Facts and Features for Women

of Interest to Our Feminine Readers and the Home Circle

EARLY FALL HATS

New Models Show Combinations of Duvetyn and Beaver.

Hatter's Plush Used to Make Swagger Veil Headgear—Flower and Fruit Trimming.

Included in the early fall line of millinery manufacturers are unusually attractive models made of duvetyn and beaver. For some of the hats duvetyn is used for the crown and upper part of the brim and beaver forms the facing. Other models have the entire crown and brim of beaver, with velvet used as facing on the under side of the brim. Some of the hats in this line are described this way in the current bulletin of the Retail Millinery Association of America:

"A line of sailors made of hatter's plush is especially featured. The hats—extremely smart—are made just like a man's high hat with a gossamer body, and duvetyn is used as facing for some of the models.

"Hatter's plush is used also to make a swagger veil hat. The high crown gives it somewhat the appearance of a small high hat, and the brim is straight and narrow. Two jet ornaments festoon the front of the gown, and a veil dangles from the narrow brim. For a rolling sailor of green duvetyn, black hatter's plush is used to face the brim. Trim hats designed for riding or strictly tailored wear, made entirely of the hatter's plush, also are shown.

"Orange duvetyn is combined with white beaver to make a 'striking' hat. The high crown is somewhat bell-shaped and slopes slightly on one side. The broad brim of the vivid-hued duvetyn is festooned with flowers of beaver appliqued with Angora. A narrow black and orange ribbon bands the crown and ties in a bow in back. Facing the under side of the brim is the white beaver.

"Canary colored beaver makes a fetching hat whose broad brim is faced with 'nigger brown' velvet. A bow of lame festoons the front of the crown and a spiral row of lame circles



Fawn colored duvetyn with French blue ribbon and embroidery on the brim.

its top. A hat of black velvet has a round crown and rolling brim. Flowers and fruit made of white kid are appliqued with silver threads to the under side of the brim."

Huge Flowers Used.

Huge flowers plastered flat against the brims are much seen in Southern hat models.

CHIC GOWN OF WHITE JERSEY



This graceful suit with long striking coat is of white jersey of plain design. It is regarded as one of the season's best models.

SHORT JACKET FOR SPORTS

Garment Promises to Prove Most Popular for Outdoor Wear; Wool Jersey Favored.

Every season offers its best in sport togs and especially coats. One season it was the blazer jacket, flaunting its striped surface to an admiring world; then the advent of the black velvet coat, and last year the sleeveless coat reigned supreme as the queen of the sport coat.

But this season there is something different and even more practical, and if we are to judge by the enthusiasm discriminating women are showing the short jacket will prove to be the most popular for outdoor wear.

Wool jersey of a heavy, close weave is the favored fabric in gay and dull shades and cut into jaunty, attractive models. For tennis, golf, motoring or tramping, there is a fetching jacket of pool table green jersey that is unusually attractive. It falls considerably over the hips and is cut not too full.

The top is finished in a mannishly tailored style, with notched collar and turn back revers. There is a belt of the material which divides the pockets, two at the breast and two below the belt. It is the pockets so well-made that gives the air of finished smartness to the garment, for they show an inverted plait through the middle and a clever turn-back flap at the top.

For rough and ready wear this jacket is ideal, worn with a short skirt of green and tan plaid and topped by a tam of bright green velours. But for more dressy occasions, it would go well with a white satin skirt, white low ties and fetching sport hat of green and white taffeta, nicely tailored.

Closely knitted jackets are making their appearance, and in all the most wanted colors. Some are deeply flounced and frilled at the sleeves, while others choose the tailored way to smartness.

WEAR LACE, NET AND RIBBON

Ornamentation for Frocks Never More Pronounced Than for the Present Season.

Lace and net are most popular for summer frocks this year, and on the same wave that carried them into popularity ribbon has been swept into popular favor. Consequently, ribbons have never been more beautifully colored or more interesting in design, and, from the narrowest widths of wash ribbons to those wide enough for a girdle, they are really notable.

