

Mayflower Is to Sail This Year

Now One Will Cross Atlantic in the England-Holland-United States Celebration.

SHIP'S 300TH ANNIVERSARY

Plans Announced for Celebration in Honor of Pilgrim Fathers—Main American Events Will Be in Boston and Plymouth.

New York.—The three hundredth anniversary of the Pilgrim Fathers, tentative plans of which have just been announced here, will include celebrations in England, Holland and the United States, and will continue from May to December, 1920.

A four-day program in Leyden, Amsterdam and Rotterdam, whence the Pilgrims sailed three centuries ago to the American wilderness, where they might find "freedom to worship God," will start on August 30, when committees from the United States and England will be received at the University of Leyden.

Scholars Will Deliver Addresses. Addresses commemorative of the occasion will be delivered by scholars from the three countries, including the rector of the university, Dr. Rendel Harris of Manchester, England; Viscount Bryce, and a famous American who has not yet been designated.

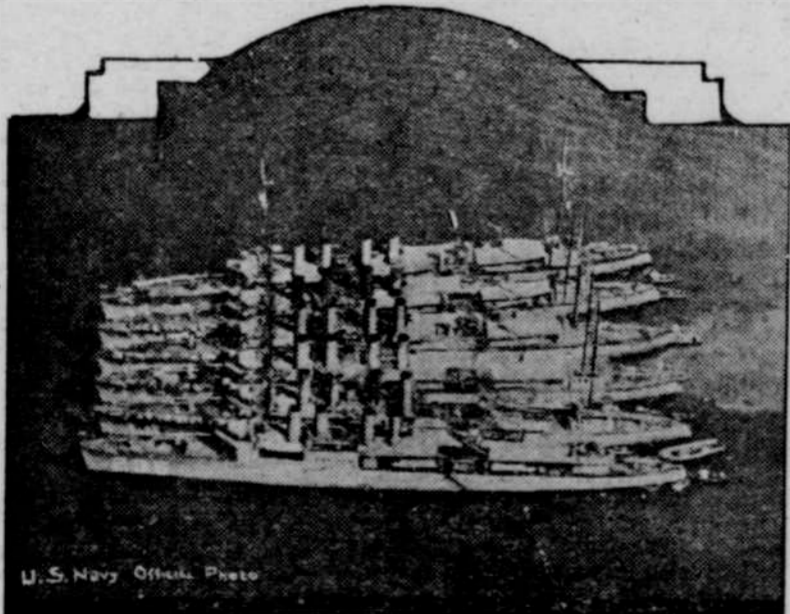
The next day, August 31, the birthday of the queen of the Netherlands, will include, besides a congress in the town hall, a religious memorial service in the Pieterskerk, in which Rev. John Robinson, who led the separatists from the Church of England (the Pilgrims) to Holland in 1609, was buried.

One of the features of the holiday at Amsterdam, September 1, will be a meeting in the Rijksmuseum, the unveiling of a memorial window in the Bagijnkerk and a reception. The next day there will be an aquatic pageant in Rotterdam, the visitors traveling in the morning from Leyden to Delftshaven if possible by boat along the way the Pilgrims went. Then there will be trips to the re-

Sight Fails As Artist Paints Heroic Nurse

London.—While engaged on a large picture dealing with the fate of Edith X. Cavell, Mr. Van Ruit, a veteran painter, discovered that his eyesight was failing. Oculists predicted that the painter, who is eighty years of age, would lose his sight in a few months. Nevertheless he persevered and added the last touches to his work on the anniversary of the armistice.

DESTROYER NEST ON THE PACIFIC COAST



"Hornets" of the new Pacific fleet, the swift destroyers, photographed from an airplane flying over them at anchor in San Diego harbor.

INDIAN PAINTINGS ON CLIFFS

Owner Offers Them to State or National Authorities to Include in Park.

Austin, Tex.—The most remarkable Indian paintings or photographs in the Southwest have been offered to state or national authorities, provided the cliffs upon which they are drawn are inclosed in a park and adequately guarded, according to J. E. Pearce, associate professor of anthropology of the University of Texas.

These paintings, which are owned by E. D. Sims of Paint Rock, are located along the banks of the Concho river near Paint Rock, upon every available surface for a half-mile. They are in deep red, with an occasional black figure or character.

All phases of the early tribes are represented. Mr. Pearce declares, and so much valuable historical material is included in these paintings that Mr. Pearce will have them copied in scale for a report to the Smithsonian Institution, for which he is doing research work.

