

## A TONIC FROM SANDRINGHAM

The Sandringham flax industry has given a lead which is being followed in other parts of England.

A Northamptonshire flax mill started three years ago and has paid so well that the owners have now made a contract with local farmers offering to buy the flax (which also produces linseed oil and oil cake) grown on 2000 acres. They will pay £17 a ton for the flax and £2 a ton for the straw, the factory supplying the seed free. The linseed chaff is useful to the farmers, who value it at about £3 10s a ton.

Certain farmers propose to start a flax factory in Suffolk, where flax was once widely grown. About a century ago the local factories ceased to make large supplies of certain woven goods and the flax trade declined.

## THE OLD INN

While making alterations to an inn at Stamford, workmen came upon a stone arch of the 13th century. The inn has been the property of St George's church for about 600 years, but till this discovery was made no one was sure that it had ever been part of a religious building.

## THE GOAT ON THE CLIFF

This is the story of an unfortunate goat which made a slip.

It fell 30 feet down a cliff on the Nose of Howth headland in Ireland, and fortunately landed on a small ledge. Below the frightened animal the cliff dropped 200 feet sheer to the sea.

Patrick Cartwright of Howth happened to see the goat. It was impossible to climb up or down the rocky face of the cliff, and he ran to the village and fetched a rope, with which a friend lowered him until he swung near the ledge, where he fastened the rope round the struggling goat and hauled it up to safety.

Cartwright has been presented with a silver salver by the N S P C A in Dublin.

## 150 YEARS AGO IN THIS FREE LAND

Our triumphant contemporary, the Daily Telegraph and Morning Post, is able to perform the useful and interesting office of giving us each morning an item of news from its own pages 150 years ago. Here is the extract for January 24, 1788.

Governments can blow hot and cold in the same breath as well as individuals. Bring a Negro to one part of a free-born Englishman's dominions, and he is free—land him in another, and he is the worst of slaves.

It will hardly be credited that a Liverpool tradesman now rides in his carriage, and has a villa near Ormskirk, who only ten years ago began the world with selling the collars which are generally used for the Negroes in the British West-India islands, and sometimes for house-dogs in this land of liberty.

## THE NICE OLD CHAP

A pretty tale of King Christian comes from Denmark through Reuter's Agency.

While shopping in a big store the King rang up the manager of the firm on one of the store telephones.

"Who is speaking, please?" asked the telephone girl. "The King," replied King Christian. "Oh, stop that nonsense, old chap!" said the telephone girl, thinking someone was making fun of her.

The King had a happy thought; he bought a box of chocolates for the telephone girl, and enclosed with it this message: "With kind regards from the Old Chap."

## SNAKE

While the minister was preaching not long ago in a Methodist church at Steenkoppies, South Africa, a member of the congregation rose and said: "Excuse me, there's a snake."

The service was interrupted while two men killed the snake, which was seen near the door, a deadly black ingshals, four feet long.

# This We Could See With a Planetarium

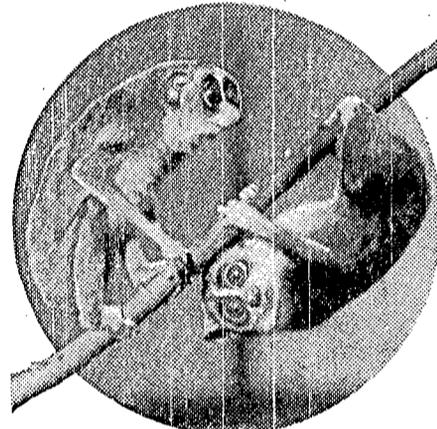
The children of Christian nations have always loved the story of the Three Wise Men who followed the Star in the East to Bethlehem to find Jesus, so the officials of the planetariums of New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles lately recreated the skies under which they travelled as a special holiday treat for the children of those cities.

Astronomers spent a long time studying to find out what stars could be seen and what their positions over Bethlehem were on the night when Jesus was born, and pictures of the stars were carefully worked out so that machines

could project them on the artificial skies of the planetariums.

On entering the hall the visitor heard appropriate music softly played. The doors were shut, the lights gradually faded, while the dome became the colour of the night sky. One by one stars began to come out.

An astronomer then told the Christmas story as the stars grew thicker, and with an arrow of light pointed out the Eastern Star, the scene looking so real that the visitor seems to be standing under the skies of Bethlehem on the first Christmas night. *Picture on page 3*



Slender loris at the London Zoo

## NOBODY'S BANK ACCOUNT

The Bolton Savings Bank has just published a list of accounts forgotten by their owners.

In 1821 Elizabeth Ogden of Turton near Bolton deposited a sum of money in the bank and has not been near since.

A hundred years ago Mary Barry of Bolton put some money in the bank and has not been since.

