

THE MOMENT

There Was a Gap in His Memory—
a Sinister Gap—and He Was
Afraid.
By John Glyder

Rivington stood at the open window and looked down on the swirling traffic beneath him. It was raining hard, and the roadway glistened like water, reflecting the glare of distorted lights. A tributary stream to the swirling sea of Piccadilly, the roar of which could be heard in the near distance.

Opposite was the dingy front of a shop where they sold tobacco and newspapers and paper-backed novels and unpleasant-looking sweets. A bent old man came out with fresh placards to fasten on the boards outside, that framed laconic announcements of the pieces put on nightly by humanity.

Tragedy, comedy, farce. Mostly tragedy. A few moments, entertainment for a hurried reader; for the actors perhaps a life's agony. Rivington watched idly to see what it would be to night. There was the sound of hurried footsteps on the stairs, and the door burst open.

Rivington swung round.
"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said. "I was no cordiality in his tone."

On the table, in an aureole of light from an electric lamp, lay a pile of cheap writing-pads, in which Rivington invented fresh tragedies for a world that never sickened of vicarious suffering. He picked up the top pad and began to turn over the pages with deliberate preoccupation.

"I'm rather busy to-night, Peake," he said.

"You always are," said the man thus addressed, "when I come round."
He stood by the window, slouched against the glare outside. The light shone pitilessly on a face that should normally be handsome enough, in spite of its weakness, but was now haggard, unshaven, lined darkly under the eyes, as though blackened with smudged fingers. The dark hair glistened with the wet. His arms swung restlessly. His face twitched.

"You look a bit of a mess," said Rivington. He sat down and shook his pen.

Peake helped him clumsily to a cigarette.

"Haven't been to bed all night," he said. He started to pace aimlessly about the room.

"Rather foolish of you when you've got a perfectly good bed to go to," said Rivington, and wrote "Chapter 6" with careful deliberation.

"You're hard, aren't you?" said Peake, watching the other irritably. "You might show a fellow a bit of sympathy."

"I might," said Rivington. He etched aimlessly on the top of the page. "But I'm not going to. Sympathy requires a suitable recipient."

"Oh, don't talk like one of your dashed novels!"

"I shall talk as I choose," said Rivington. "And if you don't want to listen, there's no need to stay."

"No; but look here, old man—Peake swung one arm restlessly like a petulant child. And that, after all, was what he was, thought Rivington.

"Here you are, you young fool," he said, "with every possibility in front of you. You made a bit at the typewriter, and you've got—or you had—the chance of a good deal more. And what do you do? Bury your talents. No, not bury. Drown them with drink. And fill up the gaps with other creditable occupations. Don't come to me for sympathy. You won't get it. You're just an idiot!"

"It's more than that," said Peake tensely.

Something in his tone made Rivington look up. Peake stood at the window, restlessly closing and unclosing his fingers. Now and then he swung one hand across his body as though he had lost all control of himself. There was a dazed look in his eyes as if he strove for some elusive memory he could not retrieve.

Hundreds of times Rivington had warned Peake with gradually diminishing sympathy and rapidly increasing irritation. Peake was always reforming—sometimes for a week at a stretch; then he made up for lost time. To Rivington he was now little more than an unpleasant interruption.

"More than that?" said Rivington. "How much more?"

"I wish I knew," said Peake. His voice shook a little. Rivington was afraid he was going to break down and whimper. He got up and closed the door.

"Pull yourself together!" he said harshly. The difficulty was that it was so hard not to sympathize. Peake had the attractiveness of all weak creatures. And sympathy did no good. What Peake wanted was a shock.

"That little more and how much—Peake babbled foolishly.

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Rivington. Peake licked his dry lips.

"Give me a drink, old man," he begged.

"Not a drop!" said Rivington decisively. "Soda-water, if you like." Peake took it with shaky hand.

"I wish I knew," he said again.

"Knew what?" asked Rivington. Peake's brows furrowed in an effort of memory.

"What happened between the time I left Rylton's party last night, and three o'clock this morning, when I found myself on the Embankment?"

