

EASTER UP

EVERYTHING OPENS

Seashore, Mountain, Park and Road



"Sorry - we're only got one hat left and I'm going to wear that myself."



Be careful not to miss anything



Egg-rog? Not even a swell!

THESE are the days when the tired business man lets business go hang for a few minutes in the afternoon to gaze dreamily out at blue skies and fleecy clouds framed by his office window.

In his mind's eye he sees a long stretch of sandy beach upon which white-crested waves break gently. Shapely young things in swimming suits disport themselves in the water or loll upon the beach. Pretty women, with a proper regard for their complexions, recline in awning-covered beach chairs. Children dig in the sand, fill buckets and make wondrous houses, castles, trenches and towers.

Beyond the stretch of sand the boardwalk looms. On the broad, plink promenade the rolling-chair procession never stops. Girls in summery dresses and youths in Summer flannel stroll there. Under the walk pater familias, his vast bulk clothed in a hired bathing suit made for a smaller man, snores the hours away, while his worthy wife, her new "Sunday" hat awry, nods drowsily. But ever and anon, she starts up to see that Johnny and Charlie and little Annie do not stray too far away.

Having dreamed of all this the tired business man pushes the button that summons Jimmy, the office boy. "Jimmy," he says, "run over to the railroad station and get me an armful of those beautiful folders that tell all about glorious days by the sunny

seas." Get 'em—even if they have poetry in 'em. I can enjoy almost anything today.

Jimmy returns with both arms full. "The man says y' kin have all the 'lita-chure y' wants," he informs the T. B. M. "But even this threat has no terrors. Spring is here and the call of Spring is in the blood. Last month the coal pile stared him in the face. Now he has let the heater fire go out. He looks out upon the world that is new and fresh and green. He clutches the folder and plunges into the mystic maze of words.

Present Wave of "Prolonged" Youth

ONCE, long ago, when I was very youthful, I created an erroneous impression in a friend's mind about a certain woman of our acquaintance, writes the observant woman.

The woman was then about 28 or 29. In my youthful callousness I thought that all youth had fled from her forever, and that because at the moment she had no prostrate suitor on the doormat, her chance for romance and happiness had faded forever.

"Oh, she's past her beaux," I exclaimed to my friend, who made inquiries about that subject so intensely interesting to all young girls.

My friend, a little older and a little longer-sighted than I, understood me to say, "pastor beaux," and spread the tale abroad that our acquaintance had a long string of clerical suitors.

This girl had always been the quiet wheel horse of her household. Men had never interested her. The loss of most of the family fortune obliged her to go to work. She had always been fond of gardening and had an extensive knowledge for an amateur. Now she took up horticulture as her occupation and started a small nursery for perennial plants.

Opportunities Limited.
Her opportunities to work in it were sometimes limited by household responsibilities. During the war extra labor was almost impossible to secure. The girl struggled on undaunted. Each

year she made larger profits. She extended her nursery as her business grew. She received orders from all over the country, and came in contact with all sorts of people.

She overcame her shyness and made normal and interesting friendships with several men, who shared the same tastes. She has reached her middle thirties, but she looks younger and prettier than her 26-year-old sister. She has learned how to dress and takes a keen interest in clothes.

In all probability she will marry a successful professional man who is about her own age and already looked upon as a leader in his community. A few years ago the girl would have been incapable of attracting this man. Her shyness and lack of confidence would have handicapped her in the prominent position in which she will be placed.

Hard-Won Success.
Now that the assurance of hard-won success is hers, she takes her place with ease in any sort of assembly. She can even deliver talks on her specialty, the cultivation and propagation of perennials, though she passed through hours of nervous agony before she first stepped on the platform.

At the end of her first lecture she found that her articulation had been indistinct and her voice had failed to carry. With infinite pains she had set herself to conquer her defects, with the result that she has developed one of

the pleasantest and clearest speaking voices that I know of. She added about 50 per cent to her attractiveness, and a fat sum to her yearly income.

So she struggled through one physical handicap after another, as she saw how it would help her professionally, quite unconscious of the effect it would have on her friends or her future.

