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NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

By KYBURG.

AFTERMATH:

"Ready to tackle our daily task with renewed vigour and with a zest that will carry everything before it!"

Those were the concluding words of my Easter-Messsage, written, of course, when the Holiday was near at hand, before us! When the blessed four days respite from our daily labours had not been used up, when hope still made us anticipate that gloriously sunny Easter that was not to be, alas!

True, Saturday was a fine and sunny day down our way, but the less said about the other three days, the better. And now, I ask you, is it my fault that I feel rather weary, rather shy of tackling that daily task, rather the reverse from re-vitalised? Can not I blame the weather, the total absence of sunshine on three days, when old King Sol ought to have done his part of the bargain and restored in my system some of the vitality which had been used up by the rigours of the British Winter dampness?

Is it my fault, then, that I should feel distinctly disinclined to work just now?

And, fortified with these, to my after-the-holiday-mind, very good arguments, I decided yesterday to leave over this article and to ring up the Editor this morning, asking him whether he really did require my article this week or whether he might let me off, just this once!

It is, of course, a lamentable sign of weakness, when one starts building up excuses of this sort. It shows a very discreditable lack of sense of duty. It shows a sad imperfection in one's moral character and I could preach a jolly fine sermon on the subject, if I knew of another who did such a thing and I was put over him to teach him better ways! But, when it comes to the "physician heal thyself" it is, of course, another story. For, is it not written that if two do the same thing, behold it is not the same thing?

However, the first shock came early this morning with the Postman. A letter arrived. In this letter a dear reader of the gentle sex informed our Editor that she enjoyed reading Kyburg's articles. The Editor sent this avowal on to me, without making any comment. After all, though he, I am not responsible for other people's queer tastes and I am here to do my duty, simply and without bias.

I read the letter. I composed my features, so as not to show my elation. I thought I looked quite impassive and as hardly giving a second thought to a compliment of that sort. But, all the time, in my heart, I thought of that charming lady. I felt she must be beautiful and have a beautiful mind. I knew, instinctively that her soul must be in tune with mine, etc. (For more details, please see film-captions!)

And, as usual with simple natures like mine, my secret thoughts were no secret to Mrs. Kyburg. She looked up at me from that letter, she saw, or rather read my thoughts and did she chaff me for my vanity? Not she! Worse, far worse! She simply said "How nice of her!"

Now, could a bee's sting be more biting than a nice, casual, well meant remark like that? I ask you?

Gone was all the glamour, gone all the tuning in of kindred souls, gone all my vanity and in a flash I saw myself as others, or rather one other, saw me. "Little boy, pleased over a compliment."

Smiles all round. Naturally, I tried to ride the heavy horse once more. Warningly I pointed out to my beloved the perils that would beset her path if she was found wanting ever, the dangers which my fame as a writer inevitably must produce! But, I will confess, the picture I drew of such perils and risks did not seem to interfere a wee bit with Mrs. Kyburg's appetite.

However: And so to town and business.

Once again those excuses of which I wrote further up, came to the fore and made me ring up the Editor to ask him whether my article was really wanted this week. I don't know, of course, whether the Editor, or some of the other collaborators feel the same as I do—all due to the spoilt weather at Easter, you will remember and not to our inherent moral defects—but I gathered from him that not only was my article wanted, but that he was short of material to fill up the paper this week.

So, buckle to it, look nippy and produce the stuff! Those were not his words, of course,—as a matter of fact, our Editor is very suave in his speech and chooses his words awfully well, as an example to his juniors in journalistic work—but, translated into language that we all understand, that was the message and this self-confession you are now reading with so much evident enjoyment is the practical and inevitable result.

And, if the early worm may oft be sorry for not having gone to bed still earlier, avoiding capture by the early bird thereby, it remains a demonstrable fact that the earlier you look for wisdom and counsel, the sooner your labours will

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be required. Mine is no exception. I had hardly begun reading through this week's gleanings, when I hit upon an article which contains news that will settle nearly all the difficulties brought on us by bad weather and other agencies which exercise a detrimental effect on our energies. I always felt that some day Science would discover means to combat the ravages of Time on the human body and mind and make us live longer and, above all, younger lives than we do at present. EUREKA!! The problem has been solved, the

Key to Eternal Youth has been Found!

Sunday Graphic 29/3/31.

Dynamine is the name of Dr. Spengler's charm. And in his laboratory here he showed it to me; tested it on my arm, and though I am a young man—I felt still younger. It is a magic salve—a worker of miracles.

In London a beautiful actress, night by night, charms critical West End audiences; sparkling like a girl, pulsating with life and vivacity.

Yet a few short weeks ago she felt the warning finger of time in her veins, the signal of departing youth and placid middle-age.

A liquid, "Dynamine" is more powerful than radium. The doctor himself was its first patient. He told me that for years he has immunised himself against the brain and body effects of old age. He avers that he holds the secret of eternal youth.

From 70 to 17.

Dr. Spengler recently reached his 70th birthday, and to-day, as he says, he is "past the allotted span, a man with the body of a man of 17, and am as upright as an athlete."

