SARAH D. LOWRIE'S SATURDAY EVENING TALK

We Are Our Brothers' Keepers Whether We Want to Be or Not

YESTERDAY I saw the village constable wandering about my house looking for the door. Most of the doors being windows, he had quite a look! I let him take his time because, as he combines several trades with his business of constable, I supposed that he had come to sell shrubs and plants, or to talk up the lighting power of a new round-wick lamp, or to leave cards describing his home as a haven of rest for tired chauffeurs. It never occurred to me that he was visiting me as a constable, until he finally entered by the French window opposite my writing table and, after remarking on the heat of the afternoon and mopping his brow, he settled far back on a nearby sofa so that his short legs stuck out like a child's, and said apologetically:

"I'm here to serve papers on you on account of your choreman's debts."

He sighed at intervals as he talked and absent-mindedly excavated his nails, and seemed very forlorn, especially when I explained that I had ceased to employ the choreman, and had paid him off, so that his wages, so far as I was concerned, could not be diverted to pay his debts to the distant merchant in his home town who had sent so far afield to collect them.

"Well, anyway," the constable urged mildly, "you'll read this summonses, won't ye?"

I EXPLAINED that I felt unwilling to bother with it, whereupon he sighed again and drew out an old pair of spectacles.

"I guess I'll read it to you then," he remarked, and he spelled out a very legal document which ended abruptly with my name in full as somehow implicated with my casual employe's bad faith in the matter of groceries and household goods and clothing to the amount of $126.50.

And I found myself suddenly angry and indignant that my name should be coupled in any way with the man or his debts. The fact that I had employed him for less than a week and promptly paid him seemed scarcely to warrant the action of the general store dealer in a distant town in having a paper served on me.

I dare say some, if not all, of my indignation came out in my face and voice, for the constable shook his head and remarked that his was a sort of humiliating business at the best, even when things turned out right. He further urged that I wouldn't hold it against him, that he was fulfilling his sworn oath to enforce the law and nothing but the law when he took office.

We parted amicably with further conversation about his wife who had lately died and whom he opined drearily was maybe some easier where she was, since on earth she had suffered, as I knew, from asthma.

I showed him a shorter, cooler way to return to the village and condoled with him that all the present trip had netted him was the mileage at five cents a mile unless he could get the percentage on collecting the debt somehow from parties unknown. I thought that I had done with the affair when he vanished across the foot bridge, but I find that it rankled in my memory that that paper should have been served on me as part of the ordinary course of the law. I was averse to being "my brother's keeper" before the law, however I might acquiesce in it as a Christian duty in church.

In fact, I see only too plainly that I have never quite accepted the idea of being my brother's keeper in little, casual, distantly connected matters involving the faults of a mere stranger. Yet, theoretically at least, I have always known that we did nothing just for ourselves, and that every act involves other persons.

I REMEMBER that the first time this dawned upon me it was in the matter of a marriage. A girl confided to me her love affair—when I was a very young person and most romantic. She held and I hastened to agree with her that if she chose to marry a man who was too poor to support a wife, as her family thought she should be supported, it was her own affair. Those were her words: "It is my own affair if I choose to do without and live in a way that I have never been used to, while he is working his way up. It's my own affair!"

I thought it was, until the babies came and there wasn't enough to bring them into the world, let alone feed them as they came along. It was plainly then her family's affair to help support them, since there wasn't enough from her husband's earnings, and never could be, to successfully carry the burden. The family was not well off, and helping her meant a sacrifice to older persons who would have been better relieved of that money strain. What she had done as being her own affair was, in the end, a humiliating burden that she was forced to share with others, and the chief sufferers were the children who had to forgo some real necessities in their growing years.

THAT early experience in the fact of not living to yourself was an eye opener to me as to other matrimonial ventures worked out on the same principle, but it was not until the other day that I realized how closely we are related in the matter of family responsibilities. The present enthusiasm, for instance, for separate careers which so prevails among the young, the desire not to live at home, and the haphazard eating and lodging experiences that the "go-as-you-please," away from home existence involves, all sound so cut loose and independent. But that Bohemian, unsettled way of eating and sleeping and working plays an ugly trick on that ordinary life function that we call "the digestion," and the world wanderer turns up ill in mind and body one fine day, used up temporarily at least, and very much the home folk's business.

