Wonderland of the Arctic

Burning Fires in Houses Built of Snow.

For an explorer to set off into the frozen wastes of the Arctic with Eskimo hunters, and without a sufficiency of food to keep them alive, would have been regarded not many years ago as an act of madness.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson has proved that it can be done. Under the auspices of the Canadian Government he led an expedition into the Arctic, and for five years explored unknown territory within the Arctic Circle. With two companions he crossed the Beaufort Sea on the ice without food supplies, depending for food on the animal life which he believed to be existing in that sea."

For ninety-six days they journeyed and drifted, but it proved that Stefansson was right. He staked his reputation on a firm belief and he proved, even to the Eskimos, that in the farthest Arctic the sea could supply food even more abundantly than the land. Another secret had been wrested from the Northern Ocean.

White With Flowers.

The amazing record of his experiences has just been published under the title of "The Friendly Arctic," and this volume wins for him at once a premier place amongst the great polar explorers of all time.

In "The Friendly Arctic" he raises the curtain with dramatic suddenness upon a new picture of these lonely lands, which is startling and of great importance to the world at large. No longer can we regard the forbidding, formidable, frozen fastnesses of the North as a land of terror and of death. Vilhjalmur Stefansson changed that view, dissipated many illusions regarding Arctic conditions, and opened up a vision of new possibilities for the development of that great North land.

Except for the absence of trees, it is not unusual to find within the Arctic Circle landscapes not different in appearance from prairie or meadow. Mr. Stefansson tells of summer temperatures of 100 degrees in the shade, and gives us the following picture of the vista that met the explorers in Banks Island:—

"Here was a beautiful country of valleys everywhere, gold and white with flowers, of green with grass, or mingled green and brown with grass and lichens, except some of the hill tops, which were rocky and barren. These hills differed in coloring, especially seen from a distance, not so much because of the colors of the rock as because different vegetation prevails in different kinds of soil, and different lichens on different rocks.

Millions of Geese.

"There were sparkling brooks that united into rivers of crystal clearness, flowing over gravel bottoms. When we came to a stream we usually followed along, whether for a few hundred yards or several miles, until we came to a place where the river either split into branches or widened out. Here we took the packs off our dogs, for their short legs unfitted them for keeping a pack dry while fording, and, with our good Eskimo boots keeping our feet dry, we would wade across, the dogs swimming behind us."

Eskimos had repeatedly told Stefansson, and other explorers had confirmed the view, that the vast unknown lands and seas round the Pole were devoid of animal life. Stefansson doubted that opinion, and held that animal life had not been seen because it had not been searched for. Here is what he found:—

"The Arctic grasslands have caribou in herds of tens of thousands, and sometimes hundreds of thousands to a single band, with lesser numbers of musk oxen here and there. Wolves that feed on the caribou go singly and in packs of ten or less, and their aggregate numbers on the Arctic prairies of the two hemispheres must be well in the tens of thousands.

"There are the Polar foxes, both white and blue, that feed in summer on the unbelievable swarms of lemmings that also form the food of hundreds of thousands of owls and hawks and gulls. There are the goose and brant and swan and crane and loon, and various species of ducks. The ground at the moulting season in some islands, such as Banks Island, three or four hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle, is literally white with millions of geese, and equally white with their moulted feathers a little later in the season when the birds are gone.

"When you add to this picture the bumble bees, bluebottle flies, and abundant insect life of which the clouds of mosquitoes form the most impressive and least tolerable part, you get a picture of a country that in summer certainly is not without life.

The "Silent North."

"To sum up, the Arctic Sea is lifeless, except that it contains about as much life to the cubic mile of water as any other sea. The Arctic land is lifeless, except for millions of caribou and foxes, tens of thousands of wolves and musk oxen, thousands of Polar bears, billions of insects, and millions of birds. And all these go south in the fall, except the insects, which die as they do in temperate lands, and except the ptarmigan, caribou, foxes, wolves musk oxen, Polar bears, lemmings, hares, weasels, owls, and ravens, all of which are named in approximately the order of their decreasing numerical strength.

