Facts and Features for Women

of Interest to Our Feminine Readers and the Home Circle

LIKE COOL FROCKS

Pastel Shades for Warm Weather—Pale Green Coolest.

Colors Play Most Important Part in Milady's Comfort on Hot Midsummer Days.

Though it is rather maddening to be told how cool we look on a hot summer day, when we are feeling quite the opposite, after the first indignation has worn off the remark is apt to have a psychological effect that actually makes us feel cooler, points out a fashion correspondent.

And, after all, it is a very big compliment to be told that we look cool when the weather makes such an appearance almost impossible, for what is less attractive than any one who is obviously hot?

Cool colors and cool fabrics go a long way toward making a cool summer. This is evidenced by the usual custom of dressing our rooms in their summer clothes if we are to inhabit them during the warm weather. Heavy velvet and brocade hangings give way to cretonnes or silks in cool shades and elaborate formal curtains are replaced by simple sheer affairs. Thick rugs are taken up, too, and all this is done because it makes the rooms look cooler.

This principle holds good in dressing ourselves, too, and pastel shades in delicate fabrics rule our lives in summer if we are fortunate enough to be out of town where such things are appropriate. But even among pastel shades there are some that are cooler than others, and we are not apt to take this into consideration in choosing our Swiss and organdie frocks. Pale green, the shade that has appro-



An outdooring frock with a skirt of kumsi-kumsa and overblouse of printed dew-kist. With it is worn a wide-brimmed sailor, crown encircled with double ruching of satin de luxe.

priately been called "seafoam," has perhaps the most cooling effect upon the eye. White, of course, is notably chilly, and pale blue has the same tendencies. Shades of rose and yellow have warmth and light, and though they are favorite summer colors on a really sizzling day their wearers will not look as comfortable as they might.

CHIC COAT FOR TRAVEL WEAR



Here is shown a Parisian traveling coat of soft undyed cloth with white and blue stripes running diagonally across the waist.

ATTIRE FOR GIRL WHO HIKES

Knickers, With Long Coat, Low-Heeled Shoes, Tam, Long Cane, Among Requisites.

Bathing is far from being the only or even the most popular summer sport. Walking—especially for the devotee of the mountains—has a great many passionate followers. There are girls who are really not the least little bit afraid of a ten-mile stroll in the forenoon.

Of course, to thoroughly enjoy walking one must be dressed accordingly. No long or tight skirt, no high heels, these would spoil this healthy pleasure. Nowadays knickers are being worn quite frequently for mountain climbing. They are prettier than ever and the girl with the athletic figure—and most walkers possess it—looks charming in this boyish outfit.

A lovely costume of this sort consists of dark brown laced shoes quite heelless, heavy woolen sport stockings and light tan and dark brown checked knickers. With this is worn a dark brown coat which reaches almost to the bottom of the knickers. A pongee blouse in the natural shade tied with a Windsor bow of checked taffeta adds a note of brightness to the otherwise rather somber outfit. A tam o' shanter of bright tan suede cloth, a long cane, a heavy pair of gauntlet gloves—and there you are.

Worn Over Underslips.

Frocks of white organdie daintily embroidered with white are worn over underslips of vivid taffeta—the organdie, which is a new and exceedingly transparent sort, looking like a mere white mist over the bright colored underdress.

Bloused Back Effect.

Predictions for fall coats point to the bloused back effect. Metallic stitching and fulness which does not distand the sides are other characteristics.

Short Sleeves for Fall.

Short sleeves are shown on many silk frocks for fall.

COLORS IN HOME ROOMS

Many Tints to Pick From, but Harmony Should Be the Watchword for Cheerfulness.

