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SEPTEMBER
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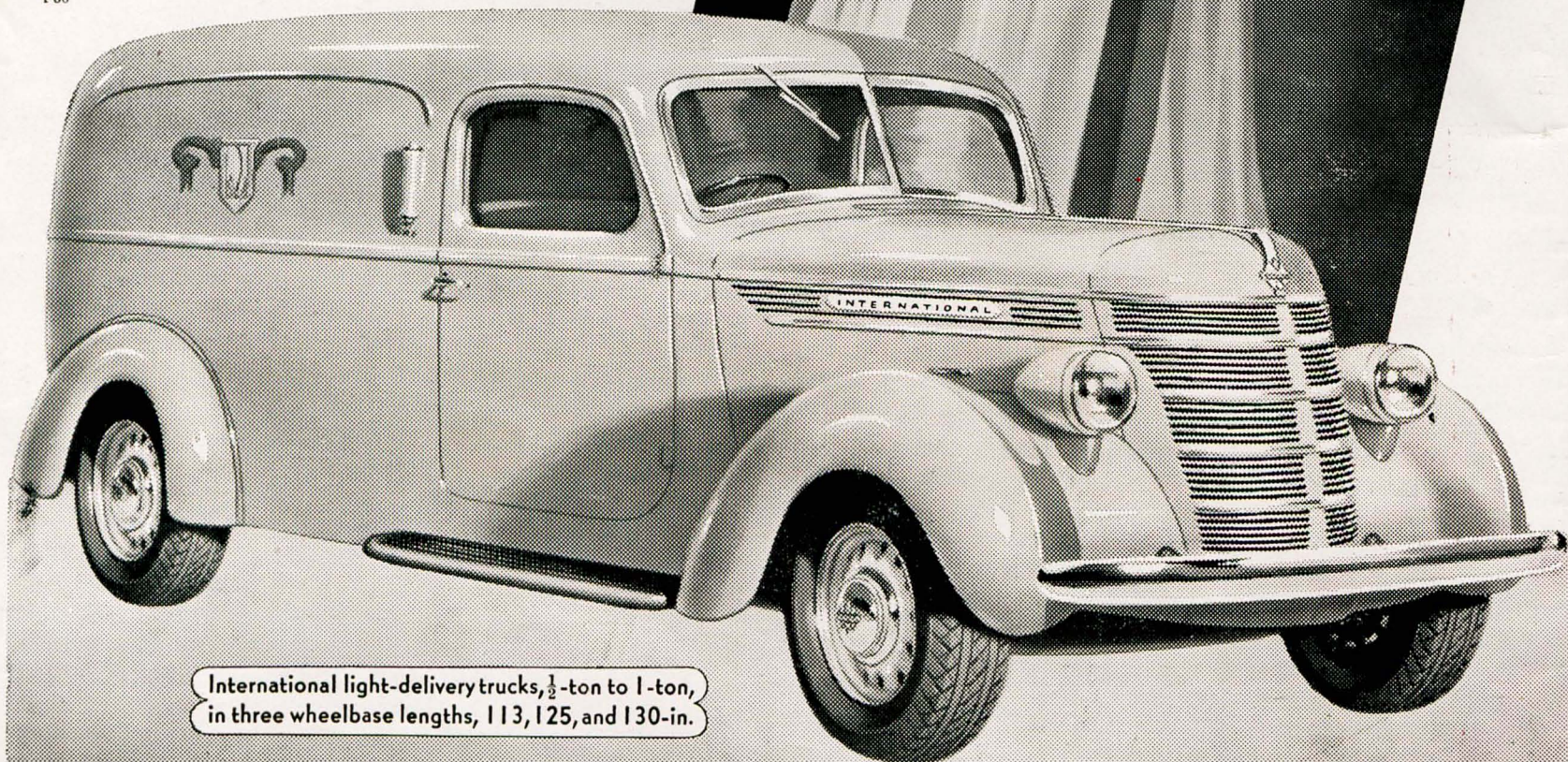
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"TO HAVE THE HONOR"

MISS DOROTHY MARK has consented to produce A. A. Milne's delightful play, "To Have the Honour," for the Perth College Old Girls' Dramatic Society, which will be presented on September 15 and 16 in the Studio, Perth College, Mt. Lawley. The caste has been carefully selected, and will include Mary Agg in the role of Angela Battersby, opposite to Dick Calthrop as Simon Bettesby. Miss Eula Reid will play Jennifer, Miss Stella Atwell should make a good Emily. Mr. L. Keller will take the part of Captain Holt with Miss Sheila Gill as Mrs. Holt. Miss Elsie Johnstone, well known for her excellent character parts, will be Mrs. Faithfull, with Cynthia Neville as Imogen Faithfull. Others in the caste will be Bill Urquhart as Dr. Ainslie, Dudley Knight as Prince Michael, and Mr. Jack Bedells as James Oliver.

"THE RIVALS"

THE P.F.A. Players are busy rehearsing "The Rivals," under the direction of Mrs. Douglas Kent, who will be better remembered as Miss Lysbeth Bownass. This performance will be open to the public at the Assembly Hall on Friday and Saturday, October 21 and 22. Their cast will include Miss Tess Palmer as Lydia Languish, Lillian Palmer as Faulkland, Enid Tulloch as Captain Absolute, Beryl Grant as Anthony Absolute, Elsie Watson as Mrs. Malaprop, Nancy Kerriecher as Julia Melville, Mary Patterson as Lucy the Maid, Jean Grant as Fag, and Andrienne Tulloch as Thomas. Much attention is being focussed on the frocking of the presentation.



SPECTACULAR ARTISTS . . . Gwen Callow and John Lister in a pose from their Cuban Rhumba.

TURNER'S

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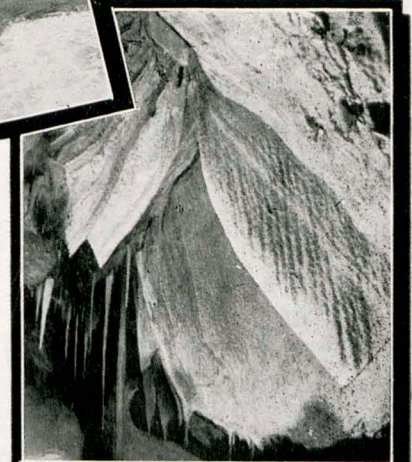
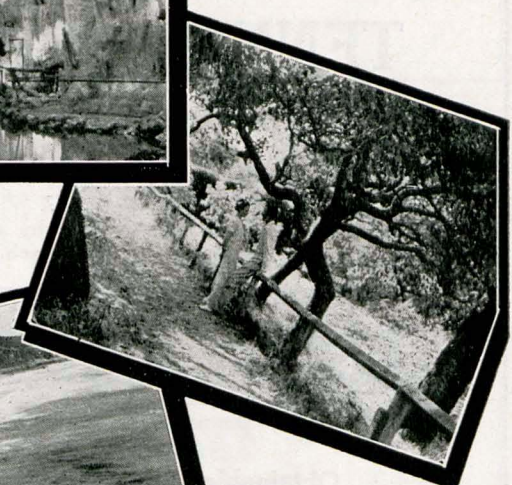
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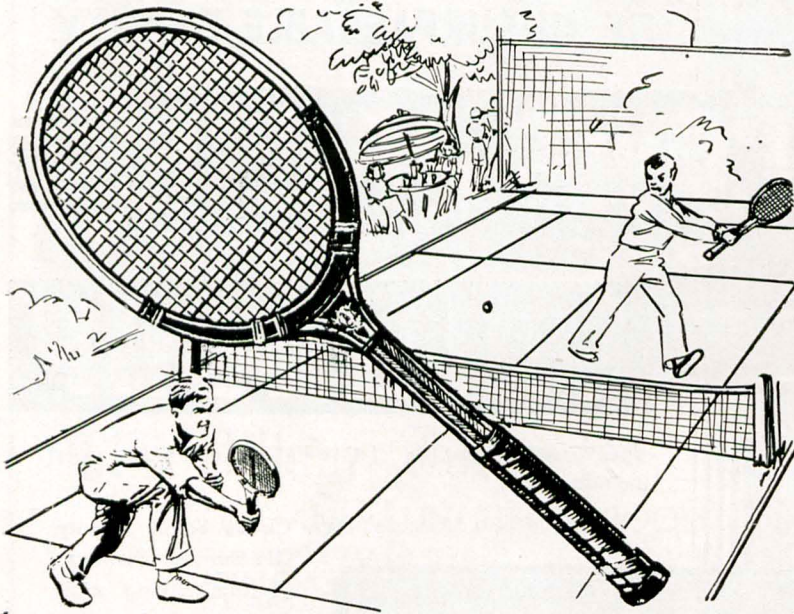


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Quiet Girl



IN a certain dismal afternoon, a telephone conversation occurred in Chicago. Part of it was as follows:

"Hello, Bull, this is May."

"Yeah. Hello, May. What's up?"

"I just wanted to tell you I'm quitting."

"Quitting what?"

"You and Chicago and everything."

"What for "

"Because I'm sick and tired of the whole business. I'm leaving."

"What if I say you can't "

"You won't see me again."

"Maybe nobody will see you. Maybe you won't be around."

May Ward thus broke off with Bull Kiley, of Chicago, who ranked as a racketeer of the second order. She had been keeping company with Bull for two years, but he had never got round to marrying her. Now, at twenty-seven and still very attractive, she was fed up with Bull, Chicago, and the whole works. . . .

In the town of West Borden, May took a room in the home of a Mrs. Bagley, and began a new life under the name of Anna Smith. Back in Chicago, Bull informed his associates that May had ducked out on him, but might not live long.

However, nothing happened to the stranger in West Borden. There was a garden back of Mrs. Bagley's cottage and there the girl sat under a tree, reading books from the public library. That was her only contact with the outer world—the library. One day the kind-faced librarian asked her where she worked.

"I haven't any job," said Miss Smith.

"Do you want one," inquired the librarian, and Anna Smith thereupon went to work as assistant librarian at moderate pay and the old Chicago life began to fade.

In her new work, she noticed a young fellow who came in twice a week to get books. His name was Leland Otis and he worked for a West Borden chain store, groceries and meats. He was a cheerful-looking young man, chatted pleasantly of his own affairs and of how his people wanted him to go out to Santa Fe and manage the chain store in that town. One evening, when Anna Smith finished work, she left the library and Otis happened to be passing by.

"Good evening, Miss Smith" he said smilingly. "Nice afternoon."

She smiled and nodded.

"I suppose you're going home "

She said yes so Leland walked all the way home with her, chatted cheerily, said good evening at the gate and went on his way. . . . Little by little they became acquaintances.

What he discovered, as time passed, was that she was the quietest girl he'd ever known. After they were well acquainted, he invited her to dances, the movies, band concerts and such like, but she always shook her head.

"Don't you like dancing " he asked.

"No. I never dance. I never dance."

"Don't you like movies ,either "

"No. Not much."

"Well, gosh, what do you do "

"Oh, I read and take walks."

"You're about the strangest one I ever knew," he told

by **FRANK CONDON**

her. "You ought to have some excitement, once in a while."
"I don't need any excitement," she said. "I enjoy it here."

"Yes, but I don't know if it's healthy—not going anywhere."

"I go a bit. I take long walks."

"Yes, but you never go to a theatre or a dance hall, or even a ball game. Maybe you would enjoy going bowling?"

She shook her head. On rare occasions, she went riding with him in his roadster and it was quite a while before he learned her first name was Anna and longer still before he used it. Finally she began calling him Leland and sometimes they talked about his prospective job as manager of the chain store in Santa Fe.

"Are you going to take it?"

"I don't know. I've been thinking about it. There's more money and I'd be the boss. Here I'm only a clerk."

"Then why not take it?"

He looked at her and laughed.

"I probably would have gone out there by now, if I hadn't met you."

"You shouldn't let that interfere. Meeting me was only an accident."

"I know, but somehow I haven't felt so keen about going since I met you. Maybe I will later on."

"Santa Fe's away out West, isn't it?"

"Yes, but it's a nice town."

He hadn't arrived at the point of asking her if she would go with him. She wasn't in love with him and he could tell that much. She was a friend. They never discussed love or topics even remotely sentimental, although he liked her well enough. He admired calm, peaceful girls and she certainly was one. Once she said to him soberly, "Leland, you're a nice kid."

He never gave up trying to provide her with some little mite of excitement and once she almost agreed to attend the movies with him on the following Saturday. When Saturday night arrived, she changed her mind, although Leland pointed out there was a snappy gangster film at the Alcazar.

"I couldn't stand it," she said. "I don't like shooting and noise."

"Yes, but this is a swell picture."

She shook her head firmly, he argued and pleaded and reminded her she had almost promised.

"All right," he said finally, "if you won't go with me, I'll go alone. You're a foolish girl to hive up like a nun."

"It's a warm evening," she remarked, "and I'd rather sit in the garden. If it isn't too late, come back after and I'll give you some lemonade."

He went off in his car, slightly huffed, and in ten minutes he was heading into the curb at the Alcazar. As he climbed out, he noticed a black limousine standing just ahead of him. He walked to the box office and while he was buying his ticket a man emerged from the theatre, headed for the black limousine and climbed in. He walked with a wobble and seemed slightly drunk.

He was drunk, too, for when he started his motor he threw the car into reverse and backed out hastily without looking behind him, struck against Leland's back end and tore off a fender, which dropped with a crash. Paying no attention whatever, the fellow turned and rolled down the main street. Leland felt his blood boiling.

(Continued page 55.)

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FOR 865 hours at a stretch the wife of Haoji Osmanovic, a Yugoslav railway clerk, slept. She was kept alive by liquid food. Now she has awakened and declares that she has no feeling of having slept any longer than usual.

If you are an average person you will, by the time you are seventy, have spent twenty years of your life doing the most important thing of all—sleeping. Food and drink are essential to life, but while it is possible to go for more than seventy days without eating and over a week without water, the ordinary individual, denied of sleep for five days, will become insane.

Next to death, the greatest mystery of all is sleep. Scientists are unable to explain it satisfactorily, the most popular theory being that fatigue causes poisons to circulate in the body, drugging the nervous system so that slumber is induced.

But there are a number of people alive today who have not slept for years. There is Mr. Thomas Chapman, a musician and operatic coach, who goes to bed only twice a year—and even then does not sleep.

Not a Wink in 23 Years

He says he does it for a change, having lost the habit of sleeping forty years ago, when he worked irregular hours and often forgot to go to bed at all.

A somewhat similar case is Mr. Paul Kern, who was wounded in the head in Galicia in 1915 and has not had a wink of sleep since. He eats eight meals during the twenty-four hours and smokes twice as much as the ordinary man.

Not all non-sleepers can take things so calmly. In India a wealthy merchant, unable to sleep for a mere three years, offered £20,000 for a cure. I don't know whether he tried a machine invented by Professor J. B. Morgan, of the United States. This apparatus, which the professor claims has cured sixty per cent. of the chronic insomnia cases who have tried

A. NELSON

Electrical Expert

was pleased to have been responsible for the electrical installation in the home of Mr. T. W. Lynn (illustrated in this issue.)

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it, consists of a kind of electric gramophone with remote control. It gives off soft, purring sounds, punctuated at intervals by a tone beat, forming, declares its inventor, the perfect lullaby.

At the other end of the scale are people who are never awake. At the end of last year a poignant romance came to an end with the death of Patricia Maguire. Five and a half years earlier she had returned home after an energetic game of tennis, posted a Valentine to her boy friend, and dropped off to sleep. She never regained consciousness. Every effort was made to revive her—serums, blood transfusions, sun lamps, electric rays—but all failed to wake her.

During her long sleep her mother's hair went white, but Patricia remained the beautiful, youthful figure she had been when that long last sleep began. Every day, her fiance visited her, hoping, hoping that she would wake and smile at him. But it was not to be, and the girl went to her death without regaining consciousness.

Nor can science explain the case of Bettina Pieri, eighty-years-old woman who with the exception of some dozen short periods of wakefulness, has been asleep since she was fifteen years old! Nor of Maxine Yarrington, a little girl who went to sleep two and a half years ago, and has not yet awakened.

Sleep has baffled scientists more than any other natural function. They only scratch their heads when asked to explain the case of John Begrano, who was several times sentenced for loitering and vagrancy, when the only thing wrong was the fact that he could not prevent himself falling to sleep standing up. When shaken he became semi-conscious, but was unable to move his muscles.

Russian's Remarkable Claim.

Another sleep problem is somnambulism. Why—how—do people rise in their sleep, frequently perform the most difficult feats, and then return to their beds without regaining consciousness? It was a form of somnambulism that gave us the immortal "Magic Flute," for most of this was written by Mozart in his sleep. Similarly, the American tune, "Battle Hymn to the Republic," was composed in sleep by Julia Ward Howe.

Although Science has discovered many ways of improving our diet, our living conditions, our health, it has done little to improve our methods of sleep. But, if the claims of a Russian, Professor Lina Stern, can be proved, drastic changes may soon be made.

"Cat naps" sums up his policy. He maintains that four or five short sleeps of one hour's duration, spread throughout the day, are vastly more beneficial than the usual eight hours in one dose. He also claims that, if such naps are taken after meals, our digestive organs will be given the chance to work under more ideal conditions than we usually permit them. The result will be that life may extend for ten or more years longer than the normal span.

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As Under Secretary to the Premier's Department Mr. Shapcott holds probably the most important post in the State Public Service. He is also Chairman of the State Gardens Board, under which control comes the Zoo, Yanchep and National Parks and other reserves. He was State Director for the tours of the Prince of Wales (now Duke of Windsor), the Duke and Duchess of York (the present King and Queen), and the Duke of Gloucester.

Around the World

with "WANDA"



THE new quest in Berlin:—The alleged Franco-Jewish-negro influence in woman's attire is held to be harmful to the ideals of German womanhood. German women, therefore, are urged particularly to shun the exotic and the bizarre and at the same time the international in fashion and to wear Germany's own creations."

* * *

NEWSBOYS of Stanbul now, by order, shave daily and wear polished shoes and a brown blouse extending below the knees. Perhaps it would assist the newly-appointed dignity if Shane Leslie's lines (with a revision of the theological allusion) were translated into Turkish. They are:—

I never see the newsboys run
Amid the whirling street,
With swift, untiring feet,
To cry the latest venture done,
But I expect one day to hear
Them call the crack of doom;
And rising from the tomb,
With great Archangel Michael near;
And see them running from the Fleet
As messengers of God,
With Heaven's tidings shod
About their brave, unwearied feet.

* * *

AN English weekly recently commenced its main article with the words, "The Barracking of the Prime Minister. . . ." From this it would seem that the purely Australian term has been generally adopted in England. The accepted origin of the term seems to have a connection with the "barrackers" when some important games were played at Moore Park, Sydney, adjacent to which were the barracks. The Shorter Oxford Dictionary, however, gives its derivation from Australian native "borak," chaff, banter.

* * *

ALTHOUGH perhaps a little bit late I tender the following extract from the report of the British Building Research Board to Perth's own Royal Commission on housing, etc.:—

"It is quite evident that the conventional nine-inch party wall in semi-detached dwellings does not provide sufficient insulation to reduce to tolerable limits the sound transmitted from a wireless loud-speaker or gramophone working at the sound level normally preferred."

* * *

"GERMAN JUSTICE," official organ of the Nazi Ministry of Justice, notifies listeners that tuning in to Moscow broadcasts may render them guilty of high treason. The notice says: "It cannot be doubted that these efforts by the Comintern in Moscow are intended and suitable for the preparations of the German Communist Party to bring about an alteration by force of the present regime in Germany."

* * *

TITANIA'S PALACE, that remarkable creation by Sir Neville Wilkinson which was shown in Perth and other Australian cities three or four years ago, is back in England after four years' tour. And during its travels it never re-

ceived the slightest scratch or injury of any kind. While in Australia 213,822 people saw it; in New Zealand 96,720; in Canada, 150,219; and Perth holds the Empire record for the highest daily average attendance, 1,104 a day for three weeks. Latest additions to the tiny palace are five exquisite new ceilings designed by Sir Neville and a carillon of fairy bells, the smallest ever made by the Whitechapel Foundry in its 270 years.

* * *

VOLUNTARY labour camps, which were tried as an experiment for a year or two, have been made obligatory by the Minister of Education in Budapest. Discipline in the camps is much the same as military discipline and each camp is controlled by a commander, a doctor and a technical expert. Members of the camps have six weeks' training in building railway lines, making roads, canalising flooded areas, levelling ground for flying fields, and building bridges. The aim of the camps is to hurry on public work and to bring the better educated young people in contact with the agricultural classes. Formation of the girls' camps has also been carried out. Instruction is given in nursing and care of children.

* * *

A queer job is that of Mr. E. Cooper, of Deptford Bridge, London. He writes letters for anyone and is also an antique dealer.



"Every Sunday I write some philosophic thought on a blackboard and place it in my shop window. A man who saw one of these notices asked me if I wrote letters for other people, said Cooper. "And that's how it began." Mr. Cooper added that he wrote a letter to a Cabinet Minister for that man and afterwards put a notice in the window that he would compose letters on any subject. One day a client came into the shop and asked Mr. Cooper to write a letter to the proper authority concerning plans of a gun which could shoot to the moon and which had been stolen by the Government.

* * *

DEVIL'S ISLAND, which was recently officially abolished as a penal settlement, has been a useful theme for novelists; it is one of those places which would, if it had not existed, have had to be invented. But the main settlement is not the Ile du Diable, but the adjacent islands where some 4,000 convicts have been maintained. Towards the end there were only some half dozen prisoners on the island, and a recent visitor described them as having a fairly easy time, each living in his own cabin, with his own food and clothing and assisting to run a communal pig farm.

"WHO is the potential—the most deadly enemy of the boy? The mother is; and the father comes a good second." So said Mr. Raymond Henniker-Heaton at a conference of the British Union of Practical Psychologists. He said: "No one will deny that life today is chaotic, a condition for which the individual is responsible. I should have said the parents of the individual. Really it is a pity we have to have parents. In Victorian times sentimentality about mothers was non-stop. It has not stopped yet."

* * *

IN the "Essex Herald" of 100 years ago appeared the following:—"Mr. Stark, the landlord of the Packett Inn, at Maningtree, offers that himself and dog shall play any two gentlemen in England a game of cricket for any sum." The result of the challenge is not known but a similar contest took place at Farnham, in Surrey, in 1813, when Lord Charles Kerr made a bet of 50 guineas that his servant and his dog, Drake, would beat a Mr. Cock and another player. The account of the match states: "The servant made 50 runs before being caught out. The dog, naturally, made nothing, but in fielding showed himself an expert. The first man on the other side was caught out after making six. His partner made a fine drive off the first ball, but Drake fielded it so smartly that the batsman was stumped before completing what looked like a certain run. Mr. Cock was so struck by the dog's performance that he paid the wager without demanding a second innings."

