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Beginning . . .

«The Altar of the Moon»

BY FRANCIS DICKIE

INSPECTOR J.F.C.B. VANCE

TO DAY'S SHERLOCK HOLMES

By Edgar H. Brown

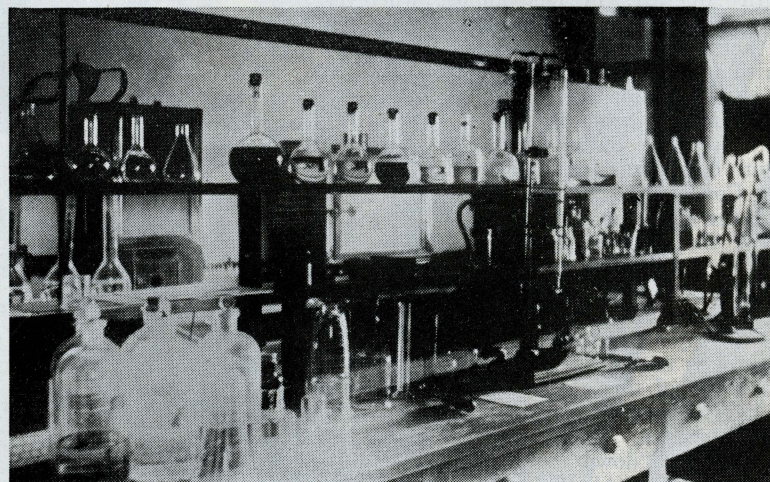
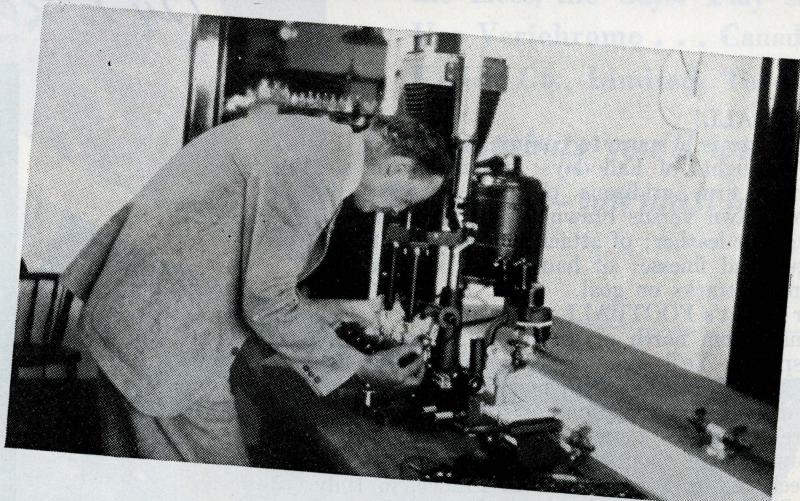
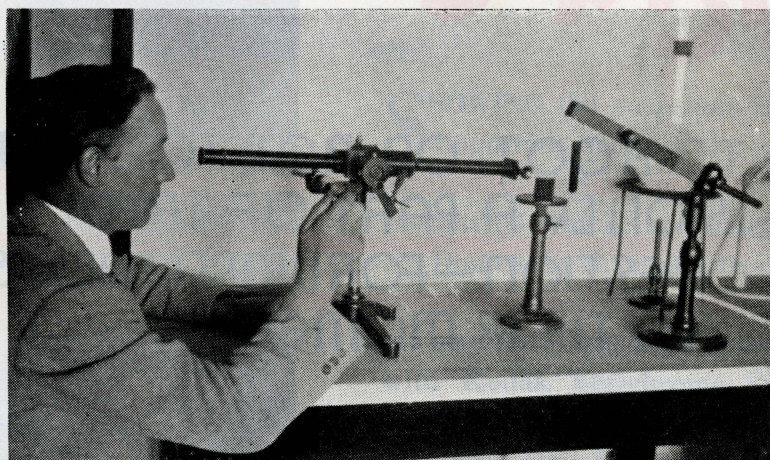
IF, BY any chance, you have not heard of Inspector J. F. C. B. Vance let me say at once that he is the man whom the Vancouver underworld fears more than any other. He is feared so much that seven attempts were made on his life last year. Further than that he is becoming a world figure as a trail blazer in the science of criminology. Some of the miracles that Sherlock Holmes might have dreamed about, some of the figments of H. G. Wells' fantastic imagination, have been made into realities by this man's amazing inventions. It is not too much to say that he has revolutionized the methods for crime detection.

