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IT WAS ROMANCE TO ORDER

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

MELVIN RIDGE, bookkeeper, looked across his open ledgers at the new typist, who was gazing dreamily out of the high office windows. Her name suggested a garden of old-fashioned flowers—and the girl herself reminded him of a wild rose! And she didn't like bookkeepers. They were too prosaic and unimaginative, she said. She admired soldiers and poets! He'd show her, darn it—

The shrill ringing of the telephone brought Melvin back to reality with a start. Deliberately, while old Muffett was engaged, he stepped over to Chloe Starling. "D'you see those little round towers, way down yonder, beyond the tree tops?"

"Yes," she nodded.

"They're turrets on the castle."

"A castle—in Richmond?" she breated, her wide astonished eyes on his.

"Sure. It's old as—but say, it's a long story. Let me take you to lunch and then I can tell you all about it."

"That would be lovely," she agreed. Satisfied, Melvin returned to his ledgers.

Clever, level-headed Melvin had a strange streak of romance and recklessness in his makeup. Always he had been on the watch for the one girl. A time or so he thought he had found her—but this time he was positive. In the week that Chloe had been at the Muffett Advertising agency, Melvin had fallen helplessly, hopelessly—and permanently—in love.

That night he chuckled, as he prepared for bed. Chloe had been tremendously interested in his story of the castle, an ancient landmark, set high above the James river, and overlooking Indian park.

She expressed a desire to see it, and he immediately offered to take her. "Tomorrow night the moon will be full," he had said. "We'll go to a 'movie,' and after that, walk down and view the castle romantically by moonlight.

"Is it—haunted?" she asked, eagerly.

"No. Occupied by a distinguished but somewhat eccentric family," he admitted.

Chloe looked relieved. "I—I am afraid of ghosts," she confessed. "But I suppose you could protect me from ordinary danger."

So that was what she thought of him! Melvin writhed inwardly, and from his anguish an idea was born. He recalled that Bob Hollins and Ted Smith, the two clerks, were interested in amateur theatricals, and understood makeup. After office hours, Melvin confided his plan to them, and enlisted their aid. "It'll make me strong and brave," he explained, naively, almost wistfully, "and Chloe loves romance."

"Romance to order," laughed Hollins. "Lost your head over her, haven't you?"

"I'm going to marry her," Melvin replied, dignifiedly.

"Then," his friend decided, "it's up to us to help win the fair lady."

The morning paper contained a vivid account of an attempted holdup the night before in Indian park. It stated that the holdup men, who escaped, wore dark mustaches and were foreign looking. The newspaper story dovetailed beautifully with Melvin's plans, and he listened with much satisfaction as the office force excitedly discussed it. He wondered if Hollins, whose brother was a reporter, was responsible for the story. Impatiently he looked forward to the evening. He would prove to Chloe that he was brave as any soldier. And then his thoughts wandered on, pleasantly.

The "movie" was a scary one—Melvin had selected it on purpose—and even the bright lights of the ice cream parlor he and Chloe sought immediately after the performance could not entirely lift the spell. As they walked down the three shadowed streets which led to the park, her hand rested companionably on his sleeve.

The moon was riding high, and its eerie light made ordinary objects seem strange and unreal. No sound broke the stillness, and under the trees the shadows were black. The castle bulked huge and forbidding in the moonlight. No lights were anywhere visible. Silhouetted against the clear sky, its turrets, with long, narrow windows, suggested the menace of hidden marksmen.

Chloe shivered, and Melvin drew her closer and began pointing out little overhanging balconies, dim doorways, and a beautiful stained glass window in the chapel. But where, he wondered, were Smith and Hollins? Then he smiled inwardly as two figures sprang from around a clump of shrubbery and barred the way. They were short, heavy, foreign-looking in the tricky moonlight. How well the boys were made up!

"Gimme your purse," the leader snarled, reaching forward menacingly.

"You thug!" Melvin cried, theatrically. Then he gasped as a fist crashed against his ear. Melvin reeled and almost fell. The second man had seized Chloe by the arm, snatched her little vanity case, and began tearing at her watch.

