

The Burglar Who Was Welcomed

His copy helped its victim as much as it did him—perhaps a bit more.
By Gerald Carr.

Ben Tibbett could not be described as a successful crook. His terms of imprisonment had been too numerous for him to have many delicious left regarding his skill at the profession. But it was, unfortunately for him, the only profession he knew, and the steadfastness with which he followed it had to serve as substitute for skill. He certainly had the quality of pertinacity, whatever other gifts he might lack.

This one quality might, in another walk of life, have gained him fame, and it explained his position outside Lord Derringham's mansion at this early hour of the morning. Only a few days back, Tibbett had been released on a ticket of leave. With the enthusiasm of the dogged trier, he had filled those days with intensive research. As a result, he had learned much about the famous Derringham jewels, and, even more to the point, he had the satisfaction of knowing that the house was unprotected from his—the burglar's—point of view.

As he forced his way through the thick hedge that bounded the grounds and crept across the lawn, he looked up at the vast shapeless mass of the house, which sat brooding over the countryside. He noted with pleasure the windows, like rows of empty stumps against the lighter setting of the house, were in darkness. True to professional tradition, he carried his tools in a little bag, though the police could never be brought to believe he was a doctor.

He felt in it and drew out a sharp-bladed instrument, with which he pried the window catch. It gave, and he opened the window. A satisfactory result. It was a good omen, and he felt doubly sure that his expectations were to be realized.

Stepping inside, Tibbett passed to the right, and the slanting light from the moon dimly illuminated the room and he saw it was a kitchen. His objective was two floors up—Lady Derringham's bedroom.

It was there that the jewels were kept. He had discovered that after half an hour's chat with one of the maids whom he had met in the village. She had also told him that Lord Derringham was living in town and that her Ladyship was going up to him that night. All circumstances which simplified his task.

He moved on to the narrow, winding staircase that led to the main floor and then climbed the broad stairs to the first floor. There he paused. All was still. Carefully he counted the doors. One—two—three—that would be the bedroom.

It took him almost a minute to turn the door handle. At last it would go no further, and with a murmured prayer that the door was unlocked, Tibbett pushed. The door opened and he slipped in. Partially masking his torch, he played it round the room. Its subdued glow revealed a sight that caused a stifled gasp of surprise to rise in his throat. The bed was occupied.

Though he did not pose as a connoisseur of beauty, yet he had the natural appreciation of it that is inherent in every man, whether he be burglar or baronet. And the woman who now stared at him with fear-filled eyes certainly was beautiful. The silent seconds ended as she opened her mouth to scream. Tibbett made a threatening gesture.

"Shut up," he told her, "or I'll plug you."

Lady Derringham closed her mouth quickly. She was not knowing that the bulge in Tibbett's pocket was caused only by a closed hand and a pointed finger. Used to the ways of the judges, he did not relax the sentences they delivered upon him. She could not see in his pale blue eyes, he moved towards her.

"Shuddering, she shrank back, clasp her diaphanous pyjama coat tightly round her."

"What do you want?" she whispered.

"Your jewels," was Ben's confident reply as he saw the way opening easily before him. "Tell me where you keep them and you won't come to any harm. Otherwise—"

A suggestive movement from his pocket concluded the sentence. Lady Derringham nodded, and there was a silence in which she seemed to regain her poise. Then, to Ben's amazement she smiled, and with a coolness that aroused his suspicions, said:

"All right. You'll be doing me a good turn by taking them."

Ben was staggered. This was a new experience for him. "What do you mean?"

She beckoned him nearer and he responded with caution. "You can save me," she told him. "I did not go away to-night because I feared meeting my husband. I'm up to my ears in debt and I daresn't tell him. The jewels belong to me, but I daresn't sell them, or he would find to know where they are. But if you steal them, I can claim the insurance money and get square."

"Oh!" was all that Tibbett could manage to say, and then, as the significance of her story dawned upon him:

"Then we're sort of partners?" he queried.

any tricks. This was certainly the funniest job he had ever done, but it was also going to be the most paying.

He did not relax his watch upon her for a moment, as he went over to the drawer where she told him the jewels were kept. There was a small jewel box inside. The key to it, she said, was in another drawer. Still keeping a vigilant eye upon his helper, who was now reposing contentedly, her black hair flicked against the whiteness of the pillows, he groped for the key and, finding it, opened the box.

