SIRUP FROM GRAPE JUICE

Plan Proposed by Experts of the University of California Would Seem to Solve Problem.

To meet the ban on the manufacture of wine in the great grape-raising areas the agricultural college of the University of California has developed a practical method of converting grape juice into excellent sirup. It is the belief, says the Scientific American, that converting grapes into sirup instead of wine will double the value of the fruit. The estimated value of the crop of 259,000 tons of wine grapes, grown annually, is four million dollars; if the crop is made into sirup, it should have a value of eight million dollars.

While the experts at the agricultural college have been working on the problem, an independent chemist and grape expert has succeeded in producing a sirup from grapes that meets all the requirements of a commercial product. According to figures that he submits, his method will produce sirup at a cost that is slightly lower than that of the other method.

One of the interesting sides of the question is the plan recommended by the university that all grape growers, wineries and sugar factories co-operate next year in the interests of all those industries. It proposes that the wineries purchase the grapes of the vintage of 1919, and extract and store the estimated fifty million gallons of juice, that the larger sugar factories receive the juice and concentrate it, and that they ship the sirup to the canneries for use in 1920.

The university has discovered a simple and inexpensive process of treating the juice that will prevent fermentation for a year, if necessary. The chemists say that the sirup can be used in place of sugar in preserving some of the fruits, and can be mixed with sugar in preserving others.

HAD THE PORTER GUESSING

Colored Man Quite Unable to Understand Clergyman's Objection to Presence of Empty Flask.

Rev. William H. Book, pastor of the Tabernacle Christian church at Columbus, recently held a revival meeting at Huntington, W. Va. He lived at a Huntington hotel and one day, when hanging a coat in the closet of his room he found an empty whisky bottle on the closet floor. Apparently the quart bottle had been there for some time, but it had not been discovered and the minister did not wish it found immediately after he vacated the room. So he called a porter and asked that the bottle be removed.

"Somebody might find the bottle in there just after I left town," Mr. Book explained, "and it would reflect on me. I don't want anybody to think I placed that bottle in there or that I had anything to do with it."

The porter nodded his head, picked up the bottle and studied the label on it. Apparently he was sorely puzzled to know why the minister would not claim ownership or at least relationship with the empty container. At length his bewilderment was expressed in speech.

"Why, boss," he exclaimed, "that's the best brand made."—Indianapolis News.

Counteracting Submarine.

The warship of the present day is a compromise between what we deem best and what we deem essential. The torpedo-proof bottom has become essential; therefore we must give up [illegible] or armor or speed or something [illegible] in order to get it. On the other hand it is probable that battleships and battle cruisers will not hereafter be supplied with torpedoes. Since actions are now fought at enormous ranges, and since vessels can be sunk by gunfire alone, torpedoes on big-gun ships are now useless. Omitting the torpedo tube will save little weight, but it will leave space for more ammunition. A writer suggests that high-speed rams with bows of proper shape and requisite strength to sink underwater craft will again come into use.

Upward Movement in England.

The formation, recently announced, of the Village Clubs association marks a memorable departure in English village life. It arose out of a discussion of the Agricultural club. The main idea of the association is to help village people to conduct, by themselves and for themselves, centers of amusement and recreation. They are to supply themselves with what they want, rather than with what other people think they ought to have; the association helping them, but not dictating in any way. This may well be the seed of a very big movement, and is a noteworthy sign of the times.

Unkind Remarks.

In haste to catch a street car before the conductor closed the door, a man dropped a two-pound package of sugar in the street. The sack burst; the granulated cane was ruined. He had to wait for the next car and to hear what the vox populi exclaimed over the disaster. Here's some of it:

"Just wait until his old woman meets him."

"His crushed oats will taste foggy for three weeks."

"Sweeten the corner where you are."

Moral: Carry a basket.



BOBBY AND THE H. C. L.

By JANE OSBORN

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"Go as far as you like," quoth Bobby to his young wife, Lucille, with that peculiar brand of satisfaction written on his face that comes to a man who feels he has been extremely liberal. "Just so long as it is a bang-up dinner, I'm not going to consider any reasonable cost. Here, Lucille," he said, drawing forth a crisp ten-dollar bill from his bill case, "here is something. Spend the whole of it if you want—terrapin, caviar, green turtle, lobster—whatever they have at the nifty dinners."