* * *

RECENTLY, when a child of three was killed by a motorist, the father claimed damages on the basis of the expectation of life of the child. The jury awarded £1,000 damages, which Mr. Justice Charles, hearing the case, described as excessive. "I would have assessed the damages as £150," he said. "It is a problem which it is impossible accurately to determine." In a similar case at Christchurch, New Zealand, the judge said that the difficulty might have confounded Solomon himself; the jury awarded £1,500.

* * *

RECENTLY a ship left New York actually to plough the ocean bed. It was the cable ship Lord Kelvin, and it intends to continue off the Irish coast some cable-laying experiments that have been proceeding now for nearly four years. The engineers of the Western Union Telegraph Company, which owns and operates a number of cables between America and Great Britain, invented a plough that in one operation cuts a furrow in the bed of the sea and feeds a cable into the trench so made. By this means it is hoped to prevent the frequent damage suffered by these cables from the heavy drags used by the fishing fleets. To draw the plough a special chain had to be made; 4,200ft. long, it is the longest chain in the world. It is made of 12,500 nickel-steel links, each weighing 3½lb., and each able to withstand a strain of more than twenty-nine tons.

Article.

"Searching for Western

THE beginning of June 1801 found the the "Geographe" and the "Naturaliste," the two ships of the expedition sent by Napoleon, First Consul of the French Republic "to reconnoitre the Austral Lands," at anchor in Geographe Bay in the south-west corner of the continent. They had left France at the end of 1799, and after establishing bases at Mauritius and at Timor in the Dutch East Indies, they called at Port Jackson, visited Van Diemen's Land, (Tasmania), and made a close survey of the Great Australian Bight. A party of scientists accompanied the expedition, the best known being, Francois Peron, zoologist, M. Leschenault, bontanist, and Pierre Bernier, astronomer, Francois Lesueur, painter, and Charles Boulanger, hydrographer and geographer, were in charge of the expedition's records.

The placid waters of the bay, during the late autumn proved a welcome haven to the travellers after months of seafaring. There was plenty of fresh water along the coast, while the fauna and wonderful flora of our south west had been a source of enchantment to Peron and, more especially, Leschenault. The natives, however, had proved most unfriendly, frustrating all attempts to establish amicable relations treating with contemptuous indifference the presents of clothing, mirrors, coloured glass beads and foodstuffs, which the Frenchmen tried to bestow upon them.

On the night of the 8th of June, the first of the winter storms broke suddenly with incredible violence. The bay being open to the north-west, there was no shelter available and all night long tremendous seas buffeted the frigates. The "Geographe" under Captain Baudin, leader of the expedition, being the larger of the two ships, stood up well to the ordeal, but in the middle of the night the "Naturaliste" broke loose from her moorings. Captain Hamelin, her master, had to take his only chance and make for open sea, narrowly missing being wrecked on the reefs off the cape which bears its name.

Sailing north, with a following breeze, as the atmospheric depression rounded the Leeuwin, the "Naturaliste" arrived some three day's later, at

Here Andre Bellanger recalls the visit to our shores, in 1801, of the "Geographe" and the "Naturaliste," two ships of the French expedition sent out by Napoleon "To Reconnoitre the Austral Lands." His account is taken from the records of the expedition, a copy of which, in the original French, is preserved in the Public Library, Perth. We are indebted to Dr. Battye, Chief Librarian, for permission to peruse these historial documents and reproduce the accompanying illustrations.

Vlaming's anchorage near the island of Rottneest, discovered by the Dutchman a hundred years previously. As the weather was now gloriously fine, Hamelin decided to give his crew a well-earned rest, and here to wait for Baudin. As it was realised that there were not one but three islands, the Archipelago was named the Louis Napoleon Isles, and M. Peron, accompanied by some of the ship's company set out to explore the islands and the adjacent peninsula on the mainland of New-Holland (Point Peron). Confined to his ship by his duties as master, Captain Hamelin occupied himself in reading the account of Vlaming's voyage, which had been included in the ship's records; his description of Rottneest was very accurate, and there was a rough map of the estuary of the Swan River, directly opposite on the mainland. "That river, added the Dutchman, in conclusion, leads to a land inhabited by giants."

Incredible as that statement might appear at first sight, it must be remembered that at the time the Australian Continent, apart from the coast line, was entirely unknown, and shrouded in mystery. Hamelin resolved to have the matter probed into, and for that purpose, he ordered two of the ship's boats to be armed and manned; the long boat under Lieutenant Heirisson to sail as far as possible up the Swan River; the smaller boat under Lieutenant Millias, to make a further exploration of Buache or Garden Island and the adjacent coast. It is interesting to note, at this juncture that, during the three weeks they remained at anchor in Gage Roads the crew of the "Naturaliste" spent much time in fishing, and a record of their experiences will be of interest to anglers, inasmuch as it shows that local conditions have not altered much during the last 150 years. "The cook and his men," writes M. Peron, "made some splendid catches of beautiful edible fish, but, strange enough, on some days, they could not catch one. As far as I can see, the fishing seemed to be poorest on fine or calm days, as if the fish took advantage of the fine weather to venture further out to sea. Sharks were very plentiful and of enormous size, one monster we captured measured fourteen feet in length ten feet in girth and weighed 1,400 pounds."



A Native of New Holland.
From a drawing by a member
of the Expedition.



Australian Giants."

BY ANDRE BELLANGER

Early on June 17, carrying a week's provisions, besides arms and ammunition, Heirisson's boat, crossed the bar of the Swan River, without difficulty and sailed up Blackwall Reach.

"A couple of miles up, writes Heirisson, the river suddenly widens into a lake-like estuary, the banks are sometimes low and marshy, sometimes rocky and rise sharply into cliffs. The land is very poor in appearance but must contain a fair amount of humus as it is well-wooded, with beautiful flowering shrubs. We observed a lot of birds, particularly some "elegant" green parrots. There was no trace of the giants, about the estuary, but we saw a number of aboriginal encampments similar to those we had observed on the Vasse River. Towards evening we sailed past a long sandy peninsula (Crawley Point) and decided to camp on the shore of a well rounded bay at the foot of a steep hill, on the westerly bank. The view from this hill (Mount Eliza) is one of the most beautiful we have seen; on one side the placid waters of the estuary on the other the green valley of the river winding its way towards a long, lofty mountain range, where it probably takes its source.

"On June 18 we sailed up the river, which turns sharply into an easterly direction, but round our way blocked by a number of small islands. The rest of the day being spent in finding a channel deep enough for our loaded boat to cross; we observed some pelicans and also a mob of splendid black swans majestically swimming along. We shot down some of the birds whose wings are tipped with white; they have bright red beaks."

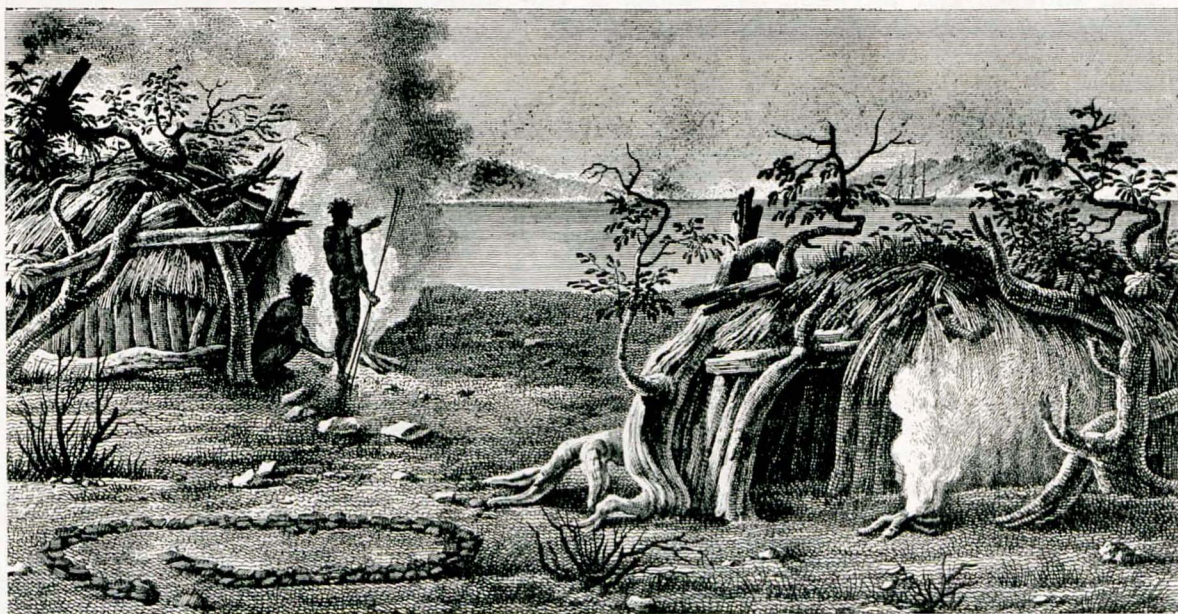
"The crew christened the islands, the Heirisson Islands, after their leader, and they decided to camp for the night. At dusk, while the black swans were being roasted for supper, and a sauce prepared with "wild celery" (probably a kind of sword grass), found along the shore, one of the sailors came back, excitedly, with the news that he had noticed very large human tracks in the mud; large fires were lit, and sentries doubled, in case of a sudden attack by "the giants."

Did Heirisson, as he lay sleeping, during that cold June night, somewhere between Rivervale and Gloucester Park, dream of the elusive giants, or did he visualize, in the dis-

tant future, the myriads of lights of a big city stretching far out into the great empty land, on the plan of which, his name attached to the islands, would be immortalised? Did, upon the bleak shore opposite, white walls suddenly surge up above a floodlit arena, where, as in the days of ancient Rome, a multitude acclaimed the drivers of racing chariots? If such wild fancies ever peopled his imagination, he must, on waking up, have put them down to the effect of dining upon black swan and "wild celery."

On June 18 and 19, the party pushed up on the river which had become deep again and navigable. They noted in the vicinity of Woodbridge, "fine large trees and splendid read soil." On June 20, as provisions were getting low, and the mountains appeared to be still some distance away, Heirisson gave orders to start on the return journey. On June 21 at night, they reached Perth water again.

"Night was falling fast," quoth Heirisson," and we were preparing to pull for the shore, when we were greeted by the most heart-chilling howls, so close that they seemed to emanate from the reeds. Feeling at a disadvantage, under the cover of darkness, against an adversary, whether man or



THE "NATURALISTE," ANCHORED OFF PO INT PERIN, 1801 From a drawing by a Member of the Expedition published in France in 1811.

beast, we chose to remain in mid-stream, where we spent a wretched night, under the teeming rain." It was an exhausted and despondent party who answered the roll-call on board the "Naturaliste" a couple of days later.

(Continued page 54)



River
Home
Mr. T. W.

CREAM cement walls and green painted shutters strike an arresting color note in the new home of Mr. T. W. Lynn, recently completed in Victoria Avenue, Claremont, to the design of Messrs. Bonner and Tracey, Architects.

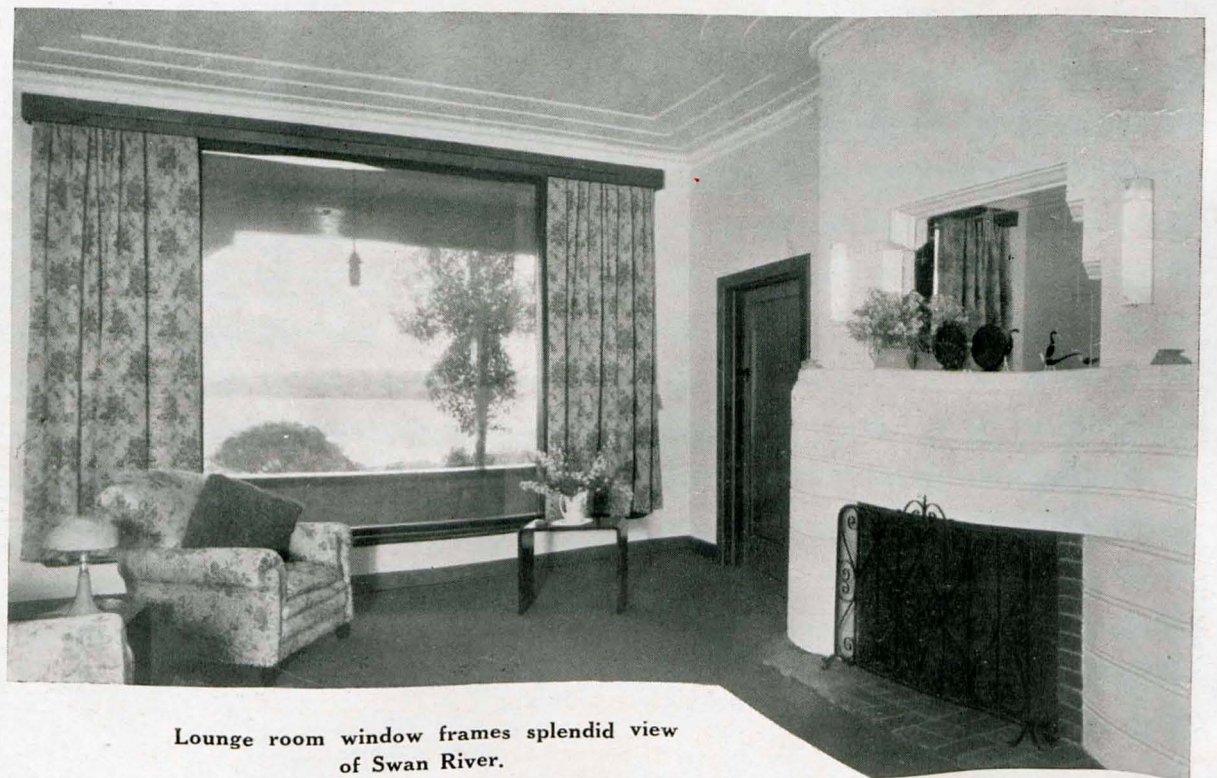
The house, of Florentine design, adopted to suit Western Australian conditions, commands magnificent views of the Swan River and is remarkable for its spaciousness and completeness of appointments.

A long garden drive leads through a courtyard to the main entrance and reception hall, which is two storeys in height in a gallery looking down into the hall. From the hall there is easy access to the various rooms, which include lounge, dining-room, bedrooms, dressing-room, study, sun-room (so placed that it gets every vantage of sunlight from the north, east and west), sewing room nursery, kitchen, bathroom and conveniences for the servants and butler's pantry. A large, totally enclosed sleepout on the upper floor opens out on to a spacious balcony facing the river.

The internal treatment is especially modern throughout, with flush panel doors, of Australian walnut, spraytex walls, rounded moulds to eliminate dust-catching corners, stepped flush ceilings and polished woodwork and all built-in furniture, including kitchen, wardrobes, writing desks, bookshelves and sideboard.

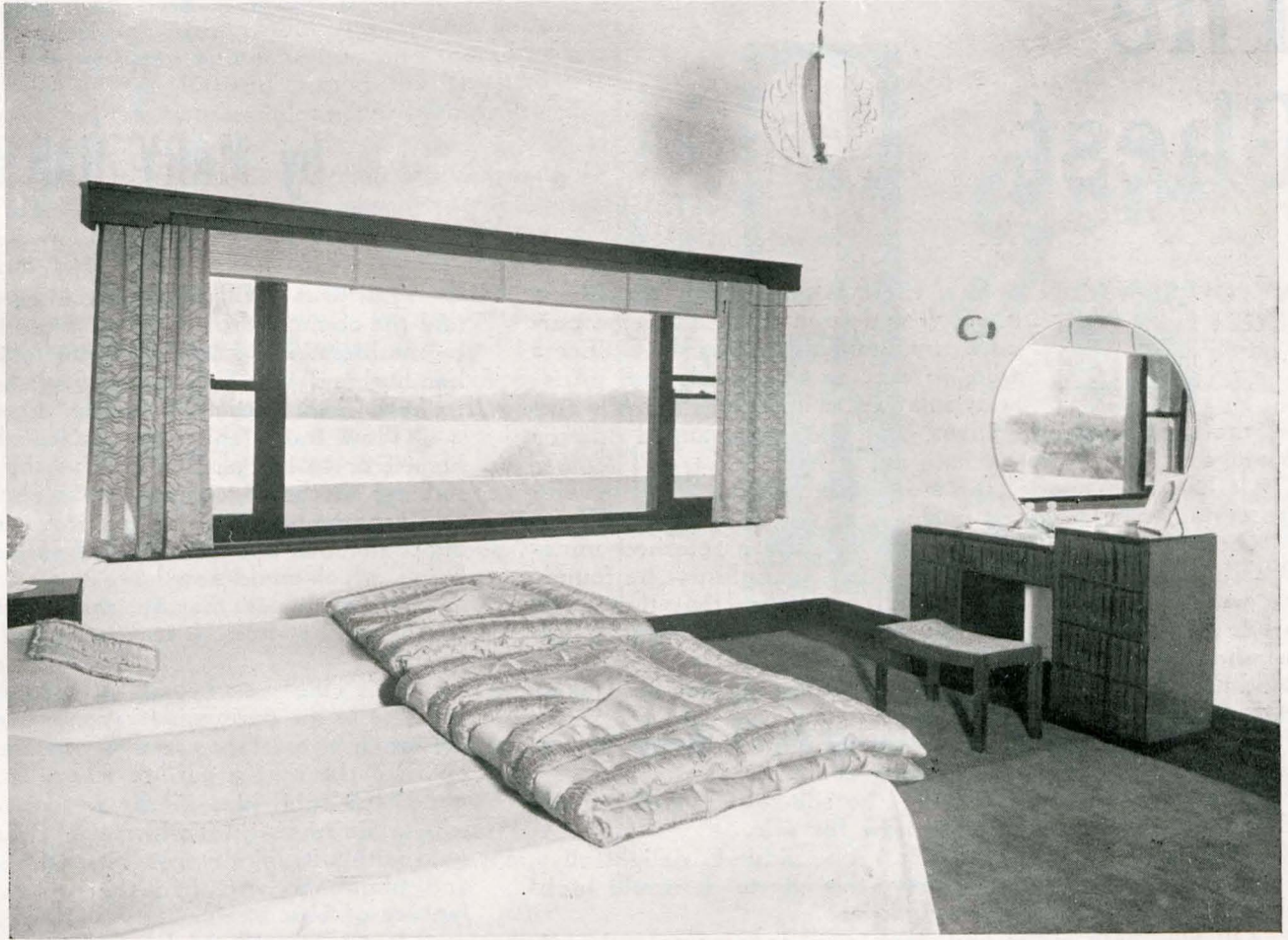
Associated in the construction of the home were the Millars Timber and Trading

Co., Ltd. (who supplied the bricks, etc.), Wilson and Johns (garden layout), Kapai Metal Factory (guttering, downpipes, etc), Metters Ltd. (baths, basins and other fittings), Junkers (hot water system), A. Nelson (electrical installation) and Turvey Bros (who supplied all furniture and woodwork, including polished flush panel doors and the handsome dining suite of Mountain ash with Australian walnut enrichments).




Lounge room window frames splendid view of Swan River.

side
of
Lynn



The Chest

by MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

 It was a chest large enough to hold a man. It had been created for the purpose by cunning Moorish artificers who, in carving the panels and intricately inlaying them with almond wood and mother-of-pearl in silver, had deftly arranged filigree openings through which a man might breathe.

It had been made, the story was, for the favorite wife of a certain old-fashioned pasha, and good use she made of it. One day the husband, grown suspicious returned unexpectedly and ordered it opened. The key could not be found. The wife, indignant, swore by all her holies that there was no one in it and that she would never forgive the insult if her husband forced the lock. Thereupon he declared that he would act upon his belief in her word and had the chest taken out the water gate of the palace and dumped into the river. After a day or so it came to the surface and a fisherman towed it ashore and discovered its ghastly contents.

That was the story told by the silk-robed Arab in the little shop where the chest lay now for sale.

"Quelle histoire," said Lili. She added, delightfully, "But this is amusing! I must have this chest. It would look well in the little pavilion in my garden."

Lili was very slight and very fair; her hair was dark and her eyes as green as peridot. At one side of her was her husband, a large and equable person, with eyes the color of clear coffee and hair turning the silver suitable to his years; at her other side was a young and handsome captain wearing a decoration for bravery.

He said amusedly, "One hears a thousand such stories. They are in books everywhere."

"But many must be true," said the husband. He had a slow, comical smile. "I am credulous—I confess I like to believe. And it is such a beautiful chest."

"Isn't it?" said his wife. "I may have it then? For the pavilion?"

"But it is an ominous chest," said the husband, more comically yet, eyeing the chest with exaggerated distaste. "An unlucky chest—a warning to husbands. Let us keep it out of our paradise."

Lili gave him an enchanting smile. "I want it," she declared. "It is a Moorish chest. It belongs in my pavilion."

De Brindeville shrugged. "I have no resistance when she is like that—! But he is asking a ridiculous price."

"Oh, the price!"

"Listen to her, Raoul—one would think she had been accustomed to the palace of Versailles." Only in such light words did he ever allude to the poverty of his wife's origin. "I suppose I must make what terms I can—she has let her eagerness be apparent. They know I am going to buy it for her. You see what it is to be "fou" about a woman. Certainly it is a handicap. I would commit any folly to please her—or to keep her. I suppose you do not understand that?"

Said the young man stiffly, "Even a bachelor has imagination."

The coffee-clear eyes rested thoughtfully on him, then passed slowly to the chest.

"Excellent," he murmured.

Lili was thrilling with the excitement born of danger and the command of danger. She knew that Raoul loved her to madness; she knew that she loved him. She knew that her husband was far from a fool, but she would dare much to keep Raoul attached to her.

How much she would dare she had never owned to herself or to Raoul, but now as she stood in that dim shop, looking at the big commodious chest with its lovely length and accommodating airholes, it seemed to her that in acquiring it she was unquestionably fulfilling some inner law of her being, which could now have its way with her.

She reflected that her maid, though not openly devoted to anyone but herself, was bold and keen-eyed and avid for finery.

The chest was brought, the following afternoon, into the pavilion in the garden. It was an enchanting garden, a three-cornered bit of land, walled behind the villa, with one side open to the sea; a garden which embodied De Brindeville's almost Oriental idea of the seclusion desirable for his young wife when he was not with her. Orange trees bore globes of gold within it, lilies were white against the ilex, climbing roses and plumbago wreathed the arches of the pavilion with a fantasy of bloom.

It was a still, high place, the sky above and the sky beyond, edging the unwallled rim of garden that jutted so dizzily over the sea.

When Lili stood on the brink of the open cliff and looked down into the swirl of water at the cliff's foot she shuddered. But in the days that followed she stood very often at the edge, always when from the pavilion she had seen a certain boat on the waves, and sometimes it happened that she waved a long, bright scarf at the occupant of the boat. There was a beach beyond the point where a boat might stay and up the cliff was a venturesome way, from ledge to ledge, that a young and reckless man might take—if he cared to run the risk.

