

APRIL

April, half clad in flowers and showers, Walks like a blossom through the land; She smiles at May and laughing, takes The rain and sunshine hand in hand.

So gay the dancing of her feet, So like a garden her soft breath, So sweet the smile upon her face, So charms the very heart of death.

The young moon in a trance she holds Captive in clouds of orchard bloom; She snaps her fingers at the grave, And laughs into the face of doom.

Yet in her gladness lurks a fear, In all her mirth there breaths a sigh, So soon her pretty flowers are gone— And, ah! she is too young to die!

BABY GIRL

She is crowded into a motorcar with her two sisters and their nurse and a lot of hand luggage. Her mamma and the governess and the Pomoranian are in a car ahead with more hand luggage. The trunks have preceded them from the hotel to the docks. Her name is Nancy; her sisters, aged 8 and 9, are named Ellen and Elizabeth. Her nurse is French and is called Suzette. The governess is English and is called Miss Bly. Her mamma is called Mrs. Soller and is in the act of leaving her husband and getting a divorce. The Pomoranian also is a female named Cherie. A feeling of excitement seems to vibrate from the first car into the second, making the children's nerves quiver and Suzette's temper irritable.

Nancy is most uncomfortable sitting on Suzette's lap. She is being held too tightly and one tender foot is caught between Suzette's knee and a suitcase. Every moment or so Suzette leans hastily forward to push a piece of luggage into place and her rough sleeve rasps Nancy's cheek. The brow made by her bonnet strings hurts her chin. The great buildings flash by. There is a deafening noise of traffic. She wants to cry but she restrains herself.

Her face is round and very pale, her mouth rather round. Her nose goes for nothing in her face except to be wiped, her eyes are large and blue with a more perfect shade beneath than is ever achieved in her mother's make-up. She was two years old last week, but she can scarcely talk, her little mind is so confused by the babble of French and English that goes on about her. But she has her own feelings about things, her own convictions, and she does not like her present position at all. Out of the eye that is not covered by Suzette's sleeve she peers at her sisters. Ellen and Elizabeth sit side by side very upright. Their faces are round, too, and curly brown hair shows beneath their hats. They look out on life with a puzzled stare.

The taxi stops with such a jolt that Suzette almost drops Nancy. "Good heavens," cries Suzette in French, "whatever has happened? If we are delayed we miss the boat for we are already late!" The face of Miss Bly, red and anguished, appears in the window. She exclaims, "Mrs. Soller has forgotten her mink coat. She has left it in the hotel office. We must rush back for it. You are to go straight to the dock and wait there for us. I will explain to your driver. Do you understand?" "Yes Miss Bly," they answer in one voice.

When Miss Bly had vanished Suzette screams out frantic questions. Merciful heavens, what is it all about? They will miss the boat! The little girls eagerly explain the situation in French. But it is all Greek to Nancy. As the car jolts forward again she is sliding down Suzette's lap. Her foot is twisted against the suitcase. She gives two or three preliminary grunts on a crescendo, then breaks into screams.

"As though things were not bad enough!" cries Suzette, and she joggles her violently up and down. Ellen takes her free foot, in its tiny slipper, in her hand and waves it about trying to comfort her. But no one loosens the caught foot. She kicks at Ellen, shrieking. Her expression is terrible. Her sisters look at her horrified.

They are waiting on the dock in a room swept by an icy draft. They huddle together in a group by their luggage, regarding with anxious eyes the door through which mamma will appear. Nancy's cheeks feel stiff with tears. She makes grimaces to ease the sensation.

"Naughty, naughty!" cries Suzette, jerking her by the shoulder. "Don't you know that some day your face will stay that way? And what a sight!" They stand shivering, guarding the luggage for an interminable time. Nancy's feet feel frozen. She holds up her arms to be lifted, wailing loudly. Angriest Suzette takes her up.

At last they appear, after the universe has already been shaken by a great bellow from the boat. Mamma's eyes are shining. She carries the mink coat over her arm and on it rests Cherie, a complacent smirk on her face. She wears her little red blanket. But Miss Bly looks distraught.

The cabins are very small, smaller than any bedrooms the children have seen. Ellen and Elizabeth share one with Miss Bly. Nancy and Suzette have another. But Mamma and Cherie have the nicest one to themselves. Cherie goes about examining it, turning out her plumed toes, her snub nose in the air. She seems to say, "This is more sordid than anything I have yet seen."

