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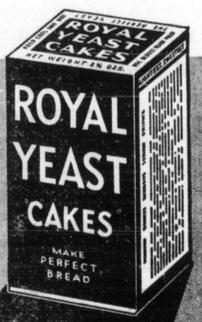
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THE DEPARTMENT OF MUNITIONS AND SUPPLY  
Honourable C. D. HOWE, Minister



**HAPPY IS THE HOUSEWIFE WHO BAKES WITH ROYAL YEAST—HER BREAD IS TENDER, TASTY AND EVERY SLICE A "FEAST"**



**The SNAPSHOT GUILD**  
SLOW, SHARP AND STEADY



Everybody has heard of the three "R's," but the photographer who took this picture knew the three "S's" of successful photography—Slow, Sharp, and Steady—and applied them to his work.

**R**EADIN', 'Ritin', 'Rithmetick—the three "R's"—are familiar to all of us. But have you heard of the three "S's" of photography—Slow, Sharp, and Steady? They're the basis of many a fine picture, even though most of us never think of them often enough.

Consider "Slowness" for instance. Nobody likes to be thought of as a slow worker. Everybody likes to be right up on his toes when taking pictures . . . getting the job done fast and efficiently . . . and that's fine under most circumstances, but when you're just getting started photographically, it often leads to unnecessary mistakes.

So before making any snapshot, take the time to think things through and check up on yourself. Make sure your focus, exposure, and composition are right. And remember that the second "S" in successful photography—Sharpness—depends upon correct focus. So don't guess. If you aren't certain, either measure the distance from your camera to your subject, pace it off, or use a range finder, unless your camera is fixed focus. That's the way most experienced photographers work.

Finally, remember that the "Steadiness" which helps you avoid blurred pictures means holding your camera absolutely still. If you can't do that, place it on some firm support such as a tripod, a table, or a fence, and don't jar it when you are making exposures. With the camera empty, of course, practice releasing the shutter with a smooth, even "squeeze" until you can make your exposures without jarring the camera at all. That's the Slow, Sharp, and Steady way to photographic success.

John van Guilder

**Four Leaf Clovers Can Now Be Made to Order**

If a four-leaf clover can bring any luck to its possessor Dr. P. W. Wilson of the University of Wisconsin should have plenty of good fortune. He has found a way of producing four-leaf clovers. And if there is any luck in a four-leaf clover there should be more luck in a five-leaf one. In that case Dr. Wilson should be a most fortunate person because he also has grown the five-leaf variety.

These extra-leaf clovers were produced by Dr. Wilson in a series of experiments he has conducted in growing these plants under reduced air pressure. He grew the plants in jars in which the air pressure was reduced as low as one-fifth of an atmosphere, a condition which is found naturally only up near the stratosphere.

Instead of suffering ill effects from the very low air pressures, under which life would be impossible for human beings, the plants prospered. In atmospheres that were so attenuated that they would support only six inches of mercury in a barometer tube instead of the normal 30 inches which the air supports at sea level, the plants grew longer and broader leaves and the plants as a whole were larger.

Some freak plants developed under these very low pressures; some had long-pointed leaves and others developed the four and five leaf forms. Plants which were grown at nearly double the normal pressure seemed to differ in no way from the field-grown plants.

**One-Story Frame House First Built in Lenoir, N. C.**

Back about 1841 or 1842, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, one lone frame building marked the site of what was to become a busy industrial city, Lenoir, N. C. Soon after the establishment of the county in 1841, the town of Lenoir was located and lots staked off. Surveys were made and the lots sold at public auction.

With the surveying of the new town completed, owners of the various lots entered into a race for the completion of the first building in the town, writes Nina J. Robinson in the Lenoir News-Topic. Maj. James Harper was winner and the first building ever erected in Lenoir, a one-story frame building, came into being on a part of the lot now taken up by the Bank of Lenoir.

An interesting sidelight on the story Lenoir's first building is the fact that Major Harper, who donated the 30 acres of land for the town site, paid \$400 for the lot upon which he erected the store building.

There followed other buildings, many of them of hand-hewn logs; for there were no steam mills in the county then and the capacity of the water-power mills with their small upright sash saws was limited. It is difficult to even imagine this busy place with only one little frame building within the then thirty-acre space of the town.

**Australian Conservation**

Australia, like the United States, has an urgent conservation problem. The present crisis directs attention to the imperative necessity for taking every possible step to maintain adequate forest resources, and for the intensive protection and development of these resources. In little more than a century of settlement, destruction of the natural forest resources has proceeded apace. The future of this state is bound up with the retention of forest cover on vulnerable lands and features in order to safeguard and perpetuate the vital water supplies, without which all labor and money expended on progressive engineering works for harnessing streamflow, and on the reclamation and improvement of land for farming by the introduction of irrigation, will go for naught.