And it does not always stop there, there being a sort of endless chain of illness in the unwonted strain of a breakdown of one of a family. Some one has the care and the manipulation of that convalescence, even if much of the worry is taken off by good management. Some one has to bear the brunt of the illness besides the patient. The paying is not all done by the one who did the spending. Whether one intends it or not, one's brother is in a sense one's keeper. We run up debts that we cannot quite pay without help, debts of sickness, or unhappiness, or misfortune, or sheer fatigue. The mere being irritable because one is tired is making others pay, and pay very disagreeably for some excess we chose to indulge in without consideration of all the consequences.

Looking at it in that light, I am aware that the absurd and annoying summons for the debt of my late employe is only a caricature of what I myself am doing all the time, no doubt, bothering the merest strangers with my bad debts of temper, or nerves or mistaken judgment, or flash-in-the-pan opinions, or gossip or poor reasoning.

PERHAPS in all that He said about forgiveness—and our Lord said a very great deal at one time or another, both publicly and privately, it being a matter much on the minds of His disciples, evidently—perhaps His idea of forgiveness had more to do with these debts of selfishness and poor judgment and foolish use of one's body and mind which we run up, so unconscious of the havoc we are working in the lives of others.

Those are the debts of everyday living; if we do not forgive others by shouldering them in part they will leave us no excuse for the ones we run up on our own account which call for forbearance and anxious care and steady sharing, and affectionate sympathy without reproaches or "I told you so's" from our friends and casual companions.

There have been prisons where the floor space was so crowded that all the prisoners could not lie down or even sit down at the same time; some had to take turns in standing while others rested. Thank God, this world is not so crowded as that, but in a very real sense no one can live in it to himself. We suffer by the follies as well as by the sins of our neighbors. No one can break a law of health or a law of the spirit without jeopardizing those that are about him and those who will come after him.

For good or evil, whether we wish to or not we have to live, not for ourselves, but for others. In every act of life, we are our brothers' keepers, or they are ours. Whether we bring them more life, or deplete that life to pay our foolish or careless or evil debts—is ours to decide.

SARAH D. LOWRIE.

YOU'LL NEED THESE THREE ON YOUR TRIP

First a light, lacy frock to wear to the dance on Saturday evening

A bathing suit of canton crepe, the plainer the better, for 1922

An afternoon costume, which may be a suit with shirred collar and cuffs and big hat

Please Tell Me What to Do : By CYNTHIA

Letters to Cynthia's column must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be signed with the writer's name and address. The name will not be published if the writer does not wish it. Unsigned letters and letters written on both sides of the paper will not be answered. Writers who wish personal answers that can be given in the column will please look there; as personal letters are only written when absolutely necessary.

Would Elope

Dear Cynthia—I am a young man of twenty-two years, and have been going with a girl two years my junior for two years. My people are very much against this on account of a difference in religion. I love this girl and cannot give her up. She cares for me also, and we have becomeme engaged secretly.

My parents threaten to disown me if I marry her. I have tried to forget her, but I can't. I have a good position, and am in a position to marry this girl and make her happy. We have both decided to elope as we are of age.

Cynthia, we love each other, and can't live each other up. Don't you think my parents are selfish for standing in my way? They say mixed marriages never turn out happy.

BROKEN-HEARTED.

You are both of age and free to follow your hearts, but be very sure of what you are doing. Mixed marriages are seldom happy, and estrangement from one's family is always hard.

A Sensible Letter

Dear Cynthia—May I say a few words to "Sparrow"?

You poor, little thing! I certainly do feel sorry for you. Do you know what you are talking about?

First you say you would like to meet a girl who would refuse to kiss a fellow and then you go after them because they finally kiss you. Although I hate to be sarcastic, "Sparrow," I can't help but express my thoughts. Do you know that a real man would not ask a girl for a kiss "just to pass the time away"?

And a girl with any common sense or, in other words, decent, would not kiss a fellow unless she meant it, because she values her kisses and saves them for the man she really loves.

I can assure you that I would not kiss a fellow good-night, because I think kisses are not things to pass the time away with.