Mamma is standing in front of the mirror in the wardrobe making her red mouth still redder. Ellen stands gazing up at her in a rapture of admiration. Mamma sees Ellen's reflection in the glass. She turns impulsively, takes Ellen's chin in her hand and reddens her lips also with the lipstick.

"Oh, Ellen, how lovely!" cries Elizabeth.

Miss Bly exclaims disapprovingly, "Oh, Mrs. Soller!"

"Well," answers mamma, rebuffed, "I only did it in fun. Just to see what sort of a flapper she will be. She's going to be a very pretty one. But, of course, you must take it off."

Miss Bly takes out a clean folded handkerchief and vigorously rubs the lipstick from Ellen's lips.

Nancy wonders what it is all about. She looks from one face to another. There is a sudden gone feeling in her stomach.

"Me fain!" she cries, in the scant lingo that is hers. "Me fain!" "There are petit beurres in my bag, says Suzette. She is a smart-looking girl with pretty profile, but she has not a good head on her shoulders. A bottle of cologne has emptied itself on the biscuits. Nancy holds out her hands for them and, when they are withdrawn, screams with disappointment.

Ellen and Elizabeth have opened a box of chocolates. "For heaven's sake, give baby one of those!" exclaims mamma.

Ellen thrusts one into Nancy's hand. She can hardly believe her eyes when she sees the chocolate in her hand. She takes a small bite, then a large one, then crams all the rest into her mouth with both fists. Delicious! She almost chokes on the thick sweet juice. Her eyes water, but quite different from tears.

A steward enters with several boxes of flowers. Mamma opens them and reads the cards attached with exclamations of delight. The steward brings vases for them. These newcomers talk very fast in a talk very new to Nancy. She is familiar with two ways of talking, understands a little of each, but this new way baffles her. She tries to take her mind off the talk by picking up the flower petals from the floor. A lovely pink rose has been crushed and its petals are fallen. Nancy has one hand full of them when she is hurriedly picked up. The ribbons tied under her chin.

Something has happened to the boat. The floors throb and quiver. It is hard to climb the stairs, but she clings tightly to mamma's fingers. What is it all about? Crowds of people noisily talking loom before and above her. Between them she has glimpses of white woodwork and shining brass. The air is so cold that it goes right through her clothes. She does not like it up here. She turns her mouth down at the corners and gives two preliminary grunts, but they come to nothing. She tilts her head right back and sees above her the cold blue sky.

They are in a more open space now. Mamma smiles down at her, showing off herself and her baby daughter. Miss Bly follows after with Ellen and Elizabeth. Ellen carries Cherie. Suzette has been left behind to unpack. The ship moves steadily forward now with a strong, brave motion. Another great liner moves out almost beside her. The wind is so strong it makes Nancy gasp. She tumbles in her little pink coat beside mamma. People turn to look at them. They are so pretty. A stranger touches Cherie's silken head and Ellen is delighted.

Mamma is talking to a group of young men, and does not notice when Nancy lets go of her hand. She walks sturdily down the deck. There are things to climb on, projections of wood and metal. She climbs on to them and prepares to get off the ship. She will go back and find the face. Very much she longs for the comfort of it.

There is a rush down the deck. One of the young men snatches her up and carries her back to mamma. They all crowd about her laughing. She gazes up into the face of the young man who holds her. It is a face with a small dark mustache and dark eyes—not the face she is in search of, but she will try to make it do.

She puts her hand on either side of it. "Papa!" she cries. "Papa!" Everybody shouts with laughter. Something funny has happened. She is lying in her berth pressed close against the wall. Then the berth begins to tilt, and she is rolled over and over to the other side. On the other side she peers at the window and sees through it nothing but dark blue water. She sees Suzette sitting on the side of her bed drawing a stocking on one leg. The other leg dangles long and white. Again the berth tilts and Nancy is rolled once more against the wall. She loves this being rolled over and over. She sits up, laughing gaily, her hair on end. In the passage a tray falls. There is a crash of broken dishes. She shrieks with laughter.

"Naughty little one!" cries Suzette. "You care nothing for the sufferings of others! And how I am to bathe you and dress you in all this rolling I can't understand!" Nancy peers across at her. What is she talking about? What do people say in their strange talkings? She does not care. She cares only for herself and the face she remembers.