Then there is the "Silent North." Nothing is more characteristic of the Arctic, as it has been imagined to be, than its silence. But it will appear just how silent a summer must be where the air is continually filled with the hum of the bluebottle fly and the buzz of the mosquitoes, hovering in clouds to suck the blood of man or beast. There are the characteristic cries of the plovers and the snipes and the various sandpipers and smaller birds; the squawking of ducks, the cackling of geese, and the louder though rarer cries of the crane and the swan. Two characteristic noises of southern lands are absent, says Mr. Stefansson:—

"There is not the rustle of leaves nor the roar of traffic. Nor is there the beating of waves upon a shore, except in summer. But none of these sounds are heard upon the more southerly prairies. The treeless plains of Dagota, when I was a boy, were far more silent than ever the Arctic has been in my experience. In both places I have heard the whistling of the wind and the howl of wolves and the sharp bark of the fox at night. In both places I have heard the ground crack with the frost of winter like the report of a rifle, although these sounds are more characteristic of the Arctic.

"In the far North not only is the ground continually cracking when the temperature is changing, and especially when it is dropping, but near the sea, at least, there is not always, but on occasion, a continuous and, to those in exposed situations, a terrifying noise.

The Crashing of Ice.

"When the ice is being piled against a Polar coast there is a high-pitched screeching as one cake slides over the other, like the thousand times magnified creaking of a rusty hinge. There is the crashing when cakes as big as a church wall, after being tilted on edge, finally pass beyond their equilibrium and topple down upon the ice; and when extensive floes, perhaps six or more feet in thickness, gradually bend under the resistless pressure of the pack until they buckle up and snap, there is a groaning as of giants in torment, and a booming which, at a distance of a mile or two, sounds like a cannonade."

Banding Wild Birds.

Over 500 bird lovers in the United States and Canada are now engaged in the interesting work of banding wild birds and this new method of making ornithological observations has opened up such interesting and valuable knowledge with regard to the habits, life and migrations of birds tht the Bureau of Biological Survey in the United States has taken over the movement and made it national in scope. Bird banding does not injure the birds themselves and by it intimate details of individuals and even character studies can be secured. Before Baldwin discovered the facts by banding who would have thought that the timid house wren sometimes leads a double life as judged by human standards, that the eternal triangle is not uncommon in bird relationships, and divorces in midsummer not unknown.

The method is extremely simple and consists merely of placing a small numbered aluminum band on the bird's leg, adjusted in such a way that twigs cannot catch on the ring and yet so that the circulation is not checked. The birds are either taken from the nest while fledglings or are caught in a special bird trap. Marking birds in this maner was first introduced into America early in the nineteenth century when Audubon placed silver threads around the legs of a brood of Phoebes and was rewarded by having two of the birds return to nest in the same vicinity.

In Europe, bird banding was attempted as early as 1710, but it was not until 1899 that it was undertaken systematically. In the United States active experimental work was begun in 1901, and between that year and 1909 several local attempts were either planned or prosecuted. In 1920 the work was taken over by the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, and under its direction it is now being widely carried on.

Mr. S. Prentiss Baldwin of Cleveland, Ohio, who handled 1,040 birds in February and March in 1921, states that the birds soon become accustomed to being trapped and frequently fly straight from his hand on being liberated to feed in the next trap. Careless or inexperienced handling may result in accidents, but these can be avoided if a careful study is made of the available literature and instructions implicitly followed. To avoid confusion only one set of numbers is in use on the continent and these are allotted by the Bureau of Biological Survey at Washington. Bird lovers who wish to carry on the work in Canada require a permit from the Canadian National Parks Branch, which has charge of the administration of **the Migratory Birds Convention Act in this country. Two reliable testimonials certifying that the applicant has sufficient ornithological knowledge to carry on the work are also required.**

Aristocratic Furs Made of Common Rabbit.

The raising of rabbits for commercial purposes is now an industry of some magnitude. The commercial rabbit is not just the ordinary "cottontail" of the bush. Just as there are certain "standards" of dogs and horses, so there are of rabbits. At present there are about 40 recognized standard breeds.

The largest association now operating has about 25,000 members throughout the whole of North America.

A White Flemish rabbit, adjudged to be the finest specimen in America, has his life insured for $1,000. Rabbits are registered and pedigreed and records kept just the same as are horses, cattle, etc. But the breeding of standard rabbits for show purposes is only a side line.

Rabbits are bred for meat and fur. Rabbit fur is very rarely, if ever, advertised as rabbit fur. Nevertheless, rabbit pelts have a ready market. And it will surprise most people to know the uses to which they are put. It has the peculiar quality of lending itself to the imitation of many of our most expensive furs. It is used to imitate such aristocratic furs as ermine, sable, seal, chinchilla and white fox, furs which are out of the power of the majority of people to buy.

