Seashore Shells Tell Odd Tales

Collectors Seldom Know the Stories, Sometimes Tragic Back of the Empty Conches and Cockles —Mussels Yield Silk

Almost every seashore visitor collects shells, yet few of them know anything about the curious little creatures that built them. On almost any Jersey or Long Island beach collectors can find shells of conch or moon snail and shells of clams and mussels. Some are pierced by neat round holes that cause idle wonder. These little perforations really tell an interesting story.

The small holes in the clam shells are often made by the moon snail. It inhabits the spirally coiled whitish shell known among children as "the bull's eye." It walks on an enormous foot, toting its shell on its back along the edge of the water until it scents a clam. Rapidly approaching, it grasps the clam in its foot. They remain immobile for about an hour, after which the snail upholds its foot and saunters off, an empty, pierced shell showing that murder has been done.

DRILLING A HOLE.

While the snail's foot held the helpless victim, the radula or toothed tongue of the snail uncoiled and its end was used to drill the hole. Then the probosis in which the tongue is located turned itself inside out as if it were the finger of a glove and inserted a pair of sharp scissors-like jaws into the clam and chopped it up. After that the snail sucked out the juice as though the probosis were a straw.

This same moon snail is a good and painstaking mothe. in spite of her way of obtaining breakfast. On almost any June or July day the beach comber may find a "Johnny cod's house," as the children call it. It looks like a bowl from which the bottom has been knocked out; it really is the incubator that the mother moon snail builds for hatching her children.

The building of this egg case is an all day undertaking. As fast as the eggs emerge the mother covers them with a gelatinous mass that gradually hardens. She holds the case close to her shell until it has traveled clear around it, and this process gives it shape. Then she leaves it half buried in the sand.

The babies begin to incubate at once and hatch in about a month, crumbling the shell. The waves help the process, and scon the little ones start in search of food. The waters either crumble the empty "Johnny cod's house," or else wash it upon the beach, where it turns a whitish color and in time is eroded by wind and weather or becomes a child's toy.

THE SNAIL FAMILY.

The snail family is a large one, including the whelk and the conch. There are two conches on the Atlantic coast, Buccinum undatum and the Fulgar genus. The Buccinum is of the same species as the whelk of Europe, which is much sought after as a food.

The Fulgar is known to children as the pear conch. The poet speaks of the whelk as "Neptune's wreathed horn," and all children at some time or other learn to hold it to their ears and listen for the beating of the seawaves within.

INCUBATOR OF THE SEA

Buccinum undatum builds a curious incubator, a mass of triangular-shaped, parchment-like shells, which are sometimes called "sailors' soap." The Fulgar lays its eggs in a long string of incubators that resemble parchment-shaped pill boxes set one on top of another. The string tapers like a tail and is flat at the end, by means of which the mother fastens tightly to a rock. The little snails have complete, if miniature, shells, by the time they leave the case. Children delight in these empty incubators, and pretend they are necklaces.

The fiercest of the snails that drill the ltle holes in the shells of other creatures suck not only the shells of the clams and mussels but also of many of the univalves. Thus Fulgar or Buccinum may cause the death of the moon snail. All have hidden in their throats coiled lingual ribbons armed with chitinous teeth.

The limphet, commonly known as "Dutchman's boat," is a shell dear to boys. Its curious shape, round at one end and pointed at the other, and the little diaphragm on the inner side, resembling the forecastle, doubtless win for it the name of boat. The builder of this shell uses its teeth to scrape together its food—living organisms from the rocks or oysters to which it fastens itself. The little creature that builds this shell has a homing instinct like a carrier pigeon and always returns to the same spot on the same rock. The eggs are laid in bags, which are fastened to the rock.

COLORING OF SCALLOPS

Scallops have so various a coloring and so fanlike a shape that imagination makes them mermaids' fans. Practical children turn them into dishes and make tea parties with their aid. Scallops live beyond the surf on pebble-covered bottoms. If one if fortunate enough to find a bed and rest above it on silent oars, one may see the very interesting sight of live scallops zigzagging through the waters, opening and shutting their shells as though they were wings.

It is fitting that the heart shell should have won fame as the cockle of "Mary, Mary, quite contrary," In life the cockle is most intriguing. Fortunate is the beachcomber who comes upon cockles as the tide is coming in, for them they literally seem to leap in joy from the sand to meet the waters.

Aside from food, pleasure, fertilizer and shell for State roads, the shell creatures provide man with other useful materials. The common black mussel, which clings to posts of piers and lives in colonies, fastens itself to its anchor by means of silken threads. hese threads have been successfully used for making silken hose.

The Irish Excell in Breeding Light Horses

AT A POLO GAME IN PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN

The All-Ireland Polo club opened the season with a series of three chukker matches and provided some exciting contests in which much skill was displayed.

