

In Nature Magazine  
(er, 1931).

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### South Africa Finds Sharks Profitable

#### Man-Eaters Furnish the Raw Material for Thriving In- dustry at Durban

Cape Town.—Sharks, the man-eaters of sinister reputation and grim memory, are now providing South Africa with a new and flourishing industry, writes Lawrence G. Green in The N. Y. Times. The shark fishing station at Durban has proved a success. Before long the shark hunters will be at work all around the coasts of the Union, from Zululand to Walvis Bay.

Commercial shark fishermen in South Africa waters use gill nets, 600 feet long and 50 feet deep, with a mesh which traps the shark behind the gills. So large are the hauls that it is often difficult to drag the nets on board the small vessels operating from Durban. The sharks are dead when they reach the surface, drowned by their own fierce efforts to escape from the nets.

Not a scrap of a shark's carcass is wasted at the shore station. One of the most important products is shark leather, which is tough, with an extremely fine grain and a color that never fades. Shoes, bags and gloves of the best quality are made from shark skin. A ton of shark yields about ninety square feet of leather.

The Versatile Liver Oil. Then there is the valuable liver, which, when refined, is very similar to cod liver oil. Lower grades of shark liver oil are used in the manufacture of paint, varnish and soap. The best oil has been turned into margarine without a trace of fishy smell or flavor remaining.

Shark fins, of course, go to China, where such delicacies are relished. A shark fin, in fact, is about the most expensive food in the world. It contains a gelatinous substance which is prized for its vitamins. Dried in the sun and carefully packed, one shark fin may be worth \$5 by the time it reaches the Far East.

The teeth go to the same market. Cleaned and bleached and often capped with gold, they make necklaces which are adored by the women of China. In some of the Pacific Islands sharks' teeth are used as currency. A Sydney firm once received an order for 100,000 sharks' teeth for this purpose.

Shark meat tastes very much like salt cod. Washed, pickled, dried and cut into strips, it is ready for export to certain African territories where it is held in higher esteem than canned salmon or cod.

Dress Goods and Drugs. The skin of a shark's stomach may be turned into a substitute for cloth. The gill provides pigments of wonderful quality. Precious drugs are obtained from the pancreatic glands. Other parts of the carcass are converted into fertilizer containing a high percentage of nitrogen.

A great impetus was given to the shark-fishing industry by the discovery of a method of removing the delicate skin. This is an intricate, secret process. Sharkskin, properly treated, is so soft that stockings which will not "ladder" can be made from it.

There is no fear that the war on sharks will result in a state of affairs such as that which is threatening the whaling industry. The supply of sharks is equal to any demand. At Durban the daily catch often exceeds eight thousand, including some weighing 1,000 pounds. And eighty sharks are worth about \$2,000. There are millions more in the sea. Experts believe that it will be at least ten years before the supply of sharkskin can meet the demand.

The Intelligentia. By G. Bernard Shaw in a recent lecture. Finally there came a time when all this business about ostracizing the intelligentia was not working.

When I went to Russia I was received at Moscow by a large delegation of authors. To begin with, they always planted authors on me in all directions. They were the very last people I wanted to see. There were also men of science, artists and the rest of it. They all came. I noticed they looked uncommonly jolly and prosperous and so on.

I said to the authors: "I am glad to see you looking so prosperous and so on." Not a single author in Russia tried to borrow a single shilling from me. That is an absolute record for the earth. I said to them: "Are you not the intelligentia?" They replied: "Certainly not. We are not the intelligentia."

### Says Canada Strong in Day of Trial

#### Bank of Montreal Heads Review Situation at Bank's Annual Meeting

In the speeches of Sir Charles Gordon, president, and Jackson Dadds, joint general manager, at the annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal, comment was made on the inherent strength being exhibited by Canada in the face of world depression, especially in regard to the banking structure of the country. Sir Charles, while declining to prophesy as to the immediate outlook, said that taking the long view "there is every reason to look forward with confidence to emerging stronger and more prosperous than ever from the conditions that now prevail," and Mr. Dadds remarked, "It would be rash indeed to speak with assurance of the prospects of the coming year, but it is surely permissible to say that when in national confidence and co-operation are restored, and commerce in consequence improves, Canada will be among the first to benefit."

Sir Charles Gordon made particular reference to the manner in which the low price levels have affected farming, lumbering, mining, and newspaper manufacture, remarking in regard to the latter that there was reason to believe that a better condition was being ushered in by the profit arising from the premium on New York funds and from consolidation of companies for the purpose of reducing overhead expense and effecting more economical distribution of the product.

