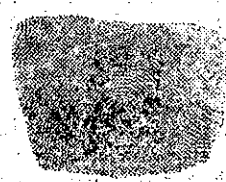


Whether it's a millionaire on Wall Street, a coolie in China, George Bernard Shaw or the King himself, his fingerprints are different to anyone else's on the face of the earth . . . those funny-looking blobs on this page to-day are Trevor Lane's fingerprints. Read why he had them taken . . .



QUITE apart from the fact that you might swallow them and cause all sorts of unpleasant complications inside, the little doo-dahs that you find in Christmas puddings can prove the very antithesis of good fortune. The other evening I had dinner with some friends in Wellington, and they produced the last of their Christmas puddings. In my portion was a small silver horse shoe, a lucky charm, a miniature money-bag and a three-pence. If young 1939 had been launched with a bottle of champagne

cracked over his posterior, the auguries couldn't have been happier!

THE pudding that I couldn't dislodge with my teeth I washed off under the bathroom tap and went home with my silver trinkets care-

little. Late in the afternoon I had another call. There were my shoes lying on a table in the detective's room! They had been found in a pawnbroker's less than 24 hours after the burglary.

The next afternoon a man had been arrested and everything found, right down to the last cuff link.

"I don't think you had much of an opinion of us," he said to me, "and I wanted to prove you wrong. We've worked hard on this for the past thirty-six hours."

He HAD worked hard—and so had a lot of people under him—and the quiet efficiency of the police force is something that has won my admiration in

Some go through life with the wind set fair, while for others life is just "one dam' thing after another."

MONTHS before I went to England I wrote about the keen eye and the

Packing

fully tucked in a waistcoat pocket.

But what little lying jades they were!

For, while I had been sitting congratulating myself on the coming fortune the Christmas pudding foretold, burglars had broken into my place, packed one of my bags with the few expensive suits that I own, helped themselves to a selection of shoes, scarves, shirts, cardigans and sox, and departed into the night!

A POLICEMAN arrived, but you'd be amazed how hard it is to discover which of your possessions are missing when you start to make a survey. There are obvious things like suits and shoes, but when it comes to ties and sox, well—it's difficult remembering whether you own green ones, pink ones or none at all!

It all seemed rather hopeless, though. When next morning I looked across the rooftops of Wellington, looked at the surging crowds in the streets, and—quite frankly—looked curiously at every suit and every tie that passed me, I wondered how the deuce I could expect to get anything back.

WHICH proves that I knew nothing about the police. At the detective office my scepticism ruffled them a



Smart work? I'll say it was!

I've a new respect for the men whose work I once thought consisted of flashing torches in doorways at midnight and being terse if you hadn't finished your beer by six o'clock.

THE detective who worked on the case looked pleased, too.

the past few days.

One thing I have done. I've taken out a much more comprehensive insurance policy, protecting me against anything from civil commotion to

In his travels over the face of Europe, Nesbitt Sellers, of Wellington, was snapped near the Cathedral at Cologne. "No one seems to realise seriously that England is no longer an island," he says on this page to-day.

bombs dropped by enemy planes! And if a burglar should kill me in a scuffle, my beneficiaries receive the amount my property is insured for.

I HAD my fingerprints taken, too . . . a rather messy business which made me feel like someone out of a Dennis Wheatley thriller.

Fingerprints are amazing things, aren't they? When you think of the teeming millions all over the face of the earth and not two persons with fingerprints the same.

But is it so remarkable? Because, after all, there are no two lives the same . . . some are born with the proverbial silver spoons, others are born to be Chinese coolies and millionaires and Welsh coalminers.

literary ability of Nesbitt Sellers, son of Roy Sellers, secretary of the New Zealand Racing Conference in Wellington.

Nesbitt Sellers has been in England for nearly eighteen months now and has been working for Commander Stephen King-Hall for the best part of that time. He has broadcast from the BBC several times, has travelled over the face of Europe and has taken a lively interest in international affairs. The other day I had a letter from him—parts of it are well worth reproducing.

NESBITT writes from Liverpool: The political situation continues to be under a deep depression always approaching from Germany. There is not the slightest doubt that the public here is deeply divided on foreign policy. But what they are going to do about it I don't know. Probably go on being deeply divided until the bombs begin to drop—an old English custom. But, seriously, what they DON'T seem to realise is that England is no longer an island, and that in the next war they won't have three years

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