Facts and Features for Women

of Interest to Our Feminine Readers and the Home Circle

STRONG FOR HIPS

Midsummer Fashion Makers Cite Styles Now in Favor.

Bunneling, Crash, Awning, Hammock Material and Denims Are Now Fashioned Into Dresses.

Gotham midsummer fashion makers declare for hips, says a New York fashion writer. Manufacturers and retailers both say that the hips are now in popular favor all because Paree got angry about that paradise named hat that was thrown into the boudoir of France's lady of the land and just as promptly bounced out again, while the Parisian milliners bended over the fourteen points that made it a hat thrown into the big ring of international fashion squabbling. They say that Rue was angry once too often and that American women will not buy the toothpick or chemise dresses that Paris launched for the new season.

Whatever the cause may be, hips is in, as Fifth avenue windows all too well display. 'Tis the fashion season of the bouffant, the billowy, the exaggerated, the puffed and pouched. Naturally, this craze for a distended skirt has launched carloads of coarse stiff fabrics upon the cloth market. Bath-room toweling, crash, awning, hammock material and denims are in full bloom as fashioned into dresses of every type.

Although many of the midsummer gowns use natural colored toweling, there is a tendency to dip these sturdy fabrics into dyes of every hue and emblazon them with weird, conventional, intricate patterns. Regular upholsterers' cretonne in color combinations that fight or purr are frequent, and even old paisley shawls are found made up into new bustled dresses.

A leading house shows a street dress fashioned of heavy dull blue and rose cretonne. Although an occasional rose can be defined in the maze of intricate patterning, the general effect is like a dark-flowered cotton foulard. The material is inset with a panel of sheer white organdie upon which are scattered girly-girly bows of French blue metallic ribbon and pale pink rosebuds. A bustle distends the skirt through the hips, while the bodice is snugly Alsatian-laced.

Of pouch pockets there is no end on the summer's skirts. Most of them so distend that they add several feet to the hip circumference. Over panniers or hips drapes are wired so that there is no danger they will fall into soft lines. Tier skirts of as many as eight rows of ruffles are running amuck upon the avenue, and the top three tiers are wired into lamp shade and chandelier effects. Flaring bottoms of skirts have completely supplanted the old three-inch-around model, and a hoydenish, masculine stride is rapidly killing off mincing footsteps.

Lowly ironing board covering is being made into dresses that carry a price tag in three figures. This heaviest, cheapest kind of crash is embellished with scallops and embroideries in Chinese red or Algerian blue, and flaunts wired pouch pockets or side skirt drapes. Occasionally heavy strips of white kid or ordinary harness leather are stitched into mammoth side pockets for the hip width effect.

Midsummer evening gowns are most elaborate and are as heavy with velvet, plush and fur as at Christmas time. Many of these heavy satin or velvet skirts are bustled and hand-painted in gorgeous eccentric patterns, such as with a red pitcher plant, a screaming parrot, or a clump of ferns. But "the hips—the hips the thing."

CREPE DE CHINE IN WHITE



To appear cool and feel cool is not always possible, but the wearer of this charming frock of white crepe de chine with pipings and sash of navy blue grosgrain ribbon achieves this happy result.

PARIS HAIR DRESSING STYLE



This is one of the latest in Parisian coiffures; it is enhanced through the use of a wreath of silk roses.

Confetti Trimming.

A French trimming which bids fair to prove popular is known in Paris as "confetti" trimming. This is used generally on a foundation of sheer silk, chiffon or georgette, the latter more frequently seen here. In Paris, according to recent arrivals from that market, it is popular in the many colors characteristic of the real confetti, the trimming being fabric, felt or leather, cut up into the tiniest of spots.

Black With White on Hat

Combination Is Great Favorite and Always Affords Bit of Smartness That Is Desired.

Women never tire of black and white. In summer hats this combination is a great favorite. The all-white hat is rather dead looking, and while a white hat with colored trimming may be very pretty there is a likelihood of the appearing somewhat insipid unless accented by an artist. A touch of black on a white hat always brings a bit of smartness.

White organdie hats, much like the old-fashioned lingerie hat that women affected for many summers because it brought eternal youth, are trimmed with puffy flowers of organdie. Then they are swathed with black tulle.