Little Cat

BY RALPH BERGENGREN

It was a beautiful spring night with a cute crescent moon, but nobody in the house where Little Cat lived was awake to look at it. It was past the time of night when Little Cat usually got up, but there he was, in his basket behind the kitchen stove, sound asleep with his head on his paw. The kitchen door had been left open that evening, and when this happened, Little Cat was able to hear the radio. So he had sat up till as late as 10 o'clock listening to the music. Little Cat sometimes sang himself, so he knew a good deal about music, and enjoyed it greatly.

The night was so mild that the kitchen window looking out on the porch had been left part way open. About half an hour after the time Little Cat usually woke up, Dog Wow stood on his hind legs on the porch and looked anxiously in through the open window. He had his hat on the side of his head, and was very much excited. When he saw Little Cat asleep in his basket Dog Wow barked a very small bark, for he was a thoughtful dog and never barked in the night loud enough to wake people up.

"Bow-wow!" said Dog Wow, a little louder than before but not loud enough to wake anybody up except Little Cat. "Bow-wow-wow-wow! Bow-wow!"

This time Little Cat really woke up, and jumped out of the basket. He came to the window.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Little Cat. "I thought I heard something."

"It's me," said Dog Wow.

"How many times," began Little Cat, "have I told you—"

"Well, it's I, if you like that any better," said Dog Wow. "But we haven't got time to bother with grammar. Not a minute. Farmer Jenk's best cow—"

"Wait a bit till I get my cane," said Little Cat, "and I'll be with you. And do put your hat on straight! It's way over your left ear."

So Dog Wow took his paws off the window ledge, and straightened his hat. And by the time he had done that Little Cat had come out of the window, with his cane under his left front leg, and had stood up on his hind legs, and was leaning on his cane and looking at the moon like a little gentleman.

A WONDERFUL NIGHT.

"What a night! What a night!" said Little Cat. "Oh, those people! Those people! They think I'm asleep in my basket, and here I am, up and out enjoying the beauties of nature!"

"You'd have missed it if I hadn't waked you up," said Dog Wow. "Farmer Jenk's best cow—"

"I was up late," explained Little Cat, "listening to beautiful sounds. There was a lady singing who sang so much like me, Dog Wow that I simply could not go to sleep until she had finished. It was wonderful. You have heard me sing?"

"I have," said Dog Wow. "But we have no time to stand here and talk about singing. Farmer Jenk's best cow—"

"That is the third time you have said 'Farmer Jenk's best cow,'" said Little Cat. "What is on your mind about Farmer Jenk's best cow?"

"She will get out of the pasture," said Dog Wow. "She will run away. There is a hole in the wall, and if that cow finds that hole, all I can say is that it will be 'Good-bye, Cow.' You come with me, Little Cat, and I'll show you."

So Dog Wow and Little Cat hurried along the street, past the Smith's house, where Dog Wow lived in a house of his own in the back yard, and past the Jones's house, where the Jones's pig lived in a pen of his own in the back yard and so on past the Perkins's house and the Robinson's house to the pasture of Ichabod Jonathan Jenks, the farmer, which was just beyond the house where Farmer Jenks lived with his stout wife Sarah and their three rosy children, Milly, Tilly, and Willy. Farmer Jenks' barn was at one end of the pasture, which had a stone wall around it, and in one place the stones had fallen down and Farmer Jenks had mended the place by putting a plank between the stones. But now the plank had fallen down too, and there was a hole big enough for a cow to walk out.

"There's the cow," said Dog Wow, pointing across the pasture with his paw. "And there's the hole. If that cow finds the hole she will walk right out. And then it will be 'Good-bye, Cow'."

"Maybe she won't find the hole," said Little Cat.

"She might," said Dog Wow.

"What's she doing in the pasture at this time of night?" said Little Cat. "She ought to be in the barn."

"That's just it," said Dog Wow. "That's a very smart cow. She's got out of the barn, and the next thing you know she'll find that hole and get out of the field. We've got to stop that hole up, Little Cat," said Dog Wow seriously, "but I don't see how. We can't lift back that plank."

"Let me think," said Little Cat. "Let me think."

Little Cat stood leaning on his cane, and thought. Dog Wow sat down and watched him admiringly, wagging his tail.

IS IT A RIDDLE?

"I have it! Ah-ha!" cried Little Cat. "How do people keep other people from coming through a hole without stopping it up?"

"If that's a riddle, Little Cat," said Dog Wow, "it's too much for me."

"They put up a board with letters on it," said Little Cat.

"I see what you mean now," said Dog Wow. "It says 'No trees passing,' or something like that."

"I know where one of those boards was put on a tree, and it has fallen off," said Little Cat.

So Little Cat and Dog Wow hurried back along the way they had come till they came to an old wood road. There was a tree near the entrance of the old road and a board with letters on it that said:

NO TRESPASSING
Police Take Notice.

lay at the foot of the tree.

"It works with people," said Little Cat, "and perhaps it will work with a cow. Anyway, when we've put it where the cow can see it we'll have done the best we can, Dog Wow, and that's doing much."

