

Cold Water Cure for Deserts

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director Science Service

WHAT our uninhabitable tropical deserts need is cool air for homes, pure water for farms and cheap power for factories. Two Frenchmen, Claude and Boucherot, maintain that these can be supplied to regions that border tropical oceans.

But the sea is boiling hot—if you remove the pressure of the atmosphere that holds it down to the liquid state. Reduce the pressure of three per cent of the standard atmosphere at sea level and the water will boil at a temperature of 77 degrees Fahrenheit. In tropical seas the mean annual temperature ranges from 70 degrees to over 80.

So you will have a steam boiler without need of any furnace if you run this sun-heated water into a big steel cylinder and pump out the air. When the pressure is sufficiently reduced the water evaporates off in the form of steam, and if this is carried through a pipe into a condensing chamber it may be made to turn a turbine on the way through.

But where can we get the cold water to condense the steam in the second chamber? From the ocean. For at a depth of 3,300 feet the water stands all the year round near 41 degrees. If we bring it up to the top where the water is, say, 77 degrees, we have a difference of temperature of 36 degrees.

Now, whenever we have a fall in temperature between two bodies of water we can interpose some sort of heat engine between the two levels and so get work out of the falling temperature.

Water will rise through a pipe to within a few feet of the top, not quite to the surface, for the column of water inside the pipe is colder and hence denser than the water in the sea outside.

They May Try It in Cuba

COOLING the condenser with water at 41 degrees, the water vapor coming from the boiler at a pressure of three hundredths of an atmosphere is reduced to a pressure of one hundredth of an atmosphere, that is to one third. The inventors figure that vaporizing 1,300 cubic yards of water a second in such a machine would give a net output of power amounting to 400,000 kilowatts and be cheaper than ordinary steam or water power.

The plant would produce as by-products a good supply of pure distilled water and enough cold salt water to keep everybody comfortable. For the water run off after cooling the condenser would be as low as 46 degrees, and this could be conveyed by refrigerating coils through the houses, run in rivulets down gently inclined planes under factory roofs, sprayed as fountains in the courts, and finally discharged in streams through the streets to the sea. M. Boucherot calculates that a conduit twelve feet in diameter would release annually in the community a quantity of coldness equal to the total production of ice in the United States, 40,000,000 tons, which would require a

million tons of coal to manufacture.

This, anyhow, is the way the scheme figures out on paper. The principle is sound. The apparatus works on a small scale. How it will work on a large scale and whether it would pay are questions that will have to be determined by trial. M. Claude is said to be planning to put in his first experimental plant at Havana, using California sequoia wood for the water pipes.

A Trans-Saharan Railroad

THE French are also thinking seriously of constructing a railroad across the Sahara. Two billion francs, they calculate it will cost, and will take five years to complete. But, judging by Morocco, they figure that the expense will be repaid fifteen times over by the sale of land. They are looking for a boom greater than Texas and Oklahoma when the rich Niger Valley is opened to settlement.

This region will supply France with all the agricultural products she needs, but it will have to be developed by scientific agriculture—natives do not like to labor.

The colonies proved the salvation of the country in the late war. France drew from them 300,000 laborers and 550,000 soldiers, a fifth of which came from Africa. General Mangin estimates that in the next war this may be quadrupled. Disraeli was the first to perceive the possibility of employing colonial power to settle European conflicts, and his dramatic gesture, ordering the sepoys to Malta, stopped the march of Russia on Constantinople.

The plan adopted by the French Government provides for a railroad starting from Oran and running almost straight south to Wagadugu, the capital of Haute Volta, with branches westward to the formerly famous city of Timbuktu, and to Dakar on the Atlantic Coast. A beginning has already been made by roads connecting the Mediterranean Coast cities of Tangier, Oran and Algiers with Bechar, on the other side of the Atlas Mountains, and well on the way into the desert. Six days from Paris to the Sudan is the promise of the promoters, instead of the eighteen days now required to go around by the sea. And a later extension may take you to the Congo in five days more.

