Our Way—Not The Only Way.

It would really be pathetic, if it weren't so irritating, to consider how much people lose in this world by their refusal to learn. Really, the number of people who are perfectly satisfied with their own meagre knowledge, and most contemptuous of any effort to enlighten them, is amazing. Especially, if the person who offers to help is someone they've always knows. The average human being seems just naturally incapable of comprehending that a person with whom they have grown up may have learned something worth imparting, and from the days of Jesus, down to our own time, we find men and women saying,

"Whence hath this man this wisdom? Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary? And his brethren, James and Joses and Simon and Judas? And his sisters, are they not all with us? Whence then hath this man all these things?

So the masses close eyes and ears to things which might make life easier and better for them, fearing that by admitting they can still be taught they are confessing their inferiority. And, strange as it may seem, it is the most ignorant who refuse to learn, who think they have nothing to learn. And the wiser the person the more humble he becomes and the more willing to learn from everyone.

Rolling bandages in a Red Cross workroom the other day, two women, evidently old friends, were chatting.

"I was up half the night with Billy," yawned one, the fat red-faced one. His temperature ran up to 102, and this morning he's as cross as a bear. I don't see how it is your children never keep you up. They're always well," she added fretfully. "I can't see why a skinny little mite like you should have such strong children, and a big strong woman like me has puny ones."

"The skinny little mite" flushed and bit her lip. But she said pleasantly enough, "It does seem rather strange, doesn't it?"

"Strange," echoed her friend, "I should say it is. George and I were talking about it this morning. You and Jack don't either one look as well as we do, and look at your children. How do you do it?"

"You wouldn't do it if I told you," said the friend, considering critically a bandage she had just finished.

"If you mean high-priced specialist, I couldn't afford it," said the fat one.

"I don't mean doctors at all," said the little woman. "I haven't had a doctor in the house for two years, and the specialist never came after he opened my eyes to the sins of wrong feeding. It's all in the children's diet and regular habits, going to bed early and no exciting night movies."

"Well, I can't afford four quarts of milk a day at twelve cents a quart, why there's $3.50 a week right there for milk alone," said the sleepy mother. "And eggs for custards at present prices are out of the question."

"No," said the little one tartly, "But you can afford a couple of pounds of fifty-cent chocolates a week and movies for the four of you two or three nights a week, and sodas every day for Billy and Dot. You spend $3.50 a week for things that are a detriment to you all and then complain because the children are sick. I couldn't afford to do that." The name "skinny little mite" still rankled, it was plain.

"Oh, I suppose if we wanted to be tightwads like some folks and never take the kids to a show nor buy them a sundae we could support a creamery, too," flung back the "lady friend." And conversation languished.

I wanted to congratulate the little woman for her courage and common sense, but that last shot scared me out. So I could only muse on the queerness of human nature. Every paper we pick up is filled with the importance of properly feeding the children, every place one turns are helped suggestions from the clinics provided in the cities to the bales of free literature sent out by the government to rural readers. And yet hundreds of mothers are going on still, creating perverted appetites in infants, feeding chocolate candy to babies only a few months old, giving fried potatoes and salt pork to little children who should be having cereals and whole milk and eggs, and then complaining because the children are not well. And worst of all they scoff at the very things that would help them and back up their mistake with the argument that mother always fed the things they are giving.

Mother did, because she didn't know any better. The subject of correct feeding had not been touched upon when mother brought us up. And look at our disordered digestion and jangling nerves. Read the statistics of people dying of diseases caused almost entirely, doctors will tell you, from wrong habits of eating.

Let us get out of the idea of thinking our way is the only way. Let us be open minded and willing to be told. The woman next door may have something we don't. Let's learn it, even if she is "skinny." The government is asking us this year to save 100,000 children. We can do it if we are ready to learn.

Thrift Recipes.

Mock Duck.—¾ cup chopped walnuts, butternuts or beechnuts, 1 cup bread crumbs, 1 cup boiled rice, 2 hard boiled eggs, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 raw egg.

