

for me! I ain't got time to waste with new-fangled machines and such like. See that cupboard over there? Well, inside's one of them there type-writer machines that the missus spent a year's butter and egg money on as a present for me, seeing as I ain't over handy with the pen."

"And don't ye like it?" asked his neighbor.

"Like it?" snapped old Turmut, indignantly. "Why, ye can't even write your name with the dratted thing till you've learned to play the pianner or the church organ!"

SMILE RAISERS.

Lady: "You have not been out to service yet, therefore you have no character."

Applicant: "No, mum; but I've got three school certificates."

Lady: "Ah, well, that is something. Are they for honesty, cleanliness, or—?"

Applicant: "No, please, mum, for literatoor, jog-raffy, and free-and drorin'."

Jackie had proudly brought his slate to Daddy to show him the drawing upon it.

"What is it?" asked Daddy.

"Why, Daddy," said the surprised little boy, "it's a train."

"But you haven't drawn the carriages, sonny," said the father.

"No," said Jackie; "mother says the engine draws those."

"And why did you leave your last place?" the lady asked of an applicant for housework.

"Well, mum, it was like this," replied the woman. "One day the missus ses to me, 'Caroline,' she ses, 'get a wet cloth and give the Old Master a wipe over,' she ses, so I gave her notice on the spot."

"Never in my life," said the harassed householder, "have I been so pleased to hear my neighbor's piano going."

"Oh!" asked his friend, "is there a good pianist staying there?"

"No; I heard it going away in a furniture van."

"Tommy," said Mr. Figg, sternly, "I hung a motto in your room to the effect that little boys should be seen and not heard."

"Yes, sir."

"What did you do with it?"

"I—I took it down to the deaf and dumb orphan asylum."

"Your narrative is too highly colored," remarked the editor, returning the bulky manuscript.

"In what way?" inquired the disappointed author.

"Why," replied the editor, "in the very first chapter you make the old man turn purple with rage, the villain turn green with envy, the hero turn white with anger, the heroine turn red with blushes, and the coachman turn blue with cold."

A hen-pecked man being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it."

But, reflecting a moment, he added, in a tone of compassion and forgiveness, "And yet I don't know why I should be; he never did me any harm."

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT."

Naming Submarines.

Everyone knows what submarines are and what an important factor they have become in modern naval warfare. Their nomenclature is rather interesting, according to the *Popular Science Monthly*. In the United States Navy the first of these craft were named for various kinds of fish and reptiles, and we had such odd cognomens as Adder, Moccasin, Pike, Sturgeon, Shark, Carp, Haddock, etc., on the naval lists. Before the list of piscatorial names ran out the system was changed, and designations of A-1, A-2, B-1, B-2, etc., down to the more recent submarines known as the O class. In general the numbers applied correspond to the particular lot in which they were constructed, and the letters closely follow the number of years since they were first built. In Germany they are all known as U-boats, the U being the first letter of unterseeboot, meaning submarine.

Nature's Camouflage.

The word "camouflage" may be a new one, but the thing it means is as old as the hills! And, strangely enough, it is mostly protection from the aviators which it has sought from the beginning. The young grouse among the heather has only to lie still to be invisible even to the telescopic eye of the hovering hawk, so absolutely do its feathers tone with its surroundings.

Visitors to a natural history museum may see many charmingly-set Nature tableaux representing Nature's camouflage. Indeed, so good an artist is Nature that she gives the Arctic fox, the ermine, and the ptarmigan the precious gift of turning white to match the all-prevailing snow when winter comes, so that their enemies cannot spot them easily.

It is quite possible to examine a plant—say, a rose tree—in the garden with the utmost care and fail to spot a green caterpillar, and the same rose may be infested with green fly which yet require sharp eyes to see them. Doubtless the lovely wings of the butterfly are camouflage, too, seeing that these insects so often settle upon the petals of flowers.

Sometimes camouflage is useful for attack as well as defence. The stripes of the lurking tiger among the tall growth of the jungle make it appear only a part of the light and shade. Its prey walks into danger unaware. Even a herd of zebras is very difficult to see in the tropic forest. Their stripes look like bars of sunshine. Even our common "bunny" matches his sandy warren so well that a whole family may be feeding and yet be invisible till they run.

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