Chimney Is Found Choked With Honey

Oriand, Cal.—A chimney of the W. E. Spence residence here, idle during the summer months, was found to be choked with honey when an attempt was made to start the first winter fire. Bees had chosen the spot as their home and had completely sealed the chimney top after storing pounds of honey.

religious havens of Rotterdam, a memorial service in the church at Delfshaven, and at 7 p. m. the English and American contingents will depart for Southampton.

The celebration in England will start in May, 1920, with meetings in Scrooby, the home of Robinson; Austerfield, Boston and Sheffield.

From August 4 to September 20 there will be ceremonies in Cambridge, London, Southampton and other places.

Soap Bubbles Kept Intact Whole Year

Scientific Society Gives Information on Sir James Dewar's Test.

ALWAYS MYSTERY TO SCIENCE

When Bubble Becomes Very Old It Offers Only Possible Example of the Molecule Visible to the Naked Eye.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Facts about the prodigious strength of soap bubbles, proved by experiments in which bubbles were kept intact for more than a year and subjected to all sorts of weight strains, were made public here for the first time by the Franklin Institute, one of the oldest scientific societies in the United States.

Coming on the heels of the announcement of Einstein's discoveries of the gravitational bending of light, the exploitation of the soap bubble is on the other end of the scale as to size, yet, according to scientists, is of tremendous importance to chemists, physicists and research workers in the strength of materials and essential elements. The man who made the experiment is universally recognized as one of the leading scientists in the world. He is Sir James Dewar, LL. D., D. Sc.,

Important to Chemists.

Remarkable Strength. This layer is so thin that Sir James estimates it would take one and one-third million like it, superimposed, to make an inch. Yet, when the soap bubble is permitted to mature in air that has been freed of its natural enemies, it is so strong that it will support drops of water many times its own weight before breaking. Sometimes a bubble is torn from its supporting ring by the weight before the molecules release their bulldog grip.

Old Letter Settles Case.

Wilmington, Del.—An age-worn, tattered letter and three words in the codicil of Jesse Chandler settled a long-pending case in the court of chancery recently when Chancellor Curtis issued an order that Samuel M. Harvey of West Chester, Pa., be paid \$14,500 from the estate. Harvey's wife, one of the 38 legatees he was suing, lost the suit, but will have a half share in the money awarded. Harvey had agreed with Jesse Chandler to buy 100 acres of farmland in Christiana Hundred for \$20,000. When Chandler died before the deal was completed he stipulated in his will that the farm should be sold for that amount to Harvey. Meanwhile the farm had been sold for \$34,500, and while the legatees contended that the entire amount should be divided, Harvey claimed that only \$20,000, or his agreed purchase price should be divided. The court upheld his contention.

Shin Bone for Her Spine.

Watertown, N. Y.—With a portion of her shinbone replacing what had previously been a disensed section of her spine, Miss Irene Hughes, eighteen years old, of Alexandria Bay, is on the road to recovery in the Sisters' hospital here.

BIRDS SHOW INCREASE

Beneficial Effects of Migratory Act Being Felt.

Waterfowl Have Been Breeding Rapidly Under Protection, the Bureau Declares.

Washington.—The beneficial effects of the migratory bird treaty act are beginning to be felt. The United States department of agriculture, through its bureau of biological survey, has conducted investigations of the breeding areas of ducks in North Dakota and Nebraska. Compared with former years, a gratifying increase of breeding waterfowl, particularly in North Dakota, is evident. The fifth annual series of counts of birds of all species breeding on selected areas in various parts of the United States contained a large proportion of reports showing increases in bird population. The total

number of reports received, however, was not large. Many of the persons who had formerly taken part in the annual bird counts were unable to find time for the work required by the fifth count.

"Many species of migratory birds," reports the chief of the bureau of biological survey, "have had a marked increase under the existing treaty act. Waterfowl formerly driven to the far North by spring shooting have remained in steadily increasing numbers to breed in localities where none had previously nested for many years."

Grasping Landlady Sentenced.

Budapest, Hungary.—Dr. Charlotte Szecsi, a physician, has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment because she refused to rent an apartment to a tenant unless he would buy her furniture for 100,000 crowns (nominally \$20,650). The action of the court is in line with the effort to provide housing for the over-crowded city.

culminating in the sailing of the new Mayflower, which will carry the returning American committee and British delegations who are to participate in the program on this side of the Atlantic.

