WRONG NUMBER 33

A Messenger's Mistake Made a Lasting Change in the Life of Nurse Ewing.

By LESLIE COOMBS.

Nurse Sylvia Ewing was resting. She sat in her room as Mrs. Bill's boarding house, sorting over the basket of freshly laundered uniforms, aprons and caps. She was packing a suitcase ready for any emergency call and she had just completed her task and shut away the extra garments in her bureau drawers when there came a tap at the door.

"Come in," said Sylvia.

It was Martha, the maid.

"Please, Miss Ewing, there's a man downstairs says he's come for you to go out to Windberry—a lady has been taken suddenly. He's got a car down at the door."

She handed Sylvia a card and went away.

Sylvia glanced at it. It bore the name of Richard Waring and scribbled underneath in pencil were a few words: "My mother has been suddenly stricken. Can you come at once? Adolph will bring you in the car."

Sylvia did not know Richard Waring—she had never heard of him, but she supposed it was one of Doctor Dorman's cases. She was surprised that the call had not come through the customary channel, the doctor's office.

But there was no time for speculation. A handsome limousine waited at the curb, and Sylvia donned her white uniform, slipped on a topcoat, snatched up her suitcase and, with a hurried word to Mrs. Bill, went out and was assisted into the car by a trim looking chauffeur. In another moment they were spinning along the fine road toward Windberry, a charming suburb.

She was not prepared for the imposing house—a long, rambling pile of stone broken into many gables and with a score of red tiled chimneys.

The footman was waiting in the lower hall. He opened a door and announced—"Miss Young!"

A man came forward to meet her. There was blank surprise in his keen, clear face, but he quickly masked it and held out his hand.

"I am very glad to see you, Miss—er—Young?"

"Ewing," corrected Sylvia. "I received your card, Mr. Waring."

She gave him the card Adolph had presented and he thrust it into his pocket.

"I suppose it is one of Doctor Dorman's cases?"

"Ah—no; Doctor Laidlaw is our physician. Will you come to my mother's room now, Miss Ewing?"

Mrs. Waring had suffered a slight stroke of paralysis; her speech was not affected, but one arm and hand were numb and helpless.

She opened her eyes when Sylvia came to her bedside; and her eyes widened and the same look of surprise that the nurse had noted in the son's gaze was here.

"This is Miss Ewing, mother," said Waring. "She has come to take care of you. The doctor has just telephoned that he is on the way to pay you another visit." He stooped over and kissed the pale, lined face on the pillow and tiptoed out of the room.

The maid who had been sitting with her mistress gave the nurse the paper with the doctor's directions and left Sylvia alone with her patient.

Mrs. Waring's dark eyes followed the graceful movements of the new nurse. One could read disappointment in her cold glance, and some bewilderment. At last she spoke:

"Why did you come?"

Sylvia turned a surprised face to her.

"Because I was sent for—to take care of you," she added, with her best smile.

"You won't do," said the patient coldly.

"I'm sorry you don't like me," faltered Sylvia, taken aback.

"I like you well enough—but you're too pretty!"

Sylvia's hands flew up to her hot cheeks. Her eyes flashed and then she remembered that perhaps her patient was not entirely responsible for her utterances.

So she made no answer, but went about her duties, and when Doctor Laidlaw arrived he found the sick woman reposing comfortably.

Sylvia had met him once or twice in the course of her hospital practice and she knew him for a very able physician. He greeted her pleasantly and she thought she detected a gleam of amusement in his twinkling glance.

Sylvia followed him to the door as he was going. She was perplexed. She related what the sick woman had said to her, blushing as she repeated the doubtful compliment. "It will disturb her to have me here," she added.

"I hardly think so—we'll try it out, anyway," he said cheerfully as he went downstairs.

As the days passed by Mrs. Waring lost her first animosity toward her nurse. But her eyes continued to follow Sylvia around the room.

"Why does she care whether I am pretty or not?" the girl asked herself, impatiently, "as long as I do my duty?"

It was Waring himself who enlightened Sylvia.

One April morning Mrs. Waring, sitting in a chair by the sunny window, watched the girl as she noiselessly put the room to rights.

"Where is Miss Young?" asked Mrs. Waring abruptly.

"Miss Young? I am afraid I don't know whom you mean."

"Miss Young is the nurse who has always attended me."

"Perhaps she was engaged on another case."