Now, Dakar stands near the tip of the promontory of Africa extending toward South America which invitingly extends a like promontory toward Africa. It looks like an easy jump on the map, and, in fact, the Leviathan could make the transatlantic voyage from Dakar to Pernambuco, Brazil, in little more than two days. But who, ordinarily, wants to go to Pernambuco or to Dakar?

A steam engine is too thirsty, so Diesel engines using crude petroleum or peanut oil will be used. If a tunnel were dug underneath the Strait of Gibraltar, the tourist could take a train at Paris and go to Guinea without change.

The Seven Policemen

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Gurdon?" asked the constable surprisingly. He was a tall, fair, youngish man with an alert and almost refined expression on his round face.

"It is," said Cecil dryly. "But what do you know about Mr. Gurdon's work?"

"Oh," said the constable, after a pause, "we have our lecture clubs and all that, you know, in the force. And I've been on duty in the Royal Academy before now."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Cecil. And he was. His notions of the state of culture existing in the constabulary were being enlarged.

"Seems to me she might have been wearing a bit more," observed the other constable. "I call it indecent, that's what I call it."

"They like 'em like that," said the tall, fair man. "You get used to it." Silence. Cecil could not honestly deny the truth of the assertion.

THE other policemen came noisily out of the back room. As they did so, Camilla, in a somewhat diaphanous peignoir, appeared with an extremely startled look on her face at the head of the stairs. Nothing of the quizzical in her demeanor now. The tall, fair man glanced at her for one instant, whereupon he sprang to the front door and opened it.

"Oh!" shrieked Camilla, and disappeared in a rush. It was as though the incoming wind had wafted her violently away.

"Look here," said No. 1, addressing Cecil. "We've told them all about it at Walton Street, and they aren't satisfied. And you've got to go up there to the station. 'You see, I don't mind telling you we're a squad on special duty, and there's been a lot of funny things happening lately round Cadogan Square, including two cat burglaries. Out with him, lads.'"

Cecil answered with dignity:

"The police station's the very place I want to go to. I shall have one or two very plain remarks to make to the inspector when I arrive there."

"Doesn't matter what you want or what you don't want. Get a move on, and don't argue."

So, hatless, and in drafty trousers, and pinioned, Cecil issued forth again into the streets.

"It's bound to end some time," said he to himself with resignation, and reflected upon the names of friends who might properly be summoned to bail him out.

After a hundred years or so of marching he noticed that the special squad had somehow been reduced in number from seven to six. The tall, fair constable was mysteriously lost to view.

A considerable walk to Walton Street, from Pimlico! But speed induced warmth in Cecil's imperfectly clad body. Only his head was very cold: he predicted neuralgia for himself. Strange that Camilla should have displayed cowardice! And yet perhaps not strange! Earlier in the night she had shown him that all women were alike.

The cortège turned into Walton Street. Lo! The customary blue-and-white lamp bearing the horrid words "Police Station!" Up the steps, into the dark stone-floored entry-corridor! Nobody to be seen, but there was a slit of light under a door on the left.

"You go in there," said No. 1 in a murmur. "They're waiting for you, and they're in a hurry. You go in there and you make your plain remarks. We shall come as soon as we have reported."

With that all six policemen walked out of the police station. Cecil stood still for a minute, for two minutes, possibly for three. He hesitated to confront the inspector in the room behind the ill-fitting door. Why should he of his own accord confront the inspector? The idea of escape, of freedom, of the glorious streets irresistibly tempted him. He crept to the portal and peeped out. Constables might be

lurking there. No! Not a constable! Nobody! The long, straight street slumbered under its double row of lamps. He jumped down the steps and ran, risking the ignominy of pursuit and recapture. Of course he was a fool to run; the police are always too strong for the public, but he ran.

