New Facts from Science and Life

HOW MAPS HELP HUN U-BOATS TO LOCATE THEIR PREY

The accompanying map of the British Isles, with its numbered squares, reproduced from a part of a German map discovered in Norway and lately released for publication by the French censor, shows how the German navy plotted the North Sea and English Channel for the use of its submarines.

By the use of a special code the departure of every vessel, its tonnage, speed, route and whether it was a ship of commerce or of war, was wirelessed to the submarine by spies in certain coast towns of the adjacent waters.

The description of the vessels is designated in the following way: "Wooden box, series 1, means a warship with one smokestack. Series 2, two smokestacks, and so on. Packing case, series 3, means armored cruiser, three smokestacks. Metal box, series 2, 3 or 4, means light cruiser, two, three or four smokestacks. Barrel, series 2, 3 or 4, means destroyer, two, three or four smokestacks. Barrel, series 1, means a torpedoboat, while the submarines are designated as "samples" and mines as "packages." The position of the boat is indicated

German U-Boat Map of British Waters.

Mr. Henry Barby writing in L'Illustration gives the following translation of this code, and as it will be seen it is so designed that every message shall seem to refer to some innocent commercial transaction!

The nationality of the vessel is indicated by first, second, third or fourth quality, meaning in that order, British, German, French or Russian, while neutral shipping is designated by colors, such as Norwegian, painted black; Swedish, painted blue; Danish, painted red.

by the number of the squares on the map; thus a wireless reading "First quality packing cask, series 4, No. 432," translated is "British armored cruiser, four smokestacks, in square 432."

The discovery of this map and the translation of the code quickly led to the discovery of the wireless stations which were being used by the German spies, and it is said that this discovery and the use the Allies put it to accounts in no small measure for the falling off in the list of the U-boat victims.

WHY YOU ARE AS TALL AS YOU ARE

Growth is influenced by conditions that may be described as internal and external respectively. One of the sets of factors thus concerned is constitutional; the other environmental in character. Stature is determined by growth, and the question of the degree to which this feature of the individual is controlled by conditions of life rather than by hereditary considerations has been somewhat debated.

As a recent writer has pointed out, that there are hereditary factors involved in the differences in height of adults follows from the recognition of racial differences, for true racial characters are hereditary. Moreover, this hereditary nature has been popularly long recognized. Nevertheless, there is a strong tendency with certain persons to ascribe idiosyncrasies in stature almost wholly to peculiarities of conditions of development. The assumption of an inferior food supply as a cause of decreased stature in certain groups of population has often permitted its adherents to forget differences in blood in the unlike groups.

The superior stature of the residents of the State of Kentucky has been ascribed to lime in the soil. The real reason why, C. B. Davenport, in writing on "The Inheritance of Stature," says, the people of Lexington, Ky., run tall is that they have a large proportion of Scotch blood, as they readily admit. One can test this conclusion by going to Scotland County, North Carolina. This is on the coastal plain, where there is practically no lime. Here, at places like (Mac) Laurenburg, (Mac) Queensdale and Maxton (Mac's Town), a nearly pure Scottish population is found—descendants of the Cape Fear River immigrants—and they are even taller than the people of Lexington. This experience strongly suggests that internal constitutional factors are more important than the ordinary environmental differences.

The experimental investigations of T. B. Osborne and L. B. Mendel, among others, have indicated that growth can be suppressed by inadequacies in either the quantity or the quality of ingested food. But even after the lapse of long periods of suppression of growth—that is, control of growth by external or nutritive agents—resumption of growth may take place if the dietary conditions are rendered favorable and adequate. This represents an extreme situation in some respects; and, as Davenport remarks, over-feeding, however much it may affect weight, has probably little effect on adult stature, though it may hasten growth and thus enable a man to reach precociously his predestined stature. The comparative lack of dependence of growth on quantity of food is shown by the fact that a bantam chick which is fed heavily never develops into anything but a bantam fowl.

The modern study of genetics has made it possible to approach the problem of inheritance of stature in a thoroughly scientific way. Under the direction of C. B. Davenport of the station of experimental evolution at Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., the eugenics record office has undertaken an analysis of the obvious fact that persons differ in height.