Goose Stuffing.—1 cup masher potato, ½ teaspoon each thyme and sage, salt and pepper, 4 apples, 4 onions. Cook the apples and onions and rub through a sieve. Add the potato and seasonings and mix well.

Chicken and Rice Scallop.—1 cup chicken, ½ cup boiled rice, ½ cup thin white sauce, 1 egg yolk, beaten, gravy, 1 egg white beaten very light, bread crumbs, bits of fat, salt and pepper. Mix chicken, rice, gravy, seasoning, and yolk of egg. Make white sauce. While hot add chicken mixture. Cool slightly, fold in white of egg, put into greased baking dish, cover with bread crumbs and bits of fat. Bake half an hour.

Blanquette of Chicken.—2 cups cold cooked chicken cut in cubes, 1 cup medium thick white sauce, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, yolks of 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk. Add the chicken to the white sauce and when well heated, add the yolks of eggs slightly beaten and diluted with milk. Cook two minutes. Then add parsley.

Squash Pudding.—1½ cups cooked and strained squash, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1-3 cup sugar, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups milk, grated rind half a lemon. Gradually add the milk to the strained squash, then the sugar, salt, seasoning, slightly beaten eggs, and grated lemon peel. Pour into a greased pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven until thickened like custard. Serve very cold.

Apple and Carrot Conserve.—Carrots, diced, 1 quart, tart apples, diced, 1 quart, oranges, sliced, 2, syrup, 2 cups, salt. Cook the carrots in sufficient water to cover them until they are tender: do not drain them. Add the other ingredients, and cook the mixture until it is clear.

THE WHITE METAL IN WAR.

Aluminum Will Take Place of Wood in the Days to Come.

Aluminum has found an immense number of uses in the great war. For the sake of lightness, it is largely employed in flying machines, to re-enforce the framework of the wings as well as for the bodies, and most particularly in the construction of the engines.

All sorts of camp equipments are made of this metal, from soup kettles to tent pins. The list is too long to recite. Each fighting man's mess kit is of aluminum—his meat can, his spoon, etc. His canteen is of the same material.

When he goes into the fight, his most important and effective weapon is commonly his hand grenade. It is loaded, very likely, with a powdered mixture of aluminum and potassium nitrate. Nothing could be more harmless than either separately, but when a detonator causes them to enter into sudden chemical combination, they furnish a frightful explosive.

Aluminum is in a way the most picturesque of all metals. Less than fifty years ago it was a curiosity of the laboratory. In 1886 it had a market value of $10 a pound. To-day the price is about 13 cents in Europe; in this country it is somewhat higher.

It is by far the most plentiful of all metals. Every clay bank is a mine of it. One cubic yard of ordinary clay contains about 800 pounds of aluminum.

Such being the case, one might be puzzled to know why aluminum at a few cents a pound is so dear. The reason is simply that chemical science up to date has been unable to discover a means whereby the metal can be cheaply separated from clay. At present the principal source is a mineral called "bauxite," found in scattered and limited deposits, which is a pure oxide of aluminum.

Some day the problem of separating aluminum from clay will be solved, and thereupon will be ushered in the aluminum age with a veritable revolution in the world's industrial affairs. The metal will to a great extent take the place of wood. There will be aluminum ships, aluminum bridges and aluminum furniture. Cities will be built of aluminum.

Largest Motor Vessel.

The British twin-screw Diesel-engined vessel Glenapp, which has just been built by a Glasgow shipyard, is according to the local press, the largest and most powerful motor vessel in the world. It is of 10,000 tons dead weight and has two sets of engines, constructed by Messrs. Harland and Wolff at their Glasgow works. These give a total horsepower of 6,600, which figures represent a very marked progress in this type of vessel.

The wise man will take the lowest room; but only the shirker will refuse to go up higher.