My dear "Sparrow," I hope you do not think I am an old maid, because I certainly am considered an "up-to-date" girl, but many other girls besides myself are greatly opposed to the good-night kisses.

SENSIBLE.

A Sad Little Story

Dear Cynthia—May I please tell you a story? Once upon a time there was a little girl who had all the faith and trust in human nature in the world. Perhaps she was somewhat of a little Puritan. However, whenever she discussed this faith she was always told she had only met one kind of men (the goody-goody kind). She had only gone out with them after she had known them for some time and her parents had become acquainted with them. She was, therefore, very anxious to see whether she was right or wrong, so when the first opportunity came along she grasped it. It was some one she met in business and the second time he called she accepted a dinner engagement. He was just as nice and proper as could be. She then accepted his invitation for an automobile ride. Then things started to happen. After they had ridden for a little while he started with putting his arm about her. She remonstrated, but he would not withdraw it. Then started a series of terrible kisses and hugs. The little girl was shocked, hurt, humiliated and demanded he take her home immediately. He did so, and he behaved fairly well the rest of the way. His only excuse was he could not help himself.

Being only nineteen, she was still unsatisfied and believed that after she had shown him how much she hated that sort of thing he would not attempt it again, and then it was sort of an adventure, so she accepted another engagement to ride. This time he was no better than the first. In fact, he lost his head entirely, though later on he apologized.

Little girl's faith in men is surely shaken. She had always dreamed of some day offering her lips to the one man, unsullied and heart pure. That dream is ended now, and she is thoroughly ashamed of herself, and her impulse is to run away and hide, but that is impossible.

Here is the sad part of it: Little girl finds the man so very interesting and nice at times that she values his friendship. Please do not misunderstand. She does not look upon him as a possible husband at all. She just likes to be with him because he is so interesting, quite a bit older, and young men bore her. Won't you please advise?

LITTLE GIRL.

The little girl is largely responsible for the happenings herself. She accepted his invitations on too short acquaintance and after he had proved himself undesirable, went again on a motor trip with him.

Because in response to her mistakes the man took advantage of the situation, she should not lose faith in human nature.

If the man is interesting and attractive and you wish to be friends, you should be able to make him understand how you feel about love-making unless engaged.

Would Have Lonesome Club

Dear Cynthia—I will be twenty-five years old the first day of September and on that day I will have been a resident of Philadelphia just seven months, having come from a small Southern town to take up a new position in a big city. And today I am as much a stranger, as wholly apart from the younger social life of the city, as I was the first week of my arrival. Early I took to reading your advice columns and, although I have never previously contributed thereto, they nevertheless have become my greatest means of communication or understanding with the rest of clean-living young Philly.

Dear Cynthia, will you not help me and many others—for I am sure there are many others right here within this big, cold city in the same plight if I knew only where to find them—will you not aid us to effect a meeting, a personal meeting, a sort of grand union, where all the lone wolves in this vast city forest of concrete walls may get together.

Personally, I have grown tired of walking alone, standing alone, sitting alone, taking in a movie or strolling through the park—alone, always alone—while from all around comes the ripple of merry laughter or the wild guffaws of a genuine gladness, born of the joys of a mutual companionship, something that I here have sought in vain. I have gone to churches, yes scores of them, and prayer meetings, too, but haven't gotten very far socially. A "glad to see you, young man, come again" greeting is about as far as one can advance unless he is possessed of that natural ability to break into a crowd and by the very strength of his conversational powers force his way into "the party." Of course, I know that if I were a good mixer socially I might have made friends long ago, but I am not. I am the only young man at the place where I work, so that social possibilities there are limited merely to generalities and business.

Now Philadelphia, I know, is all right and Philadelphians are fine, but they do not consider life from the stranger's point of view; they all have their friends and loved ones and imagine that everybody else has, too.

Dear Cynthia, I have made a proposition with the pastor of a local church, which is this: The pastor will form a Get-Together League for Strangers, where all those who find it hard to break into the city's social life may meet in one grand union. I have agreed to meet the opening financial obligations of same. The rest, dear Cynthia, depends on you. Will you give this league the support of your columns, without which no one will know of its existence? It will be a wonderful favor to many a lonely heart somewhere within the environs of this great city of mockingly silent walls.