In the case of woman, for example, a writer in the Journal of the American Medical Association says that an examination of the curve of growth brings out the important point that the growth processes, which are fairly progressive up to about 14 years, begin to be damped off after that period. Were the average rate of growth of the female between the ages of 8 and 14 maintained up to the age of 25 years, the average woman at that age would be over 210 cm., or 82½ inches, or nearly 7 feet tall.

"The reason we do not reach such a stature," says this authority, "is that our growth is damped off, and the principal damping off occurs as the germ glands ripen. Variations in adult stature may conceivably result from an acceleration or a retardation in this damping-off process.

"According to the acquired records, very tall men tend to marry a greatly disproportionate number of very tall women (and few or no very short ones); medium men tend to marry women of the various statures about in their proportion in the whole population. Short men tend to marry short women, and few very tall ones. Very short men marry an excess of short, and very short, women, and relatively few very tall and tall ones. In a word, persons of similar stature tend to marry each other, and extremes are more particular in this respect than those of medium stature.

"The progeny derived from matings of similars are less variable than those derived from matings of dissimilars. Thus, the offspring of two tall parents are less variable in stature than those of two short parents. When both parents are 'tall' or 'very tall,' and of tall stock, practically all the children are tall or very tall. When both parents are 'very short' or 'short,' and of short stock, all children are short or very short."

"If rate of growth of a girl between the ages of 8 and 14 were maintained to age of 25, the average woman at that age would be nearly 7 feet tall."

HOW TREES RIVAL MAN AS A TRAVELER

Noting that the early history of man was largely that of his migrations, and that he changed in size and color as he moved about, certain investigators have found that the same is true of trees. When these are content to stay quietly at home they go on reproducing in the same old image for generations. But as soon as individuals or groups take to travel they undergo marvelous changes in the land of their adoption. The tiny dogwood, scarcely six inches tall in Alaska, becomes a 60-foot giant in Texas and Florida. In the far north the honey locust is little more than a shrub; in the southern United States it is found as a medium-sized tree, well defended by thorns and prickles; in the still more luxurious climate of South America it develops into an immense structure bristling everywhere with vegetable spears.

It must not be imagined that these tree movements are things of the past. In many parts of the country second and third growth timber is entirely unrelated to the original trees. The Catskill Mountains when first visited by white men were largely covered with spruce and hemlock. Such areas as have been cut over have nearly always been taken possession of by beech, apple and birch; and of late years it has been noted that poplars and aspens show a strong disposition to grow up in abandoned clearings. Another case, and one in which the hand of man is hardly to be seen assisting the transformation, is that of the wild red cherry, which within a generation has spread from the Eastern to the Western States.

Just how do trees travel? It would be an awe-inspiring spectacle to see a great forest striding across the country, but except in the case of Macbeth's Birnam Wood this has not been recorded as having taken place. They prefer to travel in embryo, transporting future forests half way around the globe by means of tiny fruits and seeds light enough to soar through the air or float upon the water. All summer they devote their energies to maturing seeds and providing them with some sort of flying apparatus.

The seeds of the ash have paper-like wings. Those of the elms and maples are equipped with membranes as gauzy and delicate as those of a dragon fly. Willow, poplar and catalpa seeds are attached to tiny balloons. Hop seeds have a kite-like appendage. The evergreen trees and the birches produce winged seeds. The alders, tulips and ashes send forth winged boxes—single seeds occupying matured pistils.

IS NOISELESS CAR WHEEL AT LAST REALITY?

Several inventions, characterized as "noiseless rail wheels," have been patented. Many of these devices are distinctly flexible, for the purpose of reducing the wear and tear of the rolling stock.

All inventions of this nature are said

A Sound-Deadening Wheel Having a Flexible Pad Which Fits Like a Lining Around Its Rim.

to be characterized by a noise-deadening and more or less elastic substance which is inserted between the flanged rim and the hub portion of the wheel, by some provision to prevent the rim from slipping round on the inserted material, and by guide plates on the sides to hold the hub and rim in alignment. "It is next to impossible to make the 'built-up' wheel as cheap or as strong as the one-piece construction," says Marcus C. Krarup in Popular Science Monthly. "It is almost hopeless to try to introduce a wheel which is, after all, only a little less noisy than those in use, unless it pays for itself from the start through savings in other directions. If the wheel is frankly intended to be flexible, it is well to remember that flexibility makes a constant demand on the power of the locomotive."