"You don't know?"

"No. There's a complete blank." "Quite usual in such cases, I believe," said Rivington impatiently. He took up his pen and started drawing again. His mind wandered back to his story.

"Have you ever wakened sweating and terrified from a dream, only knowing you're mortally afraid, and remembering nothing of the dream that caused it? And then suddenly, when you're not consciously thinking of it, the dream comes back to you and all its details?"

Peake paused.
"That," he said, "is just the moment I'm afraid of. That moment when I remember. And I shall remember. I'm sweating and I'm mortally afraid. Rivington. The impression remains. But the thing that caused it—What can it have been, Rivington? What can I have done to terrify me like this?"

He threw away his half-smoked cigarette, and took another with shaky fingers.

"I think we'd better find out," said Rivington.

"I suppose you're turning it over and thinking what a fine story it would make," Peake pulled at his cigarette in agitation. "A gap of an hour. It couldn't have been more. One hour. The mind stamped with the impression of some nauseating horror, and yet the cause—"

"I'm not doing anything of the kind," said Rivington. "And now, what do you want me to do?"

"I wish you'd be a bit more sympathetic," said Peake with the pathos of a child. "If you realized how desperately frightened I was—"

"I've done my best," said Rivington. "And in return you've done your worst. And if you're suffering torments, it's only what you've been asking for. I told you to cut out this party stuff and Doreen and—"

"You needn't worry about Doreen," said Peake, and became lachrymose and full of self-pity. "She's cut me out. That swine Barratt—"

His face furrowed in thought. "Doreen," he said—"Doreen—Doreen—"

"Oh, don't keep babbling 'Doreen!' said Rivington irritably. "You're well out of that. Barratt's about her mark."

"Now, look here," protested Peake, and he got to his feet. "Doreen was a dashed fine girl—"

He broke off suddenly and stared at Rivington.

"Was? Did I say 'was'?"

"Yes," said Rivington. He picked up the paper and put it down again. There was a sudden tense silence between them. Rivington became aware of the ticking of the clock. Tick, tick—

"That's rather strange, isn't it?" quavered Peake at last.

"I think," said Rivington, "that we'd better find out exactly what you did do last night."

"No!" shouted Peake. "I don't want to remember. I'll never remember. I refuse."

"Be quiet."

"No, old man—"

"You went to a party at Rylton's last night. We've got that much. That's in Bedford Street, isn't it?"

"Yes. It was after the show he's putting on at the Pantheon. It was a terrible flop. I wouldn't have gone, only they said Doreen was going to be there."

"And was she?"

"No. Neither was Barratt. I wonder why I said—"

"Never mind about that. And I suppose you drank yourself into a coma, and left or were thrown out about two. Do you remember leaving?"

"I remember everything up to a point, then the edges get blurred. There was an argument with Rylton. I think I was rather rude about his show. He told me to clear out, as far as I can recollect. I remember missing a stair or two and shaking myself up a bit."

"After that I wandered along somewhere—the Strand, I think it must have been—and after that a tangle of streets. On one and down another; and then—and then a mist crawling up over the river, a chill wind blowing, Big Ben striking three."

"And that's all you remember?"

"Yes, that's all."

"That only leaves one hour. You might easily have been wandering about all this time."

"I might," said Peake. Beads of perspiration glistened on his brow. "I might—but I wasn't. In that hour, Rivington, something happened, something terrible!"

Another silence. Tick-tick tick—

"Oh, my Heaven!" shrieked Peake suddenly, and he staggered to his feet. "I remember something else!"

"Don't be a fool," said Rivington, and he rose to restrain him. "You mustn't shriek like that. You'll—"

"Something else!" repeated Peake, hysterically. "It's ringing through my head now. A woman's scream. A terrible scream—"

Suddenly his eye caught the headlines on the newspaper that lay on the table.

"Look!" he said. "Look!"

Liner Capsizes in Port



Liner lists and sinks at pier... one man missing. A view of the American mail liner, President Madison, after she tilted to one side while in repair dock at Seattle. With three plates removed from her side, she suddenly listed. Damages may exceed \$200,000.