Vance rarely gives interviews and still more rarely does he allow any one to see the inside of his laboratories. He is a remote, almost mythical, figure, guarded day and night, spending his time behind the scenes. But this writer had the privilege, not only of spending an afternoon in animated conversation with the inspector, but of spending an hour or more in his laboratories on the top floor of the Vancouver police station. He saw the apparatus, valued at nearly \$100,000, with which Vance works and he also saw at first hand the "live" bombs, narcotics, counterfeiting equipment, safecracking tools, gun collection, etc., which are part of a permanent exhibit. He saw the evidence to be used at forthcoming trials, ranging from the rather distasteful remains of a fatal abortion case to the bloodstained clothes of a recently murdered man. And he heard the vibrant, youthful looking inspector tell of his work and of how his unique technique has sent hundreds of criminals to the penitentiary and saved other hundreds of innocent men from being unjustly sentenced.

Perhaps it should be said at the outset that Vance is not a policeman, neither is he a detective. He is a scientist—meaning chemist, physicist, toxicologist, biologist, metallurgist. His training in direct criminal work has been only incidental; his title of inspector is purely honorary. But he works hand in hand with the police and scores of times, when suspects have been on the point of being released—with orthodox detectives baffled—he has brought forward some amazing scientific proof of guilt. Here is one example, a true case which happened in Vancouver not long ago and which will illustrate his methods.

The safe of a large drug store was blown and the cracksmen made a clean getaway with a large sum of money. No fingerprints, no forgotten tools, no evidence of any kind could be found. Several men were arrested on suspicion but the police could get no further than suspicions. The assistance of Vance was requested. He picked out four of the suspects, prepared the evidence against them, saw them sentenced to long terms. On their way to the penitentiary, still stunned by what they had seen and heard, the four men confessed. How did Vance do it? First he examined the clothing of all the suspects. In four of the suits he found fine particles of dust. The dust, he was able to prove, came from the blown safe. "Elementary, my dear Watson." This was not clever deduction but exact, demonstrable proof. A judge and jury found it sufficient evidence of guilt. The delicate

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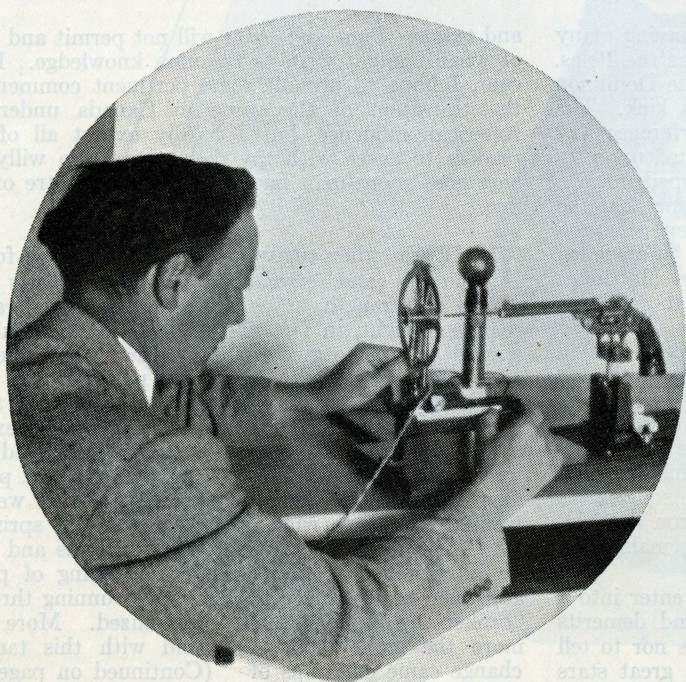


Top—Here the inspector is shown in a corner of one of his laboratories looking through one of the high-powered microscopes. This instrument has been one of his most faithful allies in the war against crime.