"And there are to be eight of us," Lucille's words betokened weariness, but it was a weariness that Bobby, the exuberant young Bobby, failed to detect.

"Yes," he agreed, "you and me and my brother John and his wife and your brother John and his wife and the Bob Newtons—just a jolly party. I'll be home by six, so as to do anything I can for you at the last minute. I suppose you'll get Sally to wear a cap and apron?" And away went Bobby, filled with pleasurable anticipation of his first dinner party.

It had been settled between the Bobby Stranges when they were married that they would run no bills during the first years of their married life. Bobby was convinced that every housewife should go marketing personally, taking advantage of the better prices that were offered to those who paid cash, and Lucille had agreed perfectly. And Bobby Strange did not mean to be parsimonious—

But the trouble was that Bobby had been rather overfed on a certain brand of magazine article that urges young men to save. It was his theory that if a young man earned sixty dollars a week he should save at least fifteen. He felt that he was generous when he allowed Lucille thirty-five on which to run the house.

When Lucille complained meekly and good-naturedly that butcher bills were amazingly high Bobby smilingly quoted some articles he had read about using the cheaper cuts, but unfortunately Bobby had a taste for chops and steaks and could not endure stews. "Oh, there are other things you can get," he assured her. "I can't remember just what they call them. But you'll find it all in the books."

So when Bobby Strange left that morning Lucille sat looking at the ten-dollar bill. She ran a finger over its verdant face affectionately. There were so many things that it would do. They needed potatoes, and only the day before Lucille had found a place where she could buy eggs at a splendid price.

She had hoped to be able to get some to "put down" for winter. They were out of soap and it was so much cheaper buying it in large quantities. But this ten dollars was not for soap or eggs or potatoes. It was for terrapin and green turtle.

Lucille started out early to shop, and she spent hours in her search for the inexpensive luxuries that she had hoped for. But they were not to be had. Why, even ordinary barnyard fowl were fifty cents a pound. Frequently as she marketed she consulted the little menu that she had made out for the dinner that night, and frequently she ran her little silver pencil through certain dainties she had planned to have.

It was not alone a physical fatigue that weighed her down when she returned from the marketing trip.

"You'll wear a cap and apron, won't you, Sally?" she asked when she came home.

"I suppose so, ma'am," replied Sally, "if you get one for me. You couldn't expect me to have them for myself."

Lucille had to take the cork out of the bottom of the china elephant bank in which she had been saving nickles with which to buy a washing machine. Then she went out in search of the white cap and apron that she could buy with the small amount that the elephant presented her with.

The dinner seemed to be successful enough, but something must have passed between the Bobby Stranges afterward that took a little of the felicity out of Lucille. For when her brother John arrived unexpectedly the next morning at about nine after Bobby had started off for his office he found his sister in tears.

He had trouble in tracing these tears to their source, for Lucille knew that John was an unswerving friend and champion of her Bobby. If he had not been she never would have explained to him.

"After you had all gone," she explained, "he said to me that I needn't have been so thrifty. He told me that he wouldn't in the least have minded if I had spent all the money he gave me for the dinner—in fact, he said he had rather hoped we would have something a little better than chicken and"—Lucille's tears seemed to start afresh at the details of the little dinner party; she sobbed like a child before she went on—"and stringbeans (sob) and tomato salad (sob) and ice cream and—and chocolate cake." And with the mention of the cake she had spent so much pains in making she burst into a torrent of tears of self-pity and sobbed on her brother's shoulder as she had done in long-ago days when he had comforted her over the demise of a canary or the breaking of a doll.

"And I spent every cent he gave me," Lucille went on when she had regained her composure. "There wasn't a cent left and I had to take the cork out of the elephant. I told him so, and then he said that it was all because I didn't know how to buy. He said that that was my great fault—not knowing how to buy, and he said that there were some women who could manage on a lot less money than I did and have more delicacies, too. He was very kind, [illegible]ly he really thinks I don't know. But honestly John, I went to the cheapest places in town and carried all the bundles home myself, so I wouldn't have to go to places that send them."