While expressing the opinion that

### The Hundredth Girl

It Seemed Suspicious—But He Believed in Her Absolutely.

By A. G. Greenwood

"That's it," thought Eddie Scott, eyeing the pretty young girl, as she left his shop clinging to the arm of the fat, florid, middle-aged fellow who had just bought a very expensive engagement ring, "ninety-nine girls out of a hundred will sell themselves for a life of luxury."

He was enlarging on this cynical theme when into the shop stepped a tall, slim girl, whose Robin Hood had revealed a mass of dark curls.

"Good-afternoon," she said nervously. "I—I was wondering if you would care to buy this?"

Eddie took from her outstretched palm an ear-ring, consisting of a miniature eye, enamelled in natural colors, with a pendant-pearl in the shape of a teardrop.

"I found only one," she explained; "and one ear-ring isn't much good, is it? Yesterday I was unlucky. I had my bag snatched. Nearly two pounds gone!"

It was some time before Eddie realized that in the case of ninety-nine such customers out of a hundred he would have asked questions. This girl was the hundredth. Questions didn't occur to him. He merely observed that the pearl was worth a couple of pounds, and then sympathized with her about the bag-snatching.

She chattered for a little, and it was only when at last she said "Good-afternoon" that he remembered to ask her name and address.

"A mere matter of form," he added; but he felt he couldn't let her vanish so utterly lost in the world.

"Mary Ridley," she said. Eddie repeated the name as he scribbled at her dictation in his order-book.

"Mary Ridley, No. 6, Fairfield Road. I know it." Swiftly he preceded her to the door and opened it. A fog had come on.

"It looks pretty thick," he said. "won't you wait? Please do. It looks hardly safe—especially with all these bag-snatchers about."

### How to play Bridge AUCTION and CONTRACT by Wynne Ferguson Author of "PRACTICAL AUCTION BRIDGE"

ARTICLE No. 2  
If there is one thing about Auction and Contract that is certain and undisputed, it is the fact that no perfect system of bidding has been or is ever likely to be invented. Almost any system, if clearly understood by partners and intelligently played, will produce good results. The only difference between systems of bidding in both games lies in the difference in the skill of the players advocating the different systems. The only thing that makes one system preferable to another is the fact that it is more easily understood and applied by the average player. The writer has known of many game games between experts advocating different systems and, as a rule, such matches have been more or less draws. And it is very lucky that there is no perfect system of bidding. If there were, the game would soon lose its fascination and charm. No one likes to feel that the other fellow knows much as he does and, if the bidding were perfect, no one could put anything over.

What really makes Auction and Contract so fascinating, however, is its uncertainty. Every bid, practically, is a gamble for there is no guarantee that the cards will not be so distributed that your bid, no matter how sound, cannot be made. For example, suppose you bid one heart, holding five hearts headed by the ace, king, queen and an outside ace. No one will say you are encouraged to try again, and that such a bid is unsound under any system, and yet you are doubled and lose your contract by three tricks.

There were seven hearts in one hand against you. A bad break! But there is no one can say you made a bad bid. The following example hands apply equally well to Auction or Contract. The dealer bid one spade and second hand, holding the following:  
Hearts—10, 7  
Clubs—7  
Diamonds—A, K, Q, J, 10, 7, 5  
Spades—Q, 8, 4

Hearts—Q, 6  
Clubs—K, 10, 4, 2  
Diamonds—none  
Spades—Q

There are no trumps and Z is in the lead. How can Y Z win five of the seven tricks against any defense?

"Tell me what it all means first. If you mean to harm her—"  
"Harm her!" echoed Mrs. Dowson shrilly. "I believe her to be the daughter of the only man I ever loved! You know me. Everybody knows Sophia Bell!"

To Eddie the name sounded vaguely familiar. In the nineties it had been famous. Sophia had been a musical comedy star.

"I gave poor Andrew one of my ear-rings on the day I sailed for New York," she bubbled. "A love-token it was—a pledge. But—I failed him. He was a painter—making nothing. I behaved shamefully. I admit it, I married an American. For years I lived in New York. He died. I came back to England a rich widow. But I never found Andrew. All I discovered was that years ago he had married somebody else. I never forgave myself."

She wept. Then, recovering: "Surely," she demanded, "the girl gave some clue to her identity?" "She gave an address which was—"  
"She was incorrect," admitted Eddie; "and a name, Mary—"  
"Ridley?" quavered Mrs. Dowson. "Yes, Ridley."

The manager of the hotel was sent for. A page brought the "London Directory." In vain they went to three different Fairfield Roads.