Below—This is one bench of the qualitative chemistry laboratory, where blood tests are made, poisons detected, the content of suspicious stains analyzed and so forth. There are nine other benches similar to this one.

At Left—Here the inspector is shown with one of his special mechanisms for examining the peculiarities of guns. This is part of the work he calls "gun-printing." This machine makes an exact reproduction of the markings of the bore (interior) of a gun, by means of which Vance can decide whether a particular gun fired a particular bullet.

Centre—This is a combined microscope and photographing apparatus for examination of bullets. Inspector Vance is shown looking through the microscope at the minute variations on a spent bullet which make that bullet different from every other. This is the equipment used in connection with the murder case mentioned in the article.



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apparatus in the inspector's laboratories is designed to give just that kind of infallible judgment.

Numerous other cases could be mentioned and a few will be cited later in the article. This one case, however, will give some idea of the holy awe in which the man is regarded by criminals. The worst part of it, from their point of view, is that such evidence is unanswerable. Science is exact; a statement is either true or false. When Inspector Vance comes to a conclusion his results are as impersonal and provable as are the findings of a chemical experiment. His attitude toward his work is in the same impersonal vein; he is not interested in whether a man is guilty or innocent; his sole concern is to examine the evidence and determine the facts.

The high school boy who goes into the laboratory and decomposes water into its constituent elements of hydrogen and oxygen does not need his teacher to tell him what has happened. He can test the two gases and prove to his own satisfaction that one is oxygen and the other hydrogen. Even members of a jury, notoriously "dumb," can understand that. On the other hand, a person who undertakes to prove that a sample of hydrogen is not hydrogen has a job on his hands. So it is with the proof that Vance adduces. He sends to the courtroom a few chemical analyses, perhaps a few test tubes and photographs, and the smartest lawyer on earth can not gainsay his evidence. He does not deal with circumstantial evidence, with witnesses who may or may not be telling the truth, or with dramatic defence attorneys. He is not required to. The most carefully framed alibi, the most effectively "fixed" witnesses and the most eloquent lawyers have no chance against him if the man is guilty.

Conversely, and more important still, when a man is innocent, Vance has frequently been instrumental in positively clearing him. He will tell you that these cases outnumber the convictions many times. Naturally one doesn't hear of them for only the guilty ones are publicized. This part of his work has been largely overlooked but it is something in which the inspector takes great pride. Quite recently a young man was arrested and charged with breaking and entering. A witness "identified" him. Being innocent, the accused youth had not thought to prepare an alibi. According to ordinary police court practice he would have been convicted and sentenced to a term of possibly two years. Vance investigated the case and was able to prove, again by an examination of the clothing, that the youth had not been present at the scene of the crime. Subsequently it was found that the witness was "framing" him.

IT IS a tragic by-product of every court that prisoners, acquitted for lack of evidence against them, leave the dock with a sort of halo of suspicion around them. Frequently these unfortunates, more often innocent than not, never quite live down the slur. Here again the exactness of the scientific method comes to the aid of society. If Vance has produced evidence which has sent hundreds of criminals to the "pen," he has also produced evidence which has definitely exonerated hundreds of wrongly ac-

cused men. The underworld recognizes this and grudgingly but sincerely gives thanks for it. Incidentally, it may be interesting to note that in every case where he has been responsible for getting a conviction, the guilty man has either confessed later or his complicity in the crime been established in some other way.

