

THINGS YOU SELDOM SEE.

THE world is full of wonderful things that not more than one out of a million of us ever sees. A few of them photographed by patient and intelligent naturalists are shown on this page.

There is hardly a trick known to man that some little insect has not learned before him.

The praying mantis of southern France is a pious-looking insect that sits for hours in an attitude of innocence and quietness with its forelegs raised as if in prayer, but this attitude is entirely misleading, for it is designed to entrap unwary insects. The object of the mantis we then find is not to pray, but to prey.

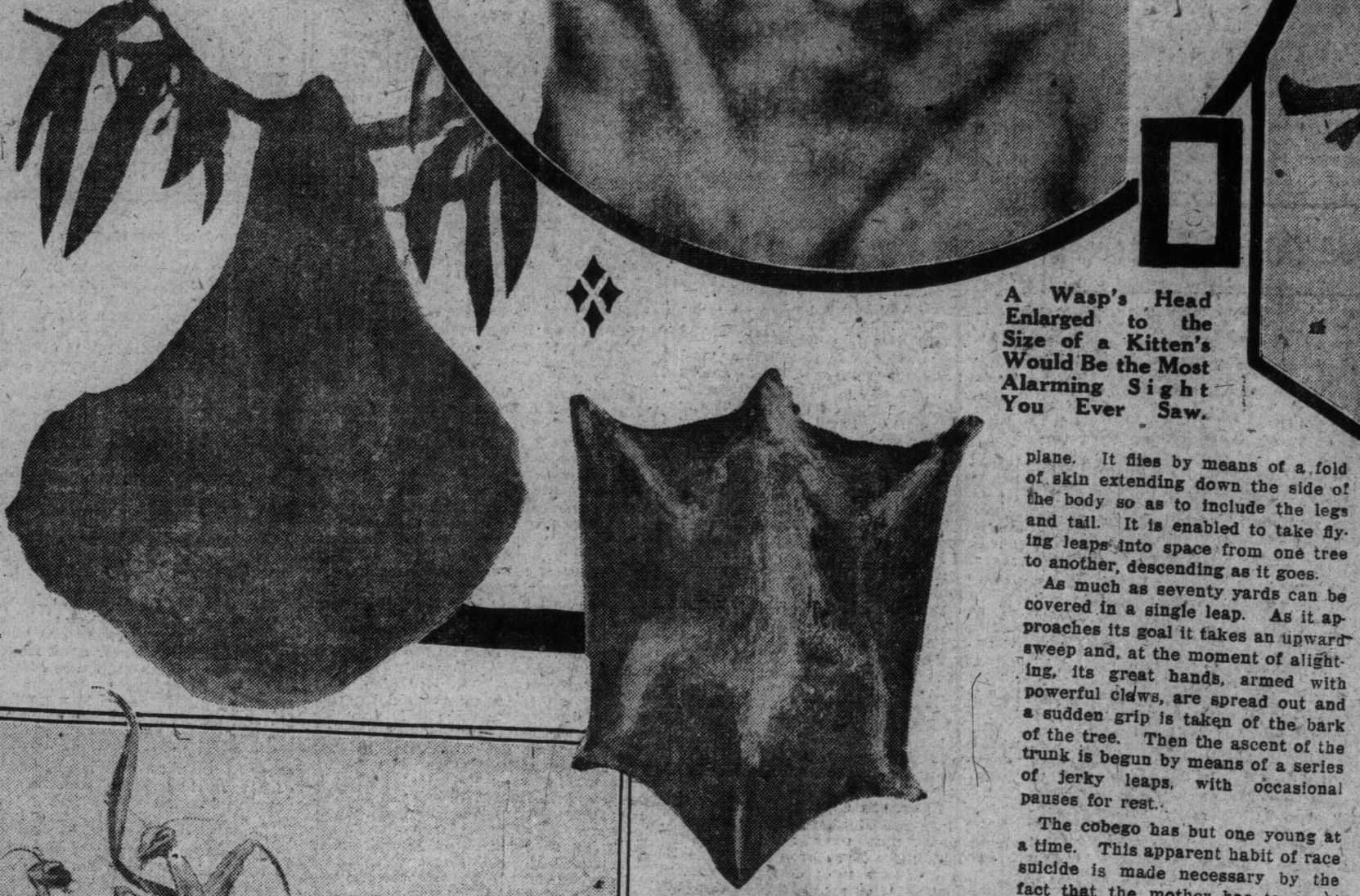
The mantis requires living food—flies, grasshoppers, caterpillars, etc., but being slow of foot it has to catch its quarry by craft. It sits among the grass or leaves with its head held loftily erect. Its color may be green or brown, harmonizing with its surroundings so perfectly that it can only be recognized with difficulty. It then awaits the approach of a victim, and sometimes will remain motionless for several hours.

