

World Developments are Bringing About Revolution in Public Education

By WILLIAM L. CHENERY

In the United States no national policy of education exists. If the man in the street were halted suddenly and his opinion were demanded, he would probably reply that education is very important. Then, after an embarrassing silence, the subject would be dismissed. Yet in no other country does education receive a greater emphasis.

Schools with us, however, are matters of local initiative. If the local board of education is wise, the schools will tend to be good. But the schools vary in every district. The state and the nation exercise relatively feeble control over education. Public opinion is more pervasive. There is a subconscious competition between localities, supported by the general feeling that "education is very important." That, however, is nearly as much as can be said.

Public education is, however, in the midst of a revolution. We have always known, or rather asserted, that the success of self-government depends on universal education. Now we are getting fresh emphasis on our creed from other sources. Russia, correspondents have said, is so busy learning that at intervals it seems to have no energy for doing. England, which appears to be getting its democracy less dramatically, but perhaps not less thoroughly, is having a new revival of learning.

Among the practical measures discussed in England, "first and foremost is the need for more teachers, and better, and for a substantial advance in the status and remuneration of what ought to be regarded as a single but highly differentiated pedagogical service, from the kindergarten mistress to the regius professor."

The nation must create better facilities for training teachers, and it should nationalize the system of private scholarships in order to increase the number of young people for whom higher education is feasible. Twenty-five thousand national scholarships are suggested as a beginning. The end and purpose of this would be to give a free choice of professions to all able and willing to take the training.

Large ideas, these, but they are at the basis of a genuinely democratic system of education.

Around the World.

Damascus, in Syria, is the oldest of all cities now existing.

They are agitating the question of digging a canal along the south shore of Long Island.

Wisconsin was a part successively of Indiana, Illinois and Michigan before it was made a state in 1848.

Keyless fire alarm boxes are replacing the old "break the glass and turn the key" style in New York.

If Alaska's erratic coast line was stretched out in a straight line it would be longer than the entire coast line of the remainder of the United States.

A five-ton electric cannon which may be fired without noise, smoke or powder has been invented by a Philadelphian. It is to be tried out at Norristown, Pa.

World's Largest Organ, in Great English Cathedral, Is to Have 10,567 Pipes.

The largest organ in the world is now being built for the new cathedral at Liverpool. It is the gift of Mrs. James Barrow of Waterloo, near Liverpool. Started in January, 1913, it was to take four years to complete. Says London Tid-Bits:

This organ will have five manuals, 167 speaking stops, and 215 draw stop knobs, and a total of 10,567 pipes. The action itself will be electro-pneumatic and tubular-pneumatic on the Willis system. The keys will be laid with heavy plates of ivory without surface joints and the key frames will be of ebony. The music desk, draw stop and pedal jambs of console will be made of rosewood and the pedal board will be made of teak. The four tremulants will be rather unique, inasmuch as the player will be able to regulate the rapidity of the vibrato at will by means of a pedal. The blowing will be done by seven separate installations, and each separate installation will be electrically blown, and the speed will be automatically controlled by the rise and fall of the main reservoir. The starting and stopping will be easily accomplished at the console by simply pressing three sets of push buttons.

Now, probably most people will think that the organ will be altogether too large, but when the size of the cathedral is taken into consideration, it will be readily seen that the organ will by no means be out of proportion. The total length of the cathedral is 60 feet, width across the main transepts 200 feet and the height from the floor to the apex of groining 115 feet.

Deserts Are Disappearing Before March of Progress.

At the present time there are many young Australians who are reaping good crops from areas which were marked on the maps as "deserts" when these young fellows went to school in Australia; in fact, some of the most prosperous districts were not long ago shown on the school maps as "deserts" or uninhabited spaces, but as settlement has pushed on, and the landseeker has had to go farther for his selection, these blanks have been filled with prosperous settlements.