One of the most attractive uses of ribbon in connection with lace is in an underskirt. One very pretty frock of wide filet lace was made with a skirt straight in front—only slightly gathered to the belt—and flying loose at the sides, the extra length being managed by being caught up in a loose drapery, held by knots of narrow ribbon of two colors, silver on one side and lavender on the other.

The underskirt of this dress was made of very wide ribbon in lavender and pale rose tones, the ribbon being catstitched together with lavender silk thread. This underskirt was perfectly straight, and about half an inch shorter than the lace skirt.

Summer Slip-Covers.

"The real mission of the slip-cover is by no means the merely utilitarian one of protecting the furniture from the dust and dampness that invade the house in summer," writes Mary H. Northend in Good Housekeeping magazine. "Of course the importance of such protection cannot be denied, but more important still is the cheerful and invigorating color, the refreshing suggestion of crispness and coolness, and the charmingly informal air which the slip-cover imparts to the dull and cheerless room or the room that is too austerely dignified and formal to be in harmony with the joyous atmosphere and spontaneous, care-free spirit of the vacation months. The decorative potentialities of slip-covers, so long unrecognized, are nowadays given full expression. In place of the characterless white linen or cotton damask of chilly memory, the gayest colorings and patterns are preferred; and in rooms where figured walls and patterned rugs forbid even the most conventional design on the slip-covers, an ingenious and effective use is made of contrasting plain colors."

Satin for Afternoon.

At afternoon gatherings in Paris many satin dresses have been worn, some quite plain and others either draped or with embroidered tunics. La Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles, the celebrated poetess, wore a gray tunic gown heavily embroidered in the same shade. With this she wore an original little hat of black satin covered with white muslin or organdie, which covered her ears in Egyptian style.

Brown Summer Wear.

Brown continues to be one of the most fashionable colors. We might have expected it to be entirely superseded by the lighter colors in midsummer things, but it has not.

Cut on Sport Lines.

A great many of the new suits for fall are very simple and cut on the popular sport lines.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
(Copyright, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR AUGUST 22

DAVID'S PRAYER FOR PARDON.

LESSON TEXT—Ps. 51:1-17.
GOLDEN TEXT—Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.—Ps. 51:2.
ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—II Sam. 11, 12.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Asking God to Forgive Us.
JUNIOR TOPIC—How David Obtained Forgiveness.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—What to Do When We Have Done Wrong.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Penitential Prayer in Christian Experience.

There can scarcely be any doubt but what the sin here meant is that which we studied last Sunday, namely, adultery and murder (see II Sam. 11 and 12). About a year had elapsed from the time of David's sin to his repentance. The Thirty-second Psalm graphically pictures David's state of soul during this time. It was a year of great soul-anguish; day and night he was lashed by a guilty conscience. In this psalm we see the path by which a guilty soul may return to God.

I. David's Cry for Pardon (vv. 1, 2).

It is well to note his conception of God. He saw him as a God of mercy and loving kindness.

1. "Have mercy" (v. 1). He knew that justice would forever separate him from God. Because he saw the mercy and loving kindness of God, he did not sink down under his weight of gloom and despair. Because Judas Iscariot did not see God as a God of mercy he went out and hanged himself.

2. "Blot out my transgressions" (v. 1). He was fully conscious how many had been his acts of rebellion against God.

3. "Wash me from my iniquity" (v. 2). He knew that it was not enough to have God blot out his sin, for his very person was defiled. He knew that in order to be clean he must be washed thoroughly, and that by God himself.

4. "Cleanse me from my sin" (v. 2). He was not clear that washing would make him clean, so he pleads with God to make him clean by whatever process is needed. He was even willing for fire to be applied, just so he could be clean.

II. David's Confession (vv. 3-5).

1. "I acknowledge my transgressions" (v. 3). He now makes a clean breast of them—he would hold back nothing. There is no way to peace with God but by a full confession of sin. No half-hearted dealing with sin will avail.

2. "Against thee have I done this evil" (v. 4). All sin is vitally and really against God. All our wrong-doing with our fellows is against God, for such deeds violate his laws. To heighten all this guilt he remembers that it was done in God's sight, thus showing disrespect and contempt for him.

3. "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity" (v. 5). He confesses not only to these acts of sin, but that he is by very nature a sinner.