It wasn't the boys, it was a real holdup. Fool to bring the girl he loved to such a place at such an hour! Chloe was struggling desperately in the grasp of the man. "Melvin," she sobbed. Her voice clarified his muddled brain. He lunged forward unexpectedly, and struck with all his might. The thug dodged, but he struck again, with a crash of hard fist on soft flesh, and yet again. The second man threw Chloe from him and turned to help his hard-pressed companion. Blood was in Melvin's eyes, but through the red mist he lunged and parried and struck. There was no sound, but the tramping of their feet, their gasping breath. One man lay sprawled on his face, the second went heavily to the ground.

A shrill whistle pierced the silence, there was a sound of running feet. Melvin fainted quietly away.

He awakened in a hospital, still dazed and weak from loss of blood. And never was he to know that in his delirious babblings he had revealed the whole tangled story of his love and attempted trickery to the tearful girl whose hands he held so tightly.

Romance, which reads so beautifully, is so much harder to live!

Three days later Melvin was better, and fully conscious once again. He looked out miserably from under the turban bandage at Chloe, who sat by his bed.

"I'll never forgive myself for taking you down there," he whispered. "You might have been killed."

She laid her hands softly on his. "You saved me," she reminded him.

"But you don't understand," he cried, hoarsely. "I'm not only just a prosaic bookkeeper, I'm a fool, a deceitful fool. But I love you—" his voice broke weakly.

Suddenly her cheek lay against his rough, swollen one. "You're the soul of chivalry—so romantic—so clever—and I love you, too, my brave darling!"

"Romance—to order," he muttered thickly, delirious for the moment, but this time from joy.

Twain's Military Service

When the Civil war began Mark Twain was a pilot on the Mississippi, but the war ended his means of making a living. Accordingly he joined a group of Confederate sympathizers who secretly met at Hannibal, Mo., and elected officers, Mark being made second lieutenant of the company. They left Hannibal secretly and joined the Confederate militia under Gen. Tom Harris, commander of the district. Mark Twain was asleep in a hayloft when the barn caught fire. In making his escape from the fire he sprained his ankle and incapacitated himself for active duty. Although he had been in the service only a few weeks he was thoroughly sick of army life and therefore resigned, giving as his reason "fatigue caused by persistent retreating." That was Mark Twain's first and last military experience.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Beetle Friend of Farmer

Devil's horse or devil's coach-horse is the name given to certain large rove beetles. About 2,000 different species of rove beetles have been described.

Says an eminent entomologist: "They live on decaying animal or vegetable matter, in excrement, fungi, or fermenting sap and are among the most universally distributed of all beetles. Many of them are predatory, and some have been accused of feeding on living plants; but on the whole they are of importance to the agriculturist only as scavengers, and as they aid in reducing the dead animal matter into shape for assimilation by plants."—Pathfinder Magazine.

Really Is Woodchuck

Ground hog is a term applied in the southern part of the United States to the marmot, better named woodchuck. It is 15 to 18 inches long. The color is blackish or grizzled above, chestnut-red below; the form thick, the head broad and flat, the legs short and thick, the tail bushy. The hair is rather soft, but the whiskers are long and stout.

Rat Exterminator

Police Lieut. William L. Dwyer, said recently he found a way to rid his premises of rats. His garage and back yard were infested with the rodents. He attached a hose to the exhaust pipe of his automobile and turned the hose into the holes and under the garage. He said the fumes drove the rats out, and they haven't returned.

Par Varies

Par is most often 100, but there are many stocks whose par values are other figures.

Trapper Puzzled Over Habit of Wild Geese

"Why do wild geese set up a terrible 24-hour-a-day racket flying south, when they are as quiet as they can be flying north?" is what Robert Nelson, sixty-four-year-old trapper, of Iron Mountain, Mich., wants to know. Nelson has learned the answer to almost every other woods question by experience during the 40 years in the woods, but that puzzles him. He claims he has checked year after year and knows that they raise their voices while flying in one direction only.

