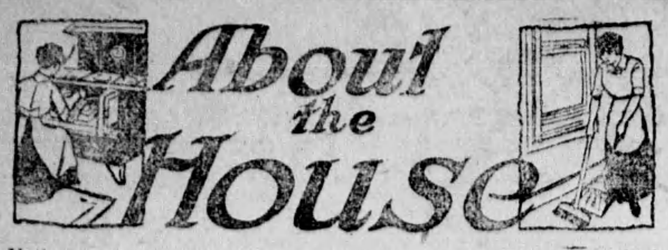

Mother is Taking Her Chance.

I wonder if you have noticed in your neighborhood these past few months an increased tendency on the part of home-keeping women towards self-expression? That is, a greater number of married women, mothers and excellent housekeepers who are beginning to do some of the things they have wanted to do all their lives but have never done because of the press of housework? I have seen quite a little of it in my own little circle, and I have been wondering if it is "purely local," or if it is nation-wide.

For instance, there is one woman of thirty-six who has always wanted to study art. Up until this fall her artistic instinct has expressed itself in cutting over her old dresses for daughter, and cutting down father's old pants for son. The dresses have been really rather wonderful for style, and all cut without a pattern. The mother had excellent ideas, but with no training whatever she did not know how to express them. This fall she made a great resolve. Across the road from her home is a school house where night classes are held. Among other subjects taught is dressmaking design, and a part of the course is lessons in drawing. She decided to take up the work. Last week she showed me a design for lace which she had drawn, and which her teacher said was better than the work of some of the students in his day classes who had studied drawing for years.

"You never can tell what you're going to be called on to do these days," she says, and "Tom and I thought I might as well be getting prepared. If I can do something with dressmaking I'll be in better shape to take care of myself. And, anyway, I've always wanted to draw. I hoped one of the children would take it up, but they can't draw a straight line, so I am at it, after all these years wishing."

Then there is the woman next door. Before her marriage she studied music. But like many another woman music went into the discard when the babies arrived and dishwashing and scrubbing stiffened her fingers. The girls are now fifteen and seventeen years old. They have had several terms of piano lessons, and still have to be driven to practice. A month ago the mother said over the back fence:

"I want the girls to begin their music, but I dread it. There is always such a time to get them to practice. Seems funny, when I've always loved it and would give a good deal even now for their chance."

I thought of my friend who is drawing. "Why don't you take the chance?" I asked, "Let the girls wash the dishes and mop the floor and you take the music lessons. They are old enough to show some talent, if they have it, and if they don't care enough about music to practice for love of it, why drive them to it? You spend the money on yourself."

"Do you think I could?" she asked wistfully. "George wants me to. We were talking about it just last night."

"Of course you could," I said. "You can play better now than either of the girls."

A half hour later I heard her at the piano, and for two hours she played scales and finger exercises. At noon she called across, "My fingers aren't near as stiff as I thought they'd be. I am going down this afternoon to see about my lessons."

Perhaps the most surprising person, though, is the quiet neighbor around the corner who always comes in if anyone is sick and does more in ten minutes than the average woman would do in an hour. She has had a large family, six children. The youngest is now fourteen, and they all assume that mother is their personal property and, incidentally, that she isn't quite so wise as they are and needs careful watching. They have been in the habit all their pert young lives of telling mother what she ought to do and deciding things for her. This fall she made a decision for herself. She decided to go down and take the Red Cross nurses' aid course. The family was aghast. The idea of mother going down town to do anything was beyond them. They told her outright she was too old, and politely hinted that she wasn't bright enough. But for once mother was "set."

"I've always wanted to be a nurse," she stuck to it, "and doctors all say I do better in a sick-room than lots of trained nurses. You never can tell what's going to happen. Father may drop off any minute with his weak heart, and the children won't want me in their homes. I'm going to get in shape to be independent if the need comes."

So mother carried the day, and is now, and proudly tell everybody how lessons she brings home on her twice-a-week trips down to her classes. The family think it quite the thing now, and produly tell everybody how the folks in charge of the course say that mother is the best in the class.

I don't know whether it is the war which has brought these women out or not. But whatever it is, I like it. Children are out of the way and mother still has a long time to live. Why not do some of the things which she has secretly longed to do for years, but couldn't because of the claims of others? She will do them better than she could have done years ago, for age and experience have taught her their value.

Would it not be a splendid thing for us to think that school days never are over?—D.H.

Hot or Cold.

An aversion for lukewarmness, whether in matters of political and religious allegiance or in affairs of diet, is characteristic of the race. And the hostess makes no mistake when she serves a beverage either piping, steaming hot or very, very cold; but when the tea is brought in neither hot or cold, but just in between, she is sure of pleasing no one.