III. David's Cry for Deliverance (vv. 6-9).

1. "Make me to know wisdom" (v. 6). He asked God that instead of heart wickedness he might be taught by God himself in his inmost nature.

2. "Purge me with hyssop" (v. 7. David seems to see that in order to be cleansed there is need of applying atoning blood. His prayer soars aloft on the wings of faith to the supreme sin offering, Christ.

3. Restoration (vv. 8, 9). He not only wants pardon, but restoration to the divine favor in Jesus Christ.

IV. David's Cry for Purity of Heart (vv. 10-12).

He realized that if his life was to be different, God must dispose his heart toward the right, so he cried for the Holy Spirit to not be taken away from him.

V. David's Vows (vv. 13-17).

1. To tell God's mercies to others (v. 13). The one who has experienced God's forgiveness at once desires to tell it to others.

2. To sing aloud of God's righteousness (v. 14). He saw that the application of God's mercy and loving kindness was on the ground of righteousness and justice. He had vowed to preach, now he vows to sing.

3. To show forth God's praise (v. 15). When the Lord opens a man's lips, then his lips shall sing his praises.

4. The reason assigned (vv. 16, 17). It is because the sinner has seen the supreme sacrifice, Christ, and with a contrite heart presents the merits of Christ Jesus, God's remedy for sin.

Mission of Every Christian.

The nearer we approach to God in our spiritual life and fellowship, the larger our sympathies for humanity and the more universal our ministry in the world. The mission of Christ is the mission of every Christian. He came and lived and died to save the world. The disciple is not better than his Master.—Anon.

An Invincible Armor.

A habit of prayer and a sense of humor forge invincible armor.—Beth Bradford Gilchrist.

God, or No God

By REV. OTIS G. DALE, D. D.
Superintendent of Men, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

TEXT—I thought on my ways and turned my feet unto thy testimonies.—Ps. 119:59.

This is a bit from the personal experience of a great and good man.



One of the difficulties of the present day speed with which we are living our lives is that we do not often enough sit down and "think on our ways." It is to be feared that thinking is being swallowed up in acting, and this may be the reason that many are living thoughtless lives. One of the great literary lights of the last generation was standing one evening on the edge of a crowd of gay young people who were enjoying a dance at a seaside hotel. A bright young woman of promise paused to greet him. Being in a thoughtful mood he simply said: "My dear, what are you living for?" The kindly earnestness of that question impressed itself upon her heart, and before she slept that night, she had settled the question on her knees. The result was the dedication of her life to Jesus Christ and the turning away from the ways of the world.

There are two general conceptions of the way of life mentioned in the Bible. They are represented in two texts, one from the old and the other from the new Testament. "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God," or literally, simply "no God." Why is it said here that the person who lives the "no-God" kind of life is a fool? Certainly the term is not one of incrimination as commonly used, but simply means unwise, lacking in good judgment, or common sense. Why is it that the godless life is a foolish life?

(1) It is contrary to sound reason. One who undertakes to live without God neglects the greatest and most evident facts in the universe. These facts appear in nature, history, our own consciences, our own religious instincts, and the fact of the Bible. The evidence of God, and his relation to human life in these different phases finds no explanation outside of the necessary and vital relation as explained in the Christian Scriptures.

(2) The "no-God-life" is foolish because it is self-degrading. Man was made "a little lower than God." He was given supremacy over nature and over himself. He lost this supremacy through sin. Out of relation with God, he is below the creature. Only in returning to God through Jesus Christ can he be restored.

(3) A "no-God-life" is foolish because of its being for time and sense only. To live such a life a man must deny the instinct of immortality within his own breast, and he cannot do this as he looks out upon the world of sin and inequality and injustice without foolishly denying the moral integrity of the universe.

