

The Patriotism of Susan

By JANE OSBORN

Ever since fifteen years before, when the Yagers had the quaint old Dutch porch of their house on High street, in Tilton, turned into a full-fledged "front piazza," Horace Slocum had entertained a passion for Susan—hopeless, but never the less absorbing. For Horace was at that time simply a carpenter by the day for the builder who built that piazza, and though he had no mean idea of his own calling and had no very definite notion of the social superiority of the Yagers over the Slocums, still it was obviously impossible. Nothing could come of it. "Old Man Yager" had made what for that town was a fortune in the lending dry goods store, and Susan was his only heir. Moreover, she possessed radiant red hair, a delicate tip-tipped nose, a fair, rose-colored skin only the more dazzling for the contrast of a few freckles—and this embodied Horace Slocum's ideal of all that was femininely lovely.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

Under the stress of war even mothers of nursing babies have had to go to work in munition plants and other places in France, and probably the same thing less true in England, and even in our own country. It is said that during the first months of the war in France babies died at an alarming rate. This tended to destroy the morale of the civil population, which is so essential as an inspiration to the fighting men, and it also robbed France of needed future citizens.

The French government had already before the war taken steps to conserve its infants, but did not take up the matter of infant welfare extensively until the war came and the infant death rate suddenly and rapidly increased. To make up for the lack of home care, nurseries were established where scientific treatment could be given to babies and where the mothers could go at intervals during the day to nurse their babies, thus eliminating the risk of artificial feeding. The babies are cared for day and night, kept warm and clean, provided with fresh air and made generally comfortable. Mothers can nurse them during the night if the child's welfare requires it. This has worked out to the advantage of babies and mothers in wartime, and will be continued doubtless. In one community, where the mayor of a town was also a doctor, the death rate for babies was reduced to zero for ten years—there is no equally good record anywhere.

The Story of the Veil



The story of the veil—if it is confined to the fashionable veil—is rather brief at present, because only small face veils occupy the attention of the big majority of women. Of this particular kind of veil there are, however, many varieties which are worth the attention of women who appreciate how much a veil can do for the complexion—and the face. Besides, there are the small, floating veils which are worn with so much grace and prove so alluring on women who know how to "carry them off," and the veils for motoring. In addition to these one must not overlook some pleasing novelties that are occasionally seen on younger women and girls who like odd and striking things.

Reasons for Failure of Heating Systems

By J. D. HOFFMAN (From Paper Presented at the Meeting of the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers, in Buffalo, New York)

The time has come for a campaign of education for more satisfactory heating and ventilation in the homes of our country. Some means should be found through which to educate the public to demand and see that they get more satisfactory heat in their homes. Heretofore heating engineers have peacefully endeavored to fit their heating and ventilating system into ill-conceived and poorly constructed houses and have trusted to their ability as engineers to overcome the handicap imposed upon the systems by architects or constructors who knew little and cared less about the requirements of home comfort. Now that the stress of severe winter is approaching we may ask ourselves: What and how may the heating and ventilating engineers do to assist in laying the foundation of a more effective economy in the years just ahead?

One feature of house construction that reflects against the builder rather than the architect is the loose construction around the windows. The owner wishes free moving sash and the workmen give him everything he could desire in this regard. But how about the person who is expected to inhabit the room on a zero day when the wind is blowing a 20-mile velocity? I have caught snow in my hand at a distance of two feet from a tightly locked window in a house supposed to have better than ordinary construction. Window strips, metal weather strips and storm windows may be urged. Storm windows, top hung, give satisfactory insulation during the cold days and at the same time provide ventilating possibilities on moderate days.

Next, let us look at the chimney. Several points in common practice among architects tend toward inefficiency. The outside chimney, in spite of its possibilities toward exterior ornamentation, is not a good draft producer because of the chilling effect of the outside air. Another point, chargeable principally to the owner, is the low basement ceiling that reduces the pitch of the steam mains or warm-air leaders to a minimum. If the average householder realized the importance of extra pitch to the pipes in the basement, he would let loose of enough additional capital to guarantee a ceiling height of eight feet instead of six feet, as is so often found.