Raoul Barcourt took it very often. His love for Lili was beyond his reason and the risk of the cliff as nothing to the risks they ran together in the garden. The quiet of the pavilion might enfold them with the illusion of security, but they both knew it was only an illusion, that always a watch must be kept. There were two ways into the garden, one from the grounds of the villa and another from a wing of the villa itself. When the young captain was in the pavilion the maid maintained a watch midway between these paths. At those times, for Lili, alone with her lover, the garden became the paradise that De Brindeville had often called it.

Then, on a day when she felt safest, when her husband had left for a yachting trip over the week end and the garden seemed a very Eden for the lovers, the maid came, quick-breathed, into the pavilion, to say that De Brindeville had suddenly returned to the villa. In that moment Lili knew that she had always counted on the chest.

"Quick, Raoul—hide in it!" she besought. She waved the maid back toward the house, then raised the lid. "Hide here!"

He hated the ignomy; his impulse was to face the

husband, to tear his Lili from her prison and dash with her into the oblivion that such dashing would produce, but he could not refuse her agony of appeal. He would have hidden in hell rather than compromise her, so into the chest he went and she lowered the lid and turned the key and hid it in her dress. Then she started along the path to the house.

Her husband was not on it. In the villa she learned that he had gone into the garden, so back she went to the pavilion. It appeared untenanted save for that invisible occupant of the chest, but as she stood there, uncertain, she heard steps coming on the other path. Instantly she sank into a chair, picking up a book, from which she raised her eyes as carelessly as she could when De Brindeville appeared.

She could not see that he looked either suspicious or unsuspecting. She said "Marie said you were here. I went along the path, then came back."

Composedly he kissed her hand. "A charming attention my dear. I made a slight circle of the garden."

"But why did you return?" she inquired because not to inquire would have been strange. "You were going on the yacht."

"So I was, my dear. But it was a stupid trip—since you have not the taste for yachting."

"But you are so fond of it."

"And so I am. But what matter if a little is lost so one does not lose the greater—the pleasure of your society?"

She smiled, but not with too much softness, for softness was not her way.

He asked, "You are glad to see me back?"

"But of course." Her smile deepened. It was not her way, either, to be aloof or difficult; she was always pliant and pleasant.

"With me," he observed, almost apologetically, "your society has become a passion, and when one has not many years left why deprive oneself of the truest joy? Youth can wait—youth has an infinite expectancy—but when one is old one does not enjoy a moment."

"You are a philosopher," she said.

"Something of one," he acknowledged negligently.

"But I am original. I arrange—that my system shall come to pass."

"What do you mean?"

"What should I mean? Have I not arranged our life together—this garden, this beauty? It did not come by itself. And our marriage—"

"That is true," she interrupted nervously. "You have done much."

But have I done well? You love it here—this isolation? You are not lonely?"

"Lonely!" She managed a surprise. "Why should I be?" You are seldom absent—"

"And when I am gone you have your thoughts of me—yes? You are not one with whom to be out of sight is to be out of mind?"

"You are never out of my mind," she said a little dryly.

"Nor out of your heart?"

"You are sentimental today, Rudolphe."

She tried to say it lightly but her lips were stiffening.

His eyes were on her, intent, speculative, full of an odd, lambent brightness. It was as though a light were shining through coffee-coloured glass.

"I am always sentimental about you, Lili," he said very quietly. "I am an old man—with an old man's fancies. Perhaps an old man's distrust. I imagine things."

"Nothing wrong of me, I hope?" she said boldly.

He made a mild gesture with his big hands. "Of you.

Cont. Page Twenty-four

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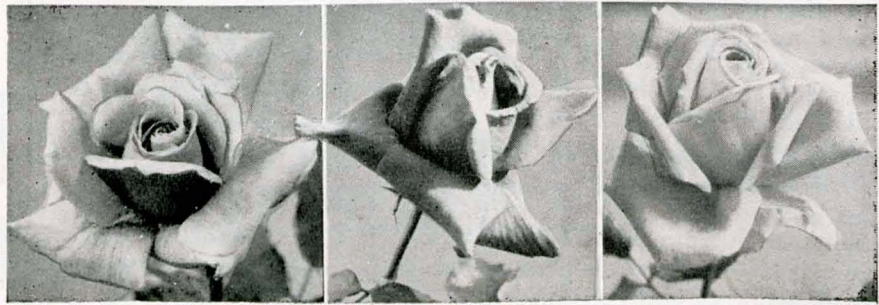
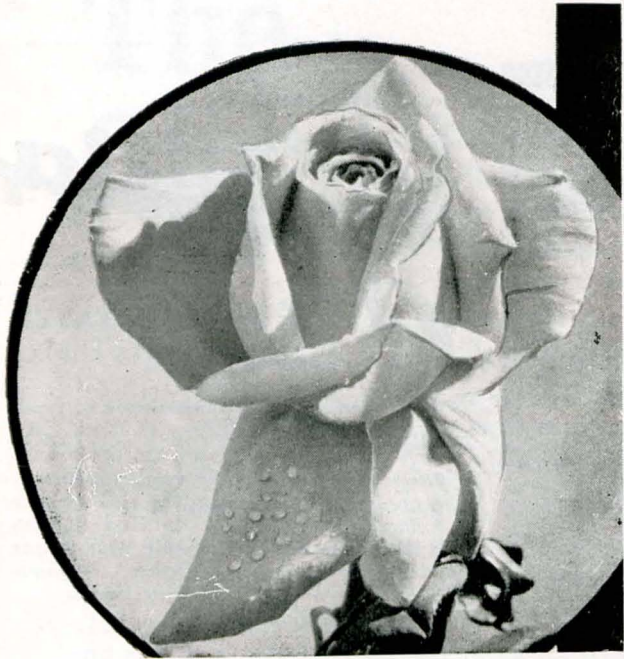
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Springtime in the Garden

LAST month I told you about the sowing of dahlia seed, which stopped at the period where your dahlia seedlings would be about three inches high and fit to transplant. The following advice will deal with the handling and planting of dahlias from tubers and green plants, but the cultural methods for both will be the same. I will explain firstly that the green plants already mentioned are those which are bought from the nurserymen in pots in growth.

The method taken is to plant tubers in boxes or beds of soil and as they commence to grow the shoots are cut off, struck, and then potted. The cuttings commence almost immediately to make fresh tubers for themselves and when strong enough, planted out in the usual way. This method is adopted the world over for quick multiplication in stock, and the result is the same as the planting of a tuber as the cutting reproduces true to type. The green plants are not usually ready until about November onward, whereas the tubers can be planted from September onward. Many gardeners think, quite wrongly, that a green plant is a seedling; while they are certainly both green, there is a world of difference. From a green plant, or tuber, you know exactly what you are going to get, as these are all sold under label, whereas from a seedling you take a chance with what turns up.

Dahlias can be planted from September to February generally in W.A. except in the South-West corner, where they cannot be very successfully planted after December. Around Perth I have seen quite good dahlias grown from plantings as late as March, but this is getting a little late generally. If you require an early flowering, tubers or seedlings planted in September will usually flower about Christmas, and give a good account of themselves for from six to eight weeks. They can then be cut down, leaving about a 12in. stump, when they will immediately commence to grow rapidly again and throw another crop of excellent flowers in the autumn. If this is done it is advisable to give them a good mulch, when pruned, of stable manure and ample waterings,

as the plant naturally received a heavy check and requires a little extra attention to help it over.

If you plant the green plants, you get only one flowering period—in the autumn—but they keep going for a longer autumn period than tubers planted in the spring. The autumn flowers are by far the best because of the milder weather, and for this reason most dahlias are planted during November-December. The next step is the preparation of the soil, which can and should be done some time before you are ready to plant out.

Dahlias like an open position for best results, or where they can get the sun for three parts of the day. A medium heavy soil is best as this is more retentive of fertilisers and moisture, which is important, as dahlias like a lot of the latter. Nevertheless, they also do very well in light sandy soil which is well enriched with plenty of cow manure for preference, or if not obtainable, some other organic manure, which

should be turned into the ground to a depth of about 12 inches. This same manuring applies also to the heavier soils. At the same time about a large handful of blood and bone to the square yard turned in at the same time greatly helps.

If there are plenty of weeds in the bed, so much the better or if none pull up some from somewhere and dig in also, as they are good soil builders, and produce the much required humus for soil building. After this digging, leave the soil in a rough and loose state for aeration, which aids decomposition of the manures, etc.

Seasonal Notes and Dahlia
Cultivation by Harry Wilson,
of Wilson & John Ltd.

When ready to plant, get your one-inch square jarrah stakes which should be 6ft. long, and hit them firmly into the ground where each dahlia is to be planted. For tall bushy growing types, plant 4ft. apart, and for the small charms and pom-pom types about 3ft. apart. If planting tubers, dig a shallow trench and lay the tuber in it about 3in. below the surface with the neck of the tuber just under the ground alongside the stake. Press the soil down firmly and give a good watering. Don't forget to label each one as planted. The new "Perm-o'-Tags" are ideal as they are indestructible and readable for many years after being written.

If planting green plants just knock these out of the pots

carefully and plant them, without disturbing the roots, a little deeper than they were in the pot, pressing the soil firmly around each plant and watering liberally. If planting seedlings, these should be lifted carefully from the box or bed with plenty of soil and planting close to the stake a little deeper than they were before. As they commence to grow, tie the shoots to the stake at 9in. intervals. All dahlias do not grow alike. Many send up one strong shoot which sends out side shoots about half way up, while others send several shoots from the base of the plant. If you desire them all to grow tall, allow only one strong shoot to grow, or if you require them all bushy, the one stem type should be cut off about 6in. from the ground when it has made fair growth. For general garden purposes, and for cut flowers, the bushy growth is more satisfactory.

Good mulching during the warm weather is important. Stable manure is best but not always obtainable so use whatever organic manure you can obtain. Lawn clippings are also useful.

An important point to remember is that dahlias are surface rooting which means they do not send their roots down very deeply therefore the watering should be frequent but not necessarily heavy once a day being usually sufficient. In heavy soils, once every two days should suffice. Keep the surface soil loosened.

There are several types of dahlias offered for your selection, as follows:—

Decorative: Medium to very large double flowers with petals similar to a large zinnia.

Cactus: Mostly long, thin, and sometimes twisted petals.

Hybrid Cactus: Which represent crosses with the Decorative and Cactus, and many fine dahlias are in this class.

Pom Pom: The small button type, so well known.

The Charm dahlia is the latest type. The flowers are mostly "Decorative," "Hybrid Cactus" and semi-double Paeony type and have flowers about 3in. to 4in. across.

These are the most general type in demand but perhaps the new "Charms" will be the most popular for some time to come at least. The flowers range in size from 3in. to 4in. across on good stems and the plants are most prolific in producing quantities of bloom and when it comes to cutting blooms for the home, they are the ideal flower. The Giant Decoratives are certainly very beautiful, but are too big and top-heavy for general home use, and again this type does not produce a very large quantity of bloom.

The following is a selected list of outstanding varieties with the type bracketed after each name.

Angelo Rossi (Giant Dec.): Beautiful old gold suffused salmon. Numerous awards.

Californian Idol (Giant Dec.): Enormous bright yellow, blooms on long stems. Perfect formation, highly recommended.

Emily Hall (Giant Dec.): Fine large flower, yellow centre suffused orange, and overlaid red. The large flowers have broad florets and are carried on long stems. Fine variety.

Fine Limburg (Dec.): Unique, colour which is a geranium red. Petals slightly curled. Excellent formation and habit.

White Abundance (Large Dec.): Very large creamy white flowers on long strong stems. Perfect form.

Ballego's Gory (Dec.): Rich mahogany with gold edgings-

Baerne (Cactus): Salmon pink with red and yellow in centre. A most outstanding variety. Large flowers on long stems.

Elegance (Hybrid Cactus): True to its name. One of the nicest dahlias. Fairly large blooms of buff and coral. Recommended.

Nagel's Byou (Hy. Cactus): Salmon pink. Medium flowers on strong stems. Highly recommended.

(Continued page 46.)

WHAT TO DO NOW

FLOWERS

Sow under glass for preference the following seeds:—Antirrhinum, aquilegia, aster, balsam, calliopsis, campanula Dwarf, carnation chrysanthemum (Annual Golden Crown), dahlias, diathus, gaillardia, gilia, helianthus (Sunflower), helicrysum, (Everlasting), Heliotrope, jacobea, leptosyne, lupins (perennial), Marigold (African types), nepeta, nasturtium, penstemon, petunia, oriental poppy, phlox, scabiosa, statice, verbena.

Sow Virginian Stock in their permanent border.

Sow summer-flowering sweet peas, especially the new ruffled type.

Sow, Kangaroo Paw seed now in sandy soil.

Plant Gladioli bulbs. There is plenty of time, and suitable bulbs are still available.

Spray Oleanders, and any shrubs affected with smut or scale with red or white oil.

Shrubs and trees. Plant all varieties.

Commence taking off—sets of chrysanthemums.

Divide and transplant Michaelmas Daisy.

Plant Golden Rod.

Plant the new Richmond Gum. A magnificent tree.

Plant the new Wonder Tree "Idesia." A fine ornamental tree.

Plant Conifers for the best garden attraction.

Divide and replant Cannas.

Plant out all petunias, stocks, phlox, verbena, carnations, aquelegia, asters, ursinia, jacobea, polyanthus, gaillardia, dahlias, marigold, scabiosa, salvia, vinca. These are obtainable this month.

Divide your old dahlia tubers, as instructed in this article.

Fertilise your roses if not already done, with an improved rose manure.

VEGETABLES

Sow in the open in beds for transplanting:—

Lettuce, beet, cabbage.

Sow in drills to remain:—

Carrot, parsnip, radish, spinach, turnip, swede.

Sow: Peas, Blue Bantam, W. F. Massey, Little Marvel, for early crop.

Peas: William Hurst, Greenfeast, Yorkshire Hero, Strata-gem, for later crops.

Sow a few French Beans, they may miss the frost.

Sow Tomatoes under glass.

Remember "York" Watermelon for next month. The earliest and finest melon on the market.

Plant rhubarb roots especially "Paull Scarlet," stems two feet long, weighting up to 8 ounces each.

Sow "Wilson's Early" or "York" watermelon.

DAHLIAS.

DAHLIAS.

Special collection of the World's best sorts in "Decorative," "Charm," "Cactus," and "Pom Pom;" 1,500 tubers of most varieties catalogued ready now.

SPECIAL OFFER.—"Our Selection," 1/- each, 11/- dozen, including postage.

Catalogue of Dahlias, post free.

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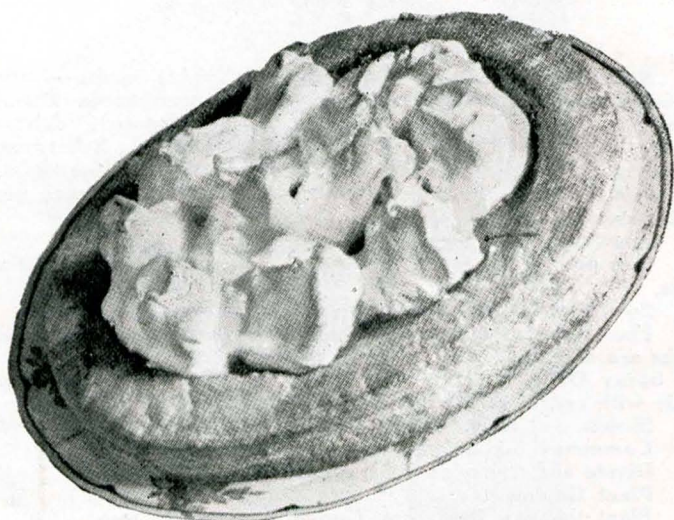
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'Phoebe,' Cooking Expert of Metters Ltd., Perth, and Radio Station 6IX.



On Making Tarts

The Queen of Hearts, she made
some Tarts
All on a Summers Day
The Knave of Hearts, he
Saw those Tarts
And stole them all away.

IT really was a terrible thing for the Knave to do, but I've always felt that he got the best of the bargain.

For who wouldn't go to almost any lengths to get some really nicely-made tarts? There are plenty of small boys who will agree with me that tarts offer a great temptation to small people, and sometimes those who aren't very small, when they are displayed in triumph on the kitchen tables, straight from the oven.

So, if I give you some nice recipes for making tarts of various kinds, don't blame me if they disappear very soon after they're baked. I know they will, because I've tried out these recipes before today.

Here's an old favourite, a recipe for a custard tart that just melts in your mouth as you eat it.

CUSTARD TART

First of all let me tell you how to make the sweetish short pastry. Sift into a basin 4ozs. plain flour, and whatever else you do, please don't forget that important pinch of salt that gives the pastry its real flavour. Now rub in lightly 2ozs. butter. Of course, you can use any other fat, but I prefer butter, because the pastry

is a much better colour, and it's certainly much more easily digested. When the mixture resembles very fine breadcrumbs mix it to a dry dough with very cold water, and an egg yolk. Then turn it on to the floured table or board and roll it out to a quarter of an inch thick. Line an eight-inch sandwich tin and then cut the edges neatly. Decorate those edges with a fork or the handle of a spoon, and place it in the oven to cook. If you want it to stay flat in the centre, as you will, prick it well all over. To be doubly sure, you can put a round piece of grease-proof paper in it, cover with uncooked rice, and bake. While it's in the moderate oven, mix up the custard. Heat one pint milk with a peach leaf in it, or perhaps a thin piece of lemon rind to flavour it.

Beat up two eggs with one dessert-spoonful of sugar and add enough milk to it to fill up the tin to almost the top of the pastry. Grated nutmeg on the top is nice, but have you ever tried powdered cinnamon instead? Now, pour into the pieshell, put it back into the oven and leave until the custard is set.

Serve cold, or warm, just as you prefer and you'll find that custard tarts will become a regular feature of your menus.

Now, using that same recipe for the pastry, you are qualified to make a flan. Ever heard of them? They're just very superior tarts, a bit more decorative than the usual ones, and will serve you well for a dessert on special occasions.

PINEAPPLE FLAN

You'll find that the juice from the fruit will soak into the pastry a bit, so don't finish off this flan until you're ready to use it almost. Any way, cook the pastry

first, then when it's cold, and you're ready to finish it off for dinner, arrange your fruit in it . . . we suggest putting a slice of pineapple in the centre, with triangles cut from other slices round about the edge to fill up.

Now, for an important point . . . you pour over it a glaze . . . here's how you make it: Put into a saucepan $\frac{1}{4}$ -pint pineapple juice and 4ozs. sugar, and boil them together until the syrup will form a thin thread between the fingers. A thermometer at this stage would register 225 degrees, if you were to test it. Add a little flavouring if required and a drop or two of colouring. Now, pour enough of this glaze over the pineapple flan to cover the fruit altogether, and place a glazed cherry in the centre.

Now, all you've got to do is place it on the table and wait for the cheers that will surely arise from the family, who will appreciate your thought in making such a delicious desert.

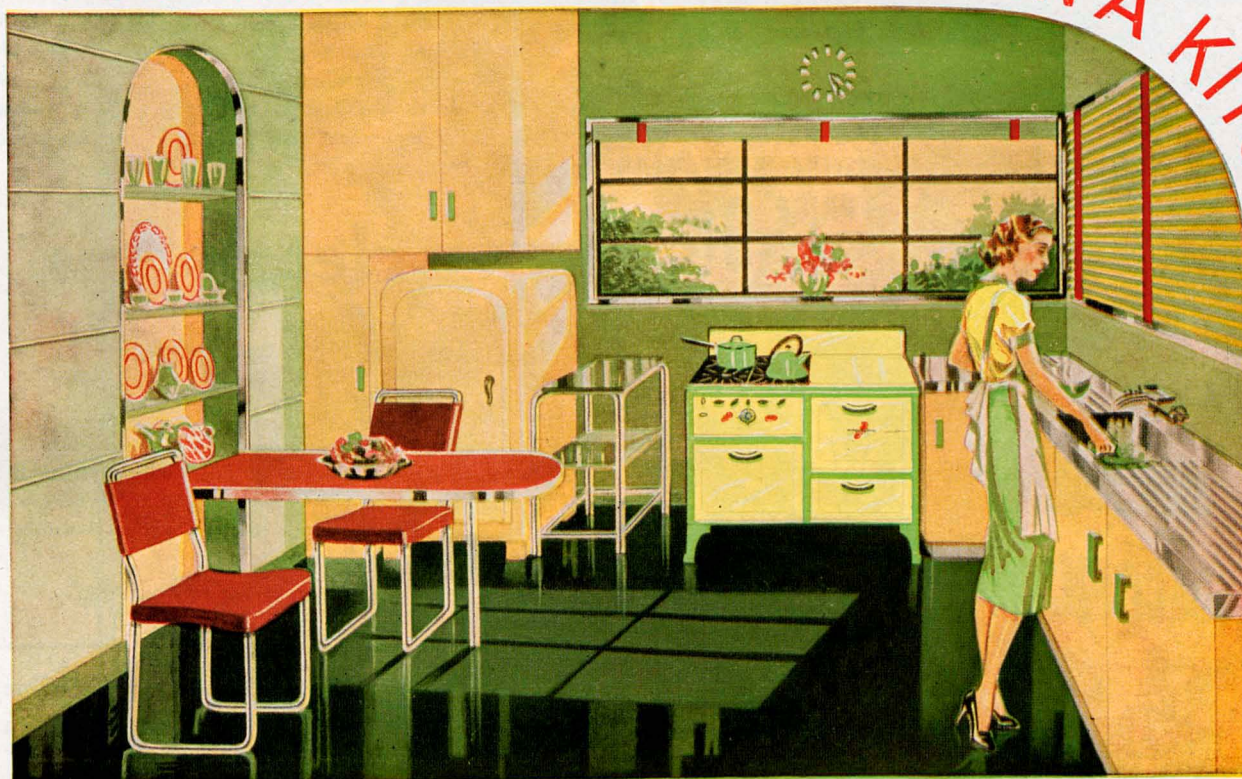
And then we want to tell you how to make Fruit Baskets, because they look nice, too, and aren't very much trouble to make.

FRUIT BASKETS

Make twice the quantity of pastry that I have given you above and roll it out to one-eighth inch thick. Now, cut into rounds, and place each of the rounds on top of inverted patty tins. Cut some strips of pastry about four inches long and one-eighth inch wide, roll two of these together, and bake them around a small baking powder tin so that you can use them as handles. Bake the tarts and the handles in a hot oven. Fill them with the loganberries from a small tin, and then measure the juice. You'll need one gill ($\frac{1}{4}$ pint). Boil it and stir into it

(Continued page 51.)