Suzette carries her into the bathroom. It is hot and steamy. Ellen and Elizabeth are there wet and shining. They are trying to dry themselves. They stagger about. Suzette turns on the water and sets Nancy on her feet. First Ellen gets her, then Elizabeth. She is thrown to the tiled floor, bumping her head. There lies still a moment looking at the stars, then she screams. There are no preliminary grunts. The scream just leaps out of her, Suzette plunges her into the water too hot for comfort. She screams all the while she is bathed. The other children gaze at her in dismay.

Poor Miss Bly is very sick. Her ruddy face has turned the color of ashes. She longs only for land or death to relieve her suffering. The three children stand in a row by the side of her berth gazing at her. She achieves a dreadful smile. She looks to Suzette. "You'll have to look after them without my help until I recover—if ever I do. Ellen translates this for Suzette. "Take them away quickly!" cries Miss Bly and begins to make strange animal noises.

Nancy does not want to be taken away. She struggles with all her might to stay and watch Miss Bly being sick. Even Ellen and Elizabeth are reluctant to go, but they are obedient.

Every one is warmly clad for the walk on deck but Nancy. Even Cherie has her scarlet blanket. But Nancy, because she is a baby, is supposed not to feel the cold. Her little pink coat is of cashmere, her legs are bare, her little drawers amount to almost nothing. Her sisters hold her firmly by the hands. She has a queer feeling in the inside after so much honey. She wishes she had a chocolate.

People smile at them as they pass and two ladies stop and speak to them, asking their names. The two elder ones tell theirs, but Nancy doesn't understand what the ladies are asking. She understands the leaving of the deck, the sharp cold bells the wind. She gives two grunts but they come to nothing.

They walk the length of the promenade deck. She sees windows with people sitting inside and wants to go in. She tries to pull her hands from her sisters' hands. She tries to sit down. They drag her for a few feet and then turn and look patiently at Suzette.

"She won't come," they say. "Ah, it is the magazine," cries Suzette. "She wants to see the toys." Suzette lifts her and holds her with her face against the window of the shop, but that is not what she wants. The gaudy grinning animals and dolls frighten her. She shuts her eyes tightly, grunts and kicks.

"What do you want then, mechante?" She says to Nancy on her feet. Running to the window she tries to see inside. Elizabeth comes and raises her. Just beyond the glass she sees a great room richly dark and full of people. She can almost touch mamma sitting at the nearest table with two young men. They are drinking out of little green glasses. One of the men is the man whose face is rather like the face she longs for. She wants to go to him. She thumps the thick glass with her fist and calls, "Papa! Papa!"

In the afternoon mamma comes and says this is ridiculous. She tells Suzette to take the children to the Punch and Judy show, where they will be amused. Nancy is very tired. She allows herself to be led to the show and put in a little red chair. But the show horrifies her. She can't bear the sight of Punch and his companion, the cat, the glass, the hitting on the head, the screams. If there is screaming to be done she will do it herself.

She sinks in her chair till her clothes are all under her arms. She cries on a deep, howling note. Suzette hurries her back to the cabin. A couple of hours later mamma comes in again. She is distressed to see her child sitting sullenly thus. She tells Suzette to take her to the cinema, where they are showing pictures of deserts and camels.

Coat and bonnet are again donned. They find good seats. Nancy sits, heavy eyed, staring at the strange scenes that flash by. She does not like them at all. She is very hungry and wishes for a chocolate. Suddenly her attention is drawn to the face of the hero of the picture. He has dark eyes and a small mustache. She contains herself until they show a close-up of him, every hair of his mustache visible. She holds up her arms.

"Papa! Papa!" she screams. Suzette has to carry her down to the cabin. Ellen and Elizabeth follow, deeply mortified. The four sit down in the little sitting room.

A new life begins. The children must look after each other with the help of mamma and Rosa, the stewardess. In the morning Ellen and Elizabeth dress Nancy. The three are all huddled together in the rolling of the ship. They put on Nancy's little drawers back to front. It takes them an age to get her into her clothes and they all shriek with laughter. Nancy is so small and light that the heaving of the floor does not trouble her so much as the others. She runs from Suzette's bedside to Miss Bly's, gazing into their glass faces.