Dog Wow lifted the board with his strong teeth, but the best he could do was to lift one side of it. Little Cat tried to lift the other side with his teeth, and then he tried to help lift with his paws, and then he tried to get underneath and lift with his head. But he was really no help at all, and Dog Wow had to walk backwards and drag the board after him. Little Cat walked behind like a little gentleman and pointed with his cane in the direction that Dog Wow ought to go backward. So he was some help after all.

"I hope that cow won't find the hole before we get there," said Dog Wow between his teeth. "If she does it will be 'Good-bye, Cow'."

"We're doing our best," said Little Cat. "If she gets out she'll get out, but it won't be our fault."

It took quite a while, and if Farmer Jenks and his wife Sarah and their three rosy children, Tilly, Milly and Willy, had looked out of the windows they would have been surprised, and wondered what Dog Wow and Little Cat were doing. But they got the board at last to the hole in the wall.

"She's still there," said Little Cat. "I see her."

"I'm glad you do," said Dog Wow between his teeth. "If she'd got out it would have been 'Goodbye, Cow'."

"I wish you'd stop saying 'Good-bye, Cow'," said Little Cat. "It won't be 'Good-bye, Cow' now because we've got the board just where she can't get out without seeing it."

And so they had, for they had put the No Trespassing sign exactly where no cow could come out of the field without stepping over it.

"Oh, those people! Those people!" said Little Cat. "They think you're asleep in your house and I'm asleep in my basket, and here we are—up and out enjoying the beauties of nature and keeping Farmer Jenk's best cow from getting out of the pasture. What fun! What fun!"

PERFECT SIMPLICITY

A sports dress is smartest of course, when it's simple. Style No. 837 is extremely popular. It is particularly fetching made of striped novelty sheer woolen with the stripes reversed for the front panel. The belt is attractive slipped through openings and tied at side. It can easily be made in an hour and only requires 3 yards of 40-inch material for the 36-inch size. Two surfaces of crepe satin, printed and plain silk crepe, and georgette crepe in two-tone effect, are lovely combinations. Pattern is obtainable in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price 20c the pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Sunday School Lesson

June 24—Lesson XIII.—Jesus the Saviour—Zeph. 3: 14-17. Golden Text—Choose you this day whom ye will serve.—Josh. 24: 15.

Aim—To challenge the class with the claims and appeal of Jesus to accept him as their Saviour and crown him king of their lives.

Introduction—About whom have all our lesson this Quarter centred? In which Gospel have we been studying the life of Jesus? Who was Mark? Where did he get his knowledge of the life of Jesus? Where ,in the life of Jesus, did we begin our studies this Quarter?

Presentation—have an outline map before the class, and then, calling for the places of interest, such as Cæsarea Philippi, The Mount of Transfiguration, The Road to Jerusalem, Bethany, Jerusalem, The Mount of Olives, Gethsemane, Golgotha, have them marked by the scholars on the map and the events of interest associated with them told.

Give a short account of each of the following: (1) The Transfiguration; (2) On the Way to Jerusalem; (3) The Triumphal Entry; (4) The Trial of Jesus; (5) The Story of the Crucifixion.

What did Jesus teach about the following: (1) Being a Christian at home; (2) How to Be Great; (3) The Cost of Discipleship; (4) About Himself.

Fill in the blanks in the following: What shall it profit a man..... Whosoever will come after me..... Suffer little children..... Whosoever will be great..... Render unto Cæsar..... The stone which the builders..... As they did eat, Jesus took bread....

General Questions on the Lessons—What disciples did Jesus take with him to the Mount of Transfiguration? What did Jesus ask the disciples at Cæsarea Philippi? What did Jesus teach about little children? Who wanted to sit at the right and left hand of Jesus? How did Jesus enter Jerusalem? Why? What did Jesus mean by cleansing the Temple? Why did the Jewish leaders dislike Jesus? How did they get Jesus in their power? What was the charge they brought against him? On what charge was Jesus put to death? Where was Jesus buried? What three women came to the tomb that first Easter morning?

What was the impression that Jesus made on: (1) The disciples; (2) The people in general; (3) The priests and Pharisees; (4) Pilate; (5) The Centurion.

Application—Who do you say that Jesus is? Do you let him govern your life? Would you follow Jesus if it meant to lose your position or your wealth? How have you answered Pilate's question of what to do with Jesus? Will you accept Jesus as your Saviour and crown him the king of your life?

Away From City Pests

Visitor: "How is it that you have so many beautiful wild flowers and shrubs growing on your place?"

Gentlemn Farmer: "Oh, you see I'm off the main highway!"

Women Will Leave Politics

Mussolini has not much faith as regards women in politics. Recently he received a well-known American lady lecturer. He told her that in fifteen years the American women would not take the slightest interest in politics.

"It is in woman's nature," he said, "soon to tire of things extraneous to her nature."

Among such extraneous things he places politics. Soon, he added, women would listen again to the call of nature, and would take greater interest in their homes and families than in bridge and motor cars.

MUTT AND JEFF—Bud Fisher.

Is There No Limit to Jeff's Inventive Ability?