If the mantis sights prey a little way off, but not near enough to effect its capture, it steals slowly and almost imperceptibly toward it. When within striking distance its forelegs are suddenly thrown forward and in an instant the victim is grasped between the two thighs of these saw-like legs, after which it is ravenously devoured. If prey is abundant, however, it often happens that fresh victims are continually

captured and partly eaten, as if the insect enjoys the sheer love of killing.

The male mantis has a difficult task on hand when he goes love making. The female is both larger and stronger than he is, and should his advances prove unacceptable, he rarely has the opportunity of retreating, for her refusal takes the form of killing and eating him.

The cobeco is an extraordinary



A Wasp's Head Enlarged to the Size of a Kitten's Head Would Be the Most Alarming Sight You Ever Saw.

The Fly That Prays to Deceive His Victims, the Bat That Imitates a Fruit and Other Artful Little Monsters

sters of the deep a dozen times a day and yet they would never discover, save by the merest accident, that they were passing flesh and blood. The coloration of its odd looking body matches its surroundings not less perfectly than its shape.

These curious creatures have methods of raising their young entirely different from those of all other fish. In the pipe fish and sea-horse, the eggs are carried in a pouch under the tail, or imbedded in

busy wasp's nest leaves no doubt in the mind of the intelligent observer that these are the organs by which communication is made with one another. They also serve the purpose of ears.

The large compound eyes with their numerous lenses, so unlike human eyes, also present a very terrifying appearance under a microscope. Strange to say, between these large eye-masses on the top of the head are three simple eyes. Why the wasp should need three simple eyes and two large com-

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The Artful Praying Mantis That Assumes an Attitude of Prayer to Deceive Its Prey.

The Odd Cobeco Bat of the Philippines, and How It Imitates a Fruit.

fyling creature found in the Philippine islands, which has the power of making itself look like a fruit. It hangs suspended, back downward, and the feet placed together, and the head thrust in between the forelegs so that it looks like a large fruit commonly found in the forests of this part of the world. The resemblance is more complete owing to the light spots on the dark brown skin. Thus disguised it rests in security, for prowling hawks and other meat-eating animals pass it by unnoticed.

The cobeco is about two feet long and built like an animated aeo-

plane. It flies by means of a fold of skin extending down the side of the body so as to include the legs and tail. It is enabled to take flying leaps into space from one tree to another, descending as it goes.

As much as seventy yards can be covered in a single leap. As it approaches its goal it takes an upward sweep and, at the moment of alighting, its great hands, armed with powerful claws, are spread out and a sudden grip is taken of the bark of the tree. Then the ascent of the trunk is begun by means of a series of jerky leaps, with occasional pauses for rest.

The cobeco has but one young at a time. This apparent lack of race suicide is made necessary by the fact that the mother has to carry her offspring with her wherever she goes. Even this considerably hampers her freedom of action when necessity compels a leap into mid-air in search of fresh food. The young one, which is at first quite naked, is carried across the mother's breast for a considerable time, until it is able to leap with safety after its parent.