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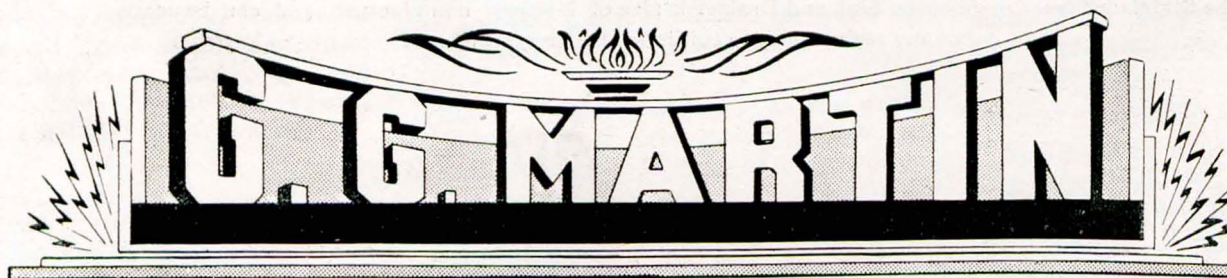
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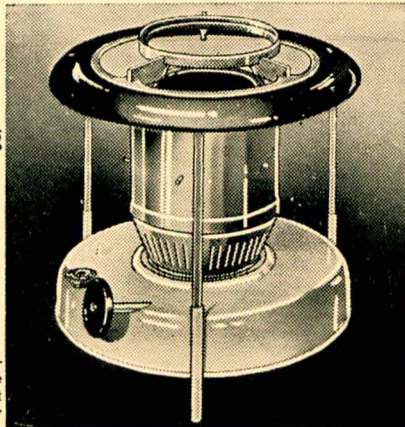
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STOVE



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These Men and



WENTY-SIX years ago a faint halo of blue or a microscope slide told a young scientist that he had found a way of growing and keeping alive tissues taken from an animal long since dead.

For his discovery the scientist was awarded the coveted Nobel Prize. He was the French-born Alexis Carrel.

One day, in 1927, a young American aviator stepped from a plane in Paris. He had just arrived from New York, from which city he had flown alone in 33½ hours. He was the hero of the hour and honours were showered upon him. The young flyer was Charles A. Lindbergh.

A year or so after this epic flight Lindbergh and Carrel met. Since then the pair have worked together on the revolutionary problem of producing and sustaining life, the mechanical training and genius of the one making it possible for the other to venture further into undreamed fields of research.

Recently in New Lork were published two books, "Methods of Tissue Culture," by Raymond C. Parker, and "Culture of Organs," by Alexis Carrel and Charles A. Lindbergh. Parker is one of Dr. Carrel's assistants at the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, Manhattan, and to his book Carrel wrote an introduction. In it the famous scientist sums up the work of his forty years research.

"The study of the influence of different media on tissues living in vitro has led to the discovery of substances which stimulate cell proliferation, of other substances that maintain the life of the tissues without increasing their volume, and of still others that retard growth. . . . The observations of the effects of these various media on the different cell types is leading to new hypotheses concerning the mechanisms of fundamental processes, such as growth, regeneration and senility."

Not only do these books make known the methods of Dr. Carrel's surgery but they also tell of Colonel Lindbergh's magical perfusion pump through the agency of which such rapid advance has been made in Dr. Carrel's researches.

With the aid of the pump, Dr. Carrel states, a forbidden field, the living human body, is being opened to experimental investigation.

"Organs removed from the human body in the course of an operation, or soon after death, could be revived in the Lindbergh pump and made to function again when perfused with an artificial fluid."

Are Making Life Maintaining It

By "Observer"

And larger apparatus are foreshadowed when it will be possible for entire human organs, such as the pancreas, and thyroid and other glands to manufacture the substances being supplied to patients by other animals.

Dr. Carrel also visualises the construction of larger pumps leading to other applications of the method.

"For instance, diseased organs could be removed from the body and placed in the Lindbergh pump as patients are placed in hospital. Then they could be treated far more energetically than within the organism and, if cured, replanted in the patient."

This replantation offers no difficulty to Dr. Carrel. Surgical techniques for this purpose were developed long ago, he declares.

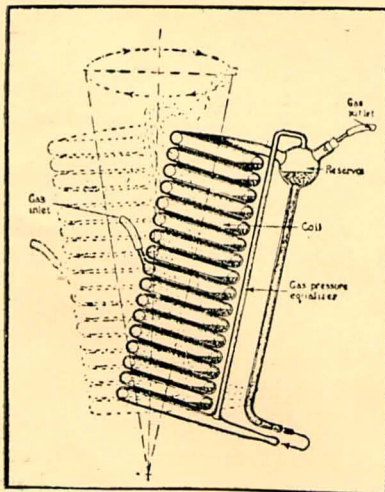


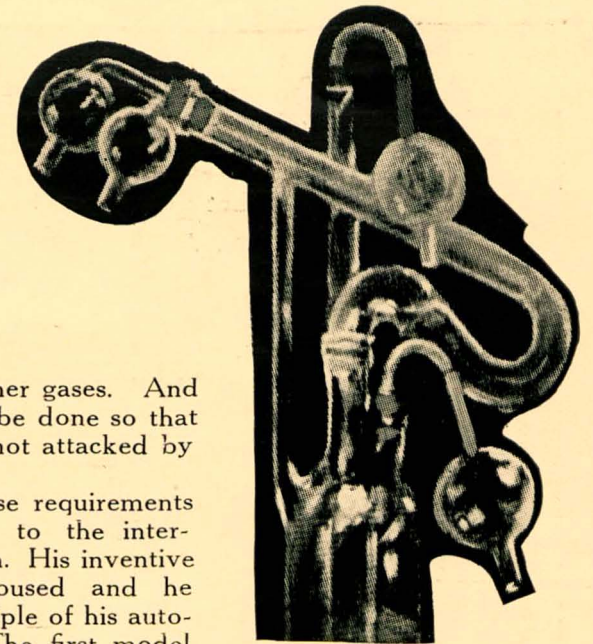
Diagram showing the operation of the first Lindbergh Artificial "Heart."

In 1912, Dr. Carrel took a minute portion of tissue from the heart of an unhatched chicken. He put it in a glass flask with some nutritious pink fluid and in two days the piece of tissue had doubled in size and sprouted fluffy filaments. Another two days and the tissue was four times its original size; two more eight times. Then Dr. Carrel began to trim the growing tissue.

Today, more than a quarter century afterwards, cutting from successive growths are to be seen in Dr. Carrel's laboratories.

Year after year Dr. Carrell studied the artificial growth of tissues. Lack of suitable apparatus made it impossible for him to experiment at all successfully with whole organs. The hordes of bacteria which invaded the organs when removed from their natural surroundings made impossible any long-term examination.

What was wanted was something that would provide the function of a normal heart and at the same time allow the subject organ to be fed with the life-giving serum and with



An Artist's rendering of the Lindbergh Perfusion Pump.

oxygen and other gases. And all this had to be done so that the organ was not attacked by bacteria.

One day these requirements were explained to the interested Lindbergh. His inventive genius was aroused and he found the principle of his automatic heart. The first model was crude. It consisted of a long spiral glass tube filled with the blood serum. The top and bottom ends of the spiral tube were connected by a straight glass tube, which housed the subject organ.

The apparatus was rocked and so splashed the liquid from the top of the spiral. After it had travelled through the organ in the straight glass tube, the liquid entered the spiral tube again through the bottom aperture.

By regulating the rate of the rocking Lindbergh found he was able to get the normal "pulse" rate. Correct blood pressure was maintained by an automatic pump and life—maintaining oxygen and nitrogen were circulated through the serum liquid by inlet and outlet tubes in the spiral.

But this apparatus did not work satisfactorily and after four years of diligent patient experiment he evolved the perfusion pump with which some nine hundred experiments have been made and in which some organs have been kept alive for thirty days. Here is one description of the Lindbergh pump:

"Looking like a twist of vitrified bowel oozing out of a clear glass bottle, the Lindbergh perfusion pump consists of three chambers one above the other. The organ to be studied lies on the slanting glass floor of the topmost. Nutritious fluid from the lowest or reservoir chamber is driven up a glass tube connected with the organ's artery to and through the organ by pulsating gas pressure.

"After passing through the organ, the fluid runs down into the central chamber back to the reservoir chamber. There are no moving parts. The whole apparatus is actuated by compressed air from a tank, controlled by a rotary valve which creates the pulsating pressure. Non-absorbent cotton in the bulbs through which the gases pass, keeps germs from getting into the apparatus, the organ or the fluid. Thus the 'heart' action of the pump. To imitate lungs, there is an inlet for air or other gas into the blood."

By means of this pump Dr. Carrel has kept thyroid, ovaries, hearts, kidneys and pancreases of guinea pigs and cats alive for a month. He has caused pancreases to produce insulin; thyroids, thyroid hormone.

The Chest (cont.)

Of everyone. The world whispers—it is full of whisperers. I may think they lie, but one needs reassurance. One needs the presence of the beloved, her words—I am waiting for your words, Lili."

"What words? What do you want me to tell you—"

"That you love me. That you love me alone. That you are incapable of deceiving me."

She lifted her chin and looked at him, her eyes a steady brightness under her long lashes. "I love you, Rudolphe. I love you alone. I am incapable of deceiving you."

She broke off into a laugh. "What nonsense! As if such a thing could ever enter my head! Or yours." She grew braver. "I dislike even the sound of the words."

"So do I. Let us forget them." He smiled easily. "It is the chest, I think, which put it into my mind," he said, and her heart stood still in her breast.

"That old Moorish chest with its horror of a history. The chest which the husband flung into the water. That chest for which you had a fancy . . . I forget what you keep in it, my dear?"

A coil was tightening about her stilled heart. A cold, paralyzing coil like the tightening of a serpent. It was all that she could do to say briefly. "Books—"

"Let us open the thing and see how commodious it is."

Her freezing lips smiled. "Like the lady in the story, I have mislaid the key."

He glanced at the chest. "That lock is difficult to force."

"Oh, I would not have it touched! The wood is too lovely to have scratched. The key will be found. It can be opened any day."

His glance continued to dwell upon it, in slow speculation. Then he looked at her and she saw there was something very definite in his eyes. "I hate the thing," he said slowly. "Let us be rid of it."

"I will do so. Tomorrow."

"Today. It reminds me of things—it suggests too much. I know I am a fool with whims, but let us gratify them."

"By all means," she cried vivaciously. "But why bother about the poor chest now? We will have it taken away tomorrow. Now let us have some tea and a game of cards—"

"I am not in the mood. Something weighs upon me. I think it is the chest. Let us have it carried away."

"But where would you put it? It is all right there—until tomorrow. Forget the chest—"

"That is precisely what I cannot do, my little Lili." There was a change in his voice. "It disturbs me. Let us have done with."

"What do you want done?" she said desperately.

"I should hurl it over the cliff. Into the water. To stay this time. A whim. But why not?"

His voice was confessedly amused; but his eyes never left her.

"Why not, indeed?" she said, laughing a little. She perceived that the end of everything was upon her and the extremity of her plight gave her courage. She must choose—if, indeed, she had a choice left.

"You consent, then?" His voice was curiously intent.

"Why not? If that is your whim. The chest was amusing—it seems a pity to destroy a thing of beauty—but if you have a notion to hurl chests over cliffs—!"

She laughed again, more easily. "How are you going to do it?"

"Orson," he called. The chauffeur, who must have been standing at a distance, waiting some call, approached. "Get the gardener, Orson, and bring him here."

They were silent till the two men came up. "I am tired of this chest," said De Brindeville. "You men take hold of it and heave it over the cliff."

"Into the water?" asked the gardener.

"But naturally, imbecile. Where else is it to go?"

"It is heavy," said the gardener, grunting, as they lifted it.

"It is full of books," said De Brindeville.

The gardener and the chauffeur, puffing, put their muscles to the train, and with the chest between them took the few necessary steps to the edge of the cliff. There they paused and cast their eyes back on the master as if waiting further word.

De Brindeville was sitting, his head thrust forward, a pleased, half-incredulous smile on his face, watching the woman. She sat, frozen, incapable of doing more than look down at the hands in her lap. Presently, in the pause, she understood that she must lift her head and look up, interestedly. She must even say something. So she said, lightly, "Silly!"

"What are you waiting for?" said her husband to the two men.

They heaved; they thrust; the chest toppled forward out of sight. They craned forward, looking down. "There she goes," said the gardener. The chauffeur whistled under his breath, rubbing his red hands. The chest had been heavy.

"That is all," said De Brindeville. They went away. He stretched back in his chair and looked again at the woman sitting so quietly opposite him.

"A bad dream, my Lili."

"I hope you feel better," she said, rallying. We must understand that she understood his suspicions and was amused.

"Women are marvelous!" he murmured. "One might expect you to cry out—you seemed to care so for the thing. But when it is your husband's will—not a word! Ah, I knew you would be like that. In fact I wagered on it—I wagered you would not oppose me. The captain lost . . . Are you convinced now, Captain?" he said, raising his voice.

From a niche, where a small faun was hidden by a mass of bougainvilleas, there stepped a most erect young figure. Then Captain Barcourt came slowly forward and stood stiffly before them both.

Lili kept herself from a cry. She stared at the face which would not turn to her.

"I met the captain as I came—he must have been shown in by one gate as I came in another," said the husband suavely. "And upon seeing the chest our conversation ran to your fancy for it, and I insisted that, despite that fancy, you would permit it to be thrown away at a word from me—without a protest. The captain did not believe in the existence of such wifely devotion. . . . I trust you are converted, Captain?"

The young man bowed a stiff bow from the waist. "Completely . . . May I be permitted now to withdraw and not further interfere in the reunion of so devoted a wife and husband?"

"It is what I should have expected of your delicacy," said De Brindeville.

Lili looked after the young man. Her eyes, green as peridot, were intent with understanding suddenly vouchsafed her. She knew now that her husband had reached the pavilion before her, that he possessed another key.

For a moment her understanding faltered, so hard was the grip of the pain that held her. She had courage; she had told herself that could bear the loss, could live on in a world in which Raoul was not—but how could she live on in a world in which he was but was not for her?

Wedding Bells



MRS. D. C. MILLS,

Formerly Jeanette Sherard Hawkins, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. Hawkins, of Perth, whose marriage to Douglas C. Mills, B.E., son of the late Lieut. W. C. Mills and Mrs. B. M. Mills, of Como, was solemnised at St. Mary's, Colin Street, West Perth, on August 26.

(John Hallam Photo)

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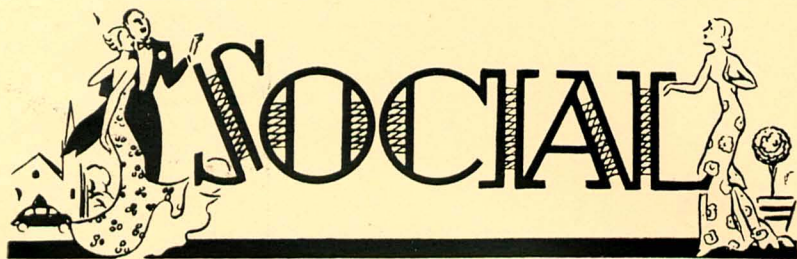
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263 MURRAY ST. PERTH



Jottings by Jill

MANY friends in Perth will be interested to hear of the marriage of Julia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Lazarus, of Hanover House, Regent's Park, London, to Mr. Norman Lionel Samson, A.M.Inst., C.E., which took place on August 18 in London. Julia spent her school days here where she was very popular.

* * *

MRS. C. F. MACLAREN gave a delightful tea party at the Karrakatta Club when the guest of honour was Mrs. Theo Taylor, who has since left for a holiday in South Australia. Both hostess and guest of honour chose bright blue turn-outs and amongst those chatting over their tea were Mesdames J. C. Murray, W. L. Orchard, S. Felton, R. Jacka, F. E. Cockram, H. D. Searle, R. Chapple, R. Oakley, Max Rutter and Sydney Atkinson.

* * *

IONE AND GODFREY HESTER, who surprised all their friends by their quiet marriage just prior to a cocktail party given by Ione's parents, the Wheatleys of Bridgetown, have been honeymooning at Dongarra and also as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Carey, of White Peak Station.

* * *

THE IRWIN BURGESS family are, I believe, sailing back this month after a glorious trip.

* * *

MYLEE SCHRUTH is once more in the fold of Perth's younger set and has heaps to tell of her six months' trip to Singapore, Malaya and the Straits Settlement.

* * *

ANOTHER attachment made last month was that between Nancy Ward, daughter of the R. W. Ward's, of Claremont, and Frederick Bailey Hector Macleod. Congratulations were showered on these two as "Wardie" is one of those refreshingly unsophisticated girls who'll do anyone a good turn and consequently has hosts of friends.

* * *

RAFFLES HOTEL, Canning Bridge, is becoming an increasingly popular haunt for dances, and when an energetic committee endeavoured to raise a few pence for the Almoner's Ambulance for the Social Service Department at the Perth Hospital, the affair was a great success. The medical fraternity turned out in full force and some of those noticed dancing to the strains of Jack Nice's Band were Dr. Norman Robinson and his wife, who wore an effective white gown with a striking head design. Joyce Nattrass was also in white. Mrs. H. Lucraft (President of the Committee) wore faint pink cloque, and Mrs. Peacock had an effective com-

bination in navy blue and white striped taffeta with a red sash and white bolero. Other medicoes and their wives were Dr. and Mrs. Frank Gill, Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Pannell, Dr. and Mrs. Alan Wilson, Dr. and Mrs. J. Palandri, Dr. and Mrs. H. R. Pearson, Dr. and Mrs. I. O. Thornburn, and the Cyril Peets, Merv Brookings, Ray Sandovers, Ted Pettits, M. Steinbergs and Sheila Gill, Betty McCulloch, Edythe Henderson Smith, Clarice Sainsbury, Kath Pearson, Joy Holland, Pippin Tansing, Betty Franklyn and Drs. Les Le Souef, R. J. Wheeler, J. O'Donnell and P. Bateman, D. Baker, G. Durack, E. Merryweather, H. Lovegrove, R. Duncan, J. Thompson, R. McDaniel, R. Nankivell and D. Milne.

* * *

THE SINCLAIR MCGIBBONS are back in their Bellevue Terrace mansion after their four and a half months' tour of the United States, where Mr. McGibbon attended a Rotary conference. There must be mighty few places now that Mrs. McGibbon has not seen and I expect we'll see daughters Molly and Rita in a few New York models that mother brought back.

* * *

WHILE down from Yarraloola Station in the Onslow district, Mrs. Keith Paterson was the guest of Mrs. de Pledge, of "Craigmores," King's Park Road. The journey down was made by plane as Mrs. Paterson was anxious to see her daughter, who was a patient in St. Omer Hospital.

* * *

MRS. JULIUS MACLEOD has returned to her home at Kalamunda after she and her father had spent a holiday with the Guy MacLeods at Minilya Station. Lots of you will remember "Nestle Brae," on the Kalamunda Road. Well, this is where the Julius MacLeods have settled and they have turned the old place into a delightful scene with a swimming pool surrounded just now by waving daffodils and bright petunias and gay shrubs.

* * *

THE Karrakatta Club is fast becoming "the" place for a tea party and the large lounge was gay with Iceland poppies and fascinating grasses when Mrs. W. Burgess, of Mount-street, did the honours. Amongst her guests gathered around cheery log fires were noticed Mesdames J. Morrison, R. Cruickshank, E. Lee Steere, C. W. Arnott, R. G. Kelly, B. Wood, E. Riley, L. Davis, L. B. Chase, W. Muir and Misses M. Strickland, A. Stokes, D. Atkins, F. Habgood, and D. Durlacher.



ESME BARRY . . . youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Barry, of "Wedderburn," Redcliffe.



Mrs. L. J. Allen, of Mosman Park, and her two sons, Lindsay and Robert.

BETTY SCOTT, of "Broadlands," York, who made her debut at the York Ball.



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AFTER seeing his wife and son safely out to Australia, Geoffrey Everett returned to London in the Viminale, where he will continue with his building scheme. He will return again at Christmas time when he will collect Peggy and Peter, who are at present staying with Mrs. Hilton Wood.

MRS. DICKIE GARDAM was an attractive passenger returning in the Otranto with her husband after six months spent on the Continent and in England where she met lots of other Western Australians.

CATHLEEN, the second of the popular Sydney Atkinson daughters, celebrated her 21st birthday not so long ago at a party given by her parents at the Karrakatta Club. Almond blossom massed in bowls looked delightful and a floral key of violets and camellias was most unusual. Pale pink camellias also decked the supper table and toned with the luscious pale pink cake. Cathleen looked exotic with a spray of orchids pinned in her fur cape and worn over a white crepe frock. Amongst the many guests were noticed: Dr. and Mrs. Fred Vincent, Dr. and Mrs. J. Love, Dr. and Mrs. Gordon Hislop, Mr. and Mrs. J. Charles, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Derry, Mr. and Mrs. Theo Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Mills, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Jacoby, Betty Ellis.

A popular foursome on the Strathmore, homeward bound, were "the" cricketers' wives, Mesdames W. H. Jeanes, Fleetwood-Smith, Don Bradman and Stan McCabe. They are a marvellous example of Australian womanhood with their clear complexions, good figures and cheery manners. Although they can only have two weeks in London they're sure to have a ripping time, what what!

AFTER a lengthy stay on her parents' station, "Yinnatharra," Gascoyne, Mary Burt and her fiancee, Patsy Keenan, accompanied by Mary's uncle, Mr. Archie Burt, have returned to Perth.

THE REV. R. E. FREETH and Mrs. Freeth have had as their guests at their home in Guildford the Bishop of Kalgoorlie, Dr. Elsey, and Mrs. Elsey.

JOAN HARTIGAN was another sporty person passing through our port. She had lots to tell us of Wimbledon—the play and fashions adopted on the court by famous women players. Apparently Wimbledon was comparatively dull this year owing to the poor entries in the men's section. During the ship's stay here she was the guest of Mrs. B. A. Ellis, whose husband and Joan's father hold similar positions as Commissioner of Railways in W.A. and Victoria. Others at the luncheon party were: Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Symington, Mr. Ellis and daughter Betty.

GENA BUNNING and Joy Moss, who have been a few weeks at "Pinnacles" Station, Leonora as the guests of Angie and Dan McKinnon, have just returned to Cottesloe.

TALKING of Singapore reminds me that soon we are to be paid a visit by Alan Saw and his attractive wife Joan, who is only known to those of the Saw family who have recently been in England. Alan, as you probably know, is in the R.A.F. and was recently stationed in Singapore. It must be at least seven years since he left here so, I guess, there'll be some celebrating with the lads of the village when he arrives. Sister Elsie, who has been holidaying with them, will return at the same time.

PAT FLOWER, of Darlington, was a cruise passenger in the Otranto when she sailed for Fiji, and the Eastern States en route.

