

Around the Bend

By ALICE CAMERON

Ralph Hurst had leaned back in unaccustomed idleness and let the canoe float down stream. The sense of being nothing to do, nothing to worry about, on this glorious June morning, filled him with a dreamy content.

He was on the first vacation he had taken since college days. The last few years had been strenuous ones for the young business man. Mind and body had been worked hard.

As the canoe swept down stream, Ralph Hurst was conscious of an exhilarating excitement. His imagination pictured a dozen adventures, but one image persisted, and at last drove the others away.

Ralph's youth was asserting itself. He hoped he might find her sitting on the bank or walking beneath the willows; a dream girl with the gray eyes and the sweet mouth of the woman he could love.

As he neared the turn in the stream, his odd imaginings became almost real to him. It possessed his mind wholly. He could even see the gown she would wear; blue, soft, with perhaps some white fluffy stuff on it like clouds on a June sky.

He gazed with a boyish eagerness toward the bend that hid her. A few more vigorous strokes and the canoe swung dizzily around the curve and glided into the unknown part of the stream.

The trees were fewer here. There were flowers near the banks. He gazed quickly about. No one was in sight. All was peaceful and quite deserted.

A deep disappointment came over him, a feeling stronger than the cause seemed to warrant. He tried to laugh it off. "Here I am mooning like an idiot!" he exclaimed, disgustedly.

"I imagine a thing and then complain because it is not real." But the disappointment and the eager longing persisted. He studied the canoe and looked around more.

A white patch on the left bank attracted his attention. He could not see what it was, and in pursuit, Lily paddled to the shore. He drew his canoe up on the bank and picked up the object.

It was a little white silk glove, long and small in hand, the fingers still curled naturally as if by living fingers were within them. He smoothed it out on his palm.

The tips were soiled a trifle. "Ralph smiled down at the dainty thing. "I'll find your owner for you, little glove," he said, putting it into his pocket.

Far up the road, to his left, he caught sight of a moving patch of blue—a blue dress, a white hat! Immediately he ran up the bank and started along the road.

Before he could reach her, the wearer of the blue dress turned into a narrow path leading to the only house in sight. When Ralph arrived at the path he could see her knocking at a side door. Her back was toward him as she pounded vigorously.

Ralph waited, walking slowly up and down. The blue dress evidently had a determined owner. Ralph thought she would never cease knocking. He had his first misgiving when she shook the door. Finally, when she began to kick strenuously at the panels, he began to see that Fate had, perhaps, been misleading him.

At this moment the woman made up her mind that no one was at home. She turned away and came down the path toward Ralph, walking with impatient strides. A basket hung on her arm.

She looked about fifty years old, extremely gaunt and remarkably bad-tempered. On a glance, and the fact that he had followed this person in a romantic mood, carrying her glove over his heart, moved Ralph to a fit of laughter. While she walked toward him, staring angrily, she rocked to and fro in paroxysms of mirth.

"I hope you will forgive me for laughing. You see I thought you were—or, some one else. And I was so surprised I could not help laughing. Tell me whether you are hurt. Let me help you." His face looked so hand some and so appalling that the stony expression of the woman softened a trifle.

"Well, the least you can do is to help me home," she said, gruffly. "I'm all shook up." She evidently blamed him for her fall. He raised her, and she leaned on him, grunting and groaning.

They walked on. She said nothing. Finally he began to be unpleasantly aware of her weight. His arm seemed almost paralyzed and drops of perspiration came out on his forehead. He stood still a moment in the road. "Would you mind changing to the other side?" I could support you with my right arm. This one is getting a little tired.

The long lips set into a grim line. "Can't," responded the woman. "My other arm's hurt too bad." He wondered vaguely how her arm could possibly be hurt, but said nothing. The woman urged him on, it seemed to Ralph interminably.

She did not speak except to urge him to walk faster. Finally, they made one last turn and came within sight of a small gray house set well back from the road in a garden of roses. Red ramblers climbed over fence and porch.

