

Restless Rich Women Could Find Contentment in Helping Others

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

There's never a heart, how'er downcast,
However dreary and lone,
But hath some memory of the past
To love and call it its own.

Not to know contentment is one of the saddest plights



so much money that her every wish may be gratified is a doubtful blessing to many a woman. Many a wife of wealth does not know what a happy home life means.

The majority of rich women spend their time as they like and make no complaint if their husbands do likewise. If he is satisfied to spend three or four evenings a week at his different clubs, entertaining his coterie of congenial friends on his yacht or motoring trips for weeks at a time, she makes no demur. They are both in the mad pursuit of pleasure, if it takes them by different routes.

Whose fault is it? Even children do not bind them to the four walls of home. The boys are sent at an early age to preparatory schools and then to college, and girls likewise. Even their vacations they elect to spend with their girl or boy chums, explaining: "Why should we go home—father or mother is never there. One is in the mountains for the summer,

the other, who cannot endure mountain scenery, is at the seashore."

Few of the restless rich women set any tasks for themselves. Once in a while one hears of an Anne Morgan who is an exception to the rule, who sees to it that many a struggling working girl, too poor to afford a vacation, gets a few weeks' outing at her expense before planning where she will go herself. It was she who started the cult among the rich of making the lives of the working class happier, more worth the living. Some few followed in Anne Morgan's footsteps. The majority, soon wearied of making personal efforts to bring joy into lonely lives, contenting themselves by sending a check when it was impossible to evade it, to be used or not used for the purpose designated, it did not matter much to them. It was therefore left with the few to carry on the good work.

There would be less restlessness among rich women and more contented hearts if each one would set an allotted task for herself of bringing joy to at least one poor, deserving household, finding employment for a brave lad who could not find employment because of lack of influence, or keeping a sick mother whose starving brood, clung to her skirts, to tide over the cruel weeks of illness in her own home without having to break it up, her children placed in institutions to be gathered together again about her knee; perhaps never.

Restlessness would soon vanish if women would but make themselves as useful as ornamental in this great busy workaday world. To each one is given an allotted task. Those who shirk will be held accountable later on.

Greatest Telescope in World, Now Building, to Weigh Above 500 Tons

Several years ago the Canadian government decided that it wanted the largest telescope in the world, to be set up in the clear air of Vancouver for photographing thousands of stars that had never been photographed before—stars almost inconceivably distant. Light travels at the rate of about 186,000 miles a second; yet some of the starlight to be snared by the Vancouver instrument has been speeding through space for perhaps a million years since it left home, says a writer in the American Magazine.

Of course the job was given to Brashear. A gigantic parabolic mirror—the largest ever made in one piece—was cast in France. It weighed in the rough 4,000 pounds and was 73 inches in diameter. Nearly 400 pounds of glass had been taken from that lens when I saw it in Doctor Brashear's shop, where it is kept in an underground chamber, protected from all air currents. When it is completed and mounted, the telescope will weigh more than 500 tons.

An Individual Lifeboat.

"Carry your own lifeboat," is the motto of an Italian inventor, G. Piperno, who has visited England with what is probably the most ambitious lifesaving appliance on record.

When not in use the apparatus is packed into what looks like a man's suitcase, measuring 24 inches by 16 inches by 8 inches, and weighing 20 pounds. When disaster is imminent the passenger brings the suitcase on deck, breaks the seal, and the apparatus opens out and becomes a small boat.

If it is necessary to abandon the ship, the passenger steps into his private boat, closes the outer cover, and launches his craft by hurling himself overboard. Then, according to Mr. Piperno, the apparatus rights itself in the water, the top cover is thrown open, and the occupant finds himself sitting in an absolutely unshakable ship.

For Outdoor Wear.

Washable satin skirts are prettily finished by belts and folds of colored corduroy.

Some of the quiet, prim-looking little dress bodices are almost childlike in simplicity.

Among leather handbags favored colors are brown, blue, green, amethyst, gray and purple.

A well-cut, very simple suit of navy serge is given undeniable smartness by white braid bindings.

The military belt is fashionably made of suede, with strapings of black patent leather and a small buckle.

Some of the prettiest sports suits have coats of gray silk stockinet, trimmed with the same material as the skirt—striped Japanese crepe, heavy weight.

Get Rid of the Flies.

