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THE advertising of merchandise is the consumers' guarantee of merit.

In his advertising the manufacturer, over his own name, makes claims for his goods which must be lived up to. Consumers look for the qualities advertised, and if they fail to find them, promptly transfer their patronage to another brand.

Advertising is a two-edged sword. It gives the consumers the advantage of knowing exactly who disappoints them. No one realises this more keenly than the manufacturer. So with him it is a principle of good business as well as honour to make his goods measure up to his advertising claims.

Manufacturers, brought constantly before the public by their advertised goods, are usually men of high character, who make their goods as represented. But in addition to this, the educational force of advertising is such that the consumer is assured of honesty and quality because every reputable publication and advertising agency demand it.

When the consumer buys unadvertised goods, he gives up all these guarantees. He has no protection whatever, neither name nor assurance stands back of the product he buys.

If it is poor, he has no recourse. He does not know who has cheated him. The dealer is only the intermediary. He, himself, may have been cheated in the goods.

In buying advertised products, the consumer makes sure of goods manufactured on honour and sold on honour. He has the price advantage that comes from the big market built by the manufacturer's advertising which, by increasing the output, decreases the cost of each package or article, and enables the manufacturer to take a smaller individual profit on account of his great volume of business.

From every standpoint, the consumer is the gainer in buying advertised goods.
"They say I look like—but I really am an 'Ovaltine' girl!"

says Miss Dorothy Ward

Daly's Theatre,
London, W.C.

Everybody has been admiring my latest picture, taken as "Nan" in "A Country Girl," so successfully revived at Daly's Theatre. "You look just like that pretty 'Ovaltine Girl,'" they say, but, as I tell them, I actually am one, for I find nothing so good after a trying day as a "night-cap" of 'Ovaltine.'

It gives me sleep when harassed nerves would otherwise keep me awake. So to all girls, whether country or town girls, I recommend "Ovaltine" if they want to keep pretty and well.

Dorothy Ward

Miss Dorothy Ward as she appears in "A Country Girl" at Daly's Theatre.

Delicious "Ovaltine" supplies in a correctly balanced form the concentrated goodness of Nature's best foods—ripe barley malt, creamy milk and eggs. There is no food beverage more easily digested or richer in the restorative nourishment which rebuilds brain, nerve and body. Without increasing weight it gives that radiant health which is the foundation of beauty.

When "Ovaltine" is your "Night-cap" you will enjoy dreamless, restful sleep. In those golden hours of slumber tired eyes regain their brightness. The fatigued body is strengthened and rebuilt. Ragged nerves are soothed and restored. The bloom of glorious health is restored to the cheeks. New energy is created to meet the demands of the coming day.

'OVALTINE'

Ionic Food Beverage

Reduced prices in Gr. Britain and Northern Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.
VISION is not of necessity the gift of peering into the future—rather it is the development of the art of seeing those qualities of which we are now possessed and the making of adequate use of them.

At times circumstances are so brilliantly conditioned that we do well to put on our smoked glasses that we be not dazzled by the glamour of possibility.

Again, the world may seem so dreary and hopeless that the rose-tinted glasses are necessary to a proper perspective of those ordinary things of life which surround us.

Vision without objective is merely to dream—to dream without vision is to possess a high-powered gun without the necessary ammunition. In all these years of ours there is none so vital as the one upon which we are entering—1932. It calls for the clearest of vision—a vision that will bring to happy fruition those dreams of the troubulous years through which we have been passing—and the ultimate end of that vision is peace of mind, security of property and the return of a smile to the face of the world.
ALL globe trotters who are intelligent enough to be connoisseurs in political and social institutions, and who like to see great capital cities in which there are no ladies and gentlemen, should put money in their pockets and start at once for Soviet Russia. September and October are, they tell me, the best months. I went in July; but that is the hottest time, when the theatres are closed and the Opera suspended. But at all seasons there is an excitement about it that no other country can offer. Your friends implore you to do nothing so rash and hazardous. You will be starved, they tell you. You will be eaten by lice. You will be seized by the Cheka and bumped off, or, as the Russians put it, "liquidated." All the females in your party will be nationalised. You will see nothing except what the Soviet wishes you to see, and that will be like the Russia that Potemkin staged for Catherine II, a theatrical imposture.

You go all the same, to be able to say that you have done something adventurous that nobody else dare do.

You have a choice of routes. You can go by Brussels, Berlin, Warsaw to Moscow. That is how I went. But the Russians do not want you to go through Poland, and recommend the more northerly route through Riga, which involves going through Latvia and Lithuania. In this they are ill-advised, because the contrast between the fantasticallystriped ribbon cultivation of Poland by peasant proprietors makes a telling foil to the collective farms in Communist Russia, where, without hedge, ditch, or ridge to make tractor cultivation impossible, the colossal prairies, with their huge harvest, make you wonder what on earth the Poles think they are doing and what century they think they are living in. Also you can go by long sea to Leningrad in Russian ships, where, I am told, you are well fed and comfortable. If you prefer the air you can fly the Berlin to Moscow route. I went by rail, and slept three nights in the train. On the Russian section I paid double fare to secure a compartment all to myself; for the sleeping cars, though sumptuous and more comfortable for a man of my inches because of the broad gauge (you cannot invade Russia in the western narrow-gauge trains) are double-beds. At the frontier you pass under an arch inscribed "Communism will do away with frontiers." No doubt it will; but for the present you must take the arch as a reminder to have your passport ready. Then you are in Russia, prepared for the worst.

It is not very dreadful. The clock has jumped forward two hours from English summer time, which has held good all across Europe so far. You are not hurried nor fussed: the Moscow train will not start for ever so long. You clear your luggage through the customs. You declare how much foreign cash you have about you, and receive a certificate. You must not have more than $150 or £30. You can exchange it for roubles at not quite ten roubles to the pound or two to the dollar. But you will find that U.S. dollars or British treasury notes are as welcome as roubles in Russia, and that there are
Touring in Russia

Shaw

even private traders who will not sell for roubles if they can get American or English "valuta." Until lately there was a regulation that you must not spend more than ten roubles a day during your stay. This remarkably short-sighted measure has now been superseded by a regulation that you must not spend less. If you do you will have to pay the difference when leaving the country. Consequently, when you spend money in Russia you get a receipt to establish that fact, as is extremely improbable, your hotel bill should leave any doubt on the point.

Having fixed up these matters with great ease, for nobody, as we say, makes a stranger of you, and there is no ceremony, you stroll off through the great hall which is being added to the station, and discover that its walls are being covered by religious paintings like the Scuola di San Rocco in Venice. The religion, of course, is Marxism, not Christianity. If you are an Englishman you recall with a twinge that when G. F. Watts, the greatest of the Victorian idealist painters, offered to adorn the London terminus of the London and North Western Railway in this fashion for nothing, his offer was contemptuously refused as more likely to attract litterers than business. The Soviet knows better, and actually pays artists to do this kind of thing.

You hastily pass on to the refreshment room, and are served by persons whom you would call barmaids, or Mamzels, or (if you are Cockney) Nipples if you were on the other side of the frontier. They look very nice in spotless white dresses; but you are intrigued by something new in their attitude, which you have felt also with the railway officials, from the simple porter to the complicated banker who changes your money for you. None of them shew you the least deference. They are helpful; they are unembarrassed; they are business-like in a kindly way; their manners are pleasant and friendly; but they stand on no ceremony, and instead of respecting your rank and money (if you have either) are indulgently amused by your peacockery about with such silly foreign toys, very much as if you were a pretty child. If you have neither rank nor money you
are welcomed as a refugee from the horrors of Capitalism. 
Now I have said somewhere that there is nothing so 
ungoing as the withdrawal of an accustomed deference. 
I did not suffer in this way myself, because if I had been 
Karl Marx himself I could not have been made more of, 
and the nice girls in white, though too delicate to approach 
me directly, conveyed through my interpreter that they 
would like to shake hands with me; but if I had been an 
ordinary British—well, shall I say snob?—I might possibly 
have felt that these very offhand foreigners hardly knew 
what was due to my position in British society. Still, I think 
I should find it pleasant when I got used to it. 

