HOW

PHRASE IN COMMON USE MAY HAVE ORIGINATED.—It has been suggested, says the Mentor Magazine, and not without good cause, that the homely expression, "bringing home the bacon," may have originated in the ancient English ceremony called "The Dunmow Flitch," at which a gammon, or flitch (a side or leg), of bacon was awarded to the couple that swore that for a year and a day they had neither had differences nor wished themselves unwed. The ceremony takes its name from the historic village where the custom originated, at Little Dunmow in Essex, forty miles from London.

The antiquity and origin of the Dunmow Flitch ceremony is obscure. Some think that it had an ecclesiastical beginning; that a gammon of bacon was first given by the prior as a reward to a "pilgrim" or novice, who after a year and a day had not repented of his "marriage ... Holy Church," as it was ...ed. Other historians suggest that the flitch was given when the church blessed, made permanent (and rewarded!) "handfastings;" i. e., irregular marriages that were tried out for a year and a day. The ceremony is supposed to have become more or less a jocular tenure even before the Fourteenth century, and the frequent revivals that have been made partly solemn and partly an excuse for merry-making.

For a long while the custom fell into abeyance, although there have been frequent attempts at revivals. Even to this day ceremonies are held in various parts of England, although it is many years since one was held in Dunmow itself.

How Windmills Used in Europe Are Operated

The typical Dutch windmill is composed of four long sails at right angles to each other, fixed on an axis inclining about 10 degrees to the horizontal and mounted on an inclosed tower of masonry or wood. Modifications of this type include six or more sails. The web of the sails is generally of canvas, but wood may be substituted. In the best forms of European windmills each sail is composed of arms or whips, 30 feet or more in length, attached at right angles to the sail axle. Transverse bars or rods are secured to the whip at intervals throughout its length and on these the sails are stretched. By setting the bars at varying angles with the plane of revolution of the whips a warped surface is produced. This is essential, because if the bars were all parallel to one another the pitch of those at the extremity of the arms would be much greater than that of those near the axle. The result of this would be that the wind would tend to turn the outer end of the arms much more rapidly than the inner end, which would simply drag. The sails are generally wider at the tips than at the hub.

How Thin Gold Can Be

The thinnest sheets known to have been made of gold mechanically are 0.00001 millimeters thick. This would indicate that if a cubic centimeter of gold could be hammered out to the same thickness it would cover 100,000,000 centimeters, or 100 square meters, equivalent to about 120 square yards. At this rate a troy pound of gold would cover about 235 square yards of surface. It is to be remembered, however, that this is figured on the basis of the thinnest possible sheet of gold to be made mechanically. Ordinarily, gold foil is 10 to 20 times as thick and would cover a correspondingly smaller area.

How Woodchuck Was Named

"When the first settlers came to New England," says W. Dustin White, in Forest and Stream, "they saw this little animal, fat and waddling, and were reminded of the pigs of their farmyards back in England and, since they had called their pigs 'chucks' or 'chuckies' it was quite natural that they would name this somewhat similar creature of the forests 'woodchuck.' So the name woodchuck means wood-pig or wood-hog, and this has been changed to ground-hog since the animal left his native woods and took up his abode in the open fields."

How Many Are a Few?

How many are a few? Nicer questions, such as how many angels can dance on the point of a needle, have been answered by authorities long ago. But ... remained for a London jurist, a ...ce on the king's bench, to rule precisely as to the number which may be called a few. A barrister sent word that he would be absent a few minutes. "How many is that?" asked the judge. The answer was twenty. "Twenty is more than a few," replied the judge. "I think seven minutes is the end of a few."—St. Paul Dispatch.

How to Clean Lens

To clean a lens, flick off the dust with a camel-hair brush, breathe on the lens surface in order to moisten it slightly, and then rub it gently with a clean, soft linen rag. Once the lens is clean, maintain it in this condition by keeping it covered up.



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HUGO KEELT

ChurchHill, Md

IN HER ROSE-COLORED GOWN

(©) by D. J. Walsh.)

LYDIA RANSOME came down Peach street with her market-basket in her hand. Lydia's market-basket was unlike other people's market-baskets, just as Lydia herself was unlike other people. The market-basket was made of matting, lined with cretonne, hung from rope handles and was ornamented with gay apples in silk. Lydia was made of pink-and-gray meekness, lit by a sparkle of blue eyes, and folded neatly like a small parcel in a crisp little pink chambray. Nothing more lovable or severe was ever seen than this pretty, elderly woman in her faintly rose-colored gown.

Yet underneath the placid surfaces of the chambray and the healthily glowing cheeks and gentle little smile there was the heaving and swelling of perturbation.