Scientists Study Antidote for Carbon Monoxide Poisoning

A common dye, methylene blue, is coming into use as an antidote for carbon monoxide poisoning, reports the American Chemical Society. This poisoning, it will be recalled, is really a form of asphyxiation because the carbon monoxide forms a very stable compound with the hemoglobin of the blood. This hemoglobin cannot then pick up the oxygen and transfer it to the tissue through the body.

Methylene blue is an indicator of oxidation reduction. As such it has the ability to take up or give off oxygen readily. It is able to take the place of hemoglobin theoretically. Experiments on animals have demonstrated that it could perform this function if injected into the blood stream. Only recently a serious case of carbon monoxide poisoning occurred in San Francisco. Injections of five cubic centimeters of 1 per cent methylene blue in aqueous solution saved the patient. The dye carried oxygen throughout the body for a sufficient length of time to allow the hemoglobin-carbon monoxide molecule to be broken up. The secret of the treatment lies in prompt administration of the antidote and a liberal supply of oxygen for the victim.

Italia Bachelor's Tax To Pay for More Babies

Rome.—An appeal by Premier Mussolini for a 17,000,000 increase in Italy's population in the next 10 years, has brought keen rivalry by city governments in offering inducements for matrimony.

Some of the offers are:

The city of Brinisci promises cash wedding presents of \$50 to the first 10 couples who marry there.

Brescia offers similar gifts to 50 couples.

Bari will give a crib and blankets on the arrival of a baby in the first year of marriage. Ten such prizes will be distributed each month. Twice a month wedding costumes will be given to brides who cannot afford a special dress for the occasion.

Genoa offers 100 wedding gifts of \$25 each.

Leghorn will give \$15 on the arrival of the sixth and seventh infants, \$30 for the eighth and ninth and \$50 for each child over the ninth.

Cuneo promises \$10 for each child after the sixth and also tax exemption and rent reductions.

Il Duca has assigned the income from the tax on bachelors to the National Bureau for protection of mothers and infants. State railways grant 70 per cent fare reductions to couples on honeymoon trips.

French Postoffices Will Be Beautified

Paris.—Beautification of postoffices, giving each an architectural character, is the policy of the French Ministry of Posts.

In days gone by, the average French postoffice, especially in the smaller cities, was no better and no worse than similar buildings in the United States; which means it was generally unattractive and uninteresting. Since 1922, however, a definite effort has been made to render postoffices beautiful as well as utilitarian; with this policy in mind, seventy-four offices have been installed in new buildings, and 115 in remodeled structures. At the present time no less than 663 projects for new postoffices are being studied.

Formerly, also there was no architectural policy as regards postoffices; today the style of architecture is similar to that of the province in which the postoffice is located. In Brittany, Breton architecture will dominate; in Normandy, the Norman; near the Spanish border, the Gascon style, and so on. In Paris, the new postoffices are all modernistic, and a very advanced modernistic.

Throughout France the postoffice plays a greater role in community life than in America. For, in addition to handling the mails, it also takes care of the telegraph and telephone services.

Woman Doctor Praises Chinese Students

Montreal.—High praise for the women of China is expressed by Dr. Jessie MacBean, a Canadian, who has spent 26 years in medical and missionary work in Canada. "They are clever doctors and excellent students," she said, "and their wonderful memories serve them well."

Small, vivacious, and of unusual personal charm, Dr. MacBean is head of the Obstetrics Department of the Hackett Medical College for Women in Canton. Only a regulation that heads of such institutions must be Chinese prevented her appointment as president.

She has had personal experience with actual warfare during military upheavals in China. Her services as interpreter were retained by the British Navy in the uprising of 1925 when all other missionaries were ordered to leave Canton.

Dr. MacBean witnessed many harrowing scenes during the last Communist uprising in Canton. Established in the hospital there, she and her staff were in the midst of the fighting. She saw girls of the Red forces, many of them only of college age, taken out and shot by the opposing troops.

Following a western Canadian speaking tour, she will go to New York for a special course in child welfare work, and return to China in September.