One of the first rules that the professional cook is given is to serve hot things hot, and cold things cold, and to serve nothing in between. One wonders why this is. One wonders why, since we have been told that iced drinks are not entirely beneficial, and it has even been suggested that cancerous growths in the digestive system are sometimes produced of very hot liquids—one wonders why there should be an innate repugnance on the part of human folk for the lukewarm drink or viand.

This is as good an explanation as anyone can suggest: Bacteria breed in lukewarm temperatures. They cannot breed as long as the temperature is quite as unfavorable to their breeding, and likewise kills bacteria already developed. Hence instinct teaches the savage to drink water from the pool whose water is cold and to avoid the pool or spring where the water is warm. Or rather nature makes the one palatable and the other unpalatable.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Relating to War Activities in Which Women Have a Part.

In the Women's War Museum now on exhibition in the Whitechapel Art Gallery, London, there is a stall devoted to the Queen's War Work for Women Fund. Among the many exhibits is a portrait of Queen Mary which is being given to every woman in India who had a relative killed in the war.

One of the trades calling for the greatest skill is the making of compasses. This work had never been undertaken by women until dilution of labor became necessary. Of the infinite number of delicate parts demanding absolute accuracy, women have succeeded in making all but two or three and even these will shortly be to their credit.

The Roll of Honor of British women who have given up their lives that Britain might endure now numbers 650 and the list is by no means complete. This roll regards service and not rank and shows that, to England, this "choir invisible" is indeed immortal.

It is the intention of the British Government to make the Imperial War Museum a record as complete as is humanly possible of the way in which England did her part in winning this war. Every British subject should inform himself thoroughly as to what this exhibit includes. Where each works at high pressure to contribute the part expected from him he is not prepared to either know or appreciate what other equally devoted patriots have given as their share towards victory. This exhibit will do much to dispel that lack and create genuine appreciation of the fact that all work was equally valuable.

During the war the corporation of Glasgow employed women in its parks, on its tramways, in its clerical departments and its bacteriological laboratory.

Mrs. Burleigh Leach, Chief Controller of Queen Mary's Auxilliary Corps (Waac's) began doing "her bit" as one of the first recruits of that splendid mother of patriotic British women's organizations the "Women's Legion." That was in September, 1915, and from that day Mrs. Leach has never rested. When the armistice was signed Mrs. Leach had under her 40,000 women and girls of whom nearly 7,000 were in France. She was about to ask for 30,000 more. Although one age limit was eighteen years, Mrs. Leach refused to place the other limit, saying she had found that some women at sixty were infinitely more useful than others at forty. In spite of her real importance Mrs. Leach is one of the most unassuming women imaginable, therefore delightful. She has none of the pushing, masculine traits of the woman who commands badly. Her smile is ready and her laugh infectious and genial. Knowing Germany thoroughly she prophesied the war long before it came. Her husband is Brigadier-General Leach, in command of the famous South Wales Borderers.

In November, 1914, the Mayor and Council of the city of Lyons worked out a system of re-education for the French disabled soldiers and the work was begun the following month at L'ecole Joffre. That work spread even at that early date all over France and has been adopted by England with variations suited to the climate and the nationality of British maimed.

RAPID PROGRESS OF ART OF FLYING

AIRPLANE IS ONLY FIFTEEN YEARS OLD

First Flight Lasted Fifty-Nine Seconds, Present Record is Twenty-Four Hours.

It is just about 15 years ago that the Wright Brothers made their first successful flight in an airplane, and now people are talking about flying across the Atlantic. Machines have been built in the last year capable of a speed of about three miles a minute; an aviator has risen 28,900 feet in the air, and we have airplanes capable of lifting 15 tons. The single flight record is 24 hours, as compared with the first 59 seconds' flight of Wilbur Wright. It is doubtful if in the history of invention there has been any such record of progress in an equal time.

In view of the thousands of lives that have been lost in airplane crashes it is worth noting that Wilbur Wright lived to succumb years later to typhoid, never having had an accident, and that his brother Orville still survives and bids fair to reach a ripe old age. He was in one accident, in which he suffered a broken leg, his companion, Lieut. Selfridge, losing his life and becoming the first victim of an airplane disaster.

A Toy Was the Inspiration.

It is said that the interest of the Wright Brothers in flying was first aroused when their father presented them with a toy called a helicoptre, a fragile thing that would fly for a short distance. The plaything naturally did not long survive, but its wonders never faded from the minds of the boys, though years were to intervene before they began the serious study of the flying problem.