Splendor flashed from its silken-lined walls. A necklace of gleaming emeralds, shining with a queer greenish glow in the rays of the electric light. Another of soft iridescent pearls, and a bracelet of red rubies. One after another he took them out and transferred them to his pocket. They represented a fortune such as he had always dreamed of gaining.

All the time Lady Derringham watched him narrowly, a look of relief and triumph upon her now flushed face.

"Shall I give you ten minutes to get clear?" she asked. Then I can raise the alarm and tell everybody how you held me up and stole the jewels. Will that do?"

Ben was not taking any risks. "Thanks. You're a sport, but I think I'd better gag and tie you up, just to make sure. No ill feeling, you know."

She shrugged her shapely shoulders and submitted as he wound a length of rope over her body and round the bed.

"Anyway," he added, as he tore a portion of the sheet for a gag, "I hope this will help you as much as it will me."

"More, perhaps," were her last words as he fastened the gag with thick knots that would take some minutes to loosen.

With a light heart Ben left the house.

Ben amused himself by reading the newspaper accounts of the robbery while he waited in the dingy office of his "fence."

He was chuckling appreciatively at the exaggerated story when the man came back.

"Say, Ben, what are you trying on?" he asked. "Bringing in these fakes?"

The chuckle died in Ben's throat and changed to a groan. All that risk for nothing! He always did have rotten luck.

Forty miles away Lady Derringham was smiling sweetly upon an insurance official as he accepted her valuation of \$10,000; in a luxurious office off Piccadilly, a moneylender was reassuring himself by testing a collection of jewellery. And he smiled as well. He had been anxious when first he had seen the newspaper reports, but now he was reassured.

Only Ben was sad. — London Answers.

Seeing the Invisible

Smokestacks detected by their heat six miles away. Icebergs found in the fog by their cold.

Un-natural possibilities are hinted in new and improved opportunities for the use of vacuum-tubes.

Some of these were possible of accomplishment by delicate laboratory methods in the past, but apparently were not then adaptable to practical commercial use.

Says The Industrial Bulletin of Arthur D. Little, Inc. (Cambridge, Mass.), which gives credit to Electronics (New York):

Infra-red rays seem to offer the next great field for exploration with electronic apparatus. Navigation, industrial applications, remote control, and safety appliances all present striking opportunities for infra-red detection.

During a recent broadcast demonstration of the Macneil thermo-electric extant, which can measure the position of the sun through thick, obscuring clouds, the sensitive thermo-couple was pointed out the studio window and used to "feel" heat from smokestacks six miles away. Commander Macneil is now experimenting with locating airplanes flying above the clouds at night, by "feeling" the heat from their exhausts.

This instrument will detect the heat of a man's face at a mile, a horse's at two miles. Smoke-screens will be useless in future wars; war-ships' hot funnels can be located through the thickest black smoke masses, and guns aimed at them easily.

Detection and warning against icebergs will undoubtedly be another service of the future to be rendered navigation. During the broadcast mentioned a cake of ice was hidden in the studio behind a thick sheet of black rubber, to simulate fog, and then all the lights were turned out. Under these conditions, simulating a thick, foggy night, the thermocouple was swung around the "horizon" and instantly located the concealed "iceberg" there in the dark!

Many potentialities of once suggesting themselves for such wonder-working apparatus—as sensitive in "feeling" as the electric eye is in "seeing."

A Winter Sunset

There seems no wind in all the land,
Austere against the fading light
I see a lonely cypress stand,
As carved from steel and malachite.

Beyond, a single sea-bird flies
To gain its far and craggy home
Below the lemon-colored skies—
An ocean-islet ringed with foam.

In all the land there seems no stir
Save that of pinions westward flown.
Giad weather, fellow-traveler!
Tonight I also fare alone.

—George Sterling, in "The Breakers and Other Poems."

Hard Work is a Sweet Bride, Says Sir James Barrie

One can always depend upon Sir James Barrie for the froth and refreshing point of view. He has a happy genius for taking old subjects and dressing them up in attractive clothes. Advice coming from most people is an unwanted commodity, but the author of "The Admirable Crichton" can make his readers cry for it. "The Ladies and Literature" was the subject of an address which he recently delivered at the authors' Club in London.

