

Some Evolutionized Ear-marks

It is claimed that the gripmen who run the trolley and cable cars grow one-sided; that one side is very much stronger than the other. Certainly we shall be a strangely developed people after a time. The "bicycle stoop" is giving us one peculiar form of development. As a proof of one of the results, the following conversation was reported as taking place between two bicyclists: "The country was beautiful yesterday, was it not?" "I do not know," was the response; "I never see anything but my wheel." Watching a procession of bicyclists raises the question whether any exercise that involves such a posture for any length of time can be healthful.

The "lawn-tennis stride" is responsible for the peculiar walk that bears that name—one arm crooked at the elbow, the other hanging straight down, the hand grasping an imaginary racket swinging like a pendulum. The stubby and disfigured hands of the baseball-player, and the many scars and bruises, temporary and permanent, of the football-player, promise a physical evolution that will mark us as Americans, if not as beautiful.



Cruelty in the Kitchen

Dear Outlook:

I doubt not that many of your readers have, like myself, troubled thoughts at the prolonged sufferings which lobsters usually meet before death finally relieves them. The inclosed statement will probably be welcome to many and duly appreciated. The "Animal World," London, says:

Ignorance is very busy among those who handle fish; and, though every one knows how to destroy a fish at once by a blow at the back of its head, carelessness often forgets to see it done. Fish suffer in the air after they are landed as we should suffer if our heads were under water, because their gills, through which they breathe, cannot act without the pressure of the water going through them. We, under water, cannot breathe in the same fashion as they do, and thus we struggle till death releases us; so do the fish on land.

We are often willfully and ignorantly cruel in our way of killing lobsters and crabs. To kill crabs properly, they should, before boiling, be thrust through with a sharp steel right through the mouth and body at one blow. Then they are dead directly.

The eel tribe suffers terribly. So difficult is it, apparently, to kill eels that people have even ceased to try to kill them at all. . . . If their heads were but cut off before they were otherwise handled, they would not suffer pain. Terapins also should be mercifully killed before being cooked.

When a lobster is required for boiling or broiling, insert a narrow-bladed knife into the third joint of the tail, severing the spinal cord, which will cause instant death. It is certainly cruel to put them into the water alive, especially if it is not boiling, as they then suffer a slow, lingering death.

It is a well-known fact that experienced and intelligent fishermen, desiring to preserve the best possible flavor, strike the fish immediately on taking it from the water with a blow on the head that kills it at once, as a lingering, suffering death not only injures the flavor but makes any meat more or less unwholesome. Besides, from a humane point of view, this subject should claim the attention of all who lay claim to sentiments of mercy. The day, fortunately, is drawing to a close when cruel ways and methods are either becoming or Christian. G. K.



Our Circus

By Grace L. Collin

It came about in this way. School had closed for the long summer vacation, and we were carrying home our slates and books, and the same collection of things that had gotten together in our desks during the year. We were all so glad that it would be ten weeks before we heard the school-bell ring again that every now and then we stopped and yelled. Then we began talking about what we were going to do that summer. Tommy Jones and his sister were going to the seashore the next week, and Mollie and Bessie Sanderson said they "would leave for the White Mountains on the twentieth." You see, Mr. Sanderson was Mayor, so we always excused the Sanderson girls when they talked that way.

But neither Bob nor Tim Halliday nor I were going away that summer at all, because there was "a stringency in the financial market." We often wondered what sort of a place a financial market was; but the fact remained that, while a lot of our schoolmates were going away, we

were to stay at home. We were not at all cast down about it, for we were independent youngsters, and didn't care a bit about taking a summer trip to be stylish when we knew we could have just as good a time at home.

So Tim and Bob and I were walking along behind the others. We were great chums. I always liked to play with them better than with the girls. In fact, I didn't get along at all well with girls. They were so fond of sitting under the pine-tree in Gussie Wood's front yard, and sewing on dolls' clothes. They wore fresh cambric dresses and slippers, too, and had their hair smoothly braided. I hated dolls, and I didn't have any hair to braid, so I always felt as if I didn't belong under the pine-tree. So I played mumbletypeg in the gutter with the boys, or duck on a rock, or chalk corners, or wolf. I'm afraid that the girls didn't like me very well.

