

WHY City of Leyden Is Honored by Freeman

Holland never erected a Statue of Liberty at the entrance to its principal city, but long before the American "land of the free and home of the brave," became important on the map...

Why Direct Sunlight Is Avoided by Fishes

The fact that in semi-darkness there is less danger of their being caught by fishermen and other enemies is not the only reason why fish prefer shady sections of water...

Why Bottle Is Reversed

It is easier to keep things cold than hot in a vacuum bottle. The explanation lies in the tendency of heat to rise, and the fact that the opening of the bottle is at the top...

Why Glass Aids Health

"Vitriol" is the name of a new kind of glass which permits a true health-giving sunbath in the home. Ordinary window glass, no matter how clear, cuts off the invisible but strongly vital ultra-violet portion of the solar spectrum almost as effectively as a brick wall...

Why Fat Folks Go South

People who are eager to weigh less should refuse to get on the scales except at the equator. The result will show them several ounces lighter than in Far Northern latitudes, says Dr. Paul R. Heyl of the United States Bureau of Standards.

How to Test Mushrooms

As a final test, if you are in doubt as to whether you have gathered toadstools or mushrooms, boil a silver spoon with the collection. If they are true mushrooms the spoon will not discolor.

Why Aspen Quivers

The aspen leaves are so delicately hung on the stems that the least disturbance in the atmosphere makes them tremble. This is more or less true of all the trees of the cottonwood family.

HOW HOBOLAND IS RULED BY STRONG CASTE SYSTEM

Hobos may all look alike to the average citizen but among themselves they have very definite class distinctions, according to Jim Tully in an article in Liberty. Tully, who is now a well-known writer, was a hobbo and knows hoboland intimately.

Tully points out that in the "jungle," the tramps' meeting place, the "jungle buzzard" is the lowest species of tramp life and is held in contempt by the others. "He is a parasite on the other vagrants," Tully explains.

"The jungle, often, is dominated by the yegg. He is always of strong character and twisted mind. Since leaving the road I have found few men with the terrific force of the yegg. He is quiet, stern, brutal. He will shoot to the death and die smiling."

How Ostrich Escapes From Pursuing Enemy

As soon as ostriches take to their feet, they throw a shower of rocks and dirt to the rear. The shower of rocks is very considerable, and would give severe punishment to any creature that might attempt to follow. The bird that follows somewhat in the rear of the flock must turn aside or retreat. It may duck its head down and escape more of the rocks than it would otherwise do. The head and neck are the only vulnerable parts, the rest of the body being covered by a heavy coating of strong feathers.

How Metals Are Classified

Iron, a metallic element in the same chemical group as platinum, and often used as the tip for fountain pens, is the hardest pure metal, according to tests recently made by A. Mallock, and announced in the English scientific magazine Nature. Molybdenum is the next hardest, with tungsten third. Nickel is the hardest of the common metals as it ranks fifth, the rare metal rhodium coming in fourth.

How Air Yields Gold

Picking gold out of the air is a new process of economy practiced by the United States government. In its New York assay office an electrical apparatus collects fine particles of gold that would otherwise be released into the air of the city through a smoke stack. Out of 5,000 pounds of dust gathered from the fumes of the assay plant, \$12,400 worth of gold has been reclaimed, the office announced at the middle of March.

How Microbes Are Known

Not long ago it was almost impossible to distinguish between good and bad microbes, and margarine makers were often confronted by mysterious failures. They could have declared that nothing had been neglected, that the correct process of manufacture had been carried out.

Among the Down and Outs

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

EVA slipped off her dainty afternoon frock of love-in-a-mist blue, hung it in her wardrobe, and took down a cotton frock of dusty brown. The latter was a work frock—solely and strictly a work frock—for Eva would soon be on her way toward Battery park and the coffee-stall where tightly she dispensed hot coffee and sandwiches to the Down-and-Outs of that neighborhood.

Eva had rented the coffee-stall and its equipment for a month and thoroughly enjoyed a fragment of life she had not hitherto known. Not that she had always known a degree of affluence. Eva had worked long and hard for the possession of the dainty, fat and its comfortable furnishings which she now enjoyed.

Eva wasn't dispensing coffee because she loved being among the Down-and-Outs, but simply because she must enlarge her scope for story writing. She wrote the type of stories that were gradually creeping into "moe" holds and in return brought back increasingly large checks.

"I must progress," Eva decided. "I don't want to remain stationary in my work." Consequently she joined the ranks of staff holders in Battery park and had ample opportunity to enlarge her mental outlook.

There was one other down in Battery park also enlarging his mental outlook, but his look was straying more toward the development of his romantic capacity. He was, in fact, casting many a glance of deep interest at the wide-eyed girl.