Many neckpieces are made from fur of the rabbit. In fact, rabbit pelts make up well over 75 per cent. of the furs worn to-day, and most of them are made up so that only an expert can tell them from the genuine article.

The general objection to rabbit furs is that they lack durability. This is somewhat unfair to poor bunny. As on many animals there are two kinds of hair on the pelt of the rabbit, a soft, downy wool lying deep near the skin and a long, thick, rough hair which extends over the down and acts as a protection. But in order to imitate the various high-priced furs, these long hairs are either clipped or plucked. Thus the down is robbed of its outer protection and the fur is weakened. No wonder the rabbit fur is said to lack durability. If the outer feathers of the goose are plucked, the soft down will soon disappear.

Never grab the handle of your phonograph and spin it around in a jerky way, as you would crank your Ford on a chilly morning. Wind it slowly and evenly, as you would the clock, and do not wind it too tightly.

Round the World for a Flower

By Ernest A. Bryant

The spirit of adventure did not perish in the grave with Shackleton. It is the force which is urging the little Malaya forth upon a three years' cruise to lands afar. A modest cruiser of ninety tons, she is fitted out by Dr. C. Lockhart Cottle to sail in quest, not of fabulous gold from ships bemired in deep-sea ooze, but of the spoil of forest trees and tropical jungles. Dr. Cottle and his merry men twelve strike a sounding furrow round the world, with romantic islands of the great oceanic South for goal, with orchids for main prize, and half a hundred lesser schemes for camera and curator, which shall permanently record the result of holding a mirror up to Nature and fixing her reflection.

To some of us orchid-hunting may not imply operations to stir the pulse or beguile a man from the amenities of civilization. But the lettered botanist has his tomes of travel and daring written by he men who risk life and limb to seek these bizarre beauties in their steaming haunts, flowing in fantastic majesty high and remote upon the trunks of unfamiliar trees, princes of parasites in a nightmare paradise-inferno, to which a man must cleave his way wth an axe, and perhaps fall dead beside his prize, felled as surely by malaria as his tree is felled by steel and human effort. The annals of orchid seeking are a shimmering romance of courage and endeavor, with tragedy here and there commemorated by dead men's bones.

The treatment of tropical diseases advances so rapidly towards the position of an exact science that we may expect Dr. Cottle to safeguard his expedition from perils to which many of their predecessors fell victims. But his way is wild enough to demand unsleeping vigilance. Clearing their last European port they sail southwest to the French West Indies, thence to Trinidad, Colon, Panama, Gallapagos Isles, Marquesas, where disgruntled Londoners sought a year ago to evolve new existence which should know no taxes and very little else; on then to Manahiki Islands, Phoenix Islands, Gilbert Islands, Solomon Islands, North New Guinea, Vie Islands the Malaccas, South East Borneo rivers, Singapore, Penang and the North Sumatra hinterland. Who would not envy Dr. Cottle?

His little craft has set out before ausicious breezes, a model for the roving naturalist. She has every conceivable appliance for the accommodation of botanical specimens; she has an armament of guns for the disadvantgae of big game; she has tackle for the entertainment of such fish as bait and net may secure, and Mills bombs for the stunning and capture of some of the uncanny lords in rivers as yet uncharted.

No one quits the beaten track without camera and kinematograph to-day, and necessarily the Malaya has hers for recording scenes and customs among the sable gentry to whose villages the schooner will bear our party. And, that nostalgia shall not prove intolerable, wireless sets are of the equipment, so that voices, riding space where the sea-wind sings, may be heard over the aerial telephone. The same mechanism will enable the wanderers to keep in touch when the party splits up into sections to explore the forests.

Many adventures such as this have gone into the records. The conveyance of the cinchona plant from Peru to malaria-stricken India; the smuggling of seeds of the rubber plant from Brazil to Kew and from Kew to the East, to give the Old World a new culture, a new industry and undreamed harvests of wealth—these are two of the grand romances of latter-day history achieved by heroic practical men who feared none of the many dragons which beset their paths. But if there is one place to which, more than another, the story should appeal, it is to Pitcairn Island and other ocean paradises to which descendants of the Pitcairners have rowed or steamed. For the mutineers of the Bounty, who first peopled Pitcairn, were upon a mission resembling that of the Malaya.