"No—my son sent for you. Miss Ewing?"

"Yes, he sent Adolph with the car."

"Did you ever meet my son before, Miss Ewing?"

Sylvia's look of surprise was genuine.

"Why, no, Mrs. Waring. Why do you ask such a question?"

Mrs. Waring frowned.

"Because you are so pretty," she said, and remained silent.

Sylvia's thoughts were chaotic. Her position was growing disagreeable, and she determined to speak to Richard Waring about it. The son of the house spent his days in town and his evenings, when his mother was unable to see him, were spent among his books in the library.

It was here that Sylvia found him that same evening.

May I have a word with you, Mr. Waring?" she asked timidly, for she was rather afraid of the handsome, reserved man.

"With pleasure, Miss Ewing," he returned cordially. He placed a deep chair for her in front of the fire and stood leaning with one elbow on the mantelpiece. "I'm so gratified that mother has made such progress under your care. Laidlaw thinks she may regain the use of her hand and arm."

"I am glad," said Sylvia, with a smiling flash of gray eyes. "But I'm afraid, Mr. Waring, that your mother is not quite happy with me." A faint color flickered in her cheeks.

"Not happy with you?" he exclaimed. "That is absurd."

"She asks me why I came and she inquires for a 'Miss Young' who has always nursed her. May I ask, Mr. Waring, why you did not send for this Miss Young?"

Waring regarded her thoughtfully. Then a rueful smile overspread his face.

"To tell you the truth, Miss Ewing, I did send for her!"

"Why didn't she respond to your call?"

"I'll be hanged if I know! There, it's out, and perhaps you'll help me clear up the mystery. I sent Adolph after Miss Young and he came back with you! I supposed she had sent you as a substitute. I spoke to Doctor Laidlaw and he complimented your work, but he also said that Miss Young was idle. Then I put Adolph through the third degree—he declares that he went to 33 Cypress street—"

"Number 33 Cyclamen street!" interrupted Sylvia.

"Cyclamen street? Then he made a mistake in the street and the similarity of the names—Ewing and Young—added to his confusion. Our telephone was out of order that day, and I did not call her by that means. I am sure it was a happy mistake for us." He bowed courteously.

"I am afraid your mother does not think so," said Sylvia. "Under the circumstances I feel that I ought to yield my place to Miss Young. It is really her case."

"Please do not make any change; mother is whimsical and—I wonder if I may tell you the real reason why she prefers Miss Young?"

Sylvia caught her breath. She wished he would not look at her in that peculiar manner. It made her heart flutter uncomfortably.

"Pray be frank with me, Mr. Waring," she managed to say.

With the long, curling lashes against the pink of her cheeks, the becoming white of her uniform, with its dainty cap perched in her red brown hair, Sylvia was indeed charming.

"My mother is a woman of prejudices," he began, "and when her brother, in his late middle age, succumbed to the charms of a really noble woman of your profession, my mother became very angry, and from that date she denounced all trained nurses as—you will pardon me, I am sure—sirens! She believed them to be designing, and with a grown son to protect from their wiles she uttered a decree that if sickness required a trained nurse in her house it must be one of such homely appearance that I would be quite out of danger!" He laughed ruefully, and Sylvia was forced to join in.

"So mother made a business of searching for a thoroughly reliable nurse, whom she might call in when sickness should overtake our family, and she finally discovered poor Miss Young, who is plain and middle aged and devoted to the memory of a long-deceased lover. She is a faithful soul and we are fond of her. So you see your coming here was to my mother a menace!"

"How absurd!" cried Sylvia. "But now I am convinced that my presence here could only worry her, and you must promise me you will send for Miss Young at once."

Sylvia flashed through the door and vanished up the stairs.

An hour later Miss Young appeared, tall, raw-boned, strong-visaged, a woman of kindly heart and skilled in her profession. Sylvia bade good-by to Mrs. Waring with some relief. To her surprise the invalid pulled her face down close to her pillow.

"You are going, Miss Ewing," she whispered, "but I feel sure that you will come back some day. I've watched you a long time and Richard has confessed to me, and if fate has ordained that he is to marry a trained nurse I'd rather it were you than anyone else in the world!"

False Alarm.

The poverty-stricken artist gnawed at his last crust of bread.

A thump resounded on the door.

With a cry of joy he sprang to his feet.

"'Tis opportunity knocking," he said, and opened the door.