Flies are a menace to health as well as an extreme annoyance. They thrive and propagate themselves in filth. Therefore, clean up every place about the premises, especially manure piles, that might furnish a breeding spot.

EGYPT An Impression



THE SHEIKH'S TOMB

A CONSIDERABLE amount of nonsense has been written about the spell of Egypt. Cheapened by exaggeration, vulgarized by familiarity, it has become for many a picture post card spell, pinned against the mind like the posters at a railway terminus. The moment Alexandria is reached, this huge post card hangs across the heavens, blazing in an over-colored sunset, composed theatrically of temple, pyramid, palm trees by the shining Nile, and the inevitable Sphinx. And the monstrosity of it paralyzes the mind. Its strident shout deafens the imagination. Memory escapes with difficulty from the insistent, gross advertisement. The post card and the poster smother sight, writes Algernon Blackwood, in *Country Life*.

Behind this glare and glitter there hides, however, another delicate yet potent thing that is somehow nameless—not acknowledged by all, perhaps because so curiously elusive yet surely felt by all because it is so true; intensely vital, certainly, since it thus survives the suffocation of its vile exaggeration. For the ordinary tourist yields to it, and not alone the excavator and archeologist; the latter, indeed, who live long in the country, cease to be aware of it as an outside influence, having changed insensibly in thought and feeling till they have become it; it is in their blood. An effect is wrought subtly upon the mind that does not pass away. Having once "gone down into Egypt," you are never quite the same again. Certain values have curiously changed, perspective has altered, emotions have shifted their specific gravity, some attitude to life, in a word, been emphasized, and another, as it were, obliterated. The spell works underground, and, being not properly comprehensible, is nameless. Moreover, it is the casual visitor, unburdened by antiquarian and historical knowledge, who may best estimate its power—the tourist who knows merely what he has gleaned, for instance, from reading over Baedeker's general synopsis on the voyage. He is aware of this floating power everywhere, yet unable to fix it to a definite cause. It remains at large, evasive, singularly fascinating.

Creates Blur in the Mind.

All countries, of course, color thought and memory, and work a spell upon the imagination of any but the hopelessly inanimate. Greece, India, Japan, Ireland or the Channel Islands leave their mark and imprint—whence the educational value of travel-psychology—but from these the traveler brings back feelings and memories he can evoke at will and label. He returns from Egypt with a marvelous blur. All, in differing terms, report a similar thing. From the first few months in Egypt, saturated maybe with overmuch, the mind recalls with definiteness—nothing. There comes to his summons a colossal medley that half stupefies; vast reaches of yellow sand drenched in a sunlight that stings; dim, solemn aisles of granite silence; stupendous monoliths that stare unblinking at the sun; the shining river, lapping softly at the lips of a murderous desert; and an enormous night sky littered drowned in stars. A score of temples melt down into a single monster; the Nile spreads everywhere; great pyramids float across the sky like clouds; palms rustle in midair; and from caverned leagues of subterranean gloom there issues a roar of voices, thunderous yet muffled, that seem to utter the hieroglyphics of a forgotten tongue. The entire mental horizon, oddly lifted, brims with this procession of gigantic things, then empties again without a word of explanation, leaving a litter of big adjectives chasing one another chaotically—chief among them "mysterious," "unchanging," "formidable," "terrible." But the single, bigger memory that should link all these together intelligibly hides from sight the emotion too deep for specific recognition, too vast, somehow, for articulate recovery.

The Acropolis, the wonders of Japan and India, the mind can grasp—or think so; but this composite enormity of Ramessesum, Serapeum, Karnak, Cheops, Sphinx, with a hundred temples and a thousand miles of sand, it knows it cannot. The mind is a blank

Egypt, it seems, has faded. Memory certainly fails, and description wits. There seems nothing precisely to report, no interesting, clear, intelligible thing. "What did you see in Egypt? What did you like best? What impression did Egypt make upon you?" seem questions impossible to answer. Imagination flickers, stammers and goes out. Thought hesitates and stops. A little shudder, probably, makes itself felt. There is an important attempt to describe a temple or two, an expedition on donkeyback into the desert; but it sounds unreal, the language wrong, foolish, even affected. The dreadful post card rises like a wall. "Oh, I liked it all immensely. The delightful dry heat, you know—and one can always count upon the weather for picnics arranged ahead, and—" until the conversation can be changed to theaters or the crops at home.

