

Popular Science

The Diaphragm.

One of the principal operations in breathing is the action of the diaphragm and the abdominal muscles, which Dr. Lydia Allen De Vilbiss of London...

Birds That Glow.

We are told by some students of nature that there is a species of owl that has a phosphorescent glow in the dark, and that it is a rare bird.

Warmer for Pants.

The latest invention of war is pants warmed by electricity. Two German professors invented it.

Deadly Occupation.

One of the most deadly callings, and one of the most unappreciated, is that of the workers in champagne cellars.

Clothes Rack.

A clothes-drying rack designed for the use of travelers or persons living in rooms where the facilities for drying clothes are inadequate.

Life is not merely to live, but to live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, look well.

Life is not merely to live, but to live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, look well. A glorious condition to attain, and yet how very easy it is if one will only observe the morning inside bath.

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT"



Confused, staggered, the girl looked after the Salvationists, who were turning the corner. He pulled her arm again.

By Jack Lait.

MAHIA SLIM sat on the curb, his back against a friendly keg, his feet sprawled into the street. It was twilight and a Sabbath day.

War and Canaries.

TO THE average American there is no connection between the European war and canaries.

By Rose M. Stehle-Cook.

Each day the young birds should be examined, and if they do not have a plentiful supply of food, they should be fed.

Only a Side Line.

It is interesting to know that the most successful canary breeders of the Hartz mountains are the people that carry on the raising of birds entirely apart from the raising of canaries.

Will Find Egg a Day.

The birds should be placed in the breeding cage, and as soon as the lady bird shows a disposition to carry material to build her nest, prepared nesting should be scattered in the bottom of the cage.

gun in the city hall sprung me. I told you they can't keep me in.

"Confused, staggered, the girl looked after the Salvationists, who were turning the corner. He pulled her arm again.

"Why, after they nabbed you? 'Yes, I heard you spelt it. What's the real answer? I come home and you were gone and nobody knows where you'd got to."

"What! You ain't on the level with this junk? You ain't playin' this here nuttuff on the dead? Behsh, you look over your eyes in the makeup."

"Bert, I've got to go. They won't know what's become of me." "What's it their business? You ain't gone back?"

"He tightened his grip and swung her close to him." "Aw, what are you givin' me? Didn't I always treat you good? Didn't I take care of you when I had it?"

"Yes, Bert. You meant all right. And we had a lot of happy hours at that, even if it was pretty rough—and all wrong."

"She softened at the recollection. She put her hand and stole it toward his arm. Then it stopped dead. 'But I didn't know then. Bert. Oh, these people play the right system. No, I couldn't go back—not now."

"No—no," she said, and he turned up his eyes and showed the stolen watch. I just turns a trick—right here—now. Pipe. If that brings a dime it goes for 20 bucks. Come on. Where can we get some regular clothes?"

"Bert, you don't get me at all. These clothes go. I couldn't give them up now. 'Thee've thought this piece, sir. I ever knew of a copper doin' such a thing. But they don't run us in. These people can look a bull square in the eye and they ain't afraid."

"'Police' yelled the shipping clerk who had just discovered that his watch was gone. 'Keep 'em on. It's a big reward for business. You can work with me and I'll slip you what I mook. You're dead right. The coppers'd fall for it. I'd like to see a dicker frisk a Salvation gal for a hunk of bread."

"'No—I can't, I won't." "And for the old badger game," he kept on, unimpaired of her interruption or her expression.

"'Sure it can,' he ran on. 'I tell you he's in his office right now. He's not home. My place is with them,' and she pointed where her comrades had turned.

"'With who? Say, listen; I can take a joke, but for kid me raw. I was just a little bit with you Pearly, but don't pull that heavy comedy or I might slap your pretty little mouth, and he drew back his arm menacingly."

"'You wouldn't hit me with this uniform on. You couldn't. Down deep in your heart you respect it. I didn't know how hard it was to be shocked and how easy it was to be a girl. I'll tell you. I can't take you, Bert, but—'"

"'Hate me.' He sprang down and stuck his chin into her face. 'Say—you ain't stuck on that little watch, are you? I thought he'd win you away from me. I'd bust one of them tambourines over his head. Aw, but you ain't kiddo. Now, listen to me. You know I've worked for you. You know I went against every craft in the book for you. I went behind the bars for you. You were in here that long time. I give you the best of a hat. I'll give you my gaiters. I'll give you my medicine dropper and feed the hungry little fellow by dropping the food into its mouth."

"'Besides the usual mixed canary seed, which is a regularly fixed food for canaries during the breeding season, the old birds should be fed a mixture of grated hard-boiled egg and finely rolled cracker crumbs, and after the young birds begin to fly and begin to peck around the cage and pick up food on their own account, it makes a good feed for them, but should only be given a little at a time. A girl who means to do too fast, which will impair their singing qualities. The fledglings eat more than their own weight each day."

"'In two or three weeks the young birds will leave the nest and begin flying and hopping about the cage. Start petting and cooing to them from this time on, as the tameness of your birds adds to their value. Never approach the cage or try to pick up the birds either young or old, without talking to them. At least once a day give the young birds a chance to fly around the room, but only for a very short time, as they are not strong enough to fly for any great length, and are liable to impair their singing."

"'Make a Bird Garden. A very good feeding ground can be made for them by placing a large sponge in a bowl half filled with water. Scatter bird seed in the holes and pores of the sponge, and in a few days the grass will sprout, soon it will be two or three inches high, and makes an ideal playground for the birds."

