The Treasure of the Bucoleon

By A. D. HOWDEN SMITH

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Cont'd.)

It was as hard a job as we tackled, but after two hours, Hugh and Vernon King were able to pry the slab loose and let it fall out with a mighty splash. Hugh thrust in the end of his crowbar, and it struck brickwork. Our torches showed this to be very flimsy, and when it was pounded it rang hollow.

By the end of the afternoon we had smashed through an embrasure nearly three feet high and four feet long, and Hugh nominated Betty for the honor of leading the way into the dim passage which abutted on the hold. The rest of us crawled in afterward.

The passage was seven feet high and four feet wide. It led straight back between brick walls into a large chamber the roof of which was upheld by brick piers. The place was musty, fortified even, and very damp, but as our torches struggled through the darkness, the rays were captured and juggled by glinting, sheeny heaps that were stacked against the piers and walls. Betty started forward involuntarily. There was a slurring sound, and then a tiny tinkling that died away in a faint murmurous sssssh.

"It's gold!" she cried.

We flashed our torches right and left. It was true. Great golden piles sloped away from us. The fragments of the bags that once had held this wealth projected from the multitude of coins. At the end of the chamber the piles mounted to the roof. By the left stood several biers of ancient [illegible]. The first yielded at once to the point of Hugh's knife. When he flung the lid back it fell apart, but we hardly noticed it for the dazzling glinter of the gems that seemed almost alive in the light to escape from their centuries-long imprisonment.

Jewels and jewelry and massive plate were heaped in indiscriminate confusion—chrismatories, cups, chalices, amphorae, bracelets, armlets, amulets, chlamydes, necklaces, rings beyond number, and running in and out of the [illegible] stones, the endless profusion of uncut gems, diamonds, amethysts, rubies, opals, pearls, sapphires, topazes, agates, turquoises, emeralds, and others I could not name.

Betty threw her arms around Hugh, [illegible] for the moment as Kara [illegible]. "Oh, I'm so glad!" she murmured. "It's as much as you thought it would be, isn't it?"

Hugh was dazed.

"As much! I never dreamed of anything like this! I told myself it was [illegible] to save the thing through on [illegible] account. But—this! I [illegible] or, how much do you suppose [illegible] here?"

[illegible] King swept his torch in an [illegible] the chamber, the extreme [illegible] which [illegible] shrouded in [illegible].

"[illegible] an expert, my dear boy. [illegible] a committee of jewelers [illegible] these chests alone. I should [illegible] surprised if the contents [illegible] chamber were discovered [illegible] £12,000,000. If—"

"[illegible] very lucky, Hugh, you and [illegible] those all this stuff just [illegible] were lucky enough to find [illegible]."

"Nikka's voice behind us.

"[illegible] to confront him, Kara's [illegible] face was at his shoulder.

"Who do you suppose is up [illegible]?"

"Mr. Hilyer," I exclaimed.

"Right. He's not alone. She came back [illegible] Makhouf Pasha. I've got them [illegible] in her lock and key. [illegible] Wasso Mikali's knife [illegible] their throats."

[illegible] shrugged his shoulders.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Kara [illegible] and with many a backward look we retired from that glimmering vault of wealth, and climbed to the atrium. "I'll have that prezzon pair fetched in if you like," volunteered Nikka as we sat about the room. "But I don't see the use. They aren't in a mood to be agreeable. Mrs. Hilyer is consumed with revenge. Makhouf is politely threatening. He hints that he has us on the hip because of the killings last night—murder of His Imperial Majesty's subjects and all that."

"Could we, perhaps, detain them sufficiently long to permit us to get away?" inquired my uncle.

"With the treasure? Hardly! I say, do you realize the sheer physical job of removing that stuff? In the meantime we might hold Mrs. Hilyer without causing any comment, but Makhouf is a well known person. He isn't the Grand Vizier's Jackal for nothing."

"I think I can use Tokalji to work out this mess," said Hugh. "He'd do anything for money."

Wasso Mikali brought in the brigand chief, his broken arm in a sling, a sour glint of hatred in his eye.

"Tell him," returned Hugh, "that I'll give him 100,000 pounds Turkish if he'll come over to our side, and back us up against Makhouf Pasha."

The change in Tokalji's manner was ridiculous.

"He says," translated Nikka, "that he will kill the Sultan for you for 100,000 pounds Turkish. But he wants to see the money."

