

her own feminine desire to capture this man and hold him. I thought it was time that she learned the truth about herself. So I asked her to take a deception test and she readily consented.

Now it is a remarkable fact about the Lie Detector that the uncontrollable emotional reactions which it records will reveal a "complex" or a self-deception just as readily as they disclose a fully conscious lie. So I asked Della some intimate questions and discovered that she was trying

to deceive both herself and me. Actually she did not love young Harry S., though she had falsely persuaded herself that she did. And in defiance of all common sense she had gone through a marriage ceremony with him.

I confronted Della with the whole truth and the poor girl broke down. She knew now that she was in an awful mess. She begged me to get her out of it.—*William Moulton Marston, condensed from Your Life.*

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COCKROACHES

THE steamer was laden with sugar and the one drawback to it was the fact that it was literally heaving with those ancient aristocrats, cockroaches. Before I got into my bunk at night, I used to sweep them out and down from the panelling. I was no sooner asleep, however, than they were walking over my face and getting tangled up in my hair. One night a half glassful of sweet wine was left by mistake standing in my washing basin, and next morning the whole basin and the washing stand was a solid mass of semi-intoxicated cockroaches, while I had been left completely in peace. After that our way was clear. They had their liquor, and I had my bunk to myself.—*Elinor Mordaunt, in Sinabada.*