Contrasted with this life of folly is the "wisdom of God." Solomon said: "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom and with all thy getting get understanding." Many today are changing this text. For them it reads, money is the principal thing, therefore get money, and with all thy getting get wealthy. Pleasure is the principal thing, therefore get pleasure and with all thy getting, get a good time. A comfortable home is the principal thing, therefore build a beautiful house, and with all thy getting, get a well-feathered nest. But what is the wisdom of which the wise man speaks. He answers: "The fear of of the Lord is the beginning," or "the chief part" "of wisdom." The fear of the Lord means the proper recognition of God's place in the universe, and his relation to human life. The only explanation of these relationships that has brought any satisfaction to the heart of man is found in the revelation of God in Jesus Christ the Saviour from sin. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, but he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

The other way of life is revealed in the New Testament text: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." It is the "God-devoted-life" illustrated in a person who recognizes his relation to God as the thing of chief importance in all life, who having realized his helplessness in sin has turned to Jesus Christ for salvation, and out of the gratitude of his heart, devotes his life to his service without reserve, whole-heartedly. This is the rational and reasonable life for every man who, ruined in the fall, is restored through redemption by the precious blood of Jesus Christ to a position higher than that of the angels.

His Honor Roll.

It may be a battle with terrible pain,
A struggle with mind or soul,
But God who sees his children here,
Knows those on his holy roll.
—Selected.

The GREAT SHADOW

by A. Conan Doyle

AUTHOR of "THE ADVENTURES of SHERLOCK HOLMES"

COPYRIGHT BY A. CONAN DOYLE

"I HAVE LIVED."

Synopsis.—Writing long after the events describer, 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 school, becoming cock boy in his turn. When Jack is eighteen Cousin Edie of Eyemouth comes to live at West Inch. Jack falls in live at first sight with his handsome, 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 says he will 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. A half-dead shipwrecked foreigner drifts ashore at West Inch. He says he is Bonaventure de Lapp, a soldier of fortune. The Calders take him in.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

—6—

"What think ye of that, Martha?" said he.

"You've sold the two black tups after all?"

"No, but it's a month's pay for board and lodging from Jock's friend and as much to come every four weeks."

But my mother shook her head when she heard it. "Two pounds a week is overmuch," said she. "And it is not when the poor gentleman is in distress that we should put such a price on his bit of food."

"Why, woman, he's turned your head wi' his foreign trick of speech," cried my father.

"Aye, and it would be a good thing if Scottish men had a little more of that kindly way," she said, and that was the first time in all my life that I had ever heard her answer him back.

Our visitor came down soon, and asked me to come out with him. When we were in the sunshine he held out a little cross made of red stones, one of the bonniest things that ever I had set eyes upon.

"These are rubies," said he, "and I got it at Tudela, in Spain. I pray that you will take this as a memory of your exceeding kindness to me yesterday. It will fashion into a pin for your cravat."

I could but thank him for the present, which was of more value than anything I had ever owned in my life

"I am off to the upper muir to count the lambs," said I. "Maybe you would care to come up with me and see something of the country?"

He hesitated for a moment, and then he shook his head.

"I have some letters," he said "which I ought to write as soon as possible. I think that I will stay at quiet this morning and get them written."

All forenoon I was wandering over the links, and when I got back he looked as though he had been born and bred in the steading. He sat in the big wooden-armed single chair, with the black cat on his knee. His arms were out, and he held a skein of worsted from hand to hand, which my mother was busily rolling into a ball. Cousin Edie was sitting near, and I could see by her eyes that she had been crying.

"Hullo! Edie," said I; "what's the trouble?"

"Ah! mademoiselle, like all good and true women, has a soft heart," said he; "I didn't thought it would have moved her, or I should have been silent. I have been talking of the suffering of some troops of which I knew something, when they were crossing the Guadarama mountains in the winter of 1808. Ah, yes, it was very bad, for they were fine men and fine horses. It is strange to see men blown by the wind over the precipices, but the ground was so slippy, and there was nothing to which they could hold. So companies all linked arms, and they did better in that fashion; but one artilleryman's hand came off as I held it, for he had had the frost bite for three days."

I stood staring, with my mouth open.

"And the old grenadiers, too, who were not so active as they used to be, they could not keep up; and yet if they lingered the peasants would catch them and crucify them to the barn doors with their feet up and a fire under their heads, which was a pity for these fine old soldiers. So when they could go no farther it was interesting to see what they would do. For they would sit down and say their prayers, sitting on an old saddle, or their knapsacks, maybe, and then take off their boot and stocking, and lean their chin on the barrel of their musket. Then they would put their toe on the trigger, and pouf! it was all over, and there was no more marching for those fine old grenadiers. Oh! it was very rough work up there on the Guadarama mountains."