As the two drew near, a young girl arose from the steps and hurried toward the gate. "Oh! are you hurt? Are you hurt?" she exclaimed, breathlessly to the woman. The latter put out her "injured" arm and opened the gate with a bang. "No! I fell down but I wasn't hurt a mite. Would you have come an hour ago only I wanted to teach some smart fools a lesson. She strode up the walk and into the house, letting the screen door slam after her.

Again the helpless fit of laughter came upon Ralph. He leaned against the gate, rubbing his numb arm and shouting with mirth. This time he had a sweet echo, and looked into a rosy face dimpled with fun, for after one blank moment, and a glance at the state of his attire, the girl had seemed to divine all in a flash.

The young man looked down somewhat ruefully at his coat and shoes. "I seem to have received the worst of it," he said.

The girl looked up with a trace of shyness. "You could come in and clean up. Do not mind her, she's peculiar, but—"

He broke in with a question. "Any relation?" he asked. "What if she should be the mother?"

"No! Oh, no! We are boarding here—my mother and I. Mrs. Thurston takes boarders every summer." She started toward the house, and Ralph followed. Mrs. Thurston met them at the door. She led the young man to a room, supplied him with water and clean towels in grim silence.

But as she was leaving she paused. "Gimme that coat," Ralph handed it to her, and she disappeared. Presently she brought back the coat. The long rip was neatly mended. "Guess this'll do till you can see a tailor. Dinner ready in half an hour."

That dinner was a memorable event. It was a well-cooked meal, served in the long bay windows where the ramblers climbed in over the sill. Mrs. Thurston lost some of her grimness, and even smiled once or twice. Mrs. Farrand, the girl's mother, was very gracious.

And the girl herself? She sat by the open window, not in the blue dress he had pictured, but in snowy white. In her eyes were the lights and shadows the expressions he had seen in the eyes of the Dream Girl around the bend in the stream. His wonderful vacation had, indeed begun.

Afterward, he saw her alone for a moment on the porch. The glove lay on his pocket. He was afraid to ask her about it. Suppose it should not be hers. He drew it out slowly. The light from the window shone upon it. The girl reached up and took it from his hand.

"Why, you found my glove!" she exclaimed in surprise. "It is yours, then?"

"Yes, I'm so glad! It is not very pleasant for one not to have a mate." He looked down at her.

"I'm finding that out, too," he murmured. He moved a step nearer. "Good night." He pressed the little soft hand in both his own for a moment. "I'll see you tomorrow morning," he said. "I've arranged with Mrs. Thurston to come here to board."

ONE-ARMED FIELDER MAKES SINGLE ERROR



EDDIE ASH.

One of the Michigan leagues has a team that is managed by a blind man, who, without seeing, can tell what is going on in a game. While this seems remarkable, the playing of Eddie Ash, who was the star outfielder of the Wash college team this year seems more so, for Ash has only one arm.

Ash made only one bobble all year. His home is in Indianapolis, and it was his second year in the right garden for the scarlet. He played two years for the Manual Training team in Indianapolis. Lots of fielders are cheered for their rearing one-hand catches, but their work cannot be regarded as so sensational after all when it is known that Ash regularly accepts the most difficult chances with his one hand. He is a fairly good batter and has been known to knock home runs with the one arm which seems to have the strength of two.

There have been other one-armed players, and some of the older fans may recall "One-Armed" Daly, who played professional ball a score of years ago. It was reported some time ago that Clark Griffith had signed a one-armed pitcher whom his scouts found in Texas.

Which is the more superstitious, a sailor or a ball player? Anyone who has studied both types will quickly answer, the ball player.

It is probably true that no other class of men anywhere approaches the sailor and the player in this particular psychological subject. They are superstitious in everything they do, and many things they don't do.

Whoever heard of a sailor who would willingly set sail from port on Friday? Whoever heard of a ball player who didn't go through some rites and ceremonies before going to bat, or before returning to the bench, or before taking his usual place on the field? It's all superstition, a relic of prehistoric days.