"This is the blue room," so many people who are showing you their homes will say to you, "or this is the pink room," and the only thing you can think of is how could they think it necessary to tell you, you couldn't possibly make a mistake, it certainly was blue—or pink, as the case may be. The trouble is that they do not realize that every room needs splotches of different colors to give it character. For example, one young woman wanted a rose bedroom. She bought white furniture and had the walls done in pale pink and white striped paper. There was a rose rug on the floor with a darker rose border, roses ran riot over the white curtains, the chairs were upholstered in the same rose cretonne, there was a rose lining under the lace bed cover, and a rose chiffon shade on the reading lamp at the head of the bed. Everything was lovely, and yet she didn't like it, but she didn't know why. Her first guest was an interior decorator and she was able to put her finger on the difficulty from the very start. She made her put the rosy cretonne curtains in another room, and get a black and white striped material for the windows, hang a stunning black lacquered mirror over the low boy, change the lamp shade for a French blue one with rose-colored trimmings and put a few dashes of the French blue about in little accessories, a quill pen on the desk, a couple of candles on the dressing table, and it was perfect.

In a blue room, of course the blue predominates, but if there isn't anything else but blue it is terribly cold and gloomy. A very lonely blue living room has chintz over-curtains in blues, yellows and greens, there is a yellow shade on the floor lamp with blue bands, the rugs are in soft oriental colorings, and there is a great, glowing Maxfield Parrish print over the couch, which has a black cover and blue and yellow cushions.

Black Lace Over White Satin.

Some of the black laces are made up over white satin. Constance Talmadge uses a metal cloth for foundation in her pretty black lace worn in a popular picture. Metal cloths are lovely under either white or black laces, and the moving picture actresses are very much addicted to them for the reason they photograph so handsomely. There is only one other material which is as much favored by screen artists. This is velvet.

But metal cloths are so very dressy and so much associated with winter costumes for evening that many like the satin and taffeta foundations best because they make a cooler looking costume for summer wear.

Gray Trimmed With White.

Dotted Swiss frocks of gray are piped with white organdie or Swiss. The dotted surface and the touch of white are enough trimming for charming frocks.

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, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR AUGUST 29

BEGINNING OF SOLOMON'S REIGN

LESSON TEXT—I Kings 1:5; 3:13.

GOLDEN TEXT—The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom: and to depart from evil is understanding.—Job 28:28.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Solomon's Choice.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Solomon's Wise Beginning.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Choosing the Best Things.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—True Wisdom and How to Get It.

I. Solomon Anointed King (1: 5-40).

David had hitherto failed to show the people who should be king after him (v. 20). He is now stirred to action by the combined appeals of Bathsheba and Nathan. He immediately sent for the faithful three, Zadok, Nathan and Benaiah, and bade them to anoint Solomon king. They speedily executed their commission and soon the people shouted "God save king Solomon!"

II. Solomon's Acts to Establish His Kingdom (1: 41-2: 46).

Coming to the kingdom at such a time as this, he noted certain dangerous elements, which, if allowed to develop, would weaken if not destroy his rule.

1. Adonijah placed under surveillance (vv. 41-53). Though he had attempted to usurp the kingdom, Solomon placed him on good behavior. In this treatment, Solomon displayed both clemency and dignity, which are praiseworthy in a ruler.

2. Adonijah executed (2: 13-25). Solomon ordered him executed because he made an underhanded effort to become king.

3. Abiathar removed from the priesthood (2:26, 27). This man had joined Adonijah in his plot of usurpation. Solomon removed him from office and appointed Zadok in his stead.

4. Joab executed (2:28-35). Joab, too, was a party in Adonijah's rebellion. Beside this he had treacherously murdered his rivals in the army. He was succeeded in the generalship by Benaiah.

5. Shimei executed (2:36-46). Shimei had deserted David and joined his enemies, even bitterly cursed him. Solomon first paroled him and confined him to Jerusalem, but when he broke his parole he had him executed.

III. God's Gracious Offer to Solomon (3:4, 5).

Solomon made a lavish sacrifice to the Lord. It was not that the Lord cared for the number of animals, but the attitude of the man's heart toward him. "Ask what I shall give thee" placed very wide possibilities before the king. God, as it were, signed blank checks and turned them over to Solomon to fill in any amount that his heart desired.

