

REALLY NO PROBLEM AT ALL

Case Presented to the Great Sherlock Bones Hardly Worthy of His Wonderful Brain.

It was the office of the famous detective, Mr. Sherlock Bones.

The visitor, a man of rather small height but liberal width, sat down.

"Married?" snapped Bones.

"How do you know I'm married?" gasped the visitor.

"By the samples of silk to be matched in your vest-pocket, and your hunted, haunted, expression," replied Sherlock.

The man gasped.

"It is marvelous how you know things!" exclaimed the man.

"How long has this state of affairs been going on?" asked the great detective.

"Oh, for about a week now. And, Mr. Bones, I can't stand it any longer.

"By Jove! You're right. She is a third assistant chairman of that league. I forgot it!"

With a relieved cry, the little man rushed home, and even forgot, in his glad relief, to pay the great detective's fee.—London Answers.

MANY VARIETIES OF SHARK

Some Sea Monsters More to Be Feared Than Others, but All Ferocious to a Degree.

There are many families and varieties of the shark.

The largest and fiercest shark is the great white shark.

London, England, boasts a microbe factory.

London, England, boasts a microbe factory. Biologists in general, and bacteriologists in particular, are able to serve humanitarian interests only by a close study of authentic strains of recognized bacteria, carefully cultured in their various species and classes.

It is only quite recently that the needs of medical workers in this respect have been fully met.

For their supply of disease microbes for experimental purposes, British scientists were very largely dependent upon the courtesy of colleagues in other countries.

Before the war, for instance, a polite note to M. Hnot of the Pasteur Institute in Paris was quite the recognized procedure adopted by a medico who wished to start or add to a microbe menagerie.

Characteristically an effort to commercialize this all-important traffic was made by Krai at Frague, but that source of supply was never satisfactory.

Says Hearts Really Break.

Poets and romance writers for ages have been on firm ground when they have pictured broken-hearted swains and maidens.

According to Dr. Strickland Goodall, a noted heart specialist, it is a physiological fact that hearts do break.

His son—Well, father, I suppose by that time I'll have your money to get along with.

An Original Copy.

"I have a tiny stove in my room, and I might make you something to eat."

A Pair of Gray Eyes

By JESSIE DOUGLAS

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Pauline Grayson was too tired to go out for her dinner.

The familiar bulk of her couch stood beneath the window and she crumpled down on it, wondering for a moment at the roughness of the cover and the hardness of the pillow.

She had thought how delicious it would be to slip down with the pillows about her and sleep!

This everlasting thinking—where was it leading? Loneliness and weariness and a daily round of duties in this cold, hard city.

How gaily she had started out from home! She could remember the bright crisp morning when she had said good-by to her mother, blowing last kisses as she turned down the village street!

Her sister Margaret was married and her mother had gone to live with her in California.

She did not know how long she slept, but when at last she opened her eyes she stretched out luxuriously and then lay sniffing the air.

What was it? Unmistakably the odor of tobacco came to her nostrils; she thought she could almost see the blue cloud and she straightened up on the couch and gave a faint "oh!" of fear.

The man stumbled to his feet and struck a match and held it to the



"If You'll Go at Once!" Pauline Said, Blushing.

gas jet. Then he looked across at her with as much surprise as she stared back at him.

"If you'll go at once!" Pauline said, blushing.

She saw that he was not a person to be afraid of. His face was kind and plain, and though his hair was ruffled where he had passed his hand through it, he did not look in the least like a burglar.

"Where would you like me to go?" he asked her.

Pauline looked back at him with all her dignity aroused.

"You see, a man is usually master in his own kingdom," he explained, "although it is a pretty dingy principality!"

Pauline, rubbing her eyes, stood up and saw with dismay and chagrin that she was in a stranger's room!

"I was so tired—and I just came in and lay down and thought it was my room, in the dark you know—" she said, meeting those friendly gray eyes.

"So other people feel like that, too?" he asked.

"I have a tiny stove in my room, and I might make you something to eat."

before! She wasn't even very sure how he looked. His eyes were gray and his hair was brown and ruffled.

Why, thousands of men had gray eyes and wore blue serge suits! And she had just said, "Yes," because she was lonely and tired of herself for company.

She wouldn't go— But she stood before her mirror and began to brush her brown hair and do it up in that becoming way that she had learned last week.

