



Do You Know?



Zubaida, wife of Haroun al Raschid, Caliph of Baghdad, carried a set of cat's teeth as a protection against evil spirits.

Paul Revere, hero of that famous midnight ride, was also one of America's first dentists.



When a Bagabo (native of Indonesia) has toothache, he believes that his tebang (left hand soul) is drinking boiling hot water. Dental decay . . . the kind that's caused by food deposits . . . can be prevented by thorough brushing after every meal with Kolynos. Kolynos is active. Kolynos is antiseptic. Kolynos swirls into hard-to-get-at interstices . . . cleans out dangerous food deposits . . . leaves every tooth antiseptically clean.

Dental plates need to be cleaned just as carefully as natural teeth. Use Kolynos Dental Plate Cleanser and keep your plate bright as the day your dentist gave it to you.



Putting both stockings on the same foot was an ancient cure for toothache. You can keep your teeth antiseptically clean by brushing them with half an inch of Kolynos after every meal. Kolynos is active as well as antiseptic—it sweeps away the food deposits that cause decay. You'll enjoy using Kolynos—it has a clean, cool-as-fresh-picked-mint flavour.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

KOLYNOS (N.Z.) LTD., 60 KITCHENER STREET, AUCKLAND.

SHORT STORY

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Two boys, nine and eight, and another girl, five. I like them—they're nice. But they're not part of me as ours would have been.

You know, Richard, I've never doubted till now that I did right to go. I was sure I came too late, that your place was with Vera, that what we were when together was something that couldn't be sustained, something wonderful, strange, complete in its own way—but not everyday fare. I was sure that we couldn't have lived on it. That it would have been destroyed by a continuous, everyday contact, and that we would have regretted all our lives that we were so selfish, that we had to grab at it and try to possess it—what was too ethereal to possess.

Ethereal perhaps—but enduring too. It has lasted through ten years of silence and separation.

Perhaps that is why it has lasted, she said quietly.

We will never know. We never put it to the test. We will never know if such things are real or faery.

Perhaps we were cowards, Richard. Perhaps we were.

I thought I was so brave, so far-seeing, so altruistic for us both. Perhaps I wasn't.

Perhaps not.

Perhaps it has all been a horrible mistake, Richard. Richard, perhaps you should have left Vera and the baby, perhaps I should have given up my ambitions, perhaps we should have gone away together—anywhere as long as it was together, and built anew. Built in that peace and unity we found so complete, worked at it and fashioned it. Richard, who knows what we might have built.

A Gothic cathedral even, he said quietly. A spire of singing stone, and a hermitage for our souls for eternity.

Then looking at her, and seeing her distress, he smiled tenderly.

But perhaps we would not have, my dear, he said. Perhaps it would have been as you thought. Maybe we were too close, maybe two people shouldn't intermingle to that extent. Maybe we'd have driven each other insane. Destroyed each other. Come to hate each other, as Vera and I never could. Maybe we'd have soiled all that wonder and destroyed it utterly and killed our souls. And—maybe—he added on indrawn breath, and quietly, as if speaking to himself, maybe we'd have died a glorious death.

It would have been a splendid failure, if we had. It would have been splendid, Richard.

And what have we in its place, Lisette? He stood before her in the well-known attitude, one leg bent a little at the knee, his tall figure stooped rather, his hands in his pockets. What have we, eh? You a success in the world's eyes, the novelist who has produced two best-sellers, the assured woman of the world, beautiful, poised, cultured, travelled and perhaps — yes, perhaps just a little weary, just a little questioning. And I? The successful businessman in the world's eyes, the happily married, satisfactory husband, the father of four bonny children—and what else? A poet who might have been. A man who kept on the known road when he might have ventured down the undiscovered bypaths,

been an explorer, a pioneer in the spirit. Who knows, I might have produced great poetry, with you to inspire me?

Or died a nonentity.

He laughed quietly. I shall do that anyway.

That was one of the things I liked so much about you—your ability to see yourself objectively—and to smile, not cynically, but gently, with kindness, as if at a straying child you yet had power to bring back to commonsense.

It's the businessman controlling the poet, Lisette.

I know. She rose and drew on her gloves. I must go now, Richard, I have an appointment.

I shall see you again?

Yes. I will come again. Don't ask me when—I don't know yet. I must wait. I must think in quietness and detachment. I don't know when I'll come again—but I will come.

THEY stood in silence, facing each other, two whom years of separation had not disunited, whom death even could not part, although in reality they had never been together.

She smiled whimsically. You know, Richard, I think, in fact, I am certain, I loved you more than I ever knew. When I went, I imagined it was because I loved you too little, because that which was between us, though so pure and tender and deep, wasn't enough. I thought it wasn't love—that love was more than that—more tense somehow, more possessive. I thought you were safer with a safe person like Vera, not an unstable firebrand like me. But I think I was wrong. I think we should have had the courage to venture. I think we should have dared.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? he murmured.

What did you say?

I was thinking about cages. It was cages I was thinking about before you came. He put his hands on her shoulders, and bending, kissed her lightly.

You will come again, Lisette. Whenever you come, it will always be the same. We know that now.

Yes, we know that now.

AFTER she had gone, he stood again at the window, idly turning the keys in his pocket. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? It had been impossible for him to sing it alone, but if they had entered that other land together, the land that they had once glimpsed, the land of the spirit, vast and glooming, that was not of them, and yet which they could enter only through each other—would they have sung the Lord's song then? Would it have risen, strong and pure and exultant in their throats, a strange, archaic chant, not known to the world—and yet they not caring about the world's ignorance?

They would never know now.

He took his hat and coat and left the office. As he waited for his tram, he watched the people curiously. How many of the faces he saw, the patient, strained faces, the disillusioned faces, the faces young and happy, the faces that were serene, and those that were petulant—how many of them could have pursed their mouths in that chant he had once heard dimly, half comprehended, almost sung himself—how many of them?

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