Facts and Features for Women

of Interest to Our Feminine Readers and the Home Circle

BLOOM LIKE ROSES

Cotton Frocks in Bright Colors for Midsummer.

Brilliant Crimson Voiles and Flame-Hued Swisses With White Dots to the Fore.

The simile which likens the cotton frock to a flower is not by any means far-fetched, observes a fashion writer, particularly when one compares the earlier frocks which the first spring showings brought forth, and the midsummer models being displayed for immediate wearing. Like spring blossoms the earlier cotton frocks were shy and dainty things, pastel in shades, modest in trimming and as fresh as the first daffodils and violets. Now cotton frocks are blooming like the rose in the song, "In crimson splendor." No red is too bright for the midsummer dress-up gown. Brilliant crimson voiles are to the fore, and flame-colored swisses with white dots. Only a black or a white hat could be worn with these gay things, which somehow or other, due to some secret code of the modiste, do not look hot as one might imagine they would. But black hats and white hats are excellent choice for setting off the beauty of the frilly frock, particularly the transparent hat, flower trimmed with field blossoms and showing the full details of the coiffure it covers.

That frocks can be frilly and frolicsome and still be practically tinted is another feature of the midsummer season. One sees just plenty of lovely warm bronze organdies, and also many navy and black. Dotted swisses in black with white dots are the smartest things in street wear. Then there are the lovely Alice blue voiles, inconspicuous because so simply made and trimmed with self-color novelty ribbon at the waist.

Voile, by the way, is pushing the organdies just a bit to the background for midsummer wear. Probably this is because the day of the crinoline silhouette is about over, or at least will be by fall, and voile is soft enough to shape itself to the straighter lines demanded by the mode. The very fine French voile, sheer enough to be confused with organdie is mounted over satin slips, often beaded, and cut in panel effects to show the silk underdress. Another popular way of treating the voile frock is to trim it with drawnwork, and lace through the drawn threads silk tapes or velvet ribbons. Such a frock in lilac voile had self-cover velvet ribbon laced through the drawnwork in symmetrical design, the ends caught down with yellow buttons, and yellow, lilac and black velvet ribbons forming the girdle. This same threading of velvet ribbon is met on some of the lingerie hats made of silk and cotton fabrics.

Novelty fabrics appear enough in the midsummer showings to liven things. Thus one finds white French voile banded horizontally with yellow cotton plush. This white and yellow is a popular color combination, as is also citron and Alice blue, yellow and gray, and several shades of the same color, such as three shades of orchid for the same organdie frock.

BUTTERFLY DRESS FOR CHILD



Attractive garment for little miss displayed at the co-operative fashion exhibition in New York City.

CREPE WAIST FOR FALL WEAR



This is an attractive brown waist of crepe, featuring Democracy grosgrain ribbon in two shades of brown.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CLOTHING

Garments for Youngsters May Be Made at Home From More Plentiful Remnants.

There is no reason whatever why the small boy's clothes should not be made at home and economy served as in the case of the girl child's outfitting. It is just as easy to find attractive remnants and short ends of material suitable for clothes for the boy as it is for the girl.

For the very small boy nothing is smarter than the little loose artist's smock of heavy linen or cotton, worn over bloomers of matching or contrasting material. Sailor and middy suits are good looking and serviceable also, and this year there are over-all styles galore for the very young man of the family. One novelty recently brought out in a miniature replica of a man's overall suit, made of very dark blue denim and trimmed down each leg with a band of vivid red.

Wool jersey cloth, the heavy weave used for women's sport suits and coats, is a material very much in favor for suits for the small boy for the coming fall and for present cool day wear.

SIMPLE FROCKS ARE COSTLY

Dainty Frocks of Yesteryear Under Present Conditions Are Real Luxuries.

It is a long time since the couturiers of Paris paid so much attention to real summer frocks as they have during the present season, according to a Paris letter in Age. Women who know that they look well in these sheer affairs pray for a chance to appear in this most captivating of all feminine apparel. It is a type of gown which the sultry summers of a great part of America have made extremely well liked by American women, a type which suits them, and which they understand how to wear to the very best advantage. But that it is extremely becoming to French women, as well, is demonstrated at every gathering this season, when the weather is warm enough to warrant the wearing of such frail, ethereal attire.