"If you don't pay me that $7 for back rent, out you go," thundered his landlady.

Life is full of one thing after another, after all!

His Preference.

"After being defeated he stepped right up and admitted he was wrong."

"But was he?"

"I don't know."

"Then why did he admit being in error?"

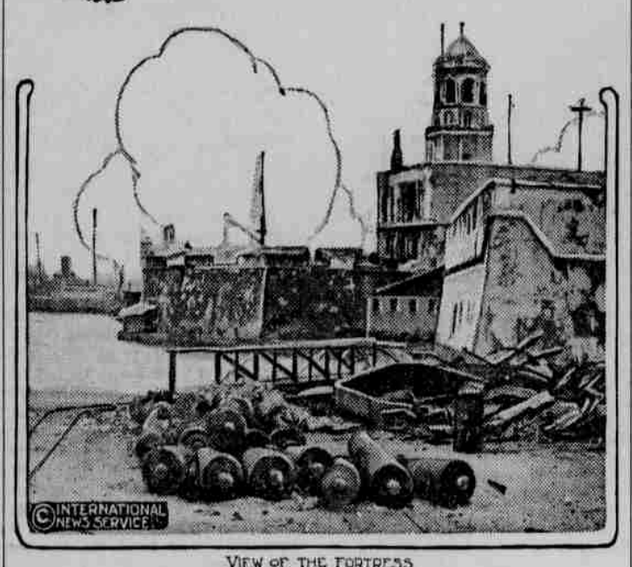
"I think it is because he would rather be known as a game loser than a sound thinker."

Maybe So.

"Here's a man predicts that movie shows will eventually bring $5 a seat."

"Well, things have a way of evening up. I suppose then we can see grand opera for a nickel."

San Juan De Ulua



VIEW OF THE FORTRESS

THE ancient fortress of San Juan de Ulua, which General Carranza kept for a time as his official residence and which he has decreed shall no longer be used as a military prison, stands well out in the harbor of Vera Cruz and is joined to the main land only by a narrow breakwater. The fortress was built by the Spanish conquerors of Mexico and for many years has been used by the Mexican authorities to imprison military and political offenders.

When the American forces occupied Vera Cruz a correspondent explored the prison from the topmost ramparts to the deepest, darkest dungeon beneath the sea, and this is the story he wrote:

Grim, gaunt and forbidding, rising sheer from the blue inner harbor of Vera Cruz, there lies the castle of San Juan de Ulua, a name which is whispered in terror throughout Mexico. There are tales of its dungeons and labyrinth of secret passages; there are tales of a quiet and secluded opening along the sea wall, where, in the shadow of night, straining forms have slipped shapeless bulks in sacks over the sill to the tongues of the lapping waves—sacks which struggled and screamed in terror—and the black waters have been cut by the lightning rush of triangular fins as the sharks claimed their human prey; and more tales, of firing squads at break of day facing a bullet-pocked wall; and still other tales of men immured within the walls in their youth—and their names forgotten when the burial squad carried the remains from out the reeking dungeons.

A launch carried the visitors across the harbor to the castle. The way winds about to the northward. Entrance was gained into the shallow moat, where a landing was effected on the counterscarp steps which lead to the outer defenses of the bridgehead.

Fortress Is Ancient.

The fortress is an ancient one, of the Vauban type, yet every twist and turn, every ramification and addition of art of defense, portcullis and drawbridge, caponniers, machicolation, bastion and keep, all are there.

An arching bridge leads across the moat to the main part of the castle. The waters of the moat are of a peculiar green clearness, yet with the impression of sliminess.

In places the walls of the fortress are crumbling with age, white and ghastly, the color of long-imprisoned faces, and two-inch slits in the masonry's ponderousness tell of the only glimmer of light which finds its way into dungeons. A suggestion of modernness is added by the larger ports which are barred with imbedded iron rails, yet even they are flaking away with the rust caused by the salt air and the salt sea.

Within the irregular-shaped walls lies the parade ground, of sunken and fallen granite and flag, worn deep in places by the tread of a host of forgotten feet, and in crevices, as though in an effort to lend a gleam of cheer to oppressiveness, nature has made grass to struggle for an existence.

In the Musty Cells.

The officers in charge directed that the main cell gate be opened, and the prison proper was entered. Under an archway the light of day became a gloom, and within the first gate there lay another entrance, within the bars of which an evil-looking prisoner remained as trusty.