Equally effective are hats of pale yellow organdie veiled with brown net. Taffeta flowers—big puffy ones of dark colors—are sometimes applied to drooping mushroom shapes of white organdie with long, loose stitches of black and a wispy transparent scarf draped over all. Sometimes white organdie blossoms are scattered over black horsehair hats. The versatile organdie plays many roles. It is not unusual to see it ornamenting oilcloth hats in the form of scarfs or appliqued flowers, and in turn oilcloth may be appliqued to hats of organdie.

Paris Bracelets.

The vogue for the very short sleeve and the transparent sleeve has brought in the bracelet with a rush. Nor does she already always content herself with one bracelet. She often wears several on the same arm. There are colorful bracelets of imitation jade or of amber with narrow bands of imitation topaz. A pair of bracelets may vary greatly in size, one being large enough to slip up on the upper arm, the other small enough to clasp the wrist. The Parisians are wearing smart sets of ivory bracelets banded with narrow strips of elephants' hair, and to complete them there are little matching finger rings.

Straw Trims Taffeta Frocks.

One of the newest and smartest trimming touches used on taffeta frocks consists of bandings of narrow straw braid in vividly contrasting color. It is not a stiff hat braid, but something very soft, and it is often applied in odd-shaped motifs as well as in straight band effect. The tailored street frock, whether of taffeta or wool fabric, is often shown with a matching cape or mantle, cut short and fancifully trimmed.

Lace Stockings.

For evening wear Paris is taking to lace stockings, not only because these are new and effective, but because silk stockings are extremely high priced, and very difficult to procure in colors as wanted.

May Take Place of Sweater.

The wool jersey cloth blouse is very practical and smart and may take the place of a sweater. Yarn embroidery and deep yarn fringe are popular decorative touches.

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 AUGUST 1

DAVID BRINGS THE ARK TO JERUSALEM.

LESSON TEXT—II Sam. 6:1-19; Ps. 24: 7-10.

GOLDEN TEXT—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.—Ps. 100:4.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Ex. 25:10-22; II Sam. 5:6-25; Heb. 9:2-10.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Thanking God.

JUNIOR TOPIC—The Ark of God Brought to Jerusalem.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—What the Ark Meant to Israel.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Making Religion Central.

The ark was a symbol of the presence of God in Israel. It represented God's throne, the place from which he communicated his will to the people through the priest (Ex. 25:22; Psalms 80:1).

I. David's Unsuccessful Attempt to Bring Up the Ark (vv. 1-5).

This is an example of a wrong way of doing a right thing. That the ark of the Lord of Hosts, the symbol of God's presence, should be brought to the very center of the nation's life was a decision worthy of all praise. It surely met God's approval. David gathered together the representative men of the nation in order that the movement might be a national one. That David was sincere in this measure cannot be doubted, but he was hasty and inconsiderate. God had expressly decreed that the Kohathites should bear the ark upon their shoulders (Num. 4:14, 15; 7:9; 18:3). For them to place it even upon a new cart was a positive violation of God's commandment. Though David was sincere, his sincerity did not atone for disobedience to God's Word. The dictum that it matters little what you do, just so you are honest and sincere, is one of the Devil's blackest lies. It mattered much in this case, and always does. David cannot be excused on the ground of ignorance, because he had the opportunity to know. God cannot be blamed for man's ignorance when he has given him the law and the ability to understand it.

II. God Vindicates His Law and Holiness (vv. 6-9).

The people were very joyful as they moved on toward Jerusalem with the ark, but suddenly there was a stop to their jubilant voices and music. At some rough place in the road the oxen stumbled and Uzzah, anxious for the precious freight on his cart, reached forth his hand to steady it. This resulted in his being stricken with death. Ignorance does not make a man immune from the death which is in the touch of the heavily charged electric wire; neither does it in the case of the violation of God's laws. Even those who were designated by the Lord to carry the ark were not allowed to touch it with their hands. Since the ark was God's dwelling place among men, they needed to know that he was holy. God's judgment was severe, but not more so than they deserved. This awful visitation of just judgment struck terror to David. Well it might, for he was in the path of disobedience. The Lord's presence has no terror for those who obey his word.

III. The Ark of God in the House of Obed-Edom (vv. 10-12).

The presence of Jehovah always brings blessings. The homes where God is welcomed are always blessed. Obed-Edom was not better personally than Uzzah and David, but he openly received the Lord and properly related himself to him. What had been death and dread to others was life and blessing to him.