Many people wonder when they see Sheppard of the Cubs, go to bat what that small white ball on the top of his cap is. No other player on the team has that particular distinction. It is nothing more or less than a piece of gum. When "Jimmy" Sheppard wears that piece of gum he believes that he will be able to hit better. Or at least he did believe so. When he played in the world series against the Sox three years ago and failed to make even one hit, he removed that gum the following year. He started right out on a batting streak.

So sometimes he wears that gum and sometimes he doesn't, all depending on the way the special deity of that gum rules. Then there is "Kid" Gleason, for years and years second baseman of the Phillies. He wouldn't any more think of returning to the bench without walking in front of the plate than he would fly. He makes a wide circuit in going through the ceremonies, but he does it in such a matter of fact way that ninety-nine out of hundred fans never notice him.

Why does he do this? Superstition, nothing else. In ordinary walks of life Gleason is a rational, sane being. But in baseball he must take that walk. He has done it for so many years that it has come to be an instinct with him. If you should ask him why, it's almost certain that he would say: "Always do it." Whether it helps his batting is a subject of debate, but he never fails to take those few extra steps.

Ball players are a fastidious lot when it comes to the paraphernalia they use in a game. Certain kinds of shoes must be made, most of them having their shoes made to a special last that just suits them; then there are their gloves, and the makers of these have a special department to turn out the various styles demanded, almost every player in the big leagues having a glove named for him, which is ordered and made accordingly.

But it is the bat over which the player passes most of his time. This was when a big leaguer passed all his

winter seasoning bats for use in the next campaign, selecting the finest piece of wood he could secure, drying it all winter above the kitchen stove, and taking it down daily to polish it. Each man wants his bat turned just so, the handle a certain diameter, with so much wood in the heavy end; it must balance just to suit him when he swings it; but most important of all is the driving power. Some bats that are beautiful to behold and which suit the player exactly as to size and balance prove the most miserable kind of deceptions and snares because when they come to hit the ball there is no "drive" in them. They seem punk and do not have the spring in them that makes the ball travel when hit square on the nose.

Pete Browning was one of those old-time players who loved his bat first and the world afterward. He passed more time working over his big bludgeons than at any other vocation in his life. And he felt amply repaid, when, the next season, he found he had one or two that exactly suited him.

Billy Hamilton was another who loved his bats. His kitchen in his New England home was always full of them during the winter months and he handled them like pets. He taught Fred Tenney the same reverence for the war club and Fred started out in the same way. But Tenney has charged now, and most of the modern players are different too, though they still demand bats that exactly suit them in balance and build as well as driving power, but they let the factories do the petting and polishing, choosing only to go over the bunch submitted for trial and picking out the ones that suit best.

PLAY ON PLAYERS' NAMES

J. J. Lindy of Greenville, Wis., contributes the following interesting play upon players' names:

Sallee and John(s) fell in Love last Summer and were caught Huggin(s) not many Weeks afterward while they were out Rowan on the Lake. They then decided to get married at once and not Waite until the Cole Winter(s) so they had Parson(s) Phillip perform the ceremony. John(s) wore his Overall as he said it was too Hise (German for "hot") to dress Upp Sallee wore her Lavender Frock and had Moore Wigs on than Ever(s) before. They invited the Neighbors and had the Guest(s) arrive Early so it was no Wonder that they felt so Lively as they drank a Case of High Balls and each one had a Baskette of Grubb. Fromme then until Knight they Clumm around the Peartree and under the Oakes. Cobb was the master of the ceremonies and being Speaker on that occasion called upon Laiole for a Toast. He spoke in French, so they Chase(d) him to the Woods. Then Elberfeld Rose to say a few words but soon gave them a Payne. He said that he could not Jolly them and in Justice to himself he sat Down(s) and before Long was seen going Up the Street to Towne. Not far behind him was Schlei who said he could not Stack up against such Sharpe People nor was he Able(s) to Deal with them like Cobb. The Brothers of the Groome gave the (Mc)Bride a Jewell Stone which was as Claire as Cristall. All reported a Goode time and then the Young couple took the Carr for Milan and a trip through the East.