"And what army was this?" I asked

"Oh! I have served in so many armies that I mix them up sometimes. Yes, I have seen much of war. But there is a man out yonder. Maybe he is the one who your father said would carry my letters to the post."

"Yes, he is farmer Whitehead's man Shall I give them to him?"

"Well, he would be more careful of them if he had them from your hand.' He took them from his pocket, and gave them over to me. I hurried out with them, and as I did so my eyes fell upon the address of the topmost one. It was written very large and clear.

"A.S.Majeste
"Le Roi du Suede
"Stockholm."

I did not know very much French, but I had enough to make that out. What sort of eagle was this which had flown into our humble nest?

CHAPTER VII.

The Corriemuir Peel Tower.

Well, it would weary me, and I am very sure that it would weary you also if I were to attempt to tell you how life went with us after this man came under our roof, or the way in which he gradually came to win the affections of everyone of us. With the women it was quick work enough, but soon he had thawed my father, too, which was no such easy matter, and had gained Jim Horscroft's good will as well as my own.

One of his first acts was to give my father the boat in which he had come, reserving only the right to have it back in case he should have need of it. The herring were down on the coast that autumn, and my uncle, before he died, had given us a fine set of nets, so the gift was worth many a pound to us. Sometimes De Lapp would go out in the boat alone, and I have seen him for a whole summer day rowing slowly along, and stopping every half-dozen strokes to throw over a stone at the end of a string. I could not think what he was doing until he told me of his own free will.

"I am fond of studying all that has to do with the military," said he, "and I never lose a chance. I was wondering if it would be a difficult matter for the commander of an army corps to throw his men ashore here."

"If the wind were not from the east," said I.

"Ah, quite so, if the wind were not from the east. Have you taken soundings here?"

"No."

"Your line-of-battleships would have to lie outside, but there is water enough for a forty-gun frigate right up within musket range. Cram your boats with tirailleurs, deploy them behind these sand-hills, then back with the launches for more, and a stream of grape over their heads from the frigate. It could be done! It could be done!" His mustaches bristled out more like a cat's than ever, and I could see by the flash of his eyes that he was carried away by his dream.

"You forget that our soldiers would be upon the beach," said I indignantly.

"Ta, ta, ta!" he cried. "Of course, it takes two sides to make a battle. Let us see now! Let us work it out! What could you get together? Shall we say twenty—thirty thousand? A few regiments of good troops. The rest, pouf!—conscripts, bourgeois with arms, how do you call them—volunteers."

"Brave men!" I shouted.

"Oh yes, very brave men, but imbecile; ah, mon Dieu, it is incredible how imbecile they would be. Not they alone, I mean, but all young troops. War must be learned, my young friend, just the same as the farming of sheep."

"Pooh!" said I, not to be outcrowed by a foreigner. "If we had thirty thousand men on the line of the hill yonder you would come to be very glad that you had your boats behind you."

Sometimes, when he talked, I thought he was joking, and at other times it was not quite so easy to say. I well remember one evening that summer when he was sitting in the kitchen with my father, Jim, and me, after the women had gone to bed, he began about Scotland and its relation to England.

"You used to have your own king, and your own laws made at Edinburgh," said he; "does it not fill you with rage and despair when you think that it all comes to you from London now?"

Jim took his pipe out of his mouth. "It was we who put our king over the English, so if there's any rage it should have been over yonder," said he.

This was clearly news to the stranger, and it silenced him for the moment.

"Well, but your laws are made down there, and surely that is not good," he said at last.

"No; it would be well to have a parliament back in Edinburgh," said my father; "but I am kept so busy with the sheep that I have little enough time to think of such things."

"It is for fine young men like you two to think of it," said De Lapp. "When a country is injured it is to its young men that it looks to avenge it."

"Aye, the English take too much upon themselves sometimes," said Jim.

"Well, if there are many of that way of thinking about, why should we not form them into battalions and march them upon London?" cried De Lapp.

"That would be a rare little picnic," said I, laughing; "and who would lead us?"