Thriving towns are growing here and there, and, instead of being shown as "deserts," the school children in Australia are being taught the names of these agricultural towns. The same

thing applies to Australia as a whole. Maps get out of date rapidly on account of the changes being effected throughout the country. Active railway construction policies are assisting the settler, and before many years have passed spaces now uninhabited through being almost inaccessible will be shown as scenes of activity and prosperity.

GIVE CANNING A FAIR TRIAL

"Don't judge the success of canning by your first effort with whatever product you happen to find in market when you begin operations," says a statement just issued by the United States department of agriculture. "It is more than likely that if you were a beginner at canning you started with strawberries, the first fruit available. If you did you should realize that strawberries are one of the most difficult of all products to can satisfactorily. It is next to impossible, in fact, to can this fruit, as distinguished from preserving it (in which case a much larger proportion of sugar is used), so that its color, size, and texture will be preserved."

"It is normal, if ordinary canning practices are followed, to have strawberries shrink, turn more or less brown, and float to the top of the jars. The product is palatable, however, and will keep perfectly if the sterilization has been done properly."

"Don't feel, therefore, that your strawberry canning is a failure. Above all, don't become discouraged and fear that all your canning will be unsatisfactory. Practically every vegetable and fruit worth canning may be canned and kept in a condition fairly compar-

SOME SMILES

Preparedness.
Farmer Whiffletree was riding along in his wagon with an extra wheel strapped to the back of it.
"What's the idea?" asked another farmer who met him. "Imitating them automobile fellers?"
"Nope; anticipatin' 'em," was the reply.

Wild Oats.
Young Hardfax—But, dad, there can't be any real harm in sowing a few wild oats.
Old Hardfax—Mebbe not, 'cause if you're as much of a donkey as I think you are you can eat the crop.

The Cycle.
Mr. Gotrox—When I was your age I didn't have a dollar.
Cholly Gotrox—Well, dad, when I am your age I probably won't have a dollar.

Opposite Meeting.
"Are there any grounds for those reports?"
"There must be some ground since they are so much in the air."

A Tonic.
"There are two phonograph records missing, Bridget."
"Sure, the goat did eat 'em up today, Pat."
"Well, he wasn't feeling first rate; perhaps they'll tone him up a bit."

able in flavor and texture to the fresh product.

"Canned food will be needed next winter as it has never been needed before. Let your slogan be, therefore: 'Can all the food you can; dry the succulent foods which cannot be kept well otherwise.'"

"In canning, specialize on nutritious foods and concentrate to small bulk by cooking down all vegetables high in water content."

EPIGRYMHES:

I tried to write a funny verse about the present war; I tried to be facetious, tried to use mixed metaphor and coin some slangy phrases that would make us feel less blue, but say—the stuff I handed out would kill a kangaroo. For WHERE'S THE sense in running, like a COWARD, from the fact THAT Home's foundations, peace and love, WOULD straightway be attacked, if there existed many men who did NOT DARE TO FIGHT FOR what our country stands today—the Greatest Human Right! Of course it does no good to try to frown the hours away—to deprecate all pleasure and to hush the kids, at play; but when this war is mentioned, it seems infinitely small to talk in flippant terms, or e'en, perhaps, to talk at all except to plan how we can use our bodies, brawn and brain to serve Our Country in her war to win World Peace, again. Today the words of Scott apply: The Good, the Great, the Grand should permeate our every thought concerning SUCH A LAND!

Robert Russell.
"Where's the coward that would not dare to fight for such a land."
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In Midst of Destruction Conservation Is Achieved.

In the midst of monster destruction an enormous conservation is achieved. Only the dead are laid away. Nothing is "scrapped." They make lace out of cast-off shoes, redeem shattered guns, convert refuse fat into glycerin, replenish the flickering fires of life itself. War is not all waste, writes Isaac F. Marcossion in Everybody's Magazine.

And when this moving picture, more animated than any imagination play ever thrown upon cinema screen, has passed before you, you realize, even before a single shot is fired, that energy and organization of the highest order have been tested to a well-nigh incredible extent.

It dawned on you that war is work!

Pullin' Through.