"'From this sponge the young ones secure sprouted seed, which does not require any effort to crack in order to secure the meat inside. Add a few seeds to the sponge each day, so that the supply of sprouted seeds will not become exhausted. Take a small box and fill it with nice, clean garden earth, and let the birds pick and peck upon it; this is a great conditioner for any bird."

WHY, TIRED, YOU PLAY GOOD GOLF

By Dr. H. E. Clyde.

IT HAS long been a puzzle to golfers why they play a better and more consistent game on Saturday afternoons, after a hard morning's work in the office, than they do on Sunday mornings, when they get up "fresh" and feel strong enough to drive the dimpled little ball a mile or more.

As a matter of fact, there is nothing extraordinary in this overnight change of form, hardly in any way to be wondered at when one takes into consideration the psychology of golf.

Golf, as every one who plays it knows, is a game of nerves under control. It is a game of calm deliberation, mixed with skill. It is played out in the open, under soothing mental and physical conditions.

It is unlike baseball, in that it requires very little physical energy. In fact, it is radically different from every other outdoor sport in that one respites himself during the game.

Coming back to that Saturday afternoon form, it has a psychological explanation. To begin with, Saturday in the business district is a day for winding up the affairs of the week, and perhaps more than any other day in the week its requirements tend to develop a nervous tension. A business man, who only has a half day to get his work naturally speeds up on Saturday.

When he is through, however, and is off for the golf club, he throws off his business cares for the week and the tense muscles relax and the weariness of a morning's effort turns into languor.

When he addresses the ball he is unconsciously relaxed. He finds it easy to concentrate his mind on the game, but, in the excitement of the moment, to the tense point he might on other days.

The result is that he plays an easy, gentle game. His muscles automatically relax themselves, and he overcomes the great tendency of every player—to exert his strength in his desire to get a long drive.

Strange as it may seem, the more easily the ball is driven the more accuracy it will have and the more likely it will be to get a fair distance down the course.

From his Saturday afternoon game the golfer usually goes home tired, and after dinner goes to bed. He gets up Sunday morning feeling fit and strong, and imagines that he can walk the ball over into the next county. It is with jaunty ease that he waggles his club over the ball at the first tee, where a crowd is congregated. Then he takes a good, full swing at the little white sphere.

The result almost invariably is the same, unless the player is a veteran. He either tops the ball, causing it to roll harmlessly a few yards, or slices it to the right or pulls it to the left.

And he felt the prize slipping. "And it goes for you, too. These people know you was riddled. They'll never forget it. Nobody never does. There's no better than what we are. They're beggars—we're crooks. Why play their game? We know ours. We know ours. Come on with me. It's where you belong. Once a thief, always a thief. Be a good thief. Don't ask me for pennies—I'll show you dollars. You're on a bum leg. You're steered wrong. I'll strip them rags off you and I'll make a lady out of you. I'll marry you—if I'll make you feel any better."

It was an honorable proposal. It was the most honorable proposal he had ever made or had ever known how to make. Pearl blushed as crimson as a debutante cultured in a bohemian mansion.

"God!" she whispered. "I don't know what to do. I want to do right. And I want him. I don't know—I'm—"

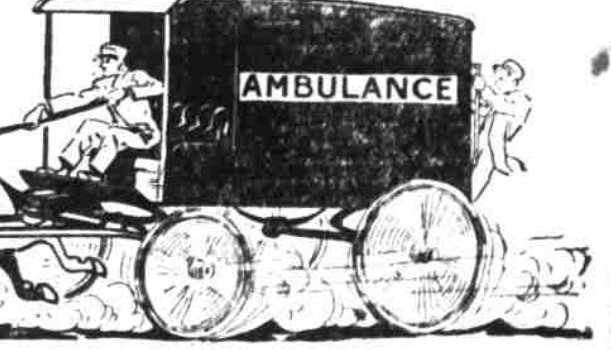
The Salvation band swung back around the corner. Bert dragged her into the doorway. They were coming to a parting of the ways. As they drew nearer their voices—cracked voices and all out of tune—formed into the theme of that hallowed hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light."

They were passed straight up. They were passing now. The last of them had passed. With face forward and head on high she started. Bert stepped before her. She walked around him.

She stepped down. She fell in at the rear, the noxious place. She chimed in with the hymn. She marched on. Bert stepped down. He started. On a face that was pale as an ashy cur, he put a foot to follow her. Then he drew up. What could he do? He couldn't take her by force. He was helpless. The girl's girl—was marching at with the hymn, and she was leaving him there, leaving him there with his promises and promises, leaving him there with—

He opened his hand and looked at it. He held within it the symbol of his crooked business, "Twenty Bucks," he muttered. Then he looked down the street and at Pearl, slowly getting farther and farther away. "Pray and turn square," he mumbled.

He looked at her again. He drew back his hand to touch the watch away. The hand stopped. He pulled it up and opened it again, and again he looked. He turned the watch over and over. "Twenty Bucks," he muttered. He stole another glance at the watch. She had turned and walked rapidly—in the other direction.



Don't Let Your Truss Make Operation Necessary

Operation for rupture would hardly ever be heard of if it weren't for the mischief done by elastic and spring trusses.

Mighty few people ever have to be operated on when first ruptured. But wearing makeshift trusses year after year is sooner or later almost sure to make a man for the surgeon.

You know that from your own experience you know you're worse now than a year ago—probably getting worse all the time. Will it be before you'll have to undergo a dangerous and expensive operation?

Here is something—a guaranteed rupture holder—which has saved thousands of people from ever having to be operated on. It shows how our guaranteed rupture holder is made on an absolutely new principle. How it is fastened and automatically protects you against every strain so your rupture can't possibly be forced out. And how in addition it keeps you from rupturing further for the rest of your life.

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