So far Vance had done most of his work with the spectroscope and microscope, based on his mastery of chemistry and physics. He had advanced the use of these two instruments further than any other criminologist and has put them to new uses which could almost be called inventions. The raw materials of his labors are not the exciting elements of a Sherlock Holmes story, but such prosaic things as bits of clay, spent bullets, pieces of glass, stains on cloth and broken plaster. He has made these apparently harmless odds and ends tell some strange stories. His experiments in ballistics have immensely widened the application of that science and made it more useful to the police in Vancouver than in any other city. He pays scant attention to finger-prints but he has invented a method called "gun-printing" which has changed the whole technique of detection. More will be said about this later.

Briefly, this is a method for detecting criminals by scent, in the same uncanny way a dog will trace his master's footsteps through a crowded street. Vance explained it to me that afternoon when, after getting past guards and electrically locked doors, I met him in his office. Years ago, he began with the supposition that every person gives off a distinctive odor, peculiar to himself alone. He has demonstrated that this is so, but the nature of the odor, beyond the fact that it is a chemical exudation, has so far eluded him. The super-sensitive nose of the dog can detect it but, until recently, it was beyond the powers of man. After conducting long research on the problem, Vance has now perfected a technique for detecting a scent and recording it permanently by a "photograph."

Let us suppose that you walk over the floor of the laboratory or rest your hand for a moment on the table. The fact that you have gloves on your hand or shoes on your feet does not matter—your characteristic odor will remain and it will be an odor unlike that of any one else. Vance will sprinkle certain chemical solutions (whose secret formula includes some highly explosive elements) over the surface where your hand or feet touched. These solutions absorb the scent. Then he will vaporize the solutions and examine them through the spectroscope and by means of ultra-violet rays. Your personal exudation (in other words, your characteristic "smell") will appear in the spectrum band in certain unique bands and breaks, and these can be clearly photographed. The impressions taken from your sister, father or son will all be distinctly different. Your own impression, as seen in the spectrum, is invariably the same. As a further test, the solutions may be fluoresced by means of ultra-violet light. Here again the influence of the scent can be clearly noted by the various colors produced and the differences from other scents clearly defined.

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Inspector J. F. C. B. Vance

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known scents and under given conditions, he has been able to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that it is infallible. To make the proof more convincing he has had subjects walk over a floor on which a number of other persons had walked. The prints of the subjects were picked out with no difficulty. Further experiments were made to determine for how long a scent is active enough to be detected. In many trials, scents that were three days old gave positive results.

The inspector has evolved a special machine for better examination of this type of evidence. He now has a ray equipment which gives a combination of ultra-violet and X-rays. It is doubly sensitive for the fluorescence of vapors. He also had to pursue research in the best type of chemicals to use for the work and he finally devised solutions which are not only sensitive to scents but are inactive in the presence of ordinary vegetable matter.

The significance of this discovery can easily be imagined. It overwhelmingly stacks the cards against the criminal. It is especially valuable in view of the fact that finger-prints are not of much use any more since practically all criminals take care to wear gloves or to coat their hands with liquid latex. Vance, in fact, was one of the first to point out the weaknesses in the time honored finger-printing method. But no man, regardless of how astute he is, can avoid leaving behind him the tell-tale evidences of his particular odor. In the hands of the inspector it becomes positive proof that he was present at the scene of the crime. More important still—assuming he was not at the scene—an innocent man can be positively exonerated.

While the inspector is convinced in his own mind of the efficacy of the new technique and while tests have seemed to demonstrate that it is fool-proof, it has not yet been put to practical use. Realizing the vast potentialities of his invention, Vance is in no mood to ruin it by needless hurry. He wants to make further tests, to satisfy the world as well as himself. Then, too, there are certain difficulties to be overcome. One is the natural reluctance of judges and juries to accept such strange evidence as the basis for convictions. Another lies in the fact that the spectrum band is relatively narrow and that some proper method of classification must be evolved which will make possible the registration of thousand of scents and allow for easy differentiation between them. So the research goes on, in anticipation of a new day in criminology, when detective will literally become "human bloodhounds" and when Canada will be recognized as the home of a device which traps the criminal unfailingly.

