

New Things Not Found in Any Books

Why Lovers CAN'T HELP Quarreling

THE psychologists have been making a special study of jealousy. According to their latest definition, jealousy is just love with the engine reversed.

If you tell a lover that he is jealous because he has, so to speak, reversed his engine of love, he will think you are joshing him; but that, according to the latest scientific research, is just his complaint.

Jealousy is pain, while love is pleasure, but both impulses are governed by the same brain centres. These brain centres work violently on the heart through the vagus nerve, and, if long continued, jealousy may upset the entire nervous system and, through it, all of the bodily functions, reaching even to the stomach and the processes of digestion.

What is termed love is accounted for upon psychological grounds by the action of these same brain centres, acting sometimes as an excitant upon the vagus nerve, but when satisfied and gratified has a soothing influence upon the heart through the same nerve.

It is not easy to explain the association centres, for they are so complex in their action that they have not been fully explored and explained. We know that

the centres of touch are at the top of the brain, and those of smell and taste at the base of the cerebrum. We are certain that often these centres act together, especially where the emotion is very powerful. They are stirred through the eye, the ear or touch.

When you see the person you love or hear his voice or even see his picture there is an excitement of these associative powers, and often a desire to touch the beloved. This is gratified by touching the hands or lips, or even touching the clothing may suf-

fice. The excitement often manifests itself by the act of blushing, which is only the action of the vagus nerve upon the heart, sending volumes of blood to the surface of the face especially, and so gorging the blood vessels that the skin turns red. Some become pale under excitement, owing to the tightening of the capillaries, preventing the blood from showing itself.

These are the explanations which the physicist gives of the accompanying phenomena of love, for he is not concerned with, nor can he ever explain, causes. Why these centres act as they do, none can say, but after many ages of observation certain signs have been set down as indicative of affection or of jealousy.

Jealousy is, however, so complex a feeling that it is not easy to explain the process by which it is attained. Its source is the association centres of the brain, and sight or sound are only the excitants of a state of mind, or excitement, quite the reverse of love. Love must be present for jealousy to arise. If the lover sees the beloved in the company of a rival, or he is told something tending to show that another is preferred to him or her, jealousy is at once evoked. It is one of the most powerful motives that can be aroused in a human being, and may go even so far as to bring about a murder, as in the case of Othello and Desdemona, an act repeated thousands of times since from a similar motive.

The engine of love may still be progressing under full steam; in fact jealousy has been known to raise love itself to fever heat. The flirt tries to make her lover propose by showing him how attentive others are and arousing his jealousy. The psychologists recognize the powerful play of jealousy and show how it

perverts the judgment and magnifies trifles which to others mean little or nothing. To the jealous man a look may mean preference of his rival, whereas it may have been the most innocent possible.

It is because of this overbalancing and perverting of the judgment that it is well to understand how jealousy works, thus safeguarding men and women from useless, often silly, suffering, because of the blindness or magnifying power of the hatred of the rival. Just as love itself magnifies every virtue and sees beauty where the unmoved person sees nothing especially attractive, so jealousy takes the one whom it possesses to the wildest extremes, because of the over-activity of the emotional centres, preventing him or her from seeing the truth or listening to reason.

It has been held that those who really love deeply are incapable of jealousy, because of complete confidence based upon a full appreciation of the qualities of steadfastness in the other. But if in any way this confidence is shaken by the whisper of gossip or the observation of something that seems to be a breach of love jealousy steps in with a violence in proportion to the love perviously experienced. This is the reason that psychologists speak of jealousy as a reversing of the engine of love, because, while the lover asserts and reasserts his affection, to others it seems as if love has become hatred, not only of the rival, but of the primary object of love.

Confidence in the object of one's love is to be encouraged. The greater the confidence the less likelihood of jealousy. Most jealousy proves to be groundless, and the moral which recent psychological research seems to point is that the lover should thoroughly investigate the grounds for his jealousy before allowing it to run away with him.

