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THAT MYSTERY OF THE BELLS

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

RAYMOND KIPPING dangled his feet over the rocks near the pier into the muddy current of the Illinois river. It was early evening, the sun was just beginning to disappear over the willows of the west bank of the river. Behind him the little town of Naples was quiet—its populace at supper. Presently, far up the river the whistle of a steamer was heard. A long blast followed by two shorter ones. Every evening at this hour the steamer, Madeline II, whistled as it rounded the island. It plied between Beardstown and Valley, making a round trip each day.

Just as the first blast of the whistle sounded a strange thing happened. Kipping, yet a mere boy, dropped his fishing pole into the water and leaned forward. He was listening for something and was straining to catch the sound. And then he heard it.

In the dying echo of the whistle's blast the faint sound of a bell drifted down the river. It seemed to come from the steamer, and yet so faint that it could hardly be heard except by a most careful listener. One, two, three, four, five times the sound was repeated. And then it ceased and all was quiet but the steady throbbing of the steamer's paddle wheels.

Kipping arose and silently moved toward the little village. He was far more quiet than usual. The strange bells mystified. He had lived too long on the river not to know that the sound was not an ordinary steamer signal. Arrived at his little home, he told the family of the strange sound. They all laughed at him, and he quietly asked them to wait until the following day.

The next evening the entire Kipping family awaiting the approach of the Madeline II as it rounded the island above the little village. Somehow they were very quiet. At the usual hour far up the river the first great blast of the steamer was heard and then the two shorter blasts. That was the signal for the landing and the opening of the draw bridge below. One of the boys on the porch became restless. "Aw, shucks, there's nothing but the steamer whistle."

Raymond raised a finger for silence. And then they heard it. Intermingled with the echo of the blast, once more could be heard the faint sound of a beautiful bell with five perfectly timed beats. When the last bell had sounded no one spoke. Mr. Kipling, Sr., sat smoking his pipe in thoughtful silence. Presently he spoke.

"What do you make of it, Ray?"

Raymond shook his head in a puzzled manner.

"When did you discover it?" his father asked.

"Just the other evening. I was fishing down by the pier and heard it by accident. I thought at first that it was only fancy, but it happens just after the Madeline whistles for the landing every evening."

"Probably some signal on the steamer," explained his father as if to dismiss the matter.

Here Raymond laughed. He looked up at his father in a strange way. His voice was very low as he spoke.

"I would swear that sound comes from the steamer, wouldn't you, Dad?"

His father nodded that it did beyond doubt.

"Well, even though the bells seem to be on the steamer, and can be heard two miles away, they cannot be heard on the steamer at all."

The elder Kipping laughed aloud. "Impossible!" he said.

"But father," Raymond interrupted. "I boarded the Madeline II the other day and asked several of the hands about those bells and they laughed in my face and said the Madeline did not use bell signals. Said that I was crazy."

The elder Kipping began to take the matter seriously. He was puzzled. He began to ponder. The bells were indeed beautiful things. They sounded every evening in the echo of the steamer's whistle. They came from the steamer beyond any doubt, and yet not a person on board the vessel itself could hear them. The elder Kipping was determined to solve the mystery.

The next day Mr. Kipping, Sr., boarded the Madeline II and made the entire round trip with it. As the steamer rounded the island he listened intently for the bells. The blast sounded, followed by the two shorter ones. But there were no bells. They had not sounded this evening, he decided. Not anyone on board had ever heard them. They laughed at him when he mentioned them at all. He left the steamer at the landing and returned to where his family were anxiously awaiting an explanation.

"They did not ring tonight," he said.

Raymond looked at him in a strange sort of way. "But, father," he said, "we distinctly heard them from the front porch of our home."

The elder Kipping looked up in amazement.

"You heard them?" he asked in a startled manner. "You actually heard those bells tonight?"

Every one upheld Raymond in his statement. The older Kipping was determined to find out what caused the strange sound. The next day he once more boarded the Madeline II and rode the entire distance. He returned to where his family waited for him on their porch overlooking the river. His face was radiant. He smiled at his family.

"Well, I have solved the mystery," he said. "But we are sworn to secrecy."

Raymond insisted upon an immediate explanation. The elder Kipping began it.