Then she sat down. Of course, she wouldn't go! What had she been thinking of? She would just tell him, politely of course, that she had changed her mind.

When a few minutes later a timid knock sounded on her door, she answered with her mind all made up. But Miss Sweezy, the little spinster who lived on the first floor, stood there smiling.

"I want to introduce you to Mr. Holland, Miss Graydon," Miss Sweezy said in her cracked high voice.

An hour later, as Pauline caught the eyes of Peter Holland on her, she smiled back at him across the table.

Between them Miss Sweezy kept up a continual chatter, but words meant nothing to Pauline when she saw in a pair of gray eyes a message of friendship, a growing admiration, a warning of something that was to blot all these out and make life something happier than she had ever known it.

FORCE IS NOT UNDERSTOOD

Principle of the Magnet Remains a Mystery, Despite the Years It Has Been Employed.

The exact principle which causes a magnet to take hold of metals and cling to them with a force which overcomes the principle of gravity is, like electricity, one of Nature's unsolved mysteries.

We merely know that a piece of iron which has been electrically treated will attract and hold various other metals. The force it exerts we call "magnetism," and let it go at that.

The most logical explanation would appear to be that an electrically treated piece of iron gives off a force analogous to that given off by radium, in that it will affect other pieces of metal without materially lessening its own power.

The name "magnet" is derived from the mineral "magnetite." This, in turn, is so called because it was first discovered in Magnesia. Magnetite is a natural magnet, of which lodestone is one of the best-known varieties.

Distribution of the Races.

If we speak of continents, the really white world consists of Europe, North America to the Rio Grande, the southern part of South America, the Siberian part of Asia, and Australasia, the last two, of course, being very thinly inhabited.

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The Chinese Cabinet

By KATE EDMONDS

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The three granddaughters of Phoenix Cobb listened to the reading of his last will and testament.

"To my granddaughter, Annie Cobb Youngs, \$10,000. To my granddaughter, Martha Weeks Stringer, \$10,000. To my granddaughter, Helen Cobb, the Chinese cabinet in my library, together with all my books and collection of engravings."

"That is all," said the lawyer after a pause.

"All?" repeated Mrs. Youngs. "What becomes of the house and its contents?"

"It is not mentioned in the will." "Then," said Mrs. Martha Stringer in an acid tone, "I suppose that will be divided separately, among we three, share and share alike."

"That would be the legal division," admitted the lawyer; "unless your grandfather disposed of it in some other manner."

"You should know that," protested Mrs. Youngs.

He shook his head. "You remember that my partner attended to Mr. Cobb's affairs, and that I was recalled from the West because of my partner's death, which occurred a week before that of Mr. Cobb. I can only administer the estate according to the will, and if you care to carry the matter into court it can be decided definitely."

Mrs. Youngs said she preferred to consult her husband, and Mrs. Stringer echoed the remark. Helen Cobb, the youngest and unmarried one of the cousins, arose and thanked the lawyer for his services, kissed her cousins good-by and went away.

"Grandfather treated her abominably," declared Annie Youngs to Martha as they rode to the railroad station.



Proved to Be Deeds to Property.

"She worked for him, took care of him when he was sick and made a slave of herself—now, she is turned out with that wretched Chinese cabinet and a lot of dusty old books. She will have to start anew and get something to do, being all alone in the world. She's a good nurse, Martha."

"None better. I thought perhaps grandfather would leave her the house—she might set up a convalescent home there. You know the new doctor is quite taken with her—she's really pretty sometimes."

"She looked pale when the will was read. I expect it was a blow. If it hadn't been for catching the train I would have said more to her—well, I'll write to her."

In the meantime Helen Cobb walked home like one in a daze. The blow she had received had been a staggering one, and deprived her not only of a home and sustenance but also faith in the grandparent she had loved and cherished in his lonely old age.

"It must be a mistake," she whispered as she left herself into the great, silent house. Maggie the cook, came creaking upstairs, her round face full of concern.

"You look all wore out, Miss Helen. I've made you a cup of tea and cooked a chop; I've baked you a strawberry tart, too." She made Helen sit down, pulled up a shade to let the sun in and brought a tempting tray.

The girl smiled through her tears. "You are very good, Martha; I am tired."

"I expect you ought to see Doctor Hare—your nerves are all unstrung, child."