Then when Watty tramped in fifteen minutes afterward and plumped a bulging sack into the old thief's lap a miracle was wrought. Sweat beaded on his forehead; his hands clawed the lovely stones; his eyes shone.

"Tell him they are his if he plays fair with us," continued Hugh when he judged he had made his effect.

"He awaits your orders," Nikka translated. "Wait a minute. He says for you not to worry about Mahkouf Pasha. He, the Pasha, has been smuggling arms from Roumania to Kemal Pasha at Angora."

"I knew such precious scoundrels would sell each other out," said Hugh. "We'd have Mahkouf in here and give him an earful."

The interview that followed was absurd and sordid. Mahkouf Pasha after an attempt at hectoring defiance, collapsed completely.

Maude Hilyer was last. Hugh appealed to her on the grounds of self-interest.

"It's all very well what you say, Lord Chesby," she whimpered. "But what am I going to do now? Hilyer's dead. Little Depping is loaded with mortgages. His cousin George will inherit what's left of it, anyway. And I—"

"I am not going to pay you blackmail," returned Hugh coldly, "but you may call on my solicitors this day two months."

CHAPTER XXV.

The next day at Nikka's suggestion we called upon Wasso Mikali for his advice.

"A great treasure like this cannot be trusted in many men's hands," he said. "You must put the treasure on a boat, and you must go on board yourselves, and you must be sure you can trust the captain."

"But how can we find such a boat and captain?" asked Hugh.

"Leave that to me," answered Wasso Mikali promptly. "And in the meantime you must make boxes for the treasure."

We heard no more from him for a week. Prisoners as well as captors labored with saw and hatchet, hammer and nails. As fast as we shaped the boxes we carried them down to the drain and packed them, wrapping gold and gems in whatever fabrics we could find around the house, and in this way we used up all the loose lumber, cloth and bedding in Tokalji's store rooms.

Then one night as we sat in the atrium, very weary to hands and fingers from unaccustomed carpentry, there was a knock on the courtyard door, and Wasso Mikali ushered in a tall, lean man in a blue seaofficers's cap. He left this man in the courtyard and came down to us.

"I have brought you a sea-captain who does not fear to dodge the law," said the old Gypsy without preface. "He loves a Circassian girl who lives in a street near the Khan of the Georgians, and I have made it plain to him that if we do business with him the girl stays in my custody for surety of his honesty. He is a Russian and his ship is his own."

"You did not tell him what we wanted him for?" questioned Hugh.

"Tell him only what you must," counseled Wasso Mikali. "I think I have a hold on this man, but I would not trust him more than I could help."

"Why can't we tell him that we have made a remarkable find of ancient statuary, mosaics and that sort of thing?" I suggested. "He will look us up, and the story will sound credible for King. We'll let him know that the government wouldn't like to see such a valuable collection go to foreigners, and we have to smuggle it."

"That will do," Nikka approved. "And that will explain why we must send the boxes aboard secretly."

We made the deal with the Russian captain that night. He was not a bad chap, but a bit put to it to earn the keep of himself, his crew and his vessel by reason of the anomalous situation in which they found themselves, the Slava still running under the old Imperial registry. She was a tidy tramp of 5,000 tons odd, and Captain Malakovich made no objection to turning over the necessary cabins for our use. He expressed himself feelingly as glad to help any one who was trying to diddle the Turkish government, and he served us with a loyalty that earned him a considerable additional honorarium upon our arrival in Southampton.

"I'll enter your stuff on my manifests after we clear the port," he said frankly. "I don't care whether I ever come back here. As to Aleikouan—", the Circassian—"Wasso Mikali can send her to Salonika when he receives word that I have landed my gentlemen. I'll trade with the Greeks after this. I'm through with the Turks."

The transfer of the treasure occupied a week, for we could only work at night. The last day after the treasure boxes were stowed away, we all found time to go to the British Embassy to see Hugh and Betty married.

"Nikka," said Hugh. "Aren't you coming with us?"

"No. We are going to wander, Kara and I. We will go up into the Rhodopes with Wasso Mikali for a while, and then we will take the Tzigane's Trail through the Balkans and over the Danube and the Carpathians, on, on, wherever we choose."

So when the Slava steamed out of the Golden Horn, Hugh and Betty, Vernon King, Watkins and I waved goodby to our comrade.

Watkins shook his head sorrowfully.

"I've been thinking, Mister Jack, sir," he said. "They'll never believe this story in the Servants' Hall."

"They'd believe you if you accepted your share of the treasure," I told him.