About 30 years ago, says the Milwaukee Journal, Nelson came to Michigan and soon after settled in the upper peninsula. Bob has learned much from nature and books since he established himself in his shack.

"Ever see a deer kill a snake?" he asked. "Well, sir, I tell you it's a great sight. I was walking down the road one day when I heard the darnedest commotion; couldn't make out what it was. First I saw two fawns looking intently ahead of them. A step farther and there was a doe, leaping way in the air and coming down on all fours, her hoofs tearing into something. I looked closely and saw a huge pine snake writhing in the grass."

A man living in the woods for 40 years is bound to have some hair-raising experiences. The one stamped most on Nelson's mind is a charge by an angry mother bear, and he has his dog to blame for it. The "purp," as he calls it, left him to chase a rabbit.

The trapper heard the dog utter a strange bark and went to it. There was the dog, while rolled up in front of him like a furry ball was a cub bear. Nelson bent over it, when he heard an angry snort and looked up in time to see an angered mother bear start a rush toward him.

"Well, I'm no Nurmi or any of those other boys who break records," he grinned, "but, mister, I'm telling you that for five minutes I put ground under me. The bear gave up the chase after a while, but for a couple of minutes it looked like the bear was going to have minced trapper for supper."

Good Posture Impo[illegible]t

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Posture is the result of habit—the unconscious reversion, by the muscles and bones, to the positions they have been allowed to take day after day. Finally they assume these positions automatically, and if they are not correct we develop bodily distortions, an unattractive appearance, and a whole series of unsatisfactory consequences. Poor posture leads to fatigue, to backache, to strain on the wrong parts of the body and often to one-sided growth or such physical imperfections as a narrow chest, round shoulders, protruding abdomen, and many others.

A Bad Standing Position.

Standing Properly With Back and Shoulders Straight.

It is possible to maintain a good posture while engaged in almost any household task. The fact that all household activities must be performed repeatedly, suggests that they may be made to encourage habits of good posture or to correct poor posture if one thinks definitely of how one is standing, sitting, or stooping while at work.

Take such a simple matter as standing at a pass closet [illegible]net to operate an electric toaste[illegible]own in the photograph by the United States Department of Agriculture. A home demonstration agent in Massachusetts used this frequently recurring activity to show farm women how to stand and how not to stand. She showed them how they looked when they allowed their shoulders or hips to slump forward, and the right way to stand while working at a counter or table. Various demonstrations of posture have been given, showing farm women the right and wrong positions for dishwashing, mopping, handling foods in the oven, sitting to prepare vegetables, and so on. Any one interested can apply this idea to a scrutiny of her own way of working. It is sometimes possible to see oneself in a large mirror as a particular task is carried on, and to note improper positions [illegible] head, shoulders, hips, back, or feet.

HOMEMADE SHOWER BATH

An old barrel or an inexpensive steel tank set on four posts or a platform and equipped with faucet and a short length of garden hose makes a shower bath for father and the boys and the hired man. The gas engine or windmill can be turned on a few minutes in the morning to fill the tank and the old reliable water heater, the sun, removes the chill from the water during the day.

The slogan of discretion is "No!"

Fur and Lace, Felt and Velvet

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY

There is no doubt about it, hats are far more interesting than they have been for many and many a season. In fact, all indications point to a revival of the real art of millinery. One feels, viewing the autumn and winter displays, that hats are no longer just hats, rather are they "creations" which tell of an era in headwear where the touch of the "milliner born" becomes absolutely imperative in the scheme of things.

In the conjuring of modish millinery, the employment of lace and of fur unfolds an endless vista of possibilities to the designer. From hat to coat, frock and ensemble, the idea of enlivening black with touches of white fur wins appeal. To wear with a dressy black velvet or broadcloth or perhaps suede-finished cloth coat or jacket-suit where white fur appears at neck and wrists modistes are creating hats of the type of the little ermine-trimmed hat pictured at the top of this group to the left.