"I must find her," said Mrs. Dowson, sobbing. "Driver, is there no other Fairfield Road?" "Dessay it's Phayrefield Road you want, ma'am," answered the man, and spelt the name. "That's Balham way."

He was right. Mary herself opened the door, staring at excited Mrs. Dowson and anxious Eddie.

"The 'first-floor front' happened to be vacant, and there Mrs. Dowson, clutching Mary's hand, told her story. "Your father had treasured the ear-ring, Mary?" "Yes; Mary had found it locked away amongst his papers after his death. "You shall come and live with me. Mary," declared Mrs. Dowson. "You will have your own dress allowance and be your own mistress. I'll buy you a car; you shall have lovely frocks, all a girl could get her heart on; we will go to the Riviera, the Lakes—everywhere; you shall have everything."

To Eddie the little room seemed suddenly to have grown very dark and cold. His dreams were over.

### MACDONALD'S Fine Cut with ZIG-ZAG papers attached In 10¢, 15¢, and 20¢ Packages

### Owl Laffs

"Something Tells Me"  
That times first became hard and then got tough.  
That too many people stoop to conquer.  
That nearly every person thinks that he can write a good book.  
That those who could write the real, true confession stories aren't saying anything about them.  
That a half-wit uncle is not a half uncle.  
That there is no blackmail in the dead letter office.  
That it is too bad that in order to have and keep peace we have to fight for it.  
That you don't get a lot in a lottery.  
That there will never be a finished book of knowledge.  
That for every fire-eater, there are thousands who can drink firewater.

"Thanks for the lift," said the woman, as she climbed from the plastic surgeon's chair. "I love you," is still the sweetest sentence in any tongue, but it is no longer a life sentence. If the present hat styles result in no falling off in the marriage license rate, that will be final proof that love is blind. A woman you know brags that she always says "just what she thinks" is no great shakes of a thinker; she ought to study up more pleasant thoughts, or stop talking so much. It takes hard work to make easy living. Physicians say; one million women are overweight; these, of course, are round figures. A good citizen is one who wants to give back to the world some of the good he has got out of it. Old-time "innocent amusements" are still innocent, but they are no longer amusements. It is always well to remember that an ounce of keeping your mouth shut is worth a pound of explanation.

Mule in a barnyard, lazy and sick. Boy with a pin on the end of a stick. Boy jabbed the mule—mule gave a lurch—(services Monday at the M. E. Church).

The restaurant advertised sudden service, but didn't give it. A patron gave an order, waited patiently and fell asleep. He awoke to hear the waitress' voice:  
Waitress—"Did you order this sudden?"  
Customer (in dismay)—"Good heavens! What day's this?"

It was Sunday morning in a church school. "Will you please tell me," said a member to the teacher, "how far in actual miles Dan is from Beersheba? All my life I have heard the familiar phrase, 'from Dan to Beersheba,' but I have never known the distance."

Before the answer could be given, another member arose and inquired, "Do I understand that Dan and Beersheba are the names of places?" "Yes."

"That is one on me. I always thought they were husband and wife, like Sodom and Gomorrah."

Mr. Gay—"Tell me, my dear, how do you manage to get the maid up so early in the morning?"  
Mrs. Gay—"It was rather clever of me. I introduced her to the milkman."

He took a friend for a day's sport. The friend knew nothing of fishing, but decided to try his luck.  
After a long silence by the banks of the stream the novice said, "I say, how much do those little red things cost?"  
"You mean the floats? Oh, they're cheap. Why?"  
"I owe you for one. Mine's just sunk."

Somehow, the fact that a man would have made you miserable for life is no consolation for not having married him. Recipes come in books, but cooking, like love, just comes natural. Little men who get into important positions seldom miss an opportunity to determine their size. A milliner usually tries to keep prices under her hat.

The ambitious wife of a millionaire gave a big dinner party. Her husband, who had made his money as the inventor of a patent rat poison, was silent during the dinner. As the ladies left the room, his wife found an opportunity to whisper to him: "Why on earth don't you talk?" "Talk?" he replied. "Why, what's the use of it? Not a single person here knows anything about rats."

The gutting whistle had blown when Murphy shouted, "Has any one seen me vest?" "Sure, Murphy," said Fat, "and ye've got it on!" "Right and I have," replied Murphy, gazing solemnly at his bosom, "and it's a good thing ye seen it, or I'd have gone home without it."

Had fight with husband  
Another quarrel! Shouldn't take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to ease those headaches—headaches that make her nervous, irritable and grouchy.

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