Rosa helps them their meals—whatever they are—but the sweet is always a surprise. Elizabeth has a meringue glace. Ellen a chocolate éclair. They try all sweets in turn. They lead a gypsy life in the rolling ship. Their hair becomes tangled and no one cleans their fingernails. They love Rosa because she brings them whatever they ask for. Ellen and Elizabeth begin to pick up a little Italian and Nancy learns to say si instead of oui.

Because Suzette is so sick Nancy is put to sleep in the extra bed in mamma's cabin. Long after midnight when mamma comes to bed, she stands looking down at Nancy, thinking she is like a flower lying there so fragile, with her fine hair in a halo and the blue shadows under her eyes. She bends down and kisses her. Once she snatches her up and stands swaying with her in her arms, holding her close and kissing her extravagantly. Nancy wakes and is frightened.

She does not like the queer smell on mamma's breath and turns her head from side to side to escape it, making a little mewling sound like an offended kitten. One terrible night mamma shuts the cabin door after her with a bang and at once begins to make a loud noise, half laughing, half crying. She sways up and down the cabin, her head thrown back. It is very bright, for she has turned on all the lights. Nancy sits up in bed stricken by fear. She makes no sound, only stares in terror at mamma. The crying and the laughter became so loud that soon Miss Bly appears in her nightdress, clinging to the door for support.

"Oh, Mrs. Soller!" she cries, "Please don't do that!" From this time Nancy is afraid of

laughing, their white limbs gleaming. That is what they have been looking forward to for so long. By the time they reached the first wavelets, they are almost out of breath and dance up and down in them, gasping.

Nancy trudges after them reluctantly. The sand hurts her tender soles. A sharp stone has almost cut one. The glare of light hurt her eyes. She has an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach from something she has eaten on the way to the beach. She does not like this place, at all. The hotel with its massive, gilded pillars, its great stairways, is bad enough, but this is worse. Her mouth is down at the corners as she stands aside watching the gambols of her sisters.

Subdued they turn away and Nancy is left to herself. She puts a toe gingerly into the water and withdraws it with a grunt as the cold strikes her. Chills run along her spine. She gazes without hope across the sea. Then she remembers something. Vaguely at first, then more clearly, the face that she has left behind shapes itself in her mind. The dark eyes, the smiling mouth invite her. She thinks that if she goes straight forward, returning the way she has come, she will find it. She wants it terribly. Not minding the cold now, she walks straight out into the water.

Suzette springs up with a cry and runs to her. She snatches her out of the water and carries her struggling back to the bench where she places her between the other nursemaid and herself. They poured a flood of French upon her.

"Ah, she is so naughty, this little one!" cries Suzette. "One never knows what she will do next. Never can I relax myself and have peace, but she must frighten me by some new naughtiness!" She jerks Nancy more firmly on to the bench. "Now you will sit here without moving while the other children, who are good, enjoy themselves!" She takes off her own shoes, emptying out the sand.

Nancy is glad to be on the bench. It is much better than being down there at the water's edge. In the screaming and struggling of the return, she has forgotten what she had been going to do, forgotten the Face. She settles herself between the nursemaids with a hiccup.

Now on the firm sand before her, she sees a large footprint made by a man's heavy shoe. She regards it intently. Then pointing to it, she raises her eyes to Suzette's face. "Papa!" she says.—By Mazo de la Rache.—Public Ledger Magazine.

Miraculously the ship has stopped. She stands stock still beside a pier on which are spread a thousand articles of silk and leather in brilliant hues which dark-faced men in flowing garments offer for sale. Little jet black boys, each wearing a red fez, run about selling picture postcards. The sky is blue. The sea is calm. There is an excursion ashore.

Miraculously Miss Bly has recovered. The natural ruddy color has returned to her cheeks. She has a woolen scarf about her neck and Elizabeth and Ellen on either side, for they, too, are joining in the excursion. Suzette is still sick and Nancy is left in care of Rosa. She is the only passenger on deck.

What a day! She who had cried at least twenty times each day since sailing does not utter one single tear, does not utter one scream. It is deliciously warm on the sunlit deck. She plants her feet on Rosa's firm thighs, holds tight to Rosa's neck and gazes at the bright scene below from her safe height.

