

he still had that knowing look in his eye.

"Ah," he said, "I've fixed it all right. I used corn cure. The top came off it, and now you wouldn't notice it was there."

That might have been true for him, but to me it wasn't, for I could see the lip just coincided with what the book described. Putting my hand underneath his chin and down his neck, I could feel the glands slightly hardened.

"No, old man," I said, "you are running the greatest risk. It may look all right, but the root of the thing is there. Whatever you do, get the thing fixed up."

I left the shop, and I left the district. Six months later I had reason to visit the town again. I thought, "I'll drop in and see how my barber friend is getting on."

I walked into the shop and there was a different arrangement of the counters. A new barber came to meet my needs.

"Good morning," I said. "Where is the man who used to run this shop?"

"Ah," he said, "rather an unhappy story, sir. I regret to tell you that it was only a fortnight ago that he died. He died from cancer of the lip."

I left that shop with a feeling of failure, somehow. I had done what I could, but it hadn't been enough; that man had paid the penalty for his neglect.

I told this incident to a friend of mine, also a medico.

"Well," he said, "there was no reason why he should follow your advice. He might have thought you were a quack."

"Yes," I said, "that's true, but, on the other hand, I showed him the whole thing in the classical text-book."

"Yes," said my friend, "it was his own fault, and it was largely because he neglected the weight of your experience and, more important, he wouldn't take notice of the book."

"Well, George," I said, "that barber was like you, my friend. Time and again as we have yarned about things I've told you about the cancer of your soul; I have told you of my experience—how that I found that by simple belief

in the Son of God and in, simply thanking Him for dying in my place on the Cross I found the cure for that disease of sin. I backed up my own witness by showing you the relevant portions in the standard textbook—the Bible—and now if you choose to follow in the barber's steps you can do so, and I would like you to remember that the whole prognosis of people who do what you are doing is summed up in these words, 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation'."

—PAUL WHITE, M.B., B.S.

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The case of

THE CHAIN-SMOKING BARBER

THE INTER-VARSITY FELLOWSHIP OF EVANGELICAL UNIONS (AUST.)

THE CASE OF THE CHAIN SMOKING BARBER.

There's nothing much to look at when you're having your hair cut; there seems to be a quarter of an hour or so in which you concentrate on a series of bottles of various peculiar descriptions, and look at a steriliser which is nothing more or less than a holiday home for all the little bacteria known to science.

In the mirror I watched the barber strike a match to light the far from æsthetic-looking bumper that rested on his lower lip. When this had reached such a stage that it could be no longer be left there he suspended operations to roll another cigarette of sorts.

My medical interest was centred on the spot where that bumper had been lying. There, plainly

to behold, was the earlier stages of cancer on the lip.

"Ah," I said to myself, "an epithelioma—nasty looking thing—looks pretty early—wonder if it's spread to the glands of his neck?"

Then as the barber continued clipping away at my hair I thought "Shall I tell him?" So I suddenly said, "Excuse me, but—er—that doings you've got on your lip, underneath the place where you put your cigarette—er—have you ever had a doctor look at that?"

He put his head to one side and smiled, "Oh, no, that's been there for two or three months now; it's due to the cigarettes that I always smoke. You see, I'm a chain smoker."

"Ah," I said, "if I were you I'd

go along and see a doctor about that."

"Why?" he said.

"Well," I replied, "you see, I happen to be a doctor myself, and I've seen things like that before, and they can become pretty bad. Take my tip, and don't waste any time about it. Pop along and get it fixed up. It's only a matter of a spot of radium, and I think it can be put quite in order."

A few minutes later I paid my eighteen pence and left the room.

In due course my hair grew again. I returned to the barber. He greeted me with a friendly smile. But there was something knowing in his look.

"Well," I said, "did you go along and see that doctor I suggested to you?"

"Ah, no," he said. "I thought of a much better idea than that. That would have cost me a couple of guineas. I got hold of a holder." And there, sure enough, was the home-rolled cigarette in the end of a six-inch amber holder. He apparently felt this added to the effectiveness of his trade. He was inordinately proud of it, but I noticed once again that it rested over the same spot in his lip. I looked at that lip and there was evidence that the condition had increased even in the three weeks or so that had elapsed.

"My friend," I said, "I am afraid your holder is not a very effective method of cure of that trouble. I think you would be well advised to go and see that skin man. If you like, I'll write you a letter of introduction."

"Oh," he said, "I think it will be all right."

"Listen," I said. "It won't be all right. From my experience I know that that is a highly dangerous condition. Don't fool, don't muck about. Get the thing fixed up properly." I was just a wee bit brusque in my manner.

"Well," he said, "it's mine, anyhow. I'll look after it."

I went home that afternoon, went to my bookshelves, and found a book which described his condition, and it actually pictured a lip almost the facsimile of my barber's lip. Putting this book under my arm, I walked up to his shop, waited till he had no customers, and showed him the whole thing. It was a standard textbook of this particular variety of cancer. I showed him the pic-

ture and we compared it with his own lip, looking at it carefully in the mirror. I showed him the grim word "epithelioma" in the book, and it told of just what did happen to that particular variety of the lip. It told how, untreated, the end result was inevitable—it was death. I read this to him, he listened, and said, "Well, thank you; I'll think about it."

As I went home I thought, "Well, I've done what I can. I've warned him about it, I've told him from my own experience what I've seen—and on three occasions I had seen those very same conditions produce death. I have showed it to him in the standard textbook, and now it is up to him to do something."

Again my hair grew, and again I visited the barber. This time