EVENING CAPITAL NEWS

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Power From the Air.

A SCIENTIST writing in the Contemporary Review raises the question why wind is not more generally used in this country as a motive power. Its use in some foreign lands, Holland in particular, is well known. The Hollanders grind their flour and operate all sorts of small machinery by wind-power. They have the advantage, to be sure, of fairly uniform breezes. But there are many parts of the United States where the air-currents are almost as dependable as Holland's, and where their utilization might go far to solve the fuel problem or supply the lack of water-power.

The windmill is, indeed, a familiar sight in most rural sections of the United States. But it is hardly ever used for any other purpose than pumping water, and its operation for that purpose usually takes only a small part of the time during which available winds are blowing.

As the writer suggests, it is quite feasible, generally speaking, to adapt such machinery to the purpose of supplying light and general power, and even heat. He tells of one wind-wheel 40 feet in diameter that has been in operation for a year, and in that time has saved 200 tons of coal and cost nothing for upkeep. Another enterprising citizen is planning to operate a bacon factory with a windmill from which he expects to get 200 horsepower.

The old objection that wind-power is not constant is no longer valid. It is shown that the power can be made constant, simply enough, by the use of a storage battery to take up the surplus power during periods of strong wind and release it as needed during calm periods.

The New Examinations.

VERY interesting to the average mind are the army tests which are now being made public, by which the "mental age" and special characteristics of a soldier were determined, as a means of helping to place him in work to which he was fitted. Some of the great colleges are now using these tests, and it is likely that their use in school and college life will become fairly general.

Any person of experience knows that the ordinary school examination is often a poor criterion by which to judge. A dull and inefficient pupil often stands well under the brief stimulus of an examination, while a brilliant and careful one goes to pieces under the strain. As a result there has been a tendency of late years away from the hard and fast decision of the old method. These more modern tests which show the speed of mental action about simple questions are more fair in many ways, and may be of infinite use where some form of mental test is necessary. But they should be thoroughly understood and handled only by people fitted by study to handle them, or they will in turn work greater unfairness than the old style test.

Grading the intelligence is a delicate bit of work, and can be of use only where the following work is carefully determined. In some school systems, for instance, children have been subjected to some form of the Binet test, stamped as mentally under age, and then instead of being placed under special instruction they have been allowed to drag along through the routine of the public school, falling behind others of their age, witsful, shamefaced little human beings, a menace to themselves and their companions.

There will be a tendancy to grasp at this new method of examination as solving all the shortcomings of the old system. As a matter of fact, these mental age tests are high explosives, and will work more destruction, ignorantly handled and without proper following education, than all the old exams ever could.

Rippling Rhymes

By WALT MASON (Copyright 1919)

HOUSE CLEANING.

House cleaning! Spring house cleaning! You'll soon be here again! Oh, words of frightful meaning to weary married men! For spring we keep imploring when winter's blasts are roaring, forgetful of the choring that is in order then. We think of sunshine glowing, through waving branches screened, on babbling brooklets flowing to oceans submarined; alas, we are forgetting the soapsuds and the wetting, the toiling and the sweating, in shacks that must be cleaned. We think of tuneful zephyrs from some bright summer sea, of sportive lambs and heifers that gambol on the lea; and we forget the mopping, the sloshing and the slopping, the cussing and the yawping of husbands tired, oh chee! The springtime is approaching, already she has smiled; the green grass is encroaching where late the snow was piled; but naught my gloom can sweeten; the rugs that must be beaten, cold beans that must be eaten—the prospect makes me wild! Fair spring will soon be strewing her flowers along the wold, her gems for mortals' viewing, the crimson and the gold; but I'll be packing pillows and beating rugs with willows 'mid suds in seething billows, while women stand and scold.

WE HAVE WITH US THIS EVENING

Princess Patricia recently related with much gusto the story of an amusing incident which occurred at a certain society function she attended.

It was what is called a "Book Tea," at which each lady guest is required to wear pinned to her dress something to represent the title of some fairly well-known book.

One lady, said Princess Patricia, puzzled everybody. She wore, pinned on her bodice, a photograph of her husband.

No one could guess the name of the book she intended the portrait to represent, but after they had all given it up, she told them: "Life's Handicap."

"Never mind," said the fat plumber, "I won't always be at this job."

"Going to retire?" quizzed the thin carpenter.

"Nope. I'm working on a new invention."

"Well!"

"It is a belt to conserve mental effort."

"Machinery of some kind?

"No; it is for people to wear when they eat."

"Huh!"