As we had plenty of time to spare we took a walk through 
the village. A Russian village is so horrid that the Com-
munists very properly burn it the moment they have per-
suaded its inhabitants to come into a collective farm and 

![Image of children on a collective farm showing off before G. B. S.](image)

live decently. English people, accustomed to the beauty 
of their native rural villages, would hardly wait so long. 
Imagine a Brobdignagian dog kennel of unpainted 
ugly brown wood. That is a Russian peasant's house. 
Inside is a frowzy cupboard without a door, which is 
the family bed, and a kiln, politely called a stove, on 
the top of which you can sleep if you are chilly. The 
rest of the space is kept as free from furniture as pos-
sible for the accommodation of the live stock of the 
strip of land which the peasant cultivates. If you are 
a well-dressed person the proprietor bows low to you, 
repeatedly and effusively. If you deign to converse 
with him, he seizes your hand and buries it in his big 
beard whilst he kisses it and overwhelms you with 
expressions of endearment. You may think him a more 
lovable person than the clean-shaven agricultural 
mechanic of the collective farm; but that the Soviet, 
in "liquidating" him and burning his kennel as soon 
as possible, is acting in the interests of civilization, is 
 obvious at the first glance. 

These kennels are dotted at wide intervals on both 
sides of the broad dirt road. There are no rows of 
houses, no village shops, no variety, nothing to dis-

![Image of a literary, scientific and artistic club Lunacharsky, Lady Astor](image)

tinguish one kennel from another except a number and 
and little plaque with a rude picture of an axe or a bucket, 
signifying that the owner is prepared to devote that 
implement to the extinction of any fire which may 
break out in the neighbourhood. 

We strolled back towards the station, passing a few 
rather careworn scantily dressed women carrying 
heavy sacks, and evidently no happier than the 
human beasts of burden one sees all over Europe in 
similar remote countrysides. Close to the station we 
found something new. A bevy of girls were seated in 
two rows, one above the other, on some agricultural 
contraption that lent itself to this theatrically 
"liquidating" arrangement. They were 
armed with long-handled spades. There 
was neither stocking, sock, nor shoe among 
them; and their athletic freedom of limb 
and fearless air, which marked even the 
youthfully shy ones, had such a pleasant 
effect that we at once crowded round them 
and began talking to them as a matter of 
course. A natural leader at once asserted 
herself and did most of the talking. It did 
not come to much except by way of in-
formation; for our western pleasantries only puzzled 
them by their stiffness. They were doing railway work 
as holiday volunteers, and the spades were for unlo-
ading the freight trains. 

Whilst we were talking and chaffing, a freight train 
came in. Instantly these girls sprang to their feet 
and bounded to the train with a rhythmic grace and vigour 
that would have delighted Diaghilev. It was the only 
Russian ballet we saw in Russia. Its occurrence was a 
piece of luck for Communism, as it made us very 
sceptical about the stock assurances of the enemies 
of the Soviet that volunteer holiday labour is always really 
reistant and compulsory. The contrast between these 
girls as they dashed at the freight cars with their 
spades and the old style women with their burdens 
was irresistible. 

Presently a Russian broad-gauge train took us to 
Moscow. It was a twelve-hour journey, involving a 
Russian dinner, a Russian breakfast, and a night in a 
Russian sleeping car. Russian meals are dietetically 
ideal. The carnivorous West shudders when it hears 
that the Russians are condemned, if not to the bread 
and water of affliction, to black bread and cabbage soup. 
I can assure them that their ignorant sympathies are 
entirely wasted. Black bread is not only enormously 
superior to our wretched white bread as food: it tastes 
so much better that our staff of life is almost unceatable 
after it. Cabbage soup, called stchi, has many other 
eatables than cabbage in it. It rivals Scotch broth and 
Italian minestrone as a feeder and a table luxury. 
Those who squander countless sums on grape cures, 
milk cures, lemon juice cures, and raw meat and boiling 
water cures should visit Russia and try the black bread 
and cabbage cure. 

But there are other dishes. For instance, cascha, a

word which covers all sorts of porridges, of which buckwheat was most to my taste. Give a nation caviar for breakfast and stchi and black bread and cheese for dinner, with an unlimited supply of the stubby fat little cucumbers which seem to be as the sands of the sea without number in Russia, and its physical and mental vigour may well make the constipated cow-eaters of the west tremble if they are foolish enough to believe, as is now the fashion, that our neighbour's prosperity must prove our own loss and ruin.

Moscow is a real Russian city.

quarter. Certainly you have the consolation of knowing that your rent will not be wasted on idlers but spent on making things better for you; and you can look down on the poor wretches who in London and Chicago, to say nothing of meaner cities, have to pay a quarter of their scanty and precarious wage for damp cellars to sleep in; but the fact remains that I saw a man tried by a magistrate for the heinous crime of wangling a room all to himself. That luxury can be snatched in rare cases if you are one of the intellectual proletariat, but Stalin, virtually the Lord Protector of Russia, lives with his family in three rooms.

However, all this did not affect me. My suite at the Hôtel Metropole consisted of a spacious salon, a bedroom, a bathroom with all sanitary accessories, and an entrance hall for my hats and overcoats. An even more grand-ducal apartment awaited me in Leningrad at the Hôtel de l'Europe. The rich tourist has nothing to fear: all he needs is cash or credit. At the State Bank my letter of credit was waved aside with the assurance that my cheque would be honoured to any amount. If a relatively poor devil of a Socialist author can fare like this in Russia, what would not a cheque signed Hearst or Rockefeller command?

(G. B. S. concludes this chronicle in February Nash's.)
by H. M. Raleigh

Discovered!

Nash's has made an important discovery—a new English humorist. He is Captain H. M. Raleigh, whose first novel "EXCESS BAGGAGE" begins here. His humour springs unexpectedly from an academic and military background. A son of the late Sir Walter Raleigh, who was professor of English at Oxford, he went from Sandhurst to India in 1913. From 1914 to the Armistice he served in France, being wounded once and mentioned in despatches twice. After the war he went back to India, and having resigned from the Army in 1922, he turned to journalism and edited a newspaper in South Africa.

The Vicar of Much Warlock stood for a moment dazed, staring down at the heavy cut-glass sherry decanter held in his right hand. On the farther side of the polished dining-room table, spread-eagled across a chair, lay something at which he dare not look, something hidden in the deep gloom beyond the rings of light from the shaded candles, something horrible. The heavy ormolu clock on the mantelpiece ticked sonorously, but the sound was scarcely audible above the drumming of his heart. He gazed wildly round the room, his glance resting upon the empty coffee-cups, the dessert plates with limp banana skins flung carelessly across them, the wisp of thin, blue smoke stealing upward from the stub of a cigar perched precariously on the edge of a saucer, the ruby liquid in the thin-stemmed port glasses. Close to his hand a pool of old brown sherry crept slowly out to the edge of the table and began to drip on to the floor. The Vicar shuddered. It was like blood!

He was cooler now; the fierce wave of angry passion that had surged up within him a few moments ago had receded, leaving him dazed and shaken, uncertain what to do or where to turn. Through his head, maddeningly, insistently, ran the text from which he had preached that morning. "The voice of my brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." His brother's blood—that dark, inert shape in the shadows on the other side of the table. Oh, what had he done? What was he to do?

With an effort he pulled himself together. The house was lapped in silence; it would be, of course, for the servants were out on Sunday evening, and his wife was in the drawing-room with her knitting; no sound came from without, and here in the room with him was nothing but the patient ticking of the clock, the clamorous beating of his heart, and the horrible drip-drip of the split sherry splashing on to the boarded floor. Huddledly he set down the decanter, and averting his eyes from the horror behind the table, stole on slipped feet into the passage. Once outside, panic seized him, and hurrying unsteadily along to the drawing-room he flung open the door and burst in upon his astonished wife.

"My dear," he cried, throwing himself into an armchair with a choking sob, and burying his head in his hands, "it's terrible. I've—I've killed him!"

Mrs. Murtagroyd straightened herself in her chair, laid down the woollen scarf she was knitting for the deep sea fishermen, and adjusted her pince-nez. She was a strong-minded woman, able to stand four-square against the rudest buffets of an unkind fate, but she liked to get things definite.

"You've done what?" she said. "Speak up, Septimus, don't mumble. What have you done?"

"I've killed him. I've killed the Bishop!"

"Nonsense, Septimus, you're drivelling. Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"Great Heavens, Martha, I wish devoutly that that were all. It's true, I tell you. I've killed him—with the sherry decanter—he crumpled up. Oh, it was horrible!"
The unhappy man abandoned himself to a paroxysm of grief, and sat swaying from side to side, clutching at his dishevelled hair. It was clear that if the Reverend Septimus was indeed a murderer, he was not a murderer by habit. His wife rose, carefully folded up her knitting, and marched from the room. In less than a minute she was back again, determination written large upon her rather stern features.