Weaver's Claim Disallowed

The National commission refused to allow the claim of George Weaver against the Cleveland club, the evidence showing that he had received more pay than he was really entitled to. In the case of Herbert Brady, who asked for a certain amount of salary due him from the Springfield, Mass., club, the player was more fortunate. His claim was substantiated, after a thorough investigation, by the National commission.

Burns Sold to Wheeling

Joe Burns has been sold by Cincinnati to Manager Bill Phillips of the Wheeling team. Burns needs regular work and will be glad of the chance to play every day. Burns leaves the National league with a batting and base running average of 1.000. He went to bat once, got a single and stole a base.

Crumb Pie

Make a crust as for lemon pie. Then one cup molasses, one-quarter teaspoon soda, one pint boiling water. Filling: Three cups flour, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one cup butter. Mix all smooth, fill tins with molasses, then put the filling into molasses.

Steamed Pudding

One cup of milk, one-half cup of molasses, one-third cup of butter, one-third teaspoonful of soda, one and one-half cups of flour, spices to taste. A few raisins may be added if these are liked. Steam for two hours.

BE COOL AND PATIENT

AT BAT, URGES HARTSEL

VETERAN OUTFIELDER OF THE PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS SAYS THESE QUALITIES ESSENTIAL IN WINNING.

By "TOPSY" HARTSEL.

(Copyright, 1921, by Joseph R. Bowler.) The biggest thing in winning games, as I see it, is patience and coolness at the bat. It always has been my theory that the team which has players who can get on the bases wins whether it is the best team or not. I believe a team of good waiters, who are patient and who do not hit or strike at bad balls will beat the heaviest hitting teams steadily. If you will look back over the pennant-winning teams of the last 20 years you will find that they were the waiting teams, and that they won their pennants by getting bases on balls rather than by hitting. They got the runners on bases, tied up the other teams' infielders, and then hit and the chances of their hits going safe were doubled.

There is another thing—almost all the pennant-winning teams have had a good waiter to lead off the batting list and get on the bases, and then the third and fourth batters were the heavy hitters. These are only my ideas, but I think sometimes there is not half enough waiting in the modern game, and there is a lot of bad hitting, or hitting with bad judgment, especially in the tight places. This is because the team that is threatening to score gets overanxious and the batters are too eager to hit, and so give the pitcher an advantage when it ought to be the other way around.

I think the best advice I can give young players about how to win, or how I think they should win, is that instead of trying to win a game themselves they let the other side lose it. There are many games lost because a team gets too eager to force the game and falls down on the attack just when the other side is exploding and threatening to throw away the game. A player who is cool and patient, and who can stop himself from swinging at bad balls, will let a wild pitcher pitch wild and wear himself out. There is not much excuse for hitting at bad balls except when the hit and run signal is passed, and then, of course, the batter is forced to hit, no matter what is pitched. That is one vital point in batting. A batter always should swing at the ball as hard



"Topsy" Hartsel.

as he can when a hit and run play is tried, even if he know he cannot hit it. If he does not swing he allows the catcher to run in three or four feet to meet the ball and gives him a much better chance to throw out the runner. A batter should study the pitcher all the time and watch for signs of wildness or overanxiety. If he sees a pitcher losing his temper or getting excited he can change tactics on him all the time and outguess him at least half the time.

He ought also to watch the positions of the fielders, to see where they are shifting and how. I have seen many games won because the batters guessed from the way the fielders were moving what ball was to be pitched, and were prepared to hit that kind of ball.

Fielding is more a matter of speed, practise and experience. A man either must have great speed or a lot of experience to play the outfield well. If he has the speed he can cover up a lot of mistakes while he is gaining knowledge of where and how batters hit.

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CARING FOR FLOORS

MUCH WORK TO KEEP THE HARDWOOD VARIETY IN ORDER.

They Are Recognized as the Best for the Average House, But Daily Wiping and Almost Constant Polishing Are Necessary.