"You see, lots of people are so busy thinking of other things, they do not want to be bothered about keeping tabs on their eating."

"Indeed!"

"So I have invented a belt which tells by tension just when a man has eaten a certain amount, and he does not have to stop to bother his head about figuring up the amount."

WILSON THREATENS THE SENATE

(Chicago Tribune)

In his Boston speech President Wilson adds nothing to the history of the proposed league of nations. He tells not one word of his plans for the government of the world. In his appeals to the emotions, however, he is even more masterful than we have hitherto seen him.

He claims to be the representative of humanity. His methods must not be questioned. He must be followed blindly. That he has blind followers by thousands will not be denied. These blind followers he wishes to throw, like an army, against the judgment of the senate. The senate must follow him, not because it believes he is right, but because he threatens its individual members with political extinction if they dare to question in any degree his hidden plans.

We doubt that one American in a million has the faintest idea of what is proposed, exactly and precisely, in the league of nations document. Nevertheless many Americans in every thousand are urging, with a moral enthusiasm, that the United States senate adopt the document. We want to know what it will do to the United Staes, and that is what the senate is trying to find out.

Senator Weeks in his speech to the senate called it an obscure document. It is. President Wilson may be able to explain it. The senate may be able to modify and accept it without mortgaging the future of the United States and without compromising its prospects. It may have to reject it. It is a good thing for the United States that the senate has the backbone to stand up against emotionalism and ask for a showdown. That is one of the functions of the senate.

MR. BURLESON'S TELEPHONE FAILURE.

(New York World)

Substantial popular support will be given to the appeal of the National Association of Railway and Public Utilities Commissioners that the telegraphs and telephones be restored to their owners.

The question is not whether there was any justification for governmental seizure of these lines or whether there has been favoritism, as is charged, in the financial arrangements which the postoffice department has made with them. What chiefly concerns the people at this time is the matter of service That it is poor and growing poorer and that there is no prospect of improvement will be very generally admitted.

It has been charged that the department took over these lines with a definite purpose to establish national ownership, a plan which postmasters general of both parties have advocated for several years. If that was the aim experience has not demonstrated the wisdom of the enterprise.

Under private management the telephone in New York was efficient and trustworthy. In the hands of the postoffice department it has become in many cases an exasperating nuisance. Judging public operation by its own performances for six months past, it is a failure, and furthermore it furnishes the worst possible recommendation for Postmaster General Burleson's grand scheme of public ownership.

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT Being Mid-Victorian

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Winifred Black

THERE is no use, I have tried to conceal it as best I could, I am Mid-Victorian! I might as well admit my shame, and whisper—I glory in it. Mid-Victorian—that is all there is to it.

What is a Mid-Victorian?

I will tell you. It is the first cousin to the Bourgeois and own sister to the Reactionary. The Bourgeois you know is a person who saves his money and pays his debts and stays in love with his own wife. The Reactionary is a man who wants to run his own affairs in his own way without having some one appoint a commission to tell him how to do it.

The Mid-Victorian is a woman who believes that there is such a thing as faithful love and plain devotion to duty. The Mid-Victorian thinks that there is something in life besides self-indulgence and the wild orgy of the senses. The Mid-Victorian makes a promise and sticks to it even if it hurts. The Mid-Victorian believes in leaving her friend's husband alone just as she has a prejudice in favor of spending her own money instead of putting her hand into some one else's pocket and getting her funds that way

There, it's out, and I feel better, relieved of the hidden burden of the struggling soul.

I've found out just how utterly hopeless and Mid-Victorian I am, all at once, you see.

I have a friend and I have loved her for many years and she is sweet and kind and very pretty, and she has a good husband and two little children, and all at once she has found out that it is all wrong and all out of drawing.

Queer Lack of Understanding

The new man is an artist—that's where she gets the idea of things being "out of drawing."

Oh, yes, there is a new man, quite new. She met him at the War Work Bazaar last fall. He was in a tableau with her. She was Joan of Arc and he was the French King, and from that minute life has never been the same to my friend or to my friend's children or to her husband, or to me either, for that matter.

The French King was really a plain American, but he rather fancied himself as somebody in armor, and after that first tableau he kept having others, and my friend was Guinevere and he was Launcelot for the Belgian Relief, and she was Heloise and he was Abelard for the Armenian Fund, and he was Leander and she was Leander's Dear for the United War Workers' Campaign, and by and by they began to believe it all. Now she is going to run away with him and she came to tell me about it. She asked me if I would be nice to her husband when she was first gone so as to make it easier for him. And when I would not believe her at first and couldn't bear to hear about it she said I was a Mid-Victorian.