The most recent case is that of a salesman who last had dealings with the bank in 1927.

## NO WAITING

As motorists enter a private road leading to a new Ford service station at Kingston their cars interrupt an invisible ray. The ray causes a bell to ring in the reception office, so that someone is ready to welcome the visitor.

## FEWER ACCIDENTS IF WINDOWS OPENED INWARD

Many accidents to window cleaners could be prevented. That is the opinion of Sheriff Wilton of Glasgow.

After the death of Patrick Keenan, a window cleaner who fell while trying to clean the back of an outward-opening window, Sheriff Wilton said:

*All windows should open inward. That time has not yet arrived, but it is coming.*

Also there would be fewer accidents if window cleaners would obey the law and not walk along narrow ledges, as they constantly do.

## A Refuge From the Stormy Blast

The children in a school near Leeds were excited not long ago when a frightened mouse was found cowering under a radiator.

The little creature appeared to be half-starved, but it revived after being wrapped in a silk handkerchief and made comfortable in front of the fire. At lunch-time the scholars gave their visitor morsels of food, and by the time they went to dinner the mouse was feeling strong again. One of the teachers took it home.

The mouse was not the school's first unusual visitor. For several years a pair of swallows had a nest on a beam in

one of the classrooms, a window being left open all the summer so that they might come and go. A year or two ago the intense cold of a winter day drove a robin and a starling to seek shelter in the infants room. For a fortnight the feathered guests remained indoors, usually perching on the fireguard, and taking little notice of the boys and girls, though grateful for the food which was given to them. They flew away one day when no one had any idea that the cold spell was breaking, but within a few hours the wind changed and a warmer period set in. *Apparently the birds were better weather prophets than the teachers.*

## THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCH

Rather startling are the latest figures showing the number of children attending Sunday Schools now, compared with the beginning of the century.

In 1906 the Anglican and Free churches of England and Wales could claim over six million children; in 1928 this number had dwindled by over a million, and in 1936 the number was under four millions.

Equally startling are the figures showing the decrease in clergymen. At the beginning of this century about 21,000 clergymen were working in England; today the staff of the Church of England is 12,680. It is difficult to imagine that such a fall will not most seriously affect the future of the Church.

## TURNING LAND INTO WOOD

Most of us know that nearly all the wood in our buildings and mines comes from overseas.

Now we are told that we can multiply our poor home output fivefold or sixfold. All that we produce annually is 47 million cubic feet, whereas we need 1027 millions. Sir Roy Robinson, of the Forestry Commission, says that we can produce up to 300 millions, and this is what he thinks we should do:

*Improve existing woodlands.*

*Plough up millions of acres of waste land with heavy ploughs and caterpillar tractors, and plant them.*

New planting is now going on at the slow rate of 24,000 acres a year; at this rate a century would be needed to complete a proper planting programme. We hope Sir Roy will succeed with his ideas.

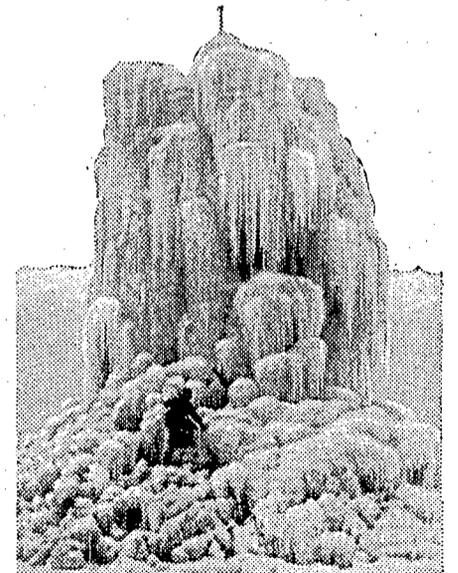
## NO OATS FOR ITALIAN HORSES

It is not only the people in Italy who have had to cut down their food bills, man's faithful friend the Horse is to be deprived of his oats.

Under the Self-Sufficiency Plan cavalry and artillery horses will be fed on cakes made of refuse and products such as bran siftings, molasses, coco-pods, tomato skins and seeds, skins and crushed seeds of grapes, hay and straw, and refuse from bakeries. A factory is being built to make this new fodder at Naples.

## GOOD NEWS FROM A GARDEN

During experiments in the New York Botanical Garden to find a good seedless grape, no less than 175 new varieties were obtained last year, and so successful have been the results that it is hoped the results will pay the whole expenses of the garden for the last forty years.



A frozen fountain on an island in Detroit River, the boundary between Canada and USA

## BIGGER BRITAIN

Our little island is growing bigger—surprising news, seeing that an average of 250 acres is swallowed up every year by the sea.

But the yearly reports from observation stations show that about 1500 acres of land permanently above sea level are added each year to Great Britain.