Well, what's to come'll come, I guess—peace or war, the same; Ain't blamin' of nobody this side the time to blame.

An' for the high cost business, when prices come in view, The folks in my old settlement are great on pullin' through!

We've stemmed so many lightnin' storms that when one comes along An' blows things topsy-turvy, it doesn't turn us wrong.

We hold the road—we keep right on, with faith that's firm an' true; For folks in this here settlement are great on pullin' through.

We're not a-huntin' trouble, an' though no wings we wear We're good enough, I reckon, for our habitation here; Leastways, that's how we see it; Work done means work to do.

An' folks in this here settlement are great on pullin' through!

Atlanta Constitution.

Not That Kind.
"You see," said the professor, "the science of chemistry depends on the discovery of certain affinities—"

Literally So.
Flippant Friend—There's one rippling scene in your new play.
Pleased Author—Glad you liked it. Which one do you mean?
Flippant Friend—In the dressmaker's workroom, where they're pulling the gowns to pieces.

Dark-Outlook.
"Don't you think the Russian women are brave who have formed themselves into a regiment, and will have the same discipline and fight the same as the men?"

"Maybe so, but all that training and military knowledge are going to tell in Russian homes when the war is over."

Contrary Result.
"The new apartment house you see yonder cost its builder a round sum."
"It did?"
"And then was a flat failure."

In the Court.
"Now, my good woman, I will take up the subject of your dispute with your husband."
"But you can't take it up, your honor."
"Why can't I, madam?"
"It's the parlor carpet, sir."

SOLID COLORS RULE

New Mid-Season Hats Are Good Also for Early Fall.

War Has Had Effect of Developing Taste for Simple Millinery—Military Note Persists.

If you are investing in a midseason hat select a white hat, an all-black hat or an all-navy hat. Colors—that is, high colors and a mixture of colors—have been relegated largely to hats that are specifically for sports wear or are definitely of the "picture" hat type.

It may also be noted that tailored hats of satin or of taffeta are smart for midseason wear. In fact, in selecting a hat of this type its owner may assure herself that she is equipped for the early fall days, inasmuch as all-white tailored hats of satin and the clever



Tailored Hat of White Satin.

and almost uniformly becoming hats of white feathers will be popular this fall, says the Washington Star.

The war has had the effect of developing a taste for rather sensible millinery, and, according to the smart millinery shops, the very elaborate, ultra-dressy items of headgear have had a lamentable tendency this year to go begging for purchasers.

The military note in millinery persists, and one of the midseason novelties is a motorcap which is an exact counterpart in line and general coloring of the cap worn by General Joffre. A chin strap of black patent leather holds the vivid-hued headress in place.

A tailored hat of white satin is shown in the sketch. It has a flaring brim of stitched satin, with modified tam crown, finished with a soft band of grosgrain ribbon and metal loops or slides. The hat may be all white or a touch of color may be given in the band.

Plaid taffeta in gay colors is used sometimes to vivify hats of black satin, and polka-dotted trimmings appear on both black and white hats, but the one-tone chapeau is making a hard fight for first place in popular favor.

FALL FASHIONS COME EARLY

If One Would Keep Up With the Fashions, One Must Disregard the Calendar and the Climate.

It seems strange to speak of velvet in hot weather, but if one keeps up with the fashions one disregards the calendar and the climate.

A woman who went to buy a new straw hat on the first of June was shown a most attractive affair in felt and embroidery which she was told had just arrived for the autumn. The statement rather shocked her. She involuntarily felt that she was being shown last year's style when she insisted upon getting a straw hat, and the saleswoman regarded her as a person who was not abreast of the times.

The air is filled with the fashions of October, and the designers in the dressmaking houses are turning out very good-looking coat suits for the early September days.

The reason behind this extraordinary condition is that the entrance of America into the war and the economy cry which scared so many merchants impelled them to throw their goods on the bargain counters before women had really ordered their best summer frocks. And not knowing what else to do, they have turned to autumn fashions as a means of persuading women into renewed interest in clothes.