**Pierre's Son, Stephen**

Stephen Girard, philanthropist, financier and merchant, was born in France, May 20, 1750, son of Pierre and Odette (Lafargue) Girard. When he was 14 he went to sea as a cabin boy and in 1773 was licensed to act as captain, master or pilot. After working for a shipping firm in New York, he came to New York City in 1776 and married Mary Lum, a ship-builder's daughter, the following year.

He successfully engaged in merchandising, foreign trade and banking, and in addition to his activities in the commercial and financial life of the country, served his adopted city in various capacities. At his death, December 26, 1831, he left large sums to charity and provided in his will for the founding of Girard college.

**Dobbin Goes to the Basement**

Old Dobbin comes into prominence not only as a substitute for gasoline horsepower, but as a decorating motif in key with the times. Decorators suggest using a hobby horse purchased from a dismantled merry-go-round as a playroom motif. Then a gay horse-and-buggy carnival spirit will prevail over the playroom. Lamp bases can be easily made from worn riding boots stiffened with wood blocks. A sofa can be made of a buggy seat supported on old carriage wheels. Use a carriage wheel as a headboard for a couch. Use leather straps with stirrups at the ends for drapery pulls.

**Liberal Caucus**  
Date November 25th

Liberal members of the Legislature will hold their much-discussed caucus Wednesday, November 25 at Queen's Park, Premier Gordon Conant announced Tuesday.

The Premier discussed details of the caucus with Ian Strachan, Chief Liberal Whip, who will send out notices to all members. It is likely the caucus will precede a brief session of the Legislature.

All indications point to a lively session when the members meet in secret convalescence. The leadership is expected to be to the fore, with the Premier asking for a vote of confidence from the rank and file.

Keep Thursday evening, Nov. 12th, open for the big Red Cross and Legion Bingo at town hall.

**Something Settled**

By MEREDITH SCHOLL  
(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

**T**HE late twilight enshrouded Lorraine as she sat on the hammock on the porch.

Kenneth came up the walk. She called out to him and he came eagerly toward her.

"Lorraine!" He sat down, groping for her hand.

"Mom says Roger is coming home!"

"Roger?" A chill swept through him. "Roger?" he repeated. "My brother?"

"Mom says your mom had a letter and he's coming for two weeks."

Kenneth released her hand. He sat cold and rigid. "He's here," he said. "He came an hour ago. He's over at the house now."

Her excitement was like a living something there in the darkness, like a barrier suddenly looming between them.

"Here?" She caught her breath. "Then—then—"

Kenneth turned on her savagely. "So that's it? So it's Roger you love—want—after all? It wasn't me? All you wanted in me was what belonged to him. All these months that he's been away, you haven't loved me at all. It's him



And Kenneth struck again, a savage jab that caught his brother under the chin.

you wanted, him you planned to get, through me!"

"Kenneth!"

"That's it! I know now. I should have known all along. But I wouldn't let myself believe it. I wanted you to love me, I wanted to think you did. I made myself think you did!"

"Kenneth, please! It isn't that. It isn't! I—I—knew you were lonesome, and so was I and—and—we did have good times together, didn't we?"

"You're lying! You're lying now the way you've lied all these months—to me. Leading me on. Letting me think you cared! I should have known, but I loved you too much to let myself believe. I was weak. Weak like I've always been."

"Kenneth, don't. You're not as bad—as that!"

He laughed harshly, standing up, clutching at the hammock chains for support, staring into the darkness.

"Because I'm afraid."

"He's coming over. He'll be here any minute. He'll take you in his arms and kiss your lips—and you'll want him to!" He paused, not hearing the girl's quick breathing. "He'll take you from me, like he's taken everything else. Ever since we've been kids. Because he's big and strong and fun-loving and everyone approves. And I'll let him. I'll stand by and grin with that hero-worship look on my face—because I'm afraid!"

He started toward the steps, lurching drunkenly, a strange, hard whimper coming from between his lips. Lorraine followed him, clutched at his arm.

"Kenneth, don't! I can't stand it to see you this way. You shouldn't take on so. Kenneth! Please!"

He shook her off violently. "I'm not blaming you! Not blaming you at all. Nobody loves a coward. Only his words tightened, "you shouldn't have let me think as you—did."

Footsteps sounded on the concrete walk. A cheery greeting came to them out of the darkness. "Hell-o, Lorraine!" It was Roger. Big, strong, handsome Roger. Coming toward them through the gloom.

The two on the steps waited, silent, dreading his coming, yet grateful for it, afraid of what might happen.

The big man materialized out of the darkness. He was grinning, hurrying along, but he stopped at sight of them on the steps; the grin faded; because he sensed, with seeing the look in his brother's eyes.

