

NOTES AND COMMENTS

One of the many problems of the human body in which vast numbers of persons take a keen, practical interest, and yet upon which science has been able to throw little light, is that concerning the color of the hair.

The other day a British physician reported a case that had come under his treatment in which the use of hypnotism was curiously connected with a change in the color of the hair.

Theories as to the cause of the color of the hair turn mainly on its chemical constituents, and among these iron has special attention. Dark hair seems to contain more iron than blonde and red hair has about as much iron as dark hair; but the negroes with their dark hair have no iron at all in the pigment.

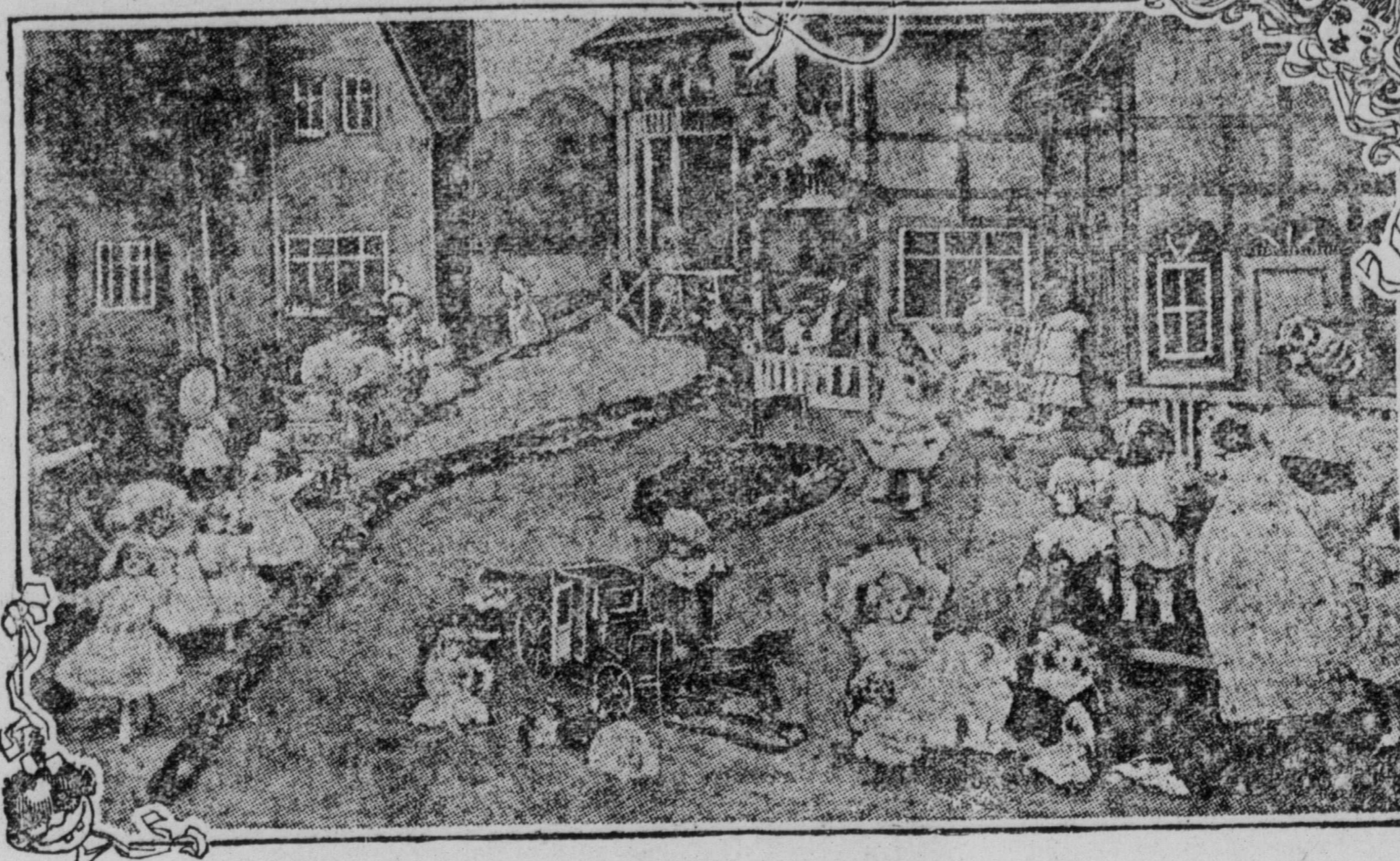
Two English novelists, Richard Whiteing and H. G. Wells, have been expressing bold, heterodox views on reading, and a lively controversy has been stirred up by their curious advice to the average lover of letters.