ALL this, however, is in the future. What of the present and the immediate past? I have given only one concrete example of Vance's work. There are literally thousands of others. For the past eight years he has worked on almost every important case in Vancouver and vicinity which was not immediately solved by detectives. At one time his feats were front page news in the city's newspapers; now, when he solves some obscure case by an apparently miraculous application of science, the work is taken for granted.

There was, for instance, a beer case. Following the blowing of a safe in one of the city's beer parlors, police arrested a man on suspicion. A roll of bills and some silver coins were found hidden in a ventilating chute in his room. Coins were also found in his pockets. But there was nothing to connect this money with the blown safe and all the suspicions in the world were of little avail. Vance set to work. Soon he discovered mallic acid on the coins found in the possession of the suspect. Mallic acid, he knew, is an element of beer. He examined the coins remaining in the beer parlor safe. They also showed traces of mallic acid and gave an identical reaction. When detectives informed the suspect of these developments, he confessed and that was that.

Or consider two cases involving hit-and-run drivers. In the first a reckless driver killed two men and continued on his speeding way. The bodies were found lying in the road but there was no clue to the identity of the driver and the case seemed hopeless. But Vance found a few chips of shattered glass at the scene and these were all he needed. Police began rounding up suspected automobiles. Presently one was found which had a small, scarcely perceptible, hole in the glass of one of the headlights. The chips of glass, under Vance's expert fingers, fitted perfectly into the hole. That, however, was not enough. The inspector examined the chips and the headlight glass under the spectroscope and microscope to prove they were identical. He will tell you that fracturing and crystallization of every piece of glass is slightly different because there are small variations in the cooling process. No two pieces of glass will fracture in quite the same way. Therein lay his positive proof in this case.

In the second case, a drunken driver ran over two women and killed them. He raced to a distant town, poured gasoline over the machine and set it afire. Nothing remained of the car but twisted steel and charred fittings.

Police eventually found the car and arrested the driver. From that point they were "stumped" for the driver swore to his innocence with a convincing alibi. There was absolutely no evidence to connect the burned car with the double tragedy. Vance went to the burned car with his paraphernalia and examined it from end to end. After a long search, aided by all sorts of special instruments, he found two possible pieces of evidence. One was a bit of charred cloth, discovered in a crack on the dash; the other a few flecks of paint which had not been burned. They were enough to establish the guilt of the driver.

The bit of cloth was compared with the clothing worn by one of the victims and, by chemical and microscopic tests, proved to be identical with it. Some paint, also found on the victim's clothing, was checked against the flecks of paint taken from the burned car and their common origin established. In both cases the conclusions announced by Vance were supported by such obvious proof that there was no doubt about the relationships. Here again the man confessed and the case was closed.

ANOTHER example of the inspector's methods is illustrated in this typical robbery case. The room of a

Chinaman was entered, a door jimmied off a desk and \$60 stolen. Acting purely on suspicion, police arrested another Chinaman. He protested his innocence, swore he had nothing to do with the theft. Detectives, working more or less in the dark, could find no direct evidence against him. It was true the suspect was found with a jimmy in his possession and that his account of his movements on the night of the burglary was rather vague but, after all, a prosecutor needs something more substantial than that before he can secure a conviction. It was at this stage that the assistance of Vance was requested. The case was settled with amazing swiftness; the Chinaman is now behind the bars.