When she is tired of this she frolics up and down the deck with Cherie. Cherie is happy, too. She has left off her little red blanket. She gambols up and down, tossing her head scarcely knowing what to do with herself for joy. The deck stewards are her slaves. Rosa is Nancy's slave. And soon she has a new one. He is a brown-faced sailor with bare feet. He looks at her humbly, admiringly, as he approaches, and she knows at once that she likes him. She struggles from Rosa's lap and runs to him, clasping his legs in her arms, putting her head between his knees.

He tosses her in the air so that she soars like one of the white gulls that fly about the ship. The sky is hers, the ship, the sailor and the sea. She crows with delight.

All day she goes from Rosa to the deck stewards and Cherie, from them back to Rosa. She looks plump with happiness. The blue shadows fade beneath her eyes. She has her supper on deck and is fast asleep before the others return.

Now they are landing. The sea is rough and the sky is heavy with rain. Her bare legs, dangling against Suzette's side, are numb from cold. Poor Suzette is really too weak to carry her, but it is Miss Bly's duty to look after the other children and mamma carries Cherie. But strong hands guide Suzette, as she descends the swaying slippery steps into the small boat, clutching Nancy. The sky, weary of holding the rain, lets it fall on them, even sends it halloos after it. Nancy's mouth is pulled definitely down at the corners. She gives wet little grunts into Suzette's ear as they descend the steps. At each grunt Suzette feebly joggles her to keep from crying.

At last with a terrible jar, they have got into the boat and have joined the others. Miss Bly's close beside them and Nancy sees, for the first time, the fuzzy hairs on her forehead cheek. She does not like them at all. She turns away her eyes and sees mamma smoking and laughing with the South American gentleman. Mamma blows a kiss to her. Nancy shuts her eyes tight and gives three preliminary grunts.

"Oh, uhh, uhhh—she grunts on a crescendo. Suzette is too weak to joggle her again. She sets her down. The boat moves to the accompaniment of Nancy's screams.

Ellen and Elizabeth are in bathing suits and Nancy is in a sun suit that is almost nothing. They are walking down the sunny sands toward the sea. Suzette is sitting behind them on a bench with another nursemaid who keeps a perambulator constantly flitting beneath a sleeping babe. The two elder children run forward

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to His throne.—Daniel Webster.

The mode is proving itself a great factor in dispelling the depression mood which is reflected in the faces of many American women. Miss Barbara Gould, beauty counselor in Pittsburgh, says there is a definite reaction at toilet goods counters.

Women with tired, sagging cheeks are flocking to these centers to get advice. No matter how well dressed a woman may be, her face will spoil the complete ensemble if not properly cared for. Buying new complexion is as important to the spring shopper as buying new shoes, Miss Gould said.

"Over anxiety of reaching some cure fast causes many of these shoppers to buy just anything that is in a nice bottle and smells nice." Toilet care and selection as the most expensive furs. Miss Gould, who is tall and olive complexioned with the deep blue eyes and long black lashes, hardly appears to be made up, yet she has applied her cosmetics with the skill of an artist.

"To be made up and yet not have your best friends know it is the mode of this season," she said. "The powder should be the exact coloring of the skin and the rouge hardly visible."

Rouge is back in the mode. A year ago it was considered smart to be pale and interestingly drawn and to have one's lips a fiery carmen, but that is passe," she said. The purpose of cosmetics is to enhance natural loveliness and not to alter it nor to conceal the skin's imperfections.

"The shade of rouge is determined by the shade of face powder. Choose your powder to match the middle shade of your complexion and then select your coloring to complement it." "Choice of powder precedes the choice of rouge—use of rouge should always precede use of powder," Miss Gould explained.

ART OF WASHING WOOLEN GARMENTS —When woollen garments shrink, lose their original softness, and become somewhat like felt, perhaps the method of laundering is partially to blame.

Wool is an animal fiber and is quickly affected by heat, alkali and rubbing. The elastic quality of a wool garment can be destroyed by washing it with a strong soap, by rubbing or wringing it, by using hot or cold water, by changing temperature or by hanging it to dry outdoors on a cold day.

The following procedure is recommended for laundering these garments: 1. Use mild soaps, strong soaps are injurious. 2. Use lukewarm water. All waters should be the same temperature. Changes of temperatures cause more shrinkage.

3. Make a suds, do not rub soap directly into the material. 4. Squeeze gently instead of rubbing or twisting to remove dirt. 5. Dry in moderate temperature. 6. Use an iron that is not very hot in pressing. Use cheesecloth or thin material of some kind between the cloth and the iron. Iron when partially dry.