The "Too Late" Time

Now she is really gone and I could not do a thing about it. She thinks she is going to be happy ever after, and she doesn't see why she should not see her children whenever she wants to, and she cannot understand why her husband is bitter against her. It is nothing but ordinary, everyday jealousy, she said, and jealousy is so Bourgeois and so Reactionary and so hopelessly Mid-Victorian.

Poor, foolish, romantic, selfish, cruel, shallow-hearted creature, she has disgraced herself and broken the heart of a good man. But that is nothing to the fact that she has put a black cloud into the lives of two helpless, loving little children.

Some day she will realize it. Some day she will see what it is she has done, and then I'm afraid she'll wish she had never seen Launcelot, never heard of Abelard or Leander either. For I have a shrewd suspicion that Launcelot under all his fine phrasing and modern philosophy is a Bourgeois himself and will get just as tired of Guinevere as if he were a Mid-Victorian.

And when he does—but that will be too late.

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a girl of 17 years, and would like a little advice. I have been going around with a boy for a long time, but he only calls once in a while when he wants me to go to a dance with him.

I like him very much, so please advise me what to do.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP: Dear little girl, please don't say you are "going around" with a boy. You are too young to be "going around" with any one.

The boy must be interested in your dancing, and probably realizes that you are both too young to think of being sweethearts. Boys of his age, you know, do not have much money to spend on girls, and many times they are sensitive about it.

Anyway, my little friend, there's nothing you can do at all to make him call oftener. Be careful not to coax him, for boys hate to be nagged, and are apt to misunderstand your friendliness.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a girl of 17, and have a boy friend who is two years older. Not long ago he was flirting with another girl, which made me jealous, and after that I quarrelled with him. I love him very much, and I think he cares for me, and I would like to "make up." Can you suggest any means of doing so?

SORROWFUL ONE.

SORROWFUL ONE: If he were to act in the same manner again it would make you just as unhappy. If he has not asked you to become his wife you have no right to object to the attention he may pay another girl. Why not let the affair remain as it is. If he cares for you he will be willing to come and tell you so. In the mean time why not have other friends, both boys and girls?

Annie Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper, and will reply to them in these columns. Letters to Miss Laurie should be addressed to her, care this office.

ODD FACTS

By experiments on the digestibility of cheese it has been shown that much depends on the special physical characters of the food. All fat cheeses are said to be dissolved and digested with great rapidity, because the molecules of casein—the nitrogenous part of the cheese—are separated only by the fat, and so the gastric juice can attack a large surface of the cheese at one time. Whether the cheese be hard or soft does not appear to influence digestion, and there is no connection between the digestibility and the percentage of water present in the cheese.

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There appears to be some mystery about the origin of gold leaf. It is found, for example, in connection with the most ancient known mummies, having been used for covering teeth, tongue, skin, etc. Sometimes it is also found on the coffins. Gold leaf was also used on the tombs and monuments of ancient Egypt. The process of making gold leaf has thus been known since the eighth century, B. C. In the 11th century it seems to have attained as high a degree of perfection as today. The gold leaf on some ancient Grecian pottery, indeed, is as thin as that now used.

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Up till the present war almost 90 years had elapsed since hand-grenades had been used by British infantry against an enemy. In Stocqueler's "History of the British Army," published in 1871, it is said that they "were used for the last time" at the capture of Bhurtpore, in 1826, when they were placed in the hands of 10 soldiers of the 59th regiment. Curious to say, they were not loaded, for Gen. Jasper Nicolls, an old Peninsular officer, "had a theory that a grenade with a burning fuse had the same moral effect in frightening the enemy as a loaded one would have had, while the soldier who carried it incurred no risk from premature explosion."

Wild canaries were not yellow originally, but green or gray in color.

A sleigh used for coasting on Swiss mountain roads is equipped with both runners and wheels, either of which can be lowered to the ground by levers operated by its driver.

A monolith, in the shape of a pyramid cut from a 100-ton block of granite, one of the largest ever quarried in New England, is soon to be erected as a memorial to Mary Baker Eddy, founder of the Christian Science church, on the farm near Bow, N. H., where she was born in 1821.

MY SOLDIER HUSBAND

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW PHASE OF

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

What Mother Graham and Katie Had to Say to Each Other.

FORTUNATELY no emotion goes very deep with Katie, and she is easily distracted, otherwise I should have been at my wits end at her wailing outburst about the baby. But knowing her as I did I simply took her by the arm and gave her a little shake.