It was Sir Joseph Banks who fitted out the Bounty and put the then Lieutenant William Bligh in command. The little Bounty was despatched to collect bread-fruit plants in Tahiti in mid-Pacific, some 2,000 miles northeast of New Zealand, and transport them to the West Indies. The orders under which Bligh sailed are still extant, and one of them may interest the men of the Malaya, if this should reach them in one of their ports of call.

After insisting that the plants should be bathed in fresh water with more care than was exhibited in regard to the ablutions of the crew, the memorandum runs:

"No Dogs, Cats, Monkeys, Parrots, Goats, or indeed any animals whatever must be allowed on board, except Hogs and Fowls for the Companys use; and they must be carefully confined to their coops. Every precaution must be taken to destroy the Rats, as often as convenient. A boat with green boughs should be laid alongside, with a gangway of green boughs from the hold to her and a drum kept going below in the vessel for one or more nights; and as poison will be constantly used to destroy them and cockroaches, the crew must not complain if some of them who may die in the ceiling make an unpleasant smell."

The rest is history. The crew, enervated by six months of luxurious life at Tahiti, and seduced by the syren voices of the island's dusky beauties, mutined, clapped Bligh, with eighteen men faithful to him, into a boat and cast them adrift in the open sea. His magnificent voyage, in that little launch, to the Indian archipelago, more than 3,000 miles distant, is still a record achievement for frenzied famishing oarsmen. The mutineers, reduced to nine, made Pitcairn, with six Tahitan men and twice as many women. There the native men murdered all but one of the Englishmen, whereupon the Tahitan women murdered all the Tahitan men. The one white survivor, John Adams, was ultimately left lord of the island, of eight or nine wives and several children.

From that tragic inception descends the Pitcairn settlement of to-day, with many hopes and hazards interwoven in its later story. The Malaya will bring no unpeopled island within the orbit of the Empire whose dominions are marked red on the map, for we order these things better than our forefathers. Dr. Cottle knows his men, and they know him, an estimable company of right-hearted adventurers with the Dumas motto of "One for all and all for one!"

SEEING WITH THE NOSE

It is a familiar fact that nature compensates men—and animals too—for the weakening or loss of one sense by making the others more acute and efficient. This is especially noticeable in the case of the blind, in whom the sense of hearing becomes abnormally acute and the sense of touch becomes so delicate as to make it possible to read from raised lettering. Less familiar, but equally authenticated, is the development of the sense of smell, so that a blind man can 'see with his nose.' So, at least, writes a blind man who has made a study of his own faculties and those of his companions in darkness.

"The sense of smelling among the blind," he says, "grows exceedingly sharp, and we utilize it instinctively for our purposes, for which the normal man naturally uses his eyes. The smell, in particular, helps us in creating a sense of locality and enables us, in a region in which we are at home, to find the way as easily and surely as if we could see the world around us with our eyes. It is relatively easy for the nose, as there are not two streets that have the same odor. Every one can recognize by the smell whether he is at a railroad station or in a butcher's shop or in a grocery.

"Now, the sharp nose of the blind perceives these differences in an extraordinarily re-enforced manner and can also distinguish the minor shades, which are closed to the normal sense of smell. Not only has each street its particular odor, but also the various parts of the same street; nay, each house has its characteristic smell, and the blind man knows in a street through which he often comes where he is. For the recognition of human beings the sense of smell is likewise invaluable. Besides the special smells of cigars or perfumes there are many delicate scents by which he can recognize men. I remember the great surprise of a lady of my acquaintance to whom at a meeting I said that she had not on the same dress as she had the other day when I met her. She could not at all imagine how I knew it. But it is very simple. Every material has a definite odor and with a little experience the blind man can see with his nose whether one wears wool, silk or velvet."

French Discover Ancient Sacrificial Altars.

The veil has been rent from the terrible blood-stained mysteries which, in ancient Carthage more than 2,000 years ago, attended the worship of the Goddess Tanit (the Phoenician Astarte).

Two French scientists, MM. Pouissot and Lautier, who are now searching the ruins of Carthage, have discovered the ancient inner sanctum of the Temple of Tanit, and in front of the altar have found secrificial vaults standing three deep before the altar of the cruel deity. Each of these vaults, when unearthed, was filled with the charred bones of thousands of infants, ranging from new-born babes to infants one or two years old.