"Perhaps," he admitted. "But what good would it do me, sir? I've no call for it, and in the end Lloyd George would get it, 'im and the hincome-tax collector."

And for the first and only time in the course of our acquaintance Watkins indulged in a broad grin.

(The End.)

Paraffin Causes Wrigglers' Death

By Oliver G. Pike, F.Z.S.

If you examine the water in any rain-water receptacle you are almost sure to see a number of small black objects which seem to spend their short life in wriggling. Most boys who have gone in for fishing will be acquainted with the "wriggler," for some young anglers consider them small fish and keep them in glass jars.

A wriggler is really the larvae of the common gnat. It begins its life as a small boatman, for the egg from which it emerged was fastened to about three hundred similar ones in what looked like a miniature boat. In some places where the gnat lays its eggs they may encounter stormy weather, so nature has arranged that the little craft should be a safe lifeboat; if you push it under water, it will rise again quickly. It is unsinkable.

Breathing Through Their Tails

A short time after the eggs are laid, about three hundred tiny objects emerge, and at first so minute that they are difficult to detect without a glass. But they grow quickly, and soon reach a length of about three-eighths of an inch. If we watch them at this stage, we notice that at intervals the small black creatures come to the surface of the water and remain there head downwards for several minutes. They are now taking in air, or breathing through a tube fixed at the tail.

If the larva is kept under water for any length of time, it must die for want of air, and scientists, having discovered this, found a very effective method of getting rid of mosquitoes, for the larva of this insect is similar to that of the common gnat. All they had to do to make mosquito-infested areas safe for human beings was to sprinkle paraffin on the stagnant pools and other tracts of water in which the creatures bred.

If we examine the head of the wriggler under a microscope we see that there is a set of brushes which are at work most of the time it remains in the water. These serve two purposes: one is to collect or sweep in food as the insect swims through the water, the other to keep the breathing tube clear. If a very thin layer of oil is spread on the water it will be enough to kill the larva when it comes up to breathe the [illegible] the breathing tube and destroys it. Some country houses seem to be infested with gnats in the summer months; these can usually be traced to the rain-water butts in the garden. If only half a teaspoonful of paraffin is placed in each, all the gnats will be destroyed.

The gnat in the larva stage lives for several weeks, then turns into the pupa or chrysalis stage. In this condition it remains on the surface of the water, for it is necessary for it to breathe, and oil will also get rid of it now. But if it survives its many enemies, the perfect gnat emerges, taking about two minutes to escape from its prison. Its wings dry quickly and off it flies.

The male gnat, under the microscope, is a fearsome-looking creature, but harmless. It is the female that causes pain and irritation when it bites. If all the eggs of the gnat came to perfect insects, we should be overwhelmed with them, but there are so many enemies that I doubt if one in twenty-five reaches maturity.—Tit-Bits.

Companion Flowers

When and if the garden begins to show few waste places in late summer, it is then that the wise gardener begins to plan for more crops next year, and studies combinations or companion flowers.

This is usually the case with gardeners who are obliged to contend with restricted space and large ambitions. In order to save the garden from vacant spaces after the disappearance of the blazing glory of the oriental poppies, a few dahlia bulbs planted among them will yield a later crop of flowers. The dahlias should be left to one or two stalks and given fertilizer when the buds begin to show.

One or two cobeas planted with every climbing rose will help the usually messy-looking rose foliage when the glory of the rose bloom is over, and will give a second blooming of lovely purple bells.

Lilium Superbum will give a resplendent mass of color over the green of peonies whose blooming time is well past. Lilium Auratum bulbs also may be planted effectively among the peonies, delphiniums and factanmus.

Canterbury bells may be planted congenially among the Japanese anemones, as they can be pulled out after flowering and the anemones given the right of way. Lilium speciosum makes a good companion for columbine.

In this doubling up way of gardening extra feeding must, of course, not be neglected.—L.S.M.

A magazine writer asks, "Must we scrap the family?" Oh, no. The average family can always be depended upon to do its own scrapping.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

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A youthful crepe silk print suggestive of empire mode, is moulded almost to the knees. It adds flare to hem through a circular flounce that is joined to the skirt in scalloped outline.

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The Purple Fingers

(Mountains of Wicklow)

Have you wandered in Wicklow
When the days are long in June?
Every stream has a silver voice,
Every bird sings in tune.
While the glens are a-dancing with
the fairy feet;
And the names, oh, the very names
are sweet!
Lough Dan and Lough Tay,
Twin lakes of dark Lough Bray,
And if the foxgloves ring a peal, the
fairies are the ringers,
In the Glen of the Downs, between the
peaks of the Purple Fingers.