"Kenneth!" he cried, trying to sound good natured. "What the heck are you doing over at my girl's, you danged little runt?"

"She's not your girl. She's mine! She's been mine ever since you went away. Mine! Do you hear! Mine!"

"Yours. Lord, son, what's come over you? Yours? Lorraine yours? A little runt like you!"

"Ask her!" Kenneth said tightly. "Ask her how we've been carrying on." Behind him, Lorraine moved; her fingers pressed into his shoulders.

Roger's face was suddenly dark. "Listen, you little squirt. Lorraine belongs to me. She always has. She

wouldn't waste time on a weaking like you."

"Then come and get her! Come take her like you have everything else of mine that you wanted. Let's see you try!"

A moment the big man hesitated. Then in the gloom he smiled and came up the steps. "That's what I'm aiming to do, shaver. Now get—"

Kenneth swung blindly. The force of the blow surprised him, awakened in him a spirit of confidence and faith in his own strength. The feel of his knuckles against Roger's jaw was good. Sight of Roger staggering back brought a sense of joy and delight.

"Why, you—" Roger came at him, his face contorted, his hands reaching out. But Kenneth stepped down, under the reaching hands, and swung once more. The blow sunk deep into Roger's middle. The big man grunted and bent forward a little. And Kenneth struck again, a savage jab that caught his brother under the chin. And he followed this blow with another.

"You've always taken what you wanted. Never considered me. Always laughed and scoffed and joked when I protested." His voice was low and vibrant and harsh, fluted with passion and hatred. In that moment he wasn't Kenneth the weakling, the small, puny, laughed-at younger brother. All the humiliation and anger and hatred he had known and stored in his soul until there was no longer room for more was investing him with an unnatural strength. It was the spirit of what he had always longed to be asserting itself.

Presently it was over. Roger lay at his feet, bleeding from a half-dozen wounds. Kenneth stood over him, his lips drawn back, sensing for the first time the sweet contentment and exultation that is the reward of victory in physical combat.

As from a great distance he heard Lorraine's voice. "Kenneth. Oh, my darling! My dear! However could you have thought it wasn't you I loved?"

He became conscious of her hands clutching at him. He turned to face her, cold, aloof, triumphant.

"You fool! Keep your hands off me!"

She staggered back beneath his thrust. "Kenneth!" Her cheeks were white, her eyes incredulous.

"You do—love me! You said I was yours—you proved that one I could take me from you. Oh, I was a fool not to have known before it was you I wanted, needed."

But Kenneth had turned away, was being lost in the gloom. His laugh, hard and unreal, came drifting back to her. She heard his voice.

"And I should have known it was you—I didn't want nor need. I thought you possessed what I was seeking, but now I know that I was wrong. For I've found it, and it was in me, not you."

**Donkeys From All Parts Of World Doctor's Hobby**

"You remind me of a donkey!" This remark made by a friend is vividly recalled to Dr. Comer M. Woodward, professor of sociology at Emory university, because from it grew the idea which resulted in his unique collection.

Dr. Woodward has accumulated more than 150 miniature donkeys from all parts of the world.

When Dr. Woodward is asked why this collection interests him, he laughs and says: "Seeing these donkeys constantly reminds me of the littlest I have made a jackass of myself and warns me to be more careful in the future."

In a more serious mood, he continues: "When I look at these donkeys I am reminded of many people in this world. The donkey has always been a burden bearer, and many people feel that they carry the burden of the world on their shoulders."

The slow, stubborn donkey may also be likened to the human race as it has sought to progress through the ages."

A set of eight brightly colored horses are valued highly by Professor Woodward. They are called "Ming" horses, and are replicas of some that date back to the Ming dynasty in China. Because the Emperor Ming liked brightly colored horses, he often had his horses painted. Little replicas were made by the Chinese and used in their homes for decorative purposes much as we use toy animals today.

A set of these toy horses was given to Dr. Woodward by another friend who became interested in his collection.

The genial professor of sociology also has a donkey carved by the man who plays the part of John in the "Passion Play" at Oberammergau, an addition to the collection made by a former student on his return from Europe.

Interest in the donkeys does not stop with his collection. All through Dr. Woodward's home evidences of the little critters are found. His day begins and ends with donkeys. On his breakfast cream pitcher is the image of a donkey, the books he reads are held in place by donkey book ends, and his pipe rests in a donkey holder. Moreover, Dr. Woodward collects humorous stories and anecdotes concerning donkeys.

With a chuckle, the Emory professor remarks that when he gets old and doesn't have anything to do, he can look at his collection and it will serve to recall some of his accomplishments, people he has known, and the impression he has left with certain persons.

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