Vance began by examining the desk. He found it had been treated with a coat of paint overlaid with a coat of varnish. He took samples of both paint and varnish and got exact chemical analyses of each. Then he had a look at the jimmy. On it were tiny particles of paint and varnish. A qualitative examination proved the particles to be of exactly the same composition as the paint and varnish on the desk. When the Chinaman was arrested, detectives discovered a small nail in his pocket. Vance found it fitted the jimmied lock and, further than that, he proved that the degree of oxidation on the nail was of exactly the same extent as on the remaining nails in the lock. In other words, he proved that the nail in the suspect's pocket was rusted as much and no more (demonstrable with scientific exactitude) as the other nails. The Chinaman confessed and was convicted.

It was mentioned above that Vance has made great strides in the application of ballistics to police work. He has a miniature firing range in his laboratory, with a sheet of paper as a target and heavy layers of felt to stop the bullet. Give the inspector a spent bullet and a revolver of the same calibre and he can determine whether the revolver fired the bullet. This principle is having an interesting application in two cases now pending before the court.

One is a murder case, in which a man is accused of fatally shooting his wife. The other is an attempted murder charge, in which a man is accused of having fired on a passing automobile. In both cases a revolver of the same calibre as the spent bullets was found in possession of the accused. Other circumstances, too, are incriminating. There was a day when the mere correlation between gun and bullet would have been enough to convict a man. But, due to the work of Vance, it is possible that both men will be acquitted. He has fired both revolvers and made enlarged photographs of the impressions of the firing pins on the butts of the bullets. He has examined the bullets found at the scenes of both crimes and made enlarged photographs of the imprints caused by the firing pins of these bullets. Comparison of the photographs would seem to indicate that there is no connection in either case between the actual bullets fired and the revolvers found with the accused men. Further than that, Vance has been able to demonstrate that the scars and scratches on the bullets—caused by the bore and lands of the gun—are different from what are caused by the accused's revolvers. The web of circumstantial evidence against the men has been rent by the inspector and, unless further evidence is uncovered, the cases against both suspects will collapse.

These cases illustrate "gun-printing," which is purely a Vance development and designed partly to overcome the

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weakness of finger-printing. He has found that no two guns are exactly the same, even though they are manufactured in the same plant and on the same machine. The grooves and lands of the bore are slightly different because the manufacturing drill always makes a slightly different impression or stops at a different point. The variations in the bore affect the bullet as it is fired. In the miniature firing range in his laboratory Vance can test a gun and determine positively whether it was used in a certain crime. He claims that the method is more accurate and more useful than finger-printing.

The inevitable result of these abracadabra miracles has been to inspire a holy fear in the hearts of criminals. It is the fearful awe of the ignorant for the wonders of knowledge. Vance's reputation now is such that more than one suspect, maintaining an alibi, has immediately confessed when told by police officers that his case was to be turned over to the "chemical detective."

THE best evidence that the inspector gets results lies in the fact that on no less than seven separate occasions last year the criminal element of Vancouver made attempts on his life. It is, I suppose, the sincerest compliment that his enemies could pay him. The intended victim can be excused if he does not regard nitro-glycerine bombs in his morning mail or having a charge of concentrated sulphuric acid thrown at him from close range in the nature of compliments. Neither would we, but I doubt if we would be as cool about the attempts as is the inspector.

"It's just a passing phase," he said, after one assault. "Perhaps we will get them all in the penitentiary before long. Then I won't have to examine my mail so carefully."

It may be interesting to review these attempts at assassination. The usual threatening letters came first and then telephone calls; the substance of them being "to lay off" certain cases. The first intimation that "they" were serious came one morning in March, 1934, when the inspector was opening his mail. He was casually untying the string of a parcel when he glanced at the printed address. Suddenly he remembered that one of the threatening letters had been printed in much the same style. He got the letter and found his suspicion was correct. Then he wasn't sure what to do. The natural thing, of course, would be to dump the parcel in water but Vance knew that modern methods of "bumping off" include a bomb that explodes on contact with water. So cautiously and slowly, he unwrapped the package, watching every movement, knowing that his life was at stake. At last the contents stood revealed. Attached to a cotton wad, soaked with nitro-glycerine, were two fuses and detonators fixed in such a manner that if the string had been broken or jerked the bomb would have exploded. And true enough, one of the fuses had been chemically treated so that immersion in water would have set off the charge.