GREAT WAR PUTS BRITAIN FIRST

VICTOR IN INDUSTRIAL FIELD AS WELL AS IN BATTLE

British Industries Have of Necessity Developed During War Period—No Longer Dependent on Hun.

A remarkable story of how British industries formerly dependent for their life blood on Germany have under the stress of war's demands risen to a state of complete independence was told by Mr. Kellaway to the Industrial Reconstruction Council. We are now first in the world in almost every sphere of industrial effort, he said.

Beginning with raw materials, Mr. Kellaway showed that mica, absolutely essential to the electrical industry, was so controlled by Germany, although half the world's supply came from India, that when the war began the world's market was on the point of being transferred from London to Hamburg. But Indian mica can now be exported only to London, and the British electrical industry has taken the place Germany once held and is now the first in the world.

Ore for Tungsten.

Before the war the British Empire produced 40 per cent. of the wolfram ore from which tungsten (essential for high-speed steel and in metallic filaments) is made, but so successfully had Germany captured the trade that no British manufacturer was able to establish the industry in this country. To this position Germany owed her great superiority in munitions production in the earlier stages of the war. All that has been changed. We are now able to produce all the high-speed steel we need and to export at a reasonable price to our allies.

We used to depend entirely on Germany for potash, essential for fertilizers, dyes, drugs and glass production. Germany relied on her practical monopoly in Europe of natural deposits of potash to enable her to bargain for the recovery of her world markets. She will be disappointed. British enterprise and judicious Government assistance have taken that power from her.

"Sensational" Air Engines.

Machine-tool production looked like an almost insoluble problem at the beginning of the war, but so greatly has production increased that there is no reason why we should not become entirely independent of outside supplies.

The advance made in aircraft engines is "sensational." Engines not only have become more powerful, but their weight for 1-horse power has decreased to about one-third of what it was at the beginning of the war, and before long the power of the engine in horse power will be the same as its weight in pounds, i.e., 1 pound per horse power.

Our position in 1914 in regard to the production of magnetos was very grave, but, instead of one first producing 1,140 magnetos a year, as in 1914, we now have 14 firms producing 128,637 a year, and the quality is the highest in the world. It is lighter in weight and more reliable in service than the Bosch or the latest examples found in captured German aeroplanes. It is not only on the field that we have beaten the Boche.

We very nearly lost the war because we were almost entirely dependent on Germany and Austria for scientific and optical glass essential to success.

It is humiliating, but it is a fact that at the outbreak of the war a considerable part of our artillery was equipped with gun sights exclusively manufactured in Germany. Two British firms started making sights, but the position was exceedingly serious when the Ministry of Munitions was formed. Recently these two firms were producing 250 per week. The sight is a beautiful and delicate piece of work, and its production in such numbers and in a perfection which Germany never exceeded is a triumph for British skill.

Before the war three out of every four electric light bulbs in use in this country came from Germany or Austria. We are now manufacturing sufficient to meet our essential needs.

Home Again.

Over the sea our laddie will come,
For the battle is over and won;
And the boys who fought on the fields of France
Will lay aside pack and gun.

Oh, the sea has been changed since our laddie sailed,
And beneath it no longer hides
The menacing crew of the submarine
To destroy the ship as she rides.

Yes, our laddie has stood on the battle line,
Face to face with death and despair,
But the good hand of God was his strong defense,
In that flaming hell out there.

Over the sea our laddie will come
To his home and friends and kin;
So with tears and smiles and a throbbing heart
We'll wait 'till the ship comes in.

Faith will move mountains if backed up with sufficient work.

MYSTERY SHIPS TRAPPED U-BOATS

LURED UNDERSEA CRAFT TO DESTRUCTION

British Admiralty Reveals Some of the Exploits of a Fleet of Decoy Vessels.

One of the most exciting chapters of the war against U-boats is a series of accounts of notable engagements between British decoy ships and the submarines, made public by the British Admiralty. While the whole story of the part played by these decoy vessels, "mystery ships" or "Q" craft has not been revealed, it is evident that several of them were used to lure the undersea craft to destruction.