At school in Dayton, Ohio, they are said to have taken little interest in the literary or artistic branches of their study, but early showed themselves possessed of a strong analytical faculty and were keen on mathematics. Their school studies were cut short, however, and they opened a small bicycle repair shop, which they later developed into a modest little factory. Here, besides making a comfortable living, they developed their mechanical skill. Which of them thought of the flying machine first is a moot point. It appears that the idea was in the mind of both for years before either ventured to speak of it seriously to the other for fear of good-natured ridicule.

However, the notion at last got itself expressed somehow, and they set to work in their spare time with the conviction that in the development of the idea of the gliding plane lay the secret of ultimate success. Their first model, a sort of improved kite, gave them reason to believe that they were on the right track, and after a couple of experiments they built a bigger model on the same principle. Model followed model, each a little bigger than its predecessor, and each of them adding to the enthusiasm of the young inventors.

How They Obtained Capital.

Then came the time when they had spent about all their money, without, of course, having received a dollar in return. It became necessary that they should either give up the fascinating pursuit or raise more capital. They appealed to their father, a retired bishop of the United Brethren Church, whose sole property consisted of a small farm in Iowa, and he, without a moments hesitation, sold it and gave his sons the necessary cash.

With the first machine built with these funds they moved to the sand dunes of North Carolina, there to continue in more favorable circumstances the investigations that they had begun in Ohio. Their first tentative flights were made at Kitty Hawk in 1900, and their machine was supposed to fly on the kite principle and carry a man against wind blowing from 15 to 20 miles an hour. The first experiment was successful, although there was no man aboard, and they concluded that they had only to increase the wing surface by a comparatively small area to get the necessary lifting power. To their astonishment they found that this increase made an almost imperceptible difference, and they came to the conclusion that they were either on the wrong track altogether or that the tables of air pressure in common use were at fault. It developed that the latter was the case, and the Wrights continued.

For some time thereafter they contented themselves with gliding down the hills, against the wind, and found it was easy to make flights of several hundred yards in this way without danger or difficulty. In 1902 they built their first motor. It weighed 750 pounds, but here again they received a check.

Obstacles Encountered.

They had supposed that there were in existence tables by which they could calculate from their own knowledge of air pressure the speed at which it would be necessary for the propellers to spin in order to drive the machine. They learned that there were no such tables, but only a set of antiquated empirical formulae. Here again they had to make their own experiments and rely on their own observations to give them what they required. By this time they had gone so far that it was impossible to discourage them, and so they persevered until on December 17, 1903, they produced a machine which rose from the ground by means of its own power, made a short circle and alighted safely.

It was nearly two years later before their machine was capable of flying six miles. This accomplished, the Wrights had all the capital they required at their disposal. They were on the highway to fame and fortune, and never afterward were they obliged to look back.

THE FUTURE OF THE SUBMARINE

MAY RECLAIM OCEAN'S HIDDEN TREASURES.

Also Increase Food Supply and Aid Navigation and Undersea Engineering.

Will the submarine at the peace conference be swept from the table into the waste basket of civilization—banned as an "intolerable thing"—or will it remain a member "persona grata" of the navies of the world? What is the future status of the submarine?

Fighting the U-Boat and the cowardly beast cunningly concealed within its sheer coat of steel has so engrossed civilization that the question of the future status of this instrument of warfare has of necessity been deferred. Now, with the time of reckoning at hand, a great towering interrogation point emerges from the thin mists of the sea at the bow of the submarine; upon its slippery decks and evil-eyed periscopes is cast this shadow of the impending inquisition, reflected full and free upon the culprit by the searching sun of a reclaimed civilization. Already it has been decreed that Germany must pay, and pay to the utmost, for the diabolical carnage engineered from the turrets of the U-boats and from the chambers of the German Admiralty, where "unrestricted warfare" was ordered by the arch-villians of the world. The case of the submarine vs. the world is about to be called.

Provide An Antidote.

Science that gave the world the submarine may settle the future of the "scorpion of the deep" by providing an antidote that will completely neutralize the "sting" of the hidden monster. Indeed, it is not altogether unlikely that when the curtain is fully lifted and the remarkable exploits of our naval scientists revealed it will be found that the U-boat has been robbed of its terror. Already we know of depth bombs, nets, smoke screens, "zigzagging," torpedoes, mines, sound detectors, underwater guns, magnets and various other anti-submarine devices. In peace time the submarine may be made ineffectual altogether for wartime.