"It is a romance," he said. "The skipper of that steamer is in love with a fisherman's daughter below the bridge. And every evening he tells her with those bells where he is to meet her when his ship puts in for the night."

"But, father," Raymond asked, "why don't they hear the sounds?"

"Because the tone of the bells is lost in the greater blast of the steamer whistle, but their sharpness carries them farther and they can be heard in the echo at a distance. They can be heard at the fisherman's home even more distinctly than here. He rings twice when he is to meet her at the landing, three times when he will come to her home, and five when she must meet him in the town. He never rings four, for that is when he cannot meet her at all."

Soviets Planning to Do Away With Kissing

The Soviet government is doing its best to shatter love's young dream. The Russian leaders are now seeking to make kissing impossible. By regulation and by education they would end this endearing contact. For one thing, they are making the campaign on the grounds of health and sanitation. A kiss is said to be a germ spreader and the Soviet scientists circulate the sad story that death may lurk in its trail. They have the slogan, "Think Before You Kiss," spread over the land in big type. Somehow or other Russia is bound to be an unhappy place in which to live. There is no red-blooded man but would rather go to an early grave under a shower of kisses than to defy time and the ages by living as the great unkissed.—Los Angeles Times.

Virtuous Tree

What a great heart on apple tree must have! What generous work it makes of blossoming! It is not content with a single bloom for each apple that is to be; but a profusion, a prodigality of blossom there must be. The tree is but a huge bouquet. It gives you twenty times as much as there is need for, and evidently because it loves to blossom. We will praise this virtuous tree. Not beautiful in form, often clumpy, cragged, and rude; but it is glorious in beauty when efflorescent. Nor is it beauty only at a distance and in the mass. Pluck down a twig and examine it as closely as you will. . . . It is all the better for being common. I love a flower that all may have; that belongs to the whole, and not to a select and chosen few. Common forsooth!—Henry Ward Beecher, in Star Papers.

Licorice as Medicine

There is real romance connected with licorice, which reaches back into the earliest recorded history and beyond. It was known and grown in that region of Mesopotamia which is regarded as the cradle of civilization.

The famous Egyptian alchemists and learned Greek physicians knew its worth. During the Dark ages thousands of tons were consumed in all parts of Europe. The ruins of the alleged tower of Babel arise from the center of the licorice belt.

Theophrastus, who is called the "Father of Botany," and who was the pupil and friend of Aristotle, wrote three centuries before Christ: "Scythian root (licorice) is useful against asthma or dry cough and in general troubles of the chest, and is also administered in honey for wounds."

How It Happened

The crowd at the airport to see Lindy was thrilled at the sight of him, but one little fellow went home with the information that he had seen Lindy and that he spoke to him and touched him. The family felt equally honored until some one asked him how it happened and he said that he was too close to the plane and Lindy put his hand on him and said: "Stand back, little boy, you'll get hit."

Where They All Fail

"Most folks is prepared for anything," says Scattergood Baines in the American Magazine, "till it commences to rain and then they's a leak in the roof."

Island Gathers People of All Nationalities

To stay in Brioni is to be a (paying) guest at an international house party.

If you look at a large map you will see that Brioni is an island in the Adriatic with dozens of little bays and headlands. It is six hours by train from Venice if you go in one of those brand new white 1,500-ton San Marco motor-driven ships which look like a millionaire's yacht, or half an hour by launch from Pola on the opposite coast. It has one hotel, one villa which belongs to Gene Tunney, one fort which you may not approach, one lighthouse, one shop, one post office and one night club. In addition, there is a pigmy harbor, an 18-hole golf course, a polo ground, a zoo with two monkeys, the remains of dozens of Roman villas and two Roman temples, several tennis courts, a hundred yards of stables for the polo ponies; a "bull-ring," which is a vast marquee in which you dance in the open air at night, and a swimming pool with a hundred cabins.

Brioni belongs to Italy. It is owned by two Austrian brothers and their sister. The waiters talk German and English. The guests are of all nationalities. You see extremely good-looking Italians flirting with Americans. You see even better-looking Austrians flirting with English girls. You see Egyptian girls in wide, flapping, black pajama trousers and scarlet singlets flirting with anyone. You see Englishmen talking to Englishmen and Germans, and Hungarians talking to Frenchmen and Russians.