The two archeologists conclude that they discovered one of the temples where the secret rites of human sacrifice to Tanit must have been practiced.

Infant children were usually sacrificed to Baal, the other chief diety of Carthage, being slipped alive into a roaring furnace one by one.

Dental-Plate Suction Valve for Maintaining Vacuum.

Many persons who are forced to wear a set of artificial upper teeth know the annoyance caused by the plate not holding firmly against the roof of the mouth, but do not know the reason for its dropping away. It is the vacuum between the plate and the roof of the mouth that holds the plate in place, and to help maintain this vacuum, a suction valve has been devised which is placed in the forward centure of the plate. This valve opens by suction against it, and closes mechanically.

Character is developed largely through habit, and it is essential that the years between four and six,—the most important in habit formation, be wisely guided.

HIGH-BROWS

Much of the finest intellectual work of the world has been done away from cities. In the little village of Dorchester, England, in an old house, hidden from the road by high hedges and thick shrubbery, Thomas Hardy has lived for fifty years, writing novels of the country life about him, which have made him the leading English novelist of the day. At seventeen he went to London to be an architect, but at thirty-one, with his first success in writing, he returned at once to the heaths and downs by the sea, to live there the rest of his life.

* * * *

At thirty-three Charles Darwin, the evolutionist, moved to Down, a little town in England, where he accomplished the great work of his life. He was never strong. At Down he walked before breakfast. From 8 to 9.30 he considered the best working period of his day. The next hour he read, another hour's work, a walk, and lunch. Until four o'clock he read, took a walk, worked and loafed till 7.30. Always to bed at 10.30. It looks easy, but out of it arose the most revolutionary thought in the history of science—the idea that man was evolved from the lower animals.

* * * *

Isaac Newton, walking in his orchard at Woolsthorpe, saw an apple fall, and, thinking about it, was led to the theory of there being some force which he called gravity. Science took notice of the fact, and Isaac became one of the immortals, the man who discovered the law of gravity. A farmer's son, he was brought up to farm himself, and not forced to go to school after he was fifteen. But his scientific ability attracted attention, and he was sent to Cambridge University. When he died he was taken to London and buried in Westminster Abbey.

* * * *

To study the lives of bees, the love life of spiders, the toad that wears a cluster of eggs wrapped around his hind legs, and other strange "critters," Jean Henri Fabre left Paris for his little farm fifty years ago. He was ninety-two years old when he died in 1916. He learned and put into books such wonderful things about insects that he became world-famous as a scientist. He wrote about them so simply that anyone can understand what he said. He was a high-brow who dug world fame and fifty years of happiness out of his own little cabbage patch.

* * * *

Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, liked to spend his time on his big farm at Baddeck, Cape Breton. Recently he reached the end of his long and useful career and lies buried on the peak of one of his well-loved hilltops beside the sounding sea.

How the Air Travels.

On many summer days, when we revel in the warmth of the air at the seaside or in the country, the warm air is of purely local origin.

But there are times when a hot wind blows, say, from the west, sou'-west, or south, and in these cases the air is not local, but has been transplanted perhaps over many hundreds of miles. For it must be remembered that large volumes of air can be, and are, moved from one part of the globe to another a very long way off.

The British Meteorological Office have investigated the life-history of many surface air currents, and in the course of these inquiries much has been learnt as to the movement of masses of air over long stretches of the Atlantic.

In one case, for example, it was found that the shores of Greenland had been fed with air which left the middle of the Atlantic four days previously.

In another case it was discovered that in the course of six days a large volume of air had travelled from Spitzbergen, to join the north-east Trade wind off the west coast of Africa.

Then, again, some air which had formed the wind off the south of Ireland was traced back to the north of Africa, whilst that which had been blowing at the entrance to the English Channel two days later, came from Hudson's Bay, by way of the Azores.

It has been pointed out by a high meteorological authority that these long journeys were performed in a way strikingly resembling the passage of a fast ship, in that more headway was made on some days than on others, and that within any small number of hours there was no more variation of speed of travel in the wind than there is in the case of a ship.

Hand-Operated Ice Machine for Use in the Home.

Making ice by hand is a rapid and inexpensive process when a small machine recently introduced in England is used. The action of the machine is based on the principle that water freezes when rapidly evaporated in a vacuum with sulphuric acid to absorb the vapor. The contrivance is especially adapted for icing mineral waters, making ice cream, cooling butter, and the like.