He jumped up, bowing with his hand on his heart in his queer fashion. "If you would allow me to have the honor!" he cried and then, seeing that we were all laughing, he began to laugh also, but I am sure that there was really no thought of a joke in his mind.

I could never make out what his age could be, nor could Jim Horscroft either. Sometimes we thought that he was an oldish man that looked young, and at others that he was a youngish man who looked old. On the whole, we thought that he might be about forty or forty-five, though it was hard to see how he could have seen so much of life in the time. But one day we got talking of ages, and then he surprised us.

I had been saying that I was just twenty, and Jim said that he was twenty-seven.

"Then I am the most old of the three," said De Lapp.

We laughed at this, for by our reckoning he might almost have been our father.

"But not by so much," said he, arching his brows. "I was nine-and-twenty in December."

And it was this even more than his talk which made us understand what an extraordinary life it must have been that he had led. He saw our astonishment, and laughed at it.

"I have lived. I have lived," he cried. "I have spent my days and my nights. I led a company in a battle where five nations were engaged when I was but fourteen. I made a king turn pale at the words I whispered in his ear when I was twenty. I had a hand in remaking a kingdom and putting a fresh king upon a fresh throne the very year that I came of age. Mon Dieu! I have lived my life."

That was the most that I ever heard him confess of his past life, and he only shook his head and laughed when we tried to get something more out of him. There were times when we thought that he was but a clever impostor—for what could a man of such influence and talents be loitering here in Berwickshire for?—but one day there came an incident which showed us that he had, indeed, a history in the past.

You will remember that there was an old officer of the Peninsular war who lived no great way from us, the same who danced round the bonfire with his sister and the two maids. He had gone up to London on some business about his pension and his wound money and the choice of having some work given him, so that he did not come back until late in the autumn. One of the first days after his return he came down to see us, and there for the first time he clapped eyes on De Lapp. Never in my life did I look upon so astonished a face, and he stared at our friend for a long minute without so much as a word. De Lapp looked back at him equally hard, but there was no recognition in his eyes.

"I do not know who you are, sir," he said at last, "but you look at me as if you had seen me before."

"So I have," answered the major.

"Never to my knowledge."

"But I'll swear it!"

"Where, then?"

"At the village of Astorga, in the year '8."

De Lapp started, and stared again at our neighbor. "Mon Dieu! what a chance!" he cried; "and you were the English parliamentaire! I remember you very well indeed, sir. Let me have a whisper in your ear." He took him aside, and talked very earnestly with him in French for a quarter of an hour, gesticulating with his hands, and explaining something, while the major nodded his old grizzled head from time to time. At last they seemed to come to some agreement, and I heard the major say "parole d'honneur" several times, and afterwards "fortune de la guerre." But after that I always noticed that the major never used the same free fashion of speech that we did toward our lodger, but bowed when he addressed him, and treated him with a wonderful deal of respect.

Jim goes back to his studies in Edinburgh.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Columbus Properly Honored.

According to the Postal Guide, there are 21 cities and towns in the United States by this name.

Stereotyping was invented in 1725, plaster casts being used in the original process.

CAST ASIDE THE TEMPTER

Reason Why Student Could Not Be Forced From the Pathway of Stern Honesty.

Perspiration rolled down his brow as he desperately chewed his pencil and stared vacantly down at the blank sheet of paper before him. It was the final examination of his senior year at college. To fail in it meant that he could not graduate; that he would be disgraced; that his whole life would be ruined. Shudders involuntarily passed through him as he realized that he was a rank failure.

The paper of the man on his left lay invitingly before his eyes. But he did not glance at it. One could plainly see that he was struggling valiantly against temptation and, though the effort was heartrending, he would sacrifice everything for the sake of honor.

No, he would not copy from the man on his left. The man on his right knew more.—London Tit-Bits.

Where Sugar Is Not For Sale.

Sugar, as such, it not to be purchased in a Central African village, but the people do not need it, for they have fruit all the year round, and the children have sugar cane to suck or the sweet stalks of the sweet maize plants to chew.

Rapid Fire Camera.

An American is the inventor of a motion picture camera with which he says he can take 100,000 photographs a second.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3543-0287.jpg