As I say, the whole atmosphere is that of an easy-going international house party. You are all on an island in the only hotel together. You bathe with Austrians, lunch with Americans, play polo with Italians, play golf with Hungarians, play tennis with Frenchmen, have tea with Austrians, drink cocktails with Russians, dine with Canadians or Germans and dance or play bridge with the lot of them.—Charles Graves in the Continental edition of the London Daily Mail.

Fruit Flavors With Pork

Cooked Apples Are Always Pleasant Accompaniment.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Because of their pleasant tartness cooked apples are an acceptable accompaniment to any of the usual cuts of pork—roasts, chops or sausage. The apples need not always be made into sauce, however. Sometimes serve them baked, or fried, or glazed. Or have an apple dessert. Other slightly acid fruit flavors may take the place of apples for a change—fried pineapple, for instance, or cranberry sauce in the winter months, or tart jellies like currant or beach plum.

Success in preparing pork cuts says the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture, depends on regulating the heat so as to cook the meat well done to the center of the piece and at the same time to keep the outside from becoming hard and dry. Moderate cooking temperature is best after the surface has been seared to develop rich flavor. It is neither necessary nor desirable to add water to pork roasts during cooking. Hams, shoulders and loins have sufficient fat on the outside to baste the lean meat and so do not dry out when roasted fat side up at moderate temperature in open pans without added water.

For a pork loin roast have the butcher crack the bones so that it can be carved in slices between the ribs. Wipe the meat with a damp cloth. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and rub with flour. Lay the loin, ribs down and fat side up, on a rack in an open roasting pan. Sear the meat for 30 minutes, or until lightly browned, in a hot oven (480 degrees Fahrenheit) then reduce the temperature rapidly to a very moderate heat (300 degrees to 325 degrees Fahrenheit), and cook until the meat is tender. A loin weighing from 4 to 5 pounds will probably require from 2 to 2½ hours when these oven temperatures are used. A roast meat thermometer can be used with loins, just as with ham and other thick roasts. Put it into the raw meat so that the bulb reaches the thickest part and leave it in during all the time the roast is in the oven. When the mercury in the meat thermometer registers 185 degrees Fahrenheit, the meat is well done to the center.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS

Let the children have plenty of outdoor play in the sunshine now to help them resist colds this winter.

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Weather stripping around the windows helps to save fuel and to keep the house evenly heated in winter.

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To foster a love of reading in children see that they are provided with comfortable chairs and good light placed conveniently near.

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An uncovered kettle and short cooking in rapidly boiling water aid in keeping the color in green vegetables during cooking.

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Soap and hot water and occasionally kerosene oil are better cleaners for porcelain or enamel than coarse abrasives, since these may scratch the surface.

To Make Brown Bread

Beat two eggs, add one rounded tablespoonful of melted butter, dissolve one teaspoonful of baking soda in one and one-fourth cupfuls of buttermilk and add half a teaspoonful of salt, two cupfuls of graham flour, one cupful of cornmeal and one scant cupful of brown sugar. Beat all well. Bake in a well buttered pan in a slow oven for one hour. Raisins and chopped nuts may be added if liked.

Mulligatawny Soup Is Tasty

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The distinctive flavor in mulligatawny soup that makes it different from most other soups is the suggestion of curry. Borrowed from East Indian cookery. The vegetables and seasonings are also a source of its fine appetizing taste, and as some of the meat is added at serving time, the soup is substantial and nourishing. The addition of a tart sliced apple is another touch that makes this soup unusual. The bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture supplies these directions for making it:

USED FOR STOCK

3 or 4 pounds veal knuckle	1 onion, halved
2 quarts cold water	2 stalks celery
½ tsp. peppercorns	Blade of mace

¼ cup sliced onion	¼ cup butter
1 cup carrot, cut in small cubes	1 cup creamed tomato
½ cup finely cut celery	½ tsp curry powder
1 green pepper, finely cut	2 cloves
1 tart apple, sliced	1 sprig parsley
	2 tsp salt, or to taste.