The same morning Cecil Glasper sat in the sole easy-chair in the little back room where the telephone lived. He wore his loose house gown: sign to the household that he was indisposed. He was drinking tea, having refused food: another sign of the same. The gas stove glowed crimson. He had telephoned to his offices that he was kept away from them by urgent official business. His reason, however, for inhabiting the back room was not that he wanted to telephone, but that he was expecting telephone calls which none but himself could answer or ought to know of. One of these anticipated calls was from the police. He hoped that the police would ring him up before arriving with handcuffs, so that he might arrange for a dignified departure. A wild and silly hope!

The parlormaid entered with a card: "Mr. Septimus Mardern," Cecil read.

"I can't see anyone," said he, and then he thought, "Possibly someone to do with the police!" And he said aloud, "Unless, of course—"

"The gentleman says it's very urgent, sir."

"Show him in, then."

Yes, it was the police right enough! The tall, fair constable: the young man looked rather odd in mufti. For some reason or other he was disguised, with a soft hat, blue shirt and fluid necktie, as a sort of Chelsea artist.

Cecil respectfully and nervously rose. But Septimus Mardern, the constable, was nervous too.

"I felt I must call at once, Mr. Glasper, to apologize for last night's affair—rather I should say this morning's. You see, we were all a bit jolly, and when you're in fancy dress you're apt to do things—"

Cecil then learned that his seven imitation policemen had been returning from a carnival ball in the Albert Hall. "Sit down, sir," said Cecil sternly, pointing to a hard chair, and himself resumed the easy-chair.

Intense relief in his mind, together with an impulse toward harshness and cruelty! And immediately his physical condition changed to one of perfect health. Even the neuralgia vanished. But he could not maintain the impulse toward harshness and cruelty, because he felt so ridiculously happy and superior. The false constable was a squirming worm in front of him.

"Ah!" he remarked, grimly sardonic. "So it had occurred to you to apologize!"

OF COURSE you've heard all about it by this time, sir."

"Quite," said Cecil. But he had heard nothing about it. He had not even set eyes on Camilla, who was still in her room, and he had taken care not to meet trouble halfway by arousing her.

"I only want to say, sir, that I really hadn't the slightest idea who you were until I caught sight of Miss Camilla on the stairs. I'd never had the pleasure of meeting you. But I ought to have known you by your likeness to Miss Camilla. I had only met Miss Camilla at Gurdon's study—several times. I admit I ought to have stopped the thing at once, the moment I realized whose house we were in. But I rather lost my head—didn't know what to do. So I just ran off. Not for any money would I have done anything to annoy Miss Camilla—nor you either, sir, especially after she'd been so kind as to come with me to the ball. I should have brought her home, and then I should have known where you lived, but she left without telling me. But of course you've heard, sir."

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THESE SEVEN QUESTIONS

were asked a thousand times each

528 different questions on Yeast were asked The Fleischmann Company in the past year.

Seven of them were asked 1000 times each!

Here are the correct answers given by their medical advisers.



HAVE you ever wanted to ask questions about Yeast? The medical advisers of The Fleischmann Company have selected the seven questions asked them most frequently. Here they are, correctly answered.

Question: What is Yeast?

Answer: Yeast is a complete plant, even though one of the smallest of the vegetable kingdom. The number of microscopic plants in each cake of Fleischmann's Yeast is calculated to be over one thousand times the combined total populations of the United States and Canada. These tiny Yeast plants are grown, under ideal conditions, in a nutritious extract of malt and grain. After being grown overnight the Yeast plants are separated from the liquid extract. They are then compressed and wrapped in the familiar tinfoil package with the yellow label.

Question: How does Yeast work?