Yet, behind the words, behind the post card, one is aware all the time of some huge, alluring thing, alive with a pagantry of ages, strangely brilliant, dignified, magnificent, appealing almost to tears—something that drifts past like a ghostly full-rigged vessel with crowded decks and sails painted in an underworld, and yet the whole too close before the eyes for proper sight. The spell has become operative! Having been warned to expect this, I personally, had yet remained skeptical—until I experienced the truth. . . . And it was undeniably disappointing. After time and money spent, one had apparently brought back so little.

Monstrous to Some.

For some, a rather dominant impression is undoubtedly "the monstrous." A splendor of awful dream, yet never quite of nightmare, stalks everywhere, suggesting an atmosphere of Khubla Khan. There is nothing lyrical. Even the silvery river, the slender palms, the fields of clover and barley and the acres of flashing poppies convey no lyrical sweetness, as elsewhere they might. All moves to a stately measure. Stern issues of life and death are in the air, and in the grandeur of the tombs and temples there is a solemnity of genuine awe that makes the blood run slow a little.

Those Theban hills, where the kings and queens lay buried, are forbidding to the point of discomfort almost. The listening silence in the grim Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, the intolerable glare of sunshine on the stones, the naked absence of any sign of animal or vegetable life, the slow approach to the secret hiding place where the mummy of a once powerful monarch lies ghostly now beneath the glitter of an electric light, the implacable desert, deadly with heat and distance on every side—this picture once seen, rather colors one's memory of the rest of Egypt with its somber and funereal character.

And with the great defile monoliths the effect is similar. Proportions and sheer size strike blow after blow upon the mind. Stupendous figures, shrouded to the eyes, shoulder their way slowly through the shifting sands, deathless themselves and half-appalling. Their attitudes and gestures express the hieroglyphic drawings come to life. Their towering heads, coiffed with zodiacal signs, or grotesque with animal or bird, bend down to watch you everywhere. There is no hurry in them; they move with the leisure of the moon, with the staidness of the sun, with the slow silence of the constellations. But they move. There is, between you and them, this effect of a screen, erected by the ages, yet that any moment may turn thin and let them through upon you. A hand of shadow, but with granite grip, may steal forth and draw you away into some region where they dwell among changeless symbols like themselves, a region vast, ancient and undifferentiated as the desert that has produced them. Their effect in the end is weird, difficult to describe, but real. Talk with a mind that has been steeped for years in their atmosphere and presence, and you will appreciate this odd reality.

The spell of Egypt is an other-worldly spell. Its vagueness, its elusiveness, its undeniable reality are ingredients, at any rate, in a total result whose detailed analysis lies hidden in mystery and silence—inscrutable.

Where Open-Minded People and Tight-Minded People Differ

By EVERETT DEAN MARTIN

There are just two kinds of people in the world, open-minded people and tight-minded people. Open-minded people are naturally born generous. They are tolerant. They are not easily scandalized. They do their own thinking, and they let others do the same. They are not afraid of names or party labels, and when it comes to a final test, they think more of a living human being than they do of an abstract idea. Their ideas are not like little hard wads of truth, but are streams of life, free and flowing. Somehow, open-minded people have a way of feeling that life is bigger and more reliable than our little human notions, and so they are not worried for fear the world is going to the dogs every time the spiritual atmosphere changes.

But tight-minded people do not feel quite at home in this universe. They go through life all cramped up and shivering, so to speak. They are afraid of everything strange. New ideas shock them. Naked truths embarrass them. They are such strangers to the great realities of life that they never recognize them walking around in new millinery. Tight-minded people are a little suspicious of progress; they always take their intellectual silverware to bed with them. They are afraid to trust reality in the dark. They also want to keep everything in this universe tied up in neat little bundles and stored away in handboxes. They are very "old-maidish" in their methods of mental housekeeping, never having given birth to any new ideas whose play upsets the perfect orderliness of their minds. Tight-minded people are like cookie cutters. They throw away all of life that does not come within their own little circle, and yet they call the frightful wastefulness "conservatism." Tight-mindedness is a kind of spiritual convulsion. It is a disease.

WASHINGTON PLAYERS ALL SWEAR BY WALTER JOHNSON

Star Hurler's Disposition Is as Valuable an Asset to Him as His Wonderful Pitching Arm.