Wipe the knuckle of veal put into a kettle with the water, peppercorns, onion, celery, and mace, and simmer for two hours. Remove the scum and strain the soup stock. Cook the onion, carrots, celery, green pepper, and apple in the butter until lightly browned. Add the meat stock, the seasoning, and the tomato. Simmer for one hour, or until the vegetables are tender. If desired, the vegetables may be strained out, rubbed through a sieve, and returned to the soup mixture. Whatever way the vegetables are desired, add one cup or more of the meat finely chopped to the soup. Serve the soup piping hot with croutons.

TO MAKE CINNAMON ROLLS

Sprinkle a layer of biscuit dough thickly with sugar, cinnamon and bits of butter. Roll as for jelly roll, cut into one-inch pieces, and set them cut side down in a pan prepared as follows: Butter a pan, sprinkle thickly with sugar, bits of butter and some cinnamon. Pour in sirup to cover the lower part of the pan with a layer of sirup. Set the rolls in this and bake as directed. When baked, turn the rolls out on a rack. If you want a roll that is covered with a plentiful supply of sirup, increase the amount of sirup that is poured into the pan. If a glazed surface is desired, additional sirup or honey may be poured over the tops of the rolls before they are to be baked.

Government Studies Starches

The comparative value of potato and rice starches, [illegible] wheat, corn, [illegible] been given [illegible] stiffening fabrics, has [illegible] Auburn and [illegible] tensive study in the textile [illegible] bulletin of the bureau of home economics [illegible] De[illegible] is reported in a technical bulletin just issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. A quantitative method and apparatus for measuring the stiffness of sized fabrics, devised by Esther C. Peterson, and Tobias Dantzig, is also described and illustrated.

Heretofore only qualitative methods of showing differences in fabric stiffness had been developed, and oftentimes the stiffness was indicated as part of the "feel" or "handle," or some such vague term common in mill and laundry practice. The new method originated by a textile chemist and a mathematician in collaboration therefore marks an advance in the scientific study of fabric sizing. It is also predicted that manufacturers of paper, celluloid, [illegible] will find this and other commodities in measuring the method of equal value of their commodities accurately the stiffness [illegible].

The study of starches is continued by the bureau. The value of dasheen [illegible] can to determine the [illegible] tural products [illegible] and other agricultural materials for use [illegible] sources of sizing and in the laundry [illegible] in the manufacture [illegible] ering of the various fabrics. Copies of the publication on Stiffness in Fabrics, Technical Bulletin 108-T, may be obtained free from the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Evening Fairy Tale for the Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

In the music shop the lullaby had put them all to sleep, but they were only going to take a nap so as to rest for the ball that was going to take place.

The instruments and pieces of music had all come to life and were having a fine entertainment for their guest, Minna.

But the lullaby had certainly made them sleepy.

At the very last note everyone of them had fallen off to sleep, though some had gone to sleep a little before the end.

Minna looked around and saw the music sheets resting on tables and counters.

The Big Bass Viol was leaning up against a wall, taking his nap. The Violin was resting upon a chair. Minna put her head down on the Piano and closed her eyes. Either she went to sleep very quickly or else the others didn't sleep any length of time at all, for in what seemed but a few minutes the Metronome shouted:

"Time-to-wake-up."

Once again they all dusted themselves off, and one or two sheets of music smoothed out their corners which had got bent over a little.

Then everyone began to dance. The Sharps and the Flats came out from the pages of the music and jumped here, there, and everywhere over the Piano. The Grace Notes did the loveliest of dancing steps.

The Octaves stretched themselves to their full length.

They certainly looked quite large and Minna kept stretching her hands the way she did when trying to reach octaves on the piano at home.

Of course none of these little creatures were big enough to dance on the floor. They danced on some of the other pianos in the shop and the Grace Notes did the same, flying down over other Notes, reminding Minna of the way butterflies alighted on the honey-suckle bushes in the garden.

Minna Put Her Head Down.

The Chords came out in groups and looked distinguished and handsome.

From time to time the orchestra changed. A new group took the places of those who had been playing, so that all had a chance to dance.

Minna danced a lovely dance with the Violin who hummed softly and sweetly as he danced.

The First Pieces were dancing around with some of the Scales.

Minna particularly liked the look of one C Major Scale who was like his relatives and yet appeared finer and of greater dignity and simplicity than the others. He was dancing with a charming little First Piece. The First Piece, Minna noticed, was written in the C Major key.

