inours of genteel and sophisticated pleasure for the sum of one shilling. Why then quibble about threepence or sixpence for a book that is going to keep him amused for three whole nights?

Returning to my more general theme that reading is on the whole a time-wasting habit of which all of us, men, women and children are the victims-I have a remedy to put forward. If we cannot conquer our vices, we must make the best of them. I long since found a way of dealing with the problem of newspapers. One day, after reading a paper with quiet satisfaction for half an hour or so, I happened to glance at its date-line, and realised that I had somehow picked up one that was just over a year old. It was a good paper, nice and newsy. I have continued to read it every morning, ever since. I miss very little in the way of reliable knowledge or even sensation by not bothering to keep up with current newspapers. From day to day the news may vary a little in detail, but in general pattern it remains much the same. Having found a really good newspaper, I stick to it. Anyway, the historians are still arguing the point about the Charge of the Light Brigade, and whether Richard the Second really did strangle those two princes in the Tower, so what hope has the journalist of giving us the facts about something that happened only yesterday? I shall catch up with current events later on in the history-books, even then keeping in mind that the whole business is, at the best, rather chancy. Meanwhile I enjoy reading my newspaper every morning.

My solution of the problem of rationalising book-reading is based on a rather different principle. It offers a noble compromise by which every one of us may attain the highest degree of satisfaction from his reading, with a great economy in man-hours. Take, as a basis of discussion, the crime fiction that forms such a large part of our literary diet. Very willingly would I read every book written by Mr. Raymond Chandler and Mr. Rex Stout. But there are other thrillers that are a shade less rewarding, and a great many others again that are not worth their weight in chopped hay. Can anything be done about this situation?

I believe it can. My solution is the Fairburn Collapsible Library System (pat. appl. for). I shall have to do a little explaining.

Suppose that you are sitting quietly and somebody creeps up behind and gives you a crack over the head with a length of lead piping or a stocking-full of billiard balls. You pass out. Some hours later you come to, feeling just as full of beans as any Peter Chevney character who has undergone a similar experience. A remarkable fact soon emerges. Not only do you not remember what happened to you, but the train of thought running through your mind for some minutes, or hours, or even days before the blow fell is completely erased. You have forgiven your debtors. and have probably forgotten all about your debts. This condition, so my panel of medical advisers informs me, is known as retrograde amnesia. It can also be brought about very handily by electric shock treatment. It offers the key to our problem.

My great inspiration came to me one night when I had just finished re-reading The Riddle of the Sands after a lapse of twenty-five years. "What an admirable book," I said to myself. "And what a pity I shall not be able to read it again for another twenty-five years." Then it hit me—not the lead piping, just at that

moment, but the idea. A few days previously an uncle of mine had suffered a blow on the head when his wife dropped a brick in company, and had undergone a retrograde amnesia. Why not (I suddenly thought) get somebody to crack me over the head? There must be lots of people who are itching to do it. If I could by this means produce a condition of retrograde amnesia I could read The Riddle of the Sands all over again tomorrow night. With repeated treatments—perhaps the electric shock method might be more congenial—I could go on re-reading it as often as I liked.

Out of this simple notion has been evolved the Fairburn Collapsible Library System (pat. appl. for). Why not collapse your library? You pick out the half-dozen books you love best—books of different kinds, the best of each kind. You go right on reading them. You don't ever have to put up with second-best or worse just to fill up the gaps in the long winter even-

ings. You get the very best all the time. And your shelves don't get clogged with books.

Elementary, but shattering — agreed? As fundamental as logarithms, as epochmaking as the hair-pin.

But hark, I must summon my bodyguard. I see a deputation of authors and publishers coming up the drive armed with bill-hooks and rolled umbrellas.

Which Did He Like?

"A MAN came up to a counter where I was demonstrating, unscrewed a bottle of perfume, smelt it, and said: 'I'll have this one.' Always conscientious, I said: 'The right way to try perfume is to smear a little on the back of your hand and sniff.' He tried it that way and said: 'I don't like it.' I said, "Well, if you smell the bottle, you get too much alcohol.' He looked at me sadly and said: 'Maybe it's the smell of alcohol I like.' "— Mabel McCaw, a Canadian beauty expert, talking in the BBC's "In Town Tonight," about her job.



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