Frocks of this type used to offer an agreeable opportunity for economy, for in the old days the price of cotton fabrics was low and strangely out of all proportion to their charm. In these times, when the cost of living in Paris has increased over 320 per cent and everything but ordinary income has gone up in proportion, cotton fabrics have become more expensive than silken ones used to be.

Now the difference in a model made of organdie instead of taffeta is too inconsiderable to be worth noticing. Long past are those happy times when a clever lady's maid could run up a little lingerie frock which, with the addition of the proper accessories, would give her mistress a delightful change of costume at only a nominal cost. Modern "little frocks," for all their apparent simplicity, are not "run up" as easily as all that, while the infinite accessories of footgear, hat, gloves and parasol, which turn them from a covering into a costume, are such a serious item in the budget that one really thinks twice before attempting a type of costume that requires special accompaniments of that sort.

Dress Button in Back.

An interesting point in connection with the advance styles in autumn frocks is the tendency to button many of them in the back, the buttons showing and giving a real trimming touch. The attempt to fasten a frock invisibly in the back is always rather unsuccessful, because rarely is the fastening actually concealed, and, unless a woman has someone upon whom she can depend to help her get into her clothes, the back fastening that is "invisible" is terribly trying to the nerves. When buttons are used in the conventional way a dress can be fastened in the back without much trouble.

Pongee Curtains Good.

Some decorators will not recommend pongee for windows exposed to an unusual amount of sun, contending that the heat of the sun through glass rots the fabric. However, a judicious manipulation of shades and blinds makes this fault negligible. For laundering purposes there is no fabric that stands up as does pongee.

Among Favorite Models.

Dark-colored organdies, including taupe with terra cotta and cherry red trimming are among favorite models.

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 15

THE SINS AND SORROWS OF DAVID.

LESSON TEXT—II Sam. 12:9-10; 18:1-33.
GOLDEN TEXT—Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Gal. 6:7.
ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—II Sam. 11-20.
PRIMARY TOPIC—David's Grief Over Absalom.
JUNIOR TOPIC—David and Absalom.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Absalom's Selfish Life and How It Ended.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Elements of Weakness in David's Character.

I. David's Sins (12:9, 10).

1. Adultery (v. 9; cf. 11:1-4). David instead of going forth at the head of the army as was the duty of the king (11:1), sent Joab and his servants, and he himself lounged around at home in idleness. It was while in idleness that he fell a victim to his lust and committed adultery with Bathsheba. "An idle brain is the Devil's workshop." The crimes of the world are committed for the most part by idle men and women.

2. Murder (12:9; cf. 11:15-21). Having committed adultery with Uriah's wife, David tried to cover up his sin by killing Uriah. He ordered Joab to place Uriah at the forefront of the battle where he would surely be killed. When men sin they endeavor to cover up their sin by committing other sins, and usually it requires the doing of greater wickedness to cover up wrong that has been done.

II. David's Sorrow (18:1-33).

1. The battle between Absalom and David (vv. 1-18). Following Absalom's revolt, David fled from Jerusalem. After counsel with Ahithophel and Hushai, Absalom with his men went in pursuit. Absalom planned well, but made one great mistake—he left God out of the question.

Being dissuaded by the people, David foregoes his purpose of going forth with the army. He sent the army forth under three commanders. His one special request as they went to battle was that they deal gently with Absalom. The victory of David's army was overwhelming. The interference of Providence is marked in that more died in the entanglement of the woods than by the sword. In the flight, Absalom was caught in the bough of a tree by the head, and was left hanging as the mule went forth from under him. Perhaps his long hair which had been his pride was the instrument of his destruction. While thus hanging, Joab thrust him through the heart with three darts. This awful end was deservedly met (Deut. 27:16, 20; 21:23). They disgracefully disposed of his body (vv. 17, 18). They cast it into a pit and plied stones upon it as a fitting monument of his villainy. How different from what he planned (v. 18). His one ambition was to be remembered. A heap of stones piled upon him in contempt is quite different from a tomb in the king's vale.

2. The victorious tidings announced to David (vv. 19-32). He was anxiously waiting for news from the battlefield. So anxious was he that he stationed a watchman upon the walls to look for some messenger to appear. His first question to the messenger shows what was uppermost in his heart. It was the welfare of his boy.