He fell to wondering, as he consumed endless cups of her coffee just what kind of eye had put her where she was instead of in an exquisitely furnished drawing-room—a far more fitting background than the row of hot dogs, chipped cups and steaming coffee urns.

And the back of Eva's mind was not lacking in speculation regarding the young man in the shabby knickers and outrageous necktie.

She scoffed at the idea that he might be down there for the same purpose as herself—to study humanity in this stratum.

"Those things only happen in the movies and the lesser type of dime novel," she told herself, but she continued none the less her guarded study of him, telling herself firmly that she had chosen him as a type. She would catalogue him merely as an unusually attractive type of Down-and-Outer who must, at one time of his career, have been possessed of great opportunities.

Eva knew, by the keen look in his eyes, that the hangdog glance of the gutter inhabitant would never beam back his countenance.

His language, on the other hand, was strikingly atrocious. Eva thought she had never heard anything so expert butchering of the king's English.

Eva came very near hitting the mark in her surmise for young W. Owen James had spent many troubled hours in an endeavor to master a dialect that would put him on a speaking level, as it were, with that element of human kind of which he was making a close study.

His second play was nearing completion and before many days had passed young James would cast off the physical and mental mire of the derelict and revert to his natural element—that of scholar and gentleman.

Eva, for some unknown reason, always hung on a cloak of armor when James approached the stall with his conferees. Perhaps it was to guard herself since she was a loss to know just where to catalogue him in the gallery of derelicts. She succeeded in baffling him as well as herself.

When rehearsals began for the new play, young James was forced away from the Battery by a need of his presence on Broadway.

Eva, too, had lodged the coffee stall again with its rightful holder and repaired to her dainty apartment with a fine plot for the "movies." Her typewriter clicked incessantly. Her heart, too, when it had time, thumped a dull tattoo, when the eyes of a certain Down-and-Outer intruded into her fast-moving plot. She couldn't forget him and wondered if she had begun to lose her mind—pining for a bit of masculine driftwood from Battery park.

The play received a rousing welcome. The author was called and stepped shyly out to thank his audience in words that prompted Eva to surmise that he had bathed his vocabulary in the limpid pools of the king's English, so exquisite was his speech.

John, the Poet on Ice

By JANE OSBORN

SALLY CARR felt like a naughty little girl having her own way when she told John Horner that he might see her home that cold, clear night in February. As usual, there were several of the young men who had expressed the hope, that they might lay the two blocks with her that lay between her house and the clubhouse where those informal neighborhood dances were held twice a week all winter.

There were Tom and Kendrick and Rodney. She knew that if she accepted the offer of any one of those three the other two, while in a measure disappointed, would have approved. They were birds of a feather, each in the estimation of the other a "regular fellow." But John Horner was a queer fish, to put it mildly.

He read too much, studied too hard and loafed too little. Though the same age as the others, he had gone off to college two years before they were even through high school. He had even contrived to save enough money working in vacations to pay for six months abroad after he left college. Now he was working in a magazine office somewhere in the city and it was said that he had sold poetry and was writing a novel.

When Sally first danced with John that evening at the club she was a little embarrassed because she felt that she was taller than he. She felt relieved when she saw in a mirror at the end of the room that they were practically the same height. Still Sally wished that John were just a trifle taller. Tom Kendrick and Rodney were all six feet or more. But when she sat talking with John after that first dance she forgot his stature.

He was telling her in an amusing incident of his short stay in Algiers the summer before. Later they spoke of poetry—and Sally asked him if she might some time see something he had written.

"I'll recite it to you if you'll let me," said John.

He asked if he might walk home with her and she said he might.

"I'm glad," said John. "Because I want to recite that poem to you. It's a matter of fact, I wrote it to you. It's a funny sort of thing. I would like to hear, first thing, but I can't say it here. I have to be outdoors."

Sally and John were walking out of the clubhouse that sharp February evening. Deep ruts in the snow and a smooth glare of ice over much of the road made motoring unessential and almost all of the dancers chose to walk home.

Sally was aware that Kendrick walking with Rodney's sister and Tom walking with Kendrick's cousin with Rodney in tow were walking abreast not far behind her. Apparently they found something very amusing.

At the conviction that that something was the vision of the other of herself and John walking up the icy hill. She asked John to recite his poem. "But not too loud," she warned, "some one may be listening."