With few exceptions star ball players bring about a condition on a team which proves detrimental to its success. Walter Johnson, however, is a player who differs from most stars in this respect. Were it left to a vote of the players he would be unanimously chosen as the most popular man on the team, and it's all because of the ideal disposition of the young man who holds the distinction of being the greatest pitcher in the game today.

Johnson's success has never affected his head. He is wearing the same sized hat today that he wore the eve-



Walter Johnson.

ning he reported from Weiser, Ind. He does not consider himself above obeying orders and never objects to anything he is told to do. But, best of all, Walter is loyal to his team and his teammates. He roots hard for the other pitchers, and has never been known to complain when errors have lost him a ball game.

Johnson's disposition is as valuable to him as that wonderful pitching arm, and there is never a time when every man on the team with him is not trying to do everything possible to help him win.

Taking Nitric Acid From Air.

All the explosives used in this world-war are formed from such apparently harmless bodies as cotton, glycerin, and tar products, by treating them with nitric acid, the strength of which has to be maintained by admixture with sulphuric acid. Until quite lately the nitric acid essential for the production of the explosives now in use could be made only by distilling such nitrates as those of potassium and sodium with sulphuric acid, and if we had still been dependent on this source, all the powers engaged in the present war would have been stalemated by want of explosives, so enormous has been the amount of acid used. During the last few years, however, methods have been discovered for making nitric acid from the air, and at the present time, wherever cheap water power can be obtained for the generating of electricity, the acid is being produced in sufficient quantities to make up the necessary amount.

POULTRY POINTERS

Too many beginners make the mistake of trying to raise four or five breeds or varieties of poultry. This is a serious mistake as very few experienced poultry men, let alone a beginner, can make a success of more than one breed. "One breed bred right" is better than two bred wrong. Buying eggs is a mighty cheap way of getting new blood. In many cases we can procure eggs from birds that simply couldn't be bought at all. In many cases, a single bird raised from a setting of eggs, is worth many times the cost of the entire setting.

Hens that are set during hot weather should be given a reasonably cool and comfortable place. If they are set where it is hot during the day or night they are likely to overheat the eggs and sometimes become so uncomfortable that they leave the nest.

Fowls and chicks that are kept in yards must have a good supply of tender, fresh green food every morning. Fresh cut young clover, fed while the dew is on, is good for this purpose.

Separate the growing cockerels from the pullets, and give the former an extra allowance of food, especially if you are growing them for market.

Great size of an abdominal pouch in a goose indicates great age, a fact that is useful in purchasing breeding stock.

Never try to keep a hen with chicks after she wants to wean them for if you do, she is likely to injure them and perhaps kill some.

A few guineas on every farm will eat a lot of bad bugs and grow into semigame for some epicure's table. They bring good prices.

There is no better way to aid the enemy than by allowing filth to abound. A lousy hen eventually becomes a diseased one.

No green food is better enjoyed than fresh lawn clippings, which are a treat to both old and young stock.

Dog Hero of the Trenches.

"We had a French soldier brought in frightfully wounded," says Dr. Mary Crawford, a Cornell graduate, who served in a French hospital, in the Cornell Women's Review. "One leg had to be amputated, and, besides that, he had a half-dozen other wounds. His dog came with him, a hunting dog of some kind. This dog had saved his master's life. They were in the trenches together when a shell burst in such a way as to collapse the whole trench. Every man in it was killed or buried in the collapse, and this dog dug until he got his master's face free so that he could breathe, and then he sat by him until some re-enforcements came and dug them all out. Everyone was dead but this man. Isn't that a beautiful little story? We have both dog and man with us. The dog has a little house all to himself in the court, and he has blankets and food and lots of petting, and every day he is allowed to be with his master for a little while."

An Original Club.

There exists in one of our great western cities a unique secret club—called by the members Get-Out and Get-On club. It was organized 17 years ago by 19 ambitious men who looked upon themselves as not yet having won success. Membership for 12 years has been limited to 50. The rules are what makes this club different. No member may call himself a success until the club votes him one, and when the club votes any member a success he is expelled and his place is filled by another. But before a success is expelled a dinner is given in his honor and to welcome the new member. At this dinner the success must read a paper explaining to his fellows how and why he won. These papers are preserved.—American Magazine.