3. David mourns for Absalom (v. 33). He received the news of his rebellious son's death with much regret. The good news of the victory was entirely lost sight of through excessive grief. The sobs of his poor heart must have been awful. Perhaps it is impossible to analyze his sorrow, but most likely the following elements were present:

(1) The loss of a son. The ties of nature bind together the hearts of parents and children in such a way that separation by death is very trying; (2) the death of a son in rebellion against his father and God. Could he but have had the assurance that this course was regretted, or could he have heard a cry of forgiveness, his grief, no doubt, would have been greatly lessened; (3) he knew that his rebellious son had now gone to answer to God for his crimes—he knew their parting was forever; (4) he knew that this was but the bitter fruit of his own sin. In a sense he was the destroyer of his own child. May this example deeply impress all parents as to their responsibility! Away from this dark picture we turn to contemplate the depths of a father's love. Death effaces all faults; all wrongs are forgotten and only the memory of happy days is kept. The father is willing to die, even for a rebellious son. This illustrates God's love to us in Christ which made him willing to die for his children.

The Greatest.

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is the calmest in storms, and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is the most unfaltering.—Channing.

Profit by Mistakes.

To make no mistake is not in the power of man; but from their errors and mistakes the wise and good learn wisdom for the future.—Plutarch.

Led of the Holy Spirit

By REV. JOHN C. PAGE

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TEXT—And as many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them and mercy, and upon the Israel of God.—Gal. 6:16.

When one becomes a Christian he receives a new life from God, he is born from above. That new life does not displace the old life; they exist together. A Christian man is two men, the old and the new. The new life which is received from God at the time of the new birth becomes the receptacle for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.



The call of Scripture to the one thus indwelt is to "walk in the Spirit" and to be "led of the Spirit."

The leading of the Spirit presupposes several things. Of course it assumes regeneration, for without birth there can be no life and without life there can be no leading. It presupposes disposition. "They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh, and they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit." They that are after the Spirit are they that are disposed to follow the Spirit. Such disposition is an essential to the Spirit's leading. Desire is another presupposition. Frequent and unnecessary failures and falls leave a sense of humiliation and shame, followed by a great longing or desire to be led by One who can avert these frequent falls.

Again, the leading of the Spirit presupposes dedication. Dedication is the deeding over of one's life to God. It is the intelligent recognition of and response to I Corinthians 6:20—"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price." It is the acknowledgment of the Divine ownership, and of the Divine right of possession. Furthermore, the leading of the Holy Spirit presupposes direction. Our objective must be in harmony with the will of God.

The leading of the Holy Spirit is related to at least three matters of vital concern—Christian truth, Christian service and Christian conduct. First, Christian truth: In John 16:13 we read that "when he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth." Literally it is, he will lead you along the road of truth. There are many by-paths of error open to us all the time. Like Christian in "Pilgrim's Progress," we may be drawn into some of these by-paths. They have nice sounding names and look attractive. The Spirit of God in his leading preserves us from being deluded into these paths of error and falsity.

He also leads believers in the matter of service, making choice both of those who are to serve and the fields in which they are to serve. For example, the Spirit of God separated Paul and Barnabas for a special service and then determined the field in which that service should be rendered!

In the matter of Christian conduct our text tells us to "walk in the Spirit," and then adds the promise, "Ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh." That word "fulfill" means bring to completion. The flesh, that is to say, the old self-life, will continue to lust after or desire the things that gratify it. For example, the flesh is very resentful of any supposed slight, or of the denial of any of its supposed rights; it loves to "get even" with others. But when one is led of the Spirit, these desires are not fulfilled or brought to completion. "The Spirit lusteth against the flesh so that ye do not do the things ye otherwise would." In Christian conduct, therefore, we must be led of the Spirit.

This leads to a life of progress, moral principle and spiritual power. The Holy Spirit leads us in a progressive way from grace to grace, from character to character, from glory to glory. The life becomes conscious of progress and advancement, of willingness to undertake, and power to achieve. One is able to sing with Frances R. Havergal:

Onward and upward points the way,
With the joy of progress from day to day.
Children still of a Father's love;
Children still of a home above;
Thus we look back without a sigh,
O'er the lengthening track.

