues his mother, Ivy, for an early morning tussle. Ivy, whose dream was interrupted in the middle of a fish dinner, is understandably reluctant.

JITTER — By Arthur Pointer