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Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of Day and Evening Schools, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

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Lesson for September 26

REVIEW—EARLY LEADERS OF ISRAEL

GOLDEN TEXT—Let us run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.—Heb. 12:1, 2.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Favorite Stories of the Quarter.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Stories of the Leaders of Israel.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Striking Incidents of the Quarter.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Main Teachings of the Quarter.

It is strange that the lesson committee should have selected the title "Early Leaders of Israel" when only Moses appears. A better title would have been "Moses, the Leader of Israel." In such a case consideration should be given to Moses' life, character and teaching. Indeed, a good method of review would be to use this plan for the quarter's lessons. Another method of review would be to give a synthetic view of the book of Exodus, since all the lessons of the quarter are taken from that book. However, for the senior and adult classes the best method will be to recall the principal fact and then state the leading lesson of each Sunday's lesson of the quarter. To aid in this, the following suggestions are given:

Lesson for July 4.

When the time drew nigh for God to deliver His chosen people He caused them to multiply greatly. Envy and alarm incited the new king to institute measures to check Israel's increase. The attempt to carry these measures out not only displayed their futility but brought to be sheltered and nurtured in the king's palace the very one who later upset Pharaoh's throne.

Lesson for July 11.

When Moses was born, his mother perceived that he was a child of destiny. The king's edict was that every male child should be destroyed, but the faith of his mother moved her to hide him. When no longer able to hide him he was preserved in an ark of bulrushes and taken in charge by Pharaoh's daughter. At the suggestion of Miriam, his mother was called as a nurse. He was educated both at his mother's knee and in the Egyptian court.

Lesson for July 18.

While Moses was keeping Jethro's sheep, God appeared to him in a burning bush and commissioned him a deliverer of His people. Moses faltered but God patiently heard and met his difficulties.

Lesson for July 25.

In memory of the great deliverance of Israel from bondage, the passover was instituted. All who were under the blood were saved from the destroying angel.

Lesson for August 1.

God permitted the Israelites to get into straitened circumstances after leaving Egypt, in order to teach them to trust Him and also to lay a snare for the enemy.

Lesson for August 8.

Before going far into the wilderness the people lusted for the fleshpots of Egypt. God answered their murmurings by giving them quails and manna to eat. Christ is the true manna sent down from God to man. Those who eat of his bread shall never die.

Lesson for August 15.

Jethro, seeing Moses completely occupied with the judging of Israel, advised that Moses should be to the people Godward and that all the weightier matters should be cared for by him and that suitable men should be appointed to judge the smaller matters. God's work should be carefully organized so as to relieve his ministers of unnecessary burdens.

Lesson for August 22.

To love God with all the heart, soul, strength and mind is the fulfillment of the first four commandments of the Decalogue.

Lesson for August 29.

Loving our neighbor as we love ourselves is the fulfillment of the last six commandments of the Decalogue. Supreme love to God and love to our fellowman as we love ourselves is the sum total of human duty.

Lesson for September 5.

God through Christ dwells in the midst of His people—just as He did in the midst of Israel in the tabernacle.

Lesson for September 12.

In carrying on of God's work all should offer willingly such gifts as they have.

Lesson for September 19.

Disobedience to God's laws always brings calamities, while obedience to God's law is always accompanied with blessings.

Our Assignments

God never gave man a thing to do, concerning which it were irreverent to ponder how the Son of God would have done it.—G. Macdonald.

A Prayer

Father, we thank Thee for Thy tender mercy and Thy loving kindness shown us in so many ways.

The Humble Saint

A humble saint looks most like a citizen of heaven.—Echoes.

MODISH BOBBED COIFFURES MUST ACHIEVE DISTINCTION



TO BOB or not to bob—that is not the question that engages most women today, for they are already bobbed. But, with the passing of time, since women began shearing their long locks, the bob has been varied in many ways and women have learned to be discriminating in their choice of styles. Their problem now is to select the most becoming of the fashionable hair cuts and to cultivate a certain individuality.

Fashion has turned its back upon all the frizzy and frowsy curlings and wavings and insists upon coiffures that are sleek and shining and conform to the shape of the head—or seem to. Waves must look soft and natural but neatness is the first essential of a beautiful coiffure. Hair cutting has become a very fine art indeed and the hairdresser must consider suitability of style to face and personality before beginning to clip.

Very few women can wear straight hair becomingly and bobbed heads compel much more attention than was given to long hair, for the hair must be kept waved. Many women resort to the permanent wave, but it takes a real expert to insure a satisfactory result and one must run the risk of making the hair brittle and having it break and become scraggly, or of being entirely too frizzy. When the hair is soft and inclined to be curly, water waves, set in the hair with combs, are beautiful. Some women have the knack of accomplishing a wave with curlers or curling irons but most of them patronize the beauty parlors.

Some of the new styles in bobs leave one in doubt as to whether the hair is short or not. In one of them the hair is quite long at the sides, waved, parted and brushed back over the ears. The back is shingled. For older women, hair combed straight back and waved, reaching the nape of the neck, where it is pinned down, makes a dignified coiffure. There are some solutions that will keep the wave in the hair for some time.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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STORIES OF EVENING DRESS ABOUND WITH LACE EVENTS



THE sequel to summer's story of evening dress begins with the arrival of the first proud ships from France, bearing gowns in the modes designed for autumn. These ships are docking every day now, and delivering their exciting freight in the shape of authentic styles, which may become popular fashions—or may not.

It is evident that the new silhouette with bloused bodice, full skirt (usually gathered at the sides) and belt, or sash, at a low waistline, will be featured in evening gowns as well as in all other apparel. But the new favorite does not exclude the straight-line dress, tiered and flaring skirt and two-piece effects which are just as well represented among the new arrivals. Other style points that may be counted on are rich fabrics, band trimmings and plenty of glitter of rhinestones and strass in bands and ornaments, and of crystals. Moire and satin gowns vary the georgette and semi-sheer crepe models that make up a large part of the imports and elegant gowns of black lace hold a position of importance in the modes.

Black lace and black georgette are combined in the adaptable gown pictured, which is intended for afternoon or evening. The georgette is tucked and cut in bands, alternating with lace bands, to form the lower part of the sleeeves. The net top of the lace flouncing provides the yoke and upper sleeves. The patterned part of the flouncing contributes the full skirt and the wide sash is made of georgette picoted about the edges.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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"The Rich New Yorker"

By ROSE MEREDITH

(Copyright.)

LUELLA FRAYNE was coming home after her long-talked-about winter in New York city. She had been staying with her mother's cousin, Mrs. Peterby, a rich and fashionable woman, who had offered to add the finishing touch to Luella's musical education by sending her to a famous pianist for lessons. And although Luella did not expect to do more than teach piano to the young people of her home town, the fact that she was a pupil of the great Bimskitoff brought her many requests from anxious mothers to register Jane or Jimmy among her prospective pupils.

"Goodness, I will be a rich woman!" sighed Luella as she relaxed in delicious idleness in the chair of the pullman car. She glanced down at her smart blue serge frock that Cousin Almira had supplied, as well as the short marten jacket and the small hat which had a crown of gold cloth. Mrs. Peterby had given her many other pretty things and promised to send her a check to help with her trousseau, for Luella was going to be married—some day. She was engaged to David Lister, an energetic home-town boy who had built a drug store on the site of the old courthouse and equipped it in the most modern manner. Dave was a licensed pharmacist, and one of the girls, Cissy Wing, had written enthusiastically: "Dave has the most up-to-the-minute drug store in the county—he is earning heaps of money—you will never spend all the money you can make by teaching piano—everybody in Roseboro will join your class! Poor Maria Barber is heartbroken. Lu! Says her music class has dwindled to two, so far, neither pupil pays cash—poor old soul, she is a good teacher, too—remember she trained you so that your Bumskeeter, or whatever his name is, said you had been well drilled. Well, we shall all be glad to see you again, and I suppose you are very fashionable now—and have you seen that rich New Yorker again? I told Dave—he looked terribly jealous. Don't mind if we copy all your clothes, do you?"

Luella reread the letter, smiling mischievously at the reference to David's jealousy. She had a plan that would open the eyes of Roseboro, and Dave could take it or not as a declaration of independence. She had learned a lot of things in New York, among them the delightful fact that she was a very pretty girl. She had met some amusing girls who taught her to smoke, and she had learned golf and to wear knickers on occasions without feeling self-conscious. As for David Lister, when she tired of teaching, perhaps they would get married, but there was that nice Mathieson boy in New York who was a millionaire.

Just then the train reached the junction, and she saw her father's rusty little car, for Doctor Frayne was quite poor, though he had a large practice among the poor. But he was a contented man, and his little family was a happy one.

It was an hour after supper in Roseboro, and as the news had gone around that Luella was home, all the young people gathered about Dave Lister's store. Dave had been busy and could only talk to Luella over the telephone, but he was very smiling and happy for she was coming down to the store. He was alone when she arrived. For some reason she had taken a cross-cut and come in the side door, and David was thankful—as soon as he saw her his face went white and wrathful.

Luella Frayne, Luella, clad in white silk blouse and trim gray tweed knickerbockers, her lovely hair bobbed and on her feet sport hose and impudent little tan oxfords.

She was smoking a cigarette! Hands in her pockets! She looked expectantly at David.

"Well, young fellow, what can I do for you?" snapped out Dave.

Luella picked up a soda mug and thumped the counter angrily. "Don't speak to me that way, Dave Lister! You know who I am—p-perfectly w-well."

"You are the girl who is going to marry the rich New Yorker, I believe," said Dave coldly. "I was engaged to Doctor Frayne's daughter, but she has thrown aside all pretensions to femininity, and smokes like—like a chimney!"

"You are not engaged to her now, then?" Luella's voice was small and weak. "Didn't you hear that the rich New Yorker was engaged to another girl—and—that I only put these on to have a little fun—and I shall give them to Bobby—and I just hate cigarettes, they make me sick!"

"But, those?"

Luella looked down at the gray tweeds regretfully. "I suppose you wouldn't want your wife to wear these, Dave?"

"The girl I asked to marry me didn't look like that, Luella, but you do look as cute as the dickens—but, somehow, I just can't like them—that pink dress you used to wear, Lu, now that!"

"I'm going home, David, by the short cut, and I'll stop and tell Maria Barber that I've decided not to teach music because I'm getting married, and I'll tell father that Cousin Amelia is sending him a new closed car, and I'll put on the pink dress, and then—"

"And then?" he smiled.

"You may kiss me!" And then she vanished, and with her went that foolish rumor, the rich New Yorker.

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