In his opening sentences he declared that he was not going to talk about ladies or literature, or love, as his audience had no doubt expected. Instead of that, he was going to make a will, and those present were to be his sole beneficiary legatees. He left to the Author's Club the most precious possession that was ever his joy in hard work.

He continued: "I was an idiot at school, and read all the wrong books at college, but I fell in love with hard work one fine May morning, and I continued to woo her through a big chunk of a half a century. She is not at all heavy-jowled and weary. She is young and gay and lively—I found her waiting for me at a London station. She marched with me on all the way to Bloomsbury, and on the way we bought a penny bottle of ink to sling at the metropolis, and a silk hat with which to impress editors. Hard work more than any woman in the world, is the one who stands up best for her man. I have lost her now, but younger people who want to look for her will find that she is willing to be theirs. She is the prettiest thing in literature, and when you and she think that you have been working pretty well, and you spend an evening having a blow out, you will think how splendid she looks in her crepe de chine. But she looked even prettier in her rags."

In conclusion the speaker bequeathed to the company "everything connected with science and mathematics." Referring to the United States he said: "May our two countries, as so often in the past, go on giving to each other, they to us and we to them, the three best things either of us has—our love, and our ladies, and our literature."—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Scientist Describes New Vital Life Rays

Atlantic City, N.J.—Claim that he has discovered vital "life" rays in radiations beyond the shortest visible rays of light was made by Dimitry Borodin, of New York, before the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

These invisible rays, he says, are responsible for the "mutations" of heredity, the changes which cause every person to be different in some details of appearance and character from every other person on earth.

These "mutations" are caused by alterations in "genes" the determiners of hereditary characters for all men, animals, and plants. The rays he said are generated by all living bodies and hence reach and change the genes. The rays range from 2800 Angstrom units down to 1800, which means that they are very short wave forms of ultra violet light.

The existence of such rays has been studied by scientists for some time. What Dr. Borodin claims to have discovered is how they affect life at its beginnings. He detected these activities by use of spectroscopic.

Dr. Eckener to Visit Dutch East Indies

Freidrichshafen, Germany.—Dr. Hugo Eckener, commander of the Graf Zeppelin, and his daughter, Lotte, have left for Marselles where they will take ship for the Dutch East Indies.

It was understood here that Dr. Eckener will investigate the possibilities for establishment of airship service between Europe and the East Indies.

2-23
FRED PERLEY BELIEVES THAT NEIGHBORLINESS CAN BE CARRIED TOO FAR, ESPECIALLY SINCE THE NIGHT WHEN HE HAD TO LEAVE THE PORCH LIGHT BURNING FOR A COUSIN WHO WAS STAYING WITH THEM, AND WAS GOT OUT OF BED FOUR TIMES BY NEIGHBORS TELEPHONING TO TELL HIM HE HAD FORGOTTEN TO PUT IT OUT



This birdcage affair has been developed by a mothers club of London, who are determined that youngsters shall get all possible sunshine and fresh air.

Centenarians Told How To Enjoy Life After 100

How to live to be 100 and what to do to be happy at that age was told by Doctor Gueniot at the celebration of his becoming a centenarian. The celebration was given in Paris by the French Academy of Medicine, of which Doctor Gueniot is an ex-president. He said the secret of long and happy life is "sobriety and exercise."

"Every morning and evening," he declared, "I massage my body from top to toe. I do not do it lazily in bed, but standing upright, and I do it myself. After the age of sixty one must know how to live like an old man—eat very little meat, but plenty of fruit and vegetables."

The doctor allows himself a very little wine, mixed with water, and takes tea or coffee—but not too much of either. Alcohol, taken as an aperitif, he says, is poison, but three or four teaspoons after a meal, occasionally, helps digestion.

Victoria Put Ban on Skyscrapers

While it has always been understood among building experts that the London's bed clay would not stand the building of skyscrapers in American fashion, Maurice E. Webb, the architect, addressing the Royal Society of Arts recently, pointed out another and little known reason. It was that Queen Victoria herself was responsible for the fact that no London building can at present be built higher than eighty feet to the top of the parapet, with two storeys in the roof in addition. One day the Queen was looking out of her window at Buckingham Palace when she saw that white-glazed brick structure, Queen Anne's Mansions. The building, still one of London's highest, towered above Westminster's smaller dwellings. The Queen there and then insisted on a height limit being included in the building act.

