

## SHORT STORY

### The Doctor

By Helen Janney

Lindale had two doctors . . . two doctors about as different in every way as any two men could be. Doc Boggs was old, in his eighties, and he shouldn't have been practising at all. He was cross and ill-tempered and he often got his patients and their prescriptions all mixed up.

Doctor Willis, on the other hand was just pushing thirty. He was alert, dependable and pleasant to deal with. The women, especially, were most enthusiastic about him.

"Why?" Mrs. Preston said, "when I called him for my Willie when he had the measles, he worked like a trooper. When Willie didn't go so well at first he actually cried. A doctor. What do you think of that?"

"I know," Mrs. Scott agreed. "He cried over my Martha, too. We both cried. He's sweet. I just love him."

You see, at first Doc Boggs was the only physician in town. People called him just because he was there. If they wanted somebody else they'd have to get a man in Bloomdale, thirty miles away. So everybody was mighty glad when Doctor Willis came to Lindale to see about locating there.

The business men and the farmers gave him a lot of encouragement. The young married women who were expecting babies welcomed him. In fact, the only person who opposed him in any way was old Doc Boggs.

"It's a one doctor town," he said when young Doc went to call on him. "We don't need or want another one here."

Doctor Willis came just the same and set up his practice on Elm Street. He was single so he fixed himself bachelor's quarters in the upstairs over his house. Old Mrs. South who used to do for Doc Boggs, went over to the young doc's now, which made old doc madder than ever.

It seemed strange the way young doc took on when Doc Boggs finally passed on. Not many even shed a tear at the funeral.

But young doctor Willis sat there crying openly. It made everybody think even more of him than they did before, for they knew that the old man had absolutely refused to cooperate with the younger one and that he lost no opportunity to run him down to his patients.

"What a wonderful husband Doctor Willis would make," was the thought in the minds of more than a mother of a marriageable aged daughter.

The girls themselves busied about inviting him to parties and dances. There was open rivalry for his attention.

For a while he dated this one and that, playing no favorites. One summer after he'd been away on his vacation he came back with a wife, a girl from his old home town in Ohio.

Jean, that was her name, had such a nice way with her that she soon made friends. When people kept saying over and over that her husband was the sweetest, most tender hearted man in the whole world, she sometimes looked a bit surprised. Sure, she thought he was great. That was one reason she married him, but nevertheless she felt a bit puzzled at times.

And then she found out something that nobody else knew. She kept still and just smiled when they started to rave about her husband. She smiled and went about her business of picking up after him, keeping him well fed and mended and not really minding the times when he was thoughtless and inconsiderate as all husbands are at times.

One day she found out was that one night he came home to dinner quite late and dog tired, too. When she looked at him she saw that his eyes were red.

"Don't tell me you've been crying?" she said.

"Crying? Me?" he laughed. "What ever gave you that idea?"

"Your eyes. They look like it."

"It's those flowers . . . roses. Why is it people always send roses to the sick? Every place I've been today has had a bouquet of 'em. I hate roses. I'm allergic to 'em. I have to take shots all the time. Roses, roses, roses!"

Three blood transfusions were necessary to save a woman patient's life at a hospital. A brawny young Scotsman offered his blood. The patient gave him \$30 for the first pint, \$15 for the second pint—but the third time she had so much Scots blood in her that she only thanked him.

## 'Budget' Once Meant Small Leather Bag

Some English words are most economical. In two or three syllables a whole picture can be conjured up by the person who knows the fascinating history of a particular word.

Coward, for instance, is derived from the Latin, cauda, a tail, and the idea is conveyed of an animal slinking away with its tail between its legs.

Even today with universal education, some people still find it a laborious business to write a letter. Lines are scratched out and ink splotches spoil the appearance of the page. That's just as it should be, for letter comes from a Latin verb meaning to smear.

When characters, that is individual letters, were first put on record, they were smeared or scrawled on parchment.

A book, strictly speaking, should always be made of wood. This word is a modernization of the Anglo-Saxon boc, a beech tree, which provided bark for writing purposes.

We are so used to hearing of charwomen that we never wonder how they got their name. They are women who do a chore, or turn of work. Shakespeare spoke of "the maid that milks and does the meanest chores."

### Honey and Moon

Constables who pace the beat are occupied very differently from the original holders of their office. Constable is a distortion of comes stabuli, the count of the stable, once a high state official.

There is, however, disagreement among the authorities about the origin of the word honeymoon. A charming explanation is that there was once a custom in northern Europe of drinking mead (made from honey) for thirty days after a marriage feast.

But more people incline to the cynical view that a honeymoon is merely the time during which affection first grows to a peak and then wanes, just like the moon after it has reached the full.

People always admire a good profile. Literally this means in front of a thread.