Some incidents in this campaign already have been made known, dealing chiefly with a few of the exploits of Commander Gordon Campbell as master of the decoy vessels; but others in which he and other captains participated now are available. That at least a small fleet was used in this work is evident from the fact that Campbell at different times appears as the master of the Farnborough, the Pargust, the Dunraven, and the Q-5. The Prize, another decoy ship, was commanded by Lieut. William E. Sanders, and the Stock Force by Lieut. Harold Auten.

Stories of the encounters between these ships and the U-boats are filled with deeds of heroism and instances in which the discipline of the British Navy was displayed under trying circumstances. For many months the decoy ships, heavily armed, but with their guns hidden behind false bulwarks, steamed zigzag courses in the seas which were the hunting grounds of the submarine.

In their character of lazy colliers or slow cargo craft they presented to the submarine commander an inviting object of attack, but once he was well within range of the British guns the false superstructure hiding the guns fell away and the helpless collier became suddenly transformed into a fighting craft, bent on destruction. It was dangerous work, requiring a high order of courage, for the submarine must be lured near before the guns could safely begin their work. Meantime the Hun frequently had sent his torpedo home, and the decoy ship was disabled, sometimes on fire and part of her crew wounded. In that condition the battle was fought and often the submarine destroyed.

Used "Panic Parties."

"Panic parties" was one of the ruses practiced by the decoy ship's commander to coax the submarine alongside. When the mystery ship was torpedoed these panic parties took to the boats, apparently abandoning their vessels, but always leaving on board another crew to man the guns and finish the submarie if it came near enough.

The first encounter mentioned by the Admiralty occurred in March, 1916, when the Farnborough, disguised as a collier, was attacked by a submarine. The "panic party" took to the boats and when the submarine closed in to about 800 yards the Farnborough opened fire on her. The U-boat submerged and the Farnborough passed over her, dropping depth bombs. The submarine reappeared standing almost on end. Five rounds were fired into her at point blank range and she went to the bottom of the sea.

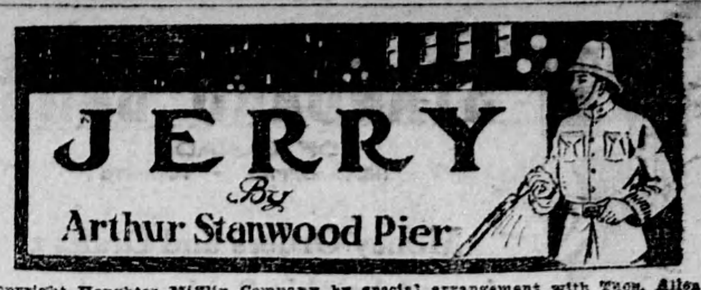
Prior to that action the Farnborough had cruised throughout the entire winter without being attacked. Within a month the Farnborough coaxed another submarine near enough to sink her by gunfire.

Commander Campbell later was transferred to the command of the Q-5, and in the following February, 1917, his vessel was torpedoed by a submarine, which eventually approached so near that a shot from the Farnborough beheaded the U-boat captain as he climbed out of the tower, the submarine was sunk, with her conning tower open and her crew pouring out. Destroyers towed the Q-5 in and beached her. For this exploit the Victoria Cross was awarded to Campbell.

The decoy ship Pargust, with Campbell in command, was torpedoed on June 7, 1917, when disguised as a British merchant vessel. The submarine came to within fifty yards of the Pargust, which then opened fire on her with all guns. The submarine crew poured out of the conning tower and held up their hands in token of surrender, but the U-boat steamed away trying to escape in the mist. The Pargust again opened fire on her, and sank her with one man clinging to her bow as she went down. The decoy vessel was towed back to port by America destroyers. Two Victoria Crosses were awarded for this successful action.