In one model of a "noiseless wheel" Mr. Krarup says that the main object of inserting a non-metallic substance is to insulate the wheel and the car from the rail electrically, this being a requirement in some forms of electric railway service.

Another model, on the other hand, he points out, is a cushioned and anti-noise wheel with special wiring to prevent it from becoming non-conductive.

SMOKING IN CHURCH

Will smoking in church become permissible as a result of the war? Army chaplains, when holding services at the front, often invite their congregation to smoke. There is complaint about men, and especially young men, losing—if they ever found—the habit of church-going. Clergymen and ministers mourn empty pews. They fear that sermons are becoming increasingly unpopular, and that the institution of public worship is in danger of falling into decay and desuetude. They say, with some truth, that the "movies" and the Sunday concert deplete the churches.

"May not the reason be that church is not homelike, that it is too stiff and formal, too unsociable?" asks a writer. "The concert and the theatre are free and easy, and a man can smoke there if he likes. He is often inclined to think, too, that he can get more material for thought, more refreshment of mind, from the 'pictures' or a good orchestra than he can get from the pulpit—and a smoke into the bargain.

"He may be wrong. Probably he is. He ought to know that people do not go to church to be amused. But cannot a man be in a serious frame of mind whilst smoking? Some of the most serious-minded men are great smokers. Indeed, smoking is commonly supposed to be a contemplative habit to conduce to the listening spirit, to make a man more attentive."

"But it would be such an innovation, such an unheard-of thing!" someone says. Would it? Take down your copy of "The Heart of Midlothian" and you will find that smoking in church, during the sermon, was a common enough practice even in austere 19th century Scotland.

IS EARTH DRYING UP?

Many authorities recognize the fact that the earth is slowly losing its moisture. How this can occur is partially explained by C. F. von Herrmann, in Science, by the action of electric discharges in decomposing water vapor. One of the component gases, hydrogen, is very light and rises to the upper limits of the earth's atmosphere, where it is ultimately thrown off. This loss of hydrogen means in the long run a loss of water. The decomposition of the earth's moisture, with final loss, is also brought about by other agencies, notably the effect of the light-rays of the upper part of the spectrum. Mr. von Herrmann quotes a writer in Umschau, Dr. Karl Stoeckel, as saying:

"It is believed that the ultra-violet rays of sunlight which fall upon the water vapor suspended in the lower strata of the earth's atmosphere decompose a small part of it to produce hydrogen, which rises to great heights."

On this Mr. von Herrmann comments as follows:

"I do not think it has been pointed out before that the earth's surface must be continuously losing hydrogen through the decomposition of water vapor by every flash of lightning. Pickering and others have recognized the hydrogen lines in the spectrum of lightning, and the larger works on meteorology mention the fact that lightning flashes decompose some water. . . . The hydrogen formed by every lightning flash rises rapidly to the upper atmosphere and is lost to the earth.

"Considering the frequency of thunderstorms during the summer season in both hemispheres, and at all times in the equatorial regions, the loss of hydrogen in this way cannot be considered as insignificant. As long as conditions upon the earth remain such as to render thunderstorms possible the slow desiccation of the earth must continue."

HOW ANIMALS SWIM

Nearly all animals are better swimmers than man and take to the water naturally, while he has to learn to propel himself. The rhinoceros and hippopotamus are wonderful swimmers and divers, while the Indian elephant crosses great rivers with heavy loads. The elk and the reindeer are first-class swimmers. The elk keeps his head above water and crosses directly from bank to bank to avoid turning. The reindeer, on the other hand, turns as often as he likes, keeping his head only a little above the surface.

But of all swimmers of all climes the best, though not the swiftest, is said to be the polar bear, who passes half his time in the water swimming and diving. His swimming power is nothing short of miraculous if it be remembered that the water in the region he frequents is invariably cold, and that cold is normally prohibitive to good swimming. There are bears that can swim from 40 to 50 kilometres without great effort.

One of the swiftest swimming animals is the squirrel. A sportsman on one occasion, having at hand a squirrel born in captivity, which had never seen water, wanted to see if it could swim, and took it with him in a rowboat to the centre of a lake. The squirrel turned toward the bank, head and paws above the water, back and tail underneath it, and began to swim so rapidly that it was with the greatest difficulty that the man recovered it when it reached the shallow water near the land. It is said that even many non-aquatic birds will swim like ducks if an attempt be made to drown them.