Perhaps that was why they had so much in common, or were in such harmony as Miss Drumble, her teacher, would say.

There were other First Pieces, to be sure, but Minna watched this couple more than any of the others. Even as she danced with her different partners, she watched them. They were dancing together all the time.

The tunes to which they danced were many. How gay it all was! Minna was glad that she had on her good blue dress. Her every-day dress had become so shabby that she had dressed up in her better one for her music lesson.

When she had started on her walk she had thought of going home to change into the old one, but then she had decided she hadn't much time, and that she wouldn't really hurt it. How thankful she was now that she had not gone home to put on her old one.

The ball was wonderful. Such lovely music, so bright and so jolly, such delightful, graceful, interesting dancing.

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Food for the Family Table

By NELLIE MAXWELL

Too much idleness, I have observed, fills up a woman's time much more completely and leaves her less her own mistress than any other sort of employment whatever.—Burke.

After middle age when the average person, man or woman, begins to notice the thickening of the waistline, it is necessary, if one keeps fit, active and ready for the enjoyment of all of the good things that nature provides us, to cut down on starchy foods, eat less of meat and more of the natural fruit juices which are invaluable in neutralizing the acid ash of heavy foods. Acidosis, rheumatism of various forms, get us if we don't watch out.

When heartburn (an acid stomach) rolls up to choke you, take a good glass of fresh orange juice and see how quickly the discomfort will subside.

Drink orange juice daily as much and as often as the stomach demands it. With a system well nourished daily with citrus fruit juice, whether lemon, lime, grapefruit or orange, the dreaded arthritis is routed and the body is kept in perfect condition—provided the food supply is reasonable.

Young people who work off so much steam in exercise may eat more freely of hearty foods, but inactivity and overeating is the cause of a large proportion of disease and death.

Nowadays the wise mother begins with the citrus fruits. She gives her three-month-old babe a teaspoonful of strained orange juice between feedings. The vitamines and mineral matter found in orange juice builds up the tissues and bones and gives the body resistance to colds and infection.

The small glass of orange juice is part of every well-appointed table for the first meal of the day.

Fresh vegetables, especially the green-leaf vegetables, like lettuce, chard, spinach and broccoli, should be part of the menu of every dinner. Uncooked onions if eaten at night are both wholesome and a good antiseptic. They also insure solitude, which is another necessity for a normal person occasionally.

The best diet then is plenty of vegetables, citrus fruits and enough starchy and protein foods to keep in normal weight.

Now that the season is here for heartier foods, more roasts, pastry and richer puddings, we need to remember that we must include in this diet plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables, if we are to have a well balanced diet and keep well.

Pot Roast With Vegetables.—Place a two or three-pound pot roast in a small iron kettle or Dutch oven with some suet. Brown well on all sides, then season and add a tablespoonful of boiling water. Cover tightly and cook over a simmer burner for two or three hours. An hour before serving add potatoes and onions, placing them around the meat. Cover and steam until the vegetables are tender. This makes an easy meal to prepare on a busy day, as one has all the meat and vegetables cooked in one receptacle.

Dinner Punch.—Take two-thirds of lemon juice, one cupful of orange juice, one cupful of sugar sirup—made by cooking together sugar and water to make a heavy sirup. Combine the fruit and sugar sirup and just before serving pour over two bottles of ginger ale, adding plenty of crushed ice.

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Proper Height for Kitchen Equipment

Is your permanent kitchen equipment substantial, easy to keep in order, carefully grouped and set at such height that you do not have to stoop or strain your muscles as you work? Sink, stove, and worktable should be near together so as to save steps. Scattered equipment means walking many unnecessary miles during the course of a year, the United States Department of Agriculture has estimated. If the kitchen table is on casters it can be easily moved where needed, thus saving steps.

The various kitchen tasks can be done most comfortably at different heights. Sinks especially are often set too low: 30 inches from the bottom of the sink to the floor is considered good average height. Experiment until you find the best height for your table, ironing board, and washtubs. The table can be raised on blocks hollowed out to fit the legs, and with a little ingenuity you can adjust the ironing board and tubs.

