

Takler 2 India

Vol. No. 12

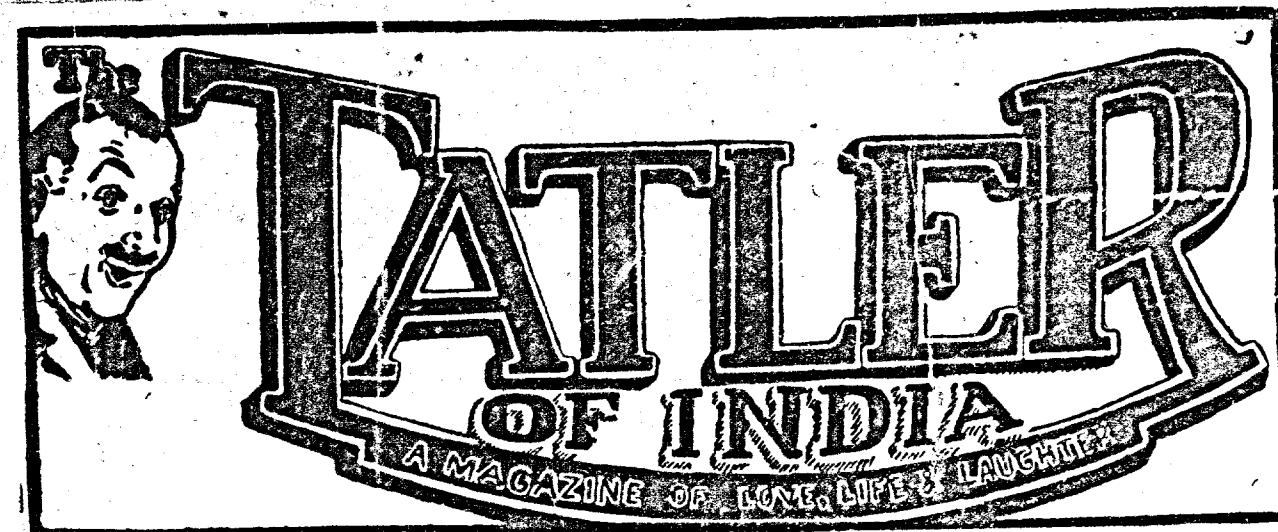
July 1935

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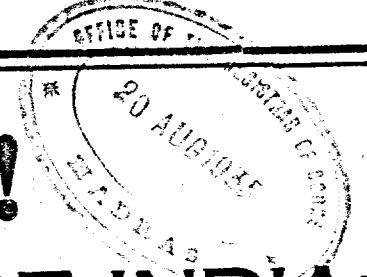
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Vol. 2, No. 12.

TWO ANNAS

July '35

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- | | |
|---------|----------------|
| 1. BE—K | Bill of a bird |
| 2. GEL— | Money |
| 3. H—LD | Occupy |
| 4. JO—K | Dodge |
| 5. MA—E | Equal |
| 6. VI—E | Screw |

Ref.:—Chamber's XXth Century Dictionary.

Rules:—Entrance fee As. 8 for the first entry and As. 4 for each subsequent entry. Prize Rs. 300 for all correct and Rs. 150 for one error solution. A special prize of Rs. 25 for the competitor who sends largest number of entries. Other rules as usual. Enclose 9 pies stamps for results.

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Minimum award of Rs. 50 Guaranteed to every sender of correct solution

Substitute one letter for each dash to get the given meanings

No.	WORDS.	MEANINGS.
1	TAL—	Angler can tell a fishy one
2	LO—ER	Foolishness makes his bank balance go
3	WA—TS	Are commonly made light of
4	—ORK	Helps to keep one's head above water
5	—RAM	Beware of this if pavement's narrow
6	P—INTS	Artists study these most carefully
7	DO—E	Give only temporary relief
8	—OCK	Flow of water may be regulated by

N. B.—Ref. Chambers XX Century Dictionary and all forms are treated as direct. A, An, Any, The, To, are omitted in the beginning of the clues. Bracketted words are not used. Entries on plain paper. Fees by M.O. or Crossed Indian Postal Orders. Results will be published in THE TATLER of the 1st August, which will be sent to those sending 2 As. stamps with entries. Manager's decision is final and legally binding. Prizes will not be reduced. Address all your entries and fees to:

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Last Posting Date: 20-7-35.
HEADS 6

- | | |
|-----------|--|
| 1. —AST | Where the sun rises |
| 2. —AZE | To fiddle. |
| 3. —OIL | To labour |
| 4. —ELL | A cavity. |
| 5. —EARS | A mother sympathises
with her child's |
| 6. —ORTER | He handles the parcels
that we despatch |
| 7. —EAR | Good cloth should survive
more than one |
| 8. —IDE | Sporting term. |

Rules:—Entrance fee As. 8 for the first entry
and As. 4 for the each subsequent entry. Prize Rs.
300 for all correct and Rs. 150 for one error solu-
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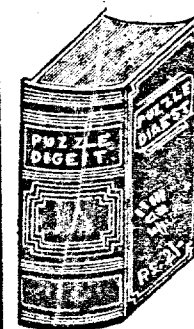
The Manager,
THE NOVEL COMPETITIONS,
MUTHIALPET, — MADRA.

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The Tatler OF INDIA

The Most Popular Humorous Monthly

Vol. II.

JULY 1935.

No. 12.



Shop Keeper:—This stove is designed to reduce coal consumption by half.

Customer:—Then give me two. Then I needn't buy any coal at all.



Amritanjali

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PAIN BALM**

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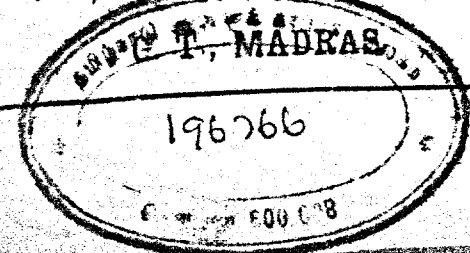
The TATLER
OF INDIA

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TO THE MANAGER,

THE TATLER OF INDIA

4142, Muker Nallamuthu Street,



262

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263

PUZZLES MADE EASY

Illustrated Weekly of India

Commonsense Crosswords

Nos. 20 & 21

Solutions Across

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| 1. WINNERS | 24. NOW |
| 5. LAIR, HAIR | 25. CAR |
| VAIR, PAIR | 26. EMENDS |
| 8. ICICLE | AMENDS |
| 10. IN | 29. USE |
| 12. CIRCA | 30. IS |
| 13. TOMATO | 31. A. B. |
| 15. GO | 32. BANS, BUNS |
| 16. IS | 33. FULL, DULL |
| 17. WIT | LULL |
| 19. RUSE, (RUSH.) | 34. WISELY |
| 21. LINEN, LINER | WIDELY |

Solutions Down

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| 1. WAITER, | 17. WIRE, WISE |
| WRITER | WIFE |
| 2. NO | 18. TENDS |
| 3. EXIT | 20. UNA |
| 4. SIC | 21. LIMP, LAME |
| 6. ACT | 22. NOSE, ROSE |
| 7. REFORM | 23. NETS, NEWS |
| REPORT | NAMS |
| RETORT | 25. CHILD, CHIEF |
| RESORT | CHILL |
| 9. CABIN | 27. NUT |
| 11. NO | 28. SOBS, MOBS |
| 12. CASE, CASH | 30. ILL |
| 14. MISERY, MISERS | 31. ANY |

Comments

Across 5. "Provides warmth for some animals. The possible solutions are "Hair, Lair, Vair and Pair". Of these the latter two are not quite good and may be omitted. This leaves us with "Hair" and "Lair." Both the solutions go in equally well, but I would prefer "Hair" to "Lair" as a more appropriate

one. For all animals do not have hair and even if they have, they are not always meant to provide warmth. On the other hand all animals have their "Lairs" and usually they provide warmth; so prefer HAIR please.

19. RUSE or trick frequently enables detective's quarry to escape, temporarily. The clue states that this is employed by criminals IN FICTION. But in actual life, criminals seldom employ tricks. They are eager to make good their escape and invariably they RUSH out. Hence my selection of RUSH. Further this goes better with 12 Down.

21. LINEN is preferable to a LINER as housewives always consider washing the clothes as a laborious task.

26. Of the two words AMENDS and EMENDS, the latter is the better and fits in with 23 Down.

32. Too many BANS more seriously affect a child than BUNS.

33. Over indulgence may LULL a child, but it also makes them DULL and FULL. Of the latter two, the better is DULL.

34. Certainly charity should be bestowed WISELY, not necessarily WIDELY. Wisely is a better solution.

DOWN

1. In fashionable restaurants you may be able to pick up some useful tips by being either a WRITER or WAITER. But the WRITER is not so closely in touch with the guests as the WAITER is. And so I would prefer WAITER please.

7. The better solutions of the lot given are REFORM, Retort, Report. The clue is worded very carefully and the important words are SKILFULLY and EXPERIENCED. These make one select

July 1935

REFORM as the best solution with RETORT going in next. For only very experienced reporters are asked to write about important REFORMS.

12. Hospital usually nurses carefully CASE. This is better than CASH.

14. Mad desire for money creates MISERY. This appeals to me better than the prosaic MISERS.

17. The possible solutions are WIRE, WIFE and WISE. WIRES are useless when they become entangled. But we cannot say that they become ruined. By entanglements the modern WIFE becomes ruined. This is clear from the various stories that appear off and on in papers. The WISE seldom become entangled and even if they become entangled they would manage to escape if they are wise. The best solution is WIFE.

21. A permanent LIMP is a better solution as 'permanant Lame' is not in usage.

22. NOSE is more appropriate than Rose and goes better with 21 across.

23. The police spread NEWS more widely than they cast their NETS. NAMS is an obsolete word meaning distraint and may be omitted. The best solution is NEWS.

25. Both children and chiefs become factious if not humoured—especially native chiefs. I would prefer CHIEF.

28. SOBS are sometimes difficult to control whereas MOBS are often and invariably always difficult to control. Yet I cannot say that and sobs is the better word. Both clues go in very well.

Commonsense Crosswords No. 21

Solutions Across : 1. Compiler, 5. Pal, Pap, Par, Pat. 7. Ago. 8. Sir. 9. Fish, Fist. 10. Vile. 12. Sack, Sock, Sick, (Rack) 13. Drive. 14. Sinned, Signed 15. Fun, Bun, Pun, 17. Ida, 18. Eager, 21. Dodder, 25. Average, 27. Trap, 29. If 30. Cats, Bats, Rats, 32. Wee, 33. Eye, 34. Bass, Boss.

Down : 1. Candles, (Candies) 2. Moving, Mowing 3. Isle, 4. Lie, 5. Picnic, 6. Asked, 9. Fig, Fag, Fog, Fan, 11. Ivied, 12. Singer (Ringer) 14. Suede, 15. Damp 19. Alms, 22. Roar, Road, 22. Rats, 23. Heaves, Leaves, Weaves, 24. Prize, Pride. 26. Hole, Home. 28. Pie, 31. Tub.

THE TATLER OF INDIA

Comments.

Across : 5. In adversity one loses a *pal*, but the word 'this' in the clue rules this solution out.

Pap is a good solution but on account of its obscenity may be discarded. Of course *pap* also means nourishment, but however adverse one's circumstances may be, one somehow gets nourishment.

Par is a state of equality and fits with the clue very well.

Pat or a gentle and sympathetic patting is not a good solution.

9. In conflict a strong *fish* may make a man stagger, whereas a strong *fist* need not make one stagger unless a blow is delivered with it. Select *Fish* please.

10. A *Wile* is a trick. But the clue is 'a trick may be described as.' This connotes some doubt. But you can always call a trick as wile. And so this solution may be omitted.

Vile or wicked is a better way of describing a trick.

12. "Ruin" often follow this. You will find that the word Ruin is put within quotation marks. Why the special marks please? Is it to signify that the word is used metaphorically. And if so, which of the following solutions is preferable? Personally I think *Rack* is the best, as a victim's body generally becomes ruined after he is set free from a *rack*.

The other solutions are *Sick*, *Sack* and *Sock*. And these go in next in the order given, the most preferable of these three being *Sick* and the least preferable *Sock*.

14. When you have signed any document or contract you are invariably committed. But the clue leaves room for doubt. As such prefer *sinned* please.

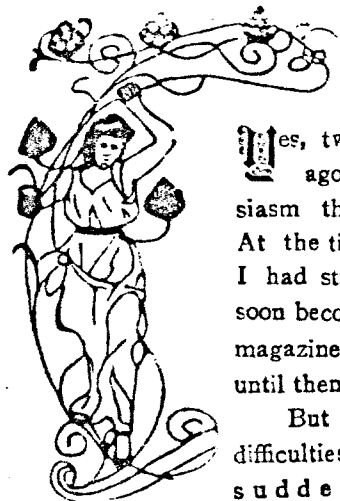
16. When a *Bun* is stale it is not relished. This is a very good solution. *Fun* is also not relished when it is stale. The same may be said of *Pun* also. It is really very difficult to say which is the best of the lot, as all the three solutions have equal claim. But if you are to select only one of the three, go in for *Bun*. However, be guided by your own discretion in this.

30. *Cats* like big mice. This is the best solution.

(Continued on page 268)

BETWEEN OURSELVES

Two Years Ago



Yes, two long and tedious years ago, full of hope and enthusiasm the TATLER came out. At the time when I commenced it, I had strong hopes that it would soon become a craze as the other magazine with which I had been until then associated, had become. But I had to face several difficulties the foremost being the sudden appearance of several contemporaries. Literacy, especially literacy in English, is at a low level in India. Only a negligible few know that language and even of this minority, only a still more negligible number are interested in light literature. And the buying capacity of this minority as well as the time at their disposal are very limited. Simultaneously with the TATLER nearly twenty other magazines came into existence. Several of them have suffered a premature death and the remaining few just manage to struggle through. Added to these the elderly contemporaries of the TATLER began to come out twice as frequently as before.

I do not gloat over the failure of my less fortunate contemporaries and their premature deaths. Far from it. I write this just to bring home to you why I dared not publish the TATLER more than once a month about a year ago as I promised I would.