JEALOUSY Is Simply LOVE with the Engine REVERSED



"The mere sight of her photograph (A), or the sound of his voice (B), excites the association centres in the lover's brain and creates a desire to touch the loved one (C) with lips or hand."

Microbe That EATS METAL

ALTHOUGH science knows a hundred micro-organisms that devour the human tissues and cause all sorts of maladies, and also many that eat plants, roots, dirt, wood and clothing, it has never been imagined that there was one capable of eating up bits of steel and iron. Yet the discovery just made by E. M. Mumford, an English student, shows that this is the case.

A bacillus that has a specific action upon solutions of iron and steel was obtained by Mr. Mumford from the Bridgewater canal tunnels at Worsley, Lancashire, England. This new species of bacillus varies in its

digestive action upon iron and steel compounds according to whether it acts in the presence or absence of air. When oxygen is present, the iron is precipitated by the germs as iron bog-ore, while in the absence of oxygen no iron salts are formed.

This iron eating germ is a short microbe about one-thousandth of an inch long. It grows readily on potatoes and then looks greenish brown in color. It also colonizes in milk, gelatin and agar.

It also forms an iron digestive juice or enzyme, which acts upon iron just as the germ itself does.

How the COCKROACH May Be the CAUSE of CANCER

WE have heard so much about the dangerous house-fly that it is quite a relief to have the blame for some of the ills that afflict mankind shifted from the shoulders of the fly to the broad back of the disgusting cockroach.

In a recent issue of The Lancet, Dr. W. Melville Davison calls attention to the fact that the cause of cancer may be an alga which is found in the bowels of several varieties of cockroaches.

By a curious coincidence, the United States Agricultural Department has recently succeeded in isolating a vegetable parasite which causes plant cancer, and which carries the disease from plant to plant, and Professor Vibinger, of Copenhagen, has discovered a

worm which flourishes in the house rat, causing cancerous tumors in the rodent it afflicts. The larvae stage of this worm is passed in the intestines of the cockroach, and Professor Vibinger states that he has no doubt that a similar parasite causes human cancer.

Of course these suppositions are based on the assumption that cancer is a germ disease and not a dietetic disease, as an eminent authority stated only a few years ago in The Lancet. It was believed that excessive beef eating causes cancer, and it was pointed out that the British, who are the greatest beef eaters in the world, show the greatest percentage of cancer as well.

It is well, at any rate, to be on the safe side, and to exterminate the cockroaches as ruthlessly, or more so, than the fly. No food on which a cockroach had

been seen should be eaten. If cockroaches infest a place, all left-overs should be carefully covered to keep the roaches from touching the food.

The Lancet, of course, recommends that roaches should be starved and not poisoned. Scrupulous cleanliness will do much toward ridding a house of roaches. A bread crumb that has dropped to the floor unperceived, a bit of jam that has splashed on the kitchen oilcloth and has not been wiped away, immediately, will attract this loathsome plague.

Roaches are often carried into the kitchen in bundles of wood, and it is well, where wood is still used, to shake each bundle thoroughly before bringing it into the house. A good many housewives are using charcoal instead of wood to kindle their fires for this reason.

How the Kaiser Learns the War Secrets of Other Nations

THE versatility of the Kaiser is well enough known not to need explanation here. But what an indefatigable, even watchful worker his Majesty is, is known to very few, indeed. In addition to those public services which are performed in the light of day, there are certain other grave affairs of state at which his Majesty labors far into the night, of which the public never hears and of which few officials ever get to know anything.

Let me relate a typical incident in the life of the Kaiser which illustrates the point I make. I was sitting in my rooms in the Mittelstrasse, in Berlin, on a night in February, 1911, reading quietly, when the door was thrown open and my man showed in a middle aged, military looking gentleman, wearing Verdienstkreuz, the cross of merit. Though I had never until then set eyes on this particular gentleman, I immediately knew him to be one of the emissaries from the Wilhelmstrasse, which is the palace of the Foreign Office in Berlin.