HOT COCOA GOOD COLD DAY DRINK

In cold weather it is good for the younger children to have a hot drink before starting for school in the morning. Cocoa made with milk is both a food and a beverage, and most children enjoy it for breakfast. The United States Department of Agriculture recommends cocoa as a suitable addition to the hot school lunch. When it is not possible for the children to obtain it at school the mother may serve it when the children get home in the afternoon, or as part of the evening meal. Few adults will refuse an appetizing cup of cocoa for lunch or supper, when dropping in to call, or when returning late at night from a cold trip.

Make cocoa with whole or skim milk if possible. Allow two level teaspoonfuls of cocoa and about two level teaspoonfuls of sugar to each half pint of milk. While bringing the milk to the scalding point mix the cocoa and sugar to a paste with a little cold milk or water. Add to the hot milk, bring to the boiling point, and boil for about a minute. To prevent scum from rising, beat briskly with an egg beater. Some persons like the addition of a few drops of vanilla. Whipped cream or a marshmallow may be floated on top of each cup.

Furred Cloth Suit Smart for Winter

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY

The thing that intrigues about the furred cloth jacket suits, which are the smart note for nearly winter, is that they dare to be so strikingly original.

In the yesteryears, a suit was merely a suit lacking for the most part that "variety" which "is the spice of life." How different the modern suit! It has become a creature of imagination in the evolving of which genius is apparently taking its fling.

It is just such fascinating types as the one in this picture which is causing the fashionable world to pay homage to the fur-trimmed suit as a "thing of beauty" as well as costume of exceeding chic.

This striking model is made of brown verona cloth, its collar of brown caracul interpreting an entirely new and decidedly flattering silhouette. The bordering on the coat repeats the graceful circular movement of the collar. There is the buckle fastening. It is the latest—much more satisfactory and smarter than the button-and-loop idea. The close-fitting brown felt turban with its one-side flare, crowns this costume with a definite style touch.

The vogue for thin flat furs is proving an inspiration to designers to design, for the reasons that supple peltry, such as beaver, seal, lapin, broadtail, Persian lamb, astrakhan, galyak, caracul and such, yield to manipulation as gracefully as any fabric.

The smartest of the smart on the daytime costume list is the suit of tweed for sports, and broadcloth or velvet for dressier wear, which is collared and cuffed with some one of the furs just mentioned. Competing with the flat fur trims, to no small degree are the showy long-haired varieties, chief among which are badger fox, wolf and lynx.

Not all suits are black, not all suits are brown, although many of them are, but there is [illegible] a most delectable color program [illegible] out for the furred cloth suit, which includes deep wines, rich greens and very new dahlia and eggplant shades.

A fascinating type of suit or ensemble, if you so please to call it, which has made its debut this season, exploits color and novelty in its every detail. We refer to the suits of loose-woven tweed which have an interwoven border which introduces a multiplicity of typical gay autumn and winter shades. The bordering is neatly finished with a selvedge which is featured in a trimming way. Of the same tweed the designer fashions a cunning hat, usually a draped toque which displays the selvedge to advantage. In some instances a pocketbook and a boutonniere of the self-tweed adds the final touch of chic and charm.

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WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS

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

The Black Death

THE Black Death of 1348-49 devastated a quarter of Europe, killed 25,000,000 people, and drove Boccaccio outside the walls of Florence, where he whiled away the time writing the Decameron. In India, the pest bacillus cost 6,000,000 lives in ten years. Almost all plague bacteria are carried by animals, and are transmitted to man by fleas, lice, mosquitoes, or other parasites.

A flea on a dying rat seeks a fresh victim, carrying the rat's plague germs with it. Any man will do. The flea empties its alimentary canal, then bites; the bite irritates the skin, the man scratches it—thereby opening his first line of defense to the enemy! The germs left behind by the flea can now get into the blood. In the new host they begin to multiply. Another flea may carry this tainted blood to another human victim.

More instructive is the propagation of malaria, or ague. When science found out where the mosquito gets malaria and why the astounding clock-like regularity of the paroxysms which wrack the bones with chills and burn the body of the victim with fever, a long stride was made in making this world safe for human beings.