I would have converted the TATLER into a fortnightly long, long ago. But the large number of fresh publications that were coming out at that time made me hesitate. I began to doubt whether there was demand for so many magazines, and whether the public would patronise all of them. The premature death of several provided me with the answer. No, there was no scope for fresh ones and I concluded that it would

not be wise to bring out the TATLER more than once a month.

I have not yet got over the fear that had prevented me from launching the TATLER into a fortnightly more than a year ago. But after the introduction of the new feature "Puzzles Made Easy," I realised that the tips given in the TATLER cease to be useful if it came out only once a month. The demand for a mid-month issue became imperative. And though I have been catering to this class of readers by bringing out a special number of eight pages, I feel that that is not the proper way to appease a growing demand. And that is why I have decided to issue the TATLER twice a month in future.

But I cannot do so this month as I originally hoped to do. The next issue will be out only in the first week of August, but the subsequent one will be out in the third week of that month and so on, after every fifteen days a fresh number will be published.

This would leave a gap in July. What about solutions for puzzles that will be published in the second or third week of this month? They will be solved in a special Mid July issue which will be published on the 23rd of this month. After that there will be no necessity for any further middle-month supplements.

Of course this will be priced at one anna. It will not be supplied to newsagents and can be had only of the Manager. But there will be one little restriction. Till now I have been sending the middle month supplements indiscriminately to any reader who sent an anna stamp for it. BUT THIS MID-JULY ISSUE WILL BE SENT ONLY TO THE SUBSCRIBERS. So, when ordering for a copy, please do not forget to mention your subscription number. In case you are not a subscriber, kindly remit your annual subscription before ordering for a copy. In the event of your purchasing copies from the local newsagent, please place a

standing order with him through the Manager, TATLER OF INDIA, Madras.

These conditions have been imposed with the idea of getting permanent readers and not with the object of making money. Of course I admit that your remittances are welcome, but that is not the only consideration that has forced me to impose these fresh and rather irksome conditions.

Two years ago! Yes, that was how I started my chat. Two long and tedious years ago I hoped to make the TATLER a house-hold word. And I frankly admit that my hopes have not been realised as yet.

No, I do not grouse. I have the support of several thousands of readers who I am sure, will continue to be my regular patrons for years to come. I am grateful to them for their past and present support. Yet I wish to remind them of one thing. I am converting the TATLER into a fortnightly only at their wish. It is a big leap I am taking and if my present patrons withdraw their support, I don't know what my position will be. I request you all to support me and to continue to support me. I require your help now more than ever before. Pray remember this appeal, especially when you receive an intimation to the effect that your subscription has lapsed.

NOTE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The conversion of the TATLER into a fortnightly naturally enough will make your annual subscription lapse earlier than you originally calculated. Eleven copies will be sent to you, commencing from the month of enrolment. Then you will get a letter, informing you that your subscription would elapse with the next number and requesting you to kindly remit fresh subscription. And then the twelfth copy will reach you. At once kindly remit your fresh subscription and continue your patronage please.

NEW SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The conversion of the TATLER into a fortnightly will not affect its price. Each copy will be sold at TWO ANNAS. The annual subscription will be Rs. 2-8 and the subscription for six months Rs. 1-4 of course inclusive of postage. There will be no quarterly subscription and no subscriber will be enlisted for a lesser period than six months.

THE NEXT ISSUE!

The next issue marks an epoch in the life of the TATLER. It marks the commencement of the third

year of its existence. And what is more important it marks the date of its conversion from a monthly into a fortnightly publication. It is but meet to celebrate such an event. And the only way that Editors have of celebrating important events is to bring out a special number or a specially enlarged number.

I propose to do the latter. The next issue which will be published in the first week of August will be a real double number. It will contain 80 pages and there will be a book-length complete novel, written specially to commemorate the event by "P. R. R.", author of "To-Night at One" "Sentenced to be Hanged" etc. It is a thriller which will grip you from start to finish. Of course there will be all the other usual features and several good stories besides this. You take my word when I say that it is bound to be a number which you will be sorry to miss. Remember you need not spend anything extra on this special double number. For the usual Two Annas you will get this copy. Make sure of yours.

KEY SOLUTIONS.

I come to know that some organisations unnecessarily drag the name of the TATLER saying that they have deposited the key-solution of their puzzle with me, while actually not doing so. It is not possible for me to check up all advertisements of competitions appearing in various newspapers and magazines and leaflets. In order to prevent the public being duped I have decided not to accept key-solutions indiscriminately. COMPETITION MANAGERS ARE INFORMED THAT THE MANAGEMENT WILL ACCEPT DEPOSIT OF ONLY THE KEY-SOLUTIONS TO THE PUZZLES THAT ARE PUBLISHED IN THE TATLER. They must take a receipt from the Editor to the effect that such a key-solution has been deposited. After the closing date the key-solution will be opened and if it is found to tally with the printed result sheet, an endorsement to that effect will be made on the key-solution only by the MANAGING EDITOR, duly stamped and returned to the organisation running the competition. So, readers remember that the TATLER ACCEPTS ONLY THE KEY-SOLUTIONS OF PUZZLES WHOSE ADVERTISEMENTS APPEAR IN ITS PAGES.

Thanks and Thanks Again;

And, dear Readers, let me thank you all again and yet once again for your past support. And continue to give me the same for years to come.

—Editor.

PUZZLES MADE EASY

(Continued from page 265)

Bats and Rats are like big mice, and are also equally applicable. But I have a hunch that *cats* will be the compiler's solution though I cannot state the reason for the same.

34. A *Boss* always talks authoritatively but not necessarily powerfully. But *Bass* is always powerful. Yet the clue contains the words "His Voice." As such select *Boss* please.

Down : 1. *Candles* are made of boiled substance, and so are *candies*.

2. By constantly *moving* you will not let the grass grow under your feet. But *mowing* is also a good way to prevent grass growing. I think *moving* is the better solution here.

9. A *fan* sometimes helps one to keep cool. When the solution across is considered preference must be given to this.

12. *Ringer* goes better with the solution across than *Singer*.

20. The *Roar* or din of traffic certainly increases as traffic grows—but even though *Roads* also develop, they do not do so immediately after the increase in traffic. Prefer *Roar* please.

23. A ship is said to *weave* or *float*. But Ships always float, not necessarily only after the anchor's weighed. So this solution may be omitted.

Heaves or *moves* up and down is the best solution.

Leaves. A ship need not necessarily leave immediately after anchor is weighed.

24. A keen boy takes *pride* in his school. But a clever boy wins *prizes*. So my vote is for *pride*.

26. Crazy or mad actions may land you in your *home* or the asylum. This appeals to me better than *hole*.

(Continued on page 277)

CORRECT SOLUTION 'FILL ONE' COMPETITION

- | | |
|-----------|------------|
| 1. UNPEN | 5. POMMEL |
| 2. STABLE | 6. POPPET |
| 3. SWING | 7. DROOPED |
| 4. CLUCK | 8. RAGGED |

The Manager :

Novel Competitions

Muthialpet :: Madras.



AMRUTANJAN

BEST INDIAN
PAIN BALM

The Accusing Bullet

The oddest of all the sights I saw inside the police laboratory was perhaps the room where a man was beating a strong and bulky brown paper bag as hard as he could with a stick, while another was busily at work on a pair of trousers with a small vacuum cleaner (writes Mr. H. T. F. Rhodes, General Secretary of the British Association of Chemists, in 'The Evening News').

Presently the man with the bag opened it and took out some garments. He emptied the dust which had been beaten out of the clothes into a smaller receptacle which had a distinguishing mark, while his companion did the same with the dust extracted by the vacuum cleaner. They took their samples to a laboratory, where the dust was examined microscopically and chemically.

The dust in a man's clothes can sometimes provide evidence about him obtainable in no other way. Dr. Locard quotes a case of a prisoner arrested for passing false money and suspected of the more serious offence of manufacturing it. Sufficient evidence against him could not be obtained. The dust from his clothes was examined and was proved to contain metallic powder corresponding exactly in composition to the alloy used for the counterfeit coins. Confirmatory evidence was afterwards obtained and he was convicted. This is but one of many similar cases.

In the next room was a white-coated member of the laboratory staff engaged in examining the interior of the ears of a patient whose face betrayed pronounced criminal tendencies. Scientific investigation has revealed what is known as occupational dust. For as long

as two years after an individual has ceased to practise a particular calling, evidence of that occupation remains inside his ears. Traces of coal dust, flour, soot, and chemicals have been discovered in this way, and in some cases the importance of the evidence obtained cannot be exaggerated.

Then there was the laboratory where suspected documents are examined. Here were specialists in the examination of inks. They were applying minute drops of chemical re-agents to documents written in ink. By comparison of the behaviour of ink-written characters known to be genuine with that of suspected forgeries, they discover whether the same ink has been employed or whether something has been added or altered in a different ink.

Here were tintometers and microtintometers to compare the colour of inks. There was also photographic apparatus to make records of the results, which can be shown in court.

Another specialist was examining writing in pencil. By means of microscopic investigation he was deciding by the size of the particles of the pigment the type of pencil that had been used. Afterward he tested writing with a copying ink pencil to decide if that writing agreed with that of a pencil which had been found in the possession of a suspect.

Others were measuring the characters of suspected signatures by means of ruled glass squares. They had discovered an agreement too exact to be natural between three or four signatures purporting to be by the same hand. Forging by tracing from one original was suspected.

Documents alleged to have been written with secret ink were also being examined. A lens is first used to

"OUT FOR WALK"

BY
"INCOGNITO, MADRAS"

The wind was gay, the weather fair,
As I rose from my writing chair;
When I stepped out to have a walk,
I heard some one behind me talk;
I turned back to see the back talker,
My Love it was; I did mock her;
Ready she was to go with me
In walk and was so dressed in glee;
With laughing lips so full of charm—
She rid my cares with face and form
"Righto" cried I and drew her by.
As she laughed and came me nigh;
My worries of the writing desk
Were gone; and now I was so brisk;
Anon, I saw approaching rain
And out for walk was all in vain;
I called my Love to come and sit
And aid me in my earnest writ;
I kissed and drew her close to me,
Our loving hearts were so care-free.

search for any abrasions which might suggest the passage of a pen. The paper is then exposed to iodine vapour, and secret writing, if present, will in most cases appear coloured faintly brown. Other documents were being "developed" with a dilute solution of ink which makes visible writing which has been done with saliva.

The next laboratory looked more like the usual chemical laboratory. There were the familiar balances, test tubes, other glass apparatus, and Bunsen burners. But the work being done there was not so familiar. Bullets were being analyzed.

The metal from which revolver and automatic pistol ammunition is made varies in composition within wide limits. The bullets of an automatic pistol, for example, are coated with cupro-nickel; those of a revolver are uncoated. If the analysis of the bullet found in the victim's body agrees exactly with that of the ammunition found upon the accused, there is strong presumptive evidence that it was he who fired the shot; if it does not, he is almost as certainly innocent. Inspection, however expert, may fail in cases where the bullet extracted is greatly distorted; but distortion, of course, in no way affects the chemical analysis.

In another laboratory tests for blood were being carried out. Bio-chemists were extracting, by methods more or less complicated according to the particular case, suspected blood stains from pieces of cloth or other article. There were microspectroscopes in this room—instruments which inform the chemist if a stain is really blood or something else—but to make assurance doubly sure many confirmatory tests are applied.

To answer the question, "Is it human or animal blood?" the famous "precipitating test" of Bordet and Tschistovitch is employed. It is infallible. By the use of the various anti-sera for testing the stains, not only can human be distinguished from animal blood, but the various types of animal blood can be distinguished from each other.

Given the necessary specimens of the stains, therefore, the laboratory could decide—and it might be an important clue—whether a dog had been wounded in

defence of its master. It used to be a common plea when bloodstains were discovered upon clothing that they were those of animal blood. The matter can now be definitely decided in every case.

I had not by any means exhausted the resources of the police laboratory (continues Mr. Rhodes), but I had seen enough to realize how powerful a weapon science has placed in the hands of the law. But it is a weapon that cannot be abused, because science is utterly impartial and does not depend upon the individual element at all.

A few words only remain to be said, but they are the most important of all. I have described a French police laboratory. There is no police laboratory in England.

"If any member of my audience," said the man on the stage, "will call out the name of some female character in Shakespeare, I will portray that character."

"Florence Nightingale," came a shout.

"I said Shakespeare, sir, not Dickens!"

Complaining Customer (at coffee-stall): "I haven't come to any ham in this sandwich yet."

Proprietor: "Try another bite."

Customer (after huge mouthful): "I haven't come to any ham yet."

Proprietor: "Garn! You must have gone right past it."

An old-time reporter got a job on a certain daily picture-paper. At every turn the editor stopped him: he could do nothing right.

"Well, I'd better leave," he said one day.

The only answer he got was "Ha!"

"Nothing I do seems to please you. I think I'll go back to my old business."

This caught the editor's ear.

"What was your old business?"

"Newspaper work."

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SHEAR ROBBERY

Filing It On.

Bob and Bill were chums who shared the same diggings. Bill suddenly discovered that he wanted to write a letter.

"Lend me your fountain-pen, Bob?" he asked.

"Here you are!" cried Bob, tossing it over. "Don't spoil the nib."

There was silence until Bill had completed his letter. Then he found he hadn't got a stamp. He turned once again to Bob.

"Here you are!" said the latter. "You're in luck: it's my last one."

"Thanks!" smiled his friend. "Now, just one thing more, old boy. What's your girl's address?"

Something Bright.

The earnest woman was talking to the giddy young thing.

"And would you not like to join in our latest movement?" she said, eagerly.

"Certainly, old dear," answered the giddy young thing. "Is it anything like the Charleston?"

Sarcastic

As he pushed his ladders down the street a sharp-eyed window-cleaner noticed that the windows of a certain house were very dirty.

"Would you like the windows cleaned, sir?" he asked a man who was mowing the lawn.

The other peered angrily over the tops of his spectacles.

"No," he snapped. "They don't require cleaning."

The window cleaner sighed regretfully, and asked softly:—

"May I give your spectacles a wipe over, sir?"

Not His Business.

Maloney the farm-hand, driving his employer's donkey-cart, was stopped at a toll-gate.

A long argument ensued, but in the end Maloney paid the three pence demanded.