Answer: Headaches, skin troubles, continual tiredness—it is these beginnings of ill health which Yeast successfully combats. In a majority of cases the cause of these common ailments lies in an unhealthy colon. With modern food and lack of exercise the colon becomes clogged, unclean. Poisons collect in it, from waste that is held too long, and are absorbed into the blood. What does Yeast do? A cake of Yeast is composed of millions on millions of tiny living plants. It has been found that when these active plants pass regularly through the system, the number of harmful bacteria in the intestines is materially reduced. The whole intestinal tract grows cleaner, healthier and more active. The Yeast cells soften the contents of the colon and definitely increase peristalsis—the eliminative action of the intestinal muscles. Yeast also increases the white corpuscles in the blood making the body more resistant to infection.

Question: What are the scientific facts behind the use of Yeast?

Answer: In the last twenty-five years Yeast as a food and a therapeutic agent has been the subject of research by the world's most important scientists and medical men. One hundred and forty well-known research men in this country and Europe have worked with Yeast—with animals, and finally with thousands of human patients. Their findings are published in the foremost medical and scientific magazines. Today the value of Yeast in the diet, and in the treatment of constipation, with its train of evils—indigestion, skin disorders and below par conditions, is definitely established.

Question: What is Yeast good for and how long should I eat Yeast to get results?

Answer: If your condition is serious you should of course consult a physician. When Yeast is advisable



One evening she wrote, "I am worried about my husband's health. Can you tell me . . ."

he will prescribe it. Fleischmann's Yeast is not a cure-all but its efficacy has been proved in certain common but fundamental ailments such as constipation, indigestion, below par conditions, and skin disorders.

The length of time it takes to secure relief with Yeast depends on your condition. No unhealthy condition of any standing can be corrected over night or in a few days. Relief may come within a comparatively short time. Most cases are benefited in three or four weeks, but, to give Yeast a fair trial, you should eat it for at least sixty days. In constipation, especially, Yeast must be eaten regularly every day. If cathartics are being taken they should be reduced gradually. Fleischmann's Yeast is a food, not a medicine, and you must eat it continuously to get results. Eat 3 cakes every day, one before each meal or between meals: plain, in small pieces, or in water or any other way you prefer. For stubborn constipation drink it in hot water (not scalding), a cake before each meal and at bedtime.

ALMOST everyone today seems to be worrying about being too fat or too thin. Many men and women who write about Yeast ask this question:—

Question: Will Yeast make me fat?

Answer: No. One Fleischmann's Yeast Cake contains twenty calories—five calories less than an ordinary soda cracker. There is nothing in Yeast itself to make anyone gain or lose weight. Fleischmann's Yeast will clean out the whole alimentary tract and restore it to normal running order. It will enable you to assimilate better the food you eat and will give you a normally healthy appetite. If the amount of food you like to eat when you are feeling really well tends to put on extra pounds you must watch the calories. Any increase in weight will come from the other food you eat, not from the Yeast.

If you are under weight, due to inability to assimilate your food properly, to faulty elimination and poisoning, etc., Fleischmann's Yeast will correct constipation, increase assimilation and restore a normal appetite.

This will raise your entire body tone and as a natural result your weight should come up to normal and stay there.

Question: Does Yeast cause gas?

Answer: Yeast should not cause gas if eaten before meals as directed. It is digested by the gastric juice of the stomach the same as any other food. In cases where gas has formed it is usually because Yeast has been eaten on a full stomach. Yeast eaten on an empty stomach increases the flow of gastric juice and so aids digestion, thus in most cases relieving the condition that caused the gas. If you are extremely susceptible to gas you should eat Yeast at

least half an hour before meals. In extreme cases it may be dissolved in hot water (not scalding).