IV. The Ark Brought to Jerusalem With Great Joy (vv. 13-19).

1. Sacrifices offered after going six paces (v. 13). David made the start and when convinced of God's approval he made offerings. These were both burnt and peace offerings, typifying the self-dedication of the offerers and their thanskgiving (I Chron. 16:1).

2. David's great joy (vv. 14, 15). The people joined him with great shouting and with the sound of the trumpet.

3. Michal's criticism (v. 16). Even though David went to excess in his expression of joy, it was wrong in her to criticize, for God seems to have sanctioned David's rebuke of her (v. 23).

4. The grand celebration (vv. 17-19). As a token of his gratitude to God, David generously treated the people.

5. The King of glory, the Lord Jesus Christ coming (Psalms 24:7-10).

This was not the psalm composed by David for the occasion of bringing up the ark; that was Psalm 105 (see I Chron. 16). It is strange that such a suggestion should have been made. The Twenty-fourth Psalm pictures Christ as the coming and triumphant King. At that time the gates shall open to him and the King of glory shall come in.

Self-Judgment.

Turn thine eyes unto thyself, and beware thou judge not the deeds of other men. In judging of others a man laboreth in vain, often erreth, and easily sinneth; but in judging and examining himself, he always laboreth fruitfully.—Thomas a Kempis.

Amiable People.

Amiable people, though often subject to imposition in their contact with the world, yet radiate so much of sunshine that they are reflected in all appreciative hearts.—Delazy.

Balaam: the Compromiser

By REV. L. W. GOSNELL

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TEXT—And God's anger was kindled because he went: and the angel of the Lord stood in the way for an adversary against him.—Num. 22:22.

A great preacher said: "There is nothing like the first glance we get at duty, before there has been any special pleading of our affections or inclinations. Duty is never uncertain at first. It is only when we have got involved in the mazes and sophistries of wishing that things were otherwise than they are, that it seems indistinct. Considering a duty is often only explaining it away. Deliberation is often only dishonest. God's guidance is plain when we are true."



This principle is well illustrated in the case of Balaam, who was a diviner, dwelling on the Euphrates, and having some knowledge of the true God. When Israel was encamped in the plains of Moab, on the way to Canaan, Balak the king of the Moabites sent for Balaam to curse Israel, offering him great rewards for his divination.

When the princes of Moab came to Balaam, he inquired of Jehovah as to what he should do. The answer of the Lord was plain: "Thou shalt not go with them; thou shalt not curse the people; for they are blessed."

Balaam's Great Mistake.

Balak, however, was in such distress that he sent more princes, even more honorable than the first, with promises of great honor for Balaam if he would only curse Israel. It was just at this point that Balaam erred. The will of God in the premises had already been made clear, and the second invitation from Balak should have met with an instant No! Instead of this, Balaam replied: "Now, therefore, I pray you, tarry ye here this night, that I may know what the Lord will say unto me more." What more did he need?

It is evident that Balaam did not lack light, any more than we usually lack it in matters of duty. It was because of base motives entering in, making him unwilling to walk in the light vouchsafed to him, that he sought from God a reversal of the directions already given. Avarice and ambition overpowered him. His eye was on the rewards of divination in the hands of Balak's princes, and his imagination was kindled by the promise of great honor at Balak's court.

Yet it is to be noted that even while wavering as to his duty, he spoke great swelling words of integrity: "If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord my God, to do less or more." Yet he went forth to tease God, if we may so speak, for a reversal of his decree.

God's Permissive Will.

And now a thing happens which should be marked well. The Lord apparently reverses his orders and says: "If the men come to call thee, rise up, and go with them; but yet the word that I shall say unto thee, that shalt thou do." Had the unchangeable God really changed his attitude in the matter? To ask the question is to answer it. No, we have illustrated here the distinction between God's directive will, which had bidden him not to go, and his permissive will, which allowed him to have his own way. Doubtless Balaam was happy now and felt confident he could secure the rewards of divination without doing anything contrary to Jehovah's word.

He soon discovered that those who follow their own lusts, rather than the will of God, come to grief. First, an angel with a drawn sword met him in the way. We are reminded how the Lord met Moses and sought to kill him for some disobedience (Ex. 4:24), and how Jonah ran into a dreadful storm when fleeing from Jehovah. The way of the transgressor is still hard. Again even the ass Balaam bestrode found voice to rebuke him. Every bush becomes an officer to the criminal, and nature, animate and inanimate, has tongues with which to rebuke the guilty soul.