Malaria is caused by three (possibly four) varieties of Plasmodia of the unicellular Sporozoa. Sporozoa reproduce by spores, hence the name. Ordinarily one cell or one bacterium divides and becomes two. In reproduction by spores, one divides into many tiny spores, each spore grows to life size, and again divides into spores. Each kind of Plasmodium has it own time rate of reproduction. The ague paroxysm coincides with the reproductive cycle.

Once any one of the three varieties of malaria germs has entered the blood-stream, it propagates itself by spores and without sex asexually. The existence of its progeny is dependent simply on the supply of red blood corpuscles. But how does it get into the blood in the first place?

Enter the Anopheles mosquito of which there are several varieties.

The mosquito bites a human victim, discharging saliva and a few thousand thread-like spores. In man's blood they can take care of themselves. They enter an asexual cycle. They soon become incredibly numerous. Assume that the mosquito left only 1,000 spores; by the tenth day they have become 100,000,000; two days later, 1,000,000,000. When 150,000,000 blood corpuscles have been invaded, fever begins.

The germs of trench and typhus fevers are carried by "cooties." Typhus fever alone killed 120,000 Serbians during the war—all inoculated by lice. When control measures were inaugurated the fever disappeared. But true control cannot come to stay until the facts of propagation are known. In 1915 there were 2,500 cases of malaria in an Arkansas town; within three years there were 73; reduction of 97 per cent.

Formerly, yellow fever lived in the tropics and now and then visited our southern ports, with great loss of life. It is almost forgotten now. Controlled by controlling its mosquito carrier.

But many kinds of germs need no lower animal agency to help complete their vicious life cycle; mere human social relations suffice. The very manner of our living is sometimes a factor in the presence of germs—and in our susceptibility to their ravages. As Jordan says, tuberculosis is primarily and chiefly a disease of men living in houses and of cattle kept in stables. A tubercular patient may expectorate up to 3,000,000,000 tubercle bacilli in one day; the dried sputum in a cool, dark corner may contain virulent germs for eight months. A few drops of urine may contain up to 500,000,000 typhoid bacilli.

The typhoid bacillus, for example, before death overtakes its host, passes into the body of another victim, carried by milk, water, food, fingers, filth, flies. If it passes the acid stomach of the new host, it has a clear field ahead until it reaches the lymph-nodes of Payer in the small intestine.

Whether it kills and so dies with its host, or is killed by the leukocytes in the blood, it has already multiplied into an army and has already sent some of its forces out to find new victims. The germs of dysentery, cholera, etc., of the alimentary canal, have similar cycles. But they must all be carried; they no more "pass" from one victim to another without a carrier than a letter crosses the sea without a carrier.

Many disease-producing germs which make their homes in our nose, throat, or lungs (germs of tuberculosis, diphtheria, pneumonia, scarlet fever, influenza, measles, whooping-cough, pneumonic plague, etc.), may be carried by the air itself, and generally are sneezed or coughed out to be wafted about until they find new hosts.

The conquest of germ diseases has only just begun. But the start of that conquest might have been delayed until the sweet by-and-by without the discovery of the germs themselves under the microscope.

(© by George A. Dorsey.)

Real Devotion

Father—Donald, I am only punishing you because I love you.

Donald—Well, daddy, I wish I was big enough to return your love.

Royal Vanity

England's Queen Elizabeth left 3,000 different dresses in her wardrobe when she died; and during many years of the latter part of her life would not suffer a looking-glass in her presence lest she notice the ravages of time on her face.

Go Ashore Only to Breed

Albatrosses are seldom seen in the North Atlantic. They frequent nearly all other seas, but are never seen ashore except on the islands of the Antarctic ocean, where they breed.

Mother of the Savior

The mother of Jesus was almost certainly Jewish and of the house of David; the place and manner of her death is a matter of tradition and not of authentic record. Early church writers place it at Jerusalem or Ephesus, and about A. D. 45 to 48.

Jingo Speeches

Dr. Ralph Sockman of the Madison Avenue Methodist church, New York, was condemning jingoism at a luncheon.

"Jingoism," he said, "breeds anger, and anger is the cause of all wars. The tragedies caused by anger are indeed incredible."

Doctor Sockman shook his head grimly.

"The angry man," he ended, "opens his mouth and shuts his eyes."