Drawing himself up, clicking his heels together and saluting, this messenger handed me a sealed envelope bearing the number 17, and the curt demand, "Antwort," meaning, Answer. I should explain here that all secret agents are addressed and known in ordinary correspondence by numbers, and No. 17 was my designation on the rolls of the service.

The note handed me contained a card and a command to appear at 11:30 p. m. at the Wilhelmstrasse in full evening dress, and to hold myself in readiness for instant service. The card bore above the signature of Graf von Wedell the inscription, "Vorzulassen und vorsuhren"—Admit and present.

To hold myself in readiness for instant service was nothing new to me. But the order for full evening dress, the time—11:30 p. m.—set me to thinking. I cast over in my mind for any likely explanation. Was there any high foreign personage in Berlin at the time requiring to be watched. Was there any function going on? It frequently falling to the lot of an agent to be present at these affairs to watch eminent men and keep track of their movements, meetings, conversations, etc. But I could come to no satisfactory conclusion.

"Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles me," being one of my favorite maxims, I turned again to my book after instructing my man to lay out evening togs and get me ready by 11 o'clock.

That hour saw me turned out in full fit and snatching, having still half an hour to spare, slowly down the Linden alley and past the Pariser Platz. Then, turning into the Wilhelmstrasse, I rung the second entrance door bell, and produced my card. I was shown into an ante chamber where I found a tall, distinguished

looking gentleman, of military bearing, likewise in evening dress. We bowed formally to each other, but, following the unwritten law pertaining to these places, held no speech.

At the stroke of 11:30 an usher appeared and asked us to follow him. We were shown into a spacious room where, seated at a large writing table shaded by a green reading lamp, sat Count Udo von Wedell, Privy Councillor to his Majesty. The Count, whom I had met on many occasions, is a tall, scholarly and courtly gentleman, in appearance not unlike your President Wilson, only with the addition of an iron gray moustache. Requesting us to be seated, he inquired if we were acquainted, and receiving a negative reply, he introduced us, my companion proving to be Herr von Senden, ex-captain of the Second Guard Hussars. After a cursory chat the Count suddenly drew his watch, and remarked:

"Gentlemen, now to business. You will in a few minutes enter a certain room, advance to the centre and stand at attention. You will be asked certain questions. Your answers are to be short and to the point. You will not put any questions and on being dismissed will back out of the room. This is under the strict silence rule. I enjoin you to avoid any discussion of this matter between you. You understand?"

We nodded silently. Then a gong boomed somewhere, and by the sound, from below ground. The Count rose quickly, and with the words, "Be ready, gentlemen," left us. Returning almost immediately, he commanded us to follow him. We proceeded a short distance along the corridor and then turned into a deep alcove. There the Count pressed a spring and, a panel sliding suddenly apart, disclosed a spiral stairway, down which we went. I counted fifty-four steps, it being my habit always to count steps and paces when on strange ground. The habit, I may add, has frequently proven of great use to me when I had to operate in dark places.

Again we proceeded through a long passage until we came to a large double door at which two sentries stood immovable on either side. The Count halted and knocked. The door was opened by an officer in the dress uniform of the Life Guards. We entered, and mindful of instructions, both of us marched to the middle of the room and then came to attention.

The part of the room where we—that is, the officer, von Senden and myself—were standing was brilliantly lighted. The remainder, which formed part of a large alcove, and was cut off by a transparent screen, was quite dark. The officer stood about three paces to the right of us, towards the screen, the Count having disappeared behind it.

Thus we stood for a full five minutes, not moving a muscle. Now and then an indistinct murmur came from within. Suddenly a sharp,

clear, and but for this throaty sound almost falsetto voice, broke the silence.

"Putwitz," addressing the officer, "ask the doctor if he is well acquainted with Morocco, especially the coast."

Here let me observe that through the whole conversation all questions from behind the screen, and all our answers, were conveyed through the officer von Putwitz.

My reply was:

"I am well acquainted with Moroccan affairs. I know all the principal ports through personal visits to them. I have been, at one time, medical adviser on the staff of Kaid Sir Harry MacLean, formerly commander-in-chief of the Moroccan army."