The two other fur-touched models in the illustration employ black broadtail for the toque in the lower left corner, and leopard skin for the scarf-and-hat set shown next to it. In the instance of the black broadcloth snug hat with its bow and flat cuff of broadtail again is seen the tendency to match the hat to the costume. This ensemble theme is resulting in all sorts of fabrics entering into the list of hat media, such as broadcloth, tweed and novelty woolens. In fact any material used for the dress or suit is apt to be duplicated in its accompanying hat. It follows also, what with the observance of complementing the costume with a matching hat that women who keep pace with the mode, will find it necessary to buy many more hats than they have in some other seasons.

Three of the sketches herewith demonstrated that lace is being as effectively worked by milliners as fur. Lace treatments may be said to be approached from two different angles, one is the use of insets as shown in the brimmed hat centered at the top of the picture, also in the sketch to the right; the other is the adding of an ornamental veil, such as gives such a piquant air to the concluding model in the group.

When motifs of cired lace are inset into felt shapes, which they so frequently are, emphasis is placed on their being a perfect color match. These matched lace effects are developing into one of the most fascinating themes offered in millinery fashions this season.

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Food for the Family Table

By NELLIE MAXWELL

The following recipes, gathered from here and there are sure to please the family:

Cheesettes.—Fold in one and one-half cupfuls of grated cheese in the well-beaten whites of three eggs, add salt and cayenne and pile on circles of toast and brown in the oven. These are nice to serve with a simple salad.

Rice and Beef Cutlets.—Take one cupful each of chopped uncooked beef and rice (cooked), combine with one well beaten egg. Make a sauce by frying one-half tablespoonful of onion in one tablespoonful of butter and then add one tablespoonful of flour and one-half cupful of milk. Simmer until smooth, add one-half teaspoonful of minced parsley, one-half tablespoonful of tomato sauce, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Add this to the rice and beef mixture and form into cutlets. Brush with beaten egg, roll in fine crumbs and fry in deep fat.

Strawberry Ice Cream.—Crush one junket tablet and dissolve in a tablespoonful of cold water. Add one cupful of sugar to a pint of milk that has been warmed to new milk temperature. Add the dissolved tablet, stir well, pour into a freezer and freeze to a mush. Add a half pint of cream whipped, two cupfuls of crushed strawberries, and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Mix well and let stand until well frozen.

Lemon Crumb Pudding.—Pour two cupfuls of milk over two cupfuls of bread crumbs, add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth cupful of sugar, one beaten egg, the grated rind of a lemon, three tablespoonfuls of the juice of a lemon and one tablespoonful of melted butter. Pour into a buttered baking dish and serve with a creamy pudding sauce.

A dainty canape and easy to serve is one prepared thus: Prepare very small cream puffs—just enough for a mouthful—fill with any prepared mixture one desires—caviar, or seasoned chopped egg with anchovy.

Molasses Cake.—Take one cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of sour milk, one and three-fourths teaspoonfuls of soda, one-third of a cupful of butter, one egg, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and two cupfuls of flour. Mix as usual and bake in a slow oven. Bake in a sheet.

It is surprising how much more flavorful many of our foods are made by the addition of a bit of sugar. Our best meat cooks add a pinch or more to all roasts and stews of meat; a bit added to almost all vegetables is an improvement, especially corn, peas and beats, which sometimes lack sweetness.

For the coffee sirup make extra strong coffee—one and three-fourths quarts of water to a pound of coffee, add three and one-half pounds of sugar and boil for three minutes. Bottle for use.

Brazilian Salad.—Take equal parts of finely cut fresh strawberries and pineapple with one dozen Brazil nuts cut into very thin slices. Marinate with lemon juice and serve on lettuce with mayonnaise dressing.