MARVELLOUS ENGINEERING FEATS OF THE ANCIENTS

Engineering is sometimes proclaimed to be a modern profession, because the present appellation is of comparatively recent adoption. The practice, however, is of such ancient origin that, in considering its relations to the community, we are obliged to view its history. Most of our tools—the dowel, drill, chisel, wedge, screw, pulley, file and saw—were used by the ancients.

No works of modern times compare in magnitude with those of the ancients. Consider a reservoir to impound the waters of the Nile covering an area of 150 square miles, with a dam 30 feet high and 13 miles long. The pyramids of Gizeh, constructed more than 5,000 years ago, had granite blocks which were 5 feet square and 30 feet long, and were transported 500 miles. One of the temples of Memphis was built of stones which were 13 feet square and 65 feet long, and laid with close joints. The Appian Way from Rome to Caput was so well built that after a thousand years its roadway was in perfect condition, and, even now, after two thousand years, with slight repairs, is in use. The modern engineer would question the possibility of such work without these great examples.

If one could imagine cessation of life on this continent, and our works subjected to the destructive forces of time and nature for a thousand years, what evidences of civilization would remain?

Probably the most surprising and interesting of the older examples of engineering are the inventions of Leonardo da Vinci, as shown in his sketches. He seems to have lacked nothing but the application of mechanical power to produce most of the typical machines of the present day. The bellows-blast, jig-saw, lathe, rolling mill, printing press, file-cutting machine, trip-hammer, sprocket-chain, water-wheel, boring machine, rapid-fire gun, spinning machine, side-wheel boat, flying machine, etc., and I recommend to your notice the work of Franz M. Feldhaus on "Leonardo da Vinci as Engineer and Inventor," published in 1913. In this work is shown an apparatus of cylinder, piston and valve by which Leonardo determined the relative volumes of steam and water; also an atmospheric engine, consisting of cylinder, piston and valve, by which reciprocal motion was produced.

We look in vain for the application of mechanical power by the ancients, whose works were almost impossible without its assumption, but the stone reliefs showing the movement of large weights by manual power indicate that probably they did not exist.

HOW ORANGES CAN BE ARTIFICIALLY COLORED

Even your breakfast orange or grapefruit can be artifically colored," says a writer in the Forecast Magazine.

"Oranges and grapefruit and other citrus fruits can be artificially colored by a sweating process, which gives them the appearance of being ripe, while it does not ripen them. Many growers and dealers who find themselves with a lot of unripe and green fruit on hand, and who want to pass it along and get the regular price for it, have recourse to this sweating method, but the United States department of agriculture, through its food and drug department, has discovered a test, known as the eight-to-one test, whereby purchasers can tell the difference between fruit that is really ripe and that which has only the appearance of being ripe.

"In order to protect the consumer the department offers to send specific directions for making the eight-to-one test to dealers who get their citrus fruit through interstate commerce, and who will be in a position to prosecute shippers who have deliberately put it through the sweating process. This test shows oranges to be immature unless the juice contains soluble solids equal to eight parts of each part of acid contained in the juice, and applies the same principle to grapefruit."

THE BLACK PEARL MOST MYSTERIOUS OF JEWELS

A certain air of mystery seems to attach to a black pearl, as much from its rarity as from any other reason. "There is at present in Brisbane," writes a correspondent from that Queensland city, "a very fine specimen of black pearl, which has been brought from the northern pearling grounds of the state by the owner, who is also the owner of a large pearling fleet. It is spherical in shape and jet black in color, and it seems to excite an air of unfathomable mystery. One felt when looking at it that it should form the pivotal point of some great tragedy—a thing which should be the basis for a cycle of weird events, involving the lives and happiness of men and women. The notorious Hope diamond must have inspired somewhat similar feelings. So far this black pearl has had a very uneventful career since its discovery in the shell of the oyster responsible for its production. However, it has a long time ahead of it if it is anxious to live in history. The probability is that it will ultimately find its way into the collection of some enthusiast on the lookout for curios of great value."

AT THE HOUSEBOAT ON THE STYX

Reported by Wireless to JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

AN INTERESTING VISITOR.