The sea dragon, as its name indicates, is a very terrible-looking creature, but it is so small that it is harmless. This curious little fish is covered with fantastic trappings, which are portions of its own skin, loose and flowing, and cut, so to speak, so as to look like the fronds of the seaweed amid which it lives. Thus disguised it can pass among the most ravenous sharks and mon-

The Curious Sea Dragon That Imitates Sea Weed and Nurses Its Young in Kangaroo Fashion.

purpose. After the eggs have hatched the pouch serves as a nursery for the young, after the fashion of kangaroos. Strange to say, the male fishes show a great deal of interest in and affection for their young, a peculiarity found in no other member of the fish family.

If the head of a wasp were enlarged to the size of a kitten's head we should see a more terrifying monster than any that lives in the world today.

The wasp has large horny jaws, which work sideways instead of up and down, like those of men and other animals. They serve to rasp wood fibre into paper for nest building purposes, to bite into fruit, or to cut off the wings of a captured fly. When the wasp is biting hard and stance the transparent tongue and other delicate organs of the mouth are withdrawn into a receptacle within the lower part of the head. The head bears a very conspicuous pair of feelers. A glance into a

pair of eyes-masses with thousands of lenses in them is still a mystery to scientists. Evidently the wasp sees things differently from human beings, and makes good use of its peculiar powers of vision, for its intelligence is amazing.

The hover fly is a useful insect that has the power of looking like a bud on a tree so perfectly that other insects are deceived and fall victims to it. The hover fly devours the green flies or "blight" which attack green peas and other useful vegetables. This noble fly is armed with a three-pronged fork in its mouth with which it spears the green fly that unwarily tries to settle on it.

Taking No Risks.

"There is one question I want to ask you, George dear," said the dear girl who had promised to merge her future with him. "When we are married, will you expect me to bake my own bread?"

"You may do as you like about it, darling," replied the diplomatic candidate for matrimonial honors, "but I certainly shall insist upon your not baking mine."

As Jenkin-Smith did not dance, and Mrs. Smith was a jolly little woman to whom the few dainties—some dancing men from town and so on—were only too pleased to be introduced, I do not think that either of them realized there was a dead set being made against them.

I saw nothing of the brother-in-law, and could only conclude that my hands being full with Mrs. Jenkin-Smith, Elinor had taken him under her wing. I was inclined to envy him. Because, of Elinor, the truth is more than a physiological one, that the more one is under the wing the nearer one is to the heart.

My aunt, seated amongst the matrons—and others who, in years, if in no other respect, were qualified for matrimony—beckoned me to her side.

WHAT WAS THE INDISCRETION OF ELINOR

By F. Harris Deans

THE morning after her arrival Elinor peeped into the library where I was at work.

"Oh, are you busy?" she said.

"I had picked up my pen when I heard her step."

"No," I said, turning toward her. "Whatever my answer, she would have come in."

"Don't you want a walk in such a lovely morning as this?" she inquired, coming hesitatingly into the room.

"Fortunately for you," I replied, composedly, "I do not."

"Fortunately?" she insisted, in puzzled tones.

"Well, don't you want to tell me all about it?"

"All about it?" All about what? She looked somewhat startled. "Well, I do, but I don't know how you knew."

"Gessed it," I said complacently. "I knew there was something the moment I saw you. You looked so—"

Elinor stood regarding me defiantly, while I strove for a word.

"Indiscreet," I cried, triumphantly. "You looked indiscreet."

"No," she said in alarm. "Did I? Truly?"

"I don't suppose anybody else noticed it, though," I reassured her.

"She gave a sigh of relief."

"That's all right then." She walked toward the fireplace and poised one foot on the fender.

"I don't believe you noticed anything either," she declared, after a moment's pause, "because there wasn't anything to see."

"What do you think really happened?" I wish you wouldn't leave so many loose ends in your conversation," I said irritably. "Happened? When?"

"Well, your night of course, we've talked about last night, aren't we?"

"Now we may be," I conceded, "but a moment ago."

"Never mind about a moment ago. You haven't answered my question."

"How do I know what happened?"

"Well, you might try to guess, you needn't be mean."

"With you," I pleaded, "there are always so many possibilities—or, as your mother would regard them, impossibilities. You may have fallen in love with a porter, or even—I surveyed her critically—"of even," I was forced to admit, "a porter may have fallen in love with you."