Please, dear Cynthia, please don't fail to answer and please don't refuse. I shall look forward to your reply with decidedly more anxiety than you have any idea.

If you wish, put it up to the strangers through the medium of your columns. See just what they think of the proposition and tell me, dear Cynthia, just what you think of it yourself.

A LONE WOLF

The idea is a good one if the pastor is willing to assume the responsibility of introducing strangers to strangers. Let us hear what others think about it.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

After Thirty Years

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

I was reading the letter on "Is Marriage a Failure?" in the paper the other night when father, my sweetheart for thirty years, said: "Mother, dear, aren't you cold in that thin dress? Shall I get you a wrap?"

So no wonder I say marriage is not a failure. On the contrary, it's the most wonderful of all institutions. What is more worth while than the companionship and devotion of a good husband or good wife? And to have that devotion increased with the years! And to be blessed with children who think the earth would stop moving if it weren't for mother or dad. There is no greater happiness.

Of course, there are many matrimonial failures. There are so many selfish girls who are not willing to help their husbands work up the ladder, girls who will not sacrifice ease and comfort for children. And there are so many young men who lack ambition—men who crave extravagant pleasures and find no peace in the home.

When young people cast aside their foolish ideas of pleasure and learn to appreciate the really big things of life, that are so close to all, then there will be more happy marriages.

S. C.

Individuals at Fault

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

The institution of marriage is not a failure. It is the rock upon which this Nation is built. However, the individual cases all about us prove that there is something wrong—not with marriage, but with husbands and wives.

Girls earning good salaries, with no calls upon it except their personal needs, find themselves married to men whose incomes are not much more than what the girls formerly spent upon themselves—and out of this must come all household expenses.

Other girls marry with no real idea of what the husband's income is. This, of course, leads to complications and unhappiness.

Many a shipwrecked marriage could have been saved if it had been put upon a business basis, with the husband and wife as real partners. The man who puts his marriage on a business basis and makes his wife his partner, as well as his sweetheart, is going to have blessings untold.

E. C.

Antoinette Donnelly's Advice on Beauty

RITA—The eruptions you describe are often due to lack of surface circulation. The best remedy for this is a cold bath in the morning. If you cannot stand the cold plunge, you would do a lot toward remedying this roughness by letting cold water run over the affected part after a warm bath. Then rub vigorously with a Turkish towel.

EVELYN—I cannot tell you anything to make the nails grow. But I can tell you how to keep them from breaking off when using the machine. Naturally, you cannot wear them too long. Dip the nails in warm, sweet almond oil or olive oil and allow them to remain a couple of minutes every night. Or just apply a little cold cream under them at night.

FIFTEEN—No, my dear, I would not send you any reducing diets. At fifteen you need more food and at more frequent intervals than a grown woman, because you must supply the material for the growing process active in you and keep up the heat of your body with carbohydrates and fats. The diets are for your mother and her generation.

ELEANOR—There is a reason for dandruff. Invariably it is carelessness about brushing and shampooing. Few people who use the hair brush regularly every night for a few minutes and who wash the hair at intervals of two weeks, say, are so troubled. Brushing massages the scalp, sets the blood in circulation and distributes the oil throughout the hair. However, I have a little pamphlet on care of the hair I think you should have. In it is a formula for dandruff, in case yours is an exaggerated trouble and needs extra care.

A. S.—A girl eighteen, five feet in height, should weigh about 115. You are not overweight, for one must allow three or four pounds either way in these standard measurements for differences in weight of bones. I have exercises for reducing the bust, which you will find valuable. Please send me s. a. e.

The Wife Cheater

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Joan Stockbridge marries Norman Wayne in spite of many warnings from her friends. Norman is the kind of man who has never been known to care for one woman more than a few weeks at a time, and they have been married only four weeks when he attempts to deceive Joan about dining in town with Alice Wilson, a mutual friend. Joan fights against her jealousy, and is rewarded by a confession from Norman. When Alice attempts to make trouble Joan has the satisfaction of telling her that she has known about it from the beginning.

CHAPTER XI

The Country Club Dance

WOMEN are the strangest things.

After my talk with Alice, I felt happier than I had been in several days, but the night of the country club dance, in spite of the fact that I was entirely satisfied with my appearance, I found to my amazement that I was subconsciously watching Norman.