Stream Flow in the West

Ottawa, Canada.—In southern Alberta, following average to above average run-off in May and June, stream flow has been continuously below normal, averaging only from 60 to 70 per cent. of the average monthly flows from July to October, inclusive, according to records of the Dominion Water Power and Hydropatric Bureau of the Department of the Interior. In southern Saskatchewan the run-off has been even less and the summer flow, from May to October, inclusive, had a monthly average only 35 to 55 per cent. of normal.

For Baby's Health



This birdcage affair has been developed by a mothers club of London, who are determined that youngsters shall get all possible sunshine and fresh air.

Passing On a Cold Before You Have It

Colds are contagious before their symptoms appear. In other words, one may catch a cold from a person who appears to be in perfect health. These conclusions may be drawn from experiments recently made, which are reported in The Journal of the American Medical Association (Chicago). We read:

"A group of investigators at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine is engaged in an extended study of the common cold. Cultures are taken each week from the throats of a number of chimpanzees. Before cultures are taken from the animals, the hands of the observer are scrubbed and a mask is placed over the face."

"Recently during this performance on an untractable chimpanzee, the mask of the observer was not in place, and to open the ape's mouth the observer had to come in close contact with the animal. At this time the observer, the attendant, and all the apes were in good health, and had been free from any signs of infection of the upper respiratory tract."

"On the day after the examination, however, the observer complained of sneezing, lacrimation, and fatness in the nose and throat, and on the following day was suffering from a typical severe common cold, which lasted two weeks."

"Two days after the examination of the animals' throats the intractable chimpanzee and another docile ape presented nasal discharge and obstruction and elevation in temperature, and passed through the typical stages of a common cold. No other primary infections developed, and there were no secondary cases in this group of about eleven apes."

"It seems probable that the intractable ape received the infection through close contact with the unmasked observer, who may have unconsciously put her hands to her face. In the case of the docile ape, the observer's face was masked. The ordinary gauze mask, as has been shown in previous reports, is not a complete protection against the common cold. This incident, having happened under controlled conditions, is of interest also in view of the opinion of some observers that a common cold may be contagious before the actual onset of symptoms."

LEISURE

Leisure will always be found by persons who know how to employ their time; those who want time are the people who do nothing.—Mme. Roland.

WITH THE LONE SCOUTS

And so one again, Lonies, we enter upon a New Year with our hopes high and our resolutions made and every determination that this shall be a real successful year of progress.

The result will, of course, depend entirely on ourselves and on our actions during the next twelve months, and when next December comes around if we stick by our ideals and plans through thick and thin, good progress will assuredly be shown.

And so "Lone E.", together with the staff of the Lone Scout Department, sends Best Wishes for a Happy and Successful New Year to every Lone Scout and we hope that each one of you will at this time renew your Scout Promise and resolve to follow the Scout Law more closely than ever before.

What Have We Done in 1932? Each one of you can well spend a few minutes to look back over the old year and review your performances during that time.

What have you done? Did you make all the progress at school that you intended? If you are working, did you get that better job, or save all the money that you had hoped to?

How about your Scouting? Are you still a Tenderfoot or Second Class Scout as you were a year ago, or have you advanced a step? Did you earn any Proficiency Badges? Did you enter any competitions or write any letters to your Scoutmaster? Did you do anything in the To-Shop Scheme last Xmas?

In other words, are you just a Lone Scout by name and nothing else, or are you a really live and keen Scout, who is an asset and of some use, to his Troop? Ask yourself—Just what good are you to yourself, to the community that you live in, and to your Lone Scout Troop?

We hope that the review of the past year will show that you have really been living up to your Scout obligations.

Has the Lone Scout Department Progressed?

On looking back over 1932 we find that we have passed through a very difficult time. Lone Scouting is pri-

High Pressure Turns Water Into Hot Ice

Under high pressures almost all substances acquire new and strange properties. Water solidifies when it is nearly "boiling hot"—that is, at a temperature that would cause it to boil at ordinary pressures.