Mother's Cook Book

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could, some blunders have crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; you shall begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense.—Emerson.

Economical Dishes

A delicious Scotch broth may be made from the liquor in which boiled mutton was cooked. Remove the fat, add a finely cut turnip, carrot, onion and a stalk of celery. Cook until the vegetables are tender.

Cream Soup

Cut thin slices of bread as thin as shavings, put them with a small amount of butter in a saucepan and stir until well browned; add salt to taste and add boiling water enough to make the amount of soup needed, then add a cupful of boiling cream, and be sure that the soup is well salted. More cream may be added if a richer soup is desired.

Green Pea Custard

Rinse a can of green peas in cold water; save for a broth. Add the peas to a pint of milk, a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and two well-beaten eggs. Cook in individual cups in a pan of hot water until the custard is firm.

Cheese Croquettes

Cut into small dice one pound of American cheese. Have ready a cupful of hot white sauce; add to the cheese, the yolks of two well-beaten eggs, diluted with a little cream. Stir until well blended; season with salt.

"Gobs," Not "Jackies," and "Yanks," Not "Sammees," Are Names Our Fighters Prefer

A gob is a sailor, a man of the American navy, a bluejacket, and the term is self applied writes Samuel G. Blythe in Saturday Evening Post. It is the generic term for all men in the service, up to those who wear the gold on their sleeves; and even so, the sailors often speak of the austere commanding officer as the main gob. The use of it primarily is to show the sailor's detestation for the usual designation of them—jackies. Nothing rouses the ire of a sailor so quickly as to call him a jackie. He doesn't like it, and will not have it. No diminutive, as expressed by the "ie," for him. It doesn't fit either his own assumption of his manliness or with the fact of that manliness.

He is a big, broad-chested, browned, hairy, two-fisted person, and this speaking of him as a jackie with its implication of small boyishness is anathema to him. He is rough, tough stuff in a rough, tough game; a fighting man, a man who goes to sea in anything that comes along, from a dredger to a motor launch no bigger than a whale boat, withstands the perils of it, does the incalculable labor of it, has the clear-eyed courage of it, is ready to fight over, on top or under water, and does so fight, and he feels insulted to be called jackie as if he were a fair-haired, red-checked little fellow sailing a toy boat in a pond.

Jackie? Forget that jackie stuff. Where do you get it, anyhow? Gob, dot gaw you—gob! It is the same with the soldiers. Their resentment of the attempt to tack the Sammees on them is acrid and universal. They won't have it. And I don't blame them, having, as it happens, an acute personal interest in the matter. Now Samuel is a good sonorous Biblical name, and Sam is the virile contraction thereof, but this Sammees business gets on one's nerves. Hence our soldiers, scorning the Sammees appellation, call themselves Yanks, which is a good, masculine, soldierly term; thus the men in our navy call themselves gobs.

Food for Thought

You never can tell. The under dog sometimes deserves all he gets. Paradoxical as it may seem, many a fellow has a weakness for strong language. Foresight may be all right, but it won't keep a man from being stabbed in the back. The German army has evidently discovered that it is cheaper to move than to pay rent. The pessimist is always looking for the worst, and complains when he gets it.

Sneezing Superstitions Had No Connection With the "Flu."

In Scotland it has been maintained that idiots are incapable of sneezing, and the power to do so has been deemed evidence of the possession of a certain degree of intelligence. It was a Finnish belief that a sneeze during a conversation for a bargain proved that what you said was the truth. The Chinese believe that a sneeze on New Year's eve means bad luck through the coming year. The Japanese hold that one sneeze means that some one is praising you, two show blame, whereas, if you sneeze three times you are merely ill.—Exchange.

GOOD JOKES

Somewhat Annoying. "It makes me mad for my husband to talk in his sleep." "The poor man can't help it." "Maybe not, but it looks like an infirmation that I don't give him a chance at any other time."

At Last. "They say soap is gold" to be more expensive," said Mendering Mike, "I hope it is," replied Flooding Pete. "I've walked years for some half-way excuse fur not usin' it."