Later in the afternoon he returned, but this time the donkey lay comfortably in the bottom of the cart and Maloney himself was between the shafts.

He paid not the slightest heed to the gate-keeper, and would have passed through had not the latter closed the gate in time.

"Whirrah!" cried Maloney, angrily. "It's not a bit av use talkin' to me. Spake to the driver."

Learnt at the Museum

Professor: "So you enjoyed the British Museum, Mrs. Miggs?"

Charlady: "Yes, sir, and I learnt somethink real useful in the Egyptian section."

"Come, this is most gratifying."

"Yes, sir. There was an attendant polishin' the floor, and I picked up quite a useful wrinkle from 'im."

Love's Alarm.

They had been sitting together for some time when the girl's father entered the drawing-room and said:—

"Young man, do you know what time it is?"

The timid youth leapt to his feet and, stammering "Y-yes!" hurried into the hall and then out into the night.

The girl's father stood bewildered.

"That's a queer fellow to have calling on you, Edna," he remarked. "Why did he rush off like that? My watch had stopped, and I merely wanted to get the time from him to set it going again."

Gone for Good.

Sam Jones was on the spot when the explosion occurred. He was blown up, and they couldn't find any trace of him. When his wife called, the foreman said, quietly:—

"He's gone, ma'am."

"Gone?" she said. "For good?"

"Well, in that direction," said the foreman.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER"

By

DUNCE

Schoolmaster : Good morning, students.

Students : Good morning, sir.

Schoolmaster : In order to prepare you all for the visit of the Inspector of Schools, I propose to ask each one of you a simple general knowledge question. I will commence with John Green. What do you understand by the term, 'family ties'?

Green : Family ties differ slightly from uncle's or grandfather's ties. 'Family ties' are sometimes worn by daddy or by other members of the same family. The tie that I am wearing at this moment is a true family tie, because though I am wearing it now, my father will be wearing it this evening.

S. M. : Bill Snooks, how is the memory of Joan of Arc and other historical celebrities usually perpetuated?

Snooks : Their memories are usually perpetuated in large towns by the erection of large taverns or pubs. They are then named after these important people.

S. M. : James Baxter, what is a 'celibate'?

Baxter : A celibate is a woman-hater.

S. M. : Alfred Knowles, you explain in simple terms the meaning of 'counter-attraction'.

Knowles : A counter-attraction is a bargain. For example, at Holdem and Hadot's Stores to-day, silk stockings are priced at the counter at Rs. 2 per pair. Too expensive. To-morrow they are priced at Re. 1. That, sir, is a counter-attraction.

S. M. : Ronald Stopes, explain the meaning of 'drawing the stumps.' You are something of a sportsman, therefore this question should not stump you.

Stopes : There is nothing sporting in that, sir. If a person visits a dentist to have a couple of teeth drawn, and they snap off in the process of extraction, the dentist will probably offer to draw the stumps at a price.

S. M. : Peter Roberts, what does the phrase, 'the tick of the clock' signify?

Roberts : Sir, it obviously refers to the amount due to the local pawnbroker in order to redeem the said clock.

S. M. : Albert Walsh, you look extremely intelligent to-day. What do you understand by the word, 'misfortune'?

Walsh : Sir, Miss Fortune is the caustic appellation for the modern flapper.

S. M. : George Ball, the term, 'clearing-house' is a business term, as you are aware. What exactly does it mean?

Ball : Sir, it means the nocturnal evacuation of a bungalow by a tenant heavily in arrears with his rent. Next morning the landlord finds the house cleared.

S. M. : Earle Johnson, what is a cash register?

Johnson : A cash register is a recent invention, unknown during the younger days of Henry Ford and other self-made men. Accounts are more kept more rigorously these days, consequently reducing the number of would-be millionaires.

S. M. : Thomas Billing, state concisely the meaning of 'Carriage forward.'

Billing : An expression of contempt usually associated with railway officials, especially porters.

S. M. : Ralph Boles, what is 'macaroni'?

Boles : Macaroni is rice pudding before it is cut up into tiny pieces.

S. M. : Ronald Baimer, do you know the meaning of the word, 'knapsack'?

Baimer : Yes sir, a knapsack is a kind of haversack issued to soldiers. It is popularly supposed to

(Continued on page 276)

OUR CINEMA PAGE

BY
M. RUSTOMJI

The late Rudolph Valentino was born in Castellaneta (Italy) on 6th May, 1895. He was an Italian by birth. He had black hair and dark brown eyes and stood 5ft. 11 inches. He was so famous

that it was rumoured that more than six persons of extraordinary personality, immense wealth and fame were in love with him. But he married twice and divorced. His first wife Jean Acker was not known to us, even in America she was unknown.

His second wife Miss Rambova alias Winifred Hudson which is her real name, was an actress and well famed in New York.

Rudolph first played his role in "Five Horsemen of the Apocalypse," under the contract of Paul Vincent. Miss Wilma Bahky had the honour of acting with him in his last two films.

He was a great scholar of literature. He spoke English, Russian, Arabic, Italian, French, Spanish, etc. He kept a costly home and a statue is erected in his memory at London at the Shepherd Bush Pavilion.

Some of his films are "A Rogue's Romance," "The Big Little Person," "The Married Virgin," "Eyes of Youth," "The Eagle," "Cobra," and "Son of the Sheik."

London's Most Famous Music-Hall, the Palladium, Rebuilt at Shepherd's Bush.

All London loves it's Crazy Show which has been running for twenty weeks at the Palladium, the gigantic West-End Variety theatre—so much so that London would not permit the closing down of the famous theatre for a night or two this week to allow Gaumont-British to do a little film-making inside.

The Shepherd's Bush movie-men bowed to the wishes of the Palladium at the studios and decided to build it there, where they could put it up and take it to pieces as they required.

Every nook and corner, every moulding, decoration, balustrading and ornamentation has been photographed, turned into architectural plans, blue printed

and finally handed over to carpenters and painters to reconstruct. All this labour is for the final scene in the spy-thriller, "The Thirty nine Steps."

Art lovers the world over know the brilliantly decorative drawings of Fortunio Matania, whose gift of portraying the lavishness of Rome and Greece in pen and pencil is unparalleled.

Some time back his daughter Clelia Matania, a dark-eyed Italian beauty, joined the cast of the "The Thirty-nine Steps" and appears on the London Palladium setting. She was before this quite well known on the London stage and this is her third film. A gay Neapolitan, Clelia Matania hales from Naples where she gained invaluable experience in acting in a Russian Repertory Theatre.

At her command she has the French, Spanish and Italian tongues and is secretly determined to become a comedy actress.

Miss Sulochana

This famous Indian actress was born on 5th October 1901. Her parents christened her Ruby Mayers. But when she came to the screen called herself Sulochana. At the ripe age of fifteen, she was given a job in the Telephone Control Office. Her photos were usually shown in various weeklies and magazines.

Mr. Bhavnani once chanced to see her photo and he was attracted by it. After many unsuccessful attempts he was able to bring her round to the Kohinoor Film Co. A contract was drawn up and duly signed in the name of Ruby Mayers. Her first two pictures were titled "Veer Bala," and "Queen of the Screen."

Her monthly salary is Rs. 4,000. She has worked in nearly all the film producing companies in Bombay and is said to be the most good looking of all the actresses. Some of her pictures are "Anarkali," "Father India," "Queen of Love," "Daku-Madhu," and "Dugadi-ki-mouj."

She has played her role against D. Billimoria, Jal Merchant and Jan Shedji.

The WHEEL

By
Clement Mitchell

Percy Bryant straightened his back with an effort and carefully replaced the brace in the tool-kit under the back seat of the car. Then he walked out of the garage, at the side of the house, round to the front, where he stood for a few minutes looking out to sea. It was a fine morning, and the sun was already hot, but he shivered.

"Percy! Percy! Where are you?" It was his wife's voice, and she seemed to be shouting from inside the house.

"Here I am, Hannah!" he replied promptly, and turned towards the front door.

"Where have you been, Percy?" he heard her shout as he entered the hall. Her voice sounded irritable. It usually did, he thought to himself, without surprise, without even resentment—now, "I've been looking for you everywhere: I do wish you wouldn't go wandering all over the garden immediately after breakfast. Come here, I want you."

He toiled wearily upstairs, and went into his wife's bedroom. She was standing by her dressing table, adjusting her hat in front of a mirror.

"Have you made certain that the car is quite all right?" she said without turning round. "You know it was dark by the time the foreman brought it back from the garage last-night, and these garages are so very careless!"

Percy assured her he had been over the car very carefully.

"And have you warmed up the engine, and checked the tyre pressures, and seen that there is petrol in the tank?" she went on.

"Yes!" said Percy shortly. He was tired of her continual catechisms, delivered for all the world as though he were an inferior chauffeur.

She turned from the mirror, her hat and veil to her liking. "Two of your cards, please," she said briskly, "I must leave cards on those new people at the Globe."

Where on earth was his card-case? He went over to his wardrobe and started to fumble aimlessly through his clothes.

"Now come along, my dear. Don't keep me waiting," said Hannah. The edge was back in her voice. "I do wish you would put things away in their proper place."

Percy became flustered and fumbled more desperately. In his haste he let a coat slip from its hanger. As he stooped to pick it up he saw that his card-case had fallen out of a pocket. Without a word he handed her two cards.

"Thank you," she said perfunctorily, as one would say it carelessly to a flunkey. "Now tell Agnes I may be a little late for lunch. Don't wait for me. Kiss me." She turned her cheek and he pecked it. He thought she might at least have raised her veil. Still...

He walked to the window and looked down. The garage was out of sight, but he heard the grind of the self-starter. He lifted his eyes and followed the line of the rough track along the edge of the cliff that ran away down-hill to the left. It was their only access to the road. He shivered again, and found his heart pounding. It would soon be over!

He had spent ten minutes that morning loosening the nuts that held the front off-wheel to the axle. It had taken him some time before he had been satisfied that they were just tight enough to take the car out of the garage on to the track, but so loose that the joltings of the rough track would inevitably ensure that before the car had cleared the track the wheel would have left the axle.

After that the consequences were inevitable. The car would swing to the right. Its own weight would smash through the flimsy timber fence that marked the edge of the track, then a steep run of twenty feet and a fifty-foot drop on to the beach beneath.

And that would be the end of this hell, of this slavery, of this grinding poverty. There were no child-

ren. Her money would be his, but, worth ten times the money, never again would he have to listen to the rasp of her voice.

Suddenly there was the sound of a motor horn. He would know the car's horn anywhere. The sound floated through his brain, and, drawn by a compulsion stronger than himself, he walked unsteadily to the front door.

He looked out. The whole length of the track was empty, save at the far end he could see a figure running and waving its arms. That must be Richards, the postman. He had seen it then. He dragged his eyes along the length of the timber fencing. Yes, he could see the gap. His eyes rested on it. It fascinated him.

The widower left the district as soon as he could get rid of the house. He said that it had too many unhappy recollections for him, and that he would find it very lonely now that Hannah was gone.

He settled in the neighbouring town of Smallford, about twenty miles away, and found a very capable housekeeper. He could afford a house-keeper now. He joined the Smallford Golf Club, of course, and bought a new car. He soon dropped into a regular routine of golf and bridge, and told himself he was enjoying life at last.

One thing irritated him. He found that quite often, after a day on the links, and when he was driving back a little tired, he began to imagine that the front off-wheel was loose and wobbled. On several occasions he stopped and got out to shake the wheel with his hands, but it always seemed steady.

He decided that perhaps he was over-tiring himself, and cut out the afternoon round of golf and played bridge in the club-house instead. It was rather more cheerful in the club-house, with one, three or four pals, the cards and a whiskey and soda at his elbow. But just to make quite certain, on two occasions he took the car into the local garage, and got the mechanic to confirm what his reason told him. He would have taken it a third time, but he was frightened of what the mechanic would think. He had looked at him a little oddly the last time.

So he decided to give his car a rest, and stick to the public bus. It was nearly as convenient, and really to have that sort of fancy about a bus would be ridiculous. Everyone knew they were over-hauled

every day and nothing could go wrong. Still, he always preferred to sit at the back on the left-hand side, so that, in case anything did go wrong and the bus swerved away to its right, he would be well out of immediate danger.

He was unlucky one November afternoon. He had some splendid bridge, and won the last three rubbers in succession. That had made him rather late, and, it being market day, the bus was uncommonly full. In fact, the only vacant seat was one just up at the front behind the driver on the right-hand side. He took it with a certain amount of reluctance.

He could not stop thinking about the front off-wheel. He could see it in his imagination. It was quite a clear picture in his mind. He was looking at it from the side. A nut from one of the six bolts that held the wheel in place dropped into the road; then another disappeared. He sat petrified. Should he tell the conductor? But it would sound so silly to say he knew two nuts had fallen from the front off-wheel. The whole bus would laugh at him.

Percy sat in agony. A third nut vanished. Two more went. One wouldn't hold the wheel for a second! He gripped the edge of the seat, and bit his lip. He felt a trickle of sweat run down his cheek.

Suddenly there was a loud report, and he felt the bus swerve to the right. He screamed and then fainted.

The bus stopped very quickly and the driver came in to reassure the passengers. "Sorry, folks," he said "Fraid off tyre burst. Hullo, the gentleman fainted? Here, stand back and give him a chance to breathe."

When the doctor allowed him to get up, Percy felt he needed a holiday. He knew he looked run down when he saw his face in the glass for the first time. It seemed to have sagged a little, and he wondered why his eyes seemed so bloodshot. He decided he must cut down the whisky a bit.

He went to London. He whistled almost light-heartedly as he walked along Paddington Station on his arrival.

"A few days at the Piccadilly Palace Hotel will set me up fine," he said to himself. "I am a bit run down, I suppose. Old Dr. Warrington was quite right. A holiday is what I need. This fool idea about off front"

(Continued from page 279)

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

(Continued from page 272)

contain a Field Marshal's Baton. It more often contains a set of lance corporal's stripes or nothing at all. A reference to Private Joyfull might elucidate this question.

S. M.: William Trapes, what is a 'love potion'?

Trapes: Sir, a love potion is one of my mothers' many little bills, presented to father for payment, with love.