SIMPLE COIFFURE THE BEST

Too Many Business Women Appear at Offices With Hair Dressed in Grotesque Fashion, It Is Declared.

Too many business women appear at their offices with the hair dressed in a grotesque fashion. The use of puffs and curls in the coiffure of the business woman is a gross mistake, and one that should be discouraged. They are neither becoming nor appropriate in a business atmosphere.

How infinitely more charming is the woman who appears at her desk with her hair carefully combed in a becoming style and reflecting the appearance of health as the result of daily care.

There are any number of charming styles that might readily be adopted by the average woman.

Endeavor to dress the hair as simple and in as youthful a fashion as possible. The two go hand-in-hand.

It is well to remember this even when arranging the hair for evening occasions. The girl or woman who perpetuates youth will always be singled out as one of the charming members of her sex.

TO CARRY WRITING MATERIAL

Homemade Portfolio Solves Problem Confronting One Traveling With Limited Amount of Baggage.

Some persons determine not to write a line when they are away for the summer vacation. Others vow that during the holidays they will catch up on their correspondence or that they will be true to those behind and will send a line occasionally. Just how to carry the writing materials is sometimes a problem, especially when one is going away with a limited amount of baggage.

A homemade writing portfolio will solve the problem. So that it will be very practical select waterproof material for the folio. When the case is finished it should measure 6 by 18 inches. Allow sufficient material for the ends to be turned up to form pockets large enough to accommodate a writing tablet or writing paper of the standard size. Bind the tops of the pockets and on one side run a line of stitching from the top to the bottom of the pocket about two inches from one end. This will provide a place for pencil, fountain pen and a tube of ink tablets. The latter, by the way, are most valuable to the traveling person for they obviate the danger of spilling ink all over one's possessions. Attach snap fasteners to the ends of the folio so that its contents may be held secure.

SUMMER TOPCOAT IS USEFUL

Now Made to Wear With Sports Clothes or Over Nicer Frocks for Afternoon or Evening.

Summer topcoats are now made so they are good to wear with sports clothes and also to wear over the nice sort of dresses, such as net taffeta or lace, that are to be worn afternoons and evenings.

Wool jersey and also silk jersey are favorite sports materials. The colors are sometimes rather vivid. There is often a touch of fur or of marabou on these wraps—collars and cuffs that are very supple and of the less heavy summer furs.

These coats are made up in the regulation sweater coat style, either buttoned or slip-on, the slash in front being much longer than last season. There are occasional cape coat models in these materials.

In more elaborate afternoon and evening wraps satin remains the favorite material, oddly lined sometimes with wool jersey for warmth.

Satin coats are also lined with a slightly contrasting satin, as dull pastel blue with putty color or black with gray or dull green.

MADE IN AMERICA



This gown is of midnight blue charmeuse, with tunic of dentelle orientale lace and tulle. Trimming of silver ribbon and hand-made roses in soft pastel shades of blue and green. Designed in America and made of American materials.

Ribbon-Trimmed Bloomers.
Somewhat unusual are Italian silk bloomers of the regulation pink tone which are trimmed with Dresden ribbons about the knees and tied in little loops that suggest a sort of flat tassel. It is anticipated that the bloomers in pink, white and black will constitute a desirable part of the summer outfit, since they may be worn in place of the regulation pantaloons beneath the skirt of khaki, linen, serge or gabardine.

Brilliant Coat Linings.
Summer coats have gorgeous interiors. Even the plain, dark blue serge jacket that goes with a skirt to match is lined with geranium red linen, gayly figured Chinese crepe, rose pink pongee or China silk. Linen in every color is used for jackets of every length. The new velvet riding habit jackets in dark colors, which are considered smarter than sweaters, are also lined with colored linens.

THE BLESSED FOG

By ELENE LOEB.