Elinor shook her skirts down, with an expression of indignation, and turned and faced me.

"You're very rude," she declared. "After that, I won't tell you another word."

"All right," I said agreeably. I bent my head over my work. "How do you spell 'happened'?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"Only that I'm writing it. I thought it would be interesting to know how to spell it."

"I should be ashamed," declared Elinor, disdainfully. "You are ignorant." She paused and turned irresolutely toward the door. "Don't you really want me to tell you about my adventure?"

"It looks nearer with three 's's,'" I murmured punitively. "What 'ras that you said? And don't tap on the fender in that irritating way."

"You're only doing this to make me angry, so I just won't be."

"You've got yourself in a scrape and want me to get you out," I taunted her. "That's why all this restraint."

"I haven't done anything of the sort," she returned indignantly.

"Unexpectedly she gurgled delightedly."

"Well, yes, I have in a way," she admitted. She planted herself in an armchair in front of the fire, "I simply must tell you. Do be a dear and listen. Come over here, near."

"I rose reluctantly and crossed to the fireplace."

"Sit here," she said, tapping the arm of her chair.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," I objected coolly. "I caught the suggestion in her eye. 'You're afraid,' I simply don't want to."

Elinor shrugged her shoulders disbelievingly.

"I don't care where you sit," she declared. "Only—I hope you'll be uncomfortable in that chair."

"The story," I commanded, lighting a cigarette.

"It's too funny for anything," she cried. "Guess who I came down with last night?"

I shook my head.

"You might try," she said, somewhat aggrieved at my continued lack of interest. "The curate's brother-in-law." She looked at me with sparkling eyes.

"Yes?" I said, blowing a smoke ring and watching it gradually fade in the air.

"Our curate's brother-in-law," she explained. "That nice man with the pretty wife, whom everybody snubs so."

"Was his wife with him?" I inquired.

"Don't be silly—and—ah—horrid. It's the curate who's got the wife. The Rev. Jenkin-Smith."

"Not at all a bad sort," I commented. "Only it was foolish of him to have a name like Smith, isn't it?"

"Yes, isn't it a shame. We are a snobby gang, aren't we. Because he's really a gentleman, isn't he. I don't mean one of the nature sort."

"Never having heard him mention the fact," I remarked, "I darsay he is."

"His brother-in-law is a dear."

"How do you— Oh, you came down with him, you say."

"That's what I'm trying to tell you, only you won't listen. He was in the same carriage."

"How did you know who he was?"

"Elinor opened her eyes in surprise."

"Why, he told me, of course. Why should he have said he was if he wasn't? He's on a visit."

"I regarded her with some disapproval."

"Does your mother know of this habit of yours?"

"What habit?"

"Of speaking to strangers."

"Don't be so absurd. I didn't speak to him. He asked me. I preferred the window open or shut."

"Oh, I don't blame him," I said glibly. "I've done the same myself."

"Did it answer?" Elinor suddenly lost interest in her own story and looked at me with an encouraging smile.

"Don't be vulgar," I said. "Besides, this is your episode, not mine. Which did you prefer it?"

"Quite, I think, or—oh shut. I'm not quite sure. Anyway, it doesn't matter. He's coming to our dance."

"Did you ask him?"

"Don't be silly; of course not. Besides, I don't even know his name."

"He'll get chucked out if he tries to get in without a card. It's not like a London affair. Here everybody knows everybody

else."

Elinor sighed impatiently.

"As if he'd try to do a thing like that. The man's a gentleman. His sister, Mrs. Smith you know, asked mother if she could bring him, weeks ago."

"And you don't know his name? Does he know yours?"

"No. That's the best of it." She regarded me doubtfully. "Or is it the worst?"

"I shrugged my shoulders. After all, the moral of a story depends a good deal on the point of view."

"Say that's the attraction of it," I suggested. "Let it go at that."

"Well, it will be rather interesting; don't you think?" she smiled happily.

"I'll try another cigarette."