Up on the moor, where the sheep fold,
The grouse calls, the curlews cry;
Whin and broom are ablaze with gold,
Larks soar to the sky.
Then Jack O'Lantern shines in the
Wicklow mountains
And the leaping streams fling spray
like fountains.
Oh, June days in Wicklow!
Wild moors of Wicklow!
You can look out to sea, and watch
where the sunshine lingers,
High in the springing heather on the
peaks of the Purple Fingers.

Leafy is the glen, clear the river,
Brown the crest of the Feathérbed;
Lakes gleam with silver, shadows
quiver,
And the sun sets red.
Black peat, and yellow gorse, and
tumbled gray walls;
(And over the wide moor the plaintive
curlew calls),
And oh, the earth is fair!
Joy is in the scented air!
For the sun is warm, and soaring
larks are the sweetest singers
As I lie in the heather on the peaks of
the Purple Fingers.

—F. Mildred Rickman.

"You say you are a bookkeeper in a city office?"

"Yes."

"And do you do all the billing?"

"Yes, and the cooing, too."

Nature is creeping up, as Oscar Wilde said. A very nice point has arisen in Esthonia over the unsuccessful execution of a criminal. The Esthonian murderer has a choice between poison and hanging, and, if he elects for the former, the law prescribes the exact dose to be administered. In the case under discussion, the victim possessed so robust a constitution that, after some weeks of physical discomfort, he has completely recovered from the statutory dose, and the authorities are at a loss to know what to do next.

Economy Corner

English Bread Pudding

Three eggs, 1 quart milk, ¾ cup sugar, 2 loaves bread, 1 tablespoon vanilla, ½ cup raisins, 1 tablespoon butter, cinnamon and nutmeg. Beat egg yolks well; add milk and beat; add sugar and vanilla. Break bread in small pieces, using crusts and all. Add raisins slowly to prevent sinking; dot the top with butter and sprinkle with nutmeg and cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven till done. When cold, spread top with jelly. Apple is especially good, but any kind can be used. Make meringue of white of egg and drop by spoonfuls onto jelly. Return in oven to brown. This pudding is delicious served either hot or cold. If desired, raisin bread may be used.

Little Cakes

Two eggs, well beaten, one cup brown sugar, half cup flour, half teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoon vanilla, one cup chopped walnuts. Bake about 10 minutes in smallest size tins or paper cups. Nice with a maple nut frosting.

German Crisps

One-half cup butter, 1 cup sugar, grated rind and juice of ½ lemon, 2 eggs, flour to knead, chopped nuts, fruit, etc. Add the sugar gradually to the creamed butter, then the lemon rind and juice, the yolks and whites of the eggs, beaten separately, and the flour. Roll into a thin sheet, cut into rounds, hearts, diamonds, etc., brush over with the beaten white of an egg and decorate with nuts and candied fruit. Dredge with granulated sugar and bake to a delicate straw color.

Fruit Salad Dressing

Here's a nice dressing for fruit salad. Cook in double boiler one cup pineapple juice, juice of ½ lemon, add half cup sugar, mixed with one tablespoon flour and one tablespoon melted butter, yolks of two eggs, beaten, salt and, last, add two beaten egg white. Remove and, before serving, stir in half of the whole jar of whipped cream, as liked.

English Hot Pot

Six nice, lean pork chops, six medium sized potatoes and three onions. Place three chops in bottom of pan, sprinkle lightly with flour, then season; add layer of onions, then potatoes. Repeat till pan is full; add a little less than pint of water, place cover on the pan and cook almost an hour, either over a low flame or in an oven. This serves three.

Pea Souffle

Melt 3 tablespoons butter; blend in 3 tablespoons flour thoroughly, add 1 cup milk gradually, stirring constantly until thickened. Add 1 can mashed peas, 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten, 1 teaspoon minced onion (I omitted this) ½ teaspoon salt and speck of pepper. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Serves 6. I served this with escalloped potatoes (with onion, the reason for omitting them with peas) hamburg loaf, strawberry shortcake, banana cream pie, bread and butter, tea and milk for those who preferred it. It was pronounced a delicious dinner and is, as you can see, an oven dinner.

Apple Sauce Cake

½ cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1½ cups apple sauce, 2 cups pastry flour, 2 level teaspoons soda and ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, clove, and allspice; add 1 egg. Cream butter and sugar; add beaten egg, applesauce, in which soda has been dissolved; then add sifted dry ingredients. Beat hard, and add floured nuts and raisins, ½ cup of each.