Less than a week later, a detective on guard at the Vance home interrupted a man attempting to gain entry through a basement window. This time, of course, there was no direct evidence that assassination was intended, but in view of what had taken place previously and of what happened later, it is a reasonable assumption. Unfortunately, the man escaped. The special police guard attached to the "unpopular" inspector continued on duty.

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Six days later the citizens of Vancouver were startled by another attempt on Vance's life. While patrolling the grounds of his home, on the night of March 16, Detective Leonard Parsons smelled burning powder. With all possible speed he investigated. At the rear of the house, directly under the inspector's study he found a spluttering fuse. Risking his life, the detective ran to the fuse and cut it short with his pocket knife. Less than two feet of the fuse remained. It was connected to a tin can which had been buried in the soil under the house and which contained enough nitro-glycerine to blow three houses sky-ward.

A month later the inspector returned to his home one night to find a man acting suspiciously near the house. When Vance stopped his car and called the man, he fled into some nearby bushes. Examination showed that telephone wires leading into the house had been cut and that a basement window had been forced open.

For six months, until last October, all was quiet. Then one morning Vance went to his garage and attempted to start the motor of his car. Something was wrong and the engine would not turn over. While he sat behind the wheel, with his foot still on the starter, his son came running from the house to tell him that some object was under the car. Vance leaped out just in time to break off a lighted fuse. It was attached to still another bomb, placed near the gasoline tank, and of sufficient power to blow the inspector, the automobile and the garage to a considerable height in the stratosphere. Apparently, the would-be assassin had entered the garage a few minutes previously, but no trace of him could be found.

Compared with the other attempts, the next effort, only a few days later, was quite mild. While driving slowly in his car and as he approached a street-car intersection, Vance placed his foot lightly on the brake. It is important to note that he was traveling only a few miles an hour and that the braking was designed to slow up only slightly more. The effect was as though he had jammed on his brakes on a greasy pavement. The car skidded sideways, hit the curb and finally turned a complete circle. The results, if he had been travelling at an ordinary speed, could easily have been tragic. Investigation proved that the brakes had been tampered with.

So far, almost by a series of miracles, Vance had escaped death, not to mention injury. The final attempt changed this record. Only three days after the last two assaults, he was nearly blinded. As he entered his garage late one October afternoon he noticed that a window was open. Innocently he walked to close it. He had one hand on the sill when a face suddenly appeared from the outside and a hand hurled a jar of concentrated sulphuric acid at him from a distance of five or six feet. With instant presence of mind, the inspector threw up his hands and saved his eyes. But his face, arms and legs were terribly burned. His clothes were so corroded that they fell off him in shreds. He was rushed to a hospital and spent some weeks swathed in bandages. But a month later—calm and fearless as ever—he was back in his laboratory.

FOR these obvious reasons and also because of his natural shyness Vance is almost inaccessible. But if you finally do meet him, you will find him friendly, unaffected and an interesting conversationalist. He will talk readily about the work "our bureau" is doing, about the various applications of science and about the ways of criminals. But he will not talk about himself. His age, his boyhood days, whether he likes spinach or would rather have carrots, and so forth, are, as he says, "nobody's business but my own." It is self-evident that if for any reason he had to subject himself to the high-pressure publicity of a Hollywood star he would suffer agony. In appearance he is slight and straight (so slight, in fact, that from the back he could be taken for a youth), with a tired intellectual face and rapidly whitening hair. His age is close to sixty but he does not look it. There is a certain indefinable magnetism about the man, noticeable especially when he talks, and his voice has a clear compelling

resonance which can only be compared with that of Leslie Howard. He is the type of man for whom one would be willing to do almost anything, partly because of his magnetic force and partly, I suppose, because he seems to ask nothing for himself.