Some of the odd qualities of things under pressures of fifteen tons to the square inch as investigated at Harvard and described in Current Science (Columbus, Ohio), are as follows:

"The strangest thing about 'hot ice' is that it would really blister your hand because of its heat. There's no catch in this statement, as there might be concerning 'dry ice,' which is hot water ice at all, but frozen carbon dioxide, and would injure tissues of your fingers because of its extreme cold. Ice at x 180 degrees Fahrenheit would be at the temperature of scalding—almost boiling—water, and would really burn an inquisitive finger."

"Hot ice" is merely one of the surprising results obtained by Prof. P. W. Bridgman of Harvard University, who has invented a laboratory machine by which extremely high pressures can be applied to various gases, liquids, and solids.

"The apparatus used is really rather complicated, but works on a simple principle. A hole is bored into a large, thick block of steel. The substance to be compressed—water, for example—is put into the hole. A plug of special design that is practically non-leaking is inserted in the hole, then pressure is applied to the plug."

"Almost anything, using the mechanical advantages of levers and gears in modern machinery. The upper limit, in Professor Bridgman's apparatus, however, depends upon the final leak of the plug or the bursting of the steel block."

"In his daily experiments, pressures up to 200,000 pounds per square inch are obtained easily with the apparatus. When necessary, pressures up to 300,000 pounds have been measured with fair accuracy. In a few instances a tremendous force of 600,000 pounds per square inch has been locked up within the steel block, which in these cases was placed behind a thick boiler-plate for the protection of the operators. The pressure within the largest guns upon a battleship is less than one-tenth of that amount at the moment of firing!"

THE CLOCK

The Town Hall clock looked down,
and sighed—
He felt so far away;
He said he must be overlooked:
And so he stopped one day,
Then someone missed an only train
And, being thus let down,
A contract for some thousand hours
Went to another town.

You may think you're not noticed much,
The things you have to do
You may deem unimportant, but
Some unseen eye on you
Might miss the mark if you should fall,
And others be distressed—
So do your duty faithfully,
And never mind the rest!

—A.M.F., in "Answers."

True taste is forever growing,
learning, reading, worshipping,
laying its hand upon its mouth because
it is astonished, casting its shoes
from off its feet because it finds all
ground holy.—John D. J. J.

marily for the country boy and therefore, with money so scarce in the rural districts, recruiting has fallen off somewhat.

For the same reason quite a number of boys have been unable to renew their registration when it came due, but as far as we have been able, when they have confided the difficulty to us, we have permitted them to retain their membership in the Lone Scout Department.

Our actual numbers are just a little greater now than at the same time in 1932, but we have actually transferred 68 Lonies to Regular Scout Troops during 1932, so that we have shown good progress numerically.

In July, 1932, we again successfully held a Lone Scout Camp at Ebor Park, near Bradford, when Lonies from all over the province attended and had a good time. This camp was not held in 1931, so we made a step forward in being able to repeat it.

"On Lone Scout Trails" has been overhauled and brought up to date with several new and popular features which have proved much greater interest, and this paper is now a very successful feature of our work, eagerly looked forward to by Lone Scouts all over Ontario.

We are fortunate in having a large number of keen and hard working Patrol Leaders in the lead of the many Lone Patrols throughout the province, and we certainly appreciate the good work they are doing in their communities. It is Scouts such as these that make our efforts worth while.

Thus we find that, on the whole, Lone Scouting in Ontario has progressed during the past year, and we are glad that it is so.

And What of 1933?

Well, there is always room for improvement, and it will not harm any of us to make a New Year Resolution to show keener interest in our Scouting, irrespective of what anyone else may do.

So once again, Brother Scouts—A Happy and Progressive New Year—A Happy and Progressive New Year—we and we hope you will co-operate with us as we want and will co-operate with you.—"Lone E."

Modern World Losing Keen Sense of Smell

Odors are largely neglected in the medical practice of today. Few doctors use the sense of smell in diagnosis, owing, perhaps, to the functional inadequacy of the contemporary nose.

The modern world can no longer smell, but as recently as the last century there were physicians who could often tell the nature of a disease by the odor of the patient—an odor so delicate as to be imperceptible by those who neglected this source of information.

Writes Prof. C. G. von Maasen in the "Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" (Berlin):

"It is related of one of the most illustrious German physicians that, whenever he entered the room of a sick person, he sniffed the air, and that he detected the nature of the illness infallibly by this means."

"The fineness of the sense of smell has decayed with the progress of our mechanical civilization, especially among the residents of cities. Perhaps the growth of the tobacco habit has contributed to this effect."