"Look here," I said, as I blew out the match. "I don't ask to know what happened in the train, but I bet you what you like you blub when he comes in."

"Nothing did happen in the train. And I bet you I don't. What shall it be a new muff?"

"If anybody's died, and left me a fortune," I mentioned, "and this is your method of breaking the news."

"Idiot! What will you bet then?"

"A pair of gloves to a box of cigarettes."

"One pair? I didn't think you were as stingy as all that."

"Two pairs then—against a hundred."

"What brand?"

"As if you didn't know. Your guv'nor keeps them on the top shelf of the cabinet."

"Second shelf?" corrected Elinor. She stopped suddenly and gazed at me (figuring, I believe I had shut one of my eyes for a moment). "You're quite wrong," she said disdainfully. "I never do. Besides, he's always got his keys, so I can't."

"It's all right," I assured her. "I shan't ask any questions. Now, if you've told me everything you can't keep to yourself, I'm along and worry somebody else. I'm busy."

"With a pout Elinor rose to her feet. "If politeness were a virtue," she declared, surveying herself in the mirror, "you wouldn't be fit for a young girl to speak to. Still, I will. You've not been very interesting, have you?"

"It's my respectability," I pleaded in excuse. "However, I found your adven-

ture intensely interesting."

"After that," said Elinor, "I'm going."

In the doorway she paused, to call back warningly over her shoulder:

"You're not to kick me under the table at lunch. Mind that!"

When Elinor said the inhabitants of Apsley were a snobby gang, she was regretably slangy, but she scored a bull in the way of truth. Only they did not regard themselves as snobbish; they prided themselves on being select. There is little to be said of the point of view between the two qualities.

The Rev. Jenkin-Smith's offense had been twofold.

The least that one can expect of one's curate is that she shall marry in his own parish. The fact that he came into our district already supplied with a wife dashed the not unreasonable hopes of our daughters to the ground.

That Mrs. Smith was decidedly pretty and wore furs considerably beyond her husband's income did little to assuage this disappointment.

We were polite to the Jenkin-Smiths; to have been less would have been against our principles; to have been more would have been against our instincts.

As Mrs. Wendover said, if he had only spelled it with a "y" or an "e," how different everything would have been!

"That they should have been invited to their son's annual dance was no more than their due; their position demanded that recognition."

Where it was felt was my aunt had made her mistake was in giving permission to Mrs. Smith to bring her brother. She had made the request—my aunt admitted—with as much assurance as if she had been Mrs. Wendover herself. And everybody knew that Mrs. Wendover's brother was in the Guards.

In the younger circles there was considerable discussion—not to be taken entirely seriously, because—as to how he would be dressed. Miss Wendover, in an appalling flight of imagination, even speculated in a frock coat! However, these speculations had their serious side. To my own knowledge three bets were booked as to whether he would wear a ready-made tail.

It was of course an unfortunate accident that the Jenkin-Smiths and their

visitor arrived somewhat late, and entered unannounced.

I chanced to be by Elinor's side when they came in.

"Did I really?" she whispered, somewhat startled.

I nodded. At any rate it had been a distinct flush.

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"Bring Elinor to me at once," she whispered, sharply. "People are looking; they'll be talking to-night."

If I had not won my box of cigarettes before, I should have then.

"Yes," I replied. "I'm to take you to your mother. And Allington, it's about time you were introduced to your hostess, isn't it?"

"Oh," cried Elinor. "Do you know Mr. Allington?"

"Allington," I said, distinctly, "A—L—E—R—E—R." She stammered and looked at me. "Richard," said a voice behind me. I turned and perceived my aunt and Mrs. Wendover.

"Hello, auntie," I cried, "let me introduce Lord Allington to you."

Of the three I think that Mrs. Wendover was the most surprised.

Indeed if the expression on her face was any indication of her feelings, I am inclined to pity her.

The discovery that Mrs. Jenkin-Smith, whom she had invariably snubbed, was the sister of the famous Lord Allington and a "Lady" in her own right, must, to a person of her instincts, have been the bitterest humiliation.

However, the wedding present was in the very best taste.

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