### That Budget Bag

In the olden days, when an artist was drawing the side view of a face, he used to hang a delicate plumb line so that it just touched the tip of the nose. Against this thread, the draughtsman was able to calculate the exact angle of the forehead, nose and chin.

A word which has been much on our tongues recently is budget. This merely means a little bag, from the French bourgette. The term was first applied to the chancellor's leather case, but now when we talk of a budget, we mean only the contents of the bag.

Exchequer, incidentally, is derived from the Old French for a



**Try and Top These, You Gardeners**—Two huge geraniums, the larger over 12 feet high and both a solid mass of blooms, are the pride of John Bell, gardener for the CPR at Port McNicoll's famous dockside gardens. Grown in his greenhouse, the two plants threaten to raise the roof. Port McNicoll is the home port of the CPR's Great Lake Steamships about 70 miles North West of Toronto.

Mr. Bell has been gardener at Port McNicoll for 31 years and the results of his work have been a constant attraction to tourists who visit the Port, either en route for a Great Lakes voyage on a C.P. Lake boat or just to see the famous flower gardens.

chessboard. In the days when French was the language of the English court, accounting had not been brought to its present fine art.

Not being very skilled at calculation, the treasurer used to reckon up the king's taxes by means of counters on a board marked out in squares.

The chancellor himself was originally an official in charge of a chancel, or latticed barrier, in the law courts. The Latin, cancellus, means a crossbar or grating.

gest mystery of all was what happened to the locusts when they were not swarming. After a run of plague years not only the swarms but even the individual insects disappear completely, everywhere, only to reappear several years later.

Between plague periods, locusts live like other grasshoppers, as scattered, inconspicuously coloured insects leading solitary and mostly very quiet lives. But unlike ordinary grasshoppers, when they are crowded together they change into a brightly coloured, gregarious and intensely restless form—so different from the solitary form that it was once taken for another insect altogether.

It was Dr. Uvarov who first made the discovery that the two so-called "species" could be converted one into the other simply by keeping the insects apart or by keeping them crowded together. Here, at last, was the key to the origin of the plagues.

It was more than that; it was a discovery of first-class importance for biology generally, because the changes induced by crowding proved to be hereditary, showing up in the offspring of crowded parents even if the offspring themselves were not crowded.

Biologists went ahead to exploit the discovery of "change of phase," as the transformation from the solitary to the gregarious form and back again is called. And their work in the years between the wars has built up this picture of how an outbreak starts. The first requirement is a period when conditions are particularly favourable for the solitary insects to live and breed, so that they multiply rapidly. For the desert locust, the crucial

condition seems to be unusually good rains, so that extra generations can be squeezed in before the country dries up again and breeding stops. But to produce gregarious swarms from the myriads of scattered insects then present, a less favourable period must follow the more favourable one. When that happens, the insects can find suitable living conditions only in restricted areas, and they become very crowded there.

Frequent meeting of insect with insect set off a train of changes inside them, as a result of which their behaviour, colour and shape all change. They become attracted to each other yet, at the same time, hypersensitive to each other's

movements, so that their excitement grows until they cannot keep still. In a few generations they have ceased to be solitary grasshoppers and have gathered into great swarms which sally forth on the restless, far-ranging flights which make them such unexpected and catastrophic pests.

The important thing is that this sequence of events can occur in only a few relatively small places within the whole region inhabited by each kind of locust. The solitaries may often become very numerous elsewhere, but if there is little crowding no swarms are produced to emigrate and spread the danger. And since, generally speaking, the old-world locusts live mainly in regions that are under-developed agriculturally, the damage they do is not often serious, as long as they remain solitaries and stay at home.

Thus, the way to deal with the locust problem became clear. It was to locate the special "outbreak areas" and, as a first step, to destroy the swarms there before they got away; and, as a second step, to seek the best way to alter conditions of vegetation, and so on, so that swarms never form, thus solving the problem.

With these aims in view, international organizations have recently been established in the outbreak areas of two of the African locusts. Success can already be claimed in suppressing outbreaks of these two, the red locust of East and South Africa and the one called the African migratory locust, whose home is West Africa. The third main African locust is the desert locust, which has now broken out again. It is a much more difficult problem. Its outbreak areas are in semi-desert regions, more numerous and less constant in locality from year to year, and they form an interconnected series spreading across many more frontiers, not only in Africa but away across to India.

The trouble is that until rather recently governments have tended to pour out money to deal with a locust plague once it was upon them, but to lose interest when it eventually subsided from natural causes. Every country was inclined to blame its neighbours for sending the locusts.

Once the necessary knowledge was available, so that a plan for plague-prevention could be worked out, similar obstacles still stood in the way. Since the locust knows no frontiers, the plan called for co-operation by many different countries—above all, against the desert locust.

International agreement to implement the plan was obtained only in 1938. Now, at last, it is being implemented—at any rate for the three types of locusts I have mentioned. It may well turn out that the final prevention of swarming by some locusts will be economically possible only as a by-product of plans for general agricultural development.