"Yet we must admit, too, that the sense of smell in its perfectness is granted to few. Not many physicians are as highly endowed in this respect as are some breeds of dogs. These can tell by the bodily odor of their masters how sick those masters are."

"It seems well established that a dog can smell the fact that his master is going to die. This is why some dogs so mysteriously abandon their masters."

"There is the case of a lady who owned a pet monkey. It abandoned her, and before many days she had the measles. When she recovered, the monkey returned."

"Some men have the scent of a hound. They can tell merely by smelling an overcoat in the hall what has come for a visit."

The Seven Wonders Of Medicine

During the recent annual session of the American College of Surgeons in St. Louis, Dr. Bowman C. Crowell called the following "the seven wonders of modern medicine":

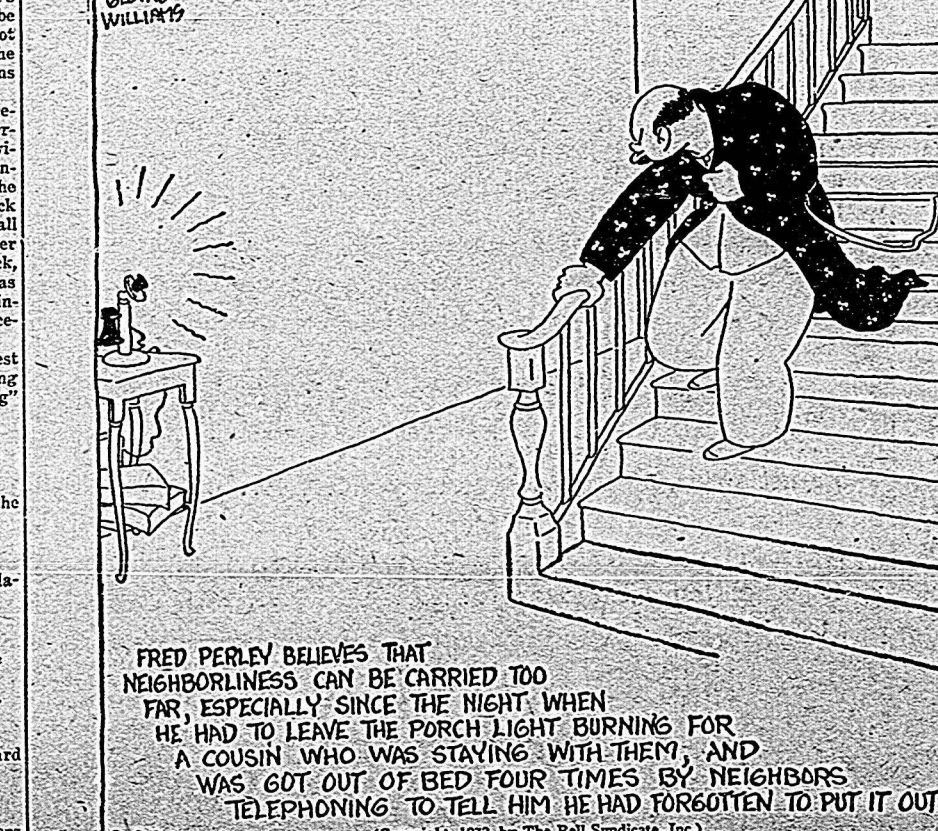
1. Immunity or resistance to diseases.
2. Anesthesia and analgesia giving relief from pain.
3. Antiseptics and Asepsis preventing wound infection and blood poisoning.
4. Vitamins and food values.
5. Light and ventilation.
6. Organotherapy such as feeding liver to pernicious anemia patients, giving insulin to diabetics and thyroid gland extracts to cretins.
7. Periodic health examinations to prevent the effects of certain diseases such as cancer.

Buenos Ayres Omits Lights

Buenos Ayres, Argentina.—The traditional New Year's carnival lights here, which usually shine along the two miles of the Avenida de Mayo on New Year's Eve, were omitted this year so the city could save \$20,000. The police also frowned upon the customary fireworks, but Buenos Ayres welcomed the New Year with crowds in the streets. The night was sweltering, the temperature 89 degrees.

The world's great men have no commonly better great scholars nor its great scholars great men.—Olivé Wendell "Holy"

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS



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