IV. Solomon's Wise Choice (3:6-9).

The Lord's gracious offer brought the king face to face with the responsibility of making a choice. God so deals with his children that a choice must be made by everyone. Solomon was keenly sensible of the difficulty and the responsibility of his position. David was a great king. For a young man to take up the work of an illustrious father and push it to completion is a most difficult task. Besides all this, the disturbing elements set in motion by the usurper, Adonijah, were to be dealt with. In his reply to God he pleads that he was not king as a result of his own choosing, but because of God's loving kindness. All who have been called of God to fill positions of honor and trust can truly exercise that same boldness of faith. When called to positions of honor and trust we should not become high-minded and vain, but humbly present ourselves before God for help.

V. God's Unstinted Gift to Solomon (3:10-15).

Solomon's speech pleased the Lord. The Lord is always pleased when we place ourselves before him in such attitude. Solomon got more than he asked for. Because he put wisdom first, God saw that he could be trusted with material good, also. Christ taught the same thing when he said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—Matt. 6:33. He that puts God and spiritual things first in time and importance can be trusted with temporal things. That which God promised him above what he asked was riches, honor and length of days. All who feel the lack of wisdom can go to God with confidence (James 1:5). God blessed Solomon with a singularly comprehensive mind (I Kings 4:29-34). He was a botanist, zoologist, architect, poet, and a moral philosopher. When we ask what God wills, we shall surely get what we ask.

To Cheer Thee on Thy Way.

Neither hurrying nor slackening, but sure of thy great and glorious destiny, walk thou; and presently all around thee shalt thou see the similitude of him who thou seekest: He shall send a multitude of messengers in advance to cheer thee on thy way.—Edward Carpenter.

Common Sense.

Common sense is, of all kinds, the most uncommon. It implies good judgment, sound discretion and true and practical wisdom.—Tyron Edwards.

Character Testing

By REV. GRANT STROH

Teacher of English Bible, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

TEXT—And Jesus . . . was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, being forty days tempted of the devil.—Luke 4:1, 2.

Life is a joyous opportunity for accomplishing a successful career and for the building of noble character, but life is also full of peril. Many tests come to us and in many forms, but they all may be summed up in the three forms of character-testing which are recorded of Jesus in the fourth chapter of Luke.



Christ was tempted because Christ was a man with man's natural appetites, desires, emotions, needs and aspirations. Having been tempted and having gained the victory, he can both sympathize with us and give us the victory.

First of all Satan came to Christ in an hour of physical weakness, when he hungered. Satan knew that then was an opportune time. Satan has had long experience. If possible, keep strong physically. Keep fit. We should know the word of God, but we should also be physically fit. But the devil can be defeated by us even when we are weak, if only we are mighty in the Scripture and trust Christ to fight for us.

Nor did Satan stop with one attempt. We must keep guard all the time. If one kind of appeal to us does not succeed, he is quick to try another. He made three successive attacks on Jesus. He openly and piously appealed to Scripture, to prophecy, and to the promises of God. He appealed to the power of Jesus, to his deepest and most holy ambitions. But Jesus came off victor. Satan is strong, but our Christ is stronger.

The Test of Adversity.

A second great test of character is adversity. The next picture of Christ given by Luke in this chapter is in the village of Nazareth. Nazareth was his home town. There he preached to his fellow-townsmen. They wondered at his words of grace. They knew of the great reputation he had made while away from Nazareth. They were curious and interested in what Christ had to say, but when he was through they rose up in their wrath and sought to kill him. They did not like to submit to his claims.

The mission of Jesus to Nazareth proved a failure. His fellow-townsmen rejected him as their Messiah. Often in life's experiences victory over temptation has been followed by the subtle testing of failure. Our times of greatest testing may follow our greatest victories. Such victories may leave us over-confident and self-reliant. By a flank movement the enemy in the hour of failure may cause us to doubt, become despondent, and surrender. When things seem to go wrong then look out, or rather look up. Christ stood the test of adversity and will help us.

The Test of Achievement.

No keener test comes to us than that of having accomplished something which causes others to praise us and exalt us. "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." Every unusual personal gift of power may itself be our undoing, especially if coupled with the praise of men. When you achieve something be on your guard. The hour of triumph may be the hour of soul-defeat.

The Secret of Victory.

