

▶▶ Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ◀◀



IT DOES NOT seem likely that a majority of the readers of this page are sufficiently passionate about fishing to be greatly interested in the electric worm digger. But we have considered this little machine carefully, and we believe that one need not necessarily be a fisherman to find it interesting. For as a hobby, worm digging presents many attractive sides. It is—once you are over the initial cost—inexpensive; it is healthy, being carried on in the open air; the constant stooping to pick up the worms is excellent exercise, particularly for those who wish to reduce the circumference of what Graham MacNamee so nice-nellily calls the mid-section; and in the worm season it can be quite profitable. In fact, many amateurs who have taken it up as a hobby have ended by abandoning their former occupations entirely and going into the worm business in a serious way. For most fishermen dislike to dig their bait before starting out, and if there is a worm store handy, they will patronize it rather than spend half an hour with a spade and a cigar box in the garden. Even out of the fishing season there is a demand for worms, for nowadays most owners of goldfish have been made worm-conscious. They buy them, we understand, chopped. Doubtless some method of canning or preserving them could be devised so that it could be made a year-round proposition.—But we must describe the digger. You plug it into the light socket in the kitchen or the garage, and then carry it out to a likely piece of ground, jab it down into the earth and turn on the current. It apparently sends out vibrations which act on the worms' nervous system much as the clang of a fire engine acts on the human brain. In a few minutes all the worms in the neighborhood have rushed out on top of the ground to see what is going on, and all you have to do is capture them before they realize that it's a false alarm. Of course if you're a dry fly fisherman this won't help you much.

▶▶ ONE of the things you need never send us as a present is one of those walking machines—called, we believe, the Walker—which are like small treadmills, and on which one can walk a mile or two—or a hundred for all we care—without leaving the house. Yet some people like

them. We saw a testimonial from a clergyman. "Before purchasing it," he says, "I used to try to take my walks down the street. But of course I had to go dressed up (often uncomfortably so). And then my friends were always wanting to 'pick me up' and ride me, and to refuse or explain was embarrassing. Now, having the Walker right in my room I just take a walk any time of the day or night I want to, dressed as I please." This man, we think, would be happier in jail. Any one who finds it embarrassing to explain that he's out taking a walk must find it just as embarrassing to explain why he's alive, must blush shamefully when forced to confess that he eats three meals a day, and must be thrown into convulsions of shyness when asked that dreadfully searching question, How do you do? For such timid people, perhaps this exerciser is just the thing. An hour on the Walker would be much less trying than a real walk through the woods, for instance, where one is continually stared out of countenance by squirrels and chickadees, menaced by the very immobility of the trees, and subject to chance encounters with who knows what sinister wayfarers. The illusion of the woods could be brought into the study by simply carrying along, when one climbed aboard the contraption, a package of picture post cards showing woodland scenes, which one could scan as one plodded. Or one could greatly heighten the illusion by tying to one's head a stereoscope in which a woodland scene was fixed, thus bringing actually before one's eyes a three-dimensional landscape, thus penetrating an enchanted forest from which one could never escape by walking, but which could instantly be made to vanish. Personally, if we wanted to take exercise without going outdoors, we'd climb up and down the stairs. It's cheaper and just as healthy.

▶▶ AEOLIAN now has a remote control player piano. You can lie in your bed and by punching the proper button, Paderewski, in the next room, will play your favorite selection. We can think of nothing pleasanter for wakeful nights, though whether the neighbors would get an aesthetic kick out of the strains of Debussy at 4 A. M. is another matter. Bulova has a new automatic clock radio, too, which being properly set, will wake you in the morning with any radio program that you have selected the night before. Then you don't have to watch the clock yourself, for you can be sure it will do its duty when the time comes.

WALTER R. BROOKS.



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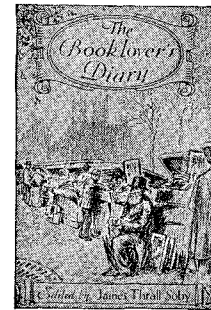
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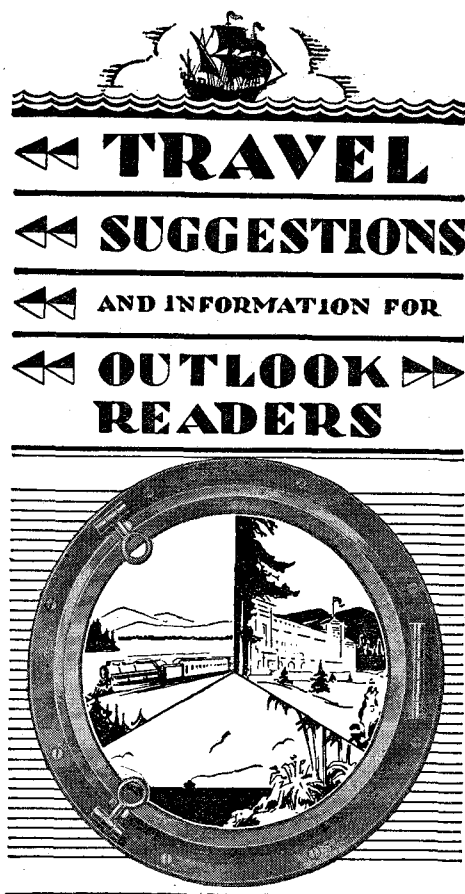
For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of \$5 for the one judged best, and \$2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted. All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.