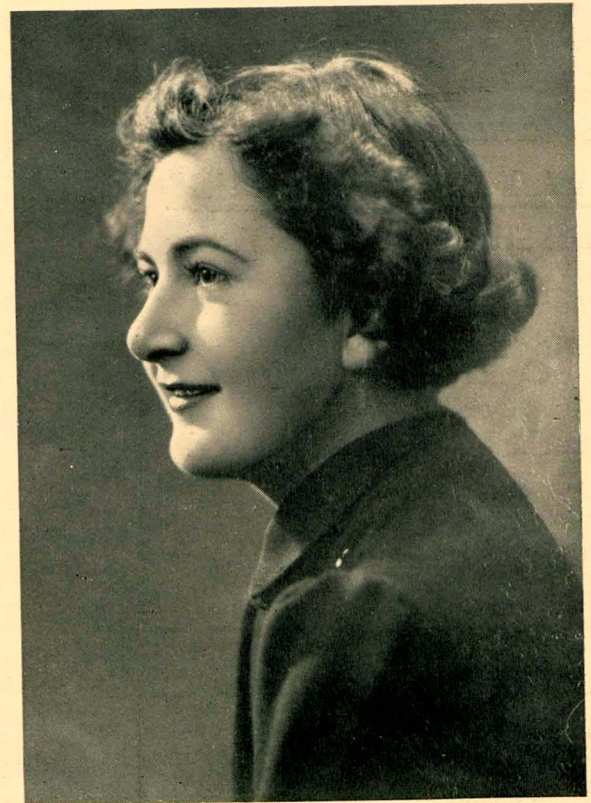
MR. AND MRS. R. A. CAMERON will be missed by their many friends, especially during the Christmas festivities, at which they are prominent figures, as they sail soon for London, where Mr. Cameron will take over the management of Dalgety's London office for the time being.

AS I've often remarked before, Bunbury is full of social activities—and not the least enjoyable of the recent parties given there was Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Cullen's dance to which they invited over 100 guests. Sweet peas were an effective background for Mrs. Cullen's black frock with its floral lame coat and amongst the guests she welcomed were noticed Dr. and Mrs. Neville Joel, Dr. and Mrs. John Flynn, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Burt, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Honey, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Slee, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. John Davy, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Joel, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. K. Eastman, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Prichard, Enid Clarke, Edith Steere, Ann Rose, Harriett Partridge, Edwin Rose and C. E. Jenour.

MRS. FRANK COCKSHOTT and her two small daughters were passengers in the Koolinda for Geraldton. They are holidaying at "Ellendale," Walkaway, some distance from Geraldton. They are the guests of Isa and Minna Logue and Phyllis Davis.



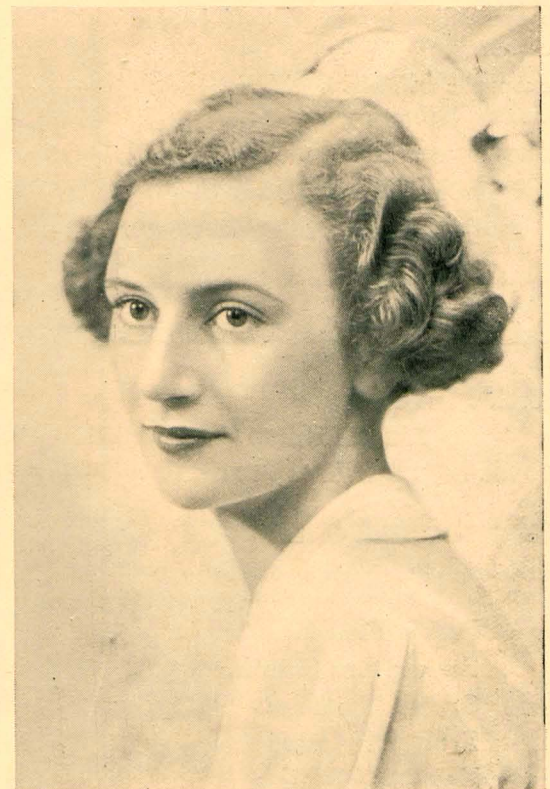
PHYLLIS HOPE-ROBERTSON . . . who devotes much of her time to broadcasting from National Station 6WF.



MARY AGG, taking the part of Angela in the Perth College Old Girls' Dramatic Society's production of Milne's "To Have the Honour" on September 15.



PEGGY KORNER, of South Perth, who played the part of Chica in "Women of Spain," a recent production by the Workers' Art Guild.



GWEN MITCHELL, home again after an enjoyable holiday at the Porongorups.

(Susan Watkins Camera Portraits)

Mrs. Wall

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THE medical and nursing staff of the Perth Hospital put aside their cares and responsibilities one recent Friday night when they arranged a great party at Government House Ballroom, the Committee being Dr. Mayrhofer, Misses B. Leslie, J. Bowe and C. Saville. Jack Nice's orchestra supplied the swing time. The frocking was as colourful as the enormous clusters of rainbow-coloured balloons festooned about the walks. Amongst the medical fraternity and others there were Dr. and Mrs. Kirke Godfrey, Dr. and Mrs. Gilbert Barker, Dr. and Mrs. George Kelsall, Dr. and Mrs. Donald Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Pannell, Dr. and Mrs. A. Kreitmeyer, Dr. and Mrs. O. Corr, Captain and Mrs. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Cuming, Molly Noble, Dr. Betty Ambrose, Dr. Roy Meucke, Dr. and Mrs. Lucraft, and Dr. and Mrs. Golds brough Row.

LOOKING very smart in traditionally well-cut English tweeds was Pat de Pledge as she stepped from the Cathay after a five months' holiday in England. She was met by her sister Diddy, and after a day or two in Perth they left in the North-West plane to join their parents on "Yanrey" Station, Onslow.

GOLF has been the talk and the thought for the month, what with the State Championship at Lake Karrinyup's picturesque course and the various clubs' finals and pennant matches—women golfers are just as much in the limelight these days as the more powerful hitters, and it was a very nice idea when the associates of Royal Fremantle held a sherry party to mark the finish of the women's section of the championship. Mrs. Charles Hudson presided and congratulations were handed out to Mrs. C. H. Turner (Club Champion), Mrs. D. Bennett (Club Plate) and Mrs. Johanson (Bronze Plate). Those present included Mesdames H. Nicholas, R. McKissock, D. Braddock, C. R. Dunkley, Campbell-Egan, O. Negus, G. S. Cook, E. R. Dermer, W. Hugall and Misses M. and H. Addis, G. Locke, M. Donovan, and J. Blythe.

PRIOR to her departure for England on a visit to her parents, Lord and Lady Birdwood, Mrs. Colin Craig was guest of honour at a bridge afternoon given by Mrs. Roy Thomas at her country home, "La Leonesa," Williams. Amongst those present were Mesdames Colin Craig, John Barrett-Lennard, John Jefferies, Norman Higham, James Fowler, E. Stewart, E. Noske, K. Bowen, A. Wilson, E. Rintoul, Frank Stokes, H. Klug and H. Stevens; the Misses Josephine Barrett-Lennard, Jean Higham, Jean Stewart, Prudence Barrett-Lennard, Norma Higham and Nancy Fowler.

MRS. A. A. Orton, of Dunedin, New Zealand, is holidaying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Cowcher, at Park-road, Mt. Lawley.

MRS. T. P. PRIOR, of Geraldton, entertained recently in honour of Mrs. Gordon Hill, of Melbourne. Bridge and musical items comprised the evening programme, those present including Mesdames T. Roberts, A. E. Gale, A.



IDA ELWYN . . . daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Potter, of Victoria Avenue, Claremont.

(Webb and Webb Studio.)

C. Bogle, W. R. Campbell, C. Bateman, R. F. Kendall, G. E. Brown, L. J. Wall, A. W. Banks, C. V. Cavanagh, J. A. Williamson, K. Gamble, R. Storey, J. Young, R. Wilson, H. M. Sloss, J. Brewer, R. Guscott, Marven, F. Watt, F. J. Horwood, A. B. Rutherford, C. C. Garrett, Misses N. Bright, J. Brede and E. Sewell.

THE President (Mrs. G. Lovegrove) and members of Fremantle Croquet Club, entertained at their greens in Parry-street, when bridge and croquet were played. During tea, which was served on the verandahs of the clubhouse, Mrs. Lovegrove asked Mrs. Chas. Hudson, President of Fremantle Ladies' Golf Club, to present the club's championship trophies to Mrs. Pember, winner in the "A" grade, and Mrs. Temple, runner-up; Mrs. Clifford Jones, winner in the "B" grade, and Mrs. Meiny, runner-up.

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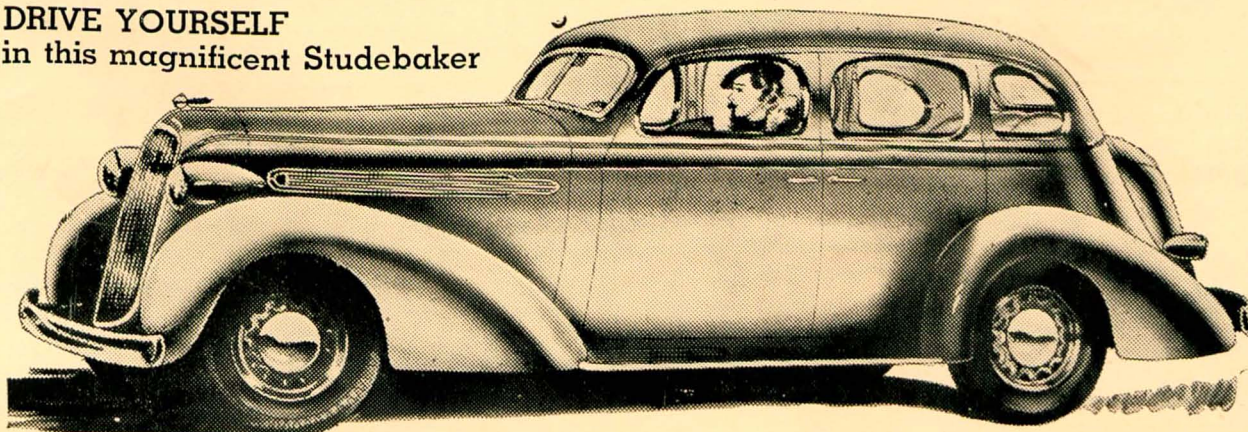


DEBORAH . . . baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Lambert, of South Perth.

★ HELENE . . . baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Macalinden, of Kalgoorlie, who left recently to make their home in Sydney.

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MRS. G. A. LEFROY was a charming hostess at an afternoon tea party at the Karrakatta Club when the honoured guests were Mrs. C. Y. Simpson and Mrs. Souper, both of whom arrived from England recently. Both Mrs. Lefroy and Mrs. Simpson chose black for their frocks and hats, while Mrs. Souper was in navy blue and a small velvet toque. Some of those reviving friendship with these erstwhile West Australians were Mesdames Ernest Lee Steere, Claude Crocker, Fryer Smith, Alfred Sandover, Willie Burges, King Atkins, J. C. Phillips, A. Badock, C. Oldham, J. Graham, H. Rankin, R. Hodge and Misses M. and D. Alderson, A. Percy, D. Atkins, V. Bethell, D. Durlacher, T. Habgood, and F. Lefroy.

* * *

DECKED with gay balloons and paper flowers in orange and brown and gold—being the school colours—the Kobeelya Old Girls held their annual ball at the Katanning Town Hall. Molly Pope was the able Secretary and her helpmates who made the show such a success were Mary Hassell, Ivy Barkley and Marjorie Hobbs. Lots of young married "old" girls were there, including Mr. and Mrs. Herzil House, Mr. and Mrs. Herzel Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Max Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Evan Seacombe, Mr. and Mrs. John Downer, Mr. and Mrs. Stanes, Dr. and Mrs. Pope, and Misses M. Scott, S. and M. Davies, E. Hobbs, B. Bostock, D. Cockram, Betty Piesee, P. Partridge, and Elaine Davies and their partners were Geoff Wilson, Tony Main, Geoff House, Don Roe, Garth Temby, John Wittenoom, Harry Harper, and Lea Allnutt.

* * *

VALERIE BURT is down from her station home to spend a short holiday in town and the other day invited some of her young friends to tea and cocktails at the Adelphi. Pretty Lou Shenton was the only unmarried there—not from lack of opportunities—and the others invited were: Gwen Hadfield, Molly Waldeck, Katie Malloch, Betty Andrea and Yvonne Ackroyd Stuart.

* * *

HELEN AND KENNETH STEELE have given up their flat in "Riviera," Mill street, and while her husband made a three weeks' visit to Kalgoorlie Helen stayed with her parents in South Perth. They are shortly to leave for Melbourne, where Kenneth has accepted a position with Australian National Airways after having for the past three years been instructor for our local Aero Club.

* * *

TWO very interesting passengers to disembark from the same ship were Mrs. Otway Falkiner, of Eoonoke, Widgiawa, N.S.W., and her sister, Mrs. Harold Nixon, of Melbourne. The following day they left for the Eastern States by train. Their short stay here was spent with their sister-in-law, Mrs. E. A. Le Souef, and her family at South Perth.

NANCY, attractive daughter of the J. B. Durack's, of Harvey, was a passenger in the Duntroon and intends holidaying in the Eastern States. Her brother, Noel, went along, too, to keep her company. Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Gibson, of King's Park-road, have returned after their rather rushed, but nevertheless enjoyable trip, to England. They have been away about four months in all.

* * *

THERE were about 250 delegates at the opening of the Country Women's Conference at the Assembly Hall late last month. The State President of the Association in New South Wales, Mrs. J. W. Beveridge, was welcomed, while much regret was expressed about the retirement of Mrs. W. E. Hearman, the then State President. Mrs. Hearman has only been in office for one year, but on account of her husband's illness has been forced to resign, but her place has been well filled by Mrs. Archie Burt, who was President for so many years. A very enjoyable dinner party was given by the Council of the local Association to welcome Mrs. Beveridge. Mrs. Hearman was hostess for the evening and dinner was served in the private dining room at the Karrakatta Club amid bowls of beautiful sweet peas.

* * *

THIS recent Friday night I have just mentioned seems to have been a very popular one, for as well as the Perth Hospital Ball, the Commercial Travellers' Club held their annual shivoo at the Embassy Ballroom, while the Claremont Yacht Club was a gay spot celebrating its yearly party. Last, but not least, was the annual Mess Ball of the Third Field Brigade Royal Australian Artillery, which was held at the Naval and Military Club. Major J. O. Clough and his offsidiers, Capt. Bessell Browne, Lieuts. W. H. Hawkins and T. Macfarlane certainly arranged the party well, and amongst the fairer sex in all their pretties were noticed Mrs. Bessell Browne in black velvet, two Fremantle socialites, Mrs. Percy White in dusty pink crepe and Mrs. Athol Norrie with silver stripes running through her peach coloured dress. Mrs. Eric Sandover and Mrs. Athol Hobbs had the party hearty spirit and were with their husbands. Betty Shann looked as super as ever in ivory satin, while Nancy McCulloch's lovely bronze hair was matched by her frock of corded silk. Bettye Merryweather, who strives for the unusual, was in pink and blue spotted voile and another dainty frock was Jeanne Forrest's white ripple chiffon. Vera Ward looked effective in red and plaid taffetas, and another striking person was Margaret Bennett in green floral satin. Some of their partners adding a touch of colour to the scene with their mess kits were Brigadier-Generals F. Martin, A. Bessell E. owne, Colonels A. T. Watts and J. E. Mitchell, Majors P. White, J. O. Clough, G. Hammer, F. Cox, J. Hogan, Wing-Commander Brownell, Group Capt. J. M. Drummond and Flying Officers T. Ingledew, A. D. Harrison, F. Mann, L. Pearse and W. Ingle.



JULIE BAGSHAW, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Bagshaw, and granddaughter of the late Mrs. David Morrell, of Northam.



JOAN DICKSON, of Irvine-street, Peppermint Grove, whose engagement to Mr. Ben Phillips, of Singapore, has been announced.



MOLLIE CAIRNS-HILL, prominent West Perthite, who has taken up nursing as a career.



PEGGY TELFORD, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Telford, of Nedlands.

(Susan Watkins Camera Portraits.)

Three Painters.



URING the past month Perth has been singularly fortunate in the three art shows that have been held. Each

was distinctive in itself; each revealed an artist of individual qualities, and outlook quite different from the other two. Of the three painters responsible two are West Australians. For that reason, perhaps, their works are the more interesting. Of these it is proposed to deal with the younger first, for reasons that will be apparent.

MAX EBERT

In approaching the work of Max Ebert, newest West Australian painter to hold a one-man show, I do so with a frank confession of a strong admiration for an adventurous spirit always. More especially do I admire him who sets his goal sufficiently far off that to attain it means a lot of earnest striving, often against dispraise of his efforts, but whose faith is strong enough to carry him through.

To this class, I believe, belongs Max Ebert. I say this because three years ago he showed, with the West Australian Society of Arts, two little head studies which provoked more discussion and controversy than anything else in the show. Some of the criticisms offered of his work then were extremely harsh, just as were many of his recent exhibition.

By the work shown in the last month, however, Max Ebert demonstrated clearly and adequately—to me at any rate—that he was and is still prepared to meet, grapple with and work out his own problems in his own way. Max Ebert is not likely to prove a popular painter. Yet, while he retains his adventurous spirit his influence will grow and continue to grow surely. The entire absence of any suggestion of self-satisfaction about his work is one of the healthiest phases of his artistic expression.

This was abundantly evident in his portrait studies in which there was a great deal more of the painter revealed than the painted—an all too rare attribute in younger artists.

It was clearly exemplified in "Man With Pipe," a strongly, almost fanatically handled portrait in which every line and every phase were rendered with an admirable singleness of purpose. In this I feel Max Ebert has got as near to his goal as anything he has yet painted. I sense, too, that that is his feeling in the matter. His portraits since the "Man With Pipe" give a suggestion of added confidence on the part of the painter.

Another excellent feature of Max Ebert's exhibition was, in several in-

By Charles

stances, his failure to be convincing. Critical as such an artist must be of himself and his work, such failures must serve only as a incentive to tackle again the problems, the solution of which is definitely at fault. With his vitality and alertness of mind, solution must eventually result.

A native of Western Australia, Max Ebert was born in Subiaco. His art training was obtained at the Melbourne Art Gallery School, where at different times he received instruction from the late Bernard Hall, W. B. McInnes, George Bell and Charles Wheeler. More modern teaching influences came from J. Frater and Arnold Shore.

LIONEL JAGO

No West Australian landscape painter is better known nor a more regular exhibitor than Lionel Jago.

Of mercurial temperament, unbounded vitality and enthusiasm, infectious vivacity, he literally puts himself in his works. Possessed of definite points of view, he can also see and appreciate the other fellow's. In this way, over a period of many years' painting experience he has been able to broaden his outlook and develop an expression of healthy candour.

Lionel Jago has always revealed a strong dislike for subterfuge and mere

cleverness. He has not allowed himself to be influenced by mere fashions in artistic development. But he has not disregarded any sound expressions on the fundamental problem of light.

More than anything else he has earnestly believed that to succeed in artistic expression one must give unremitting study to drawing and tone; coupled with these must be consciousness, self-confidence and perseverance.

Other exhibitions of his work have shown that Lionel Jago's aim has been to paint in a high key, to look for the brightest light and paint it in the most revealing and brilliant colors. The show of his most recent paintings held last month was outstanding for this. His outlook and his personality were remarkably impressed on "Towards East Perth" and "Against the Light."

A great strength of Lionel Jago's artistic make-up is his power to realise the picture in a scene before him. If this realisation is almost instantaneous, he is nevertheless content to absorb it and study its many aspects before rendering it to the canvas. But he is also able to capture a monetary or fleeting impression and retain it in memory so that many of his landscape studies present a charming impermanence most aptly described in the poet's lines:

"Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view."

PETER LAMPEL

The ages-old principle that sound, good draughtsmanship must forever remain the basis of good art, particularly interpretative, was never better illustrated than in the exhibition of paintings and drawings by German artist, Peter Lampel.

Peter Lampel, who recently arrived in Perth from Java and other Eastern countries showed something like one hundred and seventy pictures. Naturally, in a one-man show of such vast numbers, works of varying standards had to be expected. But never once did his drawing qualities become haphazard or appear neglected. Always there appeared a completeness and immaculate rendering of the dominating and essential features of the subject dealt with.

Peter Lampel has travelled much and met many different people in many different lands. One senses from his careful studies of those peoples that he has not been so much impressed by their life-problems as by their appearances, customs and philosophies on life.

(Continued page 42.)



YOUNG JAVANESE TYPE.

By P. M. Lampel.



Miss
Dorothy
Synnot



Who left for England and the
Continent by the Orama on
August 29, accompanied by
her brother-in-law and sister,
Mr. and Mrs. F. Heron Pitcher,
of Esplanade Mansions, Perth.

(Langham Studio)

Strange Beliefs of The Australian Blackfellow.

GVERY race in the human family has its folk lore. In spite of their primitiveness, or perhaps because of it, the traditional tales and beliefs of the Australian aborigines are particularly picturesque.

"In this nomadic life the Australian aboriginal was brought into the most intimate contact with nature in all its aspects—indeed, it was his very existence."

THIS, according to Keith McKeown, author of "The Land of Byamee," is the fundamental reason for the blackfellow peopling his world with strange creatures and building up stories around them. From his earliest childhood it is essential to his very existence that he have knowledge "of just those little details, unknown or ignored in our civilisation," that spell the difference between life and death to the primitive hunter and his family.

So, too, from childhood the aboriginal invents "stories and adventures involving familiar things around him—especially to explain those things that lie beyond his comprehension." It was in this way that each individual came to get his own particular dream spirit or Doowee.

During the night time, when their human owners slept, these Doowees wander forth, seeking adventure, sometimes getting into trouble. If an unfriendly magician captured the Doowee then the owner would sicken and die. "In this way through the ages," McKeown tells us "the native built up his conception of the world about him—the Country of the Byamee."

To the blackfellow "the bush, especially at night, was filled with disembodied spirits, some beneficent, some malevolent, with a sprinkling of monsters and bush bogies. Above all was Byamee

guiding and ruling." In the Byamee's country the sun and moon, the stars, and everything else were parts of a unique symbolism. Contrary to the custom among primitive peoples elsewhere in the world, the sun was female and the moon male.

"Yhi, the sun, fell madly in love with Bahloo, the moon, but Yhi had many lovers, and this caused the object of her affections to despise her. . . Bahloo was forced to fly from her, and so each day they pass across the sky Bahloo and Yhi, with the woman ever in hot pursuit of her reluctant lover."

Apart from his role of perpetually fleeing from Yhi, Bahloo has a very important duty, that of greeting the girl babies. "Sometimes he is assisted in this work by Wahn, the Crow. Occasionally



KOOB.BORR. THE KOALA "was the wise old man of the bush, the sage counsellor of the aborigines, who consulted him in all their difficulties."

*"The Land of the Byamee,"

by Keith McKeown ;

Sydney, Angus & Robertson, 6/-.

"Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing,"

by Samuel Hoffstein ;

Sydney, Angus & Robertson, 7/6.

"Action in Aquila,"

by H. rvey Allen : London, Gollancz ;

Sydney, Angus & Robertson, 10/6.

Wahn attends to their manufacture in the absence of Bahloo—but the result of his work is really terrible, for women of his making, are always noisy and quarrelsome.

To the Wood Lizard of the handsome name, Boomayahmayahmul, falls the lot of making boy babies. But the whirlwind's job was somewhat different. "It was said that Wurrawilberoo, the whirlwind, would sometimes snatch up a baby spirit (usually hanging to the branches of trees, by the way) and whirl it towards some young unmarried woman whom he wished to discredit."