Balaam would have turned back at this stage, but, alas, we cannot always turn back; even if forgiven we may suffer the consequences of a wrong choice. The angel said: "Go with the men, but only the word that I shall speak unto thee, that thou shalt speak."

The Folly of Disobedience.

What was the outcome? Instead of pleasing Balak by cursing Israel, he displeased him by blessing them. Finally, he seems to have corrupted Israel by means of the Midianitish women and was slain by the Israelites along with other enemies of God (Num. 31:8). He stands pilloried in Holy Writ as a man who sought the wages of unrighteousness and who cast a stumbling block before God's people (II Peter 2:15; Jude 11; Revelation 2:14).

The Great Shadow

By A. CONAN DOYLE

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"

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"SILLY BOY."

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 together 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 from Cousin Edie of Eyemouth to West Inch gives no hint of the part she is to play in the lives of the two friends. When Jack is eighteen Edie comes to live at West Inch and Jack falls in love at first sight with his attractive, romantic, selfish and autocratic cousin of seventeen. They watch from the cliffs the victory of an English merchantman over two French privateers.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

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But not an inch of canvas did she lower, floundering on in her stolid fashion, while a little black ball ran up her peak and the rare old flag streamed suddenly out from the halliard. Then again came the rap-rap-rap of her little guns and the boom-boom of the big carronades in the bows of the lugger. An instant later the three ships met, and the merchantman staggered on like a stag with two wolves hanging to its haunches. For a stricken hour the hell-cloud moved slowly across the face of the water, and still, with our hearts in our mouths, we watched the flap of the flag, straining to see if it were yet there. And then suddenly the ship, as proud and black and high as ever, shot on upon her way, and as the smoke cleared we saw one of the luggers squattering like a broken-winged duck upon the water, and the other working hard to get the crew from her before she sank.

For all that hour I had lived for nothing but the fight. My cap had been whisked away by the wind, but I had never given it a thought. Now, with my heart full, I turned upon Cousin Edie, and the sight of her took me back six years. There was the vacant, staring eye and the parted lips, just as I had seen them in her girlhood, and her little hands were clenched until the knuckles gleamed like ivory.

"Ah, that captain!" she said, talking to the heath and the whin bushes. "There is a man—so strong, so resolute! I would give a year of my life to meet such a man. But that is what living in the country means. One never sees anybody but just those who are fit for nothing better."

I do not know that she meant to hurt me, though she was never very backward at that; but, whatever her intention, her words seemed to strike straight upon a naked nerve.

"Very well, Cousin Edie," I said, trying to speak calmly. "That puts the cap on it. I'll take the bounty in Berwick tonight."

"Oh, you'd look so handsome in a red coat, Jack, and it improves you vastly when you are in a temper. I wish your eyes would always flash like that, for it looks so nice and manly. But I am sure that you are joking about the soldiering."

"I'll let you see if I'm joking." Then and there I set off running over the moor, until I burst into the kitchen where my father and mother were sitting on either side of the ingle.

"Mother," I cried, "I'm off for a soldier."

Had I said that I was off for a burglar they could not have looked worse over it, for in those days among the decent, canny country folks it was mostly the black sheep that were herded by the sergeant. But, my word, those same black sheep did their country some rare service, too! My mother put up her mittens to her eyes, and my father looked as black as a peat hole.

"Hoots, Jock, you're daft," says he.

"Daft or no, I'm going."

"Then you'll have no blessing from me."

"Then I'll go without."

At this my mother gave a screech and throws her arms about my neck. I saw her hand, all hard and worn and knuckly with the work that she had done for my upbringing, and it pleaded with me as words could not have done. My heart was soft for her, but my will was as hard as a flint edge. I put her back in her chair with a kiss, and then ran to my room to pack my bundle. It was already growing dark, and I had a long walk before me; so I thrust a few things together and hastened out. As I came through the side door someone touched my shoulder, and there was Edie in the gloaming.

"Silly boy!" said she. "You are not really going? I don't want you to go, Jack."

"You said that the folk in the country were fit for nothing better. You always speak like that. You think no more of me than of those doves in the cote. You think I'm nobody at all. I'll show you different." All my troubles came out in hot little spurts of speech. She colored up as I spoke and looked at me in her queer, half-mocking, half-petting fashion.