That the submarine may serve humanity in peace times in various ways is contended by those in authority. Already it develops that the submarine will lead the way in undoing some of the wrong of the U-boat. In the salvaging of sunken ships and the recovery of lost cargoes the submarine will play an important part. Even before the war this was proved feasible. Millions of dollars' worth of vauable merchandise awaits reclamation on the bottom of the sea. Many vessels were sunk in the North Sea and the English Channel, where the water is comparatively shallow. Engineering thought now is directed toward the development of the best diving and lifting apparatus for this work.

Peace Time Pursuits.

Navigation under ice fields is another peace pursuit mapped out for the submarine. Ports bound with ice fields during great parts of the year may be made communicable, according to submarine engineers. North pole explorations via the submarine also are hinted at, the underwater craft escaping the long rigorous delays due to ice fields. As submarines in wartime have dynamited their way ahead with torpedoes, so, it is held, may they clear their pathway of ice masses.

In engineering lines also it is expected to work revolutionary changes. "In general submarine engineering work," says an expert, "in the construction of breakwaters, lighthouses, driving piles and building abutments, and in the deepening and improvement of waterways and harbors, the submarine will be utilized. In prospecting for and the recovery and separation of gold from river beds and seacoast bottoms, submarine devices have been found to be very efficient and economical. A new method of laying tunnels under water has been proposed in which adaptations of the submarine will play a great part. Thus it is evident that the submarine has a utility entirely apart from that of a military weapon."

To keep the cut edge of a cheese from hardening, smear a little butter over it and so keep it from the air.

When boiling fish always tie it up in a thin cloth and add a little vinegar to the water. This makes the fish firm and keeps it white.

It has been estimated that Noah's ark was 547 feet long, 91 feet broad and 54 feet high. Its capacity, according to Bishop Wilkins, was 72,625 tons.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

However wisely or regretfully Jerry might reflect upon the complications that precipitate surrender to passion had introduced into his life, he was not able to withstand the allurement of Nora's face, Nora's form, Nora's voice. He could see flaws in her character, he could criticize the course she was pursuing and disapprove of her ideas; but when he was with her, he never failed to feel longing and desire, to exult in the evidence of his attraction for her, and to assure himself that he would find her ultimately as pliant in mind as in body. That she was not so at once was the odd factor that made their relations so difficult, so gusty. A curious perversity in clinging to wrong notions, and an equally curious resentment against Jerry for upholding right ones, characterized her. She returned again and again to the dispute over the propriety of her securing and Jerry's accepting such aid to his advancement at the law as Patrick Maguire might be disposed to furnish. She annoyed Jerry by her depression over the fact that now that the spring season was past and she was no longer needed at Bilbow and Slosson's as a model, she was deprived of the daily pleasure and excitement of dressing up in fine clothes. She exasperated him by her unwillingness to take up a worthier vocation and by her expectant interest in the fall styles and the new opportunities connected therewith that Bilbow and Slosson had promised her.

Often the evening that began with caresses ended with coolness.

But the forces that drove the two asunder seemed less strong than those that were pulling them together. If they parted on the verge of a quarrel, each one was soon anxious to bring about a resumption of affectionate relations. And in that very fact, thought Jerry, lay the most hopeful promise for the future.

He told Nora of Kate's plans and showed her how they cleared the way for marriage. Of course, if Kate and her family found the struggle too hard, he and his mother must help them; even that responsibility he ough to be able to bear as a married man without too desperate results for his wife.

Nora, listening, agreed—"Oh, yes, Jerry."

"You won't mind if my mother lives with us, Nora?"

"It would be nicer if we could be all by ourselves, wouldn't it?"

"I'm sure you wouldn't find mother at all hard to get on with."

"I can't help thinking that anybody else's mother would be hard, in a way. Or if I didn't find her so, I would probably jar on her—which would be just as bad."

"Mother and Kate have always got on all right."

"Oh, yes, a mousy little girl. I'm afraid she wouldn't find me so easy."

"I don't feel that I could leave mother to live alone—"

"What do you expect my mother to do?"

"I thought that she and Dave—"

"And suppose that Dave wants to get married some time?"

"Things could be adjusted somehow when that time came."

"What makes you think that your mother would be willing to have me come into her house?"

"Willing! Why, she looks forward to it."

That assertion mollified Nora. "Does she truly? Of course that would make it better. If she liked me a lot, and would always let me do just as I pleased—"

"She would."

"Do you think so? Of course I really wouldn't mind, Jerry,—at least not very much. I only thought it would be nicer if we could be just our own two little selves."