"Yes," she said. "He's dead, I'm afraid. I'm no doctor, but I cannot detect any sign of life. This is very troublesome. On the eve of the diocesan bazaar, too. Pull yourself together, Septimus, and tell me how it happened. Was it an accident?"

"Accident? Would to Heaven it were!" moaned the Vicar. "I lost my temper—I was provoked—I give you my word I was provoked. I picked up the sherry decanter, and everything suddenly seemed to go red. I hit him, once, on the temple, and he crumpled up. Oh, God help me. What have I done?"

"That is precisely what I wish to know, Septimus," said Mrs. Murgatroyd with admirable patience. "You say you were provoked. How?"

"Oh, the Bishop was unreasonable, stupidly unreasonable. You know when you left us to the port and cigars we were discussing the parish magazine?"

"I remember something of the sort, yes."

"Well, the Bishop—his Lordship declared that my monthly causerie, 'Round the Parish Pump,' had given offence to some of our regular advertisers. He said I oughtn't to allow politics to encroach upon purely parochial matters. It was all right my being a Socialist out of the pulpit, he said, but it was unwise to quarrel with my bread-and-butter."

"The Bishop was perfectly right," said Mrs. Murgatroyd. "I've always known these Bolshevik doctrines of yours would get you into trouble sooner or later. Go on. What happened then?"

"Oh, we argued for a bit, and then I lost my temper. The sherry decanter seemed the obvious thing to use. It almost leaped into my hand. Martha, my dear, what am I to do? What will happen to me?"

"You'll be hanged, that's what will happen to you, if..."

G. "Good ole' corpse!"
Excess Baggage!

The Reverend Septimus Murgatroyd stumbled up the stairs to the box-room like a man in a dream. Ordinarily the most timid of men; save for occasional flashes of temper when blind rage lent him courage, he found it difficult to realize that he and the savage murderer who but ten minutes ago had stricken down the Bishop of Borchester (pronounced Booster) with a sherry decanter were one and the same person. Vaguely he sought to disentangle the chaotic jumble of his thoughts. He had not meant to do it. Of course not; no man, least of all a parish priest, goes about braising bishops with sherry decanters intentionally, unless he is a raving maniac. But the law, he reflected, would not count him guiltless simply because the crime appeared unusual. The law would want to hang him, and where he was concerned from wanting to hang him to hanging him was a short and logical step. And it was not a step of which the Reverend Septimus could bring himself to approve. He disliked capital punishment; it seemed to him crude, barbaric and vindictive, and he belonged to a society which annually presented a petition to Parliament asking for the substitution of some more humane penalty. Yes, he reflected, Martha was right in urging him not to give himself up; to do so would be to play into the hands of those who sought to justify a penal code as effete and uncivilized as the feudal system of which it was a relic. He would certainly do his best to make an effort to escape the consequences of his hasty action. He felt, he said to himself, that the only available taxi, a ramshackle vehicle driven by a disreputable ruffian named Job Masters, was to be sent round to the Vicarage at 9.15 exactly; then she sat down for a glass, and penned a hasty but explicit note to the cook, who was to return at ten o’clock, stating that she and the Vicar had decided, on the motion of the Bishop, to take a short holiday abroad and were departing that very evening; that the Bishop, who would not be leaving until Tuesday as originally planned, had kindly offered to pay the servants their

Mrs. Murgatroyd stood for a moment or two with pursed lips, thinking deeply.

"It’s almost half-past eight," she said, "and the servants won’t be in before ten, so we’ve got that much time, anyway. The Bishop was supposed to be staying with us till Tuesday, so it’s unlikely that there’ll be any inquiries from the Palace. When he’s missed, there will be awkward questions asked, and we’d better be out of the way by then. In most murder cases the last thing I should recommend is flight, but this is rather different; the Bishop was known to be our guest, and we should find it hard to explain his disappearance. Then there’s the body. I think, yes, on the whole I think it will be best to take the body with us. He was not a heavily-built man, and you, Septimus, were something of an athlete in your college days."

The Vicar shuddered.

"No, no, my dear. I couldn’t possibly touch him."

"Septimus, this is not the time for false delicacy. You showed no hesitation in hitting him over the head with a sherry decanter, and I can’t see why you should hesitate at carrying his lifeless body out of the front door to a taxi. He won’t bite you."

"I almost wish he could," said the Reverend Septimus with a twinge of remorse. "I could forgive his obstinacy over the parish magazine if only I could restore him to life. But surely you don’t suggest that I should carry him out to a cab in full view of the driver?"

"Septimus, please credit me with a smattering of intelligence. You had better go upstairs to the box-room and bring down the big trunk I had for that trip to Madeira. There’s an old pair of corsets and some goloshes in it, but you can turn them out. Remove the label. We don’t want to incriminate ourselves more than is necessary. In the meantime I will ring up the station and order a taxi. The 9.56 runs on Sundays."
to bend her iron will and inflexible determination to the business of defeating the forces of law and order. She turned from pinning the notice on the Bishop's door and began to descend the stairs again, but a succession of dull heavy thuds from up above, accompanied by a despairing shout of "Look out, my dear, it's slipping!" drove her to seek shelter behind a projecting buttress half-way down the staircase. She was only just in time. With a roar like an avalanche descending from the summit of Mont Blanc, a gigantic trunk, six feet long by three feet broad, tobogganed down the stairs, carrying in its wake the Vicar, who, though he had been swept off his feet, clung like a limpet to one of the handles and made the descent head first, with terrifying velocity.

He picked himself up at the bottom, and ruefully set about removing the dust from his clerical waistcoat with a white silk pocket handkerchief.

"Ah, there you are, Martha," he said, looking up as his wife continued her journey down the stairs. "I have brought down the trunk."

"So I noticed," said Mrs. Murgatroyd acidly. "You've torn your trousers at the knee."

The Bishop of Bordeaux (pronounced Booster) was not a tall man, and there was, therefore, ample accommodation for his apparently lifeless body in the trunk. The task of transferring it was performed by Mr. and Mrs. Murgatroyd, the latter, who had commanded a stretcher bearer detachment of the St. John Ambulance Corps during the war, being in charge of the operation and issuing curt, military orders such as "Now—to me!" "Easy your end!" and "Lower away!" The Vicar, who, though unaccustomed to spirits, had been obliged to fortify himself beforehand with a stiff brandy—and soda from the tantalus on the sideboard, worked heroically, almost recklessly, under his wife's direction, with the result that in a surprisingly short space of time all traces of the crime had been removed from the dining-room, and on misused Prelate had been scientifically packed, strapped up, and deposited in the hall to await the arrival of Job Masters with the taxi.

"Now," said Mrs. Murgatroyd, contemplating the trunk with satisfaction, "there are two things to settle. Money and disguise. It won't be safe for you to go cashing cheques, but fortunately I have a little money in the fund of the Much Warlock Mothers' Sewing Guild. We can easily repay it later on, when this trouble has blown over. As for disguise, a heavy veil will be enough for me, and you can wear the false beard and blue spectacles you had for the village theatricals on Empire Day."

"My dear," protested the Vicar faintly. "I don't like all this deception. It makes me feel as if I were a criminal."

(Continued on page 74)
by H. G. WELLS

Crystal Gazing:

What does the coming Year hold for all of us?

1932

fairly hopeful anniversary. I think if we can carry on without either some dire social convulsion or the onset of harsh suppressions, until January 1st, 1933, we shall have got through the worst of the immediate dangers that threaten our civilization.

Nobody denies those dangers now. That is one thing to the good. The whole world is afraid. A few years ago it was impossible to convince people that the social framework in which we live was not absolutely foolproof, as the phrase goes. We had a childish delusion of world stability. It was tacitly assumed that governments might do any silly thing, that people might do any silly thing, and that the routines of life would still go on very much as they do now. Suffragettes felt free to disorganize the machinery of law and order. It would all come right again. Speculators could work the market and get away with profits in the sure conviction that trade and distribution could never be finally overturned. Any criticism of the common practices of business men, financiers, and the recognized party-politicians was regarded as long-haired, high-browed, wild-eyed, unsettling, mischievous stuff, that sensible men disregarded if they could, or beat up, shot up, stifled or jailed if it became too insistent to disregard. And the world floundered along very happily in that disregardful way, for a cycle of years. Those days of happy careless assurance have passed. We have all been bumped out of that optimistic Eden, to face a singularly harsh looking world. We have played the market to a giddier height than ever and this time it does not swing back. It just goes on heeling over.