Main events of the American celebration will be in Plymouth, Mass., and Boston, where historical pageants will be held, followed by a big reception in New York. Vice President Marshall is honorary chairman of the committee having the local program in charge.

The foreign visitors will then be taken on a tour of the United States. On November 24, 1920, there will be a universal observance of Thanksgiving day in England, Holland and the United States.

68,000 GIRLS MISSING IN YEAR

That United States Record Leads Travelers' Aid Society to Take Action.

New York.—Approximately 68,000 girls have disappeared or run away from their homes in the United States during the last year, according to a statement issued by the Travelers' Aid Society.

A special meeting of the society has been called to devise plans to meet the demands made by the great increase in runaways and helpless travelers. The meeting will be attended by officials of the transatlantic lines and representatives of Protestant, Catholic and Jewish social agencies.

F. R. S., Fullerton Professor of Chemistry, Royal Institution of Great Britain, and an honorary member of the Franklin Institute.

The soap bubble is a simple thing yet it has always been more or less a mystery to scientists. They consider it perhaps the best phenomenon existing for the study of the habits and idiosyncrasies of the molecule.

Scientists now claim, on the strength of the experiment made by Sir James Dewar, that when a soap bubble becomes very old, say in three or four days, it offers the only possible example of the molecule visible to the naked eye. Most parts of the bubble are estimated to consist of about one hundred layers of molecules. But by various methods of treatment, the bubble is induced to perform "stunts" until in black spots which appear it represents only a single layer of molecules.

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BELGIUM SKETCHES

Your Home and Theirs

By Katharine Eggleston Roberts.

I've never been in your home and, of course, I know there are no others just like it. Similar? Yes, but there's a difference, you know. Consequently, I'm not going to say anything more about your home; I'm going to talk of their homes and you may draw the comparison for yourself if you want to. There are three kinds of homes in Belgium, the one in the comparatively undestroyed city that the German tried to keep for himself; the home in the shelled and fired village, and the home in No Man's Land. Oh, yes, there are homes there. But wait, we cannot be omnipresent; we must visit one place at a time.

This city looks pretty well, doesn't it? A building once stood in place of those signboards, but, unless you look at the plaster hanging to the adjacent houses you would never know. Things have been cleaned up quite thoroughly since that happened at the beginning of the war. Except to a few people, those boards talk only of the things they advertise. There's the house to which we are going—that one where the painter is working on the door. Queer, isn't it, how all of the houses look alike here?—narrow, of white plaster with a sharp pointed roof.

This door is like all the other doors, too. It has the same sort of dents made by butts of German guns demanding entrance; the same kind of misfitting wooden letter slot to replace the copper one the Germans took; the same pattern of ugly iron door handle substituting for the old one of bronze. That is why the painter is hired, even if necessities must be sacrificed, to paint over that letter slot so that it won't speak so eloquently, to cover those shrieking scars, to hide the misery of the people behind the locked doors of their homes. So far you have seen only one side of the door—the outside. But the people are expecting us and we go into the drawing room. You must not notice that the doors have no knobs. They were brass and are now sojourning in Germany. Did you ever get a warmer welcome? I doubt it. As we sip our coffee there is so much laughter and joking that you scarcely notice the faded places on the wall where the now-despoiled family portraits and other valuable pictures hung. But though she laughs, Madame van Bree has not forgotten that her mattresses, her linen and her copper kitchen utensils are keeping company with doorknobs in Germany.



Work of the Men Who Wore Spiked Helmets.

We quit the city and, as we walk up the street of a fire-ravaged village, we wonder at the number of people hurrying about. Where do they live? For the most part only crumbling shells of houses line the roadway. But, swinging from the yawning doors of these wrecks, are signs which startle us. "Coffeur," "Cafe," and others. Through a hole in a front wall we step into a roofless building. After walking between heaps of debris we reach a little two-roomed home made from bricks that fell when the front of the house crashed in. There again we see the sign, "Cafe." Within, a tall woman in a white cap and blue apron bustles about the neat, bare room, preparing coffee and pouring beer for the customers. Over to the corner an old woman sits making lace. Her faded eyes are weary of seeing a world of chaos and they cling to the lace for solace. She can weave what pictures she wants into the lace.

As we wander through the village we find that almost everybody is living in a house that is at least half destroyed. But the people we meet chuckle and say, "You should have seen six months ago. This is really palatial now and we are fat compared to what we were then. Have you seen our dance platform?"