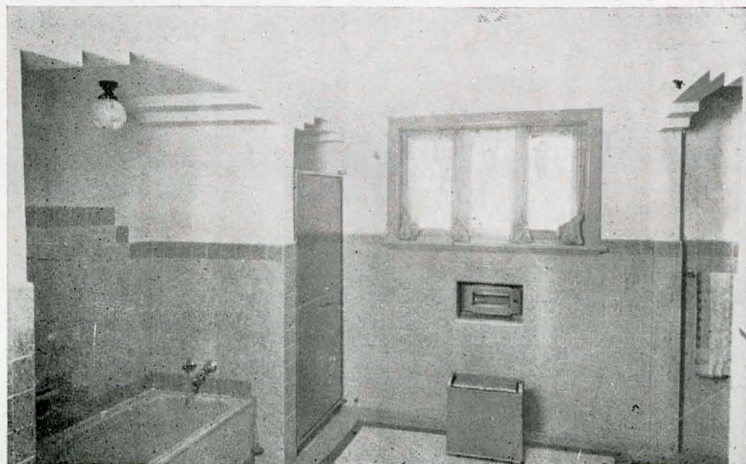
It is not surprising, therefore, to read that "the approval of a whirlwind to a native camp would usually send the young women and girls flying in all directions in search of hiding places where they might escape from its baneful influence."

All the birds and animals, the winds, of which six were recognised by the aborigine, had their special significance in aboriginal lore. The stars, too, and "Venus, the evening star, is male and is considered to be always laughing at an extremely improper story he once related and which has never ceased to amuse him."

According to the aborigine the kangaroo, Bohrah, got his tail under peculiar circumstances, while the native cat, Ng'ru Moch—the spotted One—had anything but a good reputation. "When Ng'ru Moch was abroad, the women and children crouched in terror in the shelter of their gunyahs, while the men, spear in hand, kept constant watch, ever on the alert to protect their loved ones."

But Koob-borr, the Koala, "was the wise old man of the bush, the sage counsellor of the aborigines, who consulted him in all their difficulties."

Different native tribes, of course, have different names for the animals, birds and other things, and different legends about them. In addition to Koob-borr, the Koala, was known as Colo, Colac, Colah, Kur-bo-roo, Wion-gill, Kulla, Coolabun, Nargoan, Yarri, Boorabi and a host of other names. According to one native story the little chap once had a tail, beautifully long and bushy. Like



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many of the other creatures, however, the Koala was not happy with his lot. He found his tail an encumbrance and with Yhi's permission, he allowed it to dwindle away and disappear.

"And that is why the Koala looks so uncomfortable when he is in the company of the dingo, especially when the dog wags his tail from sheer delight in the joy of living."

The origin of Gayardaree, the Platypus, was the alliance of Tharalkoo, a young adventurous duck, Theralkoo, and Biggoon, the giant water rat.

One cannot grow tired of quoting from "The Land of Byamee." Every chapter is a storehouse of fascinating information about our own country and the primitive, imaginative people who first peopled it.

PRACTICALLY NOTHING

"That these verses have had to be reprinted nineteen times already, shows the popularity they have won. They deserve their popularity. Their technical

Current Books of Note

"The Most Powerful Man in the World."

The Life of Sir Henri Deterding,
by Glyn Roberts; Sydney, Angus
& Robertson Ltd. Price 15/-

"Promenade"

by G. B. Lancaster; Sydney, Angus
& Robertson Ltd. Price 8/6.

"Harpoons Ahoy"

by Will Lawson; Sydney, Angus &
Robertson Ltd. Price 7/6.

"Think and Grow Rich"

by Napoleon Hill; Sydney, Angus &
Robertson Ltd. Price 7/6.

excellence is high and the humour is rich and abundant. He has the art of topsy turvy, or surprising us—in the true Gilbertian manner."

So says a passage on the dust cover of the latest edition of Samuel Hoffenstein's "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing."

One cannot have much quarrel with the assertion. It forms a fairly fitting description. But it is doubtful whether Hoffenstein quite attains the topmost heights of Gilbert as in "The Yarn of the 'Nancy Nell'" when—
"There was me and the cook and the captain
bold,

And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And the bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Nevertheless, Hoffenstein—his "Poems" first appeared, by the way, in U.S.A. in 1928—has his own individual qualities,
"When trouble drives him into rhyme
Which is two-thirds of all the time."

There is a refreshing piquancy about many of his short essays in nonsense such as,

"The leopard cannot change his spots;
In short, they're his forget-me-nots;

or,

"Nothing from a straight line swerves,
So sharply as a woman's curves,
And, having swerved, no might or main
Can ever put her straight again."

or yet again,

"Breathes there a man with hide so tough
Who says two sexes aren't enough?"

"Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing" will serve many admirably to wile away hour after hour of light, enjoyable entertainment. The dedication to Edith Morgan,

"Since, as they say, the rare exceptions prove
The rule in life and letters, even love,
The rule of my dispraises seems more true
Because of that most rare exception, you,
is, alone, worth reading over and over
again.

CIVIL WAR SKIRMISH

Hervey Allen is widely known and will probably be best remembered for his very long "Anthony Adverse" which so spectacularly captured the imagination of the fickle reading public. Without attempting to decry the popular approval I admit, however, he deserves the truest measure of applause for "Action at Aquila."

After reading this new novel I find myself unhesitatingly agreeing with the critic who found that "as a work of art 'Action at Aquila' is far in advance of 'Anthony Adverse.'"

All the qualities the author revealed in the other book are just as evident in
(Continued page 39.)

Back to the Poets.

On every jar in which lost wits were
stored
The loser's name was clearly written
down.

His own Astolfo spied, and much deplored
That he had lost more wit than any
clown.

But when he saw the names of many a
lord,

And many a prince and poet of re-
nown,

Who think they have great store of wit,
and boast of it,

He laughed, for it was plain they all
had lost it.

Some lose their wits with love, some with
ambition,

Some running after wealth they never
get,

Some following lords and men of high
condition,

And some with avarice are overset;
Some wish to be a subtle politician,

And some with poetry their wits for-
get.

So common sense and wisdom now de-
cay,

And all the world grows madder day
by day.

—Lodovico Ariosto, 1474-1533.

What the World Owes to Mistakes . . . !

by H. Brading

**Because somebody blundered you now enjoy the
benefits of—**

Blotting paper

Ribbed hosiery

Portland cement

Bath towels

Stainless steel

Bakelite

IT was an accident, something broken, something upset, somebody hurt.

Whenever we

hear the word accident our thoughts naturally turn to some misfortune, yet accidents of one kind and another have brought innumerable benefits to mankind.

An employee in a paper mill spoils a vat of pulp. Try as he would, the pulp refused to set. His employers considered he had acted negligently and he was sacked.

The spoilt pulp was thrown into a corner and it was presently discovered that it had remarkable absorbent properties. It was dried and blotting-paper came into existence.

A mechanical fault in a weaving machine a number of years ago caused the threads on some cotton material to become tangled and ruffled. The flawed result was thrown out as waste.

Drying his hands on it, the weaver was attracted by its soft, absorbent qualities. He began to manufacture lengths of the material. Drapers became interested, and through them, the public. The bath towel had been born.

One evening in 1863, young Frederick Walton finished painting some windows, and went away, leaving the lid off his paint pot.

A day or two later, he found that the usual tough protective skin had formed on the surface of the paint. A blunder leaving the paint lid off, but an idea came to him. That skin of paint proved hard-wearing when pressed into a backing of burlap. The first crude linoleum had been achieved.

A girl in a stocking factory dropped one of the needles in the machine. The foreman dismissed her for spoiling several pairs of hose. But someone else,

picking up the stockings, which were furrowed down by a single groove, realised that if a number of needles were dropped a ribbed pattern could be made.

RUST-RESISTING.

We owe stainless steel to a blunder of twenty years or so ago. During the war Mr. Harry Brearley, a Sheffield metallurgist, was investigating the problems of rifle barrels. He experimented with various steel alloys, seeking the perfect metal for the purpose.

One alloy contained a heavy proportion of chromium. It failed to make the grade and was thrown on the scrapheap with other rejects. A fortnight later, an assistant noticed that the chrome steel had not rusted like the rest.

A knife blade was made from it and exposed for a month to all weathers. At the end of that time it still showed no sign of rusting. Stainless steel had come to revolutionise the cutlery industry.

Perhaps you have a grandfather clock? We are indebted for the pendulum principle upon which it works to the fact that, three and a half centuries ago, a 17-year-old youth neglected his prayers.

He was in Pisa Cathedral. Bored during a long prayer, he stared idly about him. A lamp, set swinging by a draught, attracted his attention. He noticed that whatever the range of the lamp's oscillations, they were invariably executed in equal times. Sixty years later, the youth, then old and blind, thought out the application of the pendulum for the regulation of clockwork.

FIRST PENDULUM CLOCK.

Fifteen years after, Huygens, the Dutchman, made the first pendulum clock and tried to steal the glory of being the originator of the idea. But there's no doubt the honour belongs to the boy

who watched the swinging lamp. His name? They called him Galileo.

Modern plastics, used for making such things as telephone receivers, buttons, and so on, have revolutionised half a dozen industries. All because, in 1906, Dr. Leo Baekeland had a clumsy cat.

Jumping from a shelf in the laboratory, the cat knocked a bottle of formaldehyde over some cheese in a mousetrap. In the morning, Dr. Baekeland found that the cheese had been changed into a hard glossy substance. A blundering cat had introduced the first casein in the world.

X-ray photographs were made possible because of an accidental discovery by Rontgen the German scientist in 1895. Investigating how electricity is conducted through gases, he discovered X-rays and their potentialities.

"THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE"

Portland cement is invaluable stuff. We owe it to Joseph Aspdin, a Leeds bricklayer, who in 1824 accidentally (forgive the continuous use of the word!) discovered that a mixture of clay and limestone heated to a high temperature and subsequently ground, made a cement far superior to any previously known. Almost too vast to conceive is the debt which modern civilisation, with its concrete buildings bridges and roads, owes to a bricklayer's mistake.

Road accident figures are still appalling, but they'd be even worse without that wonderful safety glass—the life-saving discovery of Dr. Edouard Benedictus. He was clearing an empty bottle from his laboratory shelf when it fell from his hand. The bottle starred, but remained intact. The glass hadn't broken.

Dr. Benedictus recollected that several years previously the bottle had contained a mixture of various chemicals. They had evaporated, leaving a tough, transparent film inside. The French scientist made the "mixture as before" and produced the world's first sheet of safety glass.

Have you ever thought of the billions of miles of copper wire all over the world giving service to man? Not so



Ready for Market

What the World owes to Mistakes (cont.)

many years back, the cost of copper recovery would have prohibited the use of such vast quantities of the metal.

In a London research laboratory Mr. Arthur Cattermole had been working with zinc ores. His day's work done, he went to wash. There was no soap. In desperation he rinsed his hands in plain water and found tiny black balls settling at the bottom of the wash basin.

Those globules were of almost pure zinc sulphide. The machine oil on his hands had cemented the zinc into tiny globules. Here, obviously was an entirely new method of zinc recovery.

STARTLING DISCOVERY.

Tried out in Australian mining plants at Broken Hill the process proved a brilliant success technically, but financially it was a failure. Then it was tried with copper

and the famous "froth flotation" method tumbled the price of the metal to something like a tenth of its former figure.

A Dutch spectacle-maker chanced to hold one spectacle lens in front of another, raising them towards the light. He was staggered to observe that the distant church steeple had suddenly come nearer. Later, by inserting the lenses at opposite ends of a tube, he achieved the first crude telescope.

You owe your electric lamp to a piece of "doodling" on Edison's part. Thinking of something else, he began to twiddle with a knob of tar covered with lamp black. It was only when he had unconsciously drawn it into a thin thread that he noticed what he had done.

All at once it struck him that carbon wire might be used as an electric lamp filament. Tried out, it proved successful. Perhaps it was the most successful of all Edison's thousand odd inventions.

—"Answers."

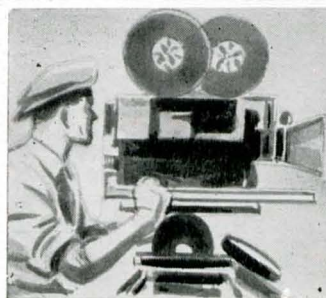
Books (cont.)

"Action at Aquila." But there are absent from the newer all those obvious displays of cleverness for its own and the author's self-satisfaction, which characterised a number of passages in the other. Neither does Hervey Allen indulge in essays of over-writing. To the contrary in "Action at Aquila" there is never an unnecessary word or incident.

"Action at Aquila" is noteworthy, too, for the perfect piece of pen-portraiture in the presentation of Colonel Nathaniel Franklin so fittingly described by yet another critic as "so good a soldier, so decent a man."

"Action at Aquila" is a story of the American Civil War. Mr. Allen has wisely refrained from using a large canvas, preferring to deal with an incident. Yet he does not fail to give a vivid and obviously accurate picture of what the upheaval meant to the people on either side behind the lines.

Mr. Allen's distinctive sense of atmosphere is not the least of the book's attractions.



Films in Focus

WITH Sonja Henia, scintillating star of skate and screen, in the lead "Happy Landing," should be the most popular film booked for early release at a city theatre. It screens at the Capitol round about Show time and in it Sonja introduces another bit of skating technique, a trick acquired after four years of diligent practice.

In "Happy Landing" the ecstatically graceful star is re-united with her "One In a Million" sweetheart, Don Ameche. He is cast as an aviator who, with Cesar Romero, as an egocentric orchestra leader) inadvertently lands in Norway after a trans-Atlantic flight and becomes romantically involved in a "Brides Fair" Festival. Ignorance of local custom, the hero worship of the Norse maids (one of whom is Sonja) and a "girl back home" land Ameche (and Romero) in a spot of bother. The story, however, swings through to a "happy landing" for all concerned, taking Norway, Paris, Miami and finally New York in its stride. Two love stories are skilfully interwoven and the wealth of music, songs and scenic settings will amaze.

Sonja Henie, of course, hails from Norway and in consequence is completely at home in the setting. So much so that the picture suggests that there is a touch of Hollywood in Norse Mythology. One can almost suspect that the night Sonja was born Odin picked up a megaphone while Thor chanked a camera and Tyr mixed the sound for a colossal Celestial super production called "The Ice Queen." One can visualise a well-trained chorus of Valkyries executing intricate ballet routines rehearsed by Freya, while Loki and the rest of the Aesir plotted out sound and scenic effects.

For Winter had been gone for two months and the folk of Oslo, Norway, were planning Spring festivals. It was April and Papa Wilhelm Henie anxiously waited while the doctor presided in the room where Mama Selma Henie was keeping the eternal tryst with Fate.

"Happy Landing"
20th Century-Fox Film, featuring Sonja Henie and Don Ameche.

Then the heroes and the heroines of all the sagas and eddas of the Northland staged the debut of Sonja Henie!
The warm afternoon of April 8 be-

Norse Gods Staged Ice Festival

On the Night Sonja Henie Was Born.

came icy cold at dusk. Loki opened up the battery of wind machines. . . . Odin called for action and the Valkyries rode down from the North, singing and sighing as they came.

Freya tossed abroad the blanket of billions of snow crystals.

By morning the streets of Oslo were impassable except for sleighs. And every brook, pond and stream was covered with a sheet of ice.

In the Henie domicile a little girl had been born.

And while the newspapers referred to the spectacle as an unseasonal blizzard, any number of neighbours would have told you that there was an omen.

And the neighbors appear to have been correct, superstition or no superstition.

Never has the domain of snow and ice had a fairer, more beautiful or gracious Queen.

Ice and Sonja's artistry have carried

her name to fame throughout the world. Ten times World figure-skating Champion; three times Olympics Champion, she now appears in her third 20th Century-Fox production.

The world may think it strange that this Goddess of the Green-white Land of the Norseman should be transformed from ice queen to actress—even though she be blonde and beautiful.

But it isn't strange after Sonja explains. Despite her heritage she wanted to be a dancer, she says.

Maybe the gods were willing to permit this as part of a plan to teach her grace before she tried her true element. At any rate she danced. Mama Selma encouraged her with ballet lessons at an Oslo school.

Then at eight, she was given her first pair of skates . . . went to the Municipal Stadium . . . and made a one-point landing on her first attempt to master the ice.

The next winter the Lords and Ladies of the Iceland pantheon began to take their ambassadors in hand.

She began to win honours at figure skating, taking the championship in the junior competition at the Oslo Skating Club. When she was 11, she won the Norwegian title and went to the Olympics in Switzerland. From that point on, Sonja devoted six or seven hours a day to practice. In 1926 she was placed second in the world's championships at Stockholm. Then followed triumph after triumph, and in 1928 she won the Olympics medal. Again in 1932, and again in 1936.

Contrary to general belief, she still retains her Olympic title, despite the fact that she has "turned pro." She does not lose her championship until the 1940 games in Tokyo, when she just won't defend her title.

All during her career to the throne of the Ice Queen, Sonja has continued to study ballet.

"I dance on skates instead of just skating," she explains.

She has appeared at royal command performances for King George V., King
(Continued page 42)

"Happy Landing"



Scenes from the 20th Century-Fox Film, which will be a major screen attraction at the Capitol Theatre shortly.

OVERSEAS LEAGUE

LOOKING back over the past eight months there is no doubt that the W.A. Branch of the Overseas League has maintained its progress, and in that period, eighty new members have been enrolled and functions held at the Club Room, Orient Line Building, Perth, almost every week to bring the members together.

The Executive Committee which meets during the first week in each month does everything possible to vary the events to cater for the tastes of all members. There have been several social evenings, musical programmes, travel talks on various countries, and bridge, rummy and tripoley parties, whilst a successful winter dance was held recently. Perhaps the most outstanding event was the celebration of Empire Day, and it is only appropriate that the Overseas League, being the largest Empire society, should make Empire Day an auspicious occasion and celebrate the event with other branches of the League all over the world.

August 27th was the League's birthday and there was a large attendance of members on Perth for that event, when an excellent musical programme arranged by Miss Ada Coultas was presented. There were one or two short speeches about the rapid growth and the good work of the League in the 28 years of its existence. From a small beginning about desire for an opportunity to give individual service to the Empire, the League has grown to the extent that it now has representing the League in every country where British people are to be found. The aim of a better understanding is an

admirable one and not only does the Perth branch foster a better understanding between its members and fellow member abroad but it has encouraged the study of Esperanto hoping that this international language will help to create a better international understanding by correspondence with foreign parts. These Esperanto classes are proving very popular and qualified instructors give their services free every Monday night—just another instance of individual service without thought of personal gain.

The idea still persists in some quarters that the Overseas League is a society of people who have come here from England, and that it is necessary to be English to be a member. That idea is quite wrong. The League membership is open to any British subject no matter in what part of the world he or she was born. The Hon. Secretary of the Perth (Mr. A. W. Barnes), who by the way, has held office for the past 15 years, is an Australian, and the President (Mr. Arthur Bishop), and most of the local Committee are also Australians.

This month League members will be making an excursion to the Fairbridge Farm School at Pinjarra, where, under the god-parent scheme, a child is voluntarily maintained by the Perth Branch. Other events to be held will be a dance on September 13, a bridge afternoon and an evening to entertain visiting members as guests.

Quite a number of members who are at present in England and Scotland, where they have received endless courtesies, will be returning within the next two or three personal impressions on the countries visited by them.

Art (cont.)

In this way his artistic reactions have been influenced, not by any preconceived ideas of his own, but simply by the places and beings he has met with. He has, too, a lively and unerring appreciation of the picturesque. These qualities make him an interpretative artist of rare and seemingly limitless capacity. We find him presenting the exotic and inscrutable Oriental and more familiar Westerner with equal facility.

A feature of Peter Lampel's art, too, is his power of restraint which he exerts when it is deemed necessary; his care-free enthusiasm when no restraint is necessary.

Although practically devoted to portraits and studies of human types, strangely enough, the most outstanding picture of the German's show was the landscape, "Javanese Village," already adequately described in another journal as "rich in color, with a sure knowledge of values, strong in design and composition."

Film (cont.)

Haakon VII. of Norway, and the rulers of Sweden and Belgium.

Turning from her European successes, Sonja came to America, where she packed Madison Square Garden, the Hollywood Rink and every other place in which she appeared. The movies became interested in this smiling, engaging blonde miss, but while most of the industry was wondering what to do about it, Darryl F. Zanuck signed her for 20th Century-Fox and prepared elaborate "ice-box stages" upon which to place Sonja as a new motion picture queen.

"One in A Million" and "Thin Ice" proved that her instantaneous success

FRONTISPIECE

Danielle Darrieux, new French film star, who will make her screen debut in Perth shortly.

was just beginning. Now in "Happy Landing" Sonja, and Don Ameche goes on to new triumphs!

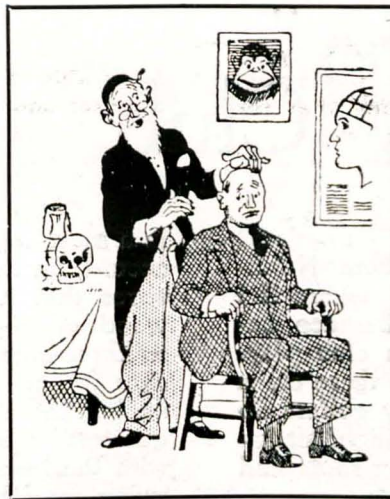
For while she originally was received as an ice skater, the world since has proved with record breaking attendances that she is at home in the dramatic domain with all the charm, ease and grace that she exhibits on the shimmering white of the ice.

"Ever since I was a little girl, I wanted to be on the stage," she says. "First I wanted to be a ballet dancer and I studied until a short time ago. I tried to put some of the beauty of the dance into my skating.

"I do not intend nor wish to give up ice skating!"

That almost goes without saying. For there is a good reason to believe that the Norse gods would have a little to say about their queen abdicating!

The Secrets That Your Bumps Tell Can You



EARLY SPRING!
The desire to get
away amounts to an
obsession.

My dearest friends seem repellent in voice, outlook and aspect. The city is loathsome.

Who shall help me to escape if not a phrenologist?
But how? And what cost?

I decided to try phrenology, to learn my unsuspected talents. No doubt my bumps would show an easy way to achieve an immediate Nirvana.

I was received at the top of the stairs by a middle-aged woman who showed me into a small room.

She drew my attention to a scale of charges on the wall, and said no doubt I would like to consider which kind of reading I wanted.

They varied from 4s. 6d. to 42s. 6d.

I chose the 8s. 6d. kind.

Not, pray observe, that I am singularly mean. But this was the highest kind of reading I could get with results on the spot, so to speak.

The higher priced readings meant that I must wait for long written reports. And with me, to think, as it were, is to act.

So I said "8s. 6d. please," and the woman vanished.

I sat alone, with polished china craniums (or should it be crania?) which showed, in pot, just what bumps meant which.

There was a slashing testimonial from Thomas Alva Edison on the wall. It said that but for phrenology, Thomas would never have known he was an inventive genius.

So I thought what was good for Thos. A. Edison ought to be O.K. by me as the Americans say.