"Oh, I think so little of you as that," said she. "And that is the reason why you are going away. Well, then, Jack, will you stay if I am—if I am kind to you?"

We were face to face and close together, and in an instant the thing was done. My arms were round her, and I was kissing her, and kissing her and kissing her, on her mouth, her cheeks, her eyes, and pressing her to my heart, and whispering to her that she was all, all to me, and that I could not be without her. She said nothing, but it was long before she turned her face aside, and when she pushed me back it was not very hard.

"Why, you are quite your rude, old, impudent self," said she, patting her hair with her two hands. "You have tossed me, Jack. I had no idea that you would be so forward."

But all my fear of her was gone, and a love tenfold hotter than ever was boiling in my veins. I took her up again and kissed her, as if it were my right.

"You are my very own now," I cried. "I shall not go to Berwick, but I'll stay and marry you."

But she laughed when I spoke of marriage. "Silly boy! Silly boy!" said she, with her forefinger up, and then when I tried to lay hands on her again she gave a little dainty courtesy and was off into the house.

CHAPTER IV.

The Choosing of Jim.

And then there came ten weeks which were like a dream, and are so now to look back upon. I would weary you were I to tell you what passed between us, but oh! how earnest and fateful and all-important it was at the time. Her waywardness, her ever-varying moods, now bright, now dark like a meadow under drifting clouds, her causeless angers, her sudden repentances, each in turn filling me with joy or sorrow—these were my life, and all the rest was but emptiness. But ever deep down behind all my other feelings was a vague disquiet—a fear that I was like the man who set forth to lay hands upon the rainbow, and that the real Edie Calder, however near she might seem, was in truth forever beyond my reach.

It was after Christmas, but the winter had been mild, with just frost enough to make it safe walking over the peat bogs. One fresh morning Edie had been out early, and she came back to breakfast with a fleck of color on her cheeks.

"Has your friend, the doctor's son come home, Jack?" says she.

"I heard that he was expected."

"Ah, then it must have been him that I met on the muir."

"What? You met Jim Horscroft?"

"I am sure it must be he. A splendid-looking man, a hero, with curly black hair, a short, straight nose, and gray eyes. He was dressed in gray, and he has a grand, deep, strong voice."

"Ho, ho, you spoke to him?" said I. She colored a little, as if she had said more than she meant. "I was going where the ground was a little soft, and he warned me of it," she said.

"Ah, it must have been dear old Jim," said I. "Why, heart alive! here is the very man himself!" I had seen him through the kitchen window, and now I rushed out with my half-eaten bannock in my hand to greet him. He ran forward, too, with his great hand out and his eye shining.

"Ah, Jock!" he cried, "it's good to see you again. There are no friends like the old ones." Then suddenly he stuck in his speech and stared, with his mouth open, over my shoulder. I turned, and there was Edie, with such a merry, roguish smile, standing in the door. How proud I felt of her, and of myself too, as I looked at her.

"This is my cousin, Miss Edie Calder, Jim," said I.

"Do you often take walks before breakfast, Mr. Horscroft?" she asked, still with that roguish smile.

"Yes," said he, staring at her with all his eyes.

"So do I, and generally over yonder," said she; "but you are not very hospitable to your friend, Jack. If you do not do the honors I shall have to take your place for the credit of West Inch."

Well, in another minute we were in with the old folk, and Jim had his plate of porridge ladled out for him, but hardly a word would he speak, but sat, with his spoon in his hand, staring at Cousin Edie. She shot little twinkling glances across at him all the time, and it seemed to me that she was amused at his backwardness, and that she tried by what she said to give him heart.

"Jack was telling me that you were studying to be a doctor," said she. "But oh! how hard it must be, and how long it must take before one can gather so much learning as that."

"It takes me long enough," Jim answered, ruefully, "but I'll beat it yet."

"How candid and truthful you are!" she cried, and so they went on, she decking him with every virtue and twisting his words to make him play the part, in the way that I knew so well. Before she was done I could see that his head was buzzing with her beauty and her kindly words. I thrilled with pride to think he should think so well of my kin.

"Isn't she fine, Jim?" I could not help saying when we stood alone outside the door, he lighting his pipe before he set off home.

"Fine!" he cried. "I never saw her match."

"We're going to be married," said I.

The pipe fell out of his mouth, and he stood staring at me. Then he picked it up and walked off without a word. I thought that he would likely come back, but he never did, and I saw him far off walking up the brae with his chin on his chest.