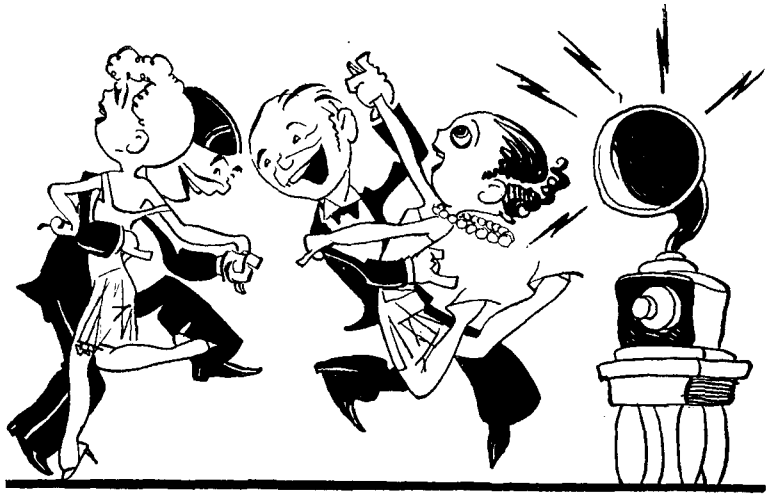
Question: Is the continued use of Yeast harmful? Will it become a habit?

Answer: No. Fleischmann's Yeast is a food, not a drug. It can never hurt anyone. You can stop eating it any time you wish, the same as you can stop eating any other fresh vegetable. Since it is a food it should be eaten daily. Only in this way can Yeast work continually for you, keeping the intestinal tract always clean and active. The longer you eat Fleischmann's Yeast, the more good it will do you. Each month you should notice added benefit.

* * *

The mass of scientific and medical data available on Yeast is too great to list here but a copy of our latest booklet on Yeast in the diet, containing authoritative scientific matter on the subject, will be sent on request. Address Health Research Dept. E-58, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

(Adv't.)



Louder and Funnier!

By JACK BINNS

ARNOLD JOHNSON, one of the jubilant jugglers of jazz who entertain flaming youth and other youthfully inclined listeners of the Red Network during the early night-club hours of broadcasting, is a serious searcher for more systematic syncopation. At the moment he is looking for a skilled bazuka player, because his last one entered the state of matrimony and accepted a degree of domesticity so far as hours are concerned.

Among his group of trained musicians Arnold boasts a cymbalist, a heckelphonist, a mando-bassist, several varieties of balalaikans and a dulcimerist. If the energetic inventors of weird instruments continue at their present pace Arnold will soon be able to show us where jazz is going to take music.

The "Murderer" Reforms

SOME little time ago the words "I murdered him last night" uttered in gruesome, bloodthirsty tones emanated from a million loud speakers and probably caused more glee than anything else heard over the radio. The confessor of wholesale homicide, who was accorded public acclaim for his nefarious deeds, has become the symbol of the changing times in the development of broadcasting. He is none other than Frank Moulan, erstwhile musical-comedy star, ringleader in Roxy's Gang and now program builder for the largest independent organization engaged in the preparation of radio programs as a commercial enterprise.

Frank is symbolical of the change which is placing responsibility of development work in the hands of experienced showmen and relieving the much harassed amateurs of their hair-raising perplexities. It is a change that will do radio no end of good and ultimately place it where it rightfully belongs in our modern scheme of life.

Frank has been through the gamut of showmanship. He was born in the Greenwich Village section of New York of French-Scottish parents, and began his singing career as a choir boy in Trinity Church. He went on the stage at twenty-one, and in the course of his theatrical career has acquired a repertoire of almost two hundred operas—grand and comic. He brings this wealth of experience to radio. Despite his new labors he still finds time to sing over the microphone once a week. If you would be amused and entertained listen for him some Thursday evening over WABC.

A Logical Solution

IN ALL of the plans put forward as possible solutions of the broadcasting mess, which Congress bequeathed to radio fans, none has taken the average radio receiver into consideration. Even the plan suggested by the engineers failed in this respect—yet the radio receiver is the fundamental unit in the whole scheme of broadcasting.