S. M.: Leslie Trollope, name a kind of lubricant.

Trollope: Beer and whisky for father, and gin for mother.

S. M.: Samuel Snales, can you explain the significance of a Maltese Cross?

Snales: Yes sir, it naturally means a Maltese in a bad temper.

S. M.: Dennis Trane, what does 'oscillation' mean?

Trane: It means shivering and nervousness in front of the Examiner of Schools.

S. M.: Charles Coates, what is a 'parboil'?

Coates: A parboil is the opposite of Ma-boil. Ordinary boils are for the younger members of the family.

S. M.: Geoffrey Grey, give an example of a memory test.

Grey: Forgetting to pay one's bill on pay day.

S. M.: Horace Smythe, explain the phrase, 'comrades in arms'.

Smythe: It means a twentieth century boxing match between champions.

S. M.: Fred Brown, what does 'scandalise' mean?

Brown: It means to be ordinarily polite, these days.

S. M.: Sam Walls, explain to the class the meaning of 'to rise from the ranks,' and to what does it usually refer?

Walls: 'To rise from the ranks' (without permission) usually infers 10 days confined to barracks.

S. M.: Tom Sayers, what is a scene-shifter?

Sayers: A scene-shifter is a policeman.

S. M.: Class, 'shun, here comes the Inspector of Schools.

Class: Good morning, Inspector.

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PUZZLES MADE EASY

"ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA"

Commonsense Crossword No. 19

Solutions Across

1. RADIO	SWOP
5. FEAST,	SLOT
YEAST,	25. NOSE
BEAST	NOTE
9. UNIT	NODE
10. FEAR,	27. PA
BEAR	28. MA
11. EMEND	29. O. K.
14. ANTI	31. HELPS
16. SUSPECT	33. LOSE
18. RAGE	34. ME
RACE,	35. PARTS
RATE	PANTS
19. FILE	36. FELT
WILE	FELL
20. SKAT	37. PLACE.
23. SHOP	PEACE

Solutions Down

1. RUSES,	13. DEW
RULES	14. AT
2. AN	15. TRITE
3. DIVES,	(TRIPE?)
DINES	17. CASE.
4. IT	19. FORK
6. AERIAL	WORK.
7. SAW	PORK
8. TRITE	20. SURE
(TRIPE?)	SORE
12. MULE	21. AN
MUSE	22. TOME
24. CAKES,	31. HEL
CANES,	32. PUP
CARES,	PIP
CATES	PEP
26. TALE	POP
SALE	35. LAC.
29. OS	34. ME
30. BONE	35. PA
BORE	

Comments

The comments below should be read together with the comments already published in the June issue.

Across 1. I am not sure whether *Yeast* is very difficult to prepare and whether it can be used to test the ability of a cook, but before you prefer *yeast* to *beast* better consult your housewife.

10. Though both *Fear* and *Bear* go in equally well, I am still partial to the latter. Anyhow you make your own selection please.

11. The alternative *Amend* already mentioned may be discarded.

18. *Rage* is the best solution here.

25. The best solution is *Node* with *note* going in next.

36. *Peace* is the most preferable solution please.

Down: 8. I am still of opinion that *Tripe* does not go in and that it may be discarded.

12. The better solution is *Mule*.

15. What is said of 8 Down applies here also.

19. *Work* is the best solution.

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1.	T — AR	Emperor
2.	CHA —	Fellow
3.	TRAC —	Footprint
4.	R — — — LE	Wrinkle
5.	TOL —	Entice
6.	D — — AN	Financial minister

Rules:—Ref. Chambers XX. A, To, etc., have been omitted at the beginning of the clues. Bracketted words are not used. Entrance fee is Annas 8 for the first entry and Annas 4 for each subsequent entry, payable by M.O. Any number of entries may be sent on plain paper with the requisite fee. PRIZES WILL NOT BE REDUCED. For result, please, enclose 9 pies stamp. Entries without proper fees or M.O. receipts will not be considered. In case of ties prizes will be equally divided. Manager's decision is final, legally binding and is an express condition of entry. All communications to:—

The Manager,

Commonsense Puzzles, BHOWALI

THE MAN WHO CAUSED THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM

A hundred years ago, in April, 1833, there died, penniless and destitute, one of the most remarkable of the long line of famous engineers our country has produced. He was Richard Trevithick, son of a Cornish tin-mine manager. Such schooling as he had was given him at Camborne, but he was always reported upon as a slow and obstinate pupil.

At eighteen he began to help his father, and from that time his fertile brain produced invention after invention. Whether Trevithick produced the first railway locomotive is still hotly debated, but one thing is certain: he made the father of all motor-cars, the first mechanically propelled vehicle that ever ran the roads.

An amazing contraption it was. Perched high above the axle of a pair of ten-foot driving wheels was a midget coach body into which six passengers could be squeezed. The steerer sat on a kind of box seat in front controlling two small pivoted front wheels by means of a contrivance like the handle of a lawn-mower. On a perch behind stood the stoker, who fed the furnace with coal and attended to the queer engine.

On Christmas Eve, 1801, Trevithick's steam coach carried the first load of passengers ever conveyed by mechanical power over the roads. They stopped at an inn to celebrate the triumph with a dinner and whilst the meal was in progress the coach unhappily went up in flames.

Nothing daunted, Trevithick produced in the following year a second steam coach which was actually in use for a time as a motor bus in the streets of London, journeying from the City along Oxford Street to Paddington.

Penniless Genius.

Trevithick and James Watt are rivals to fame in the early story of the steam engine. Watt was the first man to make an engine that worked, but his was of gigantic size, since the steam pressure was only four or five pounds to the square inch, and it was believed that anything higher would infallibly lead to explosions and disasters. In face of all opposition Trevithick produced the high-pressure boiler, creating a revolution in engi-

neering ideas and opening the way for the mighty development of steam power.

In 1804 he built a steam locomotive which ran on the tram rails of a Welsh

mine, conveying a ten-ton load of coal at a speed of nearly five miles an hour.

A few years later we find him in London once more, this time with a miniature railway, which was erected, curiously enough, almost exactly where Euston Station stands to-day. This little railway, which was intended to demonstrate the possibilities of the train running on rails, was open to the public, who were given joy-rides at a shilling a head.

From that time his career was one long series of adventures and misadventures. With his steam engines he undertook contracts in various parts of the country for boring mine shafts or for dredging rivers. He attempted a tunnel beneath the Thames, but was defeated by an inflow of water. A steam-thrashing machine was his next invention, and this was followed by a steam boat and iron-milling machines.

Despairing of making good in his own country, he spent his next fourteen years in Peru and Costa Rica constructing mining machinery. But things went ill with him, and he was without a penny when he returned to England in 1827. A petition to Parliament for some reward for his inventions proved fruitless, and he died in poverty at Lartford. Not until he had passed away was his true greatness realized.

Ominous

Two Dockland teams had played a number of drawn matches and it was decided to engage a professional referee for a deciding game.

A well-known whistler was consequently approached by a party of tough-looking men.

"All right," said the referee. "I'll oblige you. What fee do you offer for my services?"

"Well," said the spokesman of the delegation, "that depends on 'ow badly you're 'urt."

The WHEEL

(Continued from page 275)

wheels. It's ludicrous. What I need is taking out of myself, something to make me forget—I mean, stop brooding. Why, it's becoming an obsession, almost, and I'm too young to have obsessions."

He had lunch in the hotel grill-room, and since it was fine he decided upon a stroll. And so he came to cross Piccadilly at its widest, near Hyde Park Corner.

He got half-way across quite easily and stopped to watch for a break in the traffic coming from his left. It seemed very heavy this afternoon, he thought. The first rush cleared away, and he saw only one vehicle coming towards him. It was a large saloon car and was, it seemed, gathering speed rapidly as it approached.

Suddenly his eye fell on the front off-wheel of the car. It seemed to be wobbling slightly.

He suddenly knew what fear was. "This time it is wobbling," he muttered to himself. "It is wobbling, more and more violently. I can't be mistaken this time. It is real, real, real. Why doesn't the fool stop? He

must know what's happening. Any driver could tell that much. But he's coming on just as fast. He's too close now. His wheel's going to come off just as he gets near me; then the car will swerve to its right and into me, right into me. He's sounding the horn. No! it's the horn on Hannah's car. I'd know that horn anywhere. But Hannah's dead! I know she's dead. Stop it! Stop it! It's driving me mad. Do you hear! Mad!"

He turned and ran for the pavement he had previously left. But the traffic coming the other way was very thick, too thick to give the 'bus-driver a chance to swerve.

The Coroner, in exonerating the 'bus-driver from all blame, said it was a clear case of a man, not used to traffic, losing his head for no apparent reason whatsoever.

Verdict: Accidental Death.

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Oh Snake! - Snake Eh!

BY
VASANTHA VEER

And the Lord God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust thou shalt eat all the days of thy life:

And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.

—Genesis. 3—14, 15.

Snakes are usually the kind of creatures that are being feared by all. If any one sees a snake his first act is to cry for help and, if he is bold enough, to try to put an end to it. No one can deny that snakes are not poisonous. But why should you be afraid of the poison when you can avoid it without killing the possessor? Won't you laugh at the idea if a fellow is afraid to go into a room where a certain kind of poison is kept in a bottle well corked? Of course, if the bottle is misused or broken and if the poison is injurious to the mere touch, then there is danger in it. If the bottle is kept intact there is no fear at all. Similarly when a snake is provoked it tries to tackle you. For a fact, who will go back from doing so, even amongst us, when any harm is afoot? As far as my experience goes, I have never seen any snake biting a person of its own accord, unless there is room for it to think that the person is an aggressor. Do not you know that even cobra, which is considered to be very venomous, does not attack a person who is asleep? Here lies the solution.

It was a pleasant moonlit night and we were camping in the wilderness of Manchippa. The forest was thick around us and was full of wild animals roaming about in their freedom. The beauty of nature was splendidly exhibited and I was enjoying the scene with Joe. We had come to this place to spend our holidays in hunting. Joe was a good shot and, as a rule, never missed his aim and he was not afraid of any of the wild animals that in thick forests abound. But when it came to snakes he always funks. He has told me in strict confidence that he has lost his game many a time due to seeing a snake at the most critical moment.

Coming to the present episode, it was about eleven o'clock at night on the day we arrived at Manchippa, when the unusual happened. We had motored in the after-noon from Aler about 150 miles and were soon tired. We had to erect our tent with the help of only one servant. After completing our arrangements for a week's stay in the jungle, we finished our light meal and went to bed together and were soon fast asleep.

I was suddenly disturbed by a wailing cry: "Oh, snake, snake, Get up; Shanti, get up. Soon; get up soon."

I jumped out of bed. Joe presented a sight of his ancestors, according to Darwin, though at ordinary times he is a very handsome young man. His whole night dress was in shreds. The bed cover was torn into pieces by his pulling it in hurry before I got out, to search for his enemy under the bed. His hair was dishevelled. A frightful sight he presented.

"What are you standing there for like an African Mummy? Run up, call Batchu and ask him to bring a stout stick and my gun. I'll shoot the damned intruder," bellowed my hubby. He does not lose his temper on ordinary occasions and that never with me.

I ran up and sent the servant with all the paraphernalia that were required.

Joe was upsetting everything. The bed was removed and thrown in a corner against one tree and the cot was flying to another. A lamp was brought out as the light of the moon was not enough.

After a thorough search of an hour Joe came to me fully exhausted, murmuring and swearing under his heavy breath.

I was sitting at the entrance to the tent and Joe seated himself near me leaning against me with his hand at my back.

"There again, it is here in the tent. Rise up, Shanti. It is at your back," shouted Joe. Again a thorough search ended unsuccessfully. The reptile was nowhere.

We resettled our bed and lay down at about one o'clock. Joe felt with his hand something chill which was the cause for all this trouble. This time he grabbed it and with his tight grip on it, he shouted, getting up, "Found it at last and confound the d—n ..."

"Oh, oh. Loosen your grip. Oh, Oh, Ohhhh! Loosen your grip. Oh," I shrieked out. He was holding my hair in his hand and tugging it. When I tried to release myself he found out his mistake.

"Damn it all; I have made myself a fool. I dreamt I was attacked by a snake and I suppose, just then my darling's lovely tresses met my hands. I felt it chill due to the jasmine and mistook it for the snake I was dreaming of. Really sorry, Shanti, I disturbed a good night's repose and also gave you trouble by tugging at your hair," pleaded Joe. I had to simply pity my dear husband.

It happened like this. Just before we started from home, my mother-in-law in her love for me, adorned my hair, which she called the most beautiful, like a

true Southern Indian, by intertwining the jasmine flowers in my tresses. For her satisfaction, I had to submit to her wish. In the night I was sleeping like that only.

It is a known fact that the rays of the moon has a great effect on certain plants and flowers. If jasmine is plucked off from the plant at night, it gets cold after a few minutes. More so during moonlight night when exposed to the rays of the moon.

Poor Joe felt my hair and the jasmine gave him the impression which caused all the hubbub and disturbed otherwise a pleasant night.

The woman who follows the fashions doesn't show her years until she has shown nearly everything else.

In the golden days when lovers quarrelled they would kiss and make-up. The girls make-up for these days.

ONE IN A HUNDRED!

Out of every hundred Mss. received, the Editor of a magazine patiently goes through only ten. And out of these ONLY ONE is selected!

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Tatler's Ticklers

A woman may love every hair on her husband's head, but she'll hate every one on his shoulders.

An onion a day keeps the kisses away.

A joiner is a man who, observing a party having a drink joins it.

It is difficult for any grown man to realise that he was once the prettiest baby in the world.

The man with the longest arms can tell the best fish story.

Love is like a photograph—it takes a dark room to develop it.

Marriage is a state of dual-be bliss 'careful how you spell the dual.'

About the only mark civilisation leaves on some people is a vaccination mark.

Every man is a hero to his son, except the one who tries to help him work algebra problems.

If a husband has the last word, it is something like this: "All right, buy the darned thing."

One has to stand and lie a lot to sit in the House of Commons.

Burning the candle at both ends is one way of making ends meet.

Those who put on the most style put off the most creditors.

It's easy enough to try out new steps at a dance; the difficulty usually is to find a flight of dark ones.