Then the woman's head and arms reappeared through a sort of service hatch and her voice said, "Sit here, please!"

I sat obediently in a chair under the hatch.

She ran a tape measure over my head, three ways, round, fore and aft, and across. Then she said, "You have a large head!"

Well, hang it all, my head, like most of me is in (almost) Perfect Proportion. But I stifled indignation.

Then she passed a skilful hand over my nut, lightly, yet all knowingly.

"You are dogged," she said.

I preened myself. Old sea dog and what not.

"But you can be too dogged," warned the phrenologist.

"You are inclined to stick to things long after you should drop them.

"You are sensitive, imaginative. You have a good visual memory but a very poor one for figures and dates."

The lady, I may say, never spoke truer words.

"You have brilliant descriptive powers. (Well, I would not put it a high as this, but

who am I to complain).

Asked if I was fond of music, I said, modestly, "I sing!" Simply, just like that.

"Very good," she said. "It is beneficial. Good for your health."

This was a come-down, when I recalled the circles of cultured people who have murmured applause and politely begged for more.

"Do you play games?" she asked.

"A little golf."

"Very good. But you must not overdo it.

You must take four light meals a day, rather than two heavy ones, don't touch pickles and vinegar. And don't worry when you eat. Relax, enjoy your food.

"You ought to talk more. Go about, asking questions.

"It is no good having goods if you don't display them. Join a debating society.

"You must cultivate a sense of humour.

"When things upset you, don't brood over them."

I cut in. "I want to get away from it all. What should I try?"

She said, "You must have movement. You would make a very good engineer. You are not cut out for office work (hear, hear), at least for more than an hour or so a day.

"Yet you have very good directive ability. Are you interested in languages?"

"Well, I have spent many years on German and French. Time for time, I am the world's worst at either."

"You must persevere. You must concentrate more on the subjects you do not like."

She gave me a 56-page booklet, marked with all kinds of things about me. She warned me not to lose it, as there was no copy.

So I learned that I needed more combativeness, self-esteem, hope, mirthfulness and language.

Also that I must restrain my cautiousness and benevolence.

Four points, in the book, said, "Capable of warm affection. Will not love passionately."

Five said, "Love element is strong. Appreciate greatly the society of the opposite sex. Ardent in your affections."

So I am rather stronger than four, but a quarter point short of five. Other points are:

I have more force and determination than most.

I have a fair appetite and a fair amount of reserve.

I am disposed to act honestly. (By a quarter point I miss having a sensitive conscience.)

I have good constructive talent.

Now, who would like me to fling a steel arch bridge over some tempestuous river, preferably in the Andes?

Or perhaps a couple of dams and a rail tunnel, requiring much blasting?—A.T.

Golf.

By David Anderson

Iron Club Play

SINCE my last article in "Turner's" I have received letters from Northampton and Katanning, asking if I would explain the difference between iron and wooden club play. I am afraid the difference in the manipulation of these clubs is often exaggerated to such an extent that many golfers do not think it worth while attempting to master the slight alteration necessary, and continue to play their wooden shots and iron shots in identically the same manner.

Personally, I feel that that is all wrong. I would be the last to deny that there is a difference between the two types of shots, but the first to assert that the difference can be mastered by the average handicap player. The position of the ball in relation to the feet calculated to produce the best results with wooden clubs will not, unless modified, produce the best results with iron clubs let it be here noted that the necessary alteration to stance automatically alters the swing), but these modifications are so straightforward that I feel sure it is worth everyone's while to investigate them.

In practically every book written on this game, in fact I might say "every" book, we are told that the best results are produced with a sweeping blow with wooden clubs; and that with iron clubs the ball should be struck with a downward blow, or in other words, the clubhead should contact with the ball while it is descending. No reason, however, is ever given why this should be so. The late Harry Vardon and Bobby Jones, perhaps the two greatest golfers the world has seen, were what is termed in golfing language "clean iron players." This means they never took turf after contact with the ball unless essential, but contented themselves with merely grazing the turf during impact.

Actually, the only reason why one should alter the stance and the position of the ball in relation to the feet in iron play, and learn to hit a descending blow is that you do not always find your ball lying clean. If the ball is lying in a divot mark, it stands to reason a sweeping blow cannot produce the best results. A sweeping blow on to a ball lying in such a position would only result in a half-topped shot, hence the necessity for a player to learn or acquire the knack of contacting with the ball "when necessary," while the clubhead is descending.

We are told that it is essential to take turf after contact with iron clubs. That is all bunkum as it is only essential to do so when the ball is lying badly. On some aspects of the iron shot the experts, in their articles in golf journals, disagree

in a most engaging manner. They are, however, in complete accord, on the ideal length of the backward swing. They all agree that it should never equal that taken with a No. 1 wood, or, in other words, should never exceed what is termed a "three-quarter swing." A full backward swing is when the club reaches a horizontal position behind the player's head. I think, therefore, that we may take it for granted that "three-quarters" shall be the absolute limit of the backward swing with the long irons. Here I would add the proviso that the swing may be progressively reduced as the grade of the club becomes shorter.



This illustration of Charlie Snow at the finish of his backward swing shows clearly what Mr. Anderson means by his reference to the "Three-quarter Swing."

I must ask readers to study this splendid illustration of Charlie Snow at the finish of his back swing with a No. 2 iron. With a fuller swing you may probably get a slightly longer shot, but you certainly will not keep direction. From the tee one has a space of 40 yards or more in which to place the ball in safety for the next shot. However, when you are within range of the green your objective is the pin; hence the necessity for a more compact and shorter swing with iron clubs. I find there is a great tendency among young, rising players of this State, to underclub in approaching the green. Assuming the shot to be a full No. 6 (as the amateur understands a full No. 6) they invariably take that club and take a full bang at the ball, thereby sacrificing direction, instead of taking a No. 5 and playing an easy controlled shot. It may look pretty to the non-golfer to see the ball soaring heaven high, but it isn't golf. I might add that the golfer is not yet born who can play full shots to the green with any degree of accuracy.

On the question of stance, there has always been disagreement, Tommy Armour, whose iron shots are a delight to watch, is considered the best iron player in the world. He says the stance should be square, which means that the player's toes are parallel to the intended line of flight. Another school of thought, represented by W. J. Cox, to whom I have made reference in previous articles, prefers the closed stance, and the face of the club as well. Yet, from those unorthodox positions, he contrives to keep the ball straight. We all know, or should know, that either of these positions not only produce a pull, but usually a bad hook. As already stated, Tommy Armour stands to the ball square. That also is a position productive of a pull with iron clubs, but he counteracts the pull he would otherwise get from this position of the ball, in relation to the feet, by placing his right hand well on top of the club handle. In fact, the palm of his right hand is actually facing the ground instead of the line of flight, which has the effect of opening the club face at impact. Walter Hagen, on the other hand,

as neat and effective a player as ever wielded a golf club, strongly favours the open stance. "If you want length and not direction with iron clubs," he says, "the most natural thing in the world to do is to get the right foot behind the left, if only because you feel that you can hit the ball so much harder that way." He thinks, all the same, that that is a snare and a delusion, the chief difficulty being to get the clubhead through the ball correctly. Personally, I always teach my pupils, when possible, to use a slightly open stance with their iron clubs, for the simple reason that it not only makes the follow-through more easy, but also holds the right side well up to the ball, which is an asset in all iron play. Unless the right side is held well up it becomes practically impossible to hit a descending blow.

With the shorter, crisp movement of the iron shot, it should be noted, there is not the same necessity for the full pivot of the body. Thus almost every expert is agreed in placing the right foot at right angles to the intended line of flight, or even in a pigeon-toed manner, turning the toe in to point slightly towards the ball. That position is adopted by Abe Mitchell, Henry Cotton and other great golfers for all iron shots.

However, bearing in mind that this article is not addressed primarily to scratch golfers, I throw in my lot with Hagen and recommend, with confidence, the slightly open stance for all iron shots.

As to the position of the ball in relation to the feet, it must, unquestionably, be placed a little further back than usual. The correct location should be midway between the toes, assuming the feet are placed correctly. The position I favour for the feet is, right foot at right angles to intended line of flight with the left foot placed at an angle of 45 degrees to line of flight.

In this article, which is to be continued, Mr. Anderson has dealt with the No. 1, 2, and 3 Irons. In the next, which will appear in the October issue of "Turner's," he will take his subject a stage further and discuss the correct use of other Irons in the bag.

Rotarian Conference.

THE 11th annual conference of the 65th District of Rotary International will be held this year in Perth, and about 100 visitors will be attending from clubs in Victoria, Tasmania and South Australia, the States comprising the 65th District.

The local clubs of Perth and Fremantle are busily engaged in finalising arrangements for the conference, which takes place on September 12 to 17, and will be held in the Government House Ballroom. Apart from the business sessions, a splendid social programme has been provided, and it is anticipated that the total registrations, including local Rotarians, will be approximately 300.

The official ball on Wednesday, September 14, promises to be an outstanding success, while opportunity is being taken of showing the visitors something of the surrounding countryside. Trips to Yanchep and Araluen are among these, and an afternoon will be spent in taking the visitors to Fremantle, where they will be entertained by the Rotarians of that town.

Mr. S. W. Perry, O.B.E., is President of the Perth Rotary Club, and Mr. Norman Tyler President of the Fremantle Rotary Club. Associated with these two gentlemen are strong committees headed by Messrs. F. C. Edmondson, D. A. Gair, J. E. Ellis, S. J. McGibbon, J. H. Glowery, J. C. Finch, E. Fethers and S. H. D. Rowe.

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Perth Repertory Club.

NORMAN GINSBURY'S "Viceroy Sarah" was presented by the Repertory Club for its August season and, apart from the fact that the prompt was sadly over-worked and a sense of "dress-consciousness" prevailed among the male members of the caste, the Club handled the difficult costume play quite well.

Frocking of the Duke of Marlborough's four daughters was a delight to the eye, and they played convincingly. Here we had Stephanie Evans as Anne, Lady Sunderland; Roma Joy Williams, as Lady Monthermer; Marianne Haynes, as Henrietta, Lady Rialton; and Jean Hosking as Elizabeth, Lady Bridgewater. Abigail Hill, the poor relation of the Duchess of Marlborough, whom she placed in the Queen's household, and who finally supplanted the Duchess, was played by Miss Dorothy Mark, whose finish and poise, combined with expression, saved many patches from what otherwise may have been awkward situations. The Duchess of Marlborough (Sarah), played by Mrs. H. E. Braine, was a lengthy role, and Mrs. Coyne Miller, as the weak and easily convinced Queen Anne, gave a telling performance. Douglas Shimmin as George, Prince of Denmark, did good work, but perhaps the most outstanding performance from amongst the male roles was delivered by a new actor—Mr. Bruce Hill—who in his small part proved his integrity—a good voice and carriage can do much. Others in the caste included Miss Ethel Bartlett Day as Mrs. Danvers, Mr. Allan Cuthbertson as Lord Godolphin, Russell Nash as Mr. St. John, Sydney Davis as Robert Harley, William Hoey as John, Duke of Marlborough; Frank O'Grady, in the role of the poetic architect, Captain Vanbrugh; and Robert Bestman and Ashley Russell as first and second footmen.

The production was in the hands of Mrs. Hubert Momber with Mr. Michael Eustace on the stage.

Spring in the Garden (cont.)

Royal Black (Hy. Cactus): Deep velvety red. Blooms on strong stems. Fairly large blooms produced freely.

Paul Pfitzer (Hy. Cactus): Salmon rose with a yellow base. Fairly large blooms freely produced. An excellent variety.

Baby Royal (Charm): Salmon pink, shaded yellow. The outstanding variety. Fine stems. Profuse bloomer.

Little Dream (Charm): Rose pink, tipped white, very dainty. A gem for cutting.

Little Snow Queen (Charm): Pure white of Cactus form. Dwarf grower. Excellent cut.

Sunshine (Charm): Rich salmon pink with a yellow centre. Flowers Cactus form and very freely produced. Very beautiful.

Teddy Bear (Charm): Flowers about 3in. across on long stems. Colour blood red. Round petals of Decorative formation. Excellent for cutting.

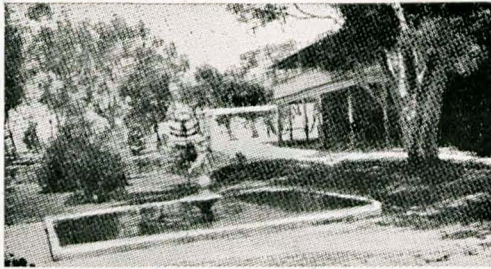
Torquay Gem (Charm): Intense deep red. An improvement on Bishop of Llandoff. Dark foliage.

If you have a large garden or should you have a preference for any particular colour, try planting a bed of the one variety. You get excellent uniformity of growth and I think a far better display.

Many gardeners have dahlia tubers from previous seasons, and much concern is occasioned by the conflicting advice of inexperienced people on how to handle them. When dahlias are lifted after a season's growth, they have generally a large cluster of tubers adhering to the old stem, and doubt exists as to whether the whole clump should be replanted or divided.

The correct thing to do is to divide the cluster into as many divisions as possible, and here again care must be exercised. The tuber is blind, in that it has no eyes from which shoots can come. The eyes are all clustered on the old stem where the union of each tuber takes place, and in dividing the clusters it is essential that a piece of the old stem must be left on each tuber. These divided tubers should then be laid in a shallow box of soil just covered, and with the eyes just at ground level, and kept watered. When they commence to shoot they can be planted out. This is better than planting straight to their permanent positions, because all do not shoot and this means replanting or leaving gaps the bed.

The best method of all, though, is to plant the whole clumps in boxes of soil, and as they shoot the tubers can be cut off with the shoot adhering, and planted out or laid in other boxes of soil. Then they can all be planted together when you have sufficient to make up a bed. This is one of the advantages of planting the green plants from pots. They are all in active and more or less equal growth and all grow together. It is not very satisfactory to have your plants coming up irregular and in varying stages of growth.



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BY ALL THE SIGNS EXPLAINED

Magistrate: And what have you to say
for yourself?

Defendant: I done it all right, your
worship, but you can't blame me. I'm
just one of society's misfits.

NEXT TO NOTHING



A fashion note states that next-
to-nothing will be quite in fashion
this season.

MORNING EXERCISE

"My wife starts to nag at me every
morning regularly about eight o'clock,"
a man complained to the North London
magistrate. The timing of the shrew.

CUTTING IT SHORT

A fashion writer speaks of "amusing
little frocks." Where brevity is the soul
of wit, no doubt.

PEACE OFFERINGS

A magistrate told a husband that a
box of chocolates often puts a couple on
good terms. How true it is that a soft
centre turneth away wrath.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY

Play "snap" with a stutterer.

MEN TO AVOID

"The modern girl is keen on athletic
sports," says a writer.
But they should keep clear of the
married ones.

MAYBE

The modern girl is smoking less nowa-
days, says a writer. Possibly this is be-
cause she doesn't like to look effeminate.



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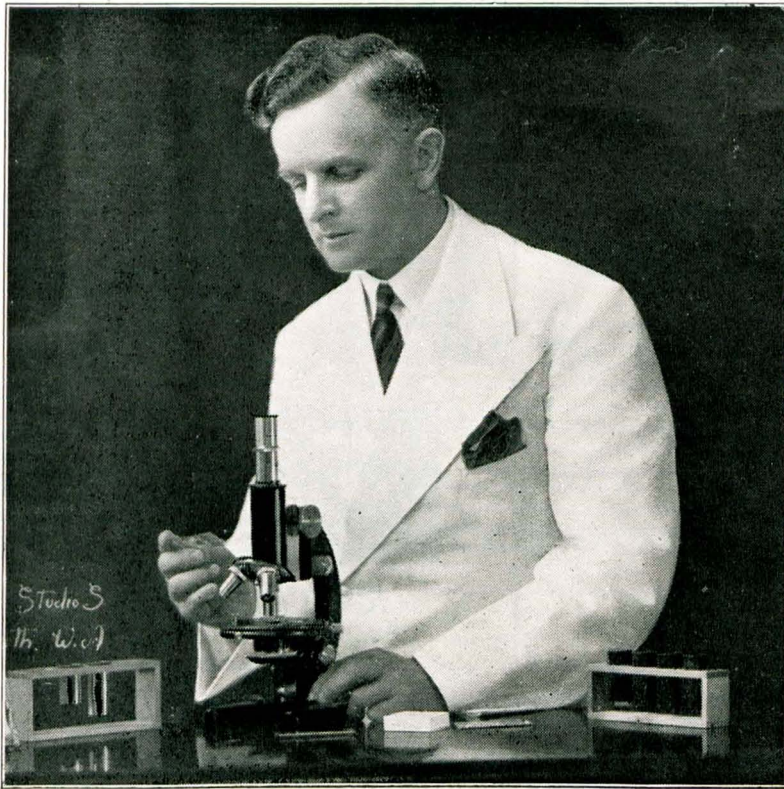
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LAWRENCE ARMSTRONG

And advises you to keep your Tonsils and Adenoids, explaining the functions of those organs.



OF all the so-called "minor" operations in vogue at the present time undoubtedly the most serious is, in my opinion, the premature removal of tonsils and adenoids in young children. We need not view the operation for appendicitis so seriously, since it is more usual in adults than children, but the loss of tonsils or adenoids in mere infants, just setting out on their journey through life, causes grave concern. The present age is full of difficulties and dangers for children of every age and class, and it behoves parents to think deeply before placing an additional handicap on their sons and daughters by depriving them of the chance to live a completely healthy, normal life. I cannot emphasise too strongly the fact that it is impossible for the human body to function perfectly when any one organ has been lost; the tonsils and adenoids play a most important part in maintaining the harmonious working of the various glands, and their removal immediately upsets the balance of the rest.

The temporary improvement that often takes place when diseased tonsils and adenoids are removed, is counter-balanced later in life, by series of illnesses which are, unfortunately, never ascribed to their true cause. Sooner or later the eyes, ears or nose are affected; respiratory diseases make their appearance; trouble arises in the caecum leading inevitably to appendicitis, and so the unending cycle of "minor" complaints is established by these apparently simple operations. Moreover, we must not overlook the psychological effect on the child itself. Any adult who has suffered an operation will realise the effect on the sensitive mind of a young child. The dread of being masked, the suffocating fumes of ether or chloroform; the bewildered awakening in a strange room with strange people are experiences which leave an indelible mark on the sub-conscious mind, even when the child has seemingly forgotten all about it. Science has definitely established the fact that the body experiences all the pains of a surgical operation even under anaesthesia, and this accounts for the "shock" which invariably affects the nerves of the patients for many years afterwards. In the case of a delicate, highly-strung child, the results are bound to be exceedingly

harmful, and may lay the foundations for many obscure nervous diseases in later life. When it is now realised that a few weeks of scientific dieting, under supervision, will cure most cases of enlarged and ulcerated tonsils or adenoids, no mother who has her children's ultimate welfare at heart, will fail to give nature a fair trial, before having recourse to surgical operations.

The Function of the Tonsils

The tonsils form an important part of the lymphatic system, the glands of which are situated at various points throughout the whole body, but are very numerous in the armpits, groin and neck. These lymph-glands protect the body from poisons manufactured both within and without the system, and but for their activities we would soon die from auto-toxaemia or self-poisoning. Once the lymphatic system is interfered with or breaks down through overwork, caused by the constant ingestion of wrong foods, the body can no longer resist infection, and becomes an easy prey to any form of disease that happens to seize upon it. The excess of toxins in the blood stream and tissues causes all the lymphatic glands and nodes, including the tonsils, to increase in size, in order to cope with the extra work thus thrown upon them. The tonsils are, in fact receptacles for waste matter stowed there until the powers of elimination have time to deal with the overflow. To remove the tonsils is to destroy our first line of is a danger signal which should be attended to promptly, and knowledgeably. It is true that pus from septic tonsils is carried into the blood stream and circulated throughout the whole system, but it did not have its origin in these overworked glands, nor will the destruction of these hard-worked organs remove the cause of infection. Any improvement in health following such an operation is only temporary and unless the patient changes his mode of eating and living a greater strain is immediately thrown on the remaining lymphatic glands. It must be remembered that enlargement of the tonsils does not mean danger to the body, but rather protection against some infection, the cause of which should immediately be found, and then removed.

As the result of prolonged research, Dr. Zitovitch, head of the Moscow Nose and Throat Institute, has made this definite pronouncement: "Removal of the tonsils weakens the vital organs and the brain. This statement has, of late, been corroborated by many leading physicians throughout the world, including Sir Arbuthnot Lane, Alexis Carrel, and Dr. Ulric Williams. Infectious diseases, such as measles, mumps, chicken pox, diphtheria, and whooping cough, are far more prevalent amongst children who have lost their tonsils and adenoids. Serious diseases of the ear and throat, such as catarrh, mastoiditis, and antrum troubles are a direct consequence of the operation upon the tonsils and adenoids.

What Are Adenoids ?

The Pharyngeal or "Adenoid" tonsil is situated on the roof of the soft palate behind the nose and is connected with the tonsils in the throat by means of lymphatic vessels. When this tonsil becomes swollen, thus obstructing the outlet of the nasal passage, we say the patient is suffering from "ade-

WRITES ON HEALTH.

noias," and the habit of mouth breathing is developed to supplement the air supply through the nose. Chronic cases of adenoids lead to such troubles as mental dullness anaemia, endocrine dysfunction and a general condition of tiredness, while the membranes of the nose and throat are congested and thickened.

There are several tonsils in the throat, including the Eustachian tonsils, and all are closely connected, forming a series of rings or net work which acts as a defensive barrier against infections of various kinds. Nature would not erect such a barrier unless there was a special purpose behind her work, and this discounts the theory that tonsils are "foci of infection," as they are commonly termed, and therefore should unwisely be removed. Their function is to deal with toxins generated within the body and only when they are over-worked do they finally collapse and allow pus to seep back into the blood stream.

Removing the tonsils does nothing towards removing the specific disease itself, and in large numbers of cases the condition for which they were removed grows steadily worse. In rheumatism, attacks become more frequent, while acidity and enlarged glands persist in spite of the operation; thus showing that the underlying toxic condition of the blood stream has not been improved in the slightest degree.

Cause and Treatment.

In the case of children the sole cause of enlarged tonsils and adenoids is the type of fermentation in the digestive tract, due to wrong feeding, which begins in infancy. Most children are greatly over-fed, and suffer from faulty elimination, which causes toxins to be re-absorbed from the colon into the blood, so affecting the whole chain of lymphatic glands of the body, including the tonsils and adenoids. Excess of bread, sugar, meat, eggs and dairy products, including milk, are foods which make children prone to tonsillar troubles. Wrong food combinations are another prolific cause of glandular enlargement, of these cereals with milk and sugar, fruit with starchy puddings and sugar, proteins such as meat and fish with starches and sugar, are most commonly used. When they are washed down by such drinks as tea, coffee, cocoa, lemonade or even milk, the digestion and fermentation thus set up in the stomach and bowels soon undermine the general health, thus paving the way for chronic inflammation of various organs of the body.