More than 90 per cent of the radio receivers in actual use today have two vital characteristics in common, although they may vary in their degree of efficiency. These two factors are high amplification with moderate selectivity at the short-wave end, and high selec-

tivity with moderate amplification at the long-wave end.

The only logical plan for the Radio Commission to adopt is one that allots the highest power to the long-wave stations and then gradually tapers the power of the better stations downward as the wave-length assignment goes downward in the broadcast wave band. In addition to this the spacing of broadcast stations from one another should be closer at the long-wave end where the selectivity of the average radio receiver is good, and wider at the short-wave end where the selectivity is poor.

Build Them a Beacon

TWO vitally important things were learned from the successful flight of the airplane Bremen from Ireland to Labrador. The epochal flight demonstrated first that commercial aviation from east to west across the Atlantic Ocean needs the aid of a radio beacon and a radio compass; and, second, it gave us a clue to the probable fate of the previous brave efforts that ended in oblivion.

It took the Bremen thirty-four hours to cover approximately the same distance that Alcock and Brown (going in the opposite direction) flew in sixteen hours. The prevailing winds across the Atlantic are westerly. They aid the flyers going to Europe, but seriously retard those coming to America.

The Bremen was a great many miles north of its course. This was undoubtedly due to drift caused by the winds and possible freak deviations of the compass due to magnetic storms as well as proximity to the north magnetic pole. It is reasonable to assume the ill-fated flyers who preceded the Bremen and its intrepid crew experienced the same troubles, with the result that they were forced to continue flying over water against adverse winds until their fuel supply was exhausted.

Radio beam beacons on the east coast of Newfoundland and the west coast of Ireland should be installed so that an invisible pathway of electro-magnetic waves will keep aircraft on their course while flying across. No flight should be attempted in the future by airplane or airship unless the machine is fully equipped with a receiving apparatus capable of registering this beacon, and an independent radio compass that will enable its navigator to keep his course irrespective of the weather.

The Seven Policemen

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"What I haven't heard is how Camilla could go to a fancy-dress ball in ordinary clothes."

"Oh! She didn't, sir. We called at my studio on the way, and I fitted her up with a Japanese kimono, which she left behind with Mrs. Gurdon. That was how I knew she'd gone. I'm terribly afraid she'll be vexed. If you could—"

"The fact is, you've not called to apologize to me. You've called to get me to make your peace with Camilla."

"No, no, sir. Both, sir."

"You're a painter?"

"Yes, sir. You may have seen—"

"I haven't."

Mr. Cecil Glasper was touched and uplifted. For he divined that he was assisting at a romance. Septimus Mardern was most obviously deep in love with that deceitful chit, Camilla. He was a frank, honest kind of young man, with an intelligent, fresh kind of face. And he was respectful and repentant and appealing. The spectacle of romantic love delighted Mr. Cecil Glasper, secretary of philanthropic societies. And it impressed him, forced him to behave, and even to think, in a Christian and benevolent manner.

"You know what your lively friends did after you so prudently left us? Took me to the police station. A bit risky, eh, that?"

"Yes, sir. I heard about an hour ago. It was indeed risky. It was mad. But, if I may say so, it only shows what—er—what an advanced state of jollification they must have been in."

"Well," said Cecil grandly, "I accept your apology. And you'd better call round one afternoon and put things right with Camilla as well."

"I will, sir. This afternoon?"

"Yes, why not? But—But—"

"Yes, sir?"

"You must subscribe among you for a new hat for me. My size is seven and three quarters."

"You're frightfully decent, sir," said Septimus Mardern, rising. "Frightfully decent. I'll go and tell them all."

No sooner was the painter gone, with a tremendous bang due to the still blustering wind having snatched the door knob out of the parlormaid's hand, than Camilla entered the back room in search of her brother.

"Good morning!" said she, bright but nervous; the brightness was obviously being assumed to hide the nervousness, for she avoided Cecil's eye.