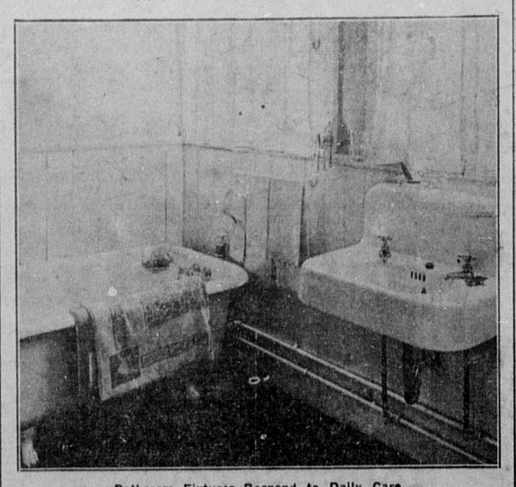
Tarte aux Oignons.—Slice thin four large onions. Put in a quart of cold water for a few minutes, add a teaspoonful of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt and cook a few minutes. Drain and add to a saucepan in which has been melted one-quarter pound of butter and cook until lightly browned. Add three slices of bacon that have been cut in small pieces, and let cook. Let the mixture cool until just warm, then add three eggs lightly beaten with four tablespoonfuls of cream. Fill tart shells with the mixture and pour melted butter over them and bake until set.

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

An Attractive Bathroom

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

An attractive bathroom is a housekeeper's pride, and the care given it is well repaid, not only from the sanitary standpoint, but because somehow its gleaming porcelain and well-shined fixtures, as well as its fresh dainty linen, reflect the standards of the home. Because it is in constant daily use by every member of the family, the bathroom and everything in it needs going over every day. The hand-basin and tub must be scoured, the toilet made scrupulously clean, nickel or other metal fixtures wiped and polished, and the floor mopped or wiped, depending on its condition and kind. The water pipes and traps should be frequently examined, too, for stoppage or leaks, either of which should receive prompt attention from a competent plumber.



Bathroom Fixtures Respond to Daily Care.

The regular replacement of soiled towels and wash rags with clean ones, and attention to soap dishes, shelves, and the linen and medicine closets at frequent times are also very necessary details of bathroom care.

Fine scourers may be used on all fixtures, says the bureau of home economics. For porcelain and enameled iron fixtures, kerosene and whiting are especially good; the kerosene cuts the grease and the whiting supplies the abrasion. Some of the commercial cleaning preparations used for enameled and porcelain fixtures are so gritty that they scratch the surface and thus make it harder to keep them clean. Special care should be taken to select one that will not scratch the enamel. Tubs and bowls should be scrubbed with a fine scourer or with water containing a little kerosene, rinsed with clear hot water, and wiped dry.

The stains made by water containing an excess of iron may be removed from porcelain or porcelain-lined tubs and bowls with oxalic acid solution, which is a poison and must be entirely washed off. The overflow pipes should be flushed, washed with hot soapsuds or soda solution and a long-handled brush, and flushed again. Then the seat, the cover, the chain, and the handle should be washed and wiped. All cloths and utensils used in cleaning the bathroom should be scalded and dried, preferably in the open air.

Tiled walls and floors are easily wiped clean with soap and warm water unless the floor is dirty enough to need a scouring powder. It is a good plan to use two cloths, a wet and a dry one, and to clean a small area at a time, wiping it dry. The use of too much water may result ultimately in loosening the cement in which tiles are laid. If the floor is covered with linoleum this treatment is preferable to mopping.

The photograph, taken by the United States Department of Agriculture, shows a bathrom in a farm home in Montgomery county, Virginia installed after a water system had been put into the house on the advice of the extension agent. It is light, well ventilated, and quite easy to care for.

Fairy Tale for the Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Minna had been taking a walk. And now she was stopping before the music shop in the little town where she lived.

She was looking at everything in the shop. It was such an interesting window.

She always loved to look at it.

Whenever she had time she stopped and gazed into the window—and sometimes, when she really hadn't the time at all she stopped and looked in!

Although it was late in the afternoon and she should be hurrying home, she stopped now and looked.

There were several lights in the shop, and she could see everything distinctly.

A light shone directly on a violin, the only one left, for Minna knew that the other four had been bought this year by three of the older boys and one older girl, who were taking violin lessons.

The violin looked rather lonely by itself. How she wished she could hear it played!

There was a saxophone in the window, too, a radio and a talking machine, a music box, ukulele and a harmonica, and, too, a metronome.

Minna didn't like a metronome. A friend of hers was made to practice with the metronome going all the time.