"I know it as well as can be," Lydia was thinking, "that I paid that bill before. But that grocerman made me pay it again. And now I shall have to skimp like everything till I've made up the loss. The trouble with me is I'm a Ransome without having one mite of the Ransome will."

Lydia sighed and remembered how her father would have told the grocer a thing or two and gained a result according to his own convictions.

"Not that I like to think Mr. Snow did it on purpose," Lydia capitulated. "Likely it stood so on his book. But it does seem my word ought to be just as good as his."

Lydia sighed again. It was always that way. She could never speak up for herself, and some people who had learned this fact took advantage of it.

Nearing the corner Lydia came within sight of her own home—the small white house with bunches of phlox and lilies in the tiny front yard. Instantly she perceived what she had never dreamed of when she went downtown, an hour before. Her eyes opened with a stare of astonishment and alarm. She paused, then hastened forward, and came pantingly to where a man was digging a great hole in the soft green turf that slanted from the sidewalk down to the street bed. He was at work exactly in front of her door.

"What are you doing?" asked Lydia.

The man threw out a shovelful of dirt before he answered.

"Digging a hole so's they can set a new telephone pole here," he replied.

"A telephone pole!" gasped Lydia. "But—I—I—don't want a telephone pole in front of my house. It would be a great disfigurement, besides obstructing the view from my windows."

"Well, Sutton has ordered it set here," insisted the man, stopping to gather up another shovelful.

Lydia frowned in a puzzled way.

"Sutton! You mean Lin Sutton? What has he got to do with it?"

"He's the new wire chief hired by the telephone company," explained the man, digging away.

Lydia choked. She looked up and down the street. Why had Lin Sutton ordered a telephone pole placed squarely in front of her house when there were a dozen other and better places for it? Could it be that he was trying to get even with her for her having refused to marry him half a dozen times years before? Yet what else could make him do such a thing?

"I'd have married him if I'd wanted him," Lydia said. Her eyes deepened in color. "But I thought he had a nasty, mean streak in him. I believe he's got it yet, but I'll give him the benefit of the doubt till I learn different."

No use talking to this red-faced man. Besides, he spit tobacco juice indiscriminately and she feared for her neat brown shoes. She would go over to Mrs. Sherman's and call Lin up and ask him about the pole.

Lydia left her basket on the porch and went across the lawn to Mrs. Sherman's house. She was permitted to use the telephone as she wished. Nobody was in sight, so she went in and called up the wire chief's office.

"Lin! This is Lydia Ransome. There's a man digging a hole in my nice turf. He says you told him to do it. Now, I don't want a telephone pole in front of my home," she pleaded.

The gruff voice at the other end of the wire returned:

"Well, that's the best place for it, and it's going there, Miss Ransome."

Miss Ransome! Why, she had known Lin Sutton all her life! And he called her Miss! Lydia hung up the receiver with fingers that tingled. An electric current seemed to be running through her.

"Oh, dear! What shall I do? I could ask Seth Whitcomb—I will! Seth is going home to dinner now. I'll ask him!"

She flew out and met the fine-faced, keen-eyed young man in the dark business suit. She had known him since he was a little boy, but she had never known before how kind and amused his dark eyes could be until now as they looked down into her asking ones.

"It's a shame, Lydia," the lawyer said. "But you understand Lin is a determined character. Besides, he has got the whole company back of him. Of course you could go to law, but it would be expensive and you don't want that. There's one thing you could do. It's a cloudy day and—well, if you weren't afraid of soiling your pretty pink dress—" he smiled and whispered the rest, for some one was passing.

Lydia turned pale, then red.

"I will! See if I don't," she said, and went home.

She tried to eat some dinner, but she could only drink her tea.

"I can't!" one part of her said. But unexpectedly the Ransome part of her won out.

Just before the one o'clock whistle blew Lin Sutton lounged up the street beside the man who was digging the hole. As they neared the place they paused in amazement.

In the hole stood a small woman in a pink chambray dress. Her cheeks were as pink as her dress and her eyes were electric in their sparkle.

"What are you doing there, Lydia?" demanded Lin.

Lydia looked him full in the face.

"I'm going to stop your setting a pole here, Mr. Sutton," she answered stiffly.

"Pull her out!" said the workman.

"Just you try it," snapped Lydia, "and see what you get. Everybody on this street is my witness and Seth Whitcomb is my attorney."

Lin Sutton stood looking at her, his dark face growing redder and redder until it looked as if it would burst into flame. There was a long wait, it seemed to Lydia.

"Give it up, Jake," he said. "Come on."

He walked away and Jake followed.

There was a little rush of neighbors about Lydia.