The following meagre biographical data will conclude the story. Exactly twenty-eight years ago last May he got his first job in Vancouver. He was appointed city analyst under the medical health officer. Most of his duties consisted in testing milk and other food products for impurities. His laboratory was one small room, his equipment worth, possibly, \$600 and his staff was himself. He held the position for nearly twenty years (theoretically he still holds it) until a newspaper reporter persuaded him to make a serious study of the application of science to criminology. That was eight years ago. Apparently he has a natural aptitude for the work for his achievements in the new field were so spectacular that he was soon forced to give up his other duties and devote himself to this one field. Now, with a corps of assistants, a series of laboratories covering almost an entire floor in the police station and some almost priceless equipment, he is one of the busiest and most successful men in Canada. Where he is leading the way, Scotland Yard will follow.

Showing Off Frocks as a Business Career

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hairdresser, to her beauty salon, perhaps to her chiropodist. She must buy her shoes with care—and all these items are expensive on a salary of three to four pounds a week.

This is the girl of whom it is said that her life as a model is worth only five years. Naturally enough, however, the mannequin who is entirely dependent upon her own earnings aims at a permanent job such as this, or, more ambitious, at one of the exclusive dress salons such as Rville. But many mannequins prefer to take only temporary work, filling in their time between their engagements at other occupations.

The fee for temporary work is one guinea a day, and this may mean showing clothes at only one parade during that day. As a rule these girls will be in jobs for only six months in the year.

What do they do in the intervals?

If they have the right type of looks, they can earn plenty of money—and publicity—by sitting to have their photographs taken. Photographic advertising is increasing enormously in popularity and scope, and it provides many opportunities for the girl who "takes well."

She earns a guinea a photograph, or three guineas a sitting if several are taken at once. She is booked by one of the big fashion photographers, and may be asked to look provocative in evening dress, purposeful in a business ensemble, or smiling beneath a head wreathed in—soap suds! For the shampoo photograph is a very usual one.

She must keep herself as much up in the whims of fashion for this as for her mannequin work. The newest coiffure, the perfectly-shaped nails, the eyebrow of the moment—all are demanded by the public who look upon the face which smiles at them from their daily paper as their mirror of fashion.

The cost of keeping oneself as smart and fashionable in personal

appearance as this is a high one, unless the mannequin has been lucky enough to win a beauty prize, in which case she will be offered any number of free appointments with hairdressers and beauty specialists. If she has a very good job, an enterprising hairdresser may offer to dress her hair regularly as an advertisement for his salon.

But the business of keeping up so high a standard of beauty has another trying side—for the woman who is domestically minded. It is amusing to hear this side of the picture from Miss Thelma Yorke, whose features, figure and hands are admired by thousands who are quite ignorant of her identity.

She loves to do quite menial jobs in her own home; washing silk lingerie, preparing vegetables for the family luncheon, and even dusting and sweeping. But how keep one's hands slim and white for the camera if they are constantly being plunged into very hot water or dyed by vegetables? No, at home the mannequin must of necessity remain a lady of leisure.

THERE is one class of mannequin work which, although it lacks the glamor of the fashionable dress parade, is just as lucrative and far more accessible to the not-so-slim girl. This is the display of corsetry. All types of figures are required for this work, the outsize being far more in demand than the slim, for the slender woman seldom bothers to attend corset demonstrations.

But women who are conscious that they are acquiring the "middle-aged spread" flock to these displays, and it is always quite difficult to find a seat among the audience if one is not very punctual. So the mannequin who has lost her sylph-like figure and has become a real outsize model, can always look for another job in corsetry.

The work is easy and often involves provincial tours, for which a girl is given a guinea a day and all expenses as well. The corset models are made to the measurements of each mannequin, who is therefore assured of