"Well, I guess Bobby just don't understand," reflected the loyal John. "Bobby's young—not much older than you—and there are a lot of things you youngsters have to learn. Perhaps I can teach him."

"Oh, please don't, please don't," entreated Lucille. "Don't even mention the H. C. L., because if you do then Bobby will know that I have been talking about him to you, and that would be dreadful." John promised secrecy, but he went away secretly promising himself that he would educate Bobby.

Weeks passed and the slight disappointment that Bobby had sustained regarding the dinner party was well-nigh forgotten. Little was said concerning the question of food costs, except that Bobby once or twice referred to Lucille's general ignorance concerning the rudiments of buying. He had decided to be magnanimous and not reprove her, but he would occasionally tease her about it.

Then stormclouds began to gather. Bobby was away from home two nights one week and three the next. He was preoccupied and seemed to be distraught. Rather reluctantly, when Lucille asked him where he went, he told her that he was at the club. Then Lucille recalled the little tift they had had concerning the H. C. L., and she was troubled indeed. Women had lost their husbands' affections before, she told herself, because they had been bad housekeepers. She had decided to take her troubles to John—John who always stood up so loyally for Bobby.

"Then one night when Bobby did come home the conversation went like this:

"Lucille, how much are you paying for butter?"

"Sixty-five cents," said Lucille.

"I thought so; and you can't get decent coffee for less than forty cents, can you?"

"Why, no."

"That's what I'm telling them. But those old fogies—I guess they haven't been in a market or provision store for years. They don't know—how can they know? Why, food prices have doubled in two years." Bobby was waxing eloquent. "Doubled, I tell you. And tomorrow night at the meeting of the club I'm going to sail into that house committee and give them what's coming to them. It can't be done, gentlemen, it can't be done." Bobby had risen from his place at the table and was addressing the imaginary club in meeting assembled.

Lucille didn't know exactly what had come over her beloved Bobby, but she felt as if suddenly a millstone had dropped from her shoulders. But Bobby explained.

"You see your brother John—well, I suppose he realized that I had a bit more business ability than the other fellows in the club. Anyway, he appointed me a committee of one to act as a sort of honorary steward—to see to the buying—sort of jack up the chef who has usually had full charge. Some of the members had been complaining that for a dollar he ought to be able to give us a better dinner. But I went into the matter systematically, as I always do and, believe me, it can't be done. If those old fossils think it can, they'd better try. Why, one of the members of the house committee had the audacity to tell me that I didn't know how to buy."

"You dear Bobby," sympathized Lucille. "Wasn't that hateful?" And then as a look of happiness settled over her pretty fair features; "when did brother John ask you to take charge?" she asked.

"It was the day after our little dinner party—and say, Lucille, since I've been looking into this matter I'll have to confess I don't see how you got that dinner up on that measly ten dollars. It's been a revelation to me, I'll say."

A Wonderful Goer.

"Like a lift, sir?" said a countryman, civilly, as he overtook a footworn traveler on the dusty road. As they jogged along they chatted about all sorts of things. Presently the old chap pulled out a watch of the turnip variety. "Can 'ee tell the toime, sir?" he asked.

"Certainly. It is exactly three o'clock," replied the other as he watched the driver set his watch at twelve. Then he stopped him. "I said three o'clock, not twelve," he added.

"Oh, that be all right, sir!" said the carter, as he slipped his timepiece into his pocket. "Her'll soon make that oop. Her be a wunnerful goer!"—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Divorces in the United States.

The latest report of the United States national census bureau once more discloses not only an increase in the ratio of divorce to marriage, but in the ratio of divorce to growth of population—112 divorces to every 100,000 people in 1916, as against 84 in 1906 and 72 in 1900. There were 112,036 divorces granted in 1916, concerning 108,702 of which there are exact statistics; of these 39,900, more than a third, were for desertion, with cruelty second, the two combined accounting for nearly two-thirds (65.1 per cent) of all the divorces granted in that year, adultery figuring far behind, and drunkenness lagging in the rear.

Couldn't Blame Him for That.

The attorney for the defense was trying his best to discredit the testimony of a colored witness in a recent Marion county juvenile court case.

"Didn't I defend you in a case in this court last May, Sam?" he demanded.

Before the witness had a chance to reply to the question the attorney for the state said, "We grant it, but you don't hold that against him, do you?"

Carlyle's Prophecy.

America, too, will have to strain its energies, crack its sinews and all but break its heart, as the rest of us have had to do, in a thousandfold wrestle with the pythons and mud-dragons, before it can become a habitation for the gods.—Carlyle.

WHERE EAST AND WEST MEET

Young Chinese Girls in San Francisco Learning Language and Customs of the Country.

Young Chinese girls in San Francisco's Chinatown offer the most striking examples of the meeting of the East and West. Physically and mentally they show the two opposite influences under which they live, says the Christian Science Monitor. Their conversation is a curious mixture of English and Chinese. In their homes they speak Chinese, but by the time they reach fifteen or sixteen they know English better than their mother tongue.

Among the families who can afford to do so, the girls are sent to some teacher of Chinese to be taught to read and write their mother tongue, outside of school hours. For the fathers and the mothers have a wistful hope of returning some day to China, and it would never do if the children were instructed only in a foreign tongue.

The life of a Chinese girl is not altogether simple. In the poorer and more ignorant families the parents are often filled with superstition and prejudice against the education of women. In spite of the many obstacles, however, they usually manage to get in touch with some of the advantages offered in their quarters, being aided by social settlement workers of Chinatown.

REMINISCENT OF OTHER DAYS

Century-Old Building in Providence, Rhode Island, Is a Survival of Napoleonic Era.

A recent incident in Providence, Rhode Island, calls attention to an old landmark reminiscent of Napoleon and his construction of the Madeleine in Paris. Napoleon's building set a little fashion in America, and several structures more or less like it were built in different cities. The Arcade building, in Providence, is the only one of them left. Erected about 1820, it became an Ionic temple, that was also a center of retail trade, and its pillars remain today the largest monoliths in the country, except those which have been raised for the growing Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York. The record tells how they were cut by hand, in the town of Johnston, and dragged to Providence on sleds, nearly a hundred years ago. It tells also that the dedication of the building was a grand public affair, and that the temple was long held to be one of the architectural wonders of the United States. It is not of such commercial importance as it used to be, but one may be glad that the city has not lost such a reminder of the Napoleonic era.

Hops.

Hops are grown in a number of states. In the central and northern part of the state of New York many farmers make a specialty of their growth. The yield is from 700 to 800 pounds the acre in that state, but on the Pacific coast, where most of the hops consumed here are grown, the yield is between 1,000 and 2,000 pounds per acre. Oregon produces more hops than any other state in the Union. By far the greater part of the hops raised have been consumed in the breweries of the country, but they are also used in pharmaceutical preparations. The present one-half of 1 per cent beer contains hops, but not in such large quantities as in beers of the larger alcoholic content. And then it is not likely that the kind of beer permitted under the prohibitory law will appeal largely to the drinkers of old-time beer. It seems certain that the demand for hops will fall off greatly.

Coal Gas as Automobile Fuel.

In the course of the world war many motor vehicles were operated in England with coal gas because of the scarcity of gasoline. The gas was contained in collapsible bags made of rubberized balloon fabric. At present, however, compressed gas in steel cylinders is being tried. It is stated that the gas is forced in to pressures as high as 2,250 pounds per square inch. The cost of compression is stated to vary between 40 and 75 cents per 1,000 cubic feet of free gas, and the cost as fuel in the engine is equivalent to a cost of 12 cents per gallon on the liquid fuel replaced.—Scientific American.

Detested Cowardice.

Cecil is not particularly pugnacious but he detested cowardice in any one and, noting George's aversion to games in which he might get hurt, he determined to initiate him. The teacher caught him holding George down, and he was asked to explain.

"Well," he answered, "I dared George to fight, and he ran; so I'm holding him till I can argue some courage into him; then we are going to have a scrap."

What He Got for His Dollar.

"Ever answer any of those coal saving advertisements?"

"Answered 'em all, I guess. But I only got one recipe that had any merit."

"What was that?"

"It read: 'Coal may be made to last longer by keeping it away from the stoves and furnace.'"—Boston Transcript.

Sure Thing.

"I'll bet," said Mr. Growcher, "the government would have all the money it needs in a hundred years if the conscience fund could get hold of all that's coming to it."

Stork Welcomed in Holland.

A stork is treated with great respect in Holland. The house selected by the stork for a resting place is considered fortunate, and special facilities are provided by the householders to enable it to build a nest comfortably. At The Hague many of these birds are maintained at public expense.

A BEAU FOR KITTY-CAT

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

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"Thar! I knowed we'd better shoo that old rooster clean away. Now he's done crowed right at the door, somebody's shore ter come—and ketch us right in the thick o' peach-dryin'," Mrs. Beech said plaintively to her daughter Catherine. They were under the big oaks in the back yard, peeling for dear life and cutting off the sweet, yellow peach-flesh in deep, thick "cups."

Thus it dried richly flavored. Other neighbors might slice their fruit, or cut it any way—Mrs. Beech always stuck to cups. She likewise refused to dry aught but the big yellow clingstone fruit, as sweet as sugar, especially when one waited until it was dead ripe on the trees.

"I ain't skeered over company," Catherine said smiling. "Everybody in hollerin' distance has been and been and been. And the circuit rider's down 'tother end o' the county—then it's a full month too early for candidates to be ridin'."

"Don't keer if it is—somebody'll come. I never knowed it fail—the rooster sign," Mrs. Beech said doggedly. Her son Tug, who came from the orchard with a fresh basket of fruit, added teasingly as he set it down:

"It'll be some o' your beaus, Kitty-Cat—you got sech a terrible many of 'em I don't hardly see how we-all ever git anything done."

Catherine flushed deeply, but tried to laugh—she was nineteen and had never had a beau. Yet she was not ugly, nor awkward, nor a shrew.

Penny and Jincy, the cousins she came between in age, were both married, and even Ellen-Lou, Uncle Ben's girl, only rising fifteen, engaged. It was hard to be set down almost before



"Somebody's Shore Ter Come."

she came to herself a full-blown old maid. But that seemed inevitable—already people talked of her when a likely widower developed as one who would make a mighty good stepmother. More than that, she had twice been sent for to help bake wedding cake. Her mother said with a sigh if it happened again Catherine's fate was sealed—she'd never known the sign to fail—bake cake for three weddin's, you'd never go to your own.

"Maybe you will see somebody pass," Tug added magnanimously, again shouldering his basket. "Up high in the tree I seen er whole passel o' men yan side the parster—no they ain't ridin'—jest hoppin' erbout and stickin' down sticks and doublin' over like they was a-lookin' fer pins and needles."

"I hope they ain't up to no meanness—conjurin' ner nothin'," Mrs. Beech said anxiously. "But ef it ain't that, what in the name o' peace can it be?"

She was soon to find out. The surveyors, out locating tentatively a new railway cut-off, came upon her around eleven o'clock, begging and praying for dinner. Five men, young and hungry, were rather formidable—still Mrs. Beech never let any hungry soul get away.

She whirled in and, with Catherine's help, set out such a meal by twelve o'clock as made those who ate it her bond slaves. After a camp breakfast, ham, fried chicken, black-eyed peas, roasting ears, crisp cucumbers and squash mashed in butter and cream were beyond nectar and ambrosia.

Top these off with peach cobbler, very crisp as to crust, very rich and sweet as to filling, and gorging was inevitable. After the gorging the men lay at ease in the shade, smoking, saying little, but looking gratefully at their hostesses.

Thus lying, embarrassment fell upon them. They had meant to pay well for what they got; now the longer they talked or listened to the two women the more impossible became the offer of money. The Beeches were so simply, so joyously hospitable, so eagerly kind, their guests felt instinctively the offer of money would hurt them.

But to go away without making some return was equally impossible. Once Acton, the head surveyor thought of suggesting that the cut-off almost sure to come through the outpasture, might mean a round price to the Beeches for its right of way. But that seemed rather low—as if he hinted at payment through favors to come. Whispers went about from one to another, behind the backs of hands, or under the pretense of filling pipes from a common pouch. They established the fact that all five agreed—a money offer was out of the question, yet something had to be done.

At last Acton had a brilliant idea—namely, to take Tug along when they left upon their [illegible] or needing guidance, and send back by his hand either an honorarium fitting the case or an intimation that the Beeches would get a little later, something more substantial than thanks. The rest agreed, still in whispers, that it was a way out. They were young fellows all, and gentlemen all, therefore they stared at Catherine only when she was looking the other way.

She was not strictly pretty, but there was classic grace in her lengths, her poses, the turn of her head, with its crown of heavy plaits, even in the simple lines of her blue-checked gingham frock. Anderson looked at her least of all—he was the youngest of them, just twenty-one and out of school. After each look he turned away his head and puffed hard, as though trying to settle a perplexing problem.

All things end—even after-dinner rests. By three o'clock the party was away, Tug walking proudly with it at Acton's elbow. Acton drew him out adroitly. Inside of ten minutes he knew there was no pinch of poverty in the Beech homestead, neither any great plenty of ready money. He gathered also that [illegible] owned in full the family feeling of [illegible]ospitality.

Boy that he was, he said gayly all of them must come again—come to stay, if the railroad were built that way—and run in whiles if it went five miles off. "All you'll get'll be good beds and enough to eat—sech as it is." He added: "But mammy cooks right good—"

"Indeed she does," came in chorus from the gang. Tug smiled. "You oughter eat with us when she has er chance to show what she can do," he said. "Today she jest hustled up not much more'n a snack for you-all."

Further questions elicited that Tug had already a gun, a watch—heirlooms both from granddad—a saddle and saddle horse; also that he "didn't keer fer firecrackers and sech—mammy was so pizen 'fraid of 'em." Any personal benefaction being thus estopped, in despair Acton burst out: "Say, Tug, what does your mammy want the very worst? We are not trying to pay—but she saved our lives—almost—we were hungry enough to eat each other—and now we shan't be hungry for a week. We're grateful; we want to send her something. Tell us—there's a good fellow—just what she had rather have?"

Tug stared, flushed, turned away his head and shifted on his feet. After a minute he said, very low, almost as though crushed by the saying: "Wish ter patience ye hadn't asked me—but mammy says I must always tell the truth. She don't ra'ately want but one thing in the world—that's a beau, a business beau, fer Kitty Cat—and I don't reckon you could send her that!"

His tone was wistful—so wistful nobody laughed. Instead, all eyes went significantly to young Anderson. After a long look at him Acton said, pressing Tug's hand: "Yes, we can—but you mustn't say a word about it—not till after the wedding."

"I wont," Tug promised. And, truly, he never did.

Test for Tearing Force.

A paper-testing machine has been invented by a member of the staff of the forests products laboratory at Madison, Wis. It is expected to render valuable service to the paper industry by supplying data regarding the strength of paper—data that has not been easy to obtain heretofore. The difficulty in testing the tearing strength of paper has always been in securing a constant force of value. Irregularities in the paper structure due to its fibrous nature make the reading of the force required to tear the paper very uncertain. The machine now nearing completion overcomes this difficulty by yielding an average force for the entire tear. It simply measures the work done in tearing the strip. Dividing the work done by the length of the tear gives the average tearing force. The length of the tear is the same in all cases, so that the machines can be calibrated to read the average tearing force.

Triumphant Furnishings.

There has already appeared in the market Victory wallpaper, but it was reserved for Bridgenorth in Shropshire, England, to weave a Victory carpet. This is now displayed in a window in London. The need for a plethora of symbolism would have destroyed (one would have thought) any chance of achieving artistic success. But this has not proved to be the case. The carpet in question, although a maze of doves and olive branches, arms and flags, roses, thistles and shamrocks, is really beautiful in color and design, and a not too observant person could walk across it without so much as being reminded of the war.—San Francisco Argonaut.

MICKIE SAYS



ENLARGED SOCIAL SERVICE PROGRAM ADOPTED BY "Y"

Plans to Increase Membership to One Million.

Will Assist In General Movements for Americanization and Improved Relations Between Capital and Labor.

TAKING their stand squarely with the churches of America for social justice, based upon the teachings of Christ, the Young Men's Christian Associations of North America, at their fortieth international convention held recently in Detroit, also adopted the most comprehensive program of expanding social service ever presented to the associations in their three-quarters of a century of existence.

The social creed previously adopted by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and indorsed later by the Interchurch World Movement was adopted by the "Y" convention without the alteration of a syllable. It definitely commits the associations to many specific social reforms, such as the improvement of the relations between capital and labor, the enactment of uniform divorce laws, better housing conditions and the like.

It also was definitely resolved, "that the future great developments which are being planned shall be worked out locally and nationally in positive harmony and co-operation with the evangelical churches." One of the reports which was adopted put the matter of the relation of the Y. M. C. A. to the churches in this form: "The association is indispensable to the churches and the churches are the association's base of operations. The vital union between the two should be made so evident that no one could misunderstand it."

The enlarging plans of the associations call for the gradual extension of its work to reach every young man and boy in America. Steps are to be taken immediately to increase the membership in the associations from 739,000 to 1,000,000 by 1920, but this is only a small part of the program.

In small cities and large, in industrial centers, in mining camps, in rural communities, in villages, in oil fields, in settlements of colored people, in colleges, schools and universities, at railroad terminals and division points, the Y. M. C. A. is planning to bring its influence to bear upon the boyhood and young manhood.

The industrial work of the association will be developed largely along community lines. The convention favored the adoption of the so called "hut idea." That is, the use of buildings of not so formal a type as those erected by the Y. M. C. A. before the war, but more like the army and navy huts, as a ready means for extending association service to groups of men and boys otherwise not reached by the association.

Community-wide recreation is to be promoted, not only for its physical benefits but as a developer of national morale, and the value of mass athletics and mass singing was recognized and will have a large place in the future association activities.

The program for the more complete Americanization of the foreign speaking peoples who find a refuge in America is not to be limited to the teaching of English and a smattering of civics, but will include an effort to inculcate the highest American ideals.

The experimental home room service of women in city associations is to be extended, the value of women in the Y. M. C. A. uniform in Europe having suggested to some of the association leaders the possibility of their use in softening the institutional character of the ordinary Y. M. C. A. building and bringing to its lobby a feminine touch suggestive of home and mother.

The Railroad Y. M. C. A. will be extended to many towns where no railroad association has as yet been established, and the Railroad Department also will undertake to provide service similar to that of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. to the thousands of young men who have recently entered into the service of the Merchant Marine.

NATIONAL THRIFT WEEK OF "Y" BEGINS JANUARY 17

Benjamin Franklin, the original exponent of frugality and thrift among the American people back in Revolutionary times, were he alive today, would be quite as much shocked by the Cost of High Living as by the much maligned H. C. of L. He was one of the first to preach the doctrine, "Think straight about money matters," which the Y. M. C. A. has adopted as its creed for its National Thrift Week which will open, in all parts of the country, on Jan. 17, Franklin's birthday, and extend through the 24th.

The campaign is being conducted, with the co-operation of some of the most influential business men in the United States, for the purpose of educating the people of every city, town and hamlet in the country in the way of thrift and judicious spending. Thus it is hoped to conserve the great benefits of the nation-wide campaign on saving and waste elimination promoted by the government as a war measure.

In the opinion of such men as Frank A. Vanderlip, Henry P. Davison and Herbert Hoover, the economic salvation of all Europe, in which America is so vitally interested from a financial standpoint, is dependent upon the ability of America to furnish credits, which in turn can only be furnished to the extent that the American people save. But, it is pointed out, there is behind the campaign the deeper motive that individual saving means, not only the prosperity of the United States and of the world at large, but also works for the common interests of all the people.

The program for National Thrift Week is based upon the following topics:

Spend less than you earn, make a budget, keep a record of expenditures, have a bank account, carry life insurance, make a will, own your own home, pay your bills promptly, invest in government securities and share with others.

On every day of the week some special phase of this program will be emphasized. The campaign will open with Bank Day, when an attempt will be made to emphasize the service the bank renders to the community, and show the importance of making sound investments. Of equal interest is "Own Your Own Home Day," for it is believed that establishing a home is not only one of the surest ways to save, but also serves as a most potent means of allaying industrial unrest.

If a human being possessed strength as great in proportion to his size as that of the shellfish the average man would be able to lift the entire [illegible] of 2,076,000 pounds by putting in the same degree as a lumper. [illegible] if the man pulled in the same degree as the world's strongest man he could lift no less than 3,000,000 pounds.

Man vs. Animals.

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