Ways to Cook Mushrooms:

Remove the tops of 1 pound of mushrooms and cut in halves or quarters. Let the stems stew in 2 cups water for about 10 minutes. To a hot spider add 3 tablespoons butter and melt. Stir in 3 heaping tablespoons flour and let brown, stirring constantly. Then add slowly the water in which the mushroom stems have been cooked, discarding the stems. Add the quartered mushrooms, salt and pepper and cook until the mushrooms are tender when pierced with a fork—about 10 minutes. Just before removing from fire, dissolve 2 boullion cubes in this, and serve hot, either on toast or on rice, which has been boiled in an open kettle in salted water, and through which hot water has been poured before serving.

Mushrooms are delicious saute in a little butter and added to the last end of fricasseed chicken and served on toast or baked potatoes.

Also add saute mushrooms with diced chicken and a little pimento and green pepper which has been chopped fine, to a white sauce made of one-half milk and one-half chicken stock. Serve on toast or with baked potatoes.

Saute mushrooms and chopped hard cooked eggs are good added to a white sauce made with milk or cream and plenty of butter and served on toast. It is not necessary to peel the mushrooms if they are fresh picked.

Strawberry Roll

Roll out a rich biscuit dough made with one cup of flour. Spread it with butter and with drained canned or preserved strawberries, roll it up like a jelly roll and cut into portions. Place each slice, cut side down, in a baking dish containing boiling syrup made from two cups of strawberry juice and water, and 1½ cup granulated sugar. Bake at 350 degrees Fahrenheit for about 40 minutes. Do not crowd the roll in the pan of the centre may be doughy. Serve with hard sauce or whipped cream or merely in its own syrup.

Jellied Baked Apples

Bake apples in usual way. About ten minutes before they are done, remove from oven and fill centres with raisin jam. When filled, return apples to oven and complete the baking. Serve hot or cold, with or without cream.

Carrot Marmalade

Ingredients: 4 cups (2 lbs.) citrous mixture and cooked, finely chopped carrots; ½ cup pectin; 6½ cups (2 lbs.) sugar. Peel orange and dice, discarding hard centre and seeds. Mix with grated rinds, lemon juice, and finely chopped carrots. Measure citrous and carrot mixture into large kettle. Add sugar, mix and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 5 minutes. Remove from fire and stir in pectin. Pour quickly. Cover hot marmalade with film of hot paraffin; when marmalade is cold, cover with 1-8 inch of hot paraffin. Roll glass to spread paraffin on sides. If desired add 2 or 3 teaspoons ground ginger or cinnamon. Require about 2 pounds carrots, 3 lemons, and 1 orange. Makes about 9 eight-ounce glasses.

Book Breaks Record

Erich Maria Remarque's book, "All Quiet on the Western Front," has, according to his German publishers' statement, broken the world's record for any modern book of fiction. Figures just published by that firm are interesting. The number of German copies sold in little over one year amounted to 1,000,000; translated copies sold were proportionately great in number: France, 440,000; America, 325,000; England, 310,000; Czechoslovakia, 81,000; Spain, 75,000; Norway and Denmark, 70,000; Holland, 70,000; Sweden, 57,000; Japan, 50,000; Lettland, 23,000; Finland, 22,000; Hungary, 21,000; Poland, 20,000; Yiddish edition, 6,700; Rumania, 6,000; Bulgaria, 5,500; Greece, 3,000; Russia, 2,000. Italy is the only country where the sale of the book has been prohibited.

Bertie: "I want a prescription, doctor. I can't eat, I can't sleep, can't stand the theatre, and golf simply—"

Doctor: "Propose to her, my boy!"

Teacher: "In which zone is the United States of America?"

Boy: "In the temperance zone, sir."

Health and beauty inquirer asks, What do you do to get soft, white hands? The best recipe is, Nothing.

The Little House Upon the Hill

The little house upon the hill
Stands high for all to know.
The winds of God blow, sweet and
shrill
About the casement window sill
Where swallows come and go.

The downs by all the breeze fanned
Roll outward from the door.
In faint lines, in faint hedges stand
Marking the surge of alien land
Like foamdrift on a shore.

And mighty galleons in the sky
Sail by, serene and free.
They guard this little peace-filled
prize,
A treasure-house of memories
Drawn from the world's wide sea.

—Constance Smedley.