"Ah! So! So! Good!" came in ejaculation from behind the screen.

"Putwitz, who was this Kaid MacLean?"

The officer repeated the query to me.

"By birth a Scotsman," I replied, "who at one time held non-commission rank in the Anglo-Indian army. Shrewd, silent—a man of great ability—he was much relied on by the Sultan and feared by his troops. He was knighted by King Edward VII. on the occasion of the Moroccan delegation to England."

"Still alive?" came the question.

"No, died of an attack of pneumonia at Nizza."

Two more questions were put to me regarding the length of my stay in Morocco, and the amount of English and French influence I found existing there. My answers were evidently satisfactory, for I heard repeated exclamations of:

"Good! Good!" (Schoen! Schoen!)

Then a series of questions were fired at von Senden, it appearing that he must at one time have been an attaché to the German Legation at Morocco, and at the Embassy to Italy as well. Just then came an interruption. I heard a knock on the door at the back of the screen. A person was admitted, and judging from the resulting sounds, some papers or documents were handed in. Suddenly a tiny green shaded reading lamp was switched on, revealing indistinctly the apartment behind this transparent screen, but plainly revealing the man seated before a plain mahogany writing desk covered with papers and maps. Senden, beside me, gave a start and a gasp, although I was pretty well prepared for the sight which met our eyes. Seated within four yards of us was his Majesty, Emperor William II., bending over some of the just handed in papers.

The Kaiser wore the interim uniform of a colonel of the First Guard Fusiliers, with the Cross of the Black Eagle dangling from his second button. I had ample time to study his Majesty, for he was engaged in perusing the papers held in his hand for quite ten minutes. There are many portraits of the Emperor in existence, but none of them is a real, natural likeness to my way of thinking. His Majesty is thinner in face and fuller in figure than any of the photographs I have seen make

him. The face in repose bears a marked likeness to Frederick the Great in middle age. There are the same aquiline features as in the case of the great Frederick, only the Emperor's nose is more pronounced, and his Majesty has the same close pressed, finely cut lips, with a faintly cruel look about the mouth. Brown, with ruddy color in his cheeks, his Majesty looks to be in perfect condition.

He looked up suddenly and found von Senden and myself gazing at him. A shade of annoyance seemed to cross his face as he slowly and minutely looked us over. Senden was visibly nervous and ill at ease, and turned his head toward the Count. I looked back without moving an eyelash. We were looking at each other for a full minute, and I had a good chance to observe the rather rare color of the Emperor's eyes, another feature never appearing in any of his photographs. They are large, clear and a light steel blue, and they can peer pretty sharply at one out of knitted brows. I can quite understand that Ministers and others find those royal orbs somewhat disconcerting, especially when their owner is in an adverse mood.

Once more the Emperor turned to his papers, his left hand stroking his moustache. He was evidently considering something of great importance. Meanwhile, there was not a sound in the room. Von Putwitz, Senden and myself remained standing like blocks of wood, the Count sat erect in his chair.

Curious thoughts flitted through my mind. Here was I in the presence of one of the great forces, if not the greatest force on earth at present. Picture to yourself the scene: Midnight, in an underground chamber, the man who without doubt holds the peace of Europe in his keeping—for he can well put nine millions of armed men in motion—trying to make up his mind on some matter of the most far-reaching import. What part was I to play in it, if any?

It was a pregnant moment, indeed. We all were instinctively aware of this, especially the Count, for I observed him glancing more than once rather anxiously at his master. Still not a sound. The Emperor continued reading quietly, his brow knitted. Then he suddenly turned in his chair toward the Count, and bringing his left fist sharply down on to the arm of his chair, he cried in a tense voice:

"I shall do it. See to all the details."

I saw the Count gaze searchingly into the face of his Majesty, and heave a sigh. Whether or not the Emperor noticed it, I cannot say. With a move of his hand toward the officer, he said:

"Retire gentlemen, are dismissed."