Helen blushed. "I don't need a doctor, Martha."

"There's a young doctor thinks he needs you, I reckon," and Martha went off chuckling to open the door for Doctor Hare, who had come to bring a bunch of roses for Helen and inquire after her health.

In a few moments Helen had told him her disappointment. "I shall have to leave my nursing course, and I am sure both you and Dr. Hare will recommend me," she concluded.

—It is puzzling, for he was a man of strong intellect up to his death. But, I am glad, Helen, for another reason—you can now marry me all the sooner, if you will. I am still struggling, but there is enough for two—and I would never have dared ask an heiress to become my wife!"

"I am heiress to a Chinese cabinet and a library of 5,000 volumes!" declared Helen. "Let us look at my cabinet."

"Only your promised husband should do that," he suggested. Helen dimpled. Holding out her hand she whispered, "Come!" And so they became engaged—the disinherited granddaughter and the poor young doctor.

The Chinese cabinet was of lacquer with gorgeous fighting cocks in brilliant red in relief on the doors. The lawyer had given Helen the key and in a moment the doors were open and a row of small drawers were revealed.

The first drawer contained odd bits of Chinese jewelry of small value; the second one was filled with a silk shawl of cobweb fineness and the third one contained an ivory fan delicately carved. The third drawer was shallow and came out entirely, disclosing another secret drawer behind it.

"How delightful!" exclaimed Helen, pulling on the red silk tassel that formed a handle. The secret drawer opened with a jerk and a mass of envelopes fell into Helen's lap. Upon examination they proved to be deeds to the property—house and gardens—transferring all of the real estate to Helen Cobb. Another paper directed her to open each volume in the library. This she did in the presence of the amazed lawyer, and in each book was found a new \$10 bill.

"You are quite an heiress after all," said the delighted lawyer, shaking hands with the girl.

"Yes—but—Jack, you are not going?" She followed the doctor to the door. His honest young face was white and set. "After this I cannot offer you my modest—" when her soft hand pressed his lips.

"You have asked me and I have promised, and so—you would not make me give the cabinet and the house and the money to my cousins, for I would rather go with you—"

What could Dr. Hare say?

GREAT IN ANY EMERGENCY

Admiral Farragut Early in His Career Gave Evidence That He Was Born to Command.

While on a Mediterranean cruise an Arab woman came alongside the vessel on which David G. Farragut was a plain "gob." The importunate old soul tried in vain to say something to the ship's commander, but no one could understand her, whereupon an officer said: "Send for Farragut. He speaks the language of the devil."

To the amazement of the bystanders, according to Herman F. Kraft in "Sea Power in American History," Farragut carried on an easy conversation with her. Sent to sea at the age of nine, his education had been neglected, but he made up for it by an uncommonly vigorous intellect.

In a letter from Mobile bay, written in 1824 to his son, he said: "I don't know anything about analytical geometry and you do. But remember that one of the requisite studies for an officer is man."

Brought close to Vera Cruz, Farragut took pains to examine the defenses, remarking "Who knows but that my services may be needed here some day?" He saw with displeasure the invention of the ironclad, the rifle and the torpedo, contending that "if there is iron in the crew no one need worry about the iron in the enemy's ships." While on the burning Hartford he saw a man flinch from the fire. He shouted: "Look out there, young man! There's hotter fire than that for you if you don't do your duty."

Behind the Scenes.

A French writer once made one of his characters say: "Behind every man's success or failure there is a woman."

Woman is essentially the playwright of existence.

Standing in the wings, she sends her male puppets swashbuckling, serenading, conquering, falling across the stage.

She listens to the applause or "boos," and, like the supreme artist that she is, suffers or is made happy by her actors.

Sometimes it is true, she grows tired of the solitude of the wings and ventures into the glare of the footlights for herself. Then there is turmoil. Her men turn on her—they will share neither the applause nor the rewards—they refuse to crown her with degrees.

They say the stage is theirs. Unfair, perhaps * * * But most women know that authorship is a higher art than acting, and are content.—London Express.

Measuring the Breath.