World Meet May Be Held Late in May

London.—The World Economic Conference which has been under discussion for several months may be held late in May if the preliminary work begun by Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, and Norman H. Davis, American ambassador-at-large, can be carried to a successful conclusion.

Mr. Davis expressed this view after two long conferences with the prime minister.

He said that he knew nothing about reports that the conference may be held at Washington. He and Mr. MacDonald did not even discuss such a possibility.

There is a great deal of preliminary work to be done, Mr. Davis explained, and those concerned with doing it are going about their task earnestly. It is no longer thought necessary to give three months' notice before holding the world conference. Six weeks probably will be long enough.

Students Trade Eggs For Lunches at School

A system of barter is in operation at Caroline High School, Denton, Maryland, where students trade eggs brought from their homes on the farms for lunch and candy, receiving the equivalent of the market price for them. At the close of each day Caroline Redden, manager of the cafeteria, takes her eggs to market, in the old-fashioned way, to be exchanged for provisions for the next cafeteria meal, or for money, if that medium of exchange is available.

Eggs from certified and blood-tested flocks, which are in demand at local hatcheries at prices considerably above the normal market value, are eligible for barter at the cafeteria only on terms of equality with their more plebeian contemporaries, no distinction being made in the grade of the product.

Since the purpose of the barter is to produce healthy children, rather than healthy chicks, the scientifically hygienic eggs are usually left to fulfill their true mission: in the scheme of existence, while the small, unassuming eggs, uncandied and unsmuggled, are last coming in for their belated share of glory at the hands of the younger generation.

OVERALLS

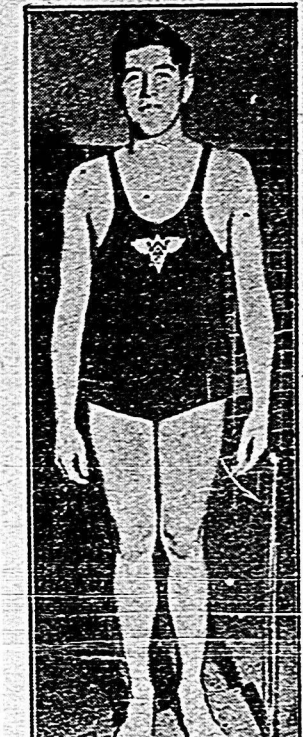


Poison Gas from Airplanes Among Horrors of War

The horrible possibilities of warfare by means of airplanes dropping poison gas were vividly described by Dr. Ross, member for Kings, during the discussion in Parliament on a vote for the Royal Canadian Air Force and Civil Aviation amounting to \$1,600,000—a decrease of \$150,000 from last year. The first gas used in the Great War was chlorine, which caused 6,000 deaths on the first attempt. The next development was a derivative 15 times stronger called phosgene. Dr. Ross said:

"Another gas, diphenylchlorarsine—three drops will kill—causes oedema of the lungs, dropsy of the lungs, oedema of the spleen, necrotic changes in the vascular walls, particularly in the aorta. It also produces changes in the blood and the hemoglobin becomes methemoglobin. It is a gas against which our masks would be no protection whatever. . . . One part of this gas combined with ten million parts of air will put a man out of action in one minute. In 1918 this gas was used on a herd of goats and it killed all but four, which were in such agony that they smashed their skulls against a fence. This gas can be used in five-pound generators, six hundred forming a load for a commercial airplane. One thousand of these generators can gas an area sixty kilometers. Two planes could carry forty tons, sufficient to destroy the population of London."

Swimming Sensation



Jack Medica of Washington Athletic club swimming team, Seattle's latest aquatic star. He recently broke the 400 metre, 400-yard and 200-metre world's marks.

Paris Plans Offensive Against African Rebel

Marrakesh, Morocco.—Stung by the most serious military defeat in Africa since 1926, the French command is making doubly efficient preparations for the spring offensive against the native rebels.

The defeat, which for a time threatened to undo the work of long months, occurred in February. Although the Ministry of War officially has denied that French troops suffered a defeat, other sources have confirmed details of the catastrophic battle.