Don Quixote entered the Houseboat on the Styx, and after a cursory inspection of those present, issued a general invitation to the company to remain for luncheon.

"I'll blow the crowd," said he, "in honor of an exceedingly interesting person I ran across on my way up here this morning."

"Bully for you!" said Samson. "My appetite is always in the prime of health, and it isn't in the least particular as to who it sits down to table with."

"Who is this interesting guest of yours, Donqui?" asked Cataline.

"I'll tell you later, Pussy," replied Quixote. "He will—"

"Don't call me Pussy!" protested Cataline. "I am a good democrat, and I don't mind familiarity, but I draw the line at such a corruption of my name as that. I'll stand for Catty, but any man who calls me Pussy a second time has got to show cause why a good part of his immortality should not be knocked out of him."

"O, very well," said Quixote, "I don't blame you in the least. But if I can't call you Pussy you shan't call me Donqui. I may have been eccentric but I wasn't an ass."

"Agreed," said Cataline. "But I am curious to know about this guest of yours."

"One of the most interesting figures in Hades," said Quixote.

"Which is saying a good deal, considering how vurry interesting we all are," said Socrates. "Napoleon, Caesar Frederick the Great, in scientific fiction and Alexander, as warriors; Newton, Galileo and Archimedes, in science; Noah, P. T. Barnum and Darwin, in zoology; Homer, Virgil and Byron in poetry; Ananias, Munchausen and Frederick the Great in scientific fiction, and me, in philosophy."

"Well, this chap is unique," said Quixote. "All the rest of us have counterparts down here, but this chap is what the Romans used to call 'sewer generis'."

"That doesn't sound good to me," said Samson. "Just what kind of a bird is this 'sewer generis' of yours?"

"He means by that, my dear Samson," said Dr. Johnson, "that the individual he refers to is the only pebble of his kind upon the beach of humanity."

"I am glad you feel that way about him, doctor," said Quixote. "That's exactly the way he struck me. But how did you know the chap I meant?"

"I don't know the person you refer to, sir," returned Johnson. "I was only explaining to Samson the meaning of 'sui generis,' which you have corrupted into 'sewer generis,' as if it meant something that had sprung from a sewer."

"That's just what I didn't like about the cuss," said Samson.

"How long has this unique personality of your been in Hades, Quixy?" asked Napoleon.

"O, several hundred years, I guess," said Quixote. "I haven't looked up his date."

"Well, I'm glad," said Napoleon. "I was afraid, from your description of him, that possibly the crown prince had come over. But where has he kept himself all these years, that none of us seems ever to have met him before?"

"O, there's a reason for that," said Quixote. "He keeps himself very much alone because—er—well, because he snores!"

"Great Zeus!" ejaculated Socrates. "What's that got to do with it?"

"It discourages sociability," explained Quixote. "Snoring is the most anti-social habit man has yet acquired. It has even been known to imperil the family life, and I am quite sure that if Castor had snored Pollux would have deserted him forever; and Damon would have fled with a heart full of hatred for Pythias had Pythias been guilty of it."

"There are exceptions to all rules," said Socrates. "I don't mind confiding to you gentlemen that my wife, Xanthippe, snores, and I love her for it. It means that she is asleep."

"My life was saved by snoring once," put in Baron Munchausen. "I was lost in the African jungle, and besieged upon all sides by a blood-thirsty band of cannibals, who had vowed to serve me as an entree for their feast. For seventy-nine successive hours I had fought them off, when suddenly sleep overpowered me, and fell out of the tree in which I was concealed into the bushes. The cannibals were about to rush in and seize me when I began to snore. No sucking-dove affair, but a cataclysmic concatenation of unearthly snortings. It was the concentrated raucous byproduct of a man who for over three mortal days had resisted the allurements of Morpheus and was making up for lost time. If I were asked to describe it in detail——"

"Which you are not," growled Dr. Johnson.

"True, but IF I were," persisted Munchausen, "I should say that it held the mellowed harshness of the bellow of a bewildered bull mixed in with the tardiloquent nasality of a lovesick hippotamus unsuccessfully wooing a hippopotama by the side of a roaring cataract at flood-tide, in the last stages of influenza. They told me later that never before had such magniloquent dissonance afflicted an African ear, and the minute it began the ravening cannibals who had expected to make merry picking my bones, thinking that I had fallen into a cave of angry lions, turned and fled precipitately."