After his confession to me, a feeling of peace had swept over me. I was nearer to him than I had been even in the first few days of our marriage, because it seemed that I had passed an important milestone. But the minute Alice swept into the dressing room, and with an inimitable gesture flung off her coat, revealing the almost wicked loveliness of her scarlet and black beauty, I felt that my own dress of silver gauze looked insipid and schoolgirlish.

Alice did not look like a resident of Hilton. She was Parisian from the top of her sleek, dark head, to her slender feet in their black slippers with red heels.

In vain did I fight to regain my self-confidence. At home when I had viewed myself in the glass, I had seemed ethereal, fairy-like. My gauzy gown seemed fairly to float around me, and my blue-gray eyes looked misty and remotely mysterious.

When I had come down the stairs Norman had risen to meet me, and his eyes had darkened with quick feeling.

"You look like a goddess," he had breathed. "I am almost afraid to touch you for fear you'll vanish into thin air."

But when I saw Alice the thought struck me with sudden force that goddesses are not to be feared. A man may want a goddess in his home, as guardian of his hearthstone, but the women to be feared are the warm-blooded, scarlet-lipped, very human types, like Alice. A man may hesitate before marrying such a woman, but he never fails to respond to a look from her eyes, or a touch from her fingers. And what an advantage Alice had over me in other ways. After two months of married life, I was an open book to Norman. In spite of the fact that I was sure of his love, sure that he honored me, I knew that he was not proof against the fascination of other women because of the mystery surrounding them.

When Alice and I, outwardly the best of friends, entered the ballroom together, I suffered a moment of intense agony. Norman's first look should have been for me. I wanted that look more than I had ever wanted anything else, because it stood for so much. But I was watching closely, and I saw Norman's eyes rest for a second on Alice. In that instant of time I saw his eyes flash, and I knew from the way Alice flung her head back on her shoulders that she had seen that look, and was aware of her power. It sickened me! It robbed me of all the pleasure I had looked forward to that evening, and when Norman came to me for the first dance I knew that it was not because he wanted to dance with me. He would have preferred Alice in his arms, but I was his wife, he owed the first dance to me, he was merely executing his duty as a husband, and although I kept my eyes turned resolutely away, I felt that over my head his look was following Alice around the room, and all his thoughts were of the time when he would hold her close against him. At that moment I was suddenly sorry that I had ever married Norman. Perhaps if I had held off, if I had kept myself remote and mysterious, he might have married Alice, and would now be pursuing me as the unattained. But even as the thought occurred to me, doubt leaped into my mind. Alice would never be the wife, she would never make the mistake of loving too much. She would be selfish, but alluring, she would take everything and give as little as possible, while I was the typical wife, willing and eager to sink my personality in my husband's, and to forget that there was such a thing as another man in the world.

Monday—The Serpent's Toils

Adventures With a Purse

GIRDLES of every description are displayed in the shops, and when on a hunt for them it is difficult to find the prettiest. I've been wanting something a bit different to wear with a white silk sports suit and have poked an inquisitive nose into all places selling girdles. And I really found something I had not seen before. Girdles made of pearl. Small rings fastened one to the other in bunches of perhaps six and then joined to another set by a flat piece of the pearl, perhaps an inch long. Lovely, lustrous shell-like. It was priced at $2.50.

At first it looked like a rainbow, but it was in reality a collection of silk ties to be worn with the Peter Pan blouses and dresses. A flaming scarlet, corn flower blue, golden yellow, not mere colors but such fascinating shades as to make one want to gather the entire display in one's arms and say to the girl "wrap 'em all up." They are fifty cents and an excellent quality silk.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1601 between the hours of 9 and 5

Things You'll Love to Make

What little tot will not be delighted with this BUNNY PLAY BONNET! Make any kind of a sun-bonnet of linen, linene or chambray. Trim it with a binding of checked material, and a band of the same. Cut two bunnies of plain black material. For the eye, applique circles of white with a small center circle cut away. The black circle showing through the white will give the effect of pupils. Stitch the nose, mouth and whiskers with white yarn. You can make the whiskers of pieces of the yarn caught together in the middle and stitched to the bunny's face. Sew one bunny to each side of the bonnet. Little sister will just love to play outdoors if she can don one of these cute BUNNY PLAY BONNETS.