Evidently a Novice. "You told me you were an experienced waiter," said the restaurant manager. "How do you know I'm not?" "You said 'thank you' for a 25 cent tip."

U. S. Sets New High Mark For Its Foreign Commerce.

New high records for September foreign trade in both imports and exports were announced by the department of commerce. Imports were \$262,000,000, an increase of nearly \$20,000,000 over September, 1917, and exports \$550,000,000, an increase of about \$100,000,000. For the nine months ending September, 1918, imports were \$2,322,000,000, an increase of \$40,000,000, while exports for the nine months, valued at \$4,561,000,000, represented a slight decrease.

Stirrups

Stirrups were unknown to the ancients. Along the public roads there were placed stones to enable horsemen to mount. Stirrups were used to some extent in the fifth century, but were not common even so late as the twelfth. Horseshoeing is a very ancient art. It is represented on a coin of Tarentum of about 350 B. C.

The Ruby Ranks First

It is a popular error to suppose that the diamond is the most valuable of the precious stones. The relative value of the finer gems places the ruby at the head of the list; the diamond second, and following this, the sapphire. It is a very common occurrence to find a perfect diamond, but a perfect ruby is rare.

Wire's Long Stretch

While S. E. Wharton of Boston was traveling in Switzerland his attention was called to the longest unsupported telegraph wire he had ever seen. It crosses in one span the Lake of Wallenstadt, being fastened to two iron towers which are almost 8,000 feet apart. The line is made of steel and that section of it closest to the lake is more than 100 feet above the surface of the water.

Contrary Mineral

Coal is a contrary critter. Instead of expanding generously, like water, in freezing weather, it contracts shrinkingly. The sensitive coal pile springs at the first touch of winter and, with the mercury at zero, when every respectable commodity is frozen stiff, the costly coal pile melts away like Simple Simon's snowball before the fire.

Deceptions

"Didn't the late P. T. Barnum say the public likes to be humbugged?" "Yes. But he didn't mean the way the Prussians have tried to do it."

Plant Strength Will Force Stones Out of Their Place

One would scarcely associate great strength with so delicate and fragile a thing as maiden hair fern, yet if its roots have not sufficient room they will break the pot in which the plant grows. Blades of grass will force the curbstones between which they spring up out of their place. Indeed, plants are on record as having broken hard rocks. The island of Aldabra, to the northwest of Madagascar, is becoming smaller through the action of the mangroves that grow along the foot of the cliffs.

Clutch Your Coat

Panne velvet is a revival and adapts itself to the reversible cloak that depends upon draping for its graceful lines. Furs of all kinds are used either permanently attached to the cloak or to be adjusted when worn. The really chic Parisian never fastens her cloak, but clutches it together.

Knitted Hat Bands

An necessary of fashion that will gain in favor as autumn advances is the knitted hat band and ties adorned with various colored wool or silk flowers. This is, of course, a very old mode revived, for beautiful silk flowered work existed in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, and some very quaint effects in wool work are reminiscent of early Victorian days. The latter was, however, resuscitated with a new glory by a famous French genius about seven years ago, who managed to mix the most crude colors with daring success. He has, indeed, left us deeply indebted by his teachings.

French Nerve

A French balloon observer was attached to an American unit. For four days he went up in his bulky sausage and remained there unperturbed by whistling shells, directing the fire of American batteries. On the fifth day a German airplane dived from a low cloud with its machine gun going. The balloon dissolved in flame and smoke, and the observer took to his parachute.

Why He Was Worried

Carl J. Carter, prosecuting attorney for the Bartholomew and Decatur circuit court, who lives near Columbus, had just been explaining to his wife certain matters in his questionnaire, and that she would be required to swear to certain matters therein stated relative to dependencies. Donald, his six-year-old son, while on the way to the city in company with his mother, seemed to be in a rather worried state of mind, and was exceptionally quiet.

Love Your Work

The richest rewards come only when one can literally fall in love with one's work. If you are keenly interested in your daily efforts, your work is being done more satisfactorily. It is a labor of love. Every day is an enjoyable experience.

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