"Do I understand that you were fast asleep, while all this was going on?" demanded Carlyle.

"If your understanding is on the job this morning you do," returned Munchausen. "I naturally do not snore when I am awake."

"Then how, sir, do you know that this preposterous event eventuated as you say?" roared Dr. Johnson.

"Well," said Munchausen, "as Kipling says, that is another story. But I don't mind telling you that it was all revealed to me ten years later by an African missionary I encountered on a fishing trip in Senegambia."

"And how, pray, did he know?" asked Carlyle.

"He was the chief of the cannibal tribe that pursued me," explained Munchausen. "In fact, it was in gratitude for his escape from that camouflaged cave of lions that caused him to embrace Christianity."

"What art!" sighed Ananias, proud, but envious.

"Dey ought to haff dot feller at Potsdam to help 'em oudt, Atty," whispered Bismarck to Attila.

"Yah," said Attila. "He iss de only feller I know dot can giff Bill points on How to Tell de Voridt Vot Ain't So."

"You can cure yourself of snoring by not lying on your back," said Aesculapius.

"Then there's no cure for him," said Shakespeare. "Munch can't help lying on his back or off it."

"But tell me, Don," said Sir Walter Raleigh, "where did you run across this interesting discovery of yours?"

"I was passing his bungalow on the Vitriol Boulevard this morning," said Quixote, "when I heard a terrific shriek as if someone were being murdered. It was a cross between a wail and a deep bass catawaul."

"Rather a fishy sound, I should say," interjected Cassius.

"My usually well-trained steed, Rosinante, shied and nearly threw me. Sancho Panza turned tail and disappeared up a side street, and I, too," said Quixote, "felt much inclined to flee, but I remembered that I was still Don Quixote, and, expecting possibly to find there some maiden in distress, I poised my lance and smashed in through the doorway with it. And there I met the gentleman. He lay stretched upon a bed of balsam, deep in slumber, and in the throes of a horrible nightmare. It was not at all exciting. I just shook him a half dozen times. He awoke, thanked me, poured me out a glass of mellowed schnapps, and accepted my invitation to lunch here at —— but here he comes now, gentlemen. Here he comes."

The assembled shades, full of eager curiosity, glanced toward the door, where stood a pleasant-faced old man, clad in rags, leaning upon a rough bit of a stick cut from a tree, while the ghost of a happy dog danced gleefully about him.

"Gentlemen," said Don Quixote, with a graceful sweep of his hand, "my friend, the Snorer. Mr. Snorer, my friends, General Bonaparte, Senator Cassius, Colonel Caesar, Professor Socrates, Baron Munchausen, Dr. Ananias and others."

"Glad to meet you all," said the newcomer affably. "The names of some of you are already familiar to me. One of my wife's pet names for me was Ananias."

"Welcome to the House-Boat on the Styx," said Sir Walter Raleigh, extending his hand.

"How about the pup—do we stand for him, too?" demanded Dr. Johnson, as the stranger's dog began to sniff about his ankles.

"Ordinarily we do not allow dogs on board," said Sir Walter, "but in this case perhaps we'll make an exception."

"Well, keep him away from me," protested Cassius. "I don't like dogs."

"Bones seldom do," said Caesar, with a suggestive glance at Cassius' shins.

"You are very good to take us both in," said the Stranger. "I do not like all history, Mr. Snorer. How about me?"

"Well," said the Stranger, with a sweet smile, "that all depends on who you are. If you are Alexander the Great or Julius Caesar, he's got you backed off the map."

"Ah, but I'm not," said Bonaparte, haughtily. "I'm NAPOLEON!"

"Never heard the name, sir," said the Stranger. "Or if I have it hasn't made any impression on me."

"Such ignorance!" said Napoleon, sourly. "I suppose you never even heard of the corner of Broadway and Forty-second street, New York City?"

"No," laughed the Stranger, "I never did. And for the very good reason that there isn't any such place. Broadway stops at Canal street, as I know very well, being myself a New Yorker. My dog and I used to walk up there every Sunday morning, and, Lord, how I loved to fish in the canal!"