At the rear of this reception chamber there rose the barred and cross-barred grille of the great cellroom, at whose rounds there clung a hundred whitened hands, while half as many pallid faces pressed against the iron and peered wonderingly at the strangers in khaki.

A musty, damp odor emerged from the entrance and struck the visitors full in the face. Then, as the interior was gained, the mustiness became an odor, the odor a stench, and the stench overwhelmingly repulsive—nauseating. The only light came from far above, through grilled openings in the lofty, vaulted ceiling; and the light struck only upon a tiny spot directly beneath, while the rest of the cavern was plunged in a deep darkness, through which shadowy forms seemed to slink.

From the main cell, which is practically four long vaults connected by archways, some of the lesser cells were entered, and then the dungeons. There is a small cell reached by a ladder, neither high enough for a small man to stand erect in nor stretch out full length. It was vacant at the time, but there was a crust of bread in the corner.

The dungeons are long, low cells, with barred gate at one end and blank wall at the other. Through the gloom, straining eyes could dimly make out drawings and writings on the walls. Here and there a roughly drawn cross told of a release from suffering—a release which came not by the hand of man.

Dungeons Under Sea.

The old trusty, careful to explain that he had been there but nine days, asked other prisoners about the entrance to the subterranean passages to dungeons under the sea—then pointed it out.

More rusty keys were called into trial, and, finally, a grim passageway was unbarred and we looked in. The darkness was so dense that the faint light of a modern oil lantern seemed unable to penetrate, and a slimy, sloping footway led onward and disappeared into blackness. The stench was there, too, more horrible than above, and the dampness and the mustiness.

A step within, close to the dripping wall, and a metallic jangle sounded; the lantern flashed to the left showed a dangling chain, handcuff on end, which had been brushed against. No one seemed to know where the passageway led, the mud was deepening, the light dim and the place ghostly. A further advance, with growing chills running adown the spine, revealed cells, cells—chains, chains—and a freshly mortared block of stone at the end of the wall. And here exploration necessarily ended.

Canary Returns Like Cat.

For two months "Snooky" went adventuring. He saw the other birds out in the free air playing, and so he left home. Mrs. Whitbeck, manager of the Barbara apartments here, was the heartbroken owner of the missing canary. The cage was left open for "Snooky," who was a prize bird. Late in the afternoon, following his long absence, "Snooky" found his way home. He chirped and pecked at the window pane and then flew back into his cage. His head was cut and scarred from attacks of other birds.—San Francisco Dispatch to Los Angeles Times.

The Real Objection.

Your objection to special privilege probably is based on the fact that you are not permitted to enjoy it.—Topeka Capital.

Love and Human Nature.

"Love?" he repeated again, relaxing his huge body slowly and flinging one leg over the other. "I've seen as much of love as the next man, in more places than most. I've never been mixed up with it myself—not with the real thing. But most things are mixed up with it. You'll believe that I don't read poetry. If you people could ever get the beat of life you'd get it with prose. Imagine fitting human beings—black or white—into a stanzaic form! I realized that young. I've seen people make love all over the shop. I'm not denying it's effective. But the one thing I've never seen it do is really change a person. That's why I don't believe all the things they tell me the poets say about it. Time and again I've seen the trick tried; and time and again I've seen the woman or the man slump back into the shape God made 'em in."—From a story by Katharine F. Gerould, in Scribner.

Optimistic Thought.

The beginning of excellence is to be free from error.

Easy to Effect Saving.

The prospect of a rise in the price of mustard should not cause much consternation; is there any item on which a saving could more easily be effected? The head of a famous firm that has built a fortune upon the manufacture of mustard once confessed that the money came to him not from the mustard we use but the mustard we waste. Not one of us but proves the truth of the statement every time we use the mustard pot and dab down on the side of our plate five times the quantity we are likely to eat.

Half Dressed.

Mrs. Styles—I want a new dress for the opera, dear.

Mr. Style—Well, there's $500 for you.

"Why, that wouldn't pay for half a dress!"

"Well, that's about all you need for the opera, isn't it?"

Can't Use White Lead.

Laws prohibiting the use by painters of white lead or products containing it have become effective in France.

AIR NEEDED IN ICE BOX

Provision for Proper Circulation Is as Much a Necessity as Supply of Cooling Material.