Wise Parents

"Your room, Jimmy, is very attractive," said Aunt Emmy-Lou.

"Yes, it's all my own. Every piece of furniture in it is mine, every picture, even the carpet. Why, Aunt Emmy-Lou, I selected the wall-paper. And Mother makes me keep my room neat and clean, myself. I even straighten out the drawers. And Sis does the same in her room. But it's worth it — I have a fine place to read and study. And the boys like to come up here to talk things over."

"Jim is proud of his room," said his mother from the doorway.

"By the way, hasn't Cris Tobin a room very much like yours, Jimmy?" I asked.

"Yes, but much handsomer. Aunt Emmy-Lou. But he doesn't take much interest in his things. He doesn't have to take care of his room—and he's hardly ever in it. You see his parents are away most of the time, I don't believe he realizes he has a home, or knows how much fun you can have in one."

"You and Sister Marie always bring your crowd here, don't you, Jimmy?" Aunt Emmy-Lou inquired.

"We sure do. And we can make candy and popcorn, radio take up the rugs and dance or do anything we want to do. And Mom and Dad," he looked proudly and devotedly at his mother, "are always here to help share in the fun and to think up something else to do. Oh this mother of mine," he laughed as he lifted his dainty little mother off her feet, "is a peach!"

When Jimmy left his mother told Aunt Emmy-Lou and me: "It all looks easy and simple. But you've no idea of the sacrifices we've made and the outside things we've given up to make the children love their home like that. You know what we had about Dad and I used to be? Well, my dears, I soon discovered the children were following suit. When they came home and found us gone they said their friends went romping off, too.

"Well, Mom," Jim said to me one day, "I guess home is just a place to stay in while the automobile is being fixed."

"Now that opened our eyes," the little mother went on. "Dad and I decided then and there that our children came first. We knew we'd have an up-hill fight winning them back. We started by staying at home in the evenings ourselves. We would casually say, 'Bring a few of your friends in for dinner to-night.' Then we'd join in the fun after dinner. We soon discovered the young people loved that kind of an evening. Dearie me, but we were happy over it."

"Well, it's fine not only for Jim and Sister, but for their friends as well," Aunt Emmy-Lou agreed.

"And for us!" the mother continued. "When we saw we were getting such splendid co-operation we began trying harder than ever. We encouraged the children to take more interest in their rooms, in their home, and in their town. We're trying to teach them to be good future citizens, as well as homemakers and homelovers."

"And I went away thinking, 'Wise parents!'"—Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City. These articles are appearing weekly in our columns.

Man's Hand and Woman's Hand

The first finger of a woman's hand is almost always longer than her third, while the first finger of a man's hand is likely to be shorter. This has been confirmed, says Dr. E. E. Free in his Week's Science (New York), by Douglas George of the University of Toronto, and is reported by the Wistar Institute Bibliographic Service of Philadelphia. We read:

"The result was obtained. Mr. George reports, by examining 630 hands of white adults in North America.

"There is no difference between right hands and left hands in this particular; both feminine hands tending to have long first fingers while both masculine hands have long third ones. Mr. George's announcement does not commit him to any theory of the cause of this curious difference, although some cause must exist in differing activities or heredities of the two sexes.

"It is tempting to consider the difference a result of different habits of men and women in savage times or in the still more ancient period when mankind was evolving slowly out of apelike ancestors. Under such savage or prehuman conditions, the male hand probably was used most importantly for grasping something: perhaps the limb of a tree or the handle of a weapon. Such use might be expected to strengthen and lengthen the third finger, which is at the centre of the grasp.

"Under the same social conditions women, it is probable, had much less need to grasp things, but greater need to handle small and delicate things, like picking seeds from the ground or out of a seed pod, or handling small domestic tools like pins or needles. Thus the first finger, which is used chiefly for such things, got more exercise from its feminine owners, and grew correspondingly longer."

A young man who was learning German asked his teacher to dinner one evening. During the meal the guest explained the various pronunciations, but presently he uttered a strange-sounding word, pronounced, as the young host could see, with some difficulty. "I didn't quite catch that word," he confessed. "Was it a German word?" "No," said the guest, shortly. "That was a fishbone."

"I wish you would pay a little attention to what I am saying," roared the exasperated barrister to a stubborn witness.

"Well," was the calm reply, "I'm paying as little as I can."

Dora—"But, mother, I can't marry him. He's an atheist and doesn't believe there's a hell." Mother—"Go ahead and marry him, dear!"

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