"My eyesight is as good as it has ever been. I have never had to use spectacles, although my work in the laboratory demands keen vision. I often work for six hours at a stretch without food, and I feel in no way fatigued." So he tells of the working of his secret.

Great men ought to keep young. "It is their duty to humanity," he says. Too often are the fruits of the work of such men left unharvested because age dims their brilliance just when the years have brought them experience. With his aid they can live to be one hundred and more and still be young men.

Known throughout the world as one of the pioneers of cancer and tuberculosis research work and a brilliant bacteriologist, he says, frankly that he could not have made his important discoveries of recent years had it not been that he has "kept himself young."

"It is possible," he told me, "to grow old in years and yet remain young in the mental and bodily vigour essential to the increasing value of great men in particular."

Dangers of Delay.

"We should not wait until we are old and decrepit before we make an attempt to keep young. The process should begin at an early age, and the mind and body immunised against the effects of age."

As he said this he held out to me a pair of hands as firm and as youthful as a man still in his thirties.

"See the nails," he said. "Firm; no signs of my 70 years there, eh?—there is life in them! Life and Youth!"

"There are, of course, people who live 100 years and more, but they are nothing more than husks, in whom the spark of life barely smoulders."

"Too many of our great and valuable men find that when their work needs just a few more years of experience they are defeated by old age, crippled by blindness, by deafness; their mental powers are hopelessly dulled."

The doctor informed me that a number of well-known people in England have been made young, are being kept young, by his treatment. Among them are famous statesmen, medical men, actors and men and women in many walks of life.

Well-kept Secret.

What this "elixir of life" contains is Dr. Spengler's well-kept secret. But the administration of it is simplicity itself—simply a few drops of the liquid rubbed into the arm.

When he tried it on me the reaction was extraordinary. Young as I am, I felt even

younger afterwards.

As I left the doctor repeated, "the time to begin the search for youth is when one is already young."

I read that article twice and the effect was that I began to think at once—not of work, oh no, no such wasteful ideas occur to me when I feel really fit!—but of Summer Holidays, and my thoughts went over to our beloved Homeland, where the spring flowers carpet the meadows and Alps, where the waterfalls thunder and murmur, according to their size and where the people begin to prepare for the "Alpfahrten" again.

SWISS MERCANTILE SOCIETY.
EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

In connection with the scholastic programme the following lectures were given by the students during last week:—

Mr. F. Bühler, Oberwiesbach: "A well-spent afternoon at the Royal Albert Hall."

Mr. W. Ruchti, St. Imier: "Engadin."

Mr. F. Neidhart, Zurich: "The Customs Union between Germany and Austria from the point of view of Switzerland."

Mr. A. Scherrer, Lausanne: "The Boat Race."

Miss E. Schmidt, Zurich: "Mme de Staël."

Mr. F. Jurnitschek, Chur: "An Excursion to Canterbury."

Mr. W. Meitlich, Elgg: "Fashion."

Mr. A. Bonnet, Berne: "The Work of the Journalist at the Assemblies of the League of Nations."

Debates

"Is Suicide ever Justifiable?"

Proposer: Mr. H. Merz.

Opposer: Mr. J. P. Meroz.

On Friday, March 27th, 1931, the students of the S.M.S. listened to a very interesting and instructive lecture delivered by Syed. H. R. Abdul Majid, Esq., M.A. LL.D. (Barrister-at-Law) on the very interesting, and at the present moment, most important subject: "Islam as a System."

The lecturer gave the students a very detailed description of the Commercial, religious, domestic and political aspects of Islam.

At the conclusion of the lecture, Mr. Lockyer, a day class lecturer, proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer, which was warmly seconded by those present.

The lecture was followed by the usual concert.

On Saturday, March 28, 1931, the students were taken to Ken Wood Art Gallery, under the leadership of Mr. J. W. Klein, B. A., where they passed a very enjoyable morning.

ICE HOCKEY.

At the invitation of the Sussex Ice Hockey Club, Davos, one of the best known ice hockey teams of Switzerland, which last year held the championship of Europe, is to visit England this month.

The visitors arrive on April 9th, and are to play two matches against Sussex at Hove—one on Saturday, April 11th, and the other on the following Saturday.

Early in the new year the Sussex club visited Switzerland as the guests of Arosa and Davos. The visit of the Davos team to Hove is a return of hospitality.

PERSONAL.

Madame Paravicini has returned to 21, Bryanston Square, after having spent the winter months in Murren for the benefit of her health.

We are particularly glad to welcome her back to London and to know that she is much better and happy to resume her activity in our colony.

SCHWEIZERISCHE MILITAER MISSION.

Eine Militärmission, bestehend aus den folgenden Offizieren: Oberstdivisionär Bridel, Waffenchef der Artillerie, Oberst Fierz, Chef der Kriegstechnischen Abteilung des Eidg. Militär Dept., Oberstlt. Lang, Sections Chef der Kriegstechnischen Abteilung des Eidg. Militär Dept. hält sich gegenwärtig in hier auf.

Die Kommission beschäftigt sich mit der Besichtigung von Werken und Schiessplätzen sowie militärischen Übungen.