But I must tell you about the circus. We three were wishing that we could give some parting celebration, to show the rest that we hoped they'd enjoy themselves, and to give them a sample of the times that we were going to have by ourselves. Then we passed a billboard of the circus that had been in town the week before, and the same idea struck all three of us—we would give a circus! So we went right home to talk it over, and Bob, who was the most orderly boy that I have ever seen, took out from his school-bag a sheet of foolscap and a pencil to write out a programme. In the first place, the menagerie must be supplied. Rich material lay ready at our hands. My gray cat would be the tiger, and the poodle the lion; the Brahma chickens would be fine ostriches, and—yes—we would catch the neighborhood cats, and ornament them in stripes and spots with blacking for zebras and leopards. We could easily make a collection "both entertaining and instructive" (as our Reader said) of caterpillars and bugs, and put them under the round wire covers used on the table to keep the flies off the dishes. Tim proposed a thrilling scene of "The Rescue of a Pilgrim by a Dog of the Noble Breed of St. Bernard," to be performed by his collie with one of my dolls. For the ossified man my jointed doll would be fine, and we found that the rag baby, with the addition of the mattress of the doll's bed, made an ideal Fat Lady. As for the Living Skeleton, we poured almost all the sawdust out of another doll, and then ran hairpins up the spine to prevent his utter collapse, for he was very limp. We were growing enthusiastic. We felt that we were in our true element in such projects as these, and we lamented the hours wasted in such profitless labor as over the multiplication table.

Yet we were not quite satisfied with our collection. To be sure, the cow would be an elephant and the horse a rhinoceros, but we were pining for boa-constrictors, when Tim proposed that we should catch some snakes the next day down in the Inlet swamp; so we considered the menagerie complete.

Next we began considering the acrobatic features. We had a trapeze under the apple-tree, and we could all hang by one hand, "chin" ourselves, and throw kisses to an imaginary audience as we knelt on the bar. But now the audience need no longer be imaginary. We grew more and more excited. Tim could hang by his heels, Bob could juggle a knife, I could do some fancy rope-jumping, we could all balance broomsticks on our noses. It was not in vain that we had attended that last circus; we'd learned to do the pyramid act, and a lot more. Altogether we thought that we had a "dandy" show planned out.

We were utterly astonished when the supper-bell rang and told us that the afternoon was over. That evening we played hide-and-coop as usual, as long as it was light enough to see around corners and under bushes, but Bob and Tim were too intent upon more important things to play well, and I didn't get a single "home free," because I was wondering how I could make the costumes all by myself.

That was Wednesday, and we wanted the show to come off on Friday. The weather was pretty warm, but the boys slaved over that trapeze, while I, who was such a sworn foe of the needle, stitched away on the costumes. You see, Tim was to be the clown and Bob the ringmaster,

and I was to be known as the Fairy Adèle. All my varied accomplishments were included under that name, the boys thought.

Friday morning it poured, and great puddles leaked in through the barn roof, and the air in the little barn grew very muggy. We were tired and discouraged as the critical time approached, and Bob scolded Tim, and Tim got mad. I said that they were both mean things, and sat down in the "Family Circle" of seats and cried hard. That was because I was a girl, the boys said, but they'd excuse me because I'd been such a brick about catching the snakes.

In the afternoon it cleared off beautifully. The rain had cooled the air, and we rubbed the puddles into the floor with newspapers. At four o'clock the audience began to arrive. Their tickets were cut out of old calling-cards that our mothers didn't care to keep, because they'd returned the calls, and we had printed "Our Circus" very carefully on each one. The price was three pins. Bob took them at the door, while Tim and I showed off the menagerie. Everybody thought that the animals were fine, and praised the collection so highly that I remember Bob said that I "grinned from ear to ear." Tim made a splendid show-master. We all told him that he had a great future before him; we knew that Barnum would be glad to have him. And he raised his eyebrows and said, "Very likely, very likely." The only trouble with Tim was that sometimes he was a little conceited.

Then we began the performances. Bob and Tim did beautifully, and I think that I did my part pretty well, too. We were right in the middle of the pyramid act when an awful knock came at the barn door. Bob opened the door, and found there five of the big boys. By the big boys I mean those who went to the Academy, and wore long trousers, and were beginning to feel their upper lips caressingly. I remember how indignant Howard Wilson was when, after he'd remarked that he must shave, I asked, "Shave what?" Well, there they stood, all in white flannel suits, gorgeous to behold. With their thumb and forefinger they drew the tickets from their vest-pockets and drawled that they'd drop in a while and see our little show. Bob and I were quite overcome, when Tim stepped up, looked at a ticket, and then, with flashing eyes, announced to the big boys, "Yer wrote them tickets yerselves!" Bob and I examined a ticket. Certainly that was not our printing. We could not have made a C like that if we'd tried all night. The cardboard was too heavy for calling-cards, too. "Sneaks! forgers!" we yelled. "Thought yer'd fool us, did yer? Get out of here!"