That was different from Miss Drumble. She didn't believe in the metronome. It made a pupil too mechanical and without enough sense of rhythm, Miss Drumble said, and Minna quite agreed with her.

A metronome so insisted upon every note being played right on time, and that wasn't so easy, but a metronome never seemed to care whether you found time difficult or not.

To a metronome everything should be so dreadfully right.

Some notes, Minna felt, wanted to go more quickly even if the time of the music and the metronome did agree that they shouldn't.

She Was Looking at Everything.

The metronome was so strict.

It always wanted its own way, and always appeared so satisfied with itself.

To be sure, Miss Drumble wanted her to keep correct time, but Miss Drumble wanted her to understand and feel rhythm more than anything.

Minna tried to see back in the shop where there were many other sheets of music, more musical instruments, radio, pianos, even a bugle, and such a dear looking little piccolo.

There weren't many books of exercises—that was another reason why the shop was so fascinating.

There were any number of song books. Minna like to sing songs.

What a wonderful shop this was.

Minna liked it better than any other in town.

To be sure, she liked the peanut man's little stand, where peanuts were always being roasted, and popcorn was always popping—ready to be put into bags with the butter soaking through the paper.

But the peanut man's stand couldn't possibly be called a shop.

It was quite different. And, certainly, if she ever were given her choice of the two there wouldn't be a doubt about choosing this one.

She had lingered and looked long enough. She must be on her way now.

But there was something about the manner in which the lights back in the shop were blinking and flickering that kept her there.

It was as though something must be going to happen. Something exciting, something surprising, something—

Had some one spoken to her? She was sure she had just heard a voice, a squeaky voice.

It wasn't very loud. Maybe she had only imagined she had heard it. And then she heard the voice again.

It was quite distinct this time.

To think that some one from this fascinating shop was noticing her, too!

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

HINTS FOR HOU[illegible]

Before at[illegible] dress, try [illegible] inconspic[illegible] as the [illegible]

An [illegible] sometimes used to pre[illegible] rubbers. Remove this [illegible] ing boiling water over the rubbers and let them stand a few minutes.

[illegible] cellent finish [illegible] child's room. It is [illegible]aned, and silverless.

[illegible] sign placed low [illegible] easily by the passing [illegible] attract people to [illegible]

[illegible] in which to keep [illegible]tables is a thrifty article to have on the back porch, as the air wilts and toughens the vegetables.

For Noisy Motors

The one disadvantage of a quiet motor is that you can hear all the instructions from the rear seat.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Had Legislative Training

Forty of the forty-five members of the Constitutional convention had been in congress

BROWN OATMEAL SLICES

Cut cold oatmeal in slices. Beat one egg with four tablespoonfuls of milk and dip the oatmeal in this. Heat a little butter in a frying pan and brown the oatmeal slices on both sides. Serve for dessert with a little maple sirup.

A malicious enemy is better than a clumsy friend.—Mme. Swetching.

Commemorates Heroism

A gold medal and bronze tablet appropriately inscribed in memory of the heroes of the Titanic disaster were deposited in the National museum at Washington. It is a memorial to "those whose chivalrous conduct and self-sacrifice have profoundly moved the civilized world."

Aren't We All?

If every man who writes a foolish love letter is insane they'd better enlarge the asylums.—Indianapolis News

WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS

By GEORGE DORSEY, Ph. D., LL. D.

How and Why Bodies Fossilize

UNLESS well protected, or in rainless Peru or Egypt, or in dry caves, or the cold storage of Arctic ice, or in oil, wax, or amber, the body soon yields to the bacteria of decay or to the teeth of wolves and hyenas. For bone or other tissue to be replaced by mineral whereby it petrifies or "fossilizes," many conditions must be right. The wiser the animal, the less likelihood of its being caught in quicksands or engulfed by the gravel and silt of floods. Primitive man was as little enamored as we are of being buried alive.