"Catching hoop-skirts and malaria, I suppose?" suggested Izaak Walton.

"No," said the visitor. "Not catching anything but the devil from my wife when I came home at night. Just sitting on the edge of the canal, under a tree, and snoozing along for an hour or two, and then after a swig at the bait, turning over and snoozing along for another hour or two."

"That a dickens of a way to fish!" sneered Walton.

"A mighty good way," said the Stranger. "You didn't have to bother about hook, line, sinker, rod or reel. Just a little brown-jug full o' bait, and the canal, and the tree."

"I should call that Imaginary Fishing," said Walton.

"That's just what it was," said the Stranger. "And it was the only way for that canal, because all the fish in the stream were Imaginary, too. It was all so restful."

Here the old man yawned and stretched his arms over his head.

"I can to tell you, Mr. Quixote," he said, "that I can't take luncheon with you after all. I've got to attend to business."

"What is your business anyhow, Mr. Snorer?" asked Napoleon.

"I'm a Specialist on Insomnia, sir," said the Stranger. "People with bad consciences, who can't sleep, come to me, and I cure them. I have a little preparation of my own which I give to my patients, and it always cures them."

"Never fails, eh?" asked Attila.

"Never," said the Stranger. "I have such confidence in it that I even take it myself. Just to show you how it works—what year is this?"

"Nineteen hundred and eighteen," said Dr. Johnson.

"Donner and blitzen!" he cried gleefully. "Then I have beaten even my own record. I took one bottle of my preparation and fell asleep January third, seventeen hundred and seventy-eight. That's a hundred and forty years—— But tell me, did Gen. Washington win the war?"

"He won his part of it, Mr. Snorer," said Sir Walter Raleigh; "but the fight is still on. It takes a long time to teach these German kings, who want what they want when they want it, that the divine right of kings to other people's property is regarded by the rest of the world as less respectable than any other form of common-garden burglary."

"Who the deuce is that old boy, Quixote?" asked Napoleon, as the old fellow, followed by his faithful dog, tottered away.

"I don't know anything about him, Boney, save that I rescued him from his nightmare this morning," said Don Quixote; "but there is his card."

He tossed the card over to the Corsican, who read it aloud:

Do You Suffer from
Insomnia?
Try Van Winkle's Schnappoline
and Sleep.
Van Winkle, Schneider & Co.

"Old Rip himself!" cried Carlyle.

"But who is Schneider?" asked Bonaparte.

"Schneider is the Scratch-Hound," said Don Quixote. "He is the old man's sleeping partner."

A woman argues, because she knows that she is going to win the argument. But why in Sam Hill does a man argue?

"The Cannibals Were About to Rush In."

And in the Throes of a Horrible Nightmare

EVERY WOMAN'S RIGHT

To every woman belongs the right to enjoy a healthy, active, happy life, yet nine out of every ten suffer years of agony, usually from some form of bloodlessness. That is why one sees on every side pale thin cheeks, dull eyes and drooping figures—sure signs of headaches, weak backs, aching limbs and uncertain health. All weak, suffering women should win the right to be well by refreshing their weary bodies with the new, rich, red blood that promptly transforms them into healthy, attractive women. This new, rich, red blood is supplied in abundance by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which reaches every organ and every nerve in the body.

Through the use of these pills thousands of women have found a prompt cure when suffering from anaemia, indigestion, heart palpitation, rheumatism, general weakness, and those ailments from which women alone suffer. There is no part of this broad Dominion in which you will not find some former sufferer who has regained health and strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this is the reason why these pills have been a favorite household remedy for more than a generation. If you are ailing and will give the pills a fair trial you will find renewed health and happiness in their use.

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any medicine dealer, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

MAKES THE WHITEST, LIGHTEST
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM
MADE IN CANADA
E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, CANADA
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

Grand Complexion Improver! Better Than Cosmetics

When it's so easy to bring back the bloom of youth to faded cheeks, when skin disfigurements can be removed, isn't it foolish to plaster on cosmetics?

Go to the root of the trouble—remove the cause—correct the condition that keeps you from looking as you ought. Use Dr. Hamilton's Pills and very soon you'll have a complexion to be proud of. How much happier you'll feel—pimples gone, cheeks rosy again, eyes bright, spirits good, joyous health again returned. Never a failure with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, get a 25c box today.