It was Elsa's first visit to her brother since the death of his wife and his subsequent removal to a distant city. Slowly she walked up and down the length of the railway station waiting room, scrutinizing the face of each newcomer. Surely he had received the telegram advising him of her intended arrival, but for the twentieth time she glanced at the clock, which now audibly bore witness to the fact that she had waited exactly half an hour, and still there was no sign of Robert. Hailing a taxi, Elsa ordered the driver to take her to her brother's address.

The fog was hanging like a pall over the entire city. Vague, shadowy forms moved on the sidewalks to dissolve upon near approach, into men and women. The gongs of the trolley cars clanged incessantly. The taxi was creeping along at a snail's pace. At last he halted before a house, made sure of the number and held the taxi door open.

"Here you are, lady—number 450," Elsa mounted the steps and pressed the bell. A middle-aged woman, evidently the housekeeper, answered the summons.

"Is Mr. Wilson in?" Elsa inquired. "Mr. Wilson?" the woman echoed, and then after a slight pause, hardly perceptible to the waiting girl, "No, ma'am, he is out of town."

"Out of town? When did he go? Didn't he get my telegram? I'm his sister."

"I don't know anything about a telegram, ma'am. He went last night and won't be home before tomorrow evening. I think he said he would be home in time for dinner. But come right in, ma'am. The master often speaks of his sister."

Elsa was made comfortable for the night.

After breakfast she inspected the house with the housekeeper.

"Now, Mrs. Clark, I want flowers; lots of them. Red carnations, please; they are my brother's favorites. Then we'll plan tonight's dinner. And, oh, Mrs. Clark, I have an idea! As long as my brother doesn't know I'm here, let us make a surprise out of it. Yes! Don't say a word about me when he comes in, but the minute he sits down to the table extinguish the lights and relight them the minute you hear my voice."

Dressing herself carefully, she came downstairs just in time to hide behind the draperies as a key turned in the lock. Firm steps paused for a moment, then were heard going upstairs. When they came down again, Mrs. Clark hurried forward to greet her master.

As the man sat down, the dining room was suddenly plunged into darkness, but before he could utter an exclamation there was the light swishing of feminine wear just as a little soft hand was pressed firmly over his eyes and a pair of exquisite lips met his in a hearty kiss. Then a disguised voice called out: "Now, sir, guess who I am!"

At that moment the lights were switched on and fell full on the decidedly blonde head of the man. Instantly the girl's hand dropped to her side and she started back in astonishment. This man wasn't her brother—her brother had black hair!

"I thought you were my brother," Elsa stammered, as soon as she found her voice. The man had risen to his feet.

"I am Wilson Fairbanks. I am afraid there is some mistake. Won't you sit down, please, and we'll surely straighten it out."

The girl's face blanched. "I am Elsa Wilson. I came here last night from Detroit. I expected my brother, Robert Wilson, to meet me at the station, but evidently the telegram was misrouted and nobody was there. I called a taxi and the man brought me here. This is 450 Waterloo street, isn't it?"

The man's face cleared. "Waterloo street? That accounts for it. This is Cambridge street. Waterloo is the next street below. If you will allow me, I'll take you there after dinner."

"Oh, no, thank you. I couldn't think of staying another minute. I really don't know how to apologize. It was a stupid blunder on account of the fog, I suppose, and—"

The man stopped her protestations. "The only apology I'll accept is that we go over for your brother, and you both have dinner with me tonight."

In a few moments they reached the brother's house. Upon investigation it developed that the servant had forgotten to deliver the message and it was even then lying on the mantle under the clock.

Robert Wilson thoroughly enjoyed his favorite dishes, but Elsa ate sparingly and with downcast eyes.

The evening passed all too soon, for one at least. "Come to see us," Mr. Wilson invited as they were making their adieus.

Mr. Fairbanks looked at Elsa. "May I?" his eyes asked, and before the girl could withdraw her glance her eyes had flashed back the answer.

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Long Endeavor.

"Are you going to make a speech in congress?"

"What's the use?" inquired Senator Sorghum. "If the people don't know by this time what I'm thinking about, there's no chance of my ever being able to tell them."