FLORA.

Science Is Trying to Prove That Fairies Are "Really Truly"

If Such Creatures of the Imagination Are Subjected to Cold, Practical Common Sense, Where Will All Our Illusions Be?

AND now they're trying to prove things about fairies!

Two children in England lived near a woods, in which they used to play, and they told their parents that they played and danced there with fairies.

Then one day one of them begged for her father's camera to take a picture of their little friends.

The father developed the pictures himself, and to his astonishment he found slowly taking form on the sensitive surface of the paper the exquisite figures of the fairies dancing.

Later on another picture was taken, this time of a goblin, another playmate of the children.

The family showed the pictures to neighbors and the story was handed about.

Investigators got hold of the matter and it became generally known.

And now "they" are trying to prove it.

OF COURSE in the interest of the progress of the world and the defense or exposure, whichever it proves to be, of spiritualism, it is necessary to probe into everything of this kind which presents itself.

But it does seem such a shame to bring fairies down to the level of cold, practical investigation.

It does seem as if they, at least, might be left to the realm of imagination and fancy.

Why, if we find that there are really, truly fairies, we'll get so that we'll take them for granted just as we take horseless carriages and automobiles that fly like birds, and familiar voices coming out of instruments, and communication through miles of space without any visible means of transference.

To be sure, it was necessary for these two little girls to be together and to have what is called psychic powers in order to call the little sprites into sight.

But perhaps, if we can prove them, we'll produce the psychic power just as we have produced the gasoline, the propeller and the—well, whatever the wonderful devices are which are elementally responsible for the telephone and the radio.

Science is growing more useful and more marvelous every day—but where will it put all our illusions?

Ancient people believed that God hung a huge lamp in the sky for the daytime, and that it was put out at night.

And then they thought He went about lighting up all the little lanterns which were hung about the sky to give some light during the dark period.

Of course, now we know what really does happen and how—only I wonder if we ever will know it all?

We are very much advanced since those days of ignorance and childish faiths, but isn't that old illusion a pleasing one, a thoughtful, careful, faithful God going regularly about His plan of keeping the world sufficiently lighted for His mortals to see their way about?

TO "believe in fairies" is to retain some of the fanciful imagination and eager hope of childhood.

It isn't necessary to see them in order to "believe in" them.

Indeed, it isn't even necessary to believe that there are fairies in order to keep that power of make-believe, the let's pretend that fills up so many childhood hours.

What will happen to that power to make what is ain't and what ain't is if the scientists bring fairies into everyday life?

Aside from the possibility or impossibility of it all, do we want to have such dream-like, intangible, airy, thought-made playmates made substantial and practical?

The Woman's Exchange

A Remedy for Fleas

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Could you possibly tell me how to get rid of fleas? The cellar is full of them, and I fear I have some upstairs and down. I have used insect powder, but it seems to do no good. Could you kindly help me in any way? I have a little kitten. Does that draw them? I have sprayed lysol around also.

A CONSTANT READER.

First, you should wash the floors with strong soapsuds, thoroughly cleaning out the cracks of the boards. Then sprinkle the carpets and rugs with alum, either powdered or in a solution. Wash the kitten with a solution of two tablespoons of creolin to one quart of water. Beat often the rug or cushion that it sleeps on, hanging it in the sun.

Beauty Questions

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have tried the use of a great many powders, but find that they all make my nose appear scaly. I use vanishing cream before applying the powder, but it still makes it look the same. I use all the expensive powders. Is there anything I can use to prevent this scaly appearance? I wish to reduce and lose about ten pounds. How can I accomplish this?

"A DAILY READER."

Do not use vanishing cream on a dry skin, as it is made largely of soap and will make the skin drier. Rub a good cold cream on your nose before applying the powder.

Dieting and plenty of exercise will help you to reduce.

Ask at Your Church

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am twelve years old, in good health and a Catholic. I would like to join the Camp Fire Girls. Would you kindly print the place to call or phone to join?

MARY JANE.

Ask the rector of your church where you can join, as the Camp Fire Girls are largely connected with the churches, and I cannot find out here whether there is a branch in Gloucester.