The facts of the case, displayed in the bleak clear light of our present anxieties, are not now so very difficult to state. Three strands of perplexity interweave in the rope that now, in a singularly nose-like form, is draping itself about the neck of Homo sapiens. First there is the paradox of organized production. That can be put very simply. All the material needs of mankind can be satisfied now by a continually diminishing number of workers, and this unforeseen efficiency and abundance of cultivation and manufacture makes it impossible under our existing arrangements for the accumulating multitude of excess workers that has been released from toil to consume anything at all. The old theory was that dislodged labour found new jobs. Accumulated capital found fresh uses and plenty led on to more plenty. It is not so. There are no new jobs. Enterprise faints under a load of debts. Plenty, we discover, under our system of private profit and private employment, starves the world.

That alone would be a perplexing riddle confronting mankind. But quite apart from this difficulty, the world's money and credit system has got out of gear through a clumsy handling of gold. Our money and credit system grew up rather than was planned, and it has, we are coming to realize, grown up wrong. It is not working. Its mechanism has stalled. We trusted Providence or Evolution in the matter and we have been let down.

Moreover—and this is the third element in the outlook—man has accumulated and continues to accumulate a vast store and organization of destructive war
material, which, unless he dispenses it, will certainly go off before very long in a culminating series of explosions. Man maintains these accumulations because he lives under a tradition of warfare between free and independent "sovereign" states. His imagination has been moulded in that form and he finds a great difficulty in readjusting it. He has always had that tradition, he has never bothered to examine it and this is where it has brought him. He has been overtaken by inventions that have jammed together these sovereign states of his and made it possible for them to inflict the extremest injuries upon one another. In the past these states were always more or less at war, because that was what being a sovereign state means and has always meant. It can mean nothing else. A sovereign state is a portion of humanity at issue with the rest. All through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, these states were training armies and fleets in preparation for possible conflicts, they were lying and cheating each other at the solemn, silly, diplomatic game of ruin-my-neighbour, and they were trying to impoverish and outdo each other by the weapon of tariffs and by scrambling for colonies and overseas conquests. The only reason why they have not destroyed each other so far has been the comparative ineffectiveness of their weapons in the past, and the difficulty they had in getting at each other. But now the weapons have been improved enormously and they can get at each other to the pitch of complete social and physical destruction, and they seem disposed to do so. They carry on a war not merely of trenches but of tariffs, not only by war office plans of campaign but by monetary operations. The silly cruel game of "Foreign Policy" has now become a gigantically destructive one. And it is always going on. Sovereign states always have been at war with each other, either furtively and diplomatically or openly and outrageously. But never until now has it been possible for them to make a clean job of it as commodities—to commit at the same time murder and suicide outright. Now it is.

The monetary muddle, the failure to balance production and consumption, and this now quite obviously obsolete tradition of running human affairs as a system of hostilities between sixty-odd sovereign governments, are the three strands in the rope that now tightens round the neck of Homo sapiens. It is all as plain as daylight nowadays. There is nothing new in these statements I am making. These facts have been said and demonstrated ten thousand times in the past year. One need not peer in a crystal for them. They are plain for everyone to see. And equally plain are the broad lines of the solution
of the human problem. The solution is in its elements, possible, definable and explicable. The only things that stand in the way of its application are the inattention, the bad mental habits, the private ends, the divisions, impatience, suspicions and maliciousness of men. It is absurd to pretend we do not know what has to be done. What has to be done is self-evident. The difficulty is to get it done. The question at issue is whether we shall let each other get to work on this common task. By 1932, the danger and the solution will have become manifest to the greater number of intelligent persons alive, and sufficient things will happen in that year to test how far our race has the wit, will and individual generosity and self-sacrifice needed to undertake that evident solution. Humanity as a race is going to be tried out in 1932.

Just as the threat is threefold, so also are the three main strands in the solution. Money, credit, finance, the machinery of payment and measures of obligation, need rationalization upon world lines. Too much has been left to accident, too much that is calculable has been left inconstant, and vast freedoms, opportunities and temptations, have remained exposed to the cunning, boldness and greed of the baser kind of active clever people. Mankind has been carried to prosperity during the past eighty years by discoveries of gold, and by a happy succession of inventions and suchlike chances. And our race has been plunged into confusion and panic almost abruptly by a stupid manœuvre of hoarding. The haphazard progress could not have lasted any longer, but it might have gone on for some time longer if it had not been for that. Mankind has fallen over a gold-brick. It is surely asking for nothing superhuman to demand a frank and open conference of the leading states of the world so that they may jointly establish a modern, flexible world currency, and organize a restraint upon speculation and financial gambling and cheating sufficiently effective to dissolve away that first entanglement, the monetary entanglement.

Nor is it inconceivable that the second interwoven strain of danger, the war threat, should not be equally amenable to the expressed commonsense of our race. In a world of nineteen hundred million only a few score thousand fierce and crazy-minded people really desire war. The rest regard war with hatred and terror. Then away with our patriotism and sovereignties so far as these things make war probable! The world is in urgent need of monetary, economic and political federation. Are we going in 1932 to let about doing what we all see so clearly has to be done? Or are we not?

The third strand is less closely interwoven with the other two, but quite equally with them it demands a world agreement, before it can be attacked. Production has outrun private consumption and the only way to restore the disharmony between the two, is for the community, embodied in cities, states and nations, to consume—by replanning, rebuilding, cleansing and glorifying the world. This involves, as indeed all three factors in the world cure involve, a profound but altogether possible revolution in our ways of living and doing business with one another. Have we the
vitality to go through with such a revolution?
Those are our interrogations for New Year’s Day, 1932. We can put them in another form and ask them in another form and ask Homo sapiens indeed a mental defective, a creature of fear, greed, habit, impulse and dull inhibitions, hopelessly divided against itself, or is he now a sane animal capable of acting fearlessly in the presence of these facts that challenge him so imperatively? The year before us will produce all the events needed for an answer. Either those necessary world-conferences and federal-boards, the essential frame of a reconstructed world, will have been assembled before twelve months are out, or we shall be realizing that 1932 was appointed by the Fates as the date when the Collapse of Western Capitalism became evident and indisputable. Either Homo sapiens will have pulled himself together or plainly he will have begun to tear himself to pieces.
That much I can say on the evidence of the facts about us, but when I peer into my crystal to determine which alternative it will be, I see nothing but a darkness of whirling clouds, crowds and politicians and patriots, speculators busy, workers uneasy, unemployed restive and angry, newspapers streaming from the presses by the million and spinning about in blinding snowstorms—and certain gleams of light. I cannot penetrate that storm of present events. I cannot guess whether these gleams of hope will increase. I cannot see whether the factories will be growing busy again by 1933 and the scaffoldings of great enterprises rising already over streets, crowded and happy with hope newborn, or whether those same streets will be littered with dead and wounded under the fire of machine-guns and the armoured cars of the revolt or the reaction—it scarcely matters which—hurrying to arrest and murder its antagonists. In one region of my crystal vision I see Russia and Asia struggling towards a new economic order. They attempt magnificently there, but I do not believe their effort can continue if the great world of modern capitalist enterprise on which they still depend for so much of their machinery, technical ability and scientific knowledge, collapses. They cannot do without the rest of the world. The reconstruction of capitalism, the cleansing, rationalization and renascence of the vaster fabric of the Atlantic civilizations is the main task before us. Russia is not two hundred out of the nineteen hundred millions of mankind. She will live or die as a modern, mechanized community, with the life or death of the main body of our race. We shall know when the year is out and we shall not know before whether we can pass Homo as sane and worthy of a future, or whether we must certify him incurably demented, tragically incapable of managing his own affairs and doomed now to a rapid progress through violence and disorder to complete self-destruction.
Those are not empty phrases. They are charged with the accumulating anxieties, frustrations, and sufferings of nineteen hundred million human beings. The imagination fails before the prospect of that planetary debacle.
The cosmopolites of America, of England, and of every continental country except France, have discovered that the Riviera, long famed as the winter playground of the world, is even a more pleasant place during the months of the summer. The discovery has been made so recently that some of the resorts which suddenly came into being because of it, are still able to maintain an air of exclusiveness.