John began. It was really a rather nice bit of verse. Sally was too confused to hear much of the first four lines—and the last four she never heard, at least until several months later. But she did catch enough of them to know that they expressed ardent devotion—and Sally remembered that John had said he had written the lines to her. The hand of the poet holding her arm so firmly bent a strange thrill into Sally's young heart—and then, unexpectedly, the head became tighter, painfully tight, and Sally felt suddenly that the slippy ground had been pulled out from under her. It seemed as if the cold sky above turned a sudden half circle and then she landed, but on something unexpected,ly soft.

When she came to a full realization of just what had happened it was to hear a chorus of rough hurrahs and screams—his name, Rodney, Tom and Kendrick were standing over her and so were Rodney's sister and Kendrick's cousin. And Sally realized as they looked down upon her that she was sitting squarely and firmly on John Horner's stomach.

"I'm sure I don't see anything to laugh at," said Sally, but apparently John did. At least as soon as he had scrambled to his feet he managed to join the others in their laughter. Kendrick suggested that one of the boys try had better help John home—to keep him from slipping—while another had better walk on with Sally. "She might sit on you again," said Rodney. Sally looked at John. Standing there beside the others he looked very short—almost insignificant. Then she remembered the four lines he had begun to recite. Tears came into her eyes. "I think we can manage very well alone," Sally told the others. So they went on up the hill together, walking very gingerly, arm in arm.

"I won't try to go on with the verses," John told her. "Walking on ice and spouting poetry apparently don't go well together."

"But I think what I heard was very beautiful," Sally said. John stood still and held her to him, looking straight into her eyes, that seemed like jewelry in the faint starlight. "You know I love you," he said. "But after what happened, of course, you can only despise me. You were very, very kind, not to send me off before the others."

"But I don't want to send you off," said Sally. "John—love you."

Red Light in the Universal Danger Signal

People have sometimes wondered why danger signals on railroads are red. Why is this put in a red light as a warning instead of some other color? The answer is simple. A red light is a warning signal because the color of red is the color of blood, the natural danger signal. But the real reason is given by Harry A. Stewart in the American Magazine in quite a commonplace.

White light was barred, of course, because the engineer might mistake the light in a window of a street light for a signal. Red was chosen because the red rays are less easily obscured by fog or smoke than any other color (except white) and can, therefore, be seen farther under adverse conditions. The red beam has 40 per cent the intensity of white light; green has 20 per cent, and violet is still lower.

As it is important that the danger signal be visible at the greatest possible distance and in the red beam has the greatest intensity of any of the colors, it was chosen for the danger light. Green on the railroad is the safety light.

Why Chinese Refuse to Submit to Worry

This is Thomas H. Bentley's explanation given in his "Chinese Fantasies" as why the Chinese do not worry. "They do not think in terms of years, but of centuries."

"A man's life is but a prologue of that of his father and of his countless grandfathers, and will not be allowed to transmit the individual in him down through eternity."

"Building up a government is a waste. It is not a thing to be done in haste. Better take a couple of centuries."

"Meanwhile, there is time for the pipe and the game. Of use to a man, it is pleasant to build a government."

How to Renovate Wood

To destroy the white ants which are removing paint from the interior woodwork, wash the wood with a solution of soda of the alkali and wash with a solution of water. This will destroy the white ants and the wood will be ready to be painted again with warm water.

How to Grow Wheat

Some of the plants for which wheat was first found during the World War were: Spinach, clover, alfalfa, and other plants which were used as substitutes for wheat. These plants were used for making livestock feed, and for making human food. In Germany eventually a substitute for coffee was made from carrots, and yellow turnips, because of the shortage of wheat. In the United States, wheat was used to make a substitute for coffee.

Why Yew in Churchyards

Why were yew trees planted in English churchyards? Several reasons have been given by readers of a London newspaper. One is that they were planted there because they had their gloomy appearance. Another is that yew trees were believed to be poisonous and so were planted to discourage crime from wandering in church property. In ancient days bows and arrows were made from yew and churchyards were regarded as safe places for assassinations.

Why Fishes Give Light

Scientists have not been able to determine just exactly how fishes produce their light. It is possible, however, that the light is produced by a chemical process involving at least two separate chemicals in addition to the oxygen in the air. When the two chemicals are mixed with oxygen from the air, the light is produced. The insect seems to be able to produce the light at will.

Why Rainbow Is Circular

The rainbow is caused by light from the sun passing into a drop of water, and out again after reflection from the far side. Since the drops are spherical, hence are quite alike no matter how turned, it follows that the angle between the lines from drop to an eye must always be the same. Whether the drop be high or near the ground, this as you easily can see, requires that the rainbow as viewed by an observer must appear circular.

Why Silver Becomes Blue

Silver becomes blue when exposed to the air because that the oxygen in the air reacts with the silver and forms a blue compound. This compound is called silver oxide.

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