All growers can save at least a part of their own seed. The largest and best-shaped fruits of the garden should now be marked with a piece of twine and allowed to remain until they are ripe. Next year's garden depends a good deal on this year's choice of seed.

Every year numerous fatalities occur among farm hands who enter a partly filled silo after the fermenting corn has had time to form carbon-monoxide gas, which is poisonous. Since fresh air dilutes and scatters the monoxide, no one should enter a silo till the blower has been started, and even then the silo doors should not be put into place until they are needed to prevent the corn from [illegible]

The AUTOMOBILE

Learn How to Handle Your Car.

It is quite evident to folks who frequent our highways either on foot or in motor cars that even some who have owned their cars for some time have not yet become very skilled in mastering them.

The prospective driver seats himself behind the wheel. It is a good idea to have an experienced man by his side until he gets on to the fundamental principles of driving. One of the first things to do, of course, is to start the engine. This he does by stepping on the self-starter pedal. If there is no self-starter he will be required to get out and crank the thing.

But before starting the engine there are a few preliminary details that need attention, and they are very important, too. For instance, he should place the gear-shifting lever in the neutral position, put the emergency brake on, retard the spark fully, or, if well acquainted with the motor, to a point where the spark will surely occur after the crank has passed top centre. Open the throttle about one-third. (After getting acquainted with the machine he will find a position for the throttle where the motor will always start best). Put on the switch. If the motor habitually starts hard, prime the carburetor.

After the engine starts close the throttle and advance the spark about three-quarters. If the engine has been started on the battery and a magneto is used, switch immediately from the battery to the magneto. Do not allow the motor to race. When running idle it should turn over at its slowest speed. Always place gear lever in neutral when the car is stopped and make sure that it is there before starting the motor. Don't let the car stand with the motor stopped in the winter time, unless the radiator is filled with anti-freezing solution. Look the car over thoroughly after each run.

Testing Bearings.

The motorist is sometimes puzzled to know just what shape his bearings are in and does not know how to test them. Connecting rod bearings should be tested by tapping them very gently with a hammer and watching for play. For the crank shaft bearings, rock the shaft a little and with petcocks open; if you can do this the bearings are all right.

Tank Noises.

In certain fuel tanks of the cowl variety there is a tendency to emit noises, which increase in volume as the tank is drained of its liquid contents. The owner is puzzled by the fact that irritating noises have begun after he has traveled a hundred miles or so, whereas there were none at the beginning of the journey. The obvious remedy is to keep the tank filled up.

Motor Traffic Into Canada.

Returns compiled by the Canadian Department of Customs indicate a 600 per cent. increase of motor traffic into Canada. Automobiles entering Canada for touring purposes during the last calendar year totaled 617,285, compared with 93,300 for the previous calendar year.

Of the total number of cars registered in the last calendar year 615,074 remained in the Dominion for less than one month and 2,211 for more than one but less than six months. The Parks branch of the Department of the Interior has calculated that this motor traffic represents an expenditure in Canada of more than $108,000,000, and it is estimated by the same authority that on a basis of 5 per cent. "improved roads are worth over $2,000,000,000 without taking into account the service they render Canadians themselves."

The Parks branch estimate of expenditure in Canada by motor tourists is based on a stay of seven days for the larger number of cars and thirty days for the smaller number, while the daily expenditure for the former is put at $25 and $20 for the latter.

Heed These Maxims and Avoid Grouches.

Here is some excellent up-to-the-minute advice offered by the latest issue of "Motor Travel" to those who would heed that "word to the wise," which is said to be "sufficient":

An ounce of attention is worth a pound of overhaul.

An oiling a day keeps the repair man away.

Look before you back.

Spare the oil and spoil the car.

A rolling car gathers no crowd.

A tool in the kit is worth thousands in the garage.

Service is as service does.

Fools rush in where experts fear to ride.

A little knowledge of electrical systems is a dangerous thing.

An ounce of instruction may save a pound of repair.

A skid to the wise is sufficient.

The Strange Pike Perch.

The sportsman who lands a large pike perch is indeed fortunate. To get an idea of what a pike perch looks like take an ordinary pike, which has but one back, or dorsal, fin, add the back fin of a perch, change the color somewhat and then enlarge the eye.