"No harm can come to the baby if we get back before Cousin Agatha arrives. But if you're going to waste time crying—"

I didn't need to finish my sentence. Katie took her hands from her face, where she had thrown them in characteristic fashion—Katie's first manifestation of grief invariably is to cover her face with her hands or her apron—dried her tears effectively with her sleeve, and seizing my hand, started on a dog trot in the direction of the house.

"We mustn't run, Katie!" I gasped, thankful that we were in a portion of the country street where only vacant lots bordered, and that no one was in sight. "If any one saw us they would be sure something was wrong, and speculate about it. If we walk fast we'll get there in time."

"I no think folks' talk, I just think babee," Katie muttered sullenly. But she changed her pace from a trot to a walk, and we soon reached the house.

"You Coom Too."

"Just a minute, Katie," I said before I opened the door. "I must tell you that I was going after you, because Mother Graham asked to have you come to see her. The baby is in the room with her Don't hint to her that there is anything wrong. Simply listen to whatever she has to say, and whatever you do—don't make her angry."

"I let her keeck me all round room if she say she like me coom back, take care dot babee," Katie replied with the little chuckle which I have heard so often from her when her ever-ready mirth is aroused. The little sound affected me strongly. I hadn't realized how much I had missed my volatile, faithful maid until this minute of welcoming her back into the house again.

Outside my mother-in-law's door Katie stopped.

"You no let dot old devil vemans feex leetel Dickeé-bird's bottle?" she demanded with an officiousness that I would have resented in any one else.

"No, Katie," I returned meekly. "I will take care of that. Come on in now."

But she hung back abashed.

"You coom, too," she whispered.

So I advanced to my mother-in-law's side, Katie lagging behind me.

Evidently Cousin Agatha had reached the last of whatever soothing drops she had been administering to the baby. For as we entered the room I saw Richard Second, fretful and whimpering, in his grandmother's arms, knew by the flush on her face, the strained, tired look in her eyes that she must have been trying to soothe him for some time.

Mother Graham's Query.

"He wakened just after you left," she said as we entered, "and he certainly has kept me going ever since. Ah, Katie, there you are, eh! Sit down. Margaret, will you take the baby away a little while now? I want to talk to Katie."

Katie put her hands together, pleadingly, with a gesture like that of a repentant child.

"Please," she said with trembling voice, "you let me spik someting first? I awful sorry I sooch bad girl last times I see you. Ven I get me mad dot way I not know vot I say. But if you just let me coom back take care dot babee I be just so good I know how."

My mother-in-law looked at her keenly.

"Perhaps I was hasty, too, Katie," she said, and I knew that she had uttered the acme of apology for her. "And now we don't need to talk at all, for this was what I wanted to speak to you about. How soon can you come back?"

"I here now," Katie said laconically. "Tonight, ven everyting feexed up I go me for my clothes."

"But your other place, Katie," I expostulated, "at the—"

Katie shot me a warning glance.

"Oh, dot factory!" she said with airy contempt. "Dey know I not cooming back ven I not show oop. I should vorry! Vot you vant me do first?"

"Get something decent to eat for supper," Dicky's mother replied petulantly. "Agatha used to be able to cook, but everything she fixes lately tastes like dried hay. And just as soon as you can manage it take over the baby's feeding bottles as you used to do."

"All right, I feex," and Katie whisked out of the door as if she had never been away from us.

Mother Graham drew a long breath.

"That takes a great weight off my mind," she said. "Katie's a regular chattering chimpanzee, and I'm perfectly sure that she'll drive me mad before a month, but she's devoted to the baby, and I'm worried about him when he's with Agatha. I don't understand her lately—sometimes I think her brains get more addled every day.

"Tell me, did you ever imagine that she had anything to do with the queer way Richard Second sleeps in the daytime and wakens at night?"

THREE MINUTE JOURNEYS

By Temple Manning

WHERE STRANGE AND INTERESTING SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT BEES STILL EXIST.

IT is only recently that men have come into a full scientific appreciation of the wonderful qualities of bees, but for thousands of years the bee has been a creature of wonder and of superstition to man. In ancient days it was thought that the bee had "an ear for music"—strange was the reasoning—because even then it was customary for their keepers to make a tremendous clatter when they were swarming to keep them at home.

Even in our own New England in other years—as well as in various parts of Europe—it was believed that bees would leave the hive on the death of a member of the family unless they were told about it. So to avoid this loss a maid or a friend of the family would knock on the hive and tell them of it.