The audience rose to our assistance. There were about twenty little boys (I call them "little" to distinguish them from the "big" boys, you understand), not counting nine girls, and they were all determined that those big boys should not come in. The big boys did not reply to our taunts and abuses, but they stood close together, and when we were all out of breath Howard Wilson said, grimly: "We're goin' to see this show."

Thereupon began a free fight. I cannot say that it was the first that I had seen, because I remember very distinctly once seeing Tommy Jones and Bob Halliday pommeling each other and rolling into the gutter. But I never saw anything equal to this. A knot of little boys attacked each big boy, hanging on his arms and legs, and pinched and bit and scratched and pulled his hair. Then the big boy would throw them down, and cuff and shake them. It was awful. We girls screamed and begged them to stop. Sometimes a little boy would be stepped on and kicked. Tommy Jones, who is delicate, got a nose-bleed, and Marcia Harris, who has studied physiology, scared us almost to death by calling it a hemorrhage. The big boys used swear-words, too, and we girls wrung our hands and wept.

Then a brilliant idea occurred to little Bessie Brown. She remembered that she'd heard that a wet blanket being thrown on people always made them stop; why wouldn't it do here? "We could throw it from the loft," she said, "and maybe we'll prevent murder." So we girls rushed into the house and tore the blanket off my bed. Then we tied it to the bucket in the well and drew

it up dripping with cold water. You see that my mother had fortunately gone for a long drive, so we weren't interrupted by any suggestions. We could hear the boys scuffling and yelling in the barn, but we couldn't tell whether anything serious had happened in our absence. Susie, Tommy Jones's sister, was sobbing with anxiety as we lugged the blanket up into the loft. There was such an awful dust we could hardly make out what was going on, but pretty soon we saw that Bob Halliday and Howard Wilson were the only ones fighting now, while the others were cheering them on. Then we dropped the wet blanket.

I had always supposed that a "wet blanket" was a figure of speech, but it is very practical. The result of its application in this case was simply wonderful. When upon those two heated, dusty, struggling, angry boys the great, cool, wet blanket descended and enveloped them, the noise stopped as if by magic. Everybody was so astonished that he didn't move or speak for a few moments. Then they pulled off the blanket. We called down to them not to fight any more—for our sakes—we couldn't stand it. Some of the boys had swollen lips, all of them were scratched and bruised, Bob Halliday couldn't see out of his right eye, and you can't imagine the state those white flannel suits were in.

When the big boys looked at each other they laughed; then we girls laughed; then the little boys looked at each other and laughed—a little—not very much. After that Howard Wilson spoke up and said: "See here, fellows; we've had enough of this; go on with your show and we'll get out—and, say, we're sorry we bothered you." Then he looked up at us, and, grimy and bloody as he was, we girls declared afterwards that he looked like a real knight as he bowed and said, "We thank the young ladies for their kind services."

Thereupon out came Bob from the crowd of little boys and said, "That's all right, Howard; and, say, we'd like to have you in this show; let's give it again to-morrow, and you help us." The big boys whispered a few moments, and we heard Howard say, "It'll be great sport—come on, fellows, let's do it!"

So the real circus came off on Saturday afternoon. It was elegant. The big boys gave us wonderful new ideas. They worked hard, and they didn't boss us a bit, either. We had three rings, and an india-rubber man, and a chariot race.

Since that circus, somehow, the division between the big boys and the little boys hasn't been so marked. I get along better with the girls, too. I found that it was quite pleasant to darn stockings under the pine-tree, and I taught the girls to play mumbletypeg in the gutter. There wasn't a fight among the boys all that summer, either.

So, on the whole, I think that our circus was a success.



Folk-Stories in the South Seas

By Martha Burr Banks

Stories are told all over the globe, and even the natives of the islands of the Southern Pacific have a store of legends of their own, most of which have been formed from their queer ideas and quaint fancies about life and the things that they have found around them.

Some of these people used to have a strange explanation about the manner in which the world came to be arranged as we now see it. At first, as they said, the heavens were so close to the earth that men could only crawl about under them, but at last there was a man who thought that he would try to raise them to a more convenient distance. By putting forth all his strength he succeeded in lifting them, first as high as the top of a small plant about four feet tall, next to the height of a tree, and, thirdly, as far as the top of a mountain. Then, after a long season of rest, he once more braced his shoulders against the sky, and managed to heave it into its present position. He was helped in his work, it was thought, by millions of dragon-flies, which with their wings cut the cords that bound the heavens to the earth. This imaginary being