

MATRIMONIAL ANTICS OF LOVE-SICK YOUNG MR. WILMERDING

**Only Twenty-Eight and Yet
This Youthful Millionaire of
New York, Palm Beach,
Paris and London Has Two
His Credit Two Weddings,
One Divorce, One Repudi-
ated Engagement, One Bro-
ken Romance and One Suit
For Stealing a Wife's Love.**

When young Lochlavar came galloping out of the West, as Sir Walter Scott sings, he established a famous record for quick wooing. Don Juan qualified as a superace in the high levels of the love chase, while Henry the Eighth's tally for wives still remains a monument to that monarch's impetuosity and perseverance.

Is young Cuthbert Mortimer Wilmerding, son of Louis Earl Wilmerding, wealthy actor of an old New York family and as well known in Paris as in New York, in Palm Beach as in Newport, out to send these champions into the scrap heap?

Consider young Mr. Wilmerding. He is only twenty-eight and yet he has to his credit already two marriages, one divorce, a repudiated engagement, a lost love and a suit for pilfering the affections of a clothier's wife.

Clearly, Cuthbert Mortimer is a firm believer of the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try again." And he adds, no doubt, "at once." Also he is an experimenter.

At the childish age of twenty-two, in 1912, after possibly profound thought as to methods, he signalled his entrance into the matrimonial arena by getting up unexpectedly at a dinner in Paris and naively announcing his engagement to the daughter of his host. This was a great surprise not only to the host and the host's wife, but also to the daughter, and Mr. Wilmerding's hopes were promptly blighted on the spot.

Clearly on the wrong track, Mr. Wilmerding took a year and a half more to study. His patience was rewarded by the formal announcement in New York of his engagement to Miss Anna Lavelle, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Lavelle, also of Paris. This was all regular, but later something went awry and the engagement vanished into thin air.

Not long afterward George W. Horton, Jr., a clothier of Yorkers, sued his wife for divorce.

Young Mr. Wilmerding's name figured in the proceedings. Perhaps his acquaintance with Mrs. Horton was only in pursuit of further knowledge of how to get a wife of his own. At any rate a divorce was granted Mr. Horton.

Confidence, however, must have come to him, because, in 1915, then a refugee from the war zone in France, he met another refugee, Miss Josephine Lewis Peet, of Washington, and after a whirlwind courtship, they were married. Over the skirts of their happiness soon spread a little cloud in the shape of a suit by the aforesaid Mr. Horton for \$20,000 against Mr. Wilmerding for alienating the affections of his wife.

And something else still was wrong. "Marry in haste, repent at leisure," says the proverb. Not so for Mr. Wilmerding. "Marry in haste and stop repenting as soon as may be," was his reading. Last August Mrs. Wilmerding secured a divorce from him, and now, in 1918, this persistent wooer has just embarked optimistically as ever on another romance, taking to himself as a wife Miss Aileen Zenia McGovern, of Fourth avenue, New York.

Will the old records now repose in safety, or are there other chapters still to be added to the interesting activities of young Mr. Cuthbert Mortimer Wilmerding?

Let us examine young Mr. Wilmerding's tactics from the beginning, starting with his initial, somewhat abrupt, effort in Paris. At that time, and even more at home in the French capital because she had lived there longer, was a very charming maiden whose name was Grace Meurer. Her father had been a banker in Brooklyn, but having made his millions, spent a great part of his time in France, and his daughter's orbit happened to cross that of the Meurers. The lovely Miss Grace was the cap that exploded in young Mr. Wilmerding's heart, and he followed the Meurers about quietly and wistfully, keeping as close as possible whenever they dined and regarding with eyes of longing the object of his first great passion. He showed, however, a reticence and hesitation soon to be lost forever.

"What on earth is the matter with that young man? He seems to be always running under our feet," said Ma Meurer one day to Pa.

"Well, I guess he's lonely," said Pa Meurer. "I've noticed him, too. Never seems to know anybody, but never seems to be right on our trail."

"Well, for pity sake," said unsuspecting Ma Meurer, "call him over and see who he is. It is too bad for a nice looking young American chap to be wandering around this way and so lonely."

All the world about Cuthbert Mortimer turned round as he approached his heart's desire. The Meurers were glad to know him, too, when they found out who he was. Besides being presentable and likeable his family, of course, is most excellent.

Miss Meurer liked Cuthbert Mortimer, too, but as at twenty-two he didn't look more than eighteen, there seems to have been little romance about her viewpoint concerning him.

But to Mr. Wilmerding all the world was nothing but romance, and Miss Meurer was the heart of it. How could he inform her and her parents of his sentiments?

Times without number, no doubt, he tried the obvious way of making a clean breast of it, but always something inside of him or outside of him interfered. At last on Thanksgiving Day the Meurers gave a dinner at Ciro's in Paris. There were quite a number of nice people there and among them Mr. Wilmerding.

It came to Cuthbert suddenly that here was opportunity, the time, the place and the girl, but how could he resolve them into possession? He sat, pale and abstracted, as course after course went by.

"I am sure Cuthbert is not well, said Mrs. Meurer to her husband. "Or else he is getting lonely again. He looks just like he did when we met him."

And at this moment Mr. Wilmerding rose to his feet and threw a bomb shell.

"Let me announce my engagement to Grace," he said, and then stood gasping.

But he did not gasp any more than did the thunderstruck parents of Miss Grace or the amused guests. They looked at young Mr. Wilmerding and he glared back at them defiantly. They looked at their daughter and saw her head hanging in blushing and amazed confusion. And then Papa Meurer rose immediately and vigorously to the emergency.

"I am not one to interrupt the course of true love," spoke he, "but young man, you are too quick! We cannot consider this a formal engagement."

He sat down. Silence spread over the erstwhile gay throng, and soon Mr. Wilmerding excused himself and hurried away.

Quickly the Meurers crossed the Channel to London, and there they promptly sailed for home, leaving Mr. Wilmerding in solitary grief in Paris to chew the bitter bread of experience and derive what nourishment he could therefrom. The first lesson he learned was that in pursuit of a wife it is always well to ask the girl first if she is willing.

A year and a half later it was that quip and with none of the embarrassments of his first encounter with Cuthbert the engagement of Mr. Wilmerding to Miss Lavelle was announced.

Miss Lavelle's people were Americans, who made their home in the city on the Seine, but who were visiting New York. From vagrant reports it is gathered that the wooing was a swift one. Mr. Wilmerding spoke of it with jubilation.

"We were going to have a quick wedding in the Little Church Around the Corner," he said. "Then we were going to skip over to Italy, where I have taken a chateau for the winter."

It will be seen that the idea of speed was strong, even at this time, in his mind. The Little Church Around the Corner has tied many a "on the spur of the moment marriage." But neither the "quick wedding" nor the "skip to Italy" materialized. Something happened. What it was is hidden in the fogs of mystery.

Certainly the romance was blighted, for not long after George W. Horton, Jr., a clothier of Yorkers, began suit against his very charming wife.

Young Mr. Wilmerding's name was mentioned during the course of the case and friends, who were the divorce was granted freely predicted that the two would wed. Alas, not so. A great change came over both Mr. Wilmerding and Miss Horton, so far as their attitude to each other was concerned. She went on the stage under her maiden name of Florence Bell and Mr. Wilmerding went back to his beloved France.

Living along and pursuing, no doubt, his ideal, his dreams were suddenly shattered by the marching of France's legions out of Paris and the onrush of the German hordes through Belgium. Mr. Wilmerding decided it was time to return to America. He managed to get a stateroom on the Rochambeau and the morning that she sailed stood on the deck watching the flood of American refugees pour down to the dock.

Rapidly the boat filled. Cots were spread over all the decks to accommodate those who could not get staterooms. Young Mr. Wilmerding, looking with interest on these preparations, reflected upon how lucky he was to be fixed with a berth inside for the trip across.

Suddenly his eyes fastened upon a vision of beauty. It was beauty in distress. Leaning over the rail young Mr. Wilmerding gazed, that the charming vision had been unable to get a stateroom and was bewailing that she would have to sleep on deck during the voyage. She looked up and caught Cuthbert's eyes. There was a note of appeal in hers that he could not resist.

Something whispered to him "alas—there is a girl!" and memory of all others fled.

Mr. Wilmerding made post haste out to where the maiden in distress was standing.

"I have a stateroom," he said—and then with all the air of Sir Raleigh spreading the cloak for the feet of Queen Elizabeth—"Take it! I will sleep on deck!"

Exclamations, gratitude, interest. And in the close proximity of an ocean these things ripened into love.

The lady was Miss Josephine Lewis Peet, daughter of George H. L. Peet and niece of Mrs. Charles Hudson Pope, socially prominent in New York. Miss Peet mightily feared parental objections to the match, and so for some weeks held back her promise to her gallant suitor. But was our hero Cuthbert Mortimer, to be denied? He was not! One day the two motored in from Great Neck to the Manhattan marriage license bureau. After the license was obtained Miss Peet appealed to the City Clerk.

But he did not gasp any more than did the thunderstruck parents of Miss Grace or the amused guests. They looked at young Mr. Wilmerding and he glared back at them defiantly. They looked at their daughter and saw her head hanging in blushing and amazed confusion. And then Papa Meurer rose immediately and vigorously to the emergency.

"I am not one to interrupt the course of true love," spoke he, "but young man, you are too quick! We cannot consider this a formal engagement."

He sat down. Silence spread over the erstwhile gay throng, and soon Mr. Wilmerding excused himself and hurried away.

Quickly the Meurers crossed the Channel to London, and there they promptly sailed for home, leaving Mr. Wilmerding in solitary grief in Paris to chew the bitter bread of experience and derive what nourishment he could therefrom. The first lesson he learned was that in pursuit of a wife it is always well to ask the girl first if she is willing.

A year and a half later it was that quip and with none of the embarrassments of his first encounter with Cuthbert the engagement of Mr. Wilmerding to Miss Lavelle was announced.

Miss Lavelle's people were Americans, who made their home in the city on the Seine, but who were visiting New York. From vagrant reports it is gathered that the wooing was a swift one. Mr. Wilmerding spoke of it with jubilation.

"We were going to have a quick wedding in the Little Church Around the Corner," he said. "Then we were going to skip over to Italy, where I have taken a chateau for the winter."

It will be seen that the idea of speed was strong, even at this time, in his mind. The Little Church Around the Corner has tied many a "on the spur of the moment marriage." But neither the "quick wedding" nor the "skip to Italy" materialized. Something happened. What it was is hidden in the fogs of mystery.

Certainly the romance was blighted, for not long after George W. Horton, Jr., a clothier of Yorkers, began suit against his very charming wife.

Young Mr. Wilmerding's name was mentioned during the course of the case and friends, who were the divorce was granted freely predicted that the two would wed. Alas, not so. A great change came over both Mr. Wilmerding and Miss Horton, so far as their attitude to each other was concerned. She went on the stage under her maiden name of Florence Bell and Mr. Wilmerding went back to his beloved France.

Living along and pursuing, no doubt, his ideal, his dreams were suddenly shattered by the marching of France's legions out of Paris and the onrush of the German hordes through Belgium. Mr. Wilmerding decided it was time to return to America. He managed to get a stateroom on the Rochambeau and the morning that she sailed stood on the deck watching the flood of American refugees pour down to the dock.

Rapidly the boat filled. Cots were spread over all the decks to accommodate those who could not get staterooms. Young Mr. Wilmerding, looking with interest on these preparations, reflected upon how lucky he was to be fixed with a berth inside for the trip across.

Suddenly his eyes fastened upon a vision of beauty. It was beauty in distress. Leaning over the rail young Mr. Wilmerding gazed, that the charming vision had been unable to get a stateroom and was bewailing that she would have to sleep on deck during the voyage. She looked up and caught Cuthbert's eyes. There was a note of appeal in hers that he could not resist.

Something whispered to him "alas—there is a girl!" and memory of all others fled.

Mr. Wilmerding made post haste out to where the maiden in distress was standing.

But he did not gasp any more than did the thunderstruck parents of Miss Grace or the amused guests. They looked at young Mr. Wilmerding and he glared back at them defiantly. They looked at their daughter and saw her head hanging in blushing and amazed confusion. And then Papa Meurer rose immediately and vigorously to the emergency.

"I am not one to interrupt the course of true love," spoke he, "but young man, you are too quick! We cannot consider this a formal engagement."

He sat down. Silence spread over the erstwhile gay throng, and soon Mr. Wilmerding excused himself and hurried away.

Quickly the Meurers crossed the Channel to London, and there they promptly sailed for home, leaving Mr. Wilmerding in solitary grief in Paris to chew the bitter bread of experience and derive what nourishment he could therefrom. The first lesson he learned was that in pursuit of a wife it is always well to ask the girl first if she is willing.

A year and a half later it was that quip and with none of the embarrassments of his first encounter with Cuthbert the engagement of Mr. Wilmerding to Miss Lavelle was announced.

Miss Lavelle's people were Americans, who made their home in the city on the Seine, but who were visiting New York. From vagrant reports it is gathered that the wooing was a swift one. Mr. Wilmerding spoke of it with jubilation.

"We were going to have a quick wedding in the Little Church Around the Corner," he said. "Then we were going to skip over to Italy, where I have taken a chateau for the winter."

It will be seen that the idea of speed was strong, even at this time, in his mind. The Little Church Around the Corner has tied many a "on the spur of the moment marriage." But neither the "quick wedding" nor the "skip to Italy" materialized. Something happened. What it was is hidden in the fogs of mystery.

Certainly the romance was blighted, for not long after George W. Horton, Jr., a clothier of Yorkers, began suit against his very charming wife.

Young Mr. Wilmerding's name was mentioned during the course of the case and friends, who were the divorce was granted freely predicted that the two would wed. Alas, not so. A great change came over both Mr. Wilmerding and Miss Horton, so far as their attitude to each other was concerned. She went on the stage under her maiden name of Florence Bell and Mr. Wilmerding went back to his beloved France.

Living along and pursuing, no doubt, his ideal, his dreams were suddenly shattered by the marching of France's legions out of Paris and the onrush of the German hordes through Belgium. Mr. Wilmerding decided it was time to return to America. He managed to get a stateroom on the Rochambeau and the morning that she sailed stood on the deck watching the flood of American refugees pour down to the dock.

Rapidly the boat filled. Cots were spread over all the decks to accommodate those who could not get staterooms. Young Mr. Wilmerding, looking with interest on these preparations, reflected upon how lucky he was to be fixed with a berth inside for the trip across.

Suddenly his eyes fastened upon a vision of beauty. It was beauty in distress. Leaning over the rail young Mr. Wilmerding gazed, that the charming vision had been unable to get a stateroom and was bewailing that she would have to sleep on deck during the voyage. She looked up and caught Cuthbert's eyes. There was a note of appeal in hers that he could not resist.

Something whispered to him "alas—there is a girl!" and memory of all others fled.

Mr. Wilmerding made post haste out to where the maiden in distress was standing.

"I have a stateroom," he said—and then with all the air of Sir Raleigh spreading the cloak for the feet of Queen Elizabeth—"Take it! I will sleep on deck!"

Exclamations, gratitude, interest. And in the close proximity of an ocean these things ripened into love.

The lady was Miss Josephine Lewis Peet, daughter of George H. L. Peet and niece of Mrs. Charles Hudson Pope, socially prominent in New York. Miss Peet mightily feared parental objections to the match, and so for some weeks held back her promise to her gallant suitor. But was our hero Cuthbert Mortimer, to be denied? He was not! One day the two motored in from Great Neck to the Manhattan marriage license bureau. After the license was obtained Miss Peet appealed to the City Clerk.

But he did not gasp any more than did the thunderstruck parents of Miss Grace or the amused guests. They looked at young Mr. Wilmerding and he glared back at them defiantly. They looked at their daughter and saw her head hanging in blushing and amazed confusion. And then Papa Meurer rose immediately and vigorously to the emergency.

"I am not one to interrupt the course of true love," spoke he, "but young man, you are too quick! We cannot consider this a formal engagement."

He sat down. Silence spread over the erstwhile gay throng, and soon Mr. Wilmerding excused himself and hurried away.

Quickly the Meurers crossed the Channel to London, and there they promptly sailed for home, leaving Mr. Wilmerding in solitary grief in Paris to chew the bitter bread of experience and derive what nourishment he could therefrom. The first lesson he learned was that in pursuit of a wife it is always well to ask the girl first if she is willing.

A year and a half later it was that quip and with none of the embarrassments of his first encounter with Cuthbert the engagement of Mr. Wilmerding to Miss Lavelle was announced.

Miss Lavelle's people were Americans, who made their home in the city on the Seine, but who were visiting New York. From vagrant reports it is gathered that the wooing was a swift one. Mr. Wilmerding spoke of it with jubilation.

"We were going to have a quick wedding in the Little Church Around the Corner," he said. "Then we were going to skip over to Italy, where I have taken a chateau for the winter."

It will be seen that the idea of speed was strong, even at this time, in his mind. The Little Church Around the Corner has tied many a "on the spur of the moment marriage." But neither the "quick wedding" nor the "skip to Italy" materialized. Something happened. What it was is hidden in the fogs of mystery.

Certainly the romance was blighted, for not long after George W. Horton, Jr., a clothier of Yorkers, began suit against his very charming wife.

Young Mr. Wilmerding's name was mentioned during the course of the case and friends, who were the divorce was granted freely predicted that the two would wed. Alas, not so. A great change came over both Mr. Wilmerding and Miss Horton, so far as their attitude to each other was concerned. She went on the stage under her maiden name of Florence Bell and Mr. Wilmerding went back to his beloved France.

Living along and pursuing, no doubt, his ideal, his dreams were suddenly shattered by the marching of France's legions out of Paris and the onrush of the German hordes through Belgium. Mr. Wilmerding decided it was time to return to America. He managed to get a stateroom on the Rochambeau and the morning that she sailed stood on the deck watching the flood of American refugees pour down to the dock.

Rapidly the boat filled. Cots were spread over all the decks to accommodate those who could not get staterooms. Young Mr. Wilmerding, looking with interest on these preparations, reflected upon how lucky he was to be fixed with a berth inside for the trip across.

Suddenly his eyes fastened upon a vision of beauty. It was beauty in distress. Leaning over the rail young Mr. Wilmerding gazed, that the charming vision had been unable to get a stateroom and was bewailing that she would have to sleep on deck during the voyage. She looked up and caught Cuthbert's eyes. There was a note of appeal in hers that he could not resist.

Something whispered to him "alas—there is a girl!" and memory of all others fled.

Mr. Wilmerding made post haste out to where the maiden in distress was standing.

"Won't you help me out!" she said. "I am a Catholic and Mortimer is a Protestant. What shall we do to get married?"

Denied the ceremony at St. Andrew's Roman Catholic Church in Duane street, where Mr. Scully took them, they went to the chancellor of the diocese. Young Mr. Wilmerding, impetuous as ever, succeeded in getting a special dispensation, and they were married at St. Stephen's Church on East Twenty-ninth street by Father Sinnott.

"Is it an elopement?" Mr. Wilmerding repeated to a question. "Sure, it is an elopement. We are getting married before anybody can object."

Down to Palm Beach went the young couple. After many trials Mr. Wilmerding was at last, at least, married! But, alas, the romance born so swiftly waned away and at last died in even quicker time. If their life could have been a succession of dramatic episodes in which young Mr. Wilmerding always could have been the hero perhaps it would have been different. But the highlights of life are scarce and sparsely scattered. Nature likes the easiest way and abhors climbing mountains all the time. In the peaceful meadows of matrimony young Mr. Wilmerding perhaps found a lack of the love that grew from self-sacrifice on the decks of the Rochambeau found no food of his particular liking.

And so, less than a year after their impetuous mating, the courts granted Mrs. Wilmerding a divorce.

Young Mr. Wilmerding has wasted little time since then. Quietly and, as usual, unexpectedly, he married the latter part of last month. Miss Aileen Zenia McGovern, City Clerk Scully, who was the good angel of Mr. Wilmerding in his first marriage, was his bride. They were wedded at the Municipal Building in New York. While Cuthbert Mortimer might have been disappointed in his first marriage, it appears that he had no prejudice against "Cupid" Scully.

Unlike, however, all preceding romances and near romances, this one was ushered in with no blast of trumpets or sound of drums. Mr. Wilmerding in his quest had apparently changed tactics.

The bride, a very charming, pretty girl, simply gave her age as twenty-two and her address as Fourth avenue, New York. After the ceremony the couple went west to Lake Mahopac for their honeymoon.

Will young Mr. Wilmerding now rest content? Are his matrimonial efforts over, or is there to be, as heretofore, a sequel?

Over Fifty Different Woods Are Sold As Mahogany

The name "mahogany" is applied commercially to more than fifty different woods. Perhaps half the lumber now sold under that name is not true mahogany, for the demand greatly exceeds the supply.

The tree is only native to the limited area between southern Florida and northern South America. Nowhere else does it really flourish. But the public will have mahogany. Women now sold for furniture, business men prefer it for office fixtures, and teak and mahogany are rivals in the attractions of shipbuilders. Therefore substitutes flourish.

It is not surprising that the real wood is so expensive when it is learned that it takes from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years for a mahogany tree to reach merchantable size.

Most of the substitutes bear little more than a general resemblance to the genuine wood, but skillful finishing makes them very much alike. Experts can usually distinguish between them by the aid of an ordinary pocket lens. The efforts of the superficial, however, to judge the wood by its appearance, weight, grain, and color often lead them astray.

Old Age Is Not a Matter of Years, But of Recuperative Power

It would seem that the phenomenon of growing old has really nothing to do with the number of years that an individual has lived, but depends principally on the extent to which he has conserved his recuperative powers. The human body wears out in many ways, i. e., either by long-continued use or by long-continued disuse. In the former case it is like bending a wire back and forth in one place until it breaks, and in the second it is the atrophy of organs or functions through disuse. The only way to stave off old age is to eliminate all traces of abuse and live as Nature intended us to live.

No Very Great Danger In Making Explosives

In a paper read before a medical association in the East, Dr. W. G. Hudson, medical director of E. I. duPont de Nemours & Co., manufacturers of explosives, recently made some interesting statements concerning the risks connected with the manufacture of powerful explosives. He asserted that the dangers of that industry were greatly exaggerated. As a matter of fact, railroadings shows much higher injury and death rates than the manufacture of explosives. Of the accidents which occur in explosive factories only a small percentage are actually caused by explosives. Four-fifths of the accidents are due to carelessness or negligence of employees who disregard the precautions necessary wherever men are working with tools and machinery. By increasing the share of work done by machinery and reducing the number of workers in proportion to the increased use of mechanical appliances, the manufacturers of explosives are striving to diminish the hazards connected with their business.

Saws Without Teeth To Cut Through Metal.

Not so very long ago the discovery was made in Germany that metals could be sawed easier and quicker with rapidly revolving smooth disks of steel than with toothed circular saws. It was found that the cutting was done by the heat generated by the friction of the edges of the disk against the metal. The metal is melted at the point of contact, while the steel of the disk, being cooled by the air, does not reach the melting point. The disks need no sharpening and do not wear out so quickly as the toothed saws therefore used for cutting metal.

What Makes the Rumble of Thunder?

Why does thunder rumble? The path of a lightning flash through the air may be several miles in length. All along this path the sudden expansion of the heated air—a true explosion—sets up an atmospheric wave, which spreads in all directions, and eventually registers upon our ears as thunder. Since the lightning discharge is almost instantaneous, the sound wave is produced at very near the same time along the whole path. But the sound wave travels slowly through the air. Its speed is approximately 1,000 feet per second. Thus the sound from the part of the lightning's path that is nearest to us reaches us first, and that from other parts of the path afterward, according to their distance. Intermittent crashes and booming effects are due chiefly to irregularities in the shape of the path.

A Soap Bubble Can Be Made To Last For Months

The air of an ordinary room is filled with tiny particles of matter, which have even produced a soap film, which was a year old recently and which seems to remain just as it was made.

So tell the children that the secret of successful soap bubbling is to have a perfectly pure soap-solution and to blow the bubbles in and with air that is also perfectly pure.

It Certainly Was!

By EDFINA.

How To Torture Your Wife.

—By Webster.



Does a Locomotive Wheel Travel Slower or Faster Than the Train?

It is an interesting point to consider that on a locomotive wheel, the circumference is continually travelling at different speeds. First a point on the circumference of the wheel will go faster than the rest of the locomotive; then that same point will go slower; at still other times, the point will travel at a speed equal to that of the locomotive.

As the train moves on from this position, however, the average speed of that same point will become less than that of the locomotive. This is evident, since the point will soon change from a position directly in front of the wheel's center to another point directly in the rear.

This apparent paradox is not related to the old saw concerning the relative speeds of a kangaroo's hind legs and front legs when jumping Australian sand hills.

A Four-Hundred-Foot Ship in a Three-Hundred-Foot Dock.

The unusual feat of dry-docking a ship of four hundred and forty-six feet in length and a displacement of 9,300 tons in a dry dock only three hundred feet long and with a lifting capacity of 4,500 tons, was accomplished a short time ago, when the Japanese first-class cruiser Azuma, the propeller of which had been damaged, was docked for repair.

What Makes the Rumble of Thunder?

Why does thunder rumble? The path of a lightning flash through the air may be several miles in length. All along this path the sudden expansion of the heated air—a true explosion—sets up an atmospheric wave, which spreads in all directions, and eventually registers upon our ears as thunder. Since the lightning discharge is almost instantaneous, the sound wave is produced at very near the same time along the whole path. But the sound wave travels slowly through the air. Its speed is approximately 1,000 feet per second. Thus the sound from the part of the lightning's path that is nearest to us reaches us first, and that from other parts of the path afterward, according to their distance. Intermittent crashes and booming effects are due chiefly to irregularities in the shape of the path.

A Soap Bubble Can Be Made To Last For Months

The air of an ordinary room is filled with tiny particles of matter, which have even produced a soap film, which was a year old recently and which seems to remain just as it was made.

So tell the children that the secret of successful soap bubbling is to have a perfectly pure soap-solution and to blow the bubbles in and with air that is also perfectly pure.

It Certainly Was!

By EDFINA.

LAUGH WITH US

UP IN THE AIR.