When a woman marries a struggling young man, it's ten to one against his escaping.

A man should try to rise by his own efforts. Alarm clocks are so unbearable.

When you see a beautiful fur coat, remember that it may have cost the fair wearer nothing but a few fits of hysterics.

Those who marry for money work hard for their dividends.

When Cupid hits his mark, he generally Mrs. it.

A woman who has reached twenty and has never been kissed is going to reach forty in the same state.

A happy marriage is a marriage where both parties to it like to see the wife well dressed.

The easiest thing for a motorist to run into is debt.

Many folk write for a living, and many more write home.

When a Scotsman treats you, it is usually with indifference.

A dentist is one of the few men who can look down in the mouth and yet be cheerful.

For some, Life is one long battle; for others, one long bottle.

A man's greatest troubles are a wife and money—a wife if he has one, and money if he hasn't got it.

Susila: A Love episode

BY
P. S. SIVARAM

Once a year Susila was extravagant. She sent a Christmas greeting card to Ramu, her lover. The card was chosen with infinite care and its price was enormous.

Susila purchased the card at the first shop in the China Bazaar. On the fly leaf she wrote "To Mr. Ramu from Susila." The card was addressed, sealed with wax and perhaps with kisses and despatched to New Street, Dindigul.

Once a year the card was acknowledged, generally about the following January. A post card acknowledged it in a few laboriously characterised words. The pen used was always the same one. It was the kind of pen that was either too thrifty or plentiful. A horrid pen it was, but Susila loved it.

The words he wrote did not amount to much—but to everything.

"Thanks for the card. My kisses to you,"
"Ramu."

Of course Susila was romantic and silly; she admitted it herself, but her philosophy was sound. The acknowledged cards were her only treasure and out of them she made a fan to cool the brows of love. She had hardly exchanged a few words with Ramu.

Ramu had been to the University. He was a gentleman of a gentleman. He was a man who smelt of the open air, of bronze and honesty. His hands were huge but astonishingly gentle.

It was when Ramu was reading in the Madras Christian College that he chanced to meet Susila. Even at their first meeting their eyes met. Soon he found her living next to his room. In course of time he got acquainted with her. When the college closed for summer, Ramu took leave of Susila and left for Dindigul. And when his college course was finished, he did not return to Madras at all.

It was Susila's misfortune that made her a widow while she was only ten. Her father also died a month after the son-in-law's demise. Until then she had lived with some pretension to luxury. She had the money and the knack of spending it. Ever since Ramu became her friend, she wanted to marry him. But her mother was against it. Anyhow they had their meet-

ings though brief and liable to interruption. Even the exchange of letters had to be effected with the utmost care.

On the 22nd December, 1934, Susila pilgrimed forth to the purchase of the card. Several stationers in the China

Bazaar Road were mortified. The little customer turned down their goods with scorn. In one of the shops she stopped in ecstasy and glued her nose against the glass box. Inside it was the ideal card. It was unpriced and Heaven alone could say what the price might be. At last she purchased it.

Susila despatched her card, as was fitting, with more than usual precaution. She even told a lie to her mother that she was sending it to her friend Jaya.

It was on December the twenty-eighth, that Ramu's letter came; a real letter with a blue envelope sent by registered. Perhaps Ramu feared it might fall into the hands of the old hag.

"It really is jolly of you to remember me. Enclosed are two fifty rupee notes. I know very well what is in the old people's minds. They want to marry me off to some girl or another. I have told them about you. Probably they may consent. If so, I shall wire you. Anyhow get good dress for you with this money.

Sincerely, S. Ramu."

Susila immediately went to the cloth dealer and got the dress she wanted. The dress she chose was a blue Bangalore saree edged with silver strings. A really perfect dress is like a lover. In the hand it weighed nothing at all. The next morning she received a telegram. Her joy knew no bounds as her lover Ramu had wired her to start for Dindigul.

Without a word to her mother, Susila left for Dindigul. From the Railway Station, she drove straight to Ramu's bungalow. At that time Ramu was in the verandah reading the newspaper. When Susila entered the house, Ramu looked her up and down blankly.

(Continued on page 284)

SUSILA - A LOVE EPISODE

(Continued from page 233)

"What brought you here?"
 "I've come to give myself up,"
 "What? To give yourself up?" he echoed.
 "Yes, sir."
 "What for? To whom?"
 "To you."
 "I don't understand."
 "I am a thief," she said.

He grinned at her.

"Are you, Susila? I could not recognise you at all.

In a second he jumped at her and held her in his embrace just for two or three seconds. It seemed to them that there was nothing else in the world. Susila's son is now sleeping in the cradle rocked by her mother.

Business First.

In the Burns country in Scotland there is a village in which members of the local Burns club select one new member annually.

When this year's candidate was initiated it fell to the village carpenter as president to present the diploma.

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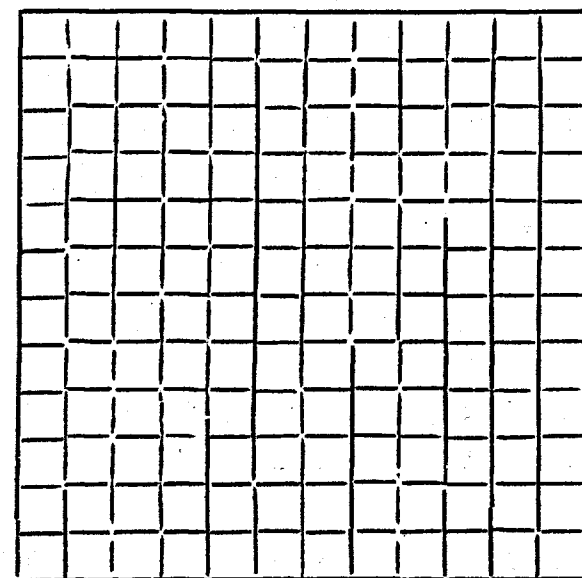
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MADRAS.



"Andrew," he said, as he handed over the parchment, "yur's is a fine certeeificate. Ye'll likely be needin' a framè for't, Andrew, an' I hope ye'll bring it to ma shop!"

A Tall Order.

The golfer stepped up to the tee and drove off. The ball sailed straight down the fairway, leapt on to the green, and dived into the hole.

"What have you suddenly gone crazy about?" asked the golfer's wife, who was trying to learn something about the game.

"Why, I just did a hole in one!" yelled the golfer, a wild gleam of delight in his eyes.

"Did you?" said his wife, placidly. "Please do it again, dear. I didn't see you."

A statistician asserts that the majority of people who commit suicide die intestate

Weep o'er their biers. Their sad careers

Make their relations grieve:

They neither have the will to live

Nor any will to leave.

"AS SHE IS WRIT"

BY

"GIPRAVA"

"Remarkable Writing," someone has said, "is the outcome of an excess of feeling or emotion." And to judge by the following telegram, which a sailor on shore-leave sent to the Captain of his ship, the writer must surely have been in spate with an overflow of emotion.

"Request extension of leave. A A A. Wife impregnable.

Which puts me in mind of the cryptic telegram that my "khidmutgar" gave me the other day to decipher. It was from his son, who is a Baboo in the railway and of whose erudition the old man is extremely proud. It read:

"Wife loaded 22 hrs. 47 mts. to-day.

Take delivery to-morrow 16 hrs.

Purdah incumb nt.

But the high-water mark of "Babooism" was reached by a Bengali youth who applied to his employers for leave because, as he put it, "the hand that rocks the cradle had kicked the bucket!"

IMITATION.

If "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," the author of certain short story that appeared a few years back in a well-known magazine ought to feel very flattered. The story described how the hero secured a good post—in America, of course!—through his rather remarkable epistolary efforts; and a reader of the magazine, being out of a job, adapted one of the letters to suit his purpose and sent it to the head of a large concern. The letter was:

"Here is the Opportunity for which you have waited so long:

A young man with 1. NERVE.

2. BRAINS,

3. ABILITY,

who lacks only (a) Money,

(b) Beauty.

offers you this UNIQUE

chance of having the

Sole monopoly of his services.

He can produce an Excellent Education.

an Optimistic Nature,

an Eagerness to Work and Learn.

All that he asks for is an interview!

Of course, you are under No Obligation to engage him But a Trial will do you NO HARM.

Please post your reply in the enclosed envelope.

Delay is Dangerous.

DO IT NOW!

To-morrow may be TOO LATE! And he got the job!

"BREVITY."

"Life is short, time is flying fast and no one has the patience let alone leisnre, to wade through lengthy locutions." This is what a business magnate was continually impressing upon his son. The son, eager to please his father, curbed his habitual verbosity for once, and wrote thus to his long-suffering parent:

"Dear Dad.

S. O. S.

L. S. D.

R. S. V. P.

Your affectionate son."

Whether he got what he wanted is not known!

"AND COMPANY."

It is not only the unusual, however, which is attended with catastrophic results. The wife of a certain Colonel once sent the usual invitation—"Col. & Mrs. Host request the pleasure of Mr. Green's company at a dinner, etc."—to a young subaltern. The evening of the dinner arrived: the butler announced: "Mr. Green and Company"—and the dismay of the hostess can better be imagined than described when in walked Mr. Green followed solemnly by a hundred or so sheepish, self-conscious soldiers, all arrayed in their 'poshest' suits!

On these the civilised world may now look back with horror; but, formerly, human ingenuity seems to have had pretty free play in the matter. There were scores of unimaginable ways of doing away with condemned criminals. Apart from man's primitive instincts which demanded a life for a life—and perhaps in as brutal a fashion as possible—an explanation is to be sought for the seemingly wanton cruelties, also in the intense religious fervour of those times.

How else could public opinion have reconciled itself to burying alive vestal virgins who had violated their vows? With the Hebrews, stoning to death was a favourite and frequent form of disposing of a heretic.

Jewish law and the Twelve Tables of Rome recognised as legitimate casting a man from a high rock. And it is said that in India, followers of one tenet indulged in the pastime of crushing members of another tenet in an oil-mill!

Parricide was punished in Rome by consigning the criminal to the high seas, sewed in a sack along with a dog, a viper, a cock and an ape. Tacitus, writing about the end of the first century, A. D., refers to the terrible practice of plunging criminals into bogs and fens, weighted with hurdles.

A LENIENT FORM?

Before the seventeenth century—when it became obsolete—drowning was considered a lenient form of punishment—and therefore as better suited to offenders of the softer sex! Under the Anglo-Saxon code women convicted of theft were drowned. It was through such an extra-ordinary thing as "the Queen's special grace" that a Scotsman got the privilege of being drowned, in 1556—instead of being hanged, as became his sex.

Crucifixion was for long in use among the Assyrians, Persians, Egyptians, Carthaginians, Greek and Romans. In the Roman Empire, Constantine abolished it.

Executions: Old : And New

By R. RAMASWAMI

"Sew up in
asack, and cast her
into the Bosphorous,"
commanded some Turkish
Sultans of old, if their wives
happened to offend them. And
burning alive was no uncommon
thing—it was sanctioned by Mosaic law

Another way of killing the criminal was to pour melted lead on him. The Jews, it is said, sawed asunder a number of their captives in Palestine. Some times convicts were torn to death with red hot pincers, or by horses.

On the Continent boiling alive flourished for a while. And in England, three or four persons—convicted of the offence of poisoning—are reported to have been thus dealt with, during the reign of Henry VIII. Edward VI stopped the practice.

It was of course common enough in Rome to compel condemned criminals to fight with wild beasts. And in Nero's time, a new form of impalement was practised: a sharp stake was thrust through the body, lengthwise. Sometimes, the heart was pierced while the body buried alive was being covered with earth. Starving to death in dungeons, also a Roman method, was perhaps more humane than the above.

France adopted yet another peculiar method. The criminal was tied to a wheel which was then set in motion; and all the while, the victim was struck or whipped. To mitigate the severity, the law allowed him to be strangled after the first few blows. Patkul, the envoy sent to the French court by Peter the Great, was killed on the wheel by order of Charles XII. The wheel was abolished at the French Revolution.

THE GUILLOTINE.

The guillotine came into use just then. It is so named after a physician who invented it, and is a device with two upright posts grooved inside for a sharp blade. The blade descends by its own weight and slices off the victim's head. Contrary to popular opinion, its inventor was not its victim: he died in peace in his own bed. The first to die by the guillotine was on the 12th April, 1792.

The Maiden is a crude form of guillotine, and clumsily chops instead of slicing off the head. Flagging to death existed in Russia till the 19th century. The

general form of carrying out death sentence in Austria was strangling; in Spain garroting; and in Germany decapitation.

The last to be decapitated in England was Thistlewood (with four others) on May 1, 1820. Drawing at the tail of a horse, quartering for men, and burning for women were also in use there. But, in practice, the victim was strangled before being burned.

THE ENGLISH LAW

But hanging was the most usual form of execution in England; and according to Sir James Stephen, the English law is noted for its freedom from torture. In Britain and British colonies, hanging alone is permitted and now employed.

With the progress of more humane ideals, capital punishment itself is often viewed with disfavour; and where it exists, the manner of enforcing it is far less fearful than it was. Great improvements have of late been effected in hanging, with the object of causing instant death.

The latest addition to the amenities, if we may say so, of the condemned criminal is the electric chair used in America. One electrode is applied to the head and another to the calf muscle, and it is claimed that death is immediate and absolutely painless.—The I. W. of India.

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WHEN DIAMONDS GO SICK

Jewels can go sick like people. But nowadays jewels that have lost their lustre or are otherwise "sick" are seldom discarded. They are sent to a gem doctor. One doctor in Hatton Garden treated stones to the value of £3,000,000 last year!

If you go inside the "surgery" of one of these men, you will see lying on silver shovels, wooden trays and velvet cushions patients whose value would make the greatest jewel thief weep. Seated at a small table, entirely unmoved by the fabulous wealth around him, the doctor examines each stone in turn with a special glass.

Emeralds, onyx, diamonds and mineral stones in general suffer chiefly from slight surface wounds due to carelessness on the part of their owners. A repolishing is necessary. The doctor fixes the patient in a metal holder called a "dop." He then applies it gently to a rapidly rotating iron wheel or "lap," charged with diamond dust, and the stone returns to its former radiance.