A highly complicated instrument has been devised which measures the air we breathe with absolute accuracy. A hose is attached to the mouth by a mouthpiece much the same as those used in the gas masks in the war, and the air which passes in and out of the lungs is indicated by a delicate instrument. Even the temperature and barometric pressure of a room are taken into consideration. Tests are made with this instrument while a person is lying down, without exerting any energy, and while he is exercising or using a typewriter or some everyday occupation. The instrument makes it possible for the first time to measure exactly how much air one consumes in performing a certain piece of work.—Boys' Life.

FEMINISTS ARISE IN PERSIA

Injunct That Veils Are No Longer Required and That Women Are Independent Thinkers.

That feminine fashions will not be coerced by law, even though prison sentence be inflicted, was the opinion of Prof. Jenab Fazel of the Queen's university of Teheran, who addressed members of the California club recently on the feminine movement in Persia.

While some American and English women were being imprisoned for asking for the suffrage, their progressive sisters in Persia were filling the prisons because they insisted on leaving off the veil. The unveiled became such a majority that the jails in Persia were overcrowded and in despair the government acquiesced. That women may appear on the streets of Persia without the veil imposed by the state religion is regarded over there as a great triumph in the emancipation of womanhood.

Professor Fazel, who holds the chair of philosophy in the only university for women in Persia, spoke in musical Persian, his sentences being interpreted as he went along by Mirza Ahmad Sohrab, former secretary of the Persian legation at Washington, and likewise a believer in the emancipation of the women of the Orient. Both are followers of the Bahia philosophy, through the teachings of which the Persian women attained what independence of thought and action they enjoy today.

According to the Persian savant, it is the destiny of women to become members of the congresses and parliaments of all the countries of the world.—San Francisco Chronicle.

ROME HOME OF GLUTTONS

Table of Ancient Emperor Vitellius Said to Have Cost Him \$1,500 Every Day.

Very little is known of the food of the ancient Egyptians, authorities say, after explaining that the dwellers in the Nile valley were so fond of their cabbage that they deified it.

The Romans raised a great hurroo about the art of the Athenian cooks they captured, history records. But the delicate aroma of the Grecian pot was never meant to satisfy the thick Roman palate. Rome, in its pursuit of physical pleasure, discarded its cabbage and sought for rare and delicate viands. Pollio, it is said, fed the flesh of human slaves to his fowls to invest their meat with a new flavor. Emperor Vitellius' daily market expense was \$15,000. At one banquet he dispensed 2,000 kinds of rare fish and 7,000 bird species. His table cost him \$20,000,000 for one four-month period. To arouse their jaded appetites, it is written, the Romans ate brains of humming birds, tongues of nightingales and roes of the rarest fish.

Testamentary to the skill of the Grecian cook is the story of the fish which was so much of a sport and artist that he smiled in admiration in the face of the chef who was frying him so deftly and with such flavor.

Strive to Excel.

You are not true to yourself when you are satisfied with doing what others have done. You may by nature be fitted for very much greater work than your neighbors. You may also be short on some points wherein they are strong. In either case it would not be fair to measure yourself by them. There are certain things you can surpass in. In these you should greatly excel if you attain your possibilities. So measure yourself in the light of your ability and the opportunities offered by the problem. Then put yourself to the task of hitting off 100 per cent efficiency in every attempt. Of course you will find it hard. If it were not, every lad in the community would be doing what you are trying to do. So look for results and see that you get them.—Exchange.

Tractors in Arctic.

Tractors are crawling over the snowfields of northern Greenland with supplies of the Lange Koch polar expedition. At last the dog team of the Eskimo has a partial substitute. With their adaptable caterpillar tread, the tractors, like the army tanks, are able to negotiate sharp grades and even wallow over obstacles, along their trackless course. Not that the picturesque dog is to be altogether displaced. For heavy transportation the tractor is useful, but when it comes to the mails the dog teams will still be an essential of the rural delivery service in the land of the igloo.

Novel "Tearing Cars."

Tours of the battlefields of France are now made by means of "road pull-mans" which are very commodious trailers hitched onto the rear of a powerful tearing car, and in this car traveler eats and sleeps. A party of six persons can be accommodated easily on one of these cars, and if they are willing to crowd in, a few more may be taken along.

Training Mine Rescuers.

The United States government maintains mine railroad cars equipped with the mirrors of the "Cody," teaching them first aid, mine rescue and other things which are likely to be of special interest to them. In addition to this there are training tables to teach the aid of mine rescuers who may be injured or trapped in mines.