Encouraged by the successful termination of this skirmish, Jerry pressed for an assurance that Nora would marry him just as soon as the departure of Kate and Peter and Betty made him free to get married. She asked how soon that would be; and bearing in mind what Kate had told him, he gave her an approximate date.

"Oh, no, I think I'd better not promise," Nora said. "After what happened before, I think it's bad luck for me to make a definite promise of that kind."

"But there isn't anybody else now that—that you could make such a mistake with?" Jerry asked suspiciously.

"You silly boy!" Nora covered her confusion and her blushes by embracing him and letting him kiss her as long as he would.

The truth was, she had Patrick Maguire very much on her mind. Maguire's consternation over having been unable to contribute in any way to Dave's release had been quite appealing. He took her out in his automobile and gave vent most plaintively to his disappointment.

"Not that I begraudge your brother his freedom a bit earlier than what we expected," he said. "But I was looking forward to having a hand in it. I was hoping to make you feel a little grateful to me, Nora. I was hoping it would be the means of making you care for me a bit more than you do now. And now he's out, and I feel that the little hold I had on you is clean gone, and you may be ready to chuck me now at any minute."

"You wouldn't think I was being nice to you just till you should help me to get Dave out!" said Nora. "Why, I can't help liking anybody that shows me he likes me."

"Liking's not the word I want to hear, and no more is it the word I'm for using to you," Maguire replied. "I've got to keep on till you feel more than that about me."

"But if I can never feel more than that about you?"

"Then till you're willing to marry me on liking alone."

"If I did that, you wouldn't be happy."

"Not so happy as I'd be if you went the whole hog with me. But I'd be good to you and proud of you, and I guess, when you found I wasn't a bad sort of a husband, you'd feel you could make me a pretty good sort of a wife. I'd be willing to take you on those terms. I wouldn't feel it was much of a gamble."

"Wouldn't it be quite a gamble for me?"

"I don't see in what way. I don't drink, I ain't bad-tempered, and I'm well enough fixed. Seems to me the girl who takes me is getting a pretty sure thing. Not so many possibilities, maybe, as in a young chap that's handsome and got his way to make—and not so many chances for an upset, neither."

"Of course I know you've got influence and all that," said Nora. "But aren't there a good many people that think—that disapprove of you?"

"Sure. Surest thing you know. I've got enemies—plenty of 'em. Mostly among the respectable folks too. I guess my wife would be frozen out of the blue-blood circles. But say—it's quite a gamble you're taking if you're waiting to marry into one of them, Nora."

He smiled at her quizzically. He had stopped the car under an apple tree that overhung a country road; he couldn't be bothered with the steering-wheel during such a serious conversation as this.

"I wasn't thinking of such people," Nora answered. "Just ordinary nice people. I was wondering what they think of you. You see, I've heard—"

"You mean, there's a lot of people that think I'm a grafter—a kind of high-grade crook. Well, I suppose that's a good deal a matter of opinion. I'll say this for myself; no one has ever pinned anything on me, and no one ever will. I've stowed away some money. How did I get it? By grabbing it pretty much wherever it was in sight—same as any business man. I used what knowledge and power I had to get me money. I had knowledge and power that were useful to public service corporations, and I've got all I could out of 'em. Just the way a public service corporation needs, we'll say, a banker to float it, and the banker takes it out of that corporation in return—which is the same as saying out of the public—according to his knowledge and power. The banker's graft is respectable, and mine ain't, but from my point of view there's no particular difference between 'em. Of course, that ain't the usual point of view, but it's mine."

Intricacies of finance it was impossible for Nora to understand, and she therefore did not urge him to be more explicit. But she did put to him a question that went straight to essentials.

"If all the things you've done could be proved against you, would they put you in prison?"

(To be continued.)

COLORS FOR SAILORS

Navy Blue Has for Centuries Been Worn by Sea-Goers.

The blue color so prominent in the uniforms of almost all marines is of hoary origin. Vegetius, in his fifth book on the military affairs of the Romans, traces the origin of this color to the Veneti, an ancient people dwelling near the coast of Biscay, and well versed in seamanship. It was cusomary among them to paint their outgoing ships as well as the masts and sails with a blue color; also their soldiers and sailors wore blue uniforms. According to our author, the Latin word "Venitus" which was both the name of the color and that of the people, points to its origin. From the Veneti the custom was adopted by the Romans. Thus the son of Pompeius, after defeating Caesar's fleet in a naval battle, wore the navy blue, although entitled to the purple. The Veneti were subdued by Caesar after a severe maritime war in 56 B. C.

"It's a good plan to put something by for a rainy day; a little sunshine, for instance."

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