No jewels come oftener to surgeries than pearls. Lock a pearl away in a safe or deprive it of legitimate

exercise, and it becomes sickly looking in no time. But the severest pearls casualties are, curiously enough, caused by diamonds. The Arabs have a legend that the diamond is an angry stone, not to be trusted with other stones, lest it scratch them.

And it is not a scrap of use treating a scratched pearl like a scratched ruby or opal. A pearl, you must remember, being organic in structure, is built precisely like an onion, one skin surrounding another. The tiniest abrasion, therefore, on the outer surface necessitates the removal of the entire skin, a ten thousandth part of an inch thick!

A specialist gets to work with his knife. Gripping the patient between the gloved forefinger and thumb of his left hand, he presses the blade down on the surface of the cut, and then deftly flakes off the surrounding skin, the whole operation, for which £5 is generally charged, being performed in two minutes. One pearl surgeon in Hatton Garden is even capable of "peeling" a gem on a moving train or tram.

TWICE FOOLED

BY
VISHAYA, G.T.L.

"PRIVATE Enquiries in Connexion with anything made. By Rajam & Co., Fees moderate, discreet and confidential. Proprietor Rajam,—No. 56, Hames Street. Send for fuller particulars."

So ran an advertisement in the *Daily Wail* he was reading and five minutes later a 'Baby' was conveying Mr. Jivanath the famous lakhier to the above address.

The car drew up with a jerk opposite the address and he sprang into the building with a frenzy of impatience. He was inordinately astonished at what he saw and he had cause to be so. He entered a pleasant looking office and was received by the proprietor, Rajam himself, who had a well-dressed appearance and Jivanath had all along imagined these places were dark and sinister and pictured a private detective as a swarthy mean-looking personage with an oily smile.

Rajam was a fellow, who had the natural aversion as any gentleman for this trade, and it was not of his seeking. He had been pitchforked into it by his father, having no other means of scraping an income. But he was exercising only a superficial control leaving the dirty work to his assistants a *via media*.

Jivanath was a newly-wed, engrossed in making money and intent on multiplying it. He had ceased to take any interest in his young and entirely charming wife who counted not much in his life except as some useful and handy person on whom he could exploit his grievances and ill-humours.

This period of porcine indifference of his had reduced her to a condition of resigned sadness and a human automaton. She went about the household duties like a well-ordered robot. It had never occurred to his dull brain that any woman married to himself could by any possible perversity of taste or inscrutability of fate turn her desires and thoughts in other direc-

tions, as long as she was ministered to and had unlimited freedom and enviable luxuries. Perhaps he would have enjoyed this enviable state of mind but for the sudden appearance of joyousness and brightness in her character. From a morose being she had taken a sudden turn for suspicious sprightliness.

Instantly he became jealous and fate seemed to take a delight in creating a number of other causes to justify his suspicion. And happening to come across this advertisement he fled to the private detective for help.

Then.

'Good evening' said the detective, 'please take a seat.'

'Yes' grunted Jivanathan, 'I've called here about my wife. I want her watched'.

The words were snapped out curt and dry like the jaws of a steel trap.

He proceeded to detail his suspicions and dictate his instructions as to how she was to be watched, giving him his wife's latest photograph.

'I would like you to pay special attention to any visit she may pay to X... More than once I have heard her mention that place in her sleep. I know of no relative or any legitimate acquaintance who is put up there,' added he in the way of a clue and help.

In the usual course the daily reports flowed in and they were painfully interesting.

"XXXXXXXXXX Mrs. Jivanatham care of no. 38B. left home at 5-15 P. M. took tram to China Bazaar where some purchases were made. Left the place at 6-30 p. m. for X..... entered a house No. 56.....St. at 7 p. m. Returned home at 10-30 p. m.

He sniffed on perusal—a sniff of relief. His best friends the Puttannahs lived at no. 56.....St., a chronic and desperately respectable old couple and it

(Continued on page 292)

GIFTS THEY CAN'T EXPLAIN

One man could play with red-hot coals
—and be none the worse.

There is an Englishman—a nurse—who is able, by merely handling an egg, to tell whether or not it is fertile and—more than that—to state the sex of the chicken it will produce.

How do you explain this power? She cannot explain it herself.

There are more people in this world than you might believe who possess similar utterly inexplicable powers. One of the commonest is that of being able to divine water flowing unseen beneath the ground.

Then, a lady living at Rayleigh, in Essex, is able to forecast a storm while the sky is still clear. She does not depend on the barometer. She says:

"I am not conscious of any effort—I just know whether or not it will rain. I can feel a storm coming long before any sign of it appears in the sky."

She Reads Books Blindfold.

There is another woman who can read when blindfold. This sounds absurd, but it should be explained that before the experiment she is mesmerised by her brother. There is, however, no question of telepathy, for any book is taken at random from a shelf.

Sometimes it is a new book that no one present has read or even opened. The blindfolding is done with the greatest care, wads of cottonwool being bound over each eye. The power, as so often happens in cases of this sort, was discovered accidentally.

Another strange gift was described by Professor Turner during a lecture on astronomy. He said that a lady, Miss Annie Cannon, was able to classify the distances of stars in the spectrum almost at a glance. It is an operation which with other people, requires long and laborious measurement. She has classified some 700,000 stars.

The professor reminded his audience of a man who, during the War, was found to possess the gift of being able to straighten rifle barrels without any measurement except that of his eyes. He worked at a speed far beyond that of those who used gauges.

Laughing at the Death Current.

Another amazing case is that of a German engineer who is a "human seismograph." He can foretell earthquakes—he feels them coming "in his bones."

At Sing Sing Prison, in New York, they give a condemned murderer a charge of 7,000 volts, which instantly kills him. There is a man named Francisco Godinez, of Brooklyn, who can withstand a charge greater than this, and who at one time issued a challenge to anyone who liked to try to electrocute him.

There may possibly have been some trick about this performance, but there was certainly none in that of Captain Spalding, another American, who called himself "The Human Salamander," and who for years baffled medical science. In London he visited the composing-room of a great newspaper, dipped up molten metal from a linotype machine and poured it on his tongue. The lead sizzled and turned to slug.

Pain Charmed Away.

This man would light a stick of sealing-wax and let the burning drops fall upon his tongue, or light a cigar and put the burning end into his mouth and hold it till it went out.

When he was a baby his parents found him playing with red-hot coals from the fire. His clothes were slight, but he himself was none the worse.

Another man with a similar gift was a Londoner, Anthony Ryder by name. A blazing torch applied to the soles of his feet caused him no discomfort, and he could match the other feats of Captain Spalding.

Then we have people who possess the gift of healing. There are many of these. In some cases by merely a few passes of the hands these gifted folk can relieve pain.

In one such case, where a patient was dying of a rodent ulcer, an agonising affection and could not take morphia, the healer used to come in every day and hold the patient's hands for half an hour. Then she was completely free from pain for the rest of the twenty-four hours.

FALSE SCENT

BY

F. W. THOMAS

This rather silly business began innocently enough with a rumour of black-berries in Hideaway Hollow. And, since jam costs money, I was bidden to take the dog and come back with enough free fruit to see us through the winter.

Unfortunately—and I didn't discover this until we were a good three miles from home—unfortunately they forgot to give me a basket. So there was nothing for it but to find a comfortable gate and sit there until they found this out and sent along a relief expedition.

But when the grass is damp Sussex is a difficult county to sit down on, and it was another long mile before we found a gate with no prickly wire along its top bar. And there, strewn about among the harebells, were the fragments of Aunt Mary's letter.

Some of the pieces must have blown away, and I spent a good ten minutes trying to fit the rest together and make sense of them.... Darling Elsie... tooth-ache... uncle... indigestion... mutton-chop... doctor...

Then out of the bushes close by came our one and only policeman, P. C. Beadle: off duty, with basket and crook-handled stick, and purple finger-tips. . . . I sorted the bits of paper, stowed some of them in my pockets, and gave him a shout.

Mystery!

"Things pretty slack, as usual?" I asked, and Beadle nodded. Not a single job since July, when he found a dog at large without a collar.

"And as it happened to be the wife's sister's dog I had to take the perishing thing home and say no more about it."

"Bad luck!" I said; and then, gazing at the distant sky and frowning a little: "I suppose you haven't heard of—of anything unusual about here, anybody missing, or—or—or anything like that?"

The bobby shook his head and stared at me.

"Because I've just found these," I went on. "They seem to be bits of a letter which somebody was rather anxious to hide, and it struck me that they might be

worth looking into. Some sort of dirty work, I fancy. And putting two and two together, I shouldn't be a bit surprised—"

"What do you mean?" whispered P. C. Beadle.

"Not—not murder?"

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as that," I said, "but it looks to me—For instance, you see this piece with the word BODY on it. And here's another that says BURY, while on this one are the letters ORSE. . . . That was GORSE. I expect, before it got torn. . . . Bury the body in the gorse,"

"Bust a frog!" said the policeman, and licked his lips. "If this don't beat cock-fighting! Where did you find these, mister?"

"Just close by," I told him: "shoved into a rabbit scrape. And I fancy they were put there yesterday afternoon."

"How do you make that out?" he asked.

"Because the weather's quite calm to-day," I said "whereas yesterday was a bit blowy, and that accounts for the missing pieces. Besides, there were seven dead matches beside the letter, and only one cigarette end; so whoever it was must have had a bit of a job getting a light."

"Well I'm blowed," said P. C. Beadle, "blowed if I ain't! A real, live murder. Down here!"

"Of course," I said, "I may be wrong, but if you, with your trained mind—"

"A murder!" said the constable. "Bury the body in the gorse. . . . D'you know, I've often thought that this'd be a lovely place for a murder. Lovely! All these bushes and nobody about. May be you'd hardly believe it, but it's been the dream of my life to find a body stowed away in the brambles. And now it's come!"

"Well, I'm not so sure," I said: "but it certainly looks a bit fishy. This word CLUB, for instance. Somebody's advising somebody else how to do it. And if

you put these two pieces together, one says DIS and the other says MEMBER."

"I got you," said P. C. Beadle. "Bash him with the club, and then cut him up and bury him in the gorse. . . . The dirty dogs!"

"And what do you make of this piece?" I asked, "It says OOD. What about blood?"

A Bit of Overtime

"That's it!" said Beadle. That's the idea! Don't forget to mop up the blood. And what's it say here?—SKULL—That's where he was to bash him with the club. In my opinion, there has been foul play, and I'd better warn you that anything you say may be used as evidence—Oh no, that comes later on. But I'll take these bits of paper, and between me and you and the gate-post, I'm going to do this when I'm off duty. A little bit of overtime, on my own. Otherwise we'll have them chaps from Scotland Yard coming down and spoiling everything. So if you wouldn't mind keeping mum for a day or two—"

He picked up his basket of black berries and strode down the hill with a business-like tread, peering and poking into the bracken as he went.

I have met him several times since then, deep in the tangled briars and brambles, groping in the mud for signs of a struggle, or asking strange questions in the Sickle and Sheaf.

Sometimes I wonder if I ought to give him the rest of Aunt Mary's letter, which tells how "uncle has gone to the CLUB to see some-BODY." and how "his indigestion is much w-ORSE"; and how the doctor is "a bit of a num-SKULL." And how later on, she says "I DIS-tinctly re-MEMBER" something or other about "BURY St. Edmunds, where the f-OOD disagreed with him."

But somehow I can't do it. He is so happy, so swelled up and important, that I hate to spoil it.

The real trouble is that anybody may be arrested at any moment; and if he should happen to pick on me—

"Tit-Bits."

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TWICE FOOLED

(Continued from page 288)

was hardly likely she was engaged otherwise there. Well he might as well wait and see.

In the days that followed he received from time to time reports, but always they contained nothing that even the most censorious of critics could have construed into a significance of misbehaviour. Meantime Mr. Rajam's fees were mounting as steadily as the figures on the taximeter of a taxi containing a flirtatious couple bound nowhere in particular.

He told himself if Saroj (his spouse) was engaged in some illicit affair, long ago she would have walked into the trap. The place she seems to visit so much is about as likely to contain a man as the desert of Sahara and I have been entirely unjust.

I will settle the bill and end the matter for good and all. He did so and winced rather aggressively when he saw the amount.

In the upper apartments of a cosy house in N.,..... was seated Saroj in a comfortable sofa with a young man bending over her, who in the intervals of kissing was talking excitedly.

"By jove, what a bit of wonderful luck" he was saying. "There must be a well disposed young Cupid who is taking a keen interest in people like you and me. Sorry I had to invent all these reports—a tissue of lies—but just think what would have been if he had gone to some other chap and not to ME."

And the young man was Rajan himself of Rajam & Co., the famous private detective and Jivanathan was TWICE FOOLED by both.

Jivanathan was no wiser though certainly a loser in pocket.

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BY
TREVOR ALLEN

No poison gas of modern warfare, no deadly bacillus conceived by the mind of H. G. Wells, is so sure and treacherous a killer of human life as—radium.

A minute particle introduced into the human system may have fatal effects years later, and the victim never suspect the agent of his destruction. It is death working stealthily in the dark, striking from within at the core of the life-force : and there is no reprieve from the doom.

That is the gist of a warning recently issued by Lord Lee of Fareham. Radium, the great white hope of mankind for the cure and alleviation of cancer and other malignant growths, is also, improperly applied, "the most lethal and dangerous of poisons." The good it has done during the past few years as a specific of medical science is nothing to the harm it may wreak in the future if its supply and use are not rigidly controlled.

According to Lord Lee, a tiny flake of the substance containing only one gramme is "sufficient to murder your neighbour sleeping on the other side of the wall of a semi-detached house, without arousing suspicions in the mind of his family or the police."

One-hundredth part of a milligramme, not much larger than a grain of sand, absorbed into the human body, "is sufficient to produce certain and horrible death years after."

Apart from its menace to mankind, what a theme for the writers of murder thrillers ! Invisible death from an unidentifiable source, necessitating no contact with the victim, no direct administration. Arsenical poisoning, by comparison, is a crude and primitive method ; so is the gas attack in war, and even the Wellsian death-ray in "The War of the Worlds."