It is astonishing how little the average housekeeper knows about ice. Some women seem to think all there is about ice is to have the man put it in the refrigerator. Others, more careful, think to save the ice bill by putting some kind of covering over the ice.

True, the ice does not melt so quickly with the cover, but then again, since it does not melt, it has no cooling effect. Unless ice melts it is useless. The faster it melts the colder the icebox becomes.

The most important feature of a good refrigerator is ample facility for a free circulation of air when the box is closed. Cool air, being heavier than warm air, sinks. The warm air rises. For this reason the coldest place in the refrigerator is the bottom and not the ice chamber, as so many people think it is and consequently often put butter or milk directly in with the ice.

There must be suitable passages to allow the warm air rising from the things placed in the refrigerator to flow to and over the ice at the top, and for this same air when cooled and purified by the melting ice, to return into the food chamber.

The circulation continues until the temperature is equalized. While this circulation proceeds the ice melts rapidly, but when the temperature is once equalized the ice melts very slowly, that is, if the door fits tight. It will pay in the end to keep the ice compartment well supplied with ice. It should never be less than one-quarter full. The ice melts faster, and with less cooling effect, when the supply is low.

KITCHEN HINTS OF MOMENT

Proper Receptacles for the Preservation of Food—Meat When Roasting Should Be Kept Covered.

Everybody does not know that food in general should not be allowed to cool in tin, copper or iron. It must be placed while hot in agate, china or well glazed eathen ware.

Green vegetables should be dropped into boiling water to which a pinch of bicarbonate of soda has been added. Put in salt when the article is half cooked.

If you have covered a pan in which meat is to be roasted never open it to baste the meat. Keep it covered from start to finish. The idea is that the pans are filled with steam, which penetrates the fibers of the meat. If desired to brown the outside leave the cover off for the first half hour in a quick oven.

The shank bones of mutton, of so little general value, if well soaked add to the richness of gravies and soup stock.

When boiling haricot beans or dried limas do not put in the salt until they are nearly cooked, otherwise they are apt to split and come out of their skins. They should be brought to the boiling point, that water poured off and fresh boiling water poured over them.

Whipping Cream Should Be Cold.

Often the housewife finds that the cream she has will not whip. The department's dairy specialists point out that to obtain satisfactory results in whipping cream it should be cold and of the right thickness, containing about 30 per cent or more of butterfat. Ordinary cream, designated as coffee cream by the trade, is altogether too thin to give good results. The whipping cream, as delivered by the milkman, contains 30 to 40 per cent of butterfat. Thoroughly chill the cream before whipping by placing it in a covered bowl on the ice. The whipping process is also aided and hastened by standing the bowl in a pan of ice water.

Scotch Broth.

Three pounds neck mutton, two tablespoonfuls pearl barley, two tablespoonfuls minced onion, two tablespoonfuls minced turnip, two tablespoonfuls minced carrot, two tablespoonfuls minced celery, two tablespoonfuls salt, one teaspoonful pepper, one tablespoonful minced parsley, three quarts cold water. Remove bones and fat from mutton, cut meat small and place with vegetables and seasoning, except parsley. Simmer three hours after coming to a boil, then thicken with flour and add parsley.

Beef Tea Meat.

Remove all gristle and fat from meat intended for beef tea. Place these trimmings in a pan with sufficient water to cover them, and add any vegetable to hand cut up small. Allow to simmer, then add the meat from the beef tea. Simmer for four hours, then strain through a hair sieve and pour the liquid into a mold to set. When cold it will be a nourishing jelly, suitable for invalids. The vegetable used must be quite fresh.

Nut Soup.

Pound six bitter almonds and boil in three pints of milk, add half a teaspoonful of salt and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Beat separately three eggs, adding the stiffly frothed whites very lightly to the yolks. Let the milk cease boiling, remove from the fire and whisk in the eggs till all is a foam. Serve hot in small bowls.

For the Tea Table.

Cookies, jumbles, and small cakes are in constant demand on the tea-table, and where there are young children in the family two or three find their way into the school lunch box each day. To make these small cakes requires time and patience, but if success rewards the efforts the cook does not regret the time spent.

Cocoanut Cakes.

Mix together one-half pound of flour, one-fourth pound each of butter and sugar and two eggs. Add a small cupful of milk and one tablespoonful of baking powder. When well mixed put in a cupful or more of grated cocoanut. Bake in small buttered tins in a moderately quick oven.