The great moral qualities are brought to fruition through the leading of the Spirit. Whom he leads he indwells, and the fruit of the indwelling Spirit is in all goodness, righteousness and truth. His leading is always in harmony with these principles, not only in the public life, but in all departments of our being and activity. In the home, in social life, and in business affairs, goodness, righteousness and truth are conspicuous in the life led by the Holy Spirit. Spiritual power is the experience of all those whose lives are adjusted to his leading. In them he dwells ungrieved and unquenched and the power of God operates in and through all such.

Give, but Ask Not.

One thing I learned from Tolstoy and learned repeatedly; it is, perhaps, of more value than all the other things he taught me. It was the initial lesson and the hardest. "Give everything and ask nothing in return." I have ceased to demand brotherhood or even to expect it. I am giving it, and that is often hard.—Edward A. Steiner.

The Great Shadow

By A. CONAN DOYLE

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"

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BONAVENTURE DE LAPP.

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. When Jack is eighteen his cousin 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. Reproached by Edie for staying at home, Jack starts to enlist. Edie tells him to stay. Jack promises to stay and marry her. She acquiesces. Jim comes home. Jack sees Jim kissing Edie. Jack and Jim compare notes and force Edie to choose between them. She chooses Jim. Jack gives up Edie to Jim. The downfall of Napoleon is celebrated. A half-dead shipwrecked foreigner drifts ashore at West Inch.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

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"He's dying, Jim," I cried.

"Aye, for want of food and water. There's not a drop or a crumb in the boat. Maybe there's something in the bag." He sprang in and brought out a black leather bag, which, with a large blue coat, was the only thing in the boat. It was locked, but Jim had it open in an instant. It was half full of gold pieces.

Neither of us had ever seen so much before—no, nor a tenth part of it. There must have been hundreds of them, all bright new British sovereigns. Indeed, so taken up were we that we had forgotten all about their owner, until a groan took our thoughts back of him. His lips were bluer than ever, and his jaw had dropped. I can see his open mouth now, with its row of white, wolfish teeth.

"My God! he's off," cried Jim. "Here, run to the burn, Jock, for a hatful of water. Quick, man, or he's gone! I'll loosen his things the while."

Away I tore, and was back in a minute with as much water as would stay in my Glengarry. Jim had pulled open the man's coat and shirt, and we doused the water over him, and forced some between his lips. It had a good effect, for after a gasp or two he sat up, and rubbed his eyes slowly, like a man who is waking from a deep sleep. But neither Jim nor I were looking at his face now, for our eyes were fixed on his uncovered chest.

There were two deep red puckers in it, one just below the collar bone, and the other about halfway down on the right side. The skin of his body was extremely white up to the brown line of his neck, and the angry crinkled spots looked the more vivid against it. From above I could see there was a corresponding pucker in the back at one place but not at the other. Inexperienced as I was, I could tell what that meant. Two bullets had pierced his chest—one had passed through it, and the other had remained inside.

But suddenly he staggered up to his feet, and pulled his shirt to, with a quick, suspicious glance at us.

"What have I been doing?" he asked. "I've been off my head. Take no notice of anything I may have said. Have I been shouting?"

"You shouted just before you fell."

"What did I shout?"

I told him, though it bore little meaning to my mind. He looked sharply at us, and then he shrugged his shoulders.

"It's the words of a song," said he. "Well, the question is, what am I to do now? I didn't thought I was so weak. Where did you get the water?"

I pointed towards the burn, and he staggered off to the bank. There he lay down upon his face, and he drank until I thought he would never have done. At last he got up, with a long sigh, and wiped his mustache with his sleeve.

"That's better," said he. "Have you any food?"

I had crammed two bits of oatcake into my pocket when I left home, and these he crushed into his mouth and swallowed. Then he squared his shoulders, puffed out his chest, and patted his ribs with the flat of his hands.

"I am sure that I owe you exceedingly well," said he. "You have been very kind to a stranger. But I see that you have had occasion to open my bag?"

"We hoped that we might find wine or brandy there when you fainted."

"Oh, I have nothing there but just my little—how do you say it?—my savings. They are not much, but I must live quietly upon them until I find something to do. Now, one could live very quietly here, I should say. I could not have come upon a more peaceful place, without, perhaps, so much as a gendarme nearer than that town."