Saw Her Own Ghost

Lord Lee cites a case from New Jersey, in the United States, to illustrate the grave perils of thought-

lessness in the use of radium. There, girls whose job it was to paint luminous watch-dials with a preparation containing only minute quantities of radium or mesothorium, a cognate substance, pointed the brushes at intervals with their tongues.

Four years and more after they had left their employment they began to suffer. The residual radium sulphate had been deposited in their bones, where it set up an internal bombardment of Alpha particles. These are the most potent and destructive agents known to science. They have a velocity of 12,000 to 18,000 miles per second. Their activity does not cease even with the life of the victim. They operate for at least another 1,700 years !

Further, the infinitesimal amount of radium absorbed in this particular way was yet sufficient to cause the victim to emit radiations visible long after death as well as during life. One of them, it is stated, first became aware of her affliction when she saw a phosphorescent reflection of herself in a mirror in the dark—in other words, her own ghost.

The power of these radiations may be judged from the fact that when a quarter of an ounce of powdered bone taken from one of the skeletons five years after death was submitted to tests with a delicate form of galvanometer, it produced waves of sound described as a "continuous static-like shriek."

The number of girl workers who died as a result of this practice is not known ; but eighteen were undoubtedly victims, says Lord Lee, and thirty more are regarded as doomed. It is difficult to associate such a slow and terrible death with the simple operation of painting luminous figures on watch dials and touching the tongue with the brush. but in this case radium was the unsuspected killer.

Another case is cited from America. A Pittsburg iron-master and amateur golf champion drank large quantities of advertised "radium waters" because their immediate effect was pleasant and stimulating and seemed to improve his game.

New Danger

Being a man of money, he made gifts of cases of the beverage to his sporting friends. The effect on them has not been traced; but he himself died recently from necrosis of the jaws, acute anæmia, and abscess of the brain, and the post-mortem revealed the largest amount of radium ever found in the human body—some thirty micrograms, sufficient to kill three adults.

Radium costs £15,000 a gramme. There are only 500 grammes in the world, worth £7,500,000, of which 68 grammes, worth over £1,000,000, are in this country—21 of them controlled by the National Commission, whose function is to distribute supplies equitably where they are needed for medical research and commercial purposes. Most of it comes from the Chinkolobwe mine in the Belgian Congo, where production is rigidly controlled to maintain price level, and the yield of 61 grammes in 1930 was reduced to 44 last year.

Why, then, the fear that radium may in the future be misused on a comparatively wide scale with disastrous results if it is not completely controlled?

Because British mining engineers in Canada have recently discovered a method of extracting radium in much larger and therefore cheaper quantities from pitch-blende ores in the Great Bear Lake district, the first radium refinery is being established at Port Hope, Ontario, and Government chemists at Ottawa have obtained satisfactory results from experimental research.

The Minister of Mines has, in fact, stated that in his opinion, Canada will not only be able to produce sufficient radium for her own medical, scientific, and commercial needs, but will be able to sell in the world markets.

She can produce her radium with less than half the number of complicated operations required by the Belgians at the hitherto unachieved rate of one gramme per ten tons of ore.

Hence Lord Lee's warning and plea that radium should be prohibited from importation or sale except under special licence.

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"EXTRA SPECIAL"

The New hat looked irresistible—and
it certainly brought him luck!

BY
F. MORTON HOWARD

Mr. Joseph Potter's confidences faltered to a stop.

"Well, get on with it," Mr. William Sharman adjured his shipmate. "You was out last evening with George Tadson, and you met a gal in Eastgate Street. Well, what 'appened?"

"Clean bowled over by 'er, I was. Bill, the very moment I set eyes on 'er," confessed Potter.

"Oh, well, don't you worry," Sharman recommended. "You'll get over it."

"B-but I don't *want* to get over it!" protested Potter. "That gal's knocked me. It's serious—dead serious! I've 'ardly 'ad a wink o' sleep since I see 'er. She was with a gal friend 'oo Georges 'appened to know. 'E stopped 'or, and we interdooced ourselves all round. 'Er name is West—Millie West."

"What did you talk about?"

"I dunno. I just listened. We'd 'ardly met 'em ten minutes afore the gal friend said as they must be getting along, and that there George was fool enough to let 'em go!"

"Know where she lives?"

"No."

"Ah, well, this ain't such a large place. Pretty nigh everybody passes somewhere about the Cross most nights," remarked Mr. Sharman. "And we're 'ore in dock for another five days, so you're sure to meet 'er again."

"What's the good o' me meeting 'er,—when I 'aven't—"

"Why don't you pack up talking so dismal!" interrupted Sharman. "Pull yourself together! Even if you fancies you ain't got such a lot to rec'mend you, why can't you make the most of what you 'ave got?"

For perhaps ten minntes Potter thought over this advice. Then, with a purposeful air, he proceeded to habit himself in his best.

He reached the heart of the town round about a quarter past six. This way and that, in the vicinit of

the Cross, he sauntered. Occasionally he dawdled before shop windows, and thus it was he saw the hat.

It was in the window of a shop devoted to the sale of men's wear, and it was, without doubt, a noble affair. It was of a soft felt, very plushy and sheenful, and of a light grey hue. The sweep of its large brim was positively romantic, and a large tuft of exotic-looking feathers burgeoned from the band at the back.

The ticket affixed to the hat bore the words, "Extra Special." Eight shillings and six pence was the sale price.

(Continued on page 293)

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WILL BE ISSUED

From

AUGUST

PATENT 7777 Made Marconi MASTER OF THE ETHER

Thirty years ago, on the 21st of January, 1903, the first Atlantic wireless telegraph was officially inaugurated when King Edward sent a message to President Roosevelt. Marconi's triumph then has been followed by many others, the latest being his remarkable success with micro-waves, by which wireless messages can be transmitted on a wavelength of one metre or less, thus helping to solve the problem of the jamming of the ether by long-wave transmission.

Behind the great scientific inventions of the world there is always the human story. Probe the story of the turbine and you come upon the romance of Hero, the steam engine, and you find the brooding lad Watt. So with the coming of the miracle of wireless.

Some seventy years ago an Italian landed proprietor, Giuseppe Marconi, met and fell in love with a beautiful Irish girl, the daughter of Andrew Jameson, of Daphne Castle, County Wexford. The second son of this Anglo-Italian marriage was named Guglielmo.

Young Guglielmo preferred electrical "gadgets" to games and books on physics to fiction. No young enthusiast can read the text-books on electricity without coming under the influence of the great Clerk Maxwell and his follower, Heinrich Hertz.

For Marconi Herizian waves formed a sign-post pointing the unknown road to scientific miracles. He set to work to produce them. Thirty-six years ago, in the scented garden of his father's country house at Pontecchio, near Bologna, young Marconi set up his crude and inefficient apparatus.

His first success was the transmission of a wireless signal the length of that garden. And before the year was out, after many failures, he had increased the distance to a mile and more.

These experiments lifted wireless telegraphy from the lecture-room scientific curiosity into the realm of applied science.

BY
George GODWIN

The first forward stride came when Marconi used the elevated aerial. His signals increased quite remarkably, but they were far from perfect. Then it was that he followed up this initial success with another—the buried earth.

Swift Steps Forward.

One day, while working in his father's garden, he discovered that by connecting one of the spheres of the spark-gap by means of a vertical wire to a metal plate buried in the earth, he was able to multiply many times the range of communication for a given amount of power.

Thus the first "earth," familiar to every school boy wireless enthusiast, came into being.

Marconi's swift brain leapt forward. He envisaged the possibilities of wireless telegraphy and saw it as commonplace a servant of mankind as the ordinary telegraph.

The first wireless patent in the world was taken out by Marconi when he came to London in 1896. The Post Office now sensed the future possibilities of this revolutionary system of telegraphy, and Marconi was invited to give a demonstration. These experiments were carried out on the roof of the General Post Office. More experiments were demanded and duly took place.

The TATLER
BECOMES
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on Salisbury Plain. Soon after, a wireless message was flashed across the Bristol Channel from Penarth to Broam Down.

The Italian Government then invited Marconi to demonstrate between the land and the Italian fleet. This time the wireless signals traversed twelve miles between ship and land over the water. And so the period of pioneer research was over. Marconi had arrived. Wireless telegraphy had become a prime factor in the development of communications.

Marconi returned to England and registered the first wireless company—the Wireless Telegraph and Signal Company, the parent company of the present world organization.

Many instances of the first successes could be cited but one of the most thrilling was in March, 1899, when a steamer ran into and holed the South Foreland lightship. The lightship carried wireless apparatus and transmitted the first distress call ever sent out over the sea. The life boat put out, the crew of the lightship was saved.

Marconi was far from satisfied with what had been achieved. He dreamed of a system of wireless communications that should girdle the earth.

Thirty-one years ago he applied for and was granted a new patent, the famous Patent 7777, as important in the story of wireless as the Battle of Hastings is in our history. Patent 7777 made possible tuned or syntonistic telegraphy, and ushered in the era of long-distance wireless telegraphy. Marconi began work immediately.

"Clicks" That Crossed the Atlantic.

His first long-distance station was set up at Poldhu in Cornwall. The station was completed and in 1901 Marconi sailed for Newfoundland. The experts did not

believe that a wireless message could be sent across the Atlantic, because of the earth's curvature. But Marconi, who had already sent signals 200 miles, was undismayed.

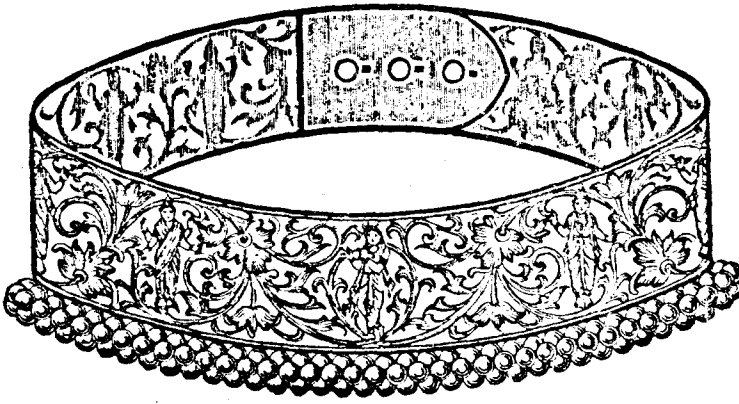
It had been arranged that after a certain date the Cornish station was to send out continuously a succession of S's. In a driving gale sweeping from the Atlantic over Signal Hill, Newfoundland, Marconi sent up the balloon that was to serve as aerial for his receiving apparatus. The line snapped and the balloon vanished: kites were substituted, and with an ordinary telephone earpiece and coherer detector, the great inventor waited for the three clicks.

The three clicks duly came—faint, but unmistakable. Marconi had thrown a message across the wastes of the Atlantic without tangible connection.

No modern invention has swept forward with the imposing sweep that has brought wireless from its infant stage to technical perfection in less than forty years. Not even the progress in flying wonderful as that triumph of man is, strikes the imagination with such awe as the sound of a human voice singing from the other end of the world writes "G. B.", in "Tit-Bits."

It is sometimes suggested that Marconi did not invent wireless telegraphy. In so far as every invention owes much to the pioneer work of many brilliant minds this is true. But it is true no further.

Inventive genius, plus a superb imaginative sweep, made wireless a commercial proposition instead of a scientific curiosity. And nobody to-day denies the credit of this stupendous triumph to Guglielmo Marconi, hereditary Marquis of Italy, Nobel Prize winner, and Master of the Ether.



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"EXTRA SPECIAL"

(Continued from page 295)

Potter regarded the hat. The more he gazed at it, the more certain was he that any man wearing that hat need fear no rebuffs. No man could fail to be irresistible in such headgear.

His hand crept to his pocket. Yes, he had money enough. He entered the shop.

By a matter of merely three or four sizes the hat proved nearly an exact fit. A resourceful assistant, with a few deft tugs and twists remedied even that slight difference. Potter handed over his eight-and-six, and the devastating hat was his property. Then, his cloth cap wrapped in a paper bag and thrust into one of his side pockets, he proudly quitted the establishment.

Promptly his hat secured ribald attention from passers-by. People smiled at it wherever he went. But of this Mr. Potter was hardly aware. What he did notice he ascribed to envy and covetousness.

Inspired with a rare confidence, he continued his promenade. Seven o'clock came and half-past seven. It was eight when at last Miss Millie West came into his ken.

But Miss West was not alone. She was in the company of a willowy young man with a face faintly reminiscent of a duck. She was smiling up at him when she passed Potter.

"You do say funny things, Teddy!" she was telling her companion.

Spasmodically Mr. Potter took a step forward, faltered, and stood still again.

All his fond hopes had fallen from him. Mistily he revolved the situation. She'd already got a fellow—a fellow called "Teddy." So he hadn't an earthly chance. The whole thing was irrevocably settled.

For an hour and more he drifted aimlessly along broad thoroughfares and narrow side streets.

Coincidence ruled that his unconsidered path back towards the dock should bring him abreast of a cinema. A trickle of departing patrons heralded the end of the entertainment, and brought Millie West and her companion again into Potter's view.

They did not see him, but marched off together. Potter skulked along twenty yards behind the pair, and scowled every time they laughed.

Millie lived near by. The couple came to a hall outside a small house, and Potter effaced himself in the shadow of a wall.

The girl and her companion exchanged good nights. They did not kiss, but their handshake was lingering. Then Millie skipped into the house, and her gentleman friend sauntered off round a corner.

Dully Potter resumed his way back to the docks. A tramcar stood waiting. He mounted to the top deck and dropped into a seat. Before long he was dozing.

The conductor woke him to collect his fare, then Potter slumbered again, and so was carried beyond his point.

He was roused by the car stopping at the terminus. His best course, the conductor told him, was to go back with the tram.

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So he sat and waited. He was feeling grumpy, dissatisfied, and vastly ill-used. Then, just as the car was about to start, he perceived passing below on the pavement. Miss West's companion of the evening.

At sight of that young man, all Potter's discontent flamed up into a violent dislike, and infused him with a berserker rage quite foreign to his nature.

He leaned over the side of the car.

"Ov!" he shouted. "You! You with the big nose!"

Miss West's friend, somewhat bewildered by this hostile demonstration from a complete stranger, came to the side of the car.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked.

"There's a nose!" chanted Potter. "Crikey! It looks as if you could roll it about like a elephant's trunk!"

