

# CROSS'S COLUMN

"The Widow Duck" was the name of our favorite childhood game. The five members of "our gang" each owned a celluloid fish, and in addition to the fish, the leader owned a celluloid duck. For some reason it was called "The Widow Duck". As we played together in the sandpile we built houses for our fish, played out our plots as games and wars. But no matter how hard we played, no one ever won a game from The Widow Duck. The four mere-fish-owners were constantly baffled because they could never win. After a few months we realized that the reason we never won was that the Widow Duck always made all the rules. If we got The Widow Duck cornered, she would make a new rule on the spot that allowed her to escape. If we tried to use the same rule later on, The Widow Duck had changed it again. The strange part of it to me today, is that we didn't realize why we lost until we were too old to enjoy the game.

It seems obvious that Germany is playing "The Widow Duck" with the remaining free countries. American firms who thought they could do business with the Nazis (up to last year) found that they had to ship goods on German ships, insure goods with German insurance companies, and pay German inspectors to come all the way to America to inspect the goods . . . and most important of all, each contract had a clause that read something like this: "This contract is made under National Socialist Principles" . . . which, being interpreted as the business year progressed, meant . . . "I make and change my own rules as I go along." Have you read page 75 in the March Reader's Digest?

**GHOST STORY:** Mr. H., a resident of Buffalo, N. Y., had a well known artist to paint a portrait of his wife. The portrait was a surprise to her, and was hung in the library. Mrs. H. was delighted with it, and Mr. H. constantly referred to his pleasure at having such a good picture.

It became necessary for Mr. H. to go on a business trip to Chataqua, and on this trip he mentioned his wife's portrait. He was asked if he had seen any of the portraits painted at Lilydale.

"Why no," he answered, "I did not know there was any well known artist living at Lilydale." His informer hastened to explain that there wasn't . . . or rather there was none living at Lilydale, but fine portraits were painted by spirits there, under the guidance of the Spiritualists. The Bangs Sisters were well known for this type of work. Why not inquire? Mr. H. had been strongly skeptical of the Spiritualist movement but he was much interested in the painting. We went to Lilydale, and to the Bangs Sisters, and asked for a painting. He specified, however, that he would answer no questions as to the person who was to be subject for the painting.

"We only need to know one thing," he was told. "Is the person living or dead?" Mr. H. answered that the person was living. He was then asked to pick out a canvas of the size he wished the portrait to be. He did so. Another canvas of the same size was picked out and the two canvases were placed face to face. Nothing happened. They waited a long while. Still nothing happened.

"Do you know where this person is at any time of the day?" Mr. H. was asked. He made a mental note that his wife always collected the laundry at eight in the morning.

"Yes," he answered, "Between eight and eight thirty I know where the person will be."

"Very well then, return here at that time tomorrow," he was told. He did so, but this time he picked

a smaller canvas so as to avoid having his last evening's canvas put off on him. The two canvases were faced together. Suddenly Mr. H.'s canvas began to darken. The background was apparently being painted in. As suddenly it was clear again . . . then darkened again, cleared, and darkened a third time. This time the remainder of the picture filled in and in 45 minutes he had an astonishingly beautiful picture of his wife . . . who was still in Buffalo, New York. He took the picture home, and the woman who told me about it has seen the picture. A peculiar characteristic about it is that the color seems to come and go, much as the color comes and goes in the face of a living person.

## Christian Science Society

Sunday service, 11 a.m.  
Wednesday, 8 p.m.  
Reading room open every Tuesday and Friday from 3 to 5 p.m.  
The public is cordially invited to attend our services and visit our reading room.  
Subject Sunday: "Substance".  
"Man" was the subject of the Lesson-Sermon in all Christian Science Churches and Societies on Sunday, March 9.

The Golden Text from I John 3:2. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

Among the citations which comprised the Lesson-Sermon were the following from the Bible: "O wretched man that I am who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death" (Romans 7: 24-25 to first period, and Romans 8:2)

## Celebrates Birthday

Mrs. Jennie M. Floyd celebrated her seventy-fifth birthday at her home near Gaston, Sunday. She had as her dinner guests her five children, fifteen grandchildren, and eleven great-grandchildren, and other friends and relatives. Those present were: Mesdames Ruth Moody, John Smith, Nellie Grizzard, C. C. Moody, Robert Price, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wray, Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas, Misses Mabel Smith, Murvell Smith, Madge Smith, Beanie Moody, Teresa Moody, Mildred Moody, Janie Grant Grizzard, Sadie Moody, Elizabeth and Charlotte King, Darelle, Arline and Joyce Ann Wray and Mack Smith, Pete Alvin Moody, Elbert Moody, Stencil Moody, Walter Moody, Donald, Halton and Edward Thomas, Thomas and Harold Wray, Mrs. M. B. Massey, Mrs. W. W. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. William Grant, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Floyd, Miss Mabel Floyd, Mrs. Tom Roughton, Mack Rowell and Mrs. M. W. Hawthorne and son, Lawrence, and Mr. and Mrs. Hinton Lifsey, Stewart and June Lifsey of Richmond, Va.

## P-T A To Meet

The Parent-Teacher Association of the William R. Davie School will meet at the school at 7:30 p. m. on March 18. All members are urged to attend this meeting, which is a regular monthly session.

Miss Lena Bray, Carrie Emery, Miss Mabel Emery, E. H. Emery, and Lawrence Emery spent Sunday in Norfolk with Richard H. Gilliland who is in the navy.

# Another switch to switches BRINGS ANOTHER AGE OF EASE



**MRS. 1890:** Lucky me! I've switched from sooty lamps to clean, safe electric switches!

**MRS. 1941:** Lucky me! I've switched to switches for cooking, just as grandmother did for light! Less work is one of my rewards—electric cooking need never blacken pots or pans. More free time's another—with automatic electric heat meals cook themselves while I'm out. And I set a better table, too—meats stay juicy, vegetables don't lose precious vitamins, baking always turns out right. Yes, the 3,000,000 women who cook electrically live in an Age of Ease!



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