But here he fell into several fallacies, and there was still greater logical lapse in the conclusion that, because the modern novel was apt to deal with modern problems and conditions, with modern types and characters, it was distinctly advisable to confine one's reading to journalism and modern fiction.

This is astonishing superficial and un-sound. In the first place, it is sheer question begging to say that every classic is a fossil, because, forsooth, it does not deal with the concrete problems that engage our thoughts today.

In the second place, it is true that the average reader is not interested in the past, in the development of our institutions and morals and manners? Is it true that the novels of Scott, George Eliot, Dickens and Thackeray are "dead"? Must we forego the delight of great art because it fails to touch the minimum wage, the suffragette agitation, old-age pensions, child labor

DOLLVILLE'S CELEBRATION



"NOTHING LESS THAN A TOY VILLAGE—A REAL DOLLVILLE"

LITTLE GIRL was thinking. You could tell that by the tiny puckers in her brow. Little Boy wasn't thinking. Indeed, it was very seldom that one found Little Boy thinking; he preferred DOING.

Neither Little Girl nor Little Boy knew that Anabelle heard; nor did they hear her quietly whisper: "Can't come true? We'll see about that."

Anabelle, you must know, was the clever-witted French doll. It rhaps you may remember how, long ago, she organized the Dollville Gazette, which failed upon the death of its editor, the French dragoon.

Wireless electricity is French electricity and was born in the city of Lyons. It is electrical power transmitted without wires. It may be called an extension of the wireless use of electricity.

BRIGHTENING MONKEY LIVES. Expensive Apes Provided With a Small Boy as Playmate to Keep Them Well.

The Zoological Gardens at Copenhagen have recently acquired two expensive apes, and to keep them in good spirits a small boy has been placed in the cage, whose sole duty is to play with the apes and keep them amused.

It is curious, he says, "how the mood of a chimpanzee influences his health. Keep him cheerful and interested and his innate disposition to die of consumption may be checked. Let him get fered and he will turn his thoughts to the tomb."

A curiously human trait this, supporting the Darwinian theory that the ape is nearest cousin to man in the scale of evolution from the tadpole stage to the form which we now temporarily adopt.

And there is no doubt that the experiment will be a great success. Only a boy can see eye to eye with a member of the monkey tribe; only a boy understands thoroughly how best to give exhibitions of that elementary humor of the knockabout order which will make an ape clap his paws in applause.

girl who now furnished her with a suggestion, and a brilliant one at that. That evening, Mr. Dollville was summoned to a meeting of importance. Here it was at last decided to show common mortals how much less they knew about games and plays than did the dolls themselves.

Were they surprised? You should have seen them! It was Little Boy who, after breakfast, Mr. Dollville was summoned to a meeting of importance.

It is quite certain that in the matter of monkey tricks the Copenhagen apes will be unable to teach their human companion anything, that is if the companion is the average sort of boy.

How boyishly human! What parent when toothed or some other rube has suddenly attacked the juvenile offspring with a pain so excruciating as to render all ideas of devotional or educational duties for the moment impossible?

WANTED—Smart boy as companion to young chimpanzee. Must be active, with cheerful disposition. To live in airy and well warmed cage. Apply, etc.

FRANCE TO REMOVE CONVICTS. Those in New Caledonia Will be Sent to Islands in Pacific.

Information has reached Sydney, Australia, from Noumea that the French Government has at last decided to begin the work of repatriating certain classes of convicts in New Caledonia.