"To think," said Cecil to himself, "only a few minutes ago I was fearing to meet her and preparing to go to police courts and things; and now I've got her under my thumb."

And aloud he said:

"Not so noisy as the night."

"Oh?" she parried.

"You're a nice two-faced minx!" said he quizzically.

"Oh?" she parried again.

"Yes," said he. "You took care not to tell me you'd been to a fancy-dress ball."

"WELL," said she, "it was so late, and I—I didn't want to keep you up with a long talk. Besides, I did tell you there'd been some dancing. I'd no idea I was going when I left the house after dinner last night."

"I assert and maintain you're a two-faced minx," said he magisterially.

"You aren't well, my dear," said she.

"I'm perfectly well," said he.

"But you aren't dressed," said she.

"It's the first I've heard of it," said he.

"But you haven't gone to the office," said she.

"That's quite true," said he. "I'm here sitting in this chair."

"But why, then?"

"I stayed at home to think out what color of a kimono it was you wore last night at that ball."

"Who—who told you?"

"A fellow named Mardern," said Cecil. "He called on me in the middle

of the night—as you are well aware. Very friendly chap. And he called again this morning, he's just gone. And he's calling again this afternoon—to see you."

Camilla was blushing in the most maidenly manner.

"But you don't know him," she murmured.

"Oh, don't I! I have the best reason for knowing him," said Cecil. "He's going to buy me a new hat. I lost mine last night when I went out to post a letter. It blew off into a private garden."

"What letter?"

"That letter you ordered me not to post." Cecil spoke carelessly, boldly. What cared he for her views about his carryings-on with women? Figuratively she was bound and gagged before him. She dared not raise an eyebrow at him.

"Do tell me all about everything," she appealed, with the touching, modest diffidence of a sweet opponent defeated and captive.

SHE was delicious to behold in her confusion. But not unhappy, because in Cecil's masterful bullying was the quizzical, benevolent note which she knew so well. Something new had somehow insinuated itself into the house, something that had never been there before, something beautiful, exciting and tender.

The telephone bell sounded. Camilla turned to the instrument.

"You leave that telephone alone," said Cecil, sharply springing up. "You can go."

"I won't," said Camilla. "You've got to tell me all about everything."

"Is that Mr. Glasper," said the delicate voice of the telephone, which was also the voice of the mysterious creature whom Camilla had never seen and had demanded to see.

"Speaking," said Cecil, in a voice rendered uncertain by sudden and extreme agitation.

"I'm so glad I've found you in," said the telephone. "I telephoned to the office, and they said you hadn't come."

"No. I hadn't," said Cecil.

Camilla was staring hard at him, fascinated.

"I've had your letter. You asked me to telephone because you couldn't wait," said the telephone.

"And I couldn't."

"Neither could I," said the telephone. A pause.

"Yes?" said Cecil encouragingly.

"That's the answer," said the telephone.

"What's the answer?"

"Yes," said the telephone, very faintly, very magically.

"Oh!" said Cecil, but with a constrained clumsiness. "I am glad."

"Is that all?" asked the telephone.

"No. There's lots more."

"Say, 'I love you, darling,'" said the telephone.

"By Jove! I should think I did!" said Cecil.

"But say it. Say what I said."

Cecil glanced round at Camilla, reflecting that the girl had no slightest notion of the lengths to which he had gone with the mysterious creature at that instant joined to him by a mile or two of telephone wire that ran through streets and up walls and under floors. Could she have guessed that the letter contained an offer, a request, an epoch-making proposal?

He put his hand over the mouthpiece. "Get out," he said to Camilla.

"I won't," said Camilla.

"Say it, please; I want to hear it," the tiny voice of the telephone insisted.

"I love you, darling," said Cecil, a man. And looked challengingly at Camilla, and blushed exactly as she had blushed.

"Well, of all—" exclaimed Camilla.

Yes, something new and lovely had entered the monastic house, and seven policemen had facilitated its arrival.