Fossil remains of the famous Cro-Magnon man have been found in Wales, and especially in France. Possibly earth never saw finer built human beings. His brain was 15 per cent larger than ours, his stature taller than any living race by two inches. He was clean-limbed, lithe, and swift. He had a good chin, thick and strong jaws. His head was long, his face broad. He buried his dead. He was an artist and an artisan. He lived about 25,000 years ago. Did he become an ordinary European, or did he disappear? No one knows.

Beyond Cro-Magnon, our forebears rather run to brutish casts. Grimaldi man was of the Negroid type. Neanderthal man had a huge head, chipped flint, and buried his dead. He is set down at 50,000 B. C. and left no known heirs. He is the first known cave-man.

The jaw of Heidelberg man fits [illegible] gorilla, but the teeth are ours. He is possibly 400,000 years old. Piltdown man is possibly a hundred thousand years [illegible]der. Some think he was [illegible] ape. Some say he was the first Irishman. We have reached a point in time where no one knows who's who.

The champion fossil is Pithecanthropus erectus (ape-man erect), discovered by Dubois in Java in 1891. He is certainly a half million years old; some say a million. He is more pithecoid than any known human being, more anthropoid than any known ape. He was as erect and almost as tall as the average European. He had definitely left the "well-ventilated arboreal tenements." He was a low-browed moron—and may be represented in the living flesh. But whether he was of the direct line that led to man, or only of a line that ended with himself, is not yet definitely known. It is enormously significant that, after a debate lasting more than a quarter of a century, the biologists of the world cannot decide whether Pithecanthropus erectus belongs to the first or the second of the earth's First Families. That makes him a pretty good link that is no longer missing.

To import monkeys for their sex glands is ghastly business, perhaps the lowest that has engaged the cupidity and lust of man, but to shoot down simians as we do mad dogs or boys in uniform is a crime. The four Anthropoid apes are our next-of-kin-living; they should be respected as cousins and not exterminated as vermin or Indians.

Man was never a gorilla, a chimpanzee, an orang, or a gibbon. No biologist ever made such a claim. Whether these apes could have developed into human beings is a different story. They have the makings—all the parts. If we knew how heredity works and could control variation, we might breed from an ape a being that could dig a ditch, play the piano, talk English, and sing the "Messiah." We can teach them to smoke cigarettes, chew tobacco, drink beer, wear clothes, and eat with a knife and fork. We do not yet know the limit of their ability to learn human ways.

Why do zoologists put the apes so close behind us that we feel their breath and they catch our diseases? Because they are anthropoid. Nothing has yet surpassed them in the race to become human. Their anatomy, embryology, histology, morphology, paleontology, physiology, and psychology entitle them to second place in the Ancient and Honorable Order of Firsts.

They vary in their manlikeness; no one is in all ways closest to man. The orang looks like an Irishman; the gorilla is built like Jack Dempsey; the chimpanzee is the most angelic; the delicate gibbon has a lady-like skull and an upright carriage. The first three—the Great Apes—are the extremes of variation from a generalized ancestor. The gibbon varies least, and to that extent is nearest the tree man climbed down when he decided to stand up and talk.

Except in teeth, the young female gorilla is the most human. Her father is a brute in size and appearance. Only five feet high, he may weigh over 400 pounds; mostly neck, chest, and arms. If his legs were of human proportions, he would stand over seven feet high.

The chimpanzee, like the gorilla, lives in jungle Africa. Like the gorilla, he has a shuffle-along gait, swinging his body between his long crutch-like arms. He has the gorilla's proportions, but never the great depth of chest. And so is more at home in the trees, where he builds his nest, as does the orang. The chimpanzee's skull is not unlike the one an ape erect tried on when turning into man—and gave up because it had too much jaw for the teeth required and not enough brain-box for ideas.

(© by George A. Dorsey.)

Immense Ocean Liners

There are steamers on the Atlantic engaged in a heavy tourist traffic which are so large that if placed on end and stood up they would rise more than 200 feet higher than the Woolworth skyscraper in New York city.

Vegetable Milk

In South America there are some trees known as "cow trees," which, when pierced, yield a rich, milky, nutritious juice in such abundance as to render it an important article of food.