"Retire gentlemen," said von Putwitz, turning to us. We backed toward the door, the Emperor following us with his eyes. At the portal we bowed deeply. The Emperor absentmindedly acknowledged our salute and returned immediately to his papers.

The last view I had of the master of Europe was of an intensely human looking figure, apparently weary, but eager and active for all that, bending over his desk intent still upon the affairs of his people, the majority of whom at that hour were sleeping quietly in their beds. Out in the corridor I drew my watch. It was just on the stroke of 1 a. m.

Snap-Shots

THE MAID WE LOVE.
"QUEEN of her realm!" uncertain name that puzzles and enchants you. For the "Realm" and what it is the name no knowledge grants you. Behold! She is a maiden fair who splendidly can cook. And I would warn you, one and all, there's danger in her look. Her salads are a dear delight—like-wise her cherry pies; All folk must cater to this maid as in their power lies. Ah, maid! how trembles all your realm when one like you departs. For you are queen of rolling pins and of policemen's hearts.

HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT—
It is much easier to live because we won't have to go on doing it forever?
Pleasures and troubles are alike in one respect—they are both greatest in anticipation?
When the average man "plays to the gallery" the only observer in that gallery is his own self-esteem?
Yesterday's triumphs, defeats and sorrows all belong to yesterday for tears or smiles?
The chaps who lives only to enjoy life never enjoys anything?
Friendship is to be valued for what

there is in it, not for what can be gotten out of it.—Trumbull.
Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it runs to it, it may run itself out of breath.
The strength of friendship consists more in liking the same things than in liking each other.
There is no folly equal to throwing away friendship in a world where friendship is so rare.
It is a fine thing to be yourself, and a true friend loves you most when you are!
Think less of your right to demand service from friendship and more of your sacred duty to give to it.
To be a hero, trust yourself—to be a martyr, trust the world—and if you are an idealist, trust your friend.
When your friend disappoints you it hurts—but the agony is bitter when you find yourself failing your own ideal of friendship.

ON FRIENDSHIP.
He who has a thousand friends Has not a friend to spare— And he who has one enemy Will meet him everywhere.

"You are my friend, for you have dwelt with me
In gay or stormy weather;
I like you for the times you've smiled
I love you for the tears we've wept together."

Don't

DON'T forget when the trouble you fear most comes to you it will be much easier to bear than you imagine.
If you have a strong point in your character, don't make it a weakness by admiring it too much.
Don't sit in idleness waiting for your ship to come in. You will be luckier than most people if, when it finally comes in, the Silent Boatman isn't in charge.
Don't keep a diary. Some one might produce it when your enemies are trying to prove you are insane.
Don't forget that every task you neglect that you may take a vacation will meet you at the station with all its relatives and friends when you get back.

If you are blessed with a good memory, don't weaken it by cherishing things against people.
Don't put so much hope on the New Thought that you slight the importance of the good old Second Thought.
Don't forget that if a little fairy should appear and make visible the burdens all are carrying on their backs, yours would seem small and trivial in comparison with most.
Don't put a barbed wire fence around your own sensitive spots and insist that others have bars down.
Don't tell little lies. If you must be untruthful, tell big ones and become known as a statistician.
Don't forget that next week you may be looking back with regret because you didn't show greater appreciation of to-day.
FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

A Narrow Shave.
"By Jove, I had a narrow escape yesterday!"
"Really? How?"
"Well, four of us were lurching together, and, of course, you know how one has to on that sort of occasion—we each insisted on stumping up and paying the bill."
"Yes," remarked his friend. "But what about that narrow escape?"
"That's just it. For a minute or two it looked very much as though I'd overplayed the game and the other three really were going to leave me with that bill to pay!"

Domestic Amenities.
He was mumbling about tough steak and cold coffee, and making himself generally disagreeable.
"Don't growl so over your food, John," said his wife, "nobody is going to take it away from you."
Practical Woman!
Aspiring Foot—I'll set the Thames on fire yet.
His Wife—I do hope you will, dear. Would you mind making a fire in the kitchen grate—just by way of practice, you know?