

WHERE DO A COW'S EARS GROW?

Of course everyone except a few benighted city dwellers is perfectly familiar with cows. Many farmers' sons and daughters have almost been brought up with the cows, know what it is to feed and care for them and to milk them morning and evening, fair weather and foul in the sweltering heat of summer and in the chilling blasts of winter.

Yet, we have a hunch that about 99 1-2 out of every 100 persons would be unable to give a correct answer, offhand, to the question: "Do a cow's ears grow in front of her horns or behind them?" Can you tell and, without going out to have a look at old Bossy, be positive that your answer is correct? Ask your friends and see what a surprisingly large number will answer incorrectly or be obliged to confess that they don't know.

Unfortunately a great many people have never learned to observe closely; they have eyes but they see not—as they should. A good observer quickly and without conscious effort takes in a multitude of details of everything he sees or hears and is able to recall them all later if he desires to for any reason.

He may see some new operation performed but once and, though it may be complicated and difficult, be able to duplicate it. He may enter a strange room and remain for only a minute or two but on coming out be able to tell correctly the number and location of doors, window, etc., to name the articles of furniture, etc., in the rooms and tell just where each is placed. He may travel over a strange road once and be able to recall all the turns, to describe the houses and other buildings and recall the location of trees, bridges, etc.

As a rule, women are better observers than men, perhaps because they are more alert, also a bit more curious and inquiring by nature and because they are more attracted by things that interest them or that appeal to them as beautiful.

The power of observation is a matter of training and cultivation. All one need do to acquire the habit of observing closely is to really keep his eyes and ears open. Of course he need not be unduly inquisitive or "snoopy" but he should systematically train his mind to take note of everything that impresses it or should impress it and to do this in a flash.

HOW THE INDIANS RECKONED TIME

The American Indians of early days reckoned time by what they called "sleeps" and "moons." Although many modern Indians have adopted all the progressive up-to-date ideas of the white man and are as much civilized as anyone, a few are still clinging to the primitive ways of their ancestors, in calculating time as in various other matters.

The Indian's "sleeps" referred to a sun-to-sun day of 24 hours and his "moons" to what the white

man roughly and improperly calls a month. The Indians indicated the noon hour by pointing vertically upward. To indicate the middle of the first half of daylight period—nine o'clock—he pointed upward midway between the horizon and the zenith and to indicate mid-afternoon—three o'clock—he pointed toward the opposite quarter. He spoke of the eastern horizon as "sunrise" and of the western horizon as "sunset."

Journeys and distances between different points were measured in "sleeps." Thus when he undertook to tell how far he had traveled or to tell how far one point was from another the old-time Indian would say a certain number of "sleeps." Ordinarily a "sleep" in this sense corresponded to something like 35 miles—the distance a man could cover in a day, traveling at an ordinary pace on foot. However, it was not unusual for men carrying important messages to make twice 35 miles or more in a single 24-hour period.

A RELIC OF MARY'S LAMB

Probably most people who have ever thought about the matter at all suppose that "Mary's little lamb" about which the well-known jingle centers was a purely imaginary animal. There really was such a lamb, however. It belonged to a little girl named Mary and it actually followed its mistress to school one day, as narrated in the poem.

Some time ago a bit of the wool that grew on this lamb's back was conveyed by will to the historical society of Somerville, Mass. The wool is in a piece of stocking that Mary's mother knitted from yarn spun from the lamb's fleece something like a century ago at Sterling, Mass., where the little girl and her pet lived. From Mary Sawyer Tyler, the heroine of the poem, the bit of stocking passed to the above mentioned testator in 1880.

Irate Father—"Why did you keep my son after school when he did nothing?"

Teacher—"I detained him because he wouldn't tell me where the Missouri River is. He just stood and looked at me.

Father—"He was dumbfounded at your ignorance."

To enter an exposition at Santa Barbara, Calif., a horse was carried in a specially equipped airplane from Los Angeles. The flight was made without mishap. One day's delay was caused by the Humane society, whose officers had to be assured that the horse would suffer no cruelty.

Among old records at Clarksburg, W. Va., was recently found a copy of an indictment returned July 5, 1856, against Horace Greeley, publisher of the New York Tribune. Distributing copies of the Tribune constituted the "felony" charged. The paper was alleged to contain articles the purpose of which was to "advise and incite negroes in the state to rebel and make insurrection." The town was then in Virginia.