"You haven't told us yet who you are, where you come from, nor what you have been," said Jim bluntly.

The stranger looked him up and down with a critical eye. "My word! but you would make a grenadier for a dank company," said he. "As to what you ask, I might take offense at it from other lips, but you have a right to know, since you have received me with so great courtesy. My name is Bonaventure de Lapp. I am a soldier and a wanderer by trade, and I have come from Dunkirk, as you may see printed upon the boat."

"I thought that you had been shipwrecked?" said I.

But he looked at me with the straight gaze of an honest man.

"That is right," said he. "But the ship went from Dunkirk, and this is one of her boats. The crew got away in the long boat, and she went down so quickly that I had no time to put anything into her. That was on Monday."

"And today's Thursday. You have been three days without bite or sup."

"It is too long," said he. "Twice before I have been for two days, but never quite so long as this. Well, I shall leave my boat here, and see whether I can get lodgings in any of these little gray houses up on the hillsides. Why is that great fire burning over yonder?"

"It is one of our neighbors who has served against the French. He is rejoicing because peace has been declared."

"Oh! you have a neighbor who has served, then? I am glad, for I, too, have seen a little soldiering here and there." He did not look glad, but he drew his brows down over his keen eyes.

"You are French, are you not?" I asked, as we all walked up the hill together, he with his black bag in his hand, and his long blue cloak slung over his shoulder.

"Well, I am of Alsace," said he. "And you know they are more German than French. For myself, I have been in so many lands that I feel at home in all. I have been a great traveler. And where do you think that I might find a lodging?"

I can scarcely tell now, on looking back with the great gap of five-and-thirty years between what impression this singular man had made upon me. Jim Horscroft was a fine man, and Maj. Elliott was a brave one, but they both lacked something that this wanderer had. It was the quick, alert look, the flash of the eye, the nameless distinction which is so hard to fix. And then, we had saved him when he lay gasping on the shingle, and one's heart always softens toward what one has once helped.

"If you will come with me," said I, "I have little doubt that I can find you a bed for a night or two, and by that time you will be better able to make your own arrangements."

He pulled off his hat, and bowed with all the grace imaginable. But Jim Horscroft pulled me by the sleeve and led me aside.

"You're mad, Jock," he whispered. "The fellow's a common adventurer. What do you want to get mixed up with him for?"

But I was always as obstinate a man as ever laced his boots, and if you jerked me back it was the finest way of sending me to the front.

"He's a stranger, and it's our part to look after him," said I.

"You'll be sorry for it," said he.

"Maybe so."

"If you don't think of yourself you might think of your cousin."

"Edie can take very good care of herself."

"Well, then, the devil take you, and you may do what you like," he cried, in one of his sudden flushes of anger. Without a word of farewell to either of us he turned off upon the track that led up toward his father's house.

Bonaventure de Lapp smiled at me as we walked on together.

"I didn't thought he liked me very much," said he. "I can see very well that he has made a quarrel with you because you are taking me to your home. What does he think of me then? Does he think, perhaps, that I have stole the gold in my bag, or what is it that he fears?"

"Tut! I neither know nor care," said I. "No stranger shall pass our door without a crust and a bed." With my head cocked, and feeling as if I was doing something very fine, instead of being the most egregious fool south of Edinburgh, I marched on down the path, with my new acquaintance at my elbow.

CHAPTER VI.

A Wandering Eagle.

My father seemed to be much of Jim Horscroft's opinion, for he was not over warm to this new guest, and looked him up and down with a very questioning eye. He set a dish of vinegared herrings before him, however, and I noticed that he looked more askance than ever when my companion ate nine of them, for two were always our portion. When at last he had finished, Bonaventure de Lapp's lids were drooping over his eyes, for I doubt not that he had been sleepless as well as foodless for these three days. It was but a poor room to which I led him, but he threw himself down upon the couch, wrapped his big blue cloak around him, and was asleep in an instant. He was a very high and strong snorer, and, as my room was next to his, I had reason to remember that we had a stranger within our gates.