When a child is suffering from infection of the glands, the only logical method is to purify the whole body; local treatment is misleading and worse than useless. The most effective means of dealing with inflamed tonsils or adenoids is to put the child on a carefully planned elimination diet, or a fruit fast for six days; then follow this regime for two weeks by a diet consisting only of fresh fruits, salads, lightly cooked vegetables, and a few grated nuts. Once the system has been thoroughly cleansed and normal conditions restored a natural diet must be strictly followed to prevent a recurrence of the trouble; no refined sweets, cakes ice-creams or honey should be permitted for some weeks, but abundance of fresh fruits, dried fruits such as sultanas, figs, prunes or dates will satisfy the craving for sweet foods.

Good health is the natural prerogative of childhood. Every large hospital filled to overflowing with sick children, is a lasting reproach to the dietetic sins of the community. Let the children keep their tonsils; for failure to do this duty is to rob them of their birthright—a perfect body, full of abounding health and vitality that will last throughout all the years to the very end of their days.

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"Your Mirror Is Your Friend!"

A Talk on Beauty by Victor Cathcart

WELL, my little pen, I intend to wear more off that precious gold nib of yours, but I do hope that we will be responsible for placing someone on the right track to beauty. After all, that is our object. Do you remember the first time we wrote these words, "The skin of an anaemic woman is white." The flesh of an anemic woman is flabby; when the iron is withdrawn from their blood, the roses leave their cheeks. Cosmetics applied from outside deceive neither God nor man.

Be patient, readers. I will not ramble all the time. There are times when my pen and I impart knowledge, and that knowledge, I hope, shall be yours.

No beauty will last long unless there is a foundation, a foundation for beauty and health. But I will answer in the affirmative the question before you ask yourself. If a woman is ill she may still be beautiful. By a healthy foundation I mean a healthy stomach, healthy teeth, restful eyes. If any of these vital points are affected they will cause wrinkles, sagging muscles, and nervous disorders. You must get these ailments corrected before you resort to beauty aids. To correct stomach disorders that are chronic I strongly advise the sufferers to consult a physician, but here is a little remedy that often proves successful. When you rise in the morning do some deep breathing before an open window. Then a long glass of cold water with the juice of one lemon squeezed into it. No sugar, and drink slowly. Do this every morning; remember persistency brings results.

Your Teeth.—Your dentist knows best.

And now your eyes. Do not be hasty regarding spectacles. Take a pencil, hold it out perpendicularly to the full length of the arm immediately in front of the eyes, focus the eyes on the pencil, now move the pencil to arm's length of the right shoulder, then immediately to the left shoulder. Repeat this movement twenty times. This will help to strengthen the eyes and rebuild the sagging muscles around the eyes. It also helps to make the eyes bright and sparkling. After one or two weeks of these exercises you should be able to decide whether this treatment is sufficient.

Now that you have indulged in the initial stages of beauty, and nature has been considered, let us pass on to science. Beauty in a box, but you only buy the ingredients. Tell me what is the good of owning a yard full of bricks if you do not know how to build a house, and the box of beauty preparations are worth less if you do not know the correct way to apply them.

You must use your mirror and be very frank with yourself. Ask yourself some questions you would not like other people to ask you. Say to yourself, "Is my nose too long? Does it turn up too much? Are my eyes set wide apart? Are they set too closely together? Have I got large ears? Should I show them? Have I got hollow cheeks? Have I a long

In this article, the first of a series written for Turner's by Victor Cathcart, Beauty Specialist, the manner in which science is brought to bear in aid of nature is explained. John Hallam (over Bon Marche) has co-operated in preparation of the accompanying photos.

face? Are my cheek bones too prominent?"

Now put these questions to yourself, and when you have picked your faults follow the chart I give you and rectify those deficiencies in beauty.

Where is there a woman today who can boast that she need not resort to science to look her best? They are few and far between. Facial beauty does not mean a pretty face. I have seen faces that are far from pretty, but most faces have some outstanding features. And it is your job to pick out what is the outstanding feature or features of your face. When you have found that point, then emphasise it. If it is the eyes concentrate on them and make them the focal point of your face.

How many of our beauties of today have followed this plan? You will read

in the picture play journals about so and so the actress with the lovely eyes or with the beautiful mouth, but you have probably never stopped to think that the persons themselves know of this point and make it their redeeming feature.

A happy face has more admirers than any other type of beauty. Happiness is infectious—you can't help liking them. Very well, how about adding a little smile to your make-up? It doesn't cost anything as you already possess it.

Let us come now to the point where we ape the savages and color the face. Perhaps I am hard writing like this but nevertheless it is true, but don't we men love a little color on a woman's cheeks. Why, even the song writer speaks of those ruby-red lips and probably the laundry man curses them. But lipstick is wasted, just smeared on thickly. Even if the lining is good, it is not right.

I went to a cosmetic demonstration the other day and the demonstrator was showing the public how to use lipstick. My early training on self-control made me sit it out but then it struck me she was right. Her job was to sell lipstick and the more that was used the better her sales, but from a beauty point of view she was all wrong.

If the lips are heavily covered, you lose the sensitive movement of the lips, so you cover up that beauty that money cannot buy. Lipstick should be applied with the fingers, just enough to get the desired color, then outline them with the end of a match. This method may take a little time to get used to, but in the check up it will prove the best.

I am not going to try and tell you the colors to use, you must determine that for yourself. There is a large range both in lipsticks and in skins, but remember, stick as near as possible to nature's color.

Before I forget about those hollow cheeks: If your cheek bones protrude and your cheeks are hollow give them the appearance of being filled out by applying the range below the cheek bones, bring the color well back towards the ears. This gives the face a fuller appearance. Select your range to tone with your natural colorings, try and look natural always.

Ladies have a tendency to ape picture stars or local beauties, but let me tell you that you can't do that successfully. There are very few types alike and because so



and so has pencil line eyebrows carrying out towards the ear that does not mean you should. "Oh your eyes have told me so"—believe me they have, and often; that the wearer has no idea of making them up. Eyelash Beautifier is very effective if you know how to use it, or should I say if you need it, but in many cases you find little round dobs of the make-up on the end of the eyelash. Oh dear, I am getting excited, forgive me but why shouldn't I say what I think. They even go out with the dobs still on.

And then we have eye shadow for night wear. This is good but use very little and try putting it on several ways before deciding the way you will adopt.

In the accompanying photograph (No. 1) you see a face with all the natural marks of beauty blocked out. The eyebrows are missing and the contour of the lips have been covered. This photograph shows you how vital these points are, but today we see plenty of pretty girls with thin eyebrows. This practice is far too prevalent. Again I say, study your type. Often when the eyebrows are plucked fine it leaves the face with a vacant look but sometimes a few hairs from the brows removed by an expert gives the wearer a smarter appearance. Photograph No. 2 is of the same girl. It has been included to show you the correct type of make-up for this particular type of face. The lips have also received attention. I have purposely used eye-shadow here but please note that it has been employed to enlarge the eyes. I have also allowed the eyebrow to be heavy above the inside corner of the eye. This gives the eye alertness but still keeps it soft.

We now come to the lips. You will notice how they are curved up. This photo proved very difficult to get as the eyes and the mouth had to be concentrated on. This photo has not received the attention of the retoucher's pencil.

No. 3 photo is one more example of modern photography. This photo shows

the skin of a modern girl under a magnifying glass. The marks you see in the skin are caused by the constant use of cosmetics and partly from leaving the cosmetic on the skin overnight. Do not be guilty of such an offence. The skin should be cleared thoroughly of all cosmetics. Wash the face with a good toilet soap and water and allow the skin to remain free of all cosmetics or lotions until the morning. If you smear something over the skin, how can it breathe? How can those thousands of small pores free themselves of secreitious matter thrown off by the body itself.

Six out of ten of the ladies you meet have enlarged pores through the consistent use of cosmetic and not giving the skin a rest from them.

Should any of my readers have any beauty troubles I would like them to write to me giving me full details such as name, address, age, what the complaint looks like, how long you have had it, also if you are dark or fair. Please address all letters to me, care Turner's Ltd., 13 Pierstreet, Perth, or Sojo Beauty Salon, C.M.L. Buildings, St. George's Terrace, Perth.

In the next issue I will have some more interesting photos and also an article on the most modern invention in beauty culture.

ON MAKING TARTS (cont.)

one teaspoonful of cornflour blended with a little cold water. Add, too, one desertspoonful sugar and boil the mixture for five minutes. Pour over the berries in the tarts, cover with stiffly whipped cream and put on the handles.

Don't they sound luscious?—they taste better! And you can use most any fruit the same way. You may find that a spot of colouring matter will improve the appearance of some fruit juices, so just use your own discretion about that part of the procedure.

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IN one part of the Near East, we are told, a husband ties a stocking round his wife's chin if she is talkative. This is certainly more humane than a sock on the jaw.

A flourishing community in the Middle West was visited by a big business magnate from New York, and, of course, was asked what he thought of the place. He replied that it seemed a thriving, go-ahead town; but that he could not understand why, when the schools were well-attended and there were plenty of healthy, happy-looking children to be seen about the streets, the population remained stationary, or nearly so.

"Well, sir, it's this way," responded a leading citizen, "it frequently happens that when a baby is born here, some man has to leave town."

FEELING was running rather high at a football match; and the referee came in for some pointed criticism, but kept on giving decisions against the home team. After one incident a plaintive cry came from a saddened supporter: "Oh, ref, can't you see a foul unless it's got feathers on?"

MANY a woman goes on the nag until she becomes a little hoarse herself.

ONE of these writers on social conditions tells us that a pawnbroker sees the same faces every Saturday. His customers have their redeeming features.

WHAT is meant by "a divinity that shapes our ends?" demanded the teacher.

"Please, sir," answered the bright boy, smilingly hesitant, "a lady manicurist."

A country clergyman, who loves a tale against himself, accosted a shepherd one day and asked how many sheep he had.

"Round about five hundred, sir."
"That's a good many; but do you know I have over five thousand in my flock."

"Be that so? Whatever d'you do in lambing time?"

"WELL, Sambo," said the judge, "so you and your wife have been fighting again. Liqueur, I suppose?"

"No, judge, she licked me this time."



"You see, ma'am, this bathing costume buttons up the front and has no back, and this one buttons up the back and . . ."

"Yes, I see. I'll take the one that buttons up the front."

FUN AND

"YOU'LL be very careful on my polished floor, won't you?"

"That'll be all right, ma'am," replied the plumber, "we 'as nails in our boots."

A SPORTS-WRITER says the fourth Test match was exciting and full of interest from beginning to end. No wonder many hardened spectators complained that sleep was practically out of the question.

DINING in a restaurant with her husband a lady missed her gloves when she was on her way out. Murmuring something to her husband she hurried back to the table to look for them. Not seeing them on the table, she lifted the cloth and began to grub about on the floor. Just then a waiter came up. "Pardon me, madam," he said, "but the gentleman is over there by the door."

A SALESMAN who had been travelling by railway for years found to his surprise that the train came in on time one day. He therefore went to the guard and said: "Have a cigar; I want to congratulate you. I have travelled on this line for fifteen years and this is the first time I have caught a train on time."

"Keep the cigar," said the guard; "this is yesterday's train."

A JOCKEY who had obviously been imbibing pretty freely entered the paddock and noticed his mount being led round wearing blinkers.

"Take those d—d blinkers off," he yelled, "one of us has got to see."

MISTRESS: I have not seen your mother for some time. How is she?

Maid: Oh! she's not at all well. The doctor says she's got a "diluted stomach."

AN engineer claims to have invented a noiseless watch for putting under the pillow at night. But, no doubt, housewives will still prefer the good old-fashioned bed-ticking.

THERE is a man living in Aberdeen who is so conceited that regularly on his birthdays he sends his mother a telegram congratulating her.

A HOST entertaining a very sporting friend had to have the Bishop to dinner.

"For goodness sake," he said, "do talk about something besides 'Unting and Racin'."

The sporting friend was very downcast, and never uttered another word till dinner was nearly over. Suddenly, with a bright smile, he turned to the Bishop: "Can you tell me, me lord, how long it took Nebuchadnezzar to get fit after he came up from grass?"

"DO people dress for dinner at this hotel?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, sir," replied the maid, "meals in bed is extra."

SHOULD a man tell his past to his sweetheart before he marries her?" asks a contemporary.

Why not keep it for the long winter evenings after marriage.

FANCY

THEY were swopping stories in the train, and the American had just told a whopper, when a quiet-looking man cut in.

"A man I used to know," he said, "took a walk along the cliffs near his home every morning. He always carried a large supply of bread for numerous gulls who lived on the rocks there. They began to know him and waited on his coming each day.

"One day he stumbled and fell over the cliffs, and prepared himself for an awful death on the rocks below. But the birds had seen him falling, and determined to save their friend.

"So they flocked together in a dense body, and swooped under him, and as he fell they swayed his body, first right, then left, but ever gently downwards, until they brought him to the soft sands unharmed."

"And then?" queried the American.

"Oh, they emptied his pockets of the bread!"

THE short-sighted old lady had spent a long time in the curiosity shop.

"What is that ugly Oriental figure in the corner worth?" she asked at last.

"Quite ten thousand," whispered the horrified salesman. "That's the proprietor."

THE wealthy Don owned at least half of a South American farm town. He came of aristocratic stock and made sure the peasants never forgot it. He had but one peculiar habit. He gave away shilling cigars with reckless abandon. Everyone received them. Even the men who worked his land were always smoking these expensive cigars. And yet this rich man himself smoking nothing but the cheapest cigars. One day a pal asked him about this strange situation.

"I can't understand it," stated the friend. "You hand out shilling cigars to the peasants, yet you yourself smoke cigars that cost only a few pence each. What's the idea?"

The aristocrat exhaled a cloud of cheap smoke.

"It's all very simple," he exclaimed. "Why should I smoke the same brand as the rabble?"

THE captain had been lecturing his men on their duties as soldiers, and, wishing to find out if they remembered anything, he said to one of them; "Now, then, Private Dooley, why should a soldier be ready to die for his country?"

The Irishman scratched his head for a moment; then an enlightening smile spread across his face.

"Sure, captain," he said, pleasantly, "you're quite right. Why should he?"

"WHERE'S the car?" the professor's wife asked the professor.

"Did I take the car?"

"Certainly you did."

"Well, I thought it strange. When I got out at the post office, I turned round to thank the man who had given me a lift, and he wasn't there."

"SHE is a nicely reared girl, isn't she?"

"I should say so. Not bad from the front either."

A milkman placed in his window a card inscribed: "Milk from Concentrated Cows," and a neighbouring butcher, not to be outdone, put in his window the sign: "Sausages from Pigs that Died Happy."

FIRST Window Washer: "Look at that guy in there kissing another man's wife. Let's go in after him.

Second Window Washer: All right, how soon do you think he'll leave?"

"IS your wife home?"

"No," replied Finkle, "she's out with a bunch of prize fighters."

"Prize fighters?" exclaimed Funkle.

"Yes," replied Finkle, "she went to a bridge party."

A young lady finding herself stranded in a small town, asked an old man at the station where she might spend the night.

"There ain't no hotel here," he said, "but you can sleep with the station agent."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, "I'll have you know I'm a lady."

"That's all right," drawled the old man, "so is the station agent."

HIM: "And this, I suppose, is one of those hideous caricatures you call modern art."

Her: "Nope, that's just a mirror."

DONALD: You promised me sixpence if I was top boy at school, an' I've been top boy two weeks running.

FATHER (reluctantly): Well, here's a shilling, but we must gi'e up studying so hard. It's no guid for ye.

A man boasted that he had been in every hospital in town.

"Impossible!" said a friend. "What about the maternity hospital?"

"I was born there."

TWO young brothers were arguing. Said the elder, to clinch what he had been saying:

"I ought to know, don't I go to school, stupid?"

"Yes," replied the other, "and you come home the same way."

"WHO'S boss at your house?"

"Well, my wife and I share the job. She bosses the servants, the children and me. I attend to the goldfish."



"Remember me? I'm the fellow you didn't remember when I spoke to you last night."

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In Search of Western Australian Giants (cont.)

The other boat, under Lieut. Millias, met with far greater tribulations. Caught, some miles off Rottnest, by a squall of hurricane force which snapped her mast and half-flooded her, it was only by dint of magnificent seamanship that her Breton and Norman crew had managed to beach her, on the mainland, without loss of life. However, they had lost their provisions, and the boat herself was so badly damaged that it took some days, after the storm abated to refloat her. The men were very hungry, and there was very little game in the vicinity. On the third and fourth day Lieutenant Millias brought back to camp, a bag of what looked like small chestnuts. These were cooked under the ashes, and when tried, found to be excellent. Unfortunately, soon after they had eaten them the men became violently ill, and some might have lost their lives, if emetics had not been administered. (They were evidently Zamia palm seeds, poisonous to both cattle and men, though I am told by Mrs. Terry (Miss Mena Bussell), that our blacks used to get rid of the poison, by burying them in the ground for three weeks or a month, they were then dug up, and consumed. Mrs. Terry, who often tasted them, when a child, says they have a pleasant cheesy flavour).

If Hamelin ever cherished the idea of establishing a settlement at the Swan River, the return of his second boat, with its sick crew and their tale of woe, caused him to abandon the idea.

On June 19 from the crow's nest, the lookout man had caught sight of the "Geographe" far out to sea travelling north under full sail, Baudin apparently making for "Dirk Hartog's," the next point on the coast to be surveyed. After the return of Heirisson's party on June 24, he gave the order to provision the ship with water, and to weigh anchor at the first opportunity.

When, under the spell of a cool south easterly, his men unfurled the sails of the "Naturaliste," Captain Hamelin cast a last look at the inhospitable shore stretching away to westwards under the bright winter sun. Walking down to his cabin, he opened the log book, and made this last and decisive entry. "With regard to the Swan River, its mouth is obstructed by sand bars which hamper navigation. The country is devoid of natural resources, and the river being tidal, supplies of fresh water are situated too far inland to be of any practical value."

The dingo and the Zamia palm had played no small part in preserving Western Australia for Britain.

Quiet Girl (cont.)

On the corner two motor cops idled beside their machines. Both were known to Leland and he started for them on the run.

Hello, Leland."

"Hello, Joe. Say, see that big car? Well, the fellow just backed out, knocked off my fender and never stopped. He's drunk, too."

The motor cycles blasted into action, and Leland stood where he was, hoping they would bring back the drunk so he could bawl him out. But they never did.



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Joe turned on his siren as they caught up with the fender smasher but instead of hauling over to the curb the fellow stepped on the gas, turned in his seat and fired six shots at the nearest pursuer. Joe wasn't hit. In another second, two police guns were barking; the chase lasted an eighth of a mile; the limousine went into a fence and the driver was no longer drunk, being dead. Half an hour later he was identified as a much-wanted Chicago gangster, who should have been hanged years before, and Leland didn't go to the movies. Instead, as soon as he could get away, he went to Anna's.

"I didn't have to go to any movie show tonight. I had my gangster stuff outside the theatre." He told her of the flash city gangster who had made the mistake of trying to plug a West Borden motor cop.

"What was his name, again?" she asked.

"Bull Kiley, tough guy out visiting in the suburbs."

"Have some lemonade" she said; "it's quite warm and you had quite an evening."

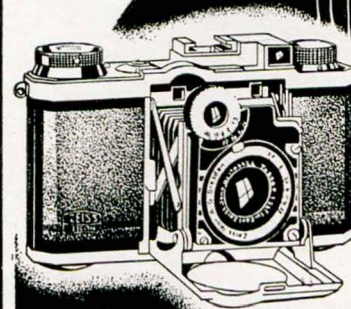
"Have I, And say if you'd been along you'd 'a' plumb died of fright. As things turned out it's a good thing you stayed home."

She nodded and said nothing. After a time she broke the silence.

"I wonder what kind of a town Santa Fe would be like?" she mused.

"Say," he cried. "You'd like Santa Fe. If anything, it's a quieter place than this town."

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From My
Armchair

by "PYM"

TO me there seems to be no better memorial to a man than the real friendships he has made. With this thought uppermost I always approach the reading of biographies. By to what extent they give the picture of this side of their subject's character I prefer to judge them.

I have on my book shelf a little book, oddly-sized in its pages, which to me, will always remain the most fitting memorial to the man responsible for it. It is bound—most fittingly now that he has passed on—in jet black, the gold lettering adorning it giving a clear indication of the richness of its contents.

That that book I don't think there has been put together a better tribute to friendship between one man and his fellows. To some, perhaps, it may lose in value because it has been created by the man himself; to me this feature seems singularly fortunate. For in obviously wishing to reveal his friends in a happy light, in true perspective, he has given rather an enchanting self-picture—a picture which is conjured up in the imagination when reading his other works.

With these few remarks—as our best public speakers would say—I think it is fitting to say that the little book referred to is "Post-Bag Diversions," edited by E. V. Lucas. Like many others, I have enjoyed hour after hour in the reading of the works of this prolific writer, only recently gone to join many of his friends, the late John Galsworthy, Rudyard Kipling, Joseph Conrad, James Barrie and others. But I know of none for which he has been responsible which I enjoyed more than "Post-Bag Diversions."

In this little volume there are so many vivid and intimate glimpses into the characters of numerous really great men of our, and immediately preceding generations, that even their most faithful biographers could hardly hope to reveal. What is more, these glimpses are revealed by the men themselves to one who, it is obvious, they confidently believed was full of understanding. That these men had such a conviction is a wonderful testimony to the character of the other. And, again, E. V. Lucas was able to give these happy pen-pictures to all of us without betraying any confidences.

The book opens in a delightfully entrancing way with rather a tender picture of the rugged Conrad. "I've been in correspondence with Barrie about an actress—a friend—who wanted an introduction to him," wrote Conrad to Lucas. "He has been very good about it. I should like, however, to know his mind about something much more personal—that is, about a one-act play of mine."

Conrad follows this with a fine effort to induce Lucas to find out if there was "anything in Conrad's play?"

"You know me well enough to know I've no susceptibilities that can hurt. And I am quite ready to take his verdict as final," ends Conrad.

The book is full of delightful passages of spontaneous humour such as that which comes out readily under the inspiring influence of the most congenial companionship. "Great Barrington is a little place not so big as Little Barrington. I suppose it got its greatness from the great house here," wrote H. C. Beeching, then Canon of Westminster, on one occasion, following this a little later on in the same "post-bag diversion" with: "When we all are at home again I want you to meet my poet. Since I wrote he has taken a wife, and before you meet he will probably have a large family. These poets are so impulsive." The poet referred to was Compton Mackenzie, who, Lucas says, he met at "the Beeching's house in Little Cloisters."

There is, too, a letter from Linley Sambourne which is "evidence of the care which that great draughtsman (and cartoonist) brought to his work." And this from T. E. Shaw (Colonel Lawrence), which speaks eloquently for itself:

"Please don't class me as a person who wantonly writes books! I would like to be able to write, and the Arabian campaign gave me a good excuse for trying to; but the complete failure of that book as a piece of literature has left me no ground for further efforts. I very much hope to avoid trying again!"