Sitting at the rail of the veranda restaurant of one of these resorts, Daniel Dawson watched both the male and the female of the human species disporting themselves with the minimum of covering and the maximum of exposure. In spite of the thunderings and threats of the ecclesiarchs, epidermal concealment was no longer considered a virtue. Instead it was regarded as a cause for suspicion. If one has nothing to hide, why hide it?

In this particular spot—Cap d'Antibes, to be exact—there is no wading in the shallow water until one is ready to strike out. It is no place for the undergraduate. To enjoy the aquatics here one must be a diver as well as a swimmer. Of course there is a pool, but to enter it marks one immediately as an untouchable.

Either in the sea, or lying on gaudy mattresses in the full glare of the sun, aside from the undistinguished—those who merely owned a steam yacht, or a Rolls-Royce, or who had a regular seat at the big table in the Palm Beach Casino—there could be seen a husky-voiced American actress, who, denied due recognition in her own country, had become a star of the first magnitude in London where her mere appearance was the cause of both vocal and emotional hysteria among the housemaids and the shop girls in the pit and the gallery; an English novelist who for thirty years had written best sellers, a man whose fecundity and facility are the despair of his contemporaries; one of two Hungarian sisters, who, having migrated to New York where they flashed brightly for awhile as a dancing...
Buzz O'Brien Learns about Women on the Riviera

by George Broadhurst

and sent immediately to London so that the change could be made; an internationally famous prima donna, and a score of others of lesser celebrity.

While he sat and watched, Dawson heard a voice say, "How do you do, Mr. Dawson?" The voice had neither the Oxford nor the Harvard accent. It was rather a rough baritone tinged with Hibernianism.

Looking up, Dawson saw a tall, square-shouldered, well-built, smiling chap of about twenty-eight, blue of eye, wide of mouth, white of teeth, red of hair. About him there was an air of distant familiarity. The newcomer evidently knew Dawson, but in the index of his memory Dawson at the moment could find no card which identified the stranger.

"How do you?" Dawson replied non-committally.

"You don't remember me," the stranger said.

"Not exactly," was Dawson's admission.

"The last time I see you was at the Red Lantern road-house, up Pelham way. You come here on the Rosie Streeter case. Don't you remember?"

The signal was flashed. Dawson recalled the man instantly.

"I know you now, of course. You were the doorman."

"Yeah. And the bouncer."

"But that was eight years ago. You can hardly be surprised if I didn't know you right away. Can you?"
You Never can guess 'Em

"Sure not."
"Sit down and let’s have a chat."
"Thanks."
The man drew up a chair. Dawson asked what he would drink. The man declined. Then he asked what he’d smoke. The man declined again.
"It was a good piece you wrote for the paper about it," the man said. "I read it all. And I’ve read all three of your books, too. They’re great."
"Glad you liked them."
"They’re immense. The first two made great pictures. Have you sold the last one?"
"Yes; for a talkie."
"Fine."
"It was the Rosie Streeter case that made me think I could write a mystery story. So I gave up being a reporter and tried it. It was a lucky thing for me."
"And for the people who like a book with something doing in it."
"Thanks. And now tell me, what are you doing so far away from home; and in this place of all others?"
The stranger smiled sheepishly. Then he said, "I thought maybe you’d heard o’ me."
"Why?"
"I’m Buzz O’Brien."
"The fighter?"
"Yeah."
"But didn’t you tell me your name was Dempsey?"
"Sure; it was. But when I got a manager he changed it. He said there’d been enough Dempees lately and it was time to give the O’Briens a chance again. And the boys always called me Buzz because they said I was so gawky. That made it Buzz O’Brien. Good monicker, too, for a fellow in the fighting game. There’s a kick to it, and it’s easy to remember."
"But how do you happen to be here?"
"Well, it’s like this, Mr. Dawson. I was always pretty handy with my dukes, but I never had no notion of being a real fighter till one night a fellow got kind o’ rough in the place and wouldn’t listen to reason. I tried to argue with him, nice like, but he wouldn’t have it, and he swung at me. He’d had a drink or two but he wasn’t drunk; not by a long shot. He put up quite a nice scrap but I managed to get a right across and that put him out. I hadn’t any notion who the fellow was, but it turned out he was Wild Bill Watson."
"I remember him. He was a pretty good fighter, too."
"Next night his manager come and spoke to me. He said he’d ditched Watson as he didn’t handle fighters who give exhibitions without his O.K. He looked me over and asked me to go out to the training quarters where he was grooming Joe Tilton for his fight with Jack Murray."
"The manager was Dave Moore, wasn’t he?"
"That’s right."
"And a good one he was too. There wasn’t much about the game he didn’t know."
"You’re right again, Mr. Dawson. Well, I went out and I sparred with Joe who went kind o’ easy with me because I was only a beginner. Anyhow, Mr. Moore asked me how I’d like to string along with him as one of Joe’s sparring partners, and he said if I turned out..."
as he thought I might, he'd pretty soon get me some work on my own. I jumped at the chance quicker'n a turtle can snap.

"And he took you in hand?"

"Yeah. And after I'd been working with him for a couple o' months I says, 'How am I shaping?'"

"He looks at me for a minute, and then he says, 'Buzz, my lad, that's what I'm going to tell you. You'll never be a champ and you'll never be in the big money.'"

"I says, 'Why?"

"He says, 'Because you're too good-natured to be a killer.'"

"I says, 'Is Tunney a killer?"

"He comes back, 'No, he ain't, and you ain't Tunney. You'll always be a first-class, second-class fighter and you'll earn quite a bit o' money because I'll keep you working steady. But if anything should happen to me, sudden like, don't forget what I'm telling you: You're sure to get licked if you go out of your class.'"

"For three years him and me worked together without a word although we never had the scratch of a pen between us. He picked out the spots for me and although I lost a couple o' decisions, I was never knocked out. Then one night he died in his sleep.

"Heart?"

Buzz nodded. Then he went on, "It sure was a blow to me. But after all, I guess it's the way to go. If you've got to take the long count it's better to get one quick sock right on the button and have it over with, than to be punched and cut up for a dozen rounds only to get the K.O. at the finish."

"You missed him a lot?"

"More'n a pup misses his master! Of course I got me another manager. But to him I was only a meal ticket. He'd have tossed me in with Dempsey just to get a cut o' the short end if he could have made the match. I soon tied a firecracker to him.

"Then I tried to manage myself but promoters don't like to do business with a fighter direct unless he's big enough to make 'em. And I wasn't. Anyhow, the game's touching bottom in the States now, and as I heard it was going pretty good over here I got Damon Runyon to give me a letter to Sparrow Robertson in Paris. Sparrow looked up my record and about a week after he got a letter from the promoter here in Cannes to send him a pretty fair boy for a couple of bouts. And Sparrow shipped me.

"You've had one bout already, haven't you?"

"A couple o' weeks ago; with a Frog who had a local rep. It was soft. I could have put him out in the first, but I carried him along to the fourth just to please the customers. I get my next go in about ten days. It's with a wop."

"Is he good?"

"I hear that across the border he's been going through 'em like a weasel through a rabbit hole, so I sent my trainer to get a look. He says he's got just one punch—a right swing which he sends along with a week-end letter. If that's all he's got he's made to measure for me. I ain't taking any chances, for when a wop's good, he's good."

"I'll be there."

"And I'll do my best to entertain. Hope you don't think I've been butting in, Mr. Dawson."

"Not at all. I'm staying at the hotel here. If we don't run across each other again in a day or two, look me up."

"That's nice of you, Mr. Dawson, and I sure will. Well, so long."

Buzz held out his hand, but before Dawson could take it, Buzz quickly sat down again.

"What's the matter?" Dawson asked in surprise. (Continued on page 80)
MR. TOOTING awakes at half-past seven at the call of Mrs. Tooting. She is already up and dressed. He awakes in the small front bedroom of his £1,500 freehold (not yet paid for) and looks with appreciation at the new bedroom suite (not yet paid for). Reluctantly he gets out of bed. The reluctance is part of an imitative herd-instinct, akin to the Eton boy's adoption of the Eton herd's world-weariness; because Mr. Tooting is really quite ready to get up—indeed, dislikes lying in bed.
Once he is up, facing what he calls The Daily Grind—which is part of life's delight—he toddles to the little white bathroom. He does not bathe; he holds that those who take a bath every morning must be an exceedingly smelly lot, or they wouldn't need it; besides, a morning bath makes him tired for the rest of the day.
He does a few gentle and simple exercises (he doesn't know why) and then fills the basin from the cold-water tap, and plunges his head in it. When he has fully washed face and head and arms, he makes a careful shave. He accompanies the shave with a moaning of those bits of the "Pathetic" Symphony which he recalls from last night's wireless concert. When he has examined his face in the Christmas-present shaving mirror six times, and finally passed it as presentable, he toddles back to the bedroom.