"Dances!" you gasp. "Do you have them here?"

We are shown the wooden floor in the cleared basement of a shattered factory. "We must dance and make merry. It is not good to be always sad.

One cannot work so well to recover," explains a youngster who was in army. But how can so many people live in such small homes? They can because they must. The more fortunate ones must make room for those who have not been left even the bricks of their walls.

And now we are reaching No Man's Land. Truly the name describes it. As we enter that desolate, deep-pitted waste, cluttered with splintered bayonets, broken guns and grinning skulls, we pass a tiny building made of odds and ends of sheetiron and on it the owner, who possesses a grim sense of humor, has painted "Tank Cafe—Beer, Wine and Ale Sold Here."

We make our way gingerly among the shells that lie about, for sometimes, you know, some of them are only camouflaging as duds and, when disturbed, voice their protest in a loud explosion. The mutilated, leafless gray trees look like ghosts. Often we find beneath them a few crosses and we



All That Was Left.

meet a man and woman who stop to look at each cross. Will they find the one they are seeking? The poppies that grow in the shell-holes are crimsoned with the blood that ran over Flanders—dream flowers, filled with the dreams of heroes sleeping where they grow.

But we must hurry. There in the distance you see a few mounds. They are houses newly erected by those who returned to find their town obliterated. But what queer things they are! Some are made of bags filled with hardened dirt. A man smiles as he sees your curiosity. "Bags of earth they brought for their dugouts," he explains. "We

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

MOTHER POLAR BEAR.

Mother Polar Bear was all alone and she was talking softly to herself. "Ah," she said, "in such a short time my two little baby bears will come to me. Either one or two will come along and I am waiting for them in this little snug den on the great ice covered water up north.

"I am away from the great world, away where no one can harm my babies, away from everything. But should anyone come near me I would defend my babies and look after them even if it cost me my life.

"I would try to save my life, of course, for I need it to look after my babies, but if that was impossible in order to save them I would save them first and then hope that they would be all right.

"We're a funny lot, we polar bears. We're wild and we are fierce and we are strong.

"In the summer we all live far from the coast and the shore. We're off where there is ice and weather as cold as there can be.

"In the spring we often take long swimming trips out to sea and along the coasts and in the winter we are near the coasts for we must be near food whenever the times become hard.

"They say it is wonderful that we can find food, no matter where we may be, or no matter how terribly hard a year it is.

"Sometimes we've been known to attack human beings in the winter time far up North where the ice was so thick and the food so thin.

"At least, I suppose you would call the food that when there wasn't much of it. But in the spring and in the summer and most of the time we can find food, for we're smart and clever and hard workers and lands and waters where there isn't so much food, will never discourage us.

"For years we have been able to live, and for years more we will live,



"It Means the Ice."

looking after ourselves and our own, and our tummies and the food we get. "How delicious a meal we do have often of perhaps seal or perhaps walrus. Both those are delicacies for any polar bear.

"And we can capture them. We are stronger and we are so clever and so wild and quick we can capture them and kill them and then eat them with relish and with joy.

"But while it is good to think of all the fine meals of walrus and seal I have had, and while it is good to know that there will be more of those meals, the joyful thought I have now is to know that before long my little cubs will arrive.

"And they will be quiet with their old mother while they are young and the winter is hard.

"But they will be strong enough when the spring comes to follow me along and jump right into the icy water after me and swim about in it.

"Sometimes they can jump in very, very young, but I will wait until the ice is breaking up into great packs and gigantic pieces.

"Spring to a polar bear doesn't mean warm weather and such things as buds and flowers and soft breezes; it means the ice sailing along in enormous pieces, floating down the rivers and down the coasts of the sea.

"But no one will harm my babies. No, a mother polar bear loves her little cubs and she will protect them with her own life. Nothing is so much to her as their lives.

"Ah, it is so wonderful to wait for them, and soon I will see the little dears, or the little dear as the case may be.

"And when I take them out into the great world I will be able to hold them safely between me and my forelegs when I'm swimming, if there is danger around and if anyone should shoot.

"For, if they were well out of the way by the time the bullet hit me they would be able to swim to safety before they could be captured.

"But I am a quick swimmer and they won't get me. No, old Mother Polar will be safe and so will her precious darlings.

"Ah, the winter," she said to herself, "the cold, cold, bitter winter, how I love it. For it is warm to me, warm to my mother's heart for the little cubs come to me then and they keep Mother Polar's heart so warm and so happy."