KEEPING BABY WELL

ESPECIAL ATTENTION NECESSARY DURING HOT WEATHER.

Many Ills May Be Avoided by Watchfulness on the Part of the Mother—Government Expert Gives Advice Worth Heeding.

(Prepared by the Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor.)

"Summer complaint," or diarrhea, is one of the most dreaded ills which may befall the baby.

It is the principal symptom of various forms of indigestion, some of them mild and some very serious. But any undue looseness of the baby's bowels should put the mother on guard against illness.

At the appearance of diarrhea, the city mother should take her baby to a good doctor. If she has no doctor, she should go to the nearest infant welfare station, where a competent physician will advise her as to the care of the baby, and the nurses in attendance will help her carry out his directions.

In the country, where it is very difficult to get the advice of a doctor, the mother has a harder problem. Because she is out of the range of infant welfare stations, hospitals, and, often, of physicians as well, it is most important to prevent every attack of illness possible, by careful attention to the baby's food and general care.

A pamphlet which may be of help to the country mother is "Infant Care," sent free to anyone mailing a request to the chief of the children's bureau, U. S. department of labor, Washington, D. C. This pamphlet contains simple directions for the care and feeding of the baby, and suggests some ways of dealing with various emergencies.

The healthy baby usually has one or two bowel movements a day. If this number is increased to four or more it is time to take measures against sickness.

It is well to remember, however, that the bowel movements of a baby fed entirely at the breast are normally more frequent than those of a bottle-fed baby, and that a slight increase in the number of movements is not so serious a matter to a baby at the breast as to one artificially fed. A baby fed at the breast does not usually have diarrhea, and when such a baby shows signs of digestive disturbance, it is usually because he is overfed, either he is nursed too often, or at irregular intervals, or is allowed to nurse too long at one time. When he does have diarrhea, the time between nursings should be increased to four hours, and the time at the breast reduced to five or ten minutes. If the bowels continue loose, the breast should be withdrawn entirely for several feedings, if necessary, giving the baby instead cool drinking water at frequent intervals. In this case, the mother should pump her breasts at the regular nursing times, both to keep them from drying up, and to prevent their caking.

Bottle-fed babies are the most frequent sufferers from summer diarrhea, and this fact furnishes another strong argument in favor of breast feeding. Diarrhea in a bottle-fed baby is also best treated by reducing the amount of food. The bottle should be omitted for 8, 12 or 24 hours, according to the severity of the attack, and in place of the milk should be given as much boiled and cooled water as the baby will take.

Food should not be withheld for more than 24 hours, without the advice of a doctor. When the bottle is resumed, the food should be much weaker than before; water should be substituted for at least half the milk previously given. The milk should be skimmed, and the sugar omitted.

The return to the former feeding should be made gradually by adding a little more milk each day and beginning to add sugar. The more severe the attack has been, the more slowly should changes be made.

If the baby is on "mixed" feeding, that is, partly breast and partly bottle fed, the bottle feedings should be omitted if diarrhea appears, and the breast given once in four or five hours, with nothing but drinking water between meals.

Diarrhea is much more frequent in July and August than in the cooler months of the year, which fact has earned for it the name of "summer complaint." Accordingly the mother should use every means in her power during the hot weather to keep the baby cool. In the heat of the day the baby should wear only a diaper, with possibly one other thin garment.

Frequent cool spongings and at least one full tub bath each day, plenty of sleep, and a constant supply of fresh air will help to protect the baby from the excessive heat, and keep him well.

Raspberry Puffs.

Cook one cupful of boiling water, four tablespoonfuls of butter, tablespoonful of sugar and one-half saltspoonful of salt until the butter melts; add one and one-half cupfuls of pastry flour, stir until the mixture leaves the sides of the pan, remove from the fire, cool and add three large unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly between each addition. Press through a pastry bag on buttered and floured tins, bake about half an hour, cool, cut a slit in each and fill with raspberry jam.

Grape Sago.

Wash one cupful of sago and soak in three cupfuls of cold water for two hours. Cook till transparent and add one cupful of grape juice and one cupful of sugar. Turn into a mold and serve very cold. Currant jelly may be substituted for grape juice by thinning a tumblerful of the jelly with one cupful of boiling water.

Flemish Onions.