Typical of Others.
This girl is typical of many others whose development has been checked or suppressed in their youth. In past centuries this latent bloom would never have been allowed them. They would have been repressed into dismal old maids, with fancywork and other people's duties to fill their lives. But in these enlightened days the quiet woman can look forward to the 30s and 40s as the prime of her life. If she wishes to marry she need not despair, as there are plenty of older attractive and eligible bachelors floating about.

The majority of these men do not want a sweet young thing, but somebody that will be a suitable companion, agreeable to their friends and manage a smoothly-run home.

This wave of prolonged youth has affected even the novelist. Sir Water Scott's heroines averaged between 16 and 18. His women were aged at 34. The authors of the middle Victorian era allowed them to creep up to 20, and there they stayed, until early in the present century they were allowed to mature till their early 20s, and occa-

sionally a fair lady was permitted to reject suitors until she had reached 25. Then, becoming worried over her prospects, she usually picked the nearest young man and embarked upon the course of true love.

Their Big Chance.
In a recent novel the heroine was actually 29 and the hero 42. The heroine was a most independent young woman and had no particular desire to marry. She accepted the hero notwithstanding out of pity to protect him from the demands of a most exacting family.

Last year was the matrimonial harvest for the "old girls," as their friends jocularly called them. Most of these women married as wisely and well as they would have in their 20s. Soon some daring novelist will make an at-



Why Mabel won't turn out for the Easter parade this afternoon

This Crater Still a Puzzle

THE so-called "crater" of Canyon Diablo, in Arizona, is still as much a mystery as it ever was, says an unidentified exchange. The supposition is that it was formed by the impact of a giant meteor. Perhaps the projectile was a comet. The crater is circular, three-quarters of a mile in diameter, and 200 feet deep, but if it was made by a meteor the latter was presumably a good bit smaller.

Strong support for the meteoric theory is given by the finding of thousands of fragments of meteoric iron, some of them weighing many pounds, in the immediate vicinity of the hole. Repeated attempts have been made to dig for the meteor. It should be a mass of metal (chiefly iron, presumably) big enough to be worth getting hold of—though, of course, its chief value would be as a curiosity of interest to science. One company organized for the purpose started to excavate at the crater's bottom, but its operations were brought to a pause by quicksand, which the machinery could not handle. Now another concern, calling itself the Crater Mining Company, is drilling with two powerful rigs on the inner edge of the hole. It is thought that the huge projectile from the sky may have struck at an angle to the vertical, and that consequently the mass may lie not directly below the crater's center, but off at one side. In some of the scattered meteoric fragments above mentioned were found tiny diamonds, which lend additional interest to the problem.

MYSTERY OF SEALS.

No one knows where the seals go in the winter. In Alaska they begin to appear on the islands of St. Paul and St. George about the end of April or the first of May, and toward the latter part of August or in the first weeks of September they disappear as strangely and mysteriously as they came. This is one of nature's secrets which she has kept most successfully hid from scientists as well as the prying eyes of the merely curious and inquisitive.

Even in the days, years ago, when the seals numbered five millions or more, apparently some signal unknown to man would be given and the next day the fog-wreathed rocks would be bare, the seals having deserted the islands. With their slipping off into Bering Sea, all trace of them was lost until their return the following Spring. Then some morning they would suddenly reappear, disporting themselves in the water or on the shore.

Smelting With Coal Dust

RICH as it is in metal, the form of magnetite known as "iron sand" has hitherto presented insuperable obstacles to the smelter, for the obvious reason that the finely divided ore blows out of the blast furnace.

By a new process, coal dust is intimately mixed with the sand that is gathered directly from the beach and, as described in Popular Mechanics, the granular compound thus obtained is placed in a baking furnace, kept at a temperature that turns the coal to coke. The result is a solid mass of "ferro-coke," a form of artificial iron ore especially suitable for the smelting operation. Placed in baskets, with a small addition of limestone flux and raw iron sand, this substance is then dumped into the blast furnace from an elevated platform, the mouth of the furnace being plugged with clay. At the proper moment, the clay is pierced, and the clean molten iron flows out into the molds. The pig iron so obtained is of such excellent quality that the finest and most intricate castings may be made from it.