"Quick work," Seth Whitcomb said, smiling.

"I was afraid I'd have to stay there all afternoon," breathed Lydia.

Mrs. Sherman brushed a bit of soil off Lydia's pink skirt.

"Guess you've got a little of the Ransome will after all," she said.

"Sure she has," said Mrs. Nellis. "I've always known she had it. If she hadn't had it she'd never have refused Lin Sutton as many times as she did."

"Good thing, too," remarked Miss Beach.

Seth Whitcomb had brought a spade and he was neatly filling up the hole.

"Sprinkle a little grass seed, Lydia," he said.

Lydia patted his arm.

"You didn't think I'd do it, did you, boy?" she laughed.

Trapper Got to Know How Victims Suffered

Stoneman trapped because he liked to trap. He could have made more money at anything else, writes Owen C. Paul, in Our Dumb Animals.

He ran his trapline every third day. That meant that any little, wild thing that chanced to step into one of his traps would have to remain from one to three days and nights, with its foot between the steel jaws, until Stoneman came to end its suffering with death.

One day he was making cedar posts only a few yards from where he had set a trap for skunk. He had driven a "glut" into the tough log and was reaching into the cleft to draw out a wedge, when the glut suddenly flew out and Stoneman found himself caught half way to the elbow. He shouted for help until he was hoarse, but no one heard him in that isolated spot.

Hunger and thirst were eclipsed by the unbearable pain, which increased with the swelling, as hour after hour of daylight passed and darkness came on. Fortunately it was not a cold night or he would have frozen to death. Before midnight the moon rose. Soon after a moving black and white object caught his eye and he saw that a skunk was in his trap.

It was nearly noon the next day when the sound of a horse's hoofs came to Stoneman's ears, the most welcome sound he had ever heard. He wondered how he would feel if he were a wild creature instead of a human at sound of those approaching steps. It was a mountain cattle man, searching for stray animals. A shout brought help and the trapper was soon at liberty.

But from henceforth he ceased to be a trapper. Let it be said to his credit that his first act was to release the skunk. That same day he "pulled" all of his traps, twenty in all, put them into a bag and sunk them in the river. He was a fair-minded man.

Ancient Knowledge a Myth

It appears certain that the ancient peoples who used copper or bronze tools were unable to harden or temper them as well as we harden or temper steel today. The Bronze age is considered to have begun as early as 3500 B. C. among the ancient Egyptians and Mesopotamians. A chemical analysis of ancient copper or bronze tools has shown that copper was hardened by alloying with other metals, just as is done today. Other methods of hardening copper are hammering, rolling and drawing the metal. Of course there is no such thing as a lost art of tempering copper and there is no mystery about the processes, which are in actual use at the present time. Watson Davis' book, "The Story of Copper," makes reference to this, stating "The fact is that there never was known to ancient men any art of mysterious copper hardening to be lost."

Disgruntled Bridegroom

Hunyadi Harda, a Budapest youth, ordered the band to play a funeral march at his wedding. The parents of the bride took offense and took their daughter home. It later developed that the bridegroom had consented to marry the girl only because his own parents had insisted on the match.

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Warning That Caused Lion's Loss of Appetite

At the conclusion of a banquet given in his honor on the occasion of a visit to Poland, says an article translated from L'Europe Nouvelle, of Paris, Gilbert K. Chesterton was called upon for a speech. "An early Christian martyr," said Chesterton, "stood in the arena awaiting the lions, and he prayed to his God to perform a miracle that would save his life. And God gave him a divine inspiration. The grating in front of the lion's den was raised and a great tawney beast appeared, sniffed the air, shook his mane, roared and bounded toward the waiting martyr. The Christian stood with folded arms and when the animal drew near was heard to mutter a few words. Immediately the lion recoiled and slunk back to the far end of the arena where he tranquilly lay down. Nero gave a brief order and the Christian was dragged in front of the imperial loge. 'What didst thou say?' asked the emperor, 'What magic hast thou used that the king of beasts hath refused to harm thee?' 'O Caesar,' replied the Christian, 'I said simply to the lion: "Have a care what thou doest, fool, for after thou hast eaten they will call upon thee to make a speech."'" Whereupon G. K. C., without another word, resumed his seat.

Plants That Glow

Luminous plants have been a source of strange legends in India and Afghanistan. There is a mountain called Sufed Koli in Afghanistan on which the natives believe that gold and silver exist. In springtime the slopes are covered with bushes which at night, from a distance, seem to be on fire, yet when you are close to them there is no sign of flame.

The natives of Simla say that at night the mountains are illuminated by some magical herb, and this is believed to be a species of dictamnus, which grows plentifully there.

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