But I was not to forget him, for Cousin Edie had a hundred questions to ask me about his boyhood, about his strength, about the women that he was likely to know; there was no satisfying her. And then again, later in the day, I heard of him, but in a less pleasant fashion.

It was my father who came home in the evening with his mouth full of poor Jim. He had been deadly drunk since midday, had been down to Westhouse Links to fight the gypsy champion, and it was not certain that the man would live through the night. My father had met Jim on the highroad, dour as a thunder cloud, and with an insult in his eye for every man that passed him. "Guid sakes!" said the old man. "He'll make a fine practice for himsel' if breaking bones will do it." Cousin Edie laughed at all this, and I laughed because she did, but I was not so sure that it was funny.

On the third day afterward I was going up Corriemuir by the sheep track, when who should I see striding down but Jim himself. But he was another man from the big, kindly fellow who had supped his porridge with us the other morning. He had no collar nor tie, his vest was open, his hair matted, and his face mottled like a man who has drunk heavily overnight. He carried an oak stick, and he slashed at the whin bushes on either side of the path.

"Why, Jim!" said I.

But he looked at me in the way that I had often seen at school when the devil was strong in him, and when he knew that he was in the wrong, and yet set his will to brazen it out. Not a word did he say, but he brushed past me on the narrow path, and swaggered on, still brandishing his stick and cutting at the bushes.

Ah well, I was not angry with him. I was sorry, very sorry, and that was all. Of course I was not so blind but that I could see how the matter stood. He was in love with Edie, and he could not bear to think that I should have her. Poor devil! how could he help it? Maybe I should have been the same. There was a time when I should have wondered that a girl could have turned a strong man's head like that, but I knew more about it now.

For a fortnight I saw nothing of Jim Horscroft, and then came the Thursday which was to change the whole current of my life.

I had woke early that day, and, with a little thrill of joy, which is a rare thing to feel when a man first opens his eyes. Edie had been kinder than usual the night before, and I had fallen asleep with the thought that maybe at last I had caught the rainbow, and that, without any imaginings or make-believes, she was learning to love plain Jack Calder of West Inch. It was this thought, still at my heart, which had given me that little morning chirrup of joy. And then I remembered that if I hastened I might be in time for her, for it was her custom to go out with the sunrise.

But I was too late. When I came to her door it was half open and the room empty. Well, thought I, at least I may meet her and have the homeward walk with her. I zigzagged up the steep pathway, breathing in the thin, keen morning air, and humming a lilt as I went, until I came out, a little short of breath, among the whins upon the top. Looking down the long slope of the farther side, I saw Cousin Edie as I had expected, and I saw Jim Horscroft walking by her side.

"See here, Jock, this woman is fooling us both."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"CAVEMAN" STUFF ALL RIGHT

At Least, One Indiana Man Is Satisfied With the Way It Worked in His Particular Case.

Now, she is a very sarcastic young woman, and the man who wishes to marry her is often much tormented with her ability to say things which make him distinctly uncomfortable. One night one of his friends and he decided to go to a picture house and there they saw a play in which the caveman stuff was exceedingly strong. Evidently that gave the young man an inspiration, for the next cutting remark the young woman made he resented.

He had come to take her for a drive. After getting her safely settled in his car and having placed a large box of candy in her lap he settled down for a pleasant evening. But not long. The young woman could not stand his ease. She deliberately opened her box, took out a bonbon, nibbled at it a minute and then said in icy tones: "Why, this candy is stale."

At first the young man felt inclined to writhe, but the next minute the caveman stuff of the movie darted into his mind. He did what he thought was a real rough act. He seized that beautiful box of candy and threw it as far as he could.

For a long time there was silence. Then the girl began the conversation. And this time she spoke meekly and in "honied" tones. She is still speaking in the same way whenever she is with him.—Indianapolis News.

Home Versus House.

Home cannot be given us. We may be given a house, a place to eat and sleep. This is not a home. A home is a place of love and rest and peace. Love and rest and peace must be deserved, must be earned. Nobody can hand them to you as so many packages. They are matters of reciprocity. If you have none to give there will be but little for you to receive.—Western Methodist.

Harnessing the Rivers.

According to a group of British engineers, electric power can be produced by harnessing the tides of two rivers in Scotland at two-thirds the cost of that generated by steam.

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