Slice thinly green apples and onions, sprinkle with flour and brown in butter, using equal quantities of apple and onion. Place in layers in a baking dish with buttered crumbs, season with lemon juice and finish the top with buttered crumbs. When the crumbs are brown the dish is ready to serve.

GERM OF SMALLPOX

Doctor Greeley Claims to Have Isolated Microbe.

Believes They Multiply In Mucous Membrane of Nose at Beginning of Disease and Thence Penetrate Blood Vessels.

Dr. Horace Greeley of Brooklyn reports to the Medical Record that he has discovered the long-sought microbe of smallpox. He found "an apparently identical organism" from the "vesicles of twenty-five cases of successful vaccination, from a like number of cases of undoubted chickenpox, and from five cases of recognized and undoubted smallpox."

From Doctor Greeley's technical description of this new microbe it may be gathered that it is spherical and from 0.3 to 0.6 microns (of 0.000117 to 0.000234 inch) in diameter. It is in the form of multiplying spores, which just before division assume the shape of a figure 8, with a nucleus in each half. These develop into branching masses with spores at the end of the branches.

Doctor Greeley has grown them in cultures. He believes they multiply on the mucous membranes of the nose at the beginning of the disease, and the spores when shed penetrate the blood vessels and are wafted to all parts of the body, "landing in the skin capillaries, where conditions of lower temperature and more light, perhaps, favor further proliferation. In this connection we should remember how the eruption favors the face and hands."

Doctor Greeley concludes that vaccinia and variola are identical, the difference being that "vaccination produces a local and at most a lymphatic infection, usually stopped at the nearest chain of glands, and represents the inoculation of an organism directly derived from a different species of animal, and therefore probably of low relative virulence, while smallpox is undoubtedly contracted through the respiratory tract and is due to one derived directly from an animal of like species which, as shown, through spore formation, passes into the blood and is thrown to all corners."

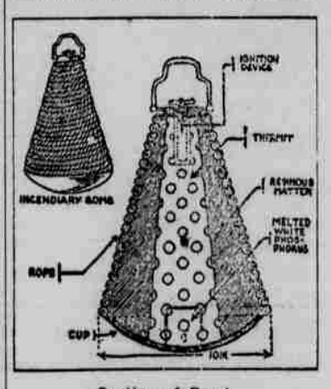
ARE LOADED WITH THERMIT

Incendiary Bombs Differ From the Ordinary Missile in Character of Their Destructive Power.

Incendiary bombs differ from ordinary explosive bombs in that they are intended not to scatter fragments over a wide area, but to produce sudden and intense heat at a given point, thus starting a fierce conflagration.

W. A. Tilden describes in Nature one of these bombs, a picture of which is reproduced here. His description is as follows:

The bomb, as a rule, is conical, of ten-inch diameter at the base, corded round, and has a metal handle at the apex (see cut). The base is a flat cup onto which a pierced metal funnel is fitted, having the ignition device and handle fitted at the top. The funnel is generally filled with thermit, which upon ignition generates intense heat, and by the time of the concussion has taken the form of molten metal of the extraordinary high temperature of over five thousand degrees Fahrenheit. The molten metal is spread by the concussion. Outside the funnel is a padding of a highly inflammable or resinous material bound on with an inflammable form of rope. The resinous material creates a pungent smoke.



Section of Bomb.

There is generally some melted white phosphorous in the bottom of the cap, which develops nauseous fumes. In some cases celluloid chippings are added and occasionally a small quantity of petrol.

Peculiar Effect of War.

Capt. Eugene Bourassa, a military officer in Montreal, who in private life controls a clothing store, states that the war has caused among his patrons an average expansion of chest measure from 36 to 40 inches. This is true not only of those in active service, but of all the citizens. He explains it on the ground that all the men are mentally and physically preparing for service now or in the future.

Nothing Doing.

Madge—Papa says that capital is very timid on account of the war.

Marjorie—Nobody knows that better than I do. I've flirted with half a dozen rich young men since the war broke out and I haven't had a single proposal.—Judge.

Unsentimental.

"Do you understand the language of flowers?" said the sentimental youth.

"No," replied Miss Cayenne. "I don't know that I should care to have my conversation regulated by the kind of vegetation that happened to be in season."

Another for Home Use.

Omar—What a sweet voice your wife has. I had occasion to talk to her over the phone this morning.

Heiny—Ah, that explains it. You heard only her phone voice.