Undoubtedly the best floors for the average house are hardwood, but to keep them in order requires work. Daily wiping and polishing are necessary, but the beauty resultant more than repays the trouble, and such floors, unless they are abused, wear well. Their responsiveness differs according as to whether or not they are parquetry or plain. If drawing and living room floors can be finished with a border they are more effective, but even in those places design is not necessary. What is required is perfect position of the boards, that is, close together and smooth, so that they can be kept in the highest state of polish and cleanliness.

When a house that is occupied the entire year is fitted with hardwood floors the problem of carpeting is solved, for in the winter rugs can be used, while in the summer the boards may be left uncovered. The latter effect is cool and pretty.

For general durability there are coverings which conceal unfinished flooring and are more easily kept clean than carpeting. In these days of frequent moving, when housekeepers do not like to have carpets and matting cut to fit rooms, rugs of endless variety and material come in prices which are equally varied. A wilton or tapestry carpet cut like a large rug and finished with a wide border is practical in many different places, and a rough floor may have a border stained to make a suitable finish.

For summer, or to use all the year in bedrooms, mats of straw are extremely pretty. They come in straw colored grounds with designs of various sizes. They wear well and are easily kept clean. Nothing could be prettier than some of the hand woven rag rugs. They have the merit of washing, when soiled, and have sufficient warmth to be good for the winter and yet light enough for summer wear. In many summer houses they are used exclusively in the upstairs rooms and large ones are exceedingly nice in dining rooms. They can be woven to order and for dining rooms round ones showing a border of contrasting color are both effective and durable.

Rag carpeting also comes now by the yard and by many persons is preferred to matting because of the way dust sifts through the latter. Rag stair carpeting is extremely pretty.

A floor covering which has cork in its composition has come into favor for bed and billiard rooms as well as dining rooms. It is rather thick and has soap and water as a bare floor. It is the common covering in many English nurseries owing to its hygienic qualities. The stuff comes in only a few plain colors and may serve as a background for rugs.

Carving Meat

To successfully carve meat one must know how to control the knife. When carving a slice of meat, after the first incision has been made, the angle at which the knife is held must never be altered, or a jagged slice will be the result. The cut should be direct, sharp and inclusive. The saw-like motion should not enter into the operation.

As a rule the knife should be held firmly but applied lightly, so that too much juice will not be squeezed out from the meat. By using the point of the knife lightly as a wedge and the fork as a lever, even a big fowl may be easily jointed, provided the carver is aware of how the joint is exactly situated and held together.

Salmon, Epicurean Style

Put two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan, add a sliced onion, sliced carrot, bunch of parsley and stalk of celery. Fry, and when slightly brown add two cupfuls of water, two cupfuls of white wine, and when boiling put in two pounds of salmon to boil till ready. Take out the fish, remove the skin from it, coat with melted butter and fine bread crumbs and set in a hot oven to brown a little. Meanwhile reduce the liquor in which it was boiled, then strain it and thicken with flour and butter, season with salt and pepper and serve separately with the fish.

Bran Cake

One cup of brown sugar; one tablespoonful of granulated sugar; one cup of sour cream; one beaten egg; one teaspoonful of soda; the grated rind of a lemon; a pinch of salt, two and one-half cups of flour; one-half cup of chopped raisins. Mix and cook in 18 gem pans or a good-sized loaf tin.

New Use for Flouncing

Three yards of embroidery flouncing makes a pretty piano cover, inasmuch as it launders well and is inexpensive. Some dainty patterns can be had as reasonable as 25 cents to 55 cents a yard. Miter at corners to fit piano top and you will be much pleased with the effect.

Farina Cake

Beat four ounces of butter and eight ounces of sugar to a cream. Gradually add four well-beaten eggs, a quarter pound of farina, one teaspoonful of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of lemon extract. Bake in buttered gem pans in a hot oven.

Crumb Pie

Make a crust as for lemon pie. Then one cup molasses, one-quarter teaspoon soda, one pint boiling water. Filling: Three cups flour, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one cup butter. Mix all smooth, fill tins with molasses, then put the filling into molasses.