Following these rules carefully lengthen the life of wool garments and give greater pleasure and satisfaction in their use. —Spring's sailor hats are surely gallant (as sailors always are.) They protect your eyes from the sun with their youthful, clean-cut brims and give you a sprightly, ready-to-go places air, too. They're not stiff and severe and stand-offish, as sailor hats used to be. They have a new quirk to them that make them easy and becoming to wear. A lift on one side and a dip in the front.

It may have a cut or a bend in its brim. It can even turn up on the back and still be a sailor hat as long as its front brim is fairly flat and not more than about two inches wide. Wearing a veil is one of them. A fishnet veil is smart, just tipping over the edge to cast a shadow on the eyes. Putting a contrasting facing on top or under the brim is another.

For Chicken a la Creole.—Joint one chicken as for frying. Put one spoonful of grease into kettle and when hot add one small can of tomatoes, two or three cloves or garlic, a good sized onion, a little parsley, some celery, a bay leaf, a sweet pepper, all cut up fine. Add red pepper to make real hot and salt to taste. Then add chicken and water enough to cover it. Let simmer for two or three hours until meat will drop from bones. Then add flour enough to thicken gravy, which is delicious served over plain boiled rice.

A very good pie may be made with an old fowl. Wash the fowl in cold water and cut up into joints, and then simmer until tender. Lay the joints in a greased dish with pieces of bacon and cooked egg. Season well with pepper and salt, cover with stock, and put on a good plain paste. Bake an hour.

Do you wish to have a cold pie, then bone the joints of the fowl, and when it comes out of the oven pour in as much as the dish will hold of well seasoned stock, to which a tablespoonful of powdered gelatine has been added. This will fill up all the corners with jelly, and the pie will cut nicely.

—To remove insects from cauliflower stand head down for a few minutes in a salt or vinegar solution.

—Use scissors to remove seeds and pulp from green peppers when they are being prepared for stuffing.

Scientists Unable to Explain "Cosmic Rays" For many years scientists have been puzzled by rays of enormous penetrating power which are found to reach every part of the earth's surface. The most powerful X-rays are completely stopped by less than a quarter of an inch of lead; these cosmic rays, as they are called, pass easily through 16 feet of lead. What are they and whence do they come?

It is known that they come from outside the earth, for no response is obtained when detecting apparatus is used at the bottom of a deep coal mine. Sir James Jeans believed they were caused by the annihilation of matter at the very confines of the universe. Dr. Robert Millikan held the opposite view. He believed they were brought about by the creation of matter, and he called them the "birth cries of nature."

These rays can now be counted as they arrive by means of an amazing electrical device known as the Geiger counter. They dart through a vessel filled with electrified gas, and as each impulse arrives it causes a click to be uttered by a loudspeaker. Intensive research in connection with cosmic rays is being carried on, and interesting discoveries may be in store.

Mastery of India Won at Battle of Plassey Great Britain's control over India may be said to date from the time of Robert Clive, who in 1744, at the age of eighteen, was sent from England to be a clerk for the East India company. He soon gave up the pen for the sword and became a great military genius. The old Indian empire of the Great Moguls had fallen into the hands of provincial viceroys and in the fight for supremacy Clive sided certain of these against others backed by the French. His great victory of Plassey, in June, 1757, with 3,200 men opposed to 50,000, determined the struggle. In 1773, the three provinces of Madras, Bombay and Bengal were placed under the administration of a governor-general, and Warren Hastings, the first governor-general, laid the foundations of the present administration of India. After the Indian mutiny of 1857, the direct sovereignty of India was transferred from the East India company to the crown and on January 1, 1877, Queen Victoria was proclaimed empress of India.

When Worlds Were Born Where do meteorites and shooting stars come from? Astronomers believe that millions of years ago, when the sun's family of worlds was born, there was a great planet revolving between Mars and Jupiter. For some unknown reason this planet exploded, giving birth itself to a vast family of tiny planets of which over a thousand are known. It is of the smaller fragments that the meteorites are formed. Shooting stars are believed to be a kind of celestial smithereens resulting from the destruction of comets. In certain cases comets themselves have failed to put in an appearance when they were due to return, but great showers of shooting stars have occurred instead.