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Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

Who Made the First Torpedo?

One of the interesting developments of the gyroscope is its application to the naval torpedo. With the use of the gyroscope the torpedo became a really effective weapon, for the gyroscope, when spun at high speed, furnishes the power to propel the torpedo after it is launched and to keep it steady.

The first use of the torpedo or mine dates back to 1535 and the early days of gunpowder, when Ghanibelli, an Italian engineer, built a small vessel carrying gunpowder to be exploded by clockwork mechanism. It was used to destroy a bridge across the Schelett, at Antwerp, and was partially successful.

Admiral Howard, an American naval officer, was the first to use a gyroscope in a torpedo in 1870. He produced a very successful torpedo which was universally adopted. He used a large gyro wheel, which, when spun at high speed, furnished the power by its own momentum to propel the torpedo after being launched and also stabilized it. Whitehead then used a small gyro, an application of the Obey gyroscopic gear, as a means to steer by. This was really the first successful automatic torpedo.

The theory of the gyroscope torpedo is that when the small gyro is spun at high speed it maintains its "fixity of plane," and if the torpedo, after being launched, deviates from its set course, valves are automatically operated by the gyro which control the rudder and bring the torpedo back to its correct course. The gyroscope is spun by air up to a very high speed just before the torpedo is launched and runs on its own momentum thereafter.

Monday—How Did Man Learn to Conquer the Animals?

Handkerchief Retainer

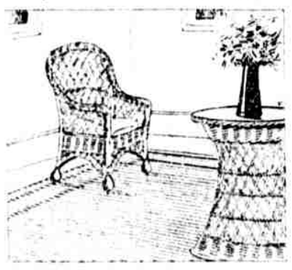
How many of us complain of the loss of our very best handkerchiefs? The laundry man invariably elects to withhold our choicest lace squares. An excellent way to be sure of their return is to baste the hankies on a long tape, two together, if so desired. Of course they will be returned unironed, but who would not be willing to press them out rather than run the risk of never seeing your most valued kerchiefs?

The Largest Tree

With a trunk six feet in diameter at the base and a spread of branches covering approximately 5000 square feet, a cherry tree in the Hood River district of Oregon is believed to be the largest tree of its kind in the world.

THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE

By Harold Donaldson Eberlein



The Use of Mattings

Woven grass and straw mattings, in the greatest variety of color, pattern and texture, are to be had for reasonable prices, and are particularly suitable for summer use. They come in breadths to be tacked down like carpets and also in the form of rugs and mats in any size or shape desired.

As the chief object in using mattings is to secure coolness, simplicity and ease of cleaning, it is best to choose for the house close-woven material of smooth texture that will not catch the dust. The coarser and rougher-textured mats are more suitable for use on verandas. In all cases cool, light colorings are to be preferred. The natural straw color, and a cool green along with it, are always satisfactory. On the other hand, browns and reddish tones may be all very well in some few places, but they never look cool and it is wiser to avoid them.

Likewise, avoid all fussy or heavy patterns or borders. They destroy the simplicity of effect and, owing to the nature of the material, can rarely be made interesting enough to be really a pleasure to the eye. Nothing is more restful and cleanly in summer than the plain, old-fashioned matting.

Monday—The Purpose of Furniture

An Apparition

Even the French Chamber of Deputies has its traditional ghost, which is known as the "Yellow Man." The apparition is rather shadowy, but has been described as a very tall, thin man whose face is curiously yellow. He is said to have appeared before the death of Gambetta, and also before the tragic end of President Carnot. The last appearance was shortly before the outbreak of the great war.

WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Decie

When a boy is permitted to eat hastily and noisily at the home table, when he talks with food in his mouth, uses a knife or a spoon in place of a fork, or sops gravy up with bread held in greasy fingers, as the young hopeful in the illustration is doing, how can it be expected that he will have better manners when he is invited to a friend's house, or when he grows up with all these disagreeable table manners firmly fixed?

Boys and girls should be taught to observe cleanly and ungreedy table manners at every meal. There are dainty ways of doing everything—even of "sopping-up" the gravy which all youngsters enjoy. The bread should be broken in a small portion at a time, into the gravy on the plate, and then it is easy to take up the moistened bread with the fork held in the right hand.