Jesus knew no easy road to victory, but he conquered. He stood every test. By adopting his methods we too may endure and triumph through him.

The first requisite for victory is to be filled and led by the Holy Spirit (vv. 1, 14). This is the secret of secrets.

If we would be victors we must know the word of God and know how to use it in the hour of need. The Christian must know the word in its true setting and meaning else he will not be able to withstand the devil. In these days many are pretending to know the Bible but are really wresting it to their own and others' destruction. Study the word.

The third way to victory is through prayer, just plain old-fashioned prayer. Jesus prayed. He knew its value. Jesus prayed in the morning and so was armored for the day (v. 42).

Finally, if we would stand up under the various temptations and tests of life, we must obey God. Obedience to God links us up to God and to his power. In the spiritual struggles of life we should ever remember to have no confidence in the flesh. If we trust our own strength or resources to conquer, we shall fail. Our confidence and strength must be Christ. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the son of God?"

Memory.

A memory without blot or contamination must be an exquisite treasure, an inexhaustible source of pure refreshment.—Charlotte Bronte.

The Great Shadow

By A. CONAN DOYLE

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"

Copyright by A. Conan Doyle

"WE SHALL SEE."

Synopsis.—Writing long after the events described, Jack Calder, Scot farmer of West Inch, tells how, in his childhood, the fear of invasion by Napoleon, at that time complete master of Europe, had gripped the British nation. Following a false alarm that the French had landed, Jim Horscroft, the doctor's son, a youth of fifteen, quarrels with his father over joining the army, and from that incident a lifelong friendship begins between the boys. They go to school together 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. He says he is Bonaventure de Lapp, a soldier of fortune. He goes to live with the Calders. A man of mystery, and evidently of high position, he wins all hearts.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

—7—

Jim Horscroft was at home all that summer, but late in the autumn he went back to Edinburgh again for the winter session, and as he intended to work very hard, and get his degree next spring if he could, he said that he would bide up there for the Christmas. So there was a great leave-taking between him and Cousin Edie, and he was to put up his plate and to marry her as soon as he had the right to practice. I never knew a man love a woman more fondly than he did her, and she liked him well enough in a way, for indeed in the whole of Scotland she would not find a finer-looking man; but when it came to marriage I think she winced a little at the thought that all her wonderful dreams should end in nothing more than in being the wife of a country surgeon. I was never very sure at that time whether Edie cared for De Lapp or not. When Jim was at home they took little notice of each other. After he was gone they were thrown more together, which was natural enough, as he had taken up so much of her time before.

Well, the summer and the autumn and the best part of the winter passed away, and we were still all very happy together. We got well into the year 1815, and the great emperor was still eating his heart out at Elba, and all the ambassadors were wrangling together at Vienna as to what they should do with the lion's skin, now that they had so fairly hunted him down. We never thought that what all these high and mighty people were doing could have any bearing upon us, and as to war—why, everybody was agreed that the great shadow was lifted from us forever, and that, unless the allies quarreled among themselves there would not be a shot fired in Europe for another fifty years.

There was one incident, however that stands out very clearly in my memory—I think that it must have happened about the February of this year—and I will tell it to you before I go any further.

You know what the Border peel castles are like, I have no doubt. They were just square keeps, built every here and there along the line, so that the folk might have some place of protection against raiders and moss troopers. When Percy and his met were over the Marches, then the people would drive some of their cattle into the yard of the tower, shut up the big gate, and light a fire in the brazier at the top, which would be answered by all the other peel towers, until the lights would go twinkling up to the Lammermuir hills, and so carry the news on to the Pentlands and to Edinburgh. But now, of course, all these old keeps were warped and crumbling, and made fine nesting places for the wild birds.

One day I had been on a very long walk, away over to leave a message at the Laidlaw Armstrongs, who live two miles on this side of Ayton. About five o'clock, just before the sunset, I found myself on the brae path, with the gable end of West Inch peeping up in front of me, and the old peel tower lying on my left. And as I stared I suddenly saw the face of a man twinkle for a moment in one of the holes in the wall.

It was so queer that I was determined to come to the bottom of it; so, tired as I was, I turned my shