Facts and Features for Women

of Interest to Our Feminine Readers and the Home Circle

LINEN IS USED IN NEW UNDIES

The land is allagog with sales of white, which means that the summer underthings are upon the counters in great multitude, observes a fashion writer. Have you ever tried to buy lingerie during spaces between these sales of white? And have you met discouragement because there was so little choice? Well, the lesson learned by experiences of this sort is to wander forth at the white time of year and to do your buying then, for you will find the wares of the world presented for your selection.

The materials now are inferior to those of some years ago. Now we see blooming under the $3.98 sign post an array that would have formerly been relegated to the basement. The dealers have announced that they are pushing domestic underclothes because of the scarcity of French and Philippine stocks, and so we see cotton crepes and muslins of none too dainty a quality and our imaginations picture the thickness, of them as we, perforce, bid goodbye to the thin silk and muslin surfaces to which our pampered skins have become accustomed.

Fine Apparel Expensive.

However, once the situation has been studied, we find that we need not at once join the ranks of the wearers of heavy muslin underwear unless we be so inclined. There are ways to dodge around these counters of thicknesses and paths that lead to more attractive displays, though the result brings ever the inevitable conclusion that much money is needed for a respectable looking wardrobe.

The chiffon and silk lingerie is more daintily made than ever before and more originally conceived. But it looks as though the fine French underwear made of dainty nainsook or handkerchief linen were wedging its way to the foremost ranks. During the war we were deprived of this type of undergarment, but it is, after all, the most attractive sort of lingerie and, slowly but surely, it is marching to leadership. More importations are being made every day. One buyer of French lingerie made the statement that the French were repeating their former achievements and that they had no thought for anything new. Well, if the pure delicacy and charm cannot be improved upon, then we are thankful enough for the things as they exist!

Among the many bridal trousseaus that have been purchased during the last five months, muslin undergarments have held the vote of popularity. Silk things there have been, of course (they are too beautiful to be ignored), but the thin muslin and linen things intricately handmade have received new attention, so the dealers in these things say.

Lace in the Limelight.

Lace is being used more and more conspicuously for underclothes. You will say that this has been done since the beginning of things, but this new lace is of wide bands and is used in great abundance. One sees the finer sorts of handmade laces inserted in medallions on the new undergarments. There are lace panels for chemises; lace edgings, five, six and seven inches in depth, put on in slightly ruffled



Accordion-Plaited Handkerchief Linen Chemise in Pale Violet Embroidered in Pink and Blue.

flouncings; real lace tops for camisoles and chemises; lace sleeves and yokes for night dresses; lace in every conceivable usage.

In fact the newer night dresses are so elaborately done and so bedecked with wide and expansive trimmings of lace that one can scarcely distinguish them from the prevalent negligees. There are linen night frocks trimmed with Irish lace and laces of other expensive and real varieties. One had a yoke and sleeves of Chantilly with a wide band to make the hem of the garment. It was as beautiful as anything which has ever been shown in the way of lingerie and surely marks a return to the lingerie that was done in the trousseaus of our grandmothers.

The silk and chiffon nightclothes have not diminished in beauty nor in quantity, and in spite of the fact that we hear how scarce these materials have become there seems to be every evidence of plenty of silken underclothes for those who can afford them. A new set of chiffon underwear was trimmed with satin bindings of narrow ribbon pinched over the edges and many streamers of the same color of ribbon (the sets were made in many colors) streaming from the places where the ribbon was used to tie the garments into place.

Absence of Buttons.

There seems to be a welcome absence of buttons on all of the newer underwear. More and more the designs appear with rubber bands and loosely tied ribbons to hold them in



New Negligee With Marabou Trimming and Embroidered Stitches in Wool.

their proper positions. The easier they are to wear the less will we resent the cost.

Tailored underwear has come into favor recently, and there is, in consequence, much of that variety of underwear to be seen. There is much to be said in its favor, for there are many women who, in the daily course of their lives, cannot stop to fuss with ribbons and laces and rosebuds. Still they cling to that tendency which is their right—the love of dainty, soft and luxurious underwear. It is there that the tailored silk underwear comes into its own.

Following the pattern of the single piece men's underwear there have been some things like this designed for women's wear and they have won a real response. They are made of fine qualities of silks and wash satins in white or in flesh color and they have never a flower nor a furbelow to bedeck them. Then there are bloomers, which have proved beyond doubt the strength of their hold upon the feminine masses. They are useful for wear with tight skirts, which, to look their best, demand that petticoats be thrown into the discard. The bloomer has come to stay and, in silk, it is an indispensable part of the wardrobe of the modern woman.

The colors of the new underthings become more and more varied. The tradition of white for purposes of this sort has almost vanished. Now, any pastel shade is used and the more unusual it is the better. We have seen the outer effects of black and red and orange underclothes and marvelled at them, but, nevertheless, we have settled back into a casual acceptance of colored underwear as an everyday possibility. In chiffon and in crepe de chine and satin the colors vary through all tones and shades, and even in the cotton materials there is seen every variety of tone.

On the tinted underclothes there is much use of embroidery in silk threads, in woolen threads, in mercerized stitches and even in colored cotton embroidery stitchings. It is considered much better to form an edge by a buttonholing of some contrasting shade than to resort to the old method of just making a hem. Then there are the long woolen stitches, which show to their best advantage on the thin chiffon things.

From underwear to negligee is but a slip, and it does seem as though we are paying more attention to the graceful and becoming robes d'interieur which so long have been a necessary part of the wardrobe of a French woman. Never before have we shown such a concentrated interest in the gowns which are for private appearance only.

The lines of the new negligees are simple enough, but the trimmings grow more gorgeous as one season melts into another. On the newest ones there are layers of chiffon so constructed that the things look only like floating clouds. Every trick and scheme is resorted to that the garment may be lightness itself. Lace is used lavishly. Sometimes it constitutes the overdress and then again it is used for the foundation slip so that only a suggestion of its loveliness shines through the overlaying chiffon. Silk lace trims the edges of other chiffon negligees, being carried around the long lines of the outer edges and giving the effect of something not quite tangible in its elusiveness.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR JULY 25

DAVID SUCCEEDS SAUL AS KING.

LESSON TEXT—II Sam. 2:1-7; 5:1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT—Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not upon thine understanding.—Prov. 3:5.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—I Sam. 31: 1-13; II Sam. 1-27; 2:8-4:12.

PRIMARY TOPIC—The Shepherd Boy Becomes a King.

JUNIOR TOPIC—How David Became a King.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Secret of David's Success.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—True Success and How to Win It.

The death of Saul lay open to David the path to the throne. This would have rejoiced the heart of many, but David was sad. Instead of reward being given to the slayer of Saul, quick vengeance was executed upon him.

I. David Made King Over Judah (2:1-4).

He knew full well that the Lord by the hand of Samuel had anointed him to be the successor of Saul. He had learned the essential lesson which the School of Providence was designed to teach, namely, that the position now open to him was no easy one to fill. His exile and sufferings gave him self-control. He had the good sense to know that promotion to the throne did but bring "harder duties and multiplied perplexities." He threw himself upon God and asked for guidance. He rendered instant obedience to the Lord's answer. If we are to enjoy God's fellowship and blessing we must render quick obedience. He made a right beginning, therefore God prospered him. When he reached Hebron the men of Judah came and anointed him king over them. Thus a part of the nation recognized him as king and ratified the work which Samuel did many years before. When David went up he took with him all who had been with him in exile and suffering. They are now sharers with him in the kingdom. When David's great son, Christ, shall enter upon his glorious reign, those who have been faithful to him in his rejection shall reign with him. "If we suffer we shall also reign with him." (II Tim. 2:12); "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my father in his throne." (Rev. 3:21).

II. David's Behavior Toward the Men of Jabesh-Gilead (2:4-7).

The men of Jabesh owed much to Saul (I Sam. 11), and they showed this recognition of debt by making a daring dash to rescue his body from the ignominious exposure at Bethlehem. David's act of sending men to Jabesh with a message of good will for their affectionate remembrance of Saul is an exhibition of his noble generosity. His love for the unfortunate king survived all the injuries which he suffered at his hands. He forgave and forgot them all. This was an act of political shrewdness as well as a generous one. In fact the only policy which proves effective is that which proceeds from a generous heart. He deftly follows this generous commendation with a solicitude for the men of Jabesh to transfer their loyalty to himself, since he is now their legal king. Since Saul is now dead, he urges them to be valiant for him. In view of the civil war which was to follow he knew it would require valiant men to stand by God's king. This appeal to be valiant is needed now, for we are all called upon to take sides between God's appointed king, Jesus Christ, and Satan, the pretender to the throne. May Christ's appeal result in making us faithful and valiant for him.

III. The Dual Kingdom—War Between the House of Saul and the House of David (2:8-4:12).

This period of civil war lasted seven and a half years. Most of the tribes of Israel clung to Ishbosheth, Saul's son, whom Abner had proclaimed king at Mahanaim. Feuds continued between the rival generals. David's power increased while that of Ishbosheth's waned.

IV. David Crowned King Over United Israel (5:1-5).

Though the struggle for supremacy lasted long and was a bitter one, Abner's death and Ishbosheth's assassination put an end to David's opposition. David's behavior during this time gradually won for him the confidence of the tribes so that they all came to him at Hebron and anointed him as their king. They accepted his divine right to rule (v. 3). The reasons for anointing him their king were:

1. He is their brother (v. 1). This is true of Christ our King. Through the incarnation he has become one with us.
2. He was their true leader in war, even in Saul's time (v. 2).
3. He was the Lord's choice (v. 2)

Procrastination.

Procrastination is helping the devil in retarding righteousness in the world. Remember that legend of how he summoned his imperial staff and offered a reward to the member who would suggest the best way to destroy a human soul. One said, Convince him there is no God. Another said, Prove there is no immortality and no truth in the Bible. But still another suggested, Convince him that there is no hurry about his carrying out his good resolutions. And the devil gave that one the prize.—Bishop Talbot.

Dwelling by the Well

By REV. GEORGE GUILLE

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TEXT—And Isaac dwelt by the well Lehairoi.—Gen. 25:11.

The Spirit of God is at particular pains to mark out the dwelling places of the patriarchs, as though to summon to them our special attention. For in them all he speaks, to those whose ears have been opened to hear, of things divine.



"Now we, brethren, as Isaac was, are the children of promise," says the apostle in Gal. 4:28, and thus explicitly sets Isaac before us as a figure of the believer in the Lord Jesus.

And the first particular in which he represents us is his miraculous birth. For he was born of divine power, contrary to nature. Of his father it is written: "He considered not his own body now dead, when he was about an hundred years old, neither yet the deadness of Sarah's womb." Under such conditions was Isaac born.

Just so has every believer been begotten of divine power. "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the children of God." No power had we for this. God must give it! "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us." Born of God! What a word! And thus his children, possessed of his life and his nature.

2. When this promised son was born, Abraham's house was filled with laughter and they gave him a name to commemorate it. For Isaac means "laughter." It tells of nothing that he was in himself, but proclaims a father's joy over the child of his live. And does not our Lord, in a parable, tell of a feast in a father's house by which that father gives expression to his joy over the recovery of a lost one? Yea, and he speaks of music and dancing, saying, "They began to be merry" (but not that they ceased!). And it is all his own portrayal of the joy in the heart of our Father God over you and me who have brought nothing to him save our sin. Isaac! That is your name, my fellow-believer, and it is mine. It describes not us but lays bare the heart of our God.

3. And of this child, thus born and bringing such gladness to his father, it is written that Abraham gave all that he had to him. That vast estate, described in Gen. 24, made over without reserve. And it "is written for our learning," a faint shadowing forth of our riches in Christ. "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him freely give us all things?" "All things are yours." "In everything enriched by him." How shameful that God's people should live like beggars when all the Father's wealth is theirs! Theirs for present enjoyment as well as for the future.

4. With these facts relating to Isaac known, we are not surprised at his persistent dwelling in Canaan. He never leaves the land. Canaan was good enough for Isaac! Is it for you? Canaan is the well-known figure of that place to which, in Christ, God has raised all his own: "He hath raised us up together and made us sit together in the heavenlies in Christ," and his constant appeal to us is to be there in heart and mind. It is the place of our blessing, for "he hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in the heavenlies." Isaac, dwelling in Canaan, shows us the child of God abiding in the serene enjoyment of his God-given portion.

5. In Canaan, Isaac is found by the well of springing water. And here, again, is a holy symbolism which the Lord has interpreted for us. "A fountain of living water, springing up unto everlasting life." "Out of his innermost being shall flow rivers of living water." There is no mistaking it; it is the ministry of the Holy Spirit to the regenerated man, making Christ a present reality, satisfying his craving heart so that, no longer craving, it becomes a channel of blessing to all around. This is Isaac's portion and it is yours and mine. But if these figures of such blessing are to become a reality we must dwell by the well.

6. But this well of Isaac's has a special name: "Lahairoi"—"the well of him that liveth and seeth me." Oh, how that name speaks to us of the loving and endless care of our unfailing God! How it tells of his regard for us, as though each were his only child and his solitary care! All our affairs his particular concern! What perfect peace and rest for the heart!

My times are in thy hand;
Oh God, I wish them there.

It is enough. Let me be found dwelling by the well where I may daily realize so great a blessing.

Growth.

We never see plants actually growing; we only take notice that they have grown. He who would form a sound judgment of his spiritual progress must throw his eye over long, not short, intervals of time. He must compare the self of this year with the self of last; not the self of today with the self of yesterday.

The GREAT SHADOW

by A. Conan Doyle

AUTHOR of "THE ADVENTURES of SHERLOCK HOLMES"

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COUSIN EDIE.

Synopsis.—Writing long after the events described, Jack Calder, Scot farmer of West Inch, tells how, in his childhood, the fear of invasion by Napoleon, at that time complete master of Europe, had gripped the British nation. Following a false alarm that the French had landed, Jim Horscroft, the doctor's son, a youth of fifteen, quarrels with his father over joining the army, and from that incident a lifelong friendship begins between the boys. They go to school at Berwick, where Jim is cock boy from the first. After two years Jim goes to Edinburgh to study medicine. Jack stays five years more at Berwick, becoming cock boy in his turn. A visit of Cousin Edie Calder of Eyemouth to West Inch gives no hint of the part she is to play in the lives of the two friends.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

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One day, when I came in from the sheep, there was my father sitting with a letter in his hands, which was a very rare thing with us, except when the factor wrote for the rent. Then when I came nearer to him I saw that he was crying, and I stood staring, for I had always thought that it was not a thing that a man could do. My mother sat beside him and stroked his hand like she did the cat's back when she would soothe it.

"Aye, Jeannie," said he, "poor Willie's gone. It's from the lawyer, and it was sudden, or they'd ha' sent word of it. Carbuncle, he says, and a flush o' blood to the head."

"Ah, well, his trouble's over," said my mother.

My father rubbed his ears with the tablecloth. "He's left a' his savings to his lassie," said he, "and, by gom, if she's not changed from what she promised to be she'll soon gar them flee. He doesn't say how much, but she'll have enough and to spare, he says. And she's to come and bide with us, for that was his last wish."

"To pay for her keep," cried my mother sharply. I was sorry that she should have spoken of money at that moment, but then if she had not been sharp we should have been on the roadside in a twelvemonth.

"Aye, she'll pay, and she's coming this very day. Jock, lad, I'll want you to drive to Ayton and meet the evening coach. Your cousin Edie will be in it and you can fetch her over to West Inch."

And so off I started, at quarter past five, with Souter Johnnie, the long-haired fifteen-year-old, and our cart with the new-painted tailboard, that we only used on great days. The coach was in, just as I came, and I, like a foolish country lad, taking no heed to the years that had passed, was looking about among the folk in the inn front for a slip of a girl with her petticoats just under her knees. And as I slouched past and craned my neck there came a touch to my elbow, and there was a lady, dressed all in black, standing by the steps, and I knew that it was my cousin Edie.

I knew it, I say, and yet had she not touched me I might have passed her a score of times and never known it. My word, if Jim Horscroft had asked me then if she were pretty or no I should have known how to answer him! She was dark, much darker than is common among our border lassies, and yet with such a faint flush of pink breaking through her dainty color, like the deeper flush at the heart of a sulphur rose. Her lips were red and kindly and firm, and even then, at the first glance, I saw that light of mischief and mockery that danced away at the back of her great dark eyes. She took me then and there as though I had been her heritage, put out her hand and plucked me. She was, as I have said, in black, dressed in what seemed to me a wondrous fashion, with a black veil pushed up from her brow.

"Ah, Jack," said she, in a mincing English fashion that she had learned at the boarding school. "No, no, we are rather old for that—" This because I, in my awkward fashion, was pushing my foolish brown face forward to kiss her, as I had done when I saw her last.

"Is this our carriage? How funny it looks. And where am I to sit?"

"On the sacking," said I.

"And how am I to get there?"

"Put your foot on the hub," said I; "I'll help you." I sprang up and took her two little gloved hands in my own. As she came over the side, her breath blew in my face, sweet and warm, and all that vagueness and unrest seemed in a moment to have been shredded away from my soul. I felt as if that instant had taken me out from myself and made me one of the race. It took but the time of the flicking of the horse's tail, and yet something had happened, a barrier had gone down somewhere, and I was leading a wider and a wiser life. I felt it all in a gush, but, shy and backward as I was, I could do nothing but flatten out the sacking for her. Her eyes were after the coach which was rattling away to Berwick, and suddenly she shook her handkerchief in the air.

"He took off his hat," said she; "I think he must have been an officer. He was very distinguished looking; perhaps you noticed him—a gentleman on the outside, very handsome, with a brown overcoat."

I shook my head, with all my flush of joy changed to foolish resentment. "Ah, well, I shall never see him again. Here are all the green braes, and the brown, winding road, just the same as ever. And you, Jack—I don't see any great change in you, either. I hope your manners are better than they used to be. You won't try to put any frogs down my back, will you?"

I crept all over when I thought of such a thing. "We'll do all we can to make you happy at West Inch," said I, playing with the whip.

"I'm sure it's very kind of you to take a poor, lonely girl in," said she.

"It's kind of you to come, Cousin Edie," I stammered. "You'll find it very dull, I fear."

"I suppose it is a little quiet, Jack. Not many men about, as I remember it. By the way, that crabbed old doctor had a son, had he not?"

"Oh, yes, that's Jim Horscroft, my best friend."

"Is he at home?"

"No; he'll be home soon. He's still at Edinburgh, studying."

"Ah, we'll keep each other company until he comes, Jack. And I'm very tired, and I wish I was at West Inch."

I made old Souter Johnnie cover the ground as he had never done before or since, and in an hour she was seated at the supper table, where my mother had laid out not only butter but a glass dish of gooseberry jam which sparkled and looked fine in the candle light. I could see that my parents were as overcome as I was at the difference in her, though not in the same way. After supper, when she had gone to her bed, they could talk of nothing but her looks and her breeding.

"By the way, though," says my father, "it does not look as if she were heartbroke about my brother's death."

And then, for the first time, I remembered that she had never said a word about the matter since I had met her.

CHAPTER III.

The Shadow on the Waters.

It was not very long before Cousin Edie was queen of West Inch, and we all her devoted subjects from my father down. The south room, which was the sunniest and had the honeysuckle round the window, was for her; and it was a marvel to see the things that she brought from Berwick to put into it. Twice a week she would drive over. And the cart would not do for her; for she hired a gig from Angus Whitehead, whose farm lay over the hill. And it was seldom she went without bringing something back for one or other of us. It was a wooden pipe for my father, or a Shetland plaid for my mother, or a book for me, or a brass collar for Rob, the collie. There was never a woman more free-handed.

But the best thing that she gave us was just her own presence. To me it changed the whole countryside; and the sun was brighter and the braes greener, and the air sweeter from the day she came. Our lives were common no longer, now that we spent them with such a one as she; and the old, dull gray house was another place in my eyes since she had set her foot across the doormat. It was not her face, though that was winsome enough; nor her form, though I never saw the lass that could match her. But it was her spirit; her queer, mocking ways; her fresh, new fashion of talk; her proud whisk of the dress and toss of the head, which made one feel like the ground beneath her feet; and then the quick challenge in her eye and the kindly word that brought one up to her level again.

The more I loved her the more frightened I was at her; and she could see the fright long before she knew the love. I was uneasy to be away from her; and yet, when I was with her, I was in a shiver all the time for fear my stumbling talk might weary her or give her offense. Had I known more of the ways of women I might have taken less pains.

We found our level after a time, when she saw that she had just to do what she liked and how she liked, and that I was as much at her beck and call as old Rob was at mine. You'll think that I was a fool to have had my head so turned, and maybe I was; but, then, you must think how little I was used to women, and how much we were thrown together. Besides, she was a woman in a million, and I can tell you that it was a strong head that would not be turned by her.

Why, there was Major Elliott, a man that had buried three wives, and had twelve pitched battles to his name, Edie could have turned him round her finger like a damp rag—she, only new from the boarding school. I met him hobbling from West Inch, the first time after she came, with pink in his cheeks and a shine in his eye that took ten years from him. He was cocking up his gray mustaches at either end, and curling them into his eyes and strutting out with his sound leg as proud as a piper. What she had said to him the Lord knows, but it was like old wine in his veins.

I saw the corner of a newspaper thrusting out of his pocket, and I knew that he had come over, as was his way, to give me some news, for we heard little enough at West Inch.

"What is fresh, major?" I asked.

He pulled the paper out with a flourish. "The allies have won a great battle, my lad," says he. "I don't think 'Nap' can stand up long against this. The Saxons have thrown him over, and he's been badly beat at Leipzig. Wellington is past the Pyrenees and Graham's folk will be at Bayonne before long."

I chucked up my hat. "Then the war will come to an end at last," I cried.

"Aye, and time, too," said he, shaking his head gravely. "It's been a bloody business. But it is hardly worth while for me to say now what was in my mind about you."

"What was that?"

"Well, laddie, you are doing no good here and now that my knee is getting more limber I was hoping that I might get on active service again. I wondered whether, maybe, you might like to do a little soldiering under me."

My heart jumped at the thought. "Aye, would I!" I cried.

"But it'll be clear six months before I'll be fit to pass a board, and it's long odds that Boney will be under lock and key before that."

"And there's my mother," said I. "I doubt she'd never let me go."

"Ah, well, she'll never be asked to now," he answered, and hobbled on upon his way.

I sat down among the heather, with my chin on my hand, turning the thing over in mind, and watching him in his old brown clothes, with the end of a gray plaid flapping over his shoulder as he picked his way up the swell of the hill. It was a poor life this at West Inch, waiting to fill my father's shoes, with the same heath and the same gray house forever before me. But over there—over the blue sea—ah, there was a life fit for a man.

For two days I turned it over in my mind, and on the third there came something which first brought my resolutions to a head and then blew them all to nothing, like a puff of smoke in the wind.

I had strolled out in the afternoon with Cousin Edie and Rob, until we found ourselves on the brow of the slope which dips away down to the beach. I pulled an armful of bracken to make a couch for Edie, and there she lay in her listless fashion, happy and contented, for of all folk that I have ever met she had the most joy from warmth and light.

There was a ship coming up with the wind—a black, sedate old merchantman—bound for Leith as likely as not. Her yards were square and she was running with all sail set. On the other tack, coming from the northeast, were two great, ugly, lugger-like craft, with one high mast each, and a big, square, brown sail. A prettier sight one would not wish than to see the three craft dipping along upon so fair a day, but of a sudden there came a spurt of flame and a whirl of blue smoke from one lugger, then the same from the second, and a rap-rap-rap from the ship. In a twinkling hell had elbowed out heaven, and there on the water was hatred and savagery and the lust for blood.

We had sprung to our feet at the outburst and Edie put her hand, all in a tremble, upon my arm.

"They are fighting, Jack," she cried. "What are they? Who are they?"

My heart was thudding with the guns, and it was all that I could do to answer her for the catch of my breath.

"It's two French privateers, Edie," said I. "Chasse-marees, they call them, and yon's one of our merchant ships, and they'll take her as sure as death, for the major says that they've always got heavy guns, and are as full of men as an egg's full of meat. Why doesn't the fool make back for Tweedmouth bar?"

"You are my very own now.
"I'll stay and marry you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOLAR SYSTEM MADE PLAIN

Illustration Given by Herschel Is Probably the Most Comprehensive Ever Devised.

Perhaps our most graphic picture of the solar system is given by Herschel. Imagine a circular field two and a half miles in diameter; place a library globe two feet in diameter in the very center; 82 feet away put a mustard seed. The globe would represent the sun and the mustard seed Mercury.

At a distance of 142 feet place a pea, and another at 215 feet. These will represent Venus and the earth, both as to size and distance. A rather large pinhead at a distance of 327 feet will speak for Mars, and a fair-sized tangerine a quarter of a mile distant will stand for Jupiter. A small lemon at two-fifths of a mile will play the role of Saturn, a large cherry three-fourths of a mile distant will answer for Uranus, and a fair-sized plum at the very edge of the field will proclaim Neptune.

Eighty moons would be required to make one earth. A player there could throw a ball six times as far as it can be thrown on American diamonds. A man weighing 150 pounds there would weigh 900 on the earth. The earth receives as much light and heat from the sun in 13 seconds as it gets from the moon in a whole year.—From a Bulletin of the National Geographic Society.

"Mapping" the Air.

The greatest discovery yet made in exploring the air is that the atmosphere consists of two layers, the lower extending from sea level up to 10,000 meters, in which there is a steady fall of temperature with elevation. This is called the troposphere. Above this there is no fall, and up to 20,000 meters a slight rise. The upper layer is known as the stratosphere. It is actually possible today for an airplane to rise from the ground to the bottom of the stratosphere, say about six miles, in one hour. If we want to explore somewhat higher, say 20 miles, we install light instruments on a sounding balloon.

A Looking-Back Word.

A woman always has time for reflection when she sees a mirror.—Cartoons Magazine.

Figures compiled in England show that the world's consumption of tea is steadily increasing.

John Adams was the longest lived of the presidents, dying in his ninety-first year.

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