"Come out from under the 'at, and let's see your face!" requested the other young man. "Just becoss you're wearing your grandfather's best 'at—"

"My 'at's all right!"

"What a 'at!" taunted the willowy young man. "Was it give to you, or did you find it? What you wants is one on the car'ole, and that's what you'll get if I comes up there to you!"

"Come on, then!" invited Potter.

"You come down 'ere!" suggested the other young man.

The tramcar began to move off. Potter was borne away, hooting and scorning, while the young man was left shaking his fists and promising vengeance.

It was a heavy-eyed and dispirited Potter who woke next morning, but Sharman was in excellent mood.

"My word," he observed, while he was dressing. "that's 'andsome 'at you've got there, Joe!"

"Extry special," mentioned Potter listlessly.

Sharman picked up the hat, put it on, and padded across to the little mirror. Though he could only view himself in sections, it was obvious that he fancied himself in it.

"Wouldn't mind standing meself a posh 'at like this," he declared. "I 'ad a good evening last night. Won nigh on eight bob. Care to sell us it?"

"Shouldn't mind. I don't want it. Eight-and-six it was."

"I'll give you seven and a-tanner for it, second 'and," offered Sharman.

"All right," assented Potter. "I don't want it."

Sharman paid over three half-crowns, and wore the hat while he went on dressing.

At a darkish corner near the quayside, that evening. Sharman was keeping his share of an appointment, when a tall young man with a large nose pulled up sharply a couple of yards away and stared at the hat.

Then he crept forward. A moment later Sharman's hat was knocked off his head, and he felt the heavy impact of a boot.

Ever ready for such emergencies, and, indeed, rather welcoming them, Sharman swung round and closed with his assailant.

The combat was short and one-sided, for Sharman was a gladiator of energy and experience. The tall young man's eye sustained grievous damage: his nose became still more prominent. At last, deciding that vengeance was proving too costly he turned tail and fled.

(Continued on page 301)

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May you prosper long, O "Tatler",
Spreading laughter,
Humour, Fun, Frolic and Fiction
To all the men!
How successful in these two years
In all the spheres
Of mankind thou hast been always
In all the ways!
Thy features gay and contents sweet
Shan't fail to meet
The wishes of ev'ry critic
In the public!
All that we need more is that thou,
At least from now,
Shouldst grace not as a "Monthly"
But as "Fortnightly".
Thou canst rest assured, O Tatler,
In this matter,
That ev'ry reader in thy cause
Shall mind no loss.
We welcome thee whole-heartedly
Rich Fortnightly!
Come and freely spread harmony
To nook ev'ry!

SOLVE MY RIDDLE?

Treasured with truTh, here comes a mag,
In colours gAy, shining its flag,
At all the Times, in ev'ry land,
Its fame reaL, its aspects grand!
In ev'ry pagE, mirth, love and light
Bring true pictuRes of rapture's height!
Many a geM of ray serene
Enrich this mAg with deathless sheen!
Read this, you'll finD all those riches
Which to readeRs all it fetches!
If what I sAy, you would care for
From you succesS shall ne'er be far!

—S. K. Badsha Chishty (Kowtal), Adoni.

"EXTRA SPECIAL"

(Continued from page 299)

Sharman scuttled after him, but the tall young man could run, even if he couldn't fight.

Despite this victory, Sharman was not in good spirits when he got back to the ship.

"I've 'ad a rotten evening!", he grumbled. "Lost all the eight bob I won last night, and another six bob on top 'o that."

"'Ard luck!" murmured Potter.

"I'll 'ave to got you to buy that 'at back, Joe. I'm broke. You'll give me the money and 'ave your 'at again, to oblige a chap, won't you, Joe, old chum?"

"Well, I donno!" demurred Mr. Potter.

"It suits you far better than it do me, Joe. Come on Joe; don't treat a pal mean!"

"Oh, all right! I'll 'ave it back," agreed Potter, reaching for his trousers and handing over the required sum.

Soon after seven next evening Mr. Potter was strolling towards the local cinema. The dashing grey hat was on his head.

A hundred yards from the Cross a sudden sense of breathlessness awaited Potter, for Millie West and the willowy young man were approaching at close range. He noted that his rival's visage was badly battered.

The pair were almost abreast of Mr. Potter when he raised his hat. After a second of indecision the girl recognised him and smiled nicely.

Then her companion saw the hat. His jaws dropped apart. He stared at Potter, then whisked about and scampered across the street.

"Why, whatever—!" wondered the girl. "P'r'aps he's being funny. He often is," she mentioned, with just a touch of restlessness. "P'r'aps it's your hat!"

She frowned across at the other young man.

"He is silly!" she declared. "I don't see he's any need to make fun of people, with his face all banged about like that, even though it was a motor accident. Let's go across to him."

They began to cross the street. The willowy young man set off down the pavement.

"Run after him and tell him to stop!" ordered the young lady.

Obediently Mr. Potter trotted forward. But the other young man sped full speed round a corner and was lost to Mr. Potter's view.

"Ob, well, let him run away, and keep away!" the girl exclaimed. "I'm sure I don't want to be bothered with him!"

They lingered awhile in silence.

"Well, I must be getting on," said Millie West at last.

"I—s'pose you—wouldn't! care to c-come to the pictures?" stammered Potter. "N-not with a chap like me, I mean?"

She looked thoughtfully at him. She was not weighing his invitation. Something in his tone had caught her attention.

"Oh, I—I wish you would!" he added. "O, course, I don't s'pose—"

A strange gravity held her silent. She saw the wistful appeal of his expression and something deep in his eyes that Joe Potter himself had never seen.

"Oh, well——" she fluttered.

"No, I don't see 'ow I could ave hexpected——"

"Which one shall we go to?" she asked.

He stared, not daring at first to believe his good fortune. She gave him a little smile of confirmation.

"All of 'em!" he declared, rapturously. "Ars-wers."

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SUN

SAVED HIS SWE

By PAUL

Up the hill in the sunshine walked a file of nearly naked boys whose bodies the sun had turned the brown of old pennies.

These boys had come to this hillside as pasty-faced waifs with tubercle microbes nesting in their glands.

Here they were now scholars, strangely not bored with their schooling, in this school of the sun dreamer—Auguste Rollier. In 1903 that peculiar Swiss surgeon had jumped clean out of surgical respectability. It was his dream that knives, serums, and new, long-named chemicals of medical science were not a patch on the cheap, simple light of Old Doctor Sun—not when it came to checking tuberculosis.

For twenty-eight years Rollier, huge, brown-faced, and gentle-voiced has stood by with out-landish patience, watching the sun's energy light up a still mysterious microbe-murdering chemistry in the maimed bodies of thousands of pain-racked people who came up his mountainride pronounced incurable.

His patience has done what the most elaborate scientific savants have failed to do miserably.

Rollier's worship of the sun began when he was a schoolboy in the eighteen-eighties on the shores of the Lake of Neuchâtel. He was the pale son of a bookish professor, and from his first year in school he didn't like the way the brown-faced farmer boys could get the better of him.

From then on he began bathing his bare body, lying like a lizard in the sun, and turning himself into an Indian.

His spaniel taught him a lesson. That creature developed a tumour on its spine. Rollier was already dreaming of being a knife man, and now cut this tumour out and covered it with an elaborate dressing.

"Every time I bandaged him, he clawed those dressings off," Rollier said. Then one day he came upon his dumb disobedient patient lying with the wound wide open to the sun, and healing. So on, every day, until it was completely better.

Now the fate of one of his own school pals taught Rollier how mutilation and death—as well as healing—comes from cold steel even in the hands of a surgical genius as his lean-faced, grey-bearded master unquestionably was.

This pal of Rollier had stumbled, bounced down the gymnasium steps, got t. b. in his hip, had tried to cure it by rest, had failed, and then gone to the great Kocher, in Berne, who'd cut out that hip joint masterfully.

Futility of the Knife

Pale, and with one leg shorter, the boy came back to school. He was gay, he was hopeful, he was sure the poison was out of him.

Then the t. b. devils set to work at his knee joint and Kocher cut that out, too—in a masterful manner.

By now Rollier was Kocher's right-hand man, and who should he suddenly see, but his old pal—out of whose knee Kocher had cut every single last t. b. bacillus. The boy's face was earth-grey and pain-twisted, with hope gone out of it—it was the grimmest of lessons for Rollier, when at last his boss cut out his pal's shoulder joint. That was the fifth operation—after hip joint, knee joint, one foot, one finger. . . .

The boy thanked Kocher and Rollier for all their skill and their kindness, and left the clinic, and eased himself out of the tortured life he had left—by suicide.

And Rollier learned that tuberculosis of the bones and joints can't be cut out of anybody like a tumour—that it was in the blood, raising its ugly head in a hip when you'd cut it clean out of a knee. It was—fifty times out of every hundred—hopeless.

Then Rollier's sweetheart fell sick with serious t. b. of her lungs, and went up for rest and a fresh air cure to Leysin, a mile high on the south slope of a mountain. She waited, wondering whether she'd get better and marry Rollier, or. . . .

DOCTOR

ETHEART'S LIFE

DE KRUIF

"Where the Sun Is . . ."

Rollier tossed a brilliant surgical future over his shoulder, followed her up there, and went back to the bottom of the ladder to start again as a country doctor. Up and down those hills he stalked from one miserable chalet to the next one: surgeon, baby doctor, gynaecologist, midwife—everything to those mountaineers.

Then he would walk back to his sweetheart, dreaming about his sun-bronzed playmates who were never sick, about his sun-bathing spaniel who was his own best surgeon, about his t. b. riddled pal driven to suicide by the futility of the knife of that master knife-man. Kocher—how were these mountaineers different?

Then Rollier had news of an old surgeon—Bernhard, of Samaden.

Bernhard, purely through bitter experience, had got sceptical of knives, and had observed that his ignorant mountaineer patients bathed their meat in the mountain sun—that was all they had to do to keep bugs out of it.

They lived to a great age, and they were always making that wise-crack about: "where the sun is the doctor ain't." In the beginning it had annoyed Bernhard. But in less than no time he had started his whole life again, turning high Swiss sunlight on to gaping wounds.

And now Rollier followed Bernhard.

Under the sun his sweetheart got better, married him, and they were happy again. Now a strange procession began tricking up the road from Aigle toward Leysin to Rollier. It was a sad parade of crippled children looking like little old men and women, many of them moaning at the slightest movement, and all with skin pasty, shrivelled, flabby.

Among these were older folks on crutches, beings no better than dwarfs, bow-backed, with the bitterness of their pain and the shame of their deformity plain

on their faces, though the cheeks of some were spotty-red with the sinister rouge of fever, and with eyes bright with the dreadful gleam of the tuberculosis.

Rollier eased these wretches with a sun and almost imperceptible gentleness into the strong, generous light of the mountain sun. First they'd lie for days in an airy room with the door wide open. Then for more days Rollier would roll them on vibrationless, big wheeled beds on to balconies, looking south, but shaded. From their shrivelled limbs bandages, horribly tuberculous, and plaster casts were taken off gently, and their purulent wounds were exposed to the air—but not yet to sun.

New Life—New Hope

And so, bit by bit, Rollier turned the sun on to their entire bodies. He let the sun bathe them till at last—with never so much as a blister or even the faintest redness of sunburn—they were brown all over. And as their skin turned light brown the pain left their bones. As the brown turned to coppery bronze, little smiles began to pass over their faces. It was a slow, slow business, of weeks, of months, but what of it, since they felt new strength stirring in them?

No human wreck was too bad for Rollier to tackle. To have seen him you would have said: one boy ("R. R." on the publisher's records) was absolutely at the end of his tether. He'd been given up by the best surgeons of Vienna. He was five years old, but weighed only twenty-two pounds, and his face when he came up to Leysin was ashy white, with bluish lips, and unnatural blue veins ran up his forehead.

On his neck, under his arm, in his groin, were enormous tuberculosis glands.

Both of his legs, both of his feet, his right arm (so reported the Viennese surgeons) were utterly beyond saving. His left lung in his deformed chest had ad-

anced consumption at its apex. In thirty-four distinct places those t. b. Bealzebubs were gnawing.

In July, 1903, came the first gentle touch of old Doctor Sun and in June, 1909, R. R. was transformed into a husky, brown-bodied little imp.

Three years later, and he's a pupil in Rollier's school in the sun—on skis and naked in the snow. A year later, and he's making hay as strong as any peasant boy in the sun. He is able to do a man's work and does not tire.

To-day, twenty-three years later, he is a marked gardener, making his living with those feet, legs, hands, and arms the surgeons had said were beyond all hope.

Among a hundred and sixty-one of such doomed people that came to Leysin over a long stretch of years, only five have died.

Nearly ninety out of a hundred are healed and working again. They are entirely normal men and women.

—Pearson's Weekly.

It is only in a quiet backwater on the river that some young women realise the power of the Press.

When the call for charity goes forth, some men put their hands in their pocket at once—and keep them there until the danger is over.



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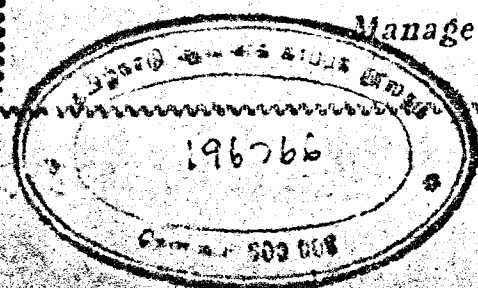
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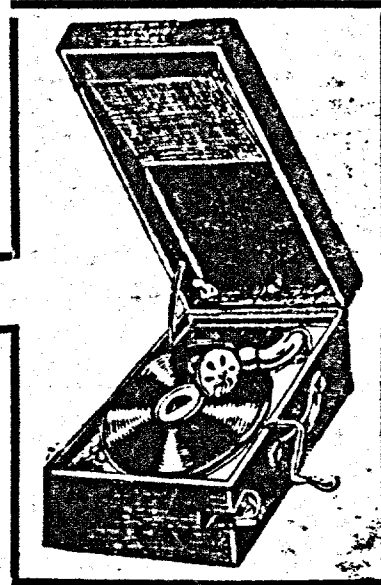
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