Steamed Pudding

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TOUGH LUCK



"Why, what's the matter, my lad?" "Boo hoo! Ma sez I got to press heart when I grows up, an' I'd set my heart on bein' a prize fighter. Boo hoo!"

Aims and the Man

"Sure Father Flaherty was a good man," Mr. Murphy said of the deceased parish priest. "He hated sin but he loved th' sinner, an' he was all compassion an' patience an' wisdom. There never was another like'im fr' holdin' up hope to th' poor battered man that had any desire fr' good."

"Faith," said he to Don Meehan, th' toime th' bhoy was down an' out. "Faith, this soide av paradise 'tist all beginnin' again, over an' over, an' 'tin toimes over!"

"An' that keen," continued Mr. Murphy, "twas niver worth while to keep back part av th' price av th' land! Wid a twinkle in his eye he'd see clean through anny Ananias that iver walked."

"An' gin'rous!" Mr. Murphy's voice dropped to a lower key and his eyes were wet as he added, "His hand was always in his pocket, an' when they prepared him fr' burial they found his right arm longer than his left wid stretchin' it out to th' poor."—Youth's Companion.

Not an Objection

"I think he'd like to join your club, but his wife wouldn't hear of it."

"She wouldn't hear of it? Why, I know of half a dozen men who would join our club if their wives couldn't hear of it."

New discoveries in minerals are used by the doctors, new discoveries in machinery are used by the undertakers.

How She Conciliated Them

Flimer—How did it happen that these five men who were so angry with the woman in the nickelodeon for not taking off her hat became so friendly with her afterward? Screeners—It was raining like fury when the show was over and she invited them to take shelter with her under her hat.

HARD TO PLEASE

"Oh how hard it was to part with coffee, but the continued trouble with constipation and belching was such that I finally brought myself to leave it off."

"Then the question was, what should we use for the morning drink? Tea was worse for us than coffee; chocolate and cocoa were soon tired of; milk was not liked very well, and hot water we could not endure."

"About two years ago we struck upon Postum and have never been without it since."

"We have seven children. Our baby now eighteen months old would not take milk, so we tried Postum and found she liked it and it agreed with her perfectly. She is today, an' has been, one of the healthiest babies in the State."

"I use about two-thirds Postum and one-third milk and a teaspoon of sugar, and put it into her bottle. If you could have seen her eyes sparkle and hear her say "good" today when I gave it to her, you would believe me that she likes it."

"If I was matron of an infants' home, every child would be raised on Postum. Many of my friends say, 'You are looking so well!' I reply, 'I am well; I drink Postum. I have no more trouble with constipation, and know that I owe my good health to God and Postum.'"

"I am writing this letter because I want to tell you how much good Postum has done me, but if you know how I shrink from publicity, you would not publish this letter, at least not over my name."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? Here one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Potatoes Chained Together. An agricultural treatise shows in an illustration in the current number of Hana, Hof and Garten in the shape of two potatoes held together by a seven-linked chain. The chain must have been dropped and remained unnoticed on the field and a potato formed in both of the end links. They grew through the iron rings and are now held there firmly, the iron bands having depressed them at the points of contact. They were picked up at Schoenau, near Bernau, Germany.

It has been suggested that at least one special cell and the nerve fibers connecting it with the brain may be affected by each different scent-producing substance. But, as one scientist has observed, it would be a somewhat serious stretch of imagination to suppose that for each new scent of a substance yet to emerge from the retort of the chemist there is in waiting a special nerve terminal in the nose.

It is more reasonable to suppose that all the hairs of the olfactory cells are affected by every sense-producing substance, and that the different qualities of scent result from difference in the frequency and form of the vibrations transmitted through those cells to the brain.

According to this view, there is something in musk, something in the rose, something in the violet and the lilac, something in every substance which produces a smell either agreeable or offensive—that is, able so to affect the hairs and cells of the olfactory machinery of the nose as to set