When baking molasses cookies turn pans unside down and bake on the bottom. It is easier to lay the cookies on and to take them off, and they never get a scorching.

The total amount of butter secured in Canada for the British Ministry of Food under the commandeering order was 6,508,768 pounds, according to a statement issued by the Alberta office of the Canada Food Board.



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CHAPTER XXXV.—(Cont'd.)

"No," he replied after considering a moment. "I don't believe so. You see, that's a thought I've always had in mind—to fix things so that nothing could be pinned on me. Of course, if anything was shown up, there would undoubtedly be some fellows that would be liable to a jail sentence; but I wouldn't be one of 'em."

"Oh, that's the worst thing you could say about yourself!" Nora exclaimed. "If you're that sort of a man, I don't feel that I like you at all. A kind of a big spider drawing people into his web—getting other people into trouble and keeping clear of it yourself—"

"Say, hold on, Nora," protested Maguire in an aggrieved voice. "You don't understand. It's just like I was general of an army, see? I station my colonels and captains and lieutenants and so on, and I give 'em a plan of campaign—in which there's nothing necessarily criminal for anybody, you see. Then each one of them understands that he has a part to play, and at the proper time he has to deliver the goods. Well, the time comes, and the goods are delivered, and it's up to each man how it's done. I may hear things that makes me think some men have broken the law to produce the results; but that was their lookout. Other men produce the results without breaking the law."

"It looks to me as if you were drawing a pretty fine line," Nora said disapprovingly. "Why do you go on doing that sort of thing? Aren't you rich enough?"

"Just about. I've had about enough. A man can get away with it and be prosperous for a certain number of years, just as I've done, but if a fellow stays at it too long, he'll overplay the game and the reformers will get him. Some of the men that have been working for me, I don't mind telling you, are a little too raw in their methods. I don't stand for that. I've been thinking I'd draw out before this coming mayoralty campaign; I have a hunch it would be the wise thing to do—not be mixed up in it at all. I can get along without the excitement of politics. I'd like to settle down and farm it in the country; and we might have our town house in the winter, and you'd get society that would be nice people who'd worked their way up in the world and got some education—not the blue-blood circles, but just about as good. I tell you what, Nora, I'd be just as nice to you as any husband would know how to be."

She avoided then, she avoided at other similar interviews, giving him a definite answer. She was pledged to Jerry, and vowed, in all likehood, to a life of poverty; but there was a pleasurable excitement in being confronted by the temptation to acquire sudden wealth.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

In the city the activities preliminary to a quadrennial municipal election had begun. Jerry's interest was aroused one day early in June when he read in the newspaper that Roger Trask had taken out Republican nomination papers for the office of District Attorney. His interest was intensified when it appeared that John Maxwell was hoping to be the candidate of the Democratic city machine for the mayoralty. There were contests for all the nominations; for two months within each party the rival candidates campaigned sharply; but after the September primaries each party boasted in the grandiloquent language peculiar to political campaigns that it would present to its opponent a united front. Trask won the Republican nomination for District Attorney; the Democrats named Maxwell as thier candidate for Mayor. Notwithstanding the Democratic professions of harmony, there was dissatisfaction even within the machine. The news that Patrick Maguire had resigned the presidency of the Ward Fourteen Maguire Club and announced his retirement from politics furnished a first-page sensation for all the local newspapers. They speculated variously upon its significance; and those hostile to the local Democratic machine were not convinced by his assertion that personal reasons alone governed his course and that he would enthusiastically support the entire Democratic ticket.

Whether Maguire supported it or not was a matter of little concern to Jerry; what did concern Jerry was the fact that the Chief of Police, Dolan, succeeded Maguire as the dictator of the local Democratic machine. The word was passed round that the police force must do everything possible to insure Maxwell's election and Trask's defeat. Jerry knew that padded voting-lists were being prepared; it was common gossip among the patrolmen that on election day "colonizers" in great numbers were to move from booth to booth and vote over and over again under the names of persons who were dead or had never lived. Jerry also heard it frequently said that the eagerness of the Democratic machine to raise funds was hardly second to its eagerness to win the election.