When I came down in the morning I found that he had been beforehand with me, for he was seated opposite my father at the window table in the kitchen, their heads almost touching, and a little roll of gold pieces between them. As I came in my father looked up at me, and I saw a light of greed in his eyes such as I had never seen before. He caught up the money with an eager clutch, and swept it into his pocket.

"Very good, mister," said he. "The room's yours, and you pay always on the third of the month."

"Ah, and here is my first friend," cried De Lapp, holding out his hand to me with a smile which was kindly enough, and yet had that touch of patronage which a man uses when he smiles to his dog. "I am myself again now, thanks to my excellent supper and good night's rest. Ah, it is hunger that takes the courage from a man. That most, and cold next."

"Aye, that's right," said my father. "I've been out on the moors in a snowdrift for six-and-thirty hours, and I ken what it is like."

"I once saw three thousand men starve to death," remarked De Lapp, putting out his hands to the fire. "Day by day they got thinner and more like apes, and they did come down to the edge of the pontoons where we did keep them, and they howled with rage and pain. The first few days their howls went over the whole city, but after a week our sentries on the bank could not hear them, so weak they had fallen."

"And they died?" I exclaimed.

"They held out a very long time. Austrian grenadiers they were, of the corps of Starowitz, fine, stout men, as big as your friend of yesterday, but when the town fell there were but four hundred alive, and a man could lift them three at a time, as if they were little monkeys. It was a pity. Ah, my friend, you will do me the honors with madame and with mademoiselle."

It was my mother and Edie, who had come into the kitchen. He had not seen them the night before; but now it was all I could do to keep my face as I watched him, for, instead of our homely Scottish nod, he bent up his back like a louping trout, and slid his foot, and clapped his hand over his heart in the queerest way. My mother stared, for she thought he was making fun of her, but Cousin Edie fell into it in an instant, as though it had been a game, and away she went in a great courtesy, until I thought she would have had to give it up, and sit down right there in the middle of the kitchen floor. But no, she was up again as light as a piece of fluff, and we all drew up our stools and started on the scones and milk and porridge.

He had a wonderful way with women, that man. Now, if I were to do it, or Jim Horscroft, it would look as if we were playing the fool, and the girls would have laughed at us; but with him it seemed to go with his style of face and fashion of speech so that one came at last to look for it. For when he spoke to my mother or to Cousin Edie—and he was never backward in speaking—it would always be with a bow and a look as if it would hardly be worth their while to listen to what he had to say; and when they answered he would put on a face as though every word they said was to be treasured up and remembered forever. Edie did not say much, but she kept shooting little glances at our visitor, and once or twice he looked very hard at her.

When he had gone to his room, after breakfast, my father pulled out eight golden pounds, and laid them on the table.

An eagle in a humble nest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PAST

Peculiar Beliefs That Not So Very Many Years Ago Had Almost Universal Credence.

A reader furnishes us with a list of old superstitions which were part of our folk lore in this part of the country before we had to have folk lore societies to preserve this sort of thing:

A rooster crowing at the front door meant a visitor coming.

A twig catching a young lady's dress meant a beau.

An itching ear meant that some one was talking about you.

To turn back after starting meant bad luck.

Opening an umbrella in the house meant bad luck to the house.

A measuring worm on a woman's frock meant a new dress.

An itching left hand meant that you would marry soon.

An itching right hand meant that you would shake hands with a stranger.

Seeing the new moon over the left shoulder meant one would soon get money.

Probably most of us are superstitious about the number 13, just as people were a long time ago. Our own superstitions will amuse a subsequent generation, as those recalled by our reader amuse us. Only a subsequent generation can safely laugh at superstitions. Socrates was put to death for laughing at some of the superstitions of the Greeks. Let us, then, laugh at these and take the superstitions of our own time as seriously as we please.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Making Sure.

A story is told of a farmer who was having trouble with his horse. It would start, walk about 20 yards or so, then stop for a few seconds and start again, only to repeat the performance. After watching this exhibition for some time a friend overtook the farmer during one of the horse's long waits. "What's the matter with the horse?" he asked. "Is it lame?" "Not as I knows of," answered the farmer very crossly, "but he's so dashed feared I'll say 'whoa' and he won't hear me, so he stops every now and then to listen."—The Tatler.

White Elephant.

Isn't it a pity that a man never can dispose of his motor experience for as much as it cost him?

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