In some parts of the civilized world today bees "are put into mourning" when a member of the family dies. That is, some one knocks on the hives and tells them of the death, and then drapes each hive with a strip of crepe. If this were not done the superstitious believe the bees would fly away.

Another interesting fact about bees is that so long ago as the days of ancient Egypt the good order exhibited by bees in their government of themselves was commemorated by Egyptian kings employing them as symbols of royalty. As such they appear in hieroglyphics that exist today. The same thought made bees the dominant decoration upon the mantles and flags of French kings, and little bees made of gold were buried in the tombs of some of the French kings.

Acquiring Bees in England.

Another superstition of old days still found in some sections of England is that which declares the beehives must be turned around when the funeral procession of a member of the owner's family passes them. If the hives aren't turned it is believed the bees will immediately swarm and leave their hives.

That bees and their habits which were for so long mysterious to men were eagerly discussed and studied is evidenced by a statement made in 1744. The effectiveness of beating pans when bees were swarming was under discussion. From the time of Pliny, who died in '79—that is, for more than 1600 years—it was believed, as has been said, that a noise would hold swarming bees to their hives. But there then rose a man who declared he really believed that the beating of warming pans, frying pans and kettles was of use merely to let the neighbors know a swarm was in the air and that the owner would claim it wherever found.

But forgotten as most of the superstitions about bees are now, there are some "useful superstitions" still living in some sections of Europe, and their memories are found in this country also. In some quarters of England it is considered unlucky to buy or to sell bees. If a farmer wishes to have a hive of bees he asks the owner to give him a hive, and in return he makes him a present of a fair equivalent in corn, oats, wheat or maybe a small pig or several chickens.

Another "useful superstition" is that stolen bees will not thrive, but will soon die.

KITCHEN ECONOMIES

By ISOBEL BRANDS
Of the Applecroft Experiment Station

Five Unusual and Delicious Ways to Serve Prunes and Raisins.

THE prune has become the symbol—thanks to the humorists—of plebeian cookery and boarding house desserts. But let's not regard it too scornfully, for prunes are really a much-needed article of diet. On account of their sugar content, prunes and raisins have a higher caloric value than most vegetables and other fruits, and they are therefore especially nutritious for children whose constant activity makes them demand sweets.

Stewed prunes may not appeal to the appetite, but if formed into a prune whip they are tempting as well as wholesome. Prune pie or prune patties are delicious, and prunes or raisins make an excellent cake filling.

Prune Filling for Layer Cake.

¾ cupful of cooked prunes
¼ cupful of boiling water
1 cupful of sugar
1 egg white
1 teaspoonful of vanilla
⅛ teaspoonful of cream of tartar

Boil the water and sugar until a drop forms a soft ball when tried in cold water. Then add the cream of tartar and the vanilla and beat, gradually adding the stiffly beaten white of egg and beating constantly until thick. Finally add the prunes, which have first been stoned and cut into small bits, and if desired the chopped meats from a few of the prune stones.

Prune Pie.

2 cupfuls of cooked prunes
½ cupful of sugar
1 tablespoonful of flour
½ orange rind, grated

Cut the stoned prunes into quarters and place on top of the pie crust. Sprinkle with the flour, sugar and orange rind grated together. Cover with top crust, brush lightly with milk, and bake for 30 minutes in a hot oven.

Cornstarch Prune Pudding.

1 cupful of prunes
3 cupfuls of water
½ cupful of sugar
1½ cupfuls of boiling water
½ cupful of cornstarch
1 lemon
Stick cinnamon

Soak the prunes in the cold water a few hours and then boil in the same water with the stick cinnamon until tender. Remove the pulp from the stones, mix with the prune juice, boiling water and sugar. Gradually mix the cornstarch and cold water into a smooth paste and then cook with the other ingredients for five minutes. Finally add the lemon juice, pour into a mould and set aside to get firm. Serve with cream.

Raisin Pie.

½ cupful of chopped raisins
1½ cupfuls of hot water
¼ cupful of vinegar
1 cupful of brown sugar
½ cupful of sifted breadcrumbs
2 tablespoonfuls of butter

Cook these ingredients together for 10 minutes, then set aside to cool. Cover the crust in pie plate and bake for 40 minutes. This may be finished with a meringue or a top crust as preferred.

Raisin Filling.

1 cupful of seeded raisins
½ cupful of chopped nuts
½ cupful of brown sugar
2 tablespoonfuls of water

Chop the raisins well and boil with the sugar and water for 10 minutes. Stir constantly, then set aside to cool and add the chopped nuts just before sufficiently cool. Then spread on cake.