"It's a crime, the way they're shaking down the tenderloin," Sheehan said to him. "The Chief does it in person. Won't trust that graft to anybody else. Tells the poor devils this election is life or death to them, and they ought to be willing to pay high for the protection they'll have afterwards. He has no mercy on 'em at all, except that he tells 'em that when Maxwell is Mayor they'll soon get it back."

"I shouldn't think he'd have the nerve," was Jerry's comment.

"Well, nobody would dare to testify against him. He could break any man. Of course I only tell you what the fellows are saying under their breath; I'm not in the Chief's confidence. But I know there's an awful lot of money being coughed up by the underworld these days. And by the saloons and breweries. I bet there's a whole lot of it that doesn't go to what you might call the legitimate expenses of the campaign."

"Sure," said Jerry. "I don't suppose Dolan lets much that he collects get away from him."

In September Jerry took his bar examinations. Two weeks later he received word that he had passed. He was jubilant over it until he carried the news to Nora; she contrived after a while to make him feel that it was a rather empty achievement. She asked him what his plans were now; he had none, except that he meant to go to Mr. Trask for advice.

"Well," she said, "I hope he'll be able to do something for you: For if he won't and you refuse to let me ask Mr. Maguire to help you get a start, I don't see that you'll be much better off than you were before."

Jerry was silent: it really wasn't very nice of her to hark back to Maguire. It wasn't very nice of her to be so unenthusiastic over his accomplishment—a thing that might mean much to them both.

To tell the truth she was in a bad humor that evening; a trivial episode of the day, a thing that had indeed been a minor success on her part, had rasped her nerves. She was again at Bilbow and Slosson's, exploiting their fall styles; she had that morning put on for show purposes the most striking and becoming clothes that she had ever worn. Surveying herself in the mirror, from head to toe, she had been enraptured; "lovely" was the only word to describe what she saw. She had not believed she could look so beautiful. A vulgar rich woman had been enchanted, had literally bought the clothes off her back, defying the timid suggestions of the saleswoman. Nora saw her own glorious and proper setting made the permanent possession, the grotesquely unbecoming possession, of another. As she looked at the infatuated purchaser of the beautiful, inappropriate garments, she felt injured and disdainful. Was it for such results that she exercised her talent and made herself charming? How happy she could be if she could own such clothes instead of merely enticing other people to buy them! How hateful to see them bought by such unworthy people!

She could not explain all this to Jerry; he would have been unsympathetic. He was displeased with her anyway for resuming her work as model at Bilbow and Slosson's. She thought he ought instead to be congratulating her on her spirit; it was hard work, and if he had been generous enough to look at it from that point of view, she was earning money for him as well as for herself. For she was putting it all aside for their wedding.

"Oh, Jerry," she said breaking quite abruptly in upon his morose silence, "I do hope you'll get a start that will make you rich some day. Sometimes I don't feel as if I could be really happy in this world without being rich."

"I'm glad you put in 'sometimes.' If you always felt so, there would be no use in our even thinking about getting married."

"Perhaps we'd better not think about it." Her eyes flashed with sudden anger, and then as suddenly softened. "Oh, Jerry, what's the matter with us both? We didn't use to talk to each other like this. I don't mean to be snappish. But if you would only be cheerful and confident always, as you used to be,—if you'd say when I talk as I just did, 'Why, of course we're going to be rich,' whether you really thought so or not, it would help so much. I wouldn't mind a great deal if we never were, if you only made me feel always hopeful and expectant and seemed so yourself. That's the way you used to be."

"I'll try, Nora."

(To be continued.)

Mending Curtains.

When you mend the lace curtains paste tissue paper under the rents and stitch back and forth on the machine. This will fill in neatly and securely.

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