There he dresses in combinations (of which he allows himself two pairs a week), yesterday's shirt with a clean collar, and his fourguinea business-suit. He dresses slowly, and gives much attention to collar and tie, because, as he often tells Mrs. Tooting, in business it Pays to be well-dressed.
He then goes downstairs and asks the £1,500 freehold where his boots are. He knows what the answer

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orders the tone of a liverish sergeant of the Guards who has been made the victim of a practical joke by one of his recruits. It has no effect. They have tried his strength, and know that the peremptory bawl is a wolf's clothing. Beneath it moves a sheep. He grabs the *Morning Voice* and opens it with an attitude of contempt for "these papers." He has the *Morning Voice* delivered at his house because, secretly, he likes it, while pretending that he gets it for Mrs. Tooting. He buys the *Daily Telegraph* to read in the train because, though it costs no more, it looks better. He does not admit to reading any papers; he just glances at them. He glances at the paper now, and when Mrs. Tooting comes in with the tray, and asks "Anything special?" he says "No. Nothing in the paper at all." There are sixty thousand words in the paper, but he is emphatic that there is nothing in it; never is. All through the day and evening before, a small army of men had been labouring for Mr. Tooting in collecting the material and writing those sixty thousand words; reporters dashing from function to telephone-box; gossips taking bribes of lunches and dinners from titled nobodies; subs re-writing their copy; cameramen flitting from scene to scene; art editors sorting out one-tenth of the day's delivery of pictures — all to please Mr. Tooting, who refuses to be pleased. All he will say of their endeavours is that there is nothing in the paper. If pressed on the subject, since obviously there are several pages of printed matter, he will only say that these people must be hard-up for something to write about. He cherishes the notion that he could do it better himself. He cherishes the notion that he (Continued on page 87)
That which never returns

The captain paused for a moment on the edge of the deck, his face turned upwards in the dim tropic darkness. He was young, much younger than the lean, middle-aged man who stood at the rail of the little schooner, and he appeared anxious and troubled. Bendham, the older man, seemed only bored, so listless and so indifferent that the boredom was like an illness.

"I oughtn't to go ashore," said the boyish captain. "Go ashore," said the older man warily.

"The river is rising, sir. What will you do if she breaks her moorings?"

"She won't. We're safe behind the point. I've moored in this spot before—a hundred times."

"I don't like to leave you, sir." The "sir" he added out of deference to Bendham's age and his position as owner of the schooner, and grudgingly too out of respect for the older man's superior experience as a navigator in this part of the world.

Bendham's boredom vanished in a sudden gust of rudeness. "My God, man, I knew every eddy in this river before you were born."

The captain, snubbed, descended the short ladder and sprang into the dory. Bendham remained at the rail watching the little boat making its perilous way across the
For Every Man who cherishes in his Heart the Dream of a youthful Romance

By Louis Bromfield

who wrote "Shattered Glass"

rising water towards the distant settlement.

"My God, won't they ever leave me alone?" and he felt the thought so intensely that he spoke it aloud, savagely.

He was alone now save for his wife, who lay asleep below deck and the Malay who had remained on board to serve him. On his mat, the Malay sat aft on the little schooner, and Bendham was aware that the yellow man was watching him, just as one becomes aware of being watched by a cat of whose presence one is altogether ignorant. Even the Malays seemed different, he thought. Once he had liked and understood them. Now he was aware that he distrusted them and that they disliked him. He could not understand a change like that.

He turned to the Malay. "Go to sleep," he said in the man's own dialect, "I shan't need you. Go below deck."

The Malay silently rolled up his mat and disappeared down the companionway with the naked tread of a cat and Bendham felt a quick sense of relief. He was alone on the deck.

He was hungry for solitude. "I am," he thought, "like a sick animal," yet there appeared to be nothing the matter with him. It was no tropical fever, for he knew all the varieties of fever from long experience. He had no appetite, but then, even as a boy, he had never had an appetite in weather like this. Yes, he was like a sick animal which wanted to hide away and die. It was the worst of all sicknesses—an illness of the nerves.

It was hot, horribly hot, with the menace of fresh torrential downpours in the air. The atmosphere, he thought, must nearly have reached the point of saturation. It was difficult to breathe. In the dim light of the moon he looked about him at the raging river filled with grass, uprooted saplings, and all the flotsam and jetsam of the flood. The river would rise, he calculated, for perhaps another forty-eight hours, and no more than that. Never in all the years of his experience had it risen higher.

On both sides of him lay the long black lines of the shore. He knew what was there—a solid wall of dripping jungle, broken only by the squadd settlement with its score of twinkling lights. Now and then the moon came from behind the rugged storm clouds and turned the churning river to molten silver.

The insects became intolerable, whole clouds of them of a million sizes and shapes, buzzing and whirring, attracted through the moist night by the schooner's lights. He went inside a kind of tent made of netting which had been erected by the Malay so that he could remain on deck, because he found it impossible to sleep or even to breathe below deck. It was near the bow among the crates of plant specimens he had been collecting during the past six weeks.

Inside the little tent there were two deck chairs and a rattan table with several glasses, a fresh bottle of whisky, a bottle of soda water, a shaded oil light with the wick turned low, and a bowl of rapidly melting ice from the American refrigerating machine below deck.

Illustrations by Ralph Pallen Coleman

"You must come again," Jenny was saying. "I think not," said Tina, and again it occurred to Bendham that these two women were symbols of his two lives.
"Oh," he thought, "I travel in luxury now—different from the first time I saw this river." And then bitterly, he thought, "And what of it?"

He lifted the netting quickly to prevent the insects from entering and slipped inside. He poured himself a drink and put no ice in it. Ice made you hotter instead of cooler. Then he lay back in the deck chair drumming the edge with his long, lean, brown fingers. He was a long, thin man with a handsome narrow head covered with greying, curly black hair. His skin was yellow tan, a colour acquired permanently before he was thirty-five from fevers and long exposure to the sun. He was lean and tough with unquestionable powers of resistance, but he was neat, too nervous and too well controlled, one of those men who by instinct and long habit never betray an emotion, and so turn knotted and tense in their very souls.

The night was still and yet not still. There was no sound produced by man, but a million sounds made by nature itself—the monotonous buzzing of insects, the gurgling sounds of the river, the bump of an occasional log against the side of the schooner. Once there was the wild cry of a panther somewhere in the jungle and almost immediately the solitary scream of a monkey. He was aware of a wholly primitive world all about him, filled with creeping, crawling, flying, climbing and swimming things—a primitive world in which eating and sleeping, reproducing and escaping death were the beginning and the end, a world he thought, with a queer sense of relief, which was with all its savagery, simple. He had known it once intimately. He had lived that kind of life. Why, he asked himself, was it impossible to recapture it? Twelve years was not a long time.

For twelve years had passed since he went back to England, a rich man, and during those twelve years he had grown richer and richer, and life oddly enough, had grown more and more unsatisfactory. He could not say why wealth had not made it simple. His whole existence had on the contrary grown steadily more intolerable and now, when he could endure it no longer, he had come back again to that world where he had made his fortune before he was thirty-six. That primitive world was unchanged. He was here in the midst of it. He had come half-way round the world to satisfy the horrible nostalgia, yet he could not find his way back. It stood apart, a long distance off, mocking him. Somewhere along the way he had gotten tangled in stocks and shares and the responsibilities and conventions of another world.

He felt suddenly that he was stifling and that the only thing which could save him would be to find himself alone in a cave of ice where there was no other life but his own. If he could be alone again, alone in the world with nothing save his own health and spirit, as he had been at twenty-two, he might recover the thing which had gone away for ever, that something—he could not say what, which had given him courage and direction. And then immediately he felt cold and chilled by the kind of chill which was altogether now
husky voice and then another voice, clear, fresh and cool, calling, “Jim, where are
worst thing of all had happened. Jenny had wakened and was coming to look after him.

in his long experience with fevers. He took another
drink, raw whisky this time, and became aware again
of the roar of the insects. It seemed to fill all the
world, growing louder and louder, intolerable and suf-
focating. He nearly extinguished the lamp and waited
for a time, but he discovered that it was not the lamp
which attracted them. The air itself was filled with
insects. The sound was unescapable. He decided to
drink himself into unconsciousness. Otherwise, he felt
he would go mad.