Women who are sent to the islands in the Pacific for petty crimes are to be permitted to return to their homes, and eventually further repatriation is to proceed.

It has always been a sore point with Australians that their competitors in the colonization of the French and British groups of Pacific islands should perpetuate that "birth stain" which they have long ago relegated to school histories and stories of the "bad old convict days."

round-eyed and wondering before the astonishing sight. For built upon the floor was nothing less than a magnificent toy village—a real Dollville! And handsome dollies were walking about, and other men dolls were riding around on horseback, and some there were a-motoring; baby dolls were being wheeled about by their nurses; in tiny shops one could see tiny workmen making toys that were finer, still—oh, it was all too wonderful for anything!

Little Girl and Little Boy lay peacefully sleeping, little dreaming of these great preparations for their surprise on the morrow.

Remained Two Hours in a Decomposing Mass of Whale's Blubber.

A remarkable story comes from Australia. There is a place in that country called Twofold Bay, which is a whaling station and also a seaside resort. A man who had dined not wisely but too well, and had partaken of the cup which cheers and inebriates, was walking with a couple of friends on the shore.

QUEEN A LOVER OF CATS. Other English Ladies Also Have Extensive Feline Collections.

The love of English women of rank for cats is the subject of wondering recognition in an article in a German newspaper. It is recorded as especially wonderful that Queen Alexandra is a leader in the fad.

LEAP YEAR. The girl proposed. Her luck was sad. The chap referred. Her to his dad.

MYSTERY OF JUDITH LEE

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENT.

Judith was shipwrecked and cast up on the coast when a baby, and was adopted by Tommy Lee's father. Tommy and Judith grew up together as brother and sister, in their college there was Miss Tommy, a scientist and inventor.

TOMMY was the first to speak. "If your pardon," said he, very politely, "can you tell me the name of this island?"

"It has no name that I know of," replied the girl. Her voice, though sweet, was strangely drawing, and she spoke with an effort, as though unused to conversation.

Without more ado, Marjory led the way toward the shore. Shortly they arrived at a little cove, well protected from the waters outside.

Marjory deftly drew the boat close to the landing and touched a little button at the side of the turret; whereupon a lid flew up, disclosing the interior of the tiny vessel.

Little Girl, still too surprised to speak, nodded her head. And so the playthings continued to play, until Little Girl and Little Boy became Big Girl and Big Boy and the toys were all worn out with their efforts.

Never-never-land, of course—the country of magic, where no one may now enter who has not the fairy password. Perhaps some time an elf or fairy may whisper it to YOU, and then YOU'll be as surprised as Little Girl and Little Boy were.

platform. Sliding back a glass partition in the bottom of their boat, Marjory pushed a button on the surface of the platform. All at once a metal sheet flashed across the top of the "chimney," thus preventing more water from entering.

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USHERED INTO THE PRESENCE OF PROFESSOR LIVINGSTON

bottom of the craft was entirely of glass, the two had ample opportunity to examine the animal and vegetable life so beautiful and abundant in these tropical seas.

Marjory steered for the exact center of the basin, until Tommy and Judith saw far beneath them what appeared to be an immense house. Then the boat began to sink slowly, down and down—right into a chimney of this strange house built under the water.

A SWIMMING CONTEST. The benevolent old gentleman, who was greatly interested in boys and their sports, offered a prize to the boy who could capture a duck let loose in the swimming-pond.

Seven boys lined up on the edge of the pond, the duck was let loose, and after a signal, in plunged the boys after it. Joe was quickly in the lead, and the fowl was almost within his reach.

FOUND IT SO. Biggs—"How quiet and homelike is this place—so still, nobody speaking a word!"

HIS SHARE. "The world owes me a living." The lazy person said; "The cynic cried, 'You have it, That's why you aren't dead.'"

THE RETORT COURTEOUS. "You had the nerve to marry me for my money, sir." "Well, madam, you certainly have not the face to suggest that I married you for your beauty!"

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