## THE FARM FRONT



Over vast areas of the earth, the world's Anti-Locust Research Centre directs a scientific campaign against this insect menace to our food supplies. This campaign means so much to every one of us that I thought you might be interested in some of its details as reported by Dr. J. S. Kennedy in "London Calling."

Locust plagues are probably as old as agriculture. Our own century has witnessed a succession of them, and now, once again, crops are threatened from India in the east to the Atlantic coast of Africa in the west, from the Caspian Sea in the north to Tanganyika in the south. Like any marauders, locusts are bad enough when you know they are coming, but they are far worse when you do not. Until a few years ago people seldom did know, and that made for a rather fatalistic attitude toward locust invasions. If warnings can now be issued, that is only because over a period of years reports have been sent in to the Anti-Locust Research Centre in London from all over the world. There they have been painstakingly pieced together, until a reasonably connected picture has emerged of what the locusts are likely to do in the way of breeding and migration, in any region at any time.

All the same, why is it, after all these centuries, that we still have

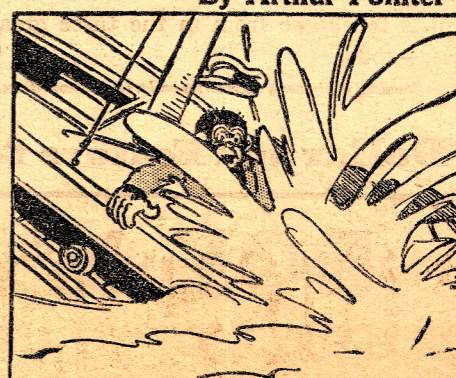
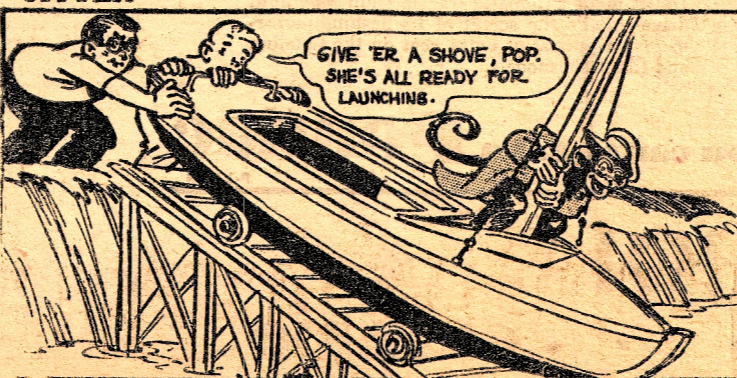
to fight the fully mobilized locust armies in this way? It is an arduous, costly kind of war in which victory is never final. Why have we not tamed this wild competitor for our food supplies, as we have others?

This has always been the main aim of the Anti-Locust Centre and its director, Dr. B. P. Uvarov. But the first thing needed was much more knowledge about locusts.

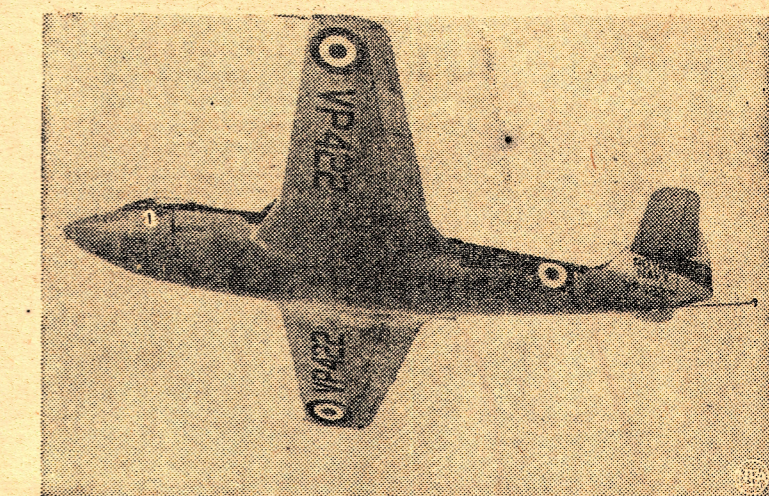
There is not just one but a number of different kinds of locust, each adapted to life in a particular climate and a particular type of country.

The swarming locust is a mobile, elusive subject of study. The big-

### JITTER



### By Arthur Pointer



**Secret's Out**—This is the Sea Hawk, the British Navy's secret new, folding-wing jet fighter. Pictured after taking off from the carrier Illustrious to complete its carrier-proving trials, it will now go into production. The single-seater monoplane, powered by a Rolls-Royce jet engine, has an armament of four 20-mm. cannon, is 39 feet, 7 inches long, with a wingspan of 36 feet, 6 inches.