Eleven officers were killed, six were seriously wounded, about thirty non-commissioned officers were killed, or gravely injured, and scores of men were wiped out by the native attack. The engagement occurred in the Djebel Sarro Range.

According to the French plan, southern natives must be conquered before the "big push" can be staged against the main rebel army in the High Atlas Mountains. This campaign, which is expected to last throughout the summer, will be a miniature Alpine war in character.

The Djebel Sarro defeat was the most serious since July 14, 1926, when the rebel counter-offensive in the North cost the French twenty-six officers in one day.

The battle represents the most serious loss of man power since the wiping out of a French native battalion at Altayakub in 1929.

Evening Paper Proves Big Success in China

Shanghai.—At the end of its first year, Shanghai's first Chinese evening newspaper reports a phenomenal success. Starting during the Sino-Japanese conflict at Shanghai as a two-sheet bulletin with a circulation of a few thousands, it now claims a circulation of 53,477 copies daily, and an average edition of 20 pages.

The Ta Wan Pao, or China Evening News, owes its rapid success to a number of unusual characteristics. In the first place, it uses "pai Hua," the language of the ordinary man on the street, instead of the "wen li," or more formal language employed by most newspapers. Persons of meager education, who read with difficulty the long-established papers, read the newspaper with ease.

The Ta Wan Pao has introduced the American style of make-up into the Chinese newspaper field, where the British style predominates. The most important news is printed on the front page, headings try to give the gist of each story, and the essential facts are included in the first paragraph. The managing editors have been educated in the American journalistic school.

New Legend About Late Czar of Russia

I heard a new legend, writes a London reporter, to add to the many already existing about the ex-Imperial family of Russia.

The late Czar's ashes, together with those of his family, have, it seems, been kept all these years by a faithful emigre who has just died.

When his belongings, the precious casket containing the ashes was found, the casket was cumbersome. No body was anxious to have it at home. So it was decided to put it in the vaults of one of the Paris banks.

I find it ironical, if the story be true, that the one-time Emperor of All the Russias should finish his earthly career in a safe-deposit.

Modern Words Dates Back to 1567

To some "Americanisms," the editors of a new English dictionary attribute astonishingly long lineages. One reads: "Whoopee, orig. U.S., 1845. An exclamation accompanying a humorous or hilarious enjoyment. . . . to have a good time, go on the razzledazzle." Speakeasy has the rather odd definition of "an illicit liquor-shop." Racket, meaning, "a trick, dodge, scheme, game, line of business or action," is carried back to 1812. Cocktail is traced to 1809, highball to 1899; proffered to 1797; "half-sea-over" to 1551, and "high" to 1853; skeddadle to 1862; rideo to 1834; the verb "cotton" to 1567, and to Congreve's "I like to see 'em hug and cotton together, like down upon a tistle." The market use of the word "bull" is carried back to 1714.

Nebraska Editor Makes Hobby of Listing the Long-Married

Lincoln, Neb.—Henry A. Brainerd, dean of Nebraska rural editors and historian of the Nebraska Press Association, has made a hobby of compiling records of long-married couples. He reads every newspaper in the State, which he asserts comprise the best source of information.

Last year his record showed 821 golden weddings. Nearly 100 couples had been married sixty years or longer. The record for marital longevity is held by Mr. and Mrs. John Wozab of Wilber, who will celebrate their seventy-first anniversary in April. Runners-up are Mr. and Mrs. Dan Jarvis of Auburn, who had been married seventy years last December.

When Kindness Like a Planet Sets

When kindness like a planet sets,
And bitter thoughts infect the mind,
When love her phantasy forgets,
When blind suspicion leads the blind,
Imagination fainting lies,
With fallen stars her ways are strewn,
And fancy once her firebird flies
To the cold caverns of the Moon.
—Eric Clough Taylor.

"Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all."
The firm wrote back without delay, "We are in receipt of your letter. You will doubtless appreciate our answer if you will refer to Romans, chapter 8, verse 25."
This verse says:
"For if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it."
The cheque arrived by the next post.