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◀ **OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU**
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➡ From the Life ◀

➡ "If She Had the Family—"

SHE was the best mouser in the Animal House of a renowned university, and the other cats had to make the best of it. They slouched past her, shifting their green eyes insensitively and hunching their shoulders and knowing no way to humble her. "If she had the family I have—" they were fond of grumbling to each other without finishing the sentence. Or, "she has a bloodthirsty nature," they would declare virtuously among themselves. "Personally, I'd rather have a little love and affection in life than kill a thousand mice. And what time have you for killing mice—" they would ask.

It was true; the Empress had little time for love or affection. Admiration she accepted as carelessly as breath. But where a lesser cat would rear its haunches and close its eyes, leaning against the casual affection of a human hand, the Empress slightly withdrew herself and sniffed. She saved the slow pound of emotion for the chase, for fearful scurrying mice; but above all for rats. It was as a smeller-out and destroyer of rats that she knew her fiercest joy.

As the air currents of the building circled and shifted about her head she would fix her luminous yellow eyes on space, and listen. The tip of her sensitive nose would tremble suddenly; she would rise softly to her padded feet. She would move lazily toward a doorway—in her heart a strange wind rising, coiling like a tornado, compressed and curbed. Her eyes blown into two flames, her muscles tightened into steel, on a lightning flash of precision—on a sudden surge of lust and exultancy—she would spring to kill.

She never condescended to the ways of playful cats. She hunted for savagery, not for amusement; and the rat was doomed from the beginning.

When her kittens arrived she was astounded. She arched her tigerish head above them and bending, washed them violently. She rose, so recently exhausted, to her feet and walked around the strange little creatures, sniffing. Finally she threw herself upon her side, watching them as they mewed and struggled closer and closer, pressing against her body for food. It was new and it was outrageous. That she should be called upon for this! She began doubtfully to wash them again, struggling with her own sensations. She would do nothing hastily, she decided. She would give up only gradually to this

delicious and luxurious emotion—And so she was no more than beginning to give up when the kittens died, victims of the experimenting gods.

The Empress who had inflicted death magnificently upon her hundreds was stunned—What had happened? She had seen nothing. No beast had been near them. Only the small creatures at her surrendering breasts had gradually become still, had turned cold. She struggled to warm them, covering them with her body, beginning to give up to fear.

One of the gods came finally and lifted them into his hands. She followed him trustfully down the corridor—as far as the door that closed in front of her. Here she waited, standing anxiously at first, then sitting patiently upon her haunches. When he came out long afterward, she trotted hopefully at his heels to the great front door of the building. But it banged after him. Now she was alone.

She lifted her head and gazed at the silent door. Then her voice made a strange sound. She listened. She had never heard that sound from her own throat before. There was a dreadful comfort in it. It sounded as though there would surely be an answer somewhere. But the door stayed silent. So she turned slowly back along the corridor.

On her dazed progress up the corridor she passed two other cats and stopped and looked at them attentively. She opened her mouth but it made no sound, only opened and closed while her yellow eyes asked a question of their green ones. But they only stared in uncomfortable disdain at the wall above her head.

Further on, as she made the turn behind the cellar stairs, she stopped suddenly and listened. Her nose twitched. Her eyes became intelligent and fixed. The air stirring faintly about her head was unmistakable. She moved forward softly, intently—she sprang like a golden arrow; and landed on her cushioned feet beside a nest of baby rats.

There was a dreadful agony in her breast that tore at her throat and paralyzed her jaws while she stood stiffly and stared at the rats. She managed to open her mouth slightly, only slightly, and the strange sound came out. She listened, after the cry that must be answered, that was never answered. And feebly a baby rat lifted its head and squeaked.

At last she threw herself upon her side again, curving her paws around the little struggling creatures, and with her eyes half closed began to wash her babies.

IBBY HALL.