The pike perch, which is a fresh-water fish, has many names, according to the part of the country in which it is found. It is called the salmon, the jack salmon, the wall-eyed pike, the yellow pike, the pickerel, the okow, the blowfish, the green pike and the blue pike; in Canada it is known as the dore, or dory. The fish is not a pike at all, but belongs to the perch family. Its eggs are exceedingly small, perhaps one twelfth of an inch in diameter; and, since they are so small, great numbers of them are found in a female fish. They run one hundred and fifty thousand to the quart, and some of the largest pike perch have been known to yield nine hundred thousand—almost a million.

As a game fish the pike perch is a strong and valiant fighter; it will take small eels and other small fish, and sometimes when in shallow water will rise to an artificial fly. As food the fish is generally fine and is of much commercial importance. The flesh is firm, white and flaky and sweet. In most of the waters that the pike perch frequents it seems to be a wanderer. Sometimes the sportsman will find it only in shallow water and perhaps the next day will find it only in water of considerable depth.

Few pike perch more than twelve pounds in weight have been taken on a hook and line; and there seems to be no record that a pike perch more than fifteen pounds in weight was ever taken on hook and line. The circumstance is extraordinary for the pike perch is known to reach an enormous size. The United States Fish Commission reports that a pike perch that weighed forty pounds was once taken, probably with a spear; and many pike perch that weigh up to twenty-five pounds have been captured in nets. Why only the smaller fish will take a hook and bait is extremely puzzling.

Vocabulary of Shakespeare Comprised 8,000 Words.

Shakespeare is said to have employed the largest vocabulary of any writer in English, exceeding that of another voluminous writer, Milton, yet Shakespeare's words count only about 8,000. Modern poets and dramatists manage to express themselves by using from 2,500 to 3,000 words. Writers on science, as they need technical and scholastic terms in addition to their large command of ordinary words, now lead the list in vocabulary.

Did Not Like Fat.

The provision dealer was astonished. He gazed at the newly married young woman as if he thought she were a victim of temporary insanity. "Did you say you wanted a—a lean chicken, ma'am?" he queried.

"Certainly, I did," and the young woman's expression took an added dignity. "Neither Mr. Torker nor I ever eat chicken fat. It is extremely distasteful to both of us, and I see no occasion for paying for what we do not like."

Honor Pasteur.

The French Senate has unanimously voted 2,000,000 francs for the observance of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Louis Pasteur, this year. In voting the appropriation Pasteur was described as the "symbol of French science."

A good conscience is one of the secrets of true courage.

Stories of Famous People

The Switchman and the Duke.

A good story is related of the Duke of Connaught when he was traveling through a rural district in northern Ontario. The train on which he was traveling was run on a siding until the oncoming express had passed. One of the switchmen who had heard a great deal about the Duke of Connaught, but had not had an opportunity of seeing him, resolved that he would not let slip this chance of seeing a real live duke. He therefore ran nimbly along the platform, peering excitedly into the various coaches, of which the blinds were drawn, in the hope that he might catch a glimpse of the great personage for whom he was looking. As it was only 4 a.m. and not quite dawn, he feared that it would be too early for those on board to be about, but, seeing a closely muffled figure sauntering towards him, he ran excitedly up to him and said in a stage whisper, "Say, where is his nibs? But I suppose people like him wont be awake yet." The man accosted said, "Of whom are you speaking?" "Why," said the switchman, disgustedly, "the 'dook,' of course." A twinkle appeared in the Duke of Connaught's eyes when he replied: "Yes, the duke is awake. What can I do for you, sir?" at the same time extending [illegible] face to face. The encounter with a real live duke proved too much for the unsophisticated northerner, for with one bound he cleared the track and disappeared into the semi-darkness with the swiftness of a marathon, and it is said that some hours after the search was being continued for him.

From Hearsay Only.

Rather an odd meeting occurred recently. The authors of two of the most noted books of recent times encountered each other at a London hotel—Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of "If Winter Comes," which has reached its 30th edition, and Mr. Sinclair Lewis, the American author of "Main Street," a novel which has also been wonderfully successful.

They shook sands and engaged in mutual congratulations. But they did not waste any time in vapid and untruthful flatteries. It came out, early in their conversation, that neither had read the other's famous novel. Frankly, they said so. They ought both to remedy a serious omission.

The late Sir Herbert Tree was more backward in matters of this kind. It was not until he had highly praised Barrie's works that Barrie got him to confess that he had never read any of them, or seen them [illegible]