And then he saw the light. He did not know how
long he had been sitting there when he heard sud-
ddenly the clamour of mongrels in the settlement on the
shore. The lights one by one had gone out until there
were now but two or three, and one of them was
moving. It was now will-o’-the-wisp, for it moved
evenly on the low ground by the river below the settle-
ment, in a straight line. Someone was walking there
carrying a light. There was nothing unusual in that.
He could not say why it fascinated him. “Perhaps,”
he thought, “I’m a little drunk.” He looked at his
watch. It was two o’clock in the morning.

In his imagination he saw the settlement, a cluster
of houses swarming with natives and in the midst the
squid house of the Portuguese governor. Through the
roar of insects he heard the dogs barking again. He
thought, “Perhaps it’s Mason and the crew coming
back. Why can’t they leave me in peace?” Alone! But
he wasn’t alone! Below deck lay Jenny sleeping quietly

through the intolerable night. His wife. She was
always there, young, pretty, calm, a perfect wife. Yes,
damn her, a perfect wife, thinking only of him. He
could hear again her voice as she stepped off the pier
at Singapore, “I thought I’d surprise you, darling, so
I came by the Canadian Pacific.” And before he could
answer she had kissed him in that way of hers, so
strange and passionate in a woman so soft, gentle
and well-bred, a way which filled him with distaste,
because it made him feel that she was always trying to
gain possession of him, or at least of that part of him
which he meant to surrender to no one.

He closed his eyes. Why had he not put her at once
on the P. and O. boat and shipped her home? Why
had he not escaped then and there her awful devotion,
that dreadful singleness in her determination, to be
a perfect wife? There she was below deck, sleeping
calmly through the intolerable heat and damp as if
she were in her own bed in her father’s house beside
the quiet river in Devon. She never complained. She
was never in the wrong. You could never put your
finger on what she did, saying, “It is this” or “It is
that.” Even these dreadful nights had no effect upon
her. She did not fall ill. She did not mind the insects.
No, she belonged to a different, intolerable breed, and
she was apologising his solitude by bringing with her a
part of that life which he wanted so desperately to
escape. So long as it clung to him he would never
find his way back.

(Continued on page 91)
Mr. Radlett's Road

Mr. Andrew Radlett, grocer, of Little Pedlington-on-Sea, sat alone on one of the bare green wooden benches that sloped the bleak expanse of cliff-top above the little town and stared vaguely out to sea. He was a little crushingly-looking man, semi-bald and stooping, and thin with that thinness that nevertheless runs to a slight paunch. He looked older than his actual age, forty-three, but his eyes, when one saw them without the large steel-rimmed spectacles he habitually wore, were surprisingly youthful, wide and childishly blue, with the disarming wistfulness of a child—but nobody had ever bothered to look into Mr. Radlett’s eyes, not even the large and dominant young woman who had married him, a small and diffident youth, just apprenticed to her father, the then owner of the "Premier Health Stores," the most flourishing, indeed the only grocery in Little Pedlington.

When Marian Hobson, aged thirty-four, unmarried, and likely to remain so, since nature had cursed her with a permanently red nose and an evil temper to boot, first set eyes upon Andy Radlett, shy, lonely, barely twenty-three, and defenceless with that peculiarly complete defencelessness of the sensitive male, she knew him for her legitimate prey—and so indeed, did poor young Radlett, from the very first imperious order she issued, which was that on his first Sunday evening he should accompany her to church and be introduced to the Vicar. He made a feeble effort to explain that he had planned to spend the evening walking out to Punnet Woods with a friend, to hear the nightingale that was reputed to sing there on summer nights, but the fair Marian merely repeated her peremptory directions, and added thereto that if he had not a prayer book she would lend him one, and he’d better not forget to put on a clerical collar. Andy Radlett was never learned for a fighter, and he meekly willed and obeyed. As he had obeyed ever since that later day of dazed horror, that Sunday supper-time when old Hobson, fixing him with a beady eye, had said brusquely: "Well, you and that girl o’mine are to be married a lot o’ time! What’s wrong with gettin’ married, eh?"

His tongue swolle d thickly with horror, he had fought for words to explain that his continuing enforced association with Marian was of her seeing, not of his; that he did not want marriage, that he had never even thought of it... but as usual, the words stuck, would not come, and old Hobson, knowing shrewdly that this was the one and only chance of marriage his female daughter was likely to have, was in no mood to give the victim a chance of escape!

Rising from his chair, he slapped the bedazened young woman upon the back, assuring him that he quite realized that he was dumbfounded at this magnitude of his good fortune, but that he might rest assured he had won a treasure—and going forth chuckling, con transmitted the news of the engagement that very night to the Pedlington Courier.

Reading it in the Courier next day seemed to Andy Radlett like reading the warrant of his own execution. Yet, dazed and half-hypnotized as he invariably was by the dominant Marian and her father, within the prescribed time he was duly led, brazened in a stiff shirt and collar of abnormal dimensions above a new suit of startling blue, to the altar of Saint Saviour’s, and married to Miss Hobson, her red nose shining like a lamp of triumph through the meshes of her white veil. Staring out to sea, Mr. Radlett reviewed that day with a mixture of awe and wonder—reviewed the succeeding days, the months, the years of literal hell he had endured; life with a venomous shrew, a "nagger of the meanest, most despicable type—a life that boasted nothing in the world but three square meals and a good bed to sleep on to make it eat tolerable... and now, suddenly, like the waving of a wand, freedom! For Mrs. Radlett was dead—less than three days ago—and her dazed victim, still barely able to believe in his release, sat staring out to sea, a free man, a freed miraculously and completely by a sudden and fatal attack of influenza!

"And I don’t care ‘oo hears me say it—I’m thankful!

said Mr. Radlett half-aloud and recklessly.

He crumpled his handkerchief tightly together between his hot hands, and glanced nervously up and down the shoulder of the person walking beside him, as if, even now, he dreaded lest Marian—but that after noon had neatly to rest beside her father in the over-crowded churchyard of Saint Saviour’s—tap him on the shoulder with the peremptory gesture he knew and

by

Margery Lawrence

.Left happily alone to woo the Siren City.

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And a Jolly Road
it was in that

Gay Paree

dreaded, and say in that
sharp voice whose timbre
never failed to jar his
nerves like the harsh
sound of a rough finger
drawn along satin...

"Nah then, Andrew!
What about the shop?"

"Damn the shop!" said
Mr. Radlett with fervour.
He craned to catch sight
of its red roof, conspicuous
among the more sober
grey-slated houses, nest-
ling far below him, in a
dale of the green hills
facing the sea. There they were, in the little parlour
behind the shop, all of 'em, eating, talking, jesting, that
throng of eager greedy relatives who, rallying to that
battle-cry of the bourgeoisie, a funeral, had descended
like a swarm of locusts upon the Premier Health Stores!
Robsons from here, there and God-knows-where, beside
a countless horde of Marian's friends, smug men and
sharp-eyed women, with the odour of sanctity and
methylated spirit about them like a halo—members of the
Church Social Club, of the Anti-Dancing League, the
Band of Believers, the Young Christian's Guild and
countless other godly pies in which she had had a
finger! Even the Vicar had come on after doffing his
surplice, and in the intervals of condoling with the
forlorn widower and pattering Jacob and Susan, the
twins, on the head, was spending his time "tuckin' in,"
as Mr. Radlett resentfully told himself, with a vigour
and despatch that said worlds
for his Reverence's digestion!

Despite the inner sense of
blind joy and relief which
deny it as he might, possessed
him, Andy Radlett bore him-
self with decent sobriety at
his wife's funeral; tried to
think at least kindly and sadly,
if not regrettfully, of the snar-
ing viper-tongued woman who
had been wife to him for nine-
teen miserable years, and the
sight of this invading throng,
who, while scoffing and pro-
testing their grief, could yet
seize upon the occasion to make merry, drink and eat
and gossip as they were frankly doing, sickened and
angered him to the very soul. He endured it for a time,
but at last, revolted, crept away and fled cliffwards,
leaving them to lay waste the bounteous spread that
bustling, officious "Auntie Mabel," Marian's father's
sister, had ordered for the occasion—"Auntie Mabel,"
who had come in to nurse her niece at the last, and
finding the job a pleasant one, looked uncommonly like
staying on for good!

He sighed, and shifted his position a little, gloomily
surveying the situation. He supposed it would be better
if Auntie Mabel stayed on, though he hated her in
secret; a larger, more bustling edition of Marian. ...
He shivered, stricken by a cold terror that here another
gaoler might await him, so lately freed from one! Yet
there were the children—the twins, Jacob and Susan,

Illustrations by SEM

With Musette Mr. Radlett forgot the ex-
sistence of a shrewish aunt and two smug
children "somewhere in England."
sole offspring of his marriage, and as alien to both his flesh and spirit as their mother had been. Twelve years old: lean, plain, sanctimonious children with a passion for church-going and school and perpetual colds in the head...

Yet there they were, a solid responsibility, and unhappily Mr. Radlett admitted to himself that undoubtedly Auntie Mabel knew how to manage them, shared their morbid interest in Sunday School and Bible classes. Also she had already got the hang of the stores, and got on with the customers all right...

"Erks!" said Mr. Radlett desperately, aloud.

"Looks as if I'll have to put up with 'er! But why in 'aven's name is it that I always seem to 'ave to put up with people I hate?"

As often before, he drifted into a gloomy brooding, wondering half-impatiently, half-guiltily whether the fault was his — as his wife had been so fond of pointing out? Whether it might not possibly be that somewhere, somehow, there might be some sort of life, some friendly, cheery sort of people with whom he could feel at ease, himself — notDiffident, alien, awkward as he always felt among his own countrymen?

As long as he remembered he had lived, dreamt and thought alone; lived out his life in Little Pedlington alone, ignored, utterly friendless, but for one sole exception, which in his momentous span of depression he suddenly remembered with a quick stab of gratitude. But even that friendship was not "satisfactory" from the point of view of the Vicar who ruled Little Pedlington, and had been a perpetual source of contention with Mrs. Radlett — since it was, of all people, fat, slanging, swearing Sam Cooper, the commercial traveller, who was shy Andy Radlett's chosen comrade!

Mr. Sam Cooper spent most of his time "on the road" with his samples of scented soap, face-powders, and lipsticks; but he came down to his sister's cottage, where he lodged, about every other week-end, and through gallons of hot tea and hours had been beacons lighting the unspeakable gloom of life's road for the little grocer these five years back. Vaguely Mr. Radlett ruminated on the possibility of his friend's arriving this very week-end, which would certainly go far to lift him out of his present mood of depression and weariness, but shook a despondent head. Miss Cooper had said her brother was off to the North, perhaps to Scotland — where, she understood, there was much business likely to be done among the unpowdered aboriginals of that barbarous country.

The little man sighed as he remembered. Not even time to have a chance... He sighed again, and in half a rose, but was arrested by the descent of a thin paw on his thin shoulder, and the welcome voice of his dream-of friendly, not just his.

"Well, well — I guessed you'd sneak up here, old man! 'Ow many things?"

The red paw engulfed the small pale one in a encouraging grip, between sleepy speechless got with surprise and pleasure, Mr. Radlett merely grinned and beamed at sitting up? But the bagman wiped his perspiring forehead, and pulling a folded paper out of the pocket of his violent brown and white check suit, proceeded to unfold it with great care.

"Ain't goin' to try and talk rubbidge about being sorry about Marian's dying Andy!" he said firmly. "I'm ain't sorry, and I ain't goin' to say so neither. I'm sorry if he done you any harm.

"I know," said Mr. Radlett with a certain melancholy pride. "It's really surprising the number of big papers what's ad bits about 'er death!"

Sam Cooper gave an explosive sound of contempt.

"Naah! Ain't nothing to do with 'er... er... Er thrust the paper into Mr. Radlett's bewildered hands, pointing a stubby finger at a line of print. "'These y'are — what price little Andy, eh?"

Now it must be admitted that as the Vicar afterwards said sourly — from beginning to end things were due to Mr. Sam Cooper, for it had been Mr. Cooper who had first inoculated Mr. Radlett with the Folly Competition craze! And it had "got" him badly. Hour after hour the little man would spend, sitting at the table in the living-room after supper, happily an
Frenchman shaking his companion warmly by the hand and greeting him as a long-lost friend. This was a wretched dream to Mr. Radlett, standing shily at his brawny comrade's elbow, nevertheless, despite his weariness, a dream that was already beginning to loom remarkably and pleasantly solid ... and when the two travellers had been refreshed with a hot dejuner of the débauches, flanked by egg and coffee and bacon as perfectly cooked as could be obtained anywhere in his native land, and to crown all, the marmalade that, Briton-like, Mr. Radlett had secretly concluded unobtainable except on British soil, the dreams took form and substance in a marvellous reality!

Mr. Cooper, being occasionally employed as buyer by his firm as well as traveller, came over to Paris or two or three times a year regularly in course of his business, and invariably favoured the "Hôtel Espérance," with his company. They were the best friends and were placed at the service of the "Monseur et son ami" and the softness of the bed, the pleasant scent of the linen sheets that received the weary form of little Mr. Radlett, when he obeyed his friend's bluff injunction to go to bed and hit the downy for a couple of hours," added still further to a cup of appreciation already filled full measure ... so that it was in a mood ripe for further favourable impressions that finally, freshly bathed, shaved and dressed, the little man saluted forth, late that evening, to the moon, with his companion in adversity in Paris. As fate decreed, that day of days, when Paris, washed in fresh June sunshine, and brave in flowering green, first turned her smile upon him, there came upon Mr. Andrew Radlett, grocer, of Little Pelidinton-on-the-Wolds, the Fate that befalls most men soon or late. He fell in an incurably, hopelessly, and completely, he fell in love with Paris!

It now may seem absurd to some, though by a few it will be recognised and appreciated as a great truth, that a man may fall in love with a city. As fatally, as entirely, as with a woman—more fatally, in truth, since the heart of a city may always fail or disappoint her lover, but a city, never. From that first marvellous moment, when he emerged from the crowded Rue Royale into the Place de la Concorde, with its crystalline fountains shining themselves high into the sunlit air, its central pinnacle, like a finger pointing heavenward, its distant towers and roofs, across the Seine, etched sharply against the pale brilliance of a sky the colour of a sparrow's egg ... from that moment Andy Radlett, dreamer, poet, ... was changed into a man—here lay down and worshipped! Flung his beauty-starved heart, his innermost soul, at the feet of Paris, great and wonderful and audacious; at the feet of that age-old, defiant, pagan creature that is called the City of Light, Sodom and Gomorrah, the chariot of Helen, and the only City in the World beloved by her multitudinous lovers!

Mr. Cooper was flattered, but a little astonished by the sudden irradiation of his little friend's face—by the quick-drawn breath and lightning of the short-sighted eyes—but he was considerably more astonished when his suggestion of dinner with "two chic little Frenchies, girls I know," was greeted with an objection, faint but obvious. Couldn't they have something to eat alone in a cafe out in the open, p'rops, where they could watch Thibault? After all, thought Mr. Cooper, a poet's mind. Mr. Cooper replied with some asperity that he wanted a damn good feed and a bit o' fun himself, and they were only to be found on the boulevards, whither he was about to conduct his friend. There'd be plenty of time—if Mr. Radlett really wanted to go and sit at Things to do that during the day, when Mr. Cooper should be occupied with his business! This was obviously true, and Mr. Radlett, anxious not to be ungracious to the friend but for whom he would never have ventured on this marvellous excursion had followed his purchase, and followed Mr. Cooper into a taxi and thence to the "Café Argentina," the rendezvous arranged by the bag-man with his two girl-friends.

Truth to tell, they were cheery little souls. Mr. Cooper's "especial," Mlle. Jeanne of the "Mme de Lafayette," was the pretty black-eyed little woman, with a smattering of English and a high-busted Parisian figure (Continued on page 94)
ARE ever the three great divisions of time. The past, the present and the future.

Of the three the future is the most romantic, for it is unseen and untried.

However, a review of the past is not without its great interest and thrill.

So we are presumeing enough to engage your interest and attention upon what Nash's Magazine has accomplished in the year 1931.

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We extend friendly greetings, hoping that each month during the new year we may be privileged to meet you through the medium of this magazine.