

### A LIVING TORPEDO.

That Odd Fish, the Electric Ray, is a Terror in His Own Way.

There is a queer fish, bearing the name torpedo, that in its own peculiar way is a good deal of a terror. This is the torpedo, or electric ray, a dweller in the southern seas, which grows to a large size, sometimes weighing seventy or eighty pounds. This peculiar fish has a nearly circular body, a short tail and a very small mouth.

The back is brownish in color, and the underneath parts are white.

The torpedo obtains its name from its power of giving a violent shock, similar to an electric shock, to anything with which it comes in contact. Whenever an enemy approaches the fish emits from its body a kind of electricity, which incapacitates the attacker immediately.

In capturing its food the torpedo finds this power of use. Being very inactive, it cannot pursue the small fish which form its diet, so it lies in wait until they swim close by and then throws out its powerful shock, which instantly renders them helpless.

If a person touches this strange fish he is attacked by cramp, which affects the stomach, producing a kind of convulsion. For this reason the torpedo is sometimes known as the "cramp fish."—London Answers.

### THE YELLOW FLAG.

A Ruse That Once Saved a British Ship From Capture.

An effective ruse de guerre in the way of flag flying was that practiced in the Mediterranean at the beginning of the last century by Lord Dundonald while cruising in the British ship Speedy. This little brig had captured so many of the enemy's merchantmen that a Spanish frigate was specially fitted out, disguised as a merchantman, to bring her to book.

Dundonald, in order to deceive the merchant craft of the enemy, adopted similar tactics and disguised the Speedy as a Danish merchant brig. The two disguised boats soon sighted each other. Dundonald at once gave chase and discovered his mistake when the Spaniard suddenly revealed her true nature and started lowering a boat to examine the Speedy's papers.

But Dundonald was equal to the occasion. He hoisted the yellow flag—signal of sickness. And when the Spanish boat was within half an English officer in Danish uniform shouted that they were only two days out of Algiers. As the plague was raging in Algiers, the ruse was completely successful.—London Chronicle.

### Oldest Chess Problem.

The oldest chess problem on record is thought to be that contained in an ancient Persian manuscript attributed to Caliph Kaifan Mutasin Billah, who reigned in Bagdad A. D. 833 to 842. But the reader would have to learn the old rules before it was intelligible. For example, the queen could make a move of only one square at a time and that on a diagonal, but a queen promoted from a pawn was allowed to make a move of two squares diagonally. The bishop had no power over any square except the third from which it stood on its own diagonal line, but it was allowed to vault over any piece that happened to be between. In short, it was a totally different game. Chess in the precise form in which we know it and play it today is a comparatively modern game.—London Strand Magazine.

### Misnomers of Chemistry.

One of the strangest features of chemistry is the fact that many of the chemical names are misleading and do not describe the articles. Here are a few examples: Oil of vitriol is no oil, neither are oils of turpentine and kerosene. Copperas is an iron compound and contains no copper.

Salts of lemon is the exceedingly poisonous oxalic acid. Carbolic acid is not an acid, but an alcohol. Cobalt contains none of that metal, but arsenic. Soda water has no trace of soda, nor has sulphuric acid of sulphur. Sugar of lead has no sugar, cream of tartar has nothing of cream, nor milk of lime any milk. German silver has no silver and black lead no lead. Mosaic gold is only a sulphide of tin.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### Stopping the Idle Talk.

"Pardon my interrupting you, old chap, but really you're wasting your time."

"What's the matter? Aren't you interested in what I'm saying?"

"Not particularly. Besides, it won't accomplish anything."

"I don't understand you."

"It's no use telling me how your boss ought to run his business. Tell it to him or keep still about it."—Detroit Free Press.

### What He Wanted to Know.

"Here's an article in this magazine entitled 'How to Meet Trouble,'" said Mrs. Wedderly. "Shall I read it to you?"

"No, thank you," replied his wife's husband. "How to dodge trouble is the brand of information I'm looking for."—Chicago News.

### Going Down.

Redd—He started out with a \$8,000 automobile.

Greene—And what car is he using now?

"A street car."—Yonkers Statesman.

### A Definition.

Banquet—A social function at which one endures a poor meal for the sake of the speaking which is to follow and then endures poor speaking for the sake of politeness.—Life.



ATTRACTIVE LINGERIE GOWN.

Futuristic lace motifs are sprinkled thickly over net which is also barred with insertion and edged with lace about the hem of the skirt. The blouse ends in a wide belt, with futuristic blue flowers showing bravely upon it. The collar and cuffs are of lace and the blouse of net, the entire costume worn over a pink satin princess slip.



CHIC TENNIS COSTUME.

The athletic girl is well provided for in the way of costumes this season. Shown here is a chic tennis costume of cream sponge, built very simply, with moderately full skirt, buttoned and pocketed in approved fashion, as is the blouse, which is also yoked. A red patent leather belt and a red silk stock lend color to the costume.



MODISH BLOUSE.

Cream georgette crape was used in the development of this modish blouse. The fastening down the front is effected by large buttons and loops, and the turnover high collar is fastened by smaller buttons.

## A Death Shadow

By F. A. MITCHEL

An officer of the Belgian army was summoned before the king. They were in Flanders, and the Belgians constituted the tip of the left wing of the allied army.

"Captain," said the king, "I wish you to carry a message to the commander of the nearest British troops south of us. Go on foot and on the beach. The distance is short, but is full of danger. You will be as safe on the edge of the water as anywhere. We are not in touch with our allies, but there is no fear of any force pushing into the gap for our rear is defended by the channel. Your danger will come simply from any reconnoitering or other small force that you may happen to meet."

The captain took the message, rolled in a ball the size of a small pill, put it in the lining of his hat, saluted and departed. The hour was dusk. In the eastern sky was a moon in the first quarter. The beach was broad, and the officer walked midway between the line of foam and the dunes.

Was that his shadow down at his left and a trifle in advance of him? No. A shadow must lie in a line with the light interrupted. This one formed an obtuse angle with his body and the moon.

Was it a shadow? It was so faint that he could not tell.

There was a moaning sound to the waves that were washing over a bar not far from the shore. The wind was chilly, and the captain felt a corresponding chill in his heart. He did not like that dark spot or shadow or whatever it was. He looked down on the hard sand to his left. It was there, barely distinguishable, but surely there.

He looked up at the moon. The dark spot surely could not be made by the moon, for it would lie behind him, whereas this was slightly in front of him. He looked at the planet Venus and saw that it was covered at the time by a haze. He cast his eyes again down at his feet, hoping that the dark spot had disappeared. It was still there.

To the south were the lights of a camp; how far he could not tell. That camp was his goal. He wiped himself safely there. At night one cannot readily measure distances, and he could not tell whether the lights were far or near. He longed to reach them to escape that intolerable loneliness which weighed upon him.

He knew that at any moment he might receive a shot in the back or from the front. If it came it would come from the dunes on his left, not from the water. He cast occasional glances in the former direction, turning his head to the rear to see if he was followed. He thought he saw a dark something like the figure of a man against the sky line behind him. If it was a man he was soon in hiding, for it passed into the dark dunes.

He edged down to the verge of the water and walked almost in the foam. The sand was wet and reflected the light of the moon. Beyond were the lights, slowly growing more distinct as he advanced. Usually there was at night desultory firing, not so far from the shore but that it could be heard. Tonight there was absolute silence of war. There was the moaning of the waves on the bar, with their nearer rustle on the beach. This was all.

But that dark spot. It would not go away. The captain tried hard to convince himself that there was no such thing there. He could not. He saw it. Of that he was sure. But it was so faint that he could not always see it. At any rate, he looked at it, concentrating his gaze upon it, till it seemed to fade away. But when he had rested his eyes and looked again there it was.

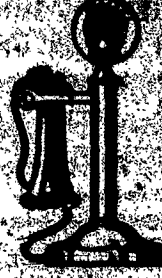
And now the lights of the camp are so near that another ten or fifteen minutes will surely bring him there. The dunes where he looked for danger had flattened, and what rise there was had receded. The sky line was visible, and he could have seen even a crouching figure. But he saw none. A breeze stirred some low weed or bush and sent his heart to beating, but in another moment he saw that it was not a man.

A short distance from the camp he came to a place where reeds grew out of a marshy spot just above the foam line. He must go to the left of them. Scouting danger wherever there was a possibility of it lurking, he gave it a wide berth, passing a hundred yards to the left of it. After leaving it behind him, looking down, he saw that the black spot was directly in line with the reeds. It seemed to him as he walked that the spot advanced, keeping in line with his body and the reeds. Suddenly he felt his legs giving way under him. He fell headlong on the sand, gasped and died.

A figure with a rifle rose up from among the reeds and advanced toward the body. Turning it over with his foot, he looked down into the marble face and upon the uniform and, muttering "Belgian," turned away and sought a German camp not far inland. At the same time a dark cloud covered the moon.

Was what the captain saw the shadow of death? Who can tell? There are more things brought out by war psychology, when men's minds and nerves are strained to the utmost, than we can tell. Many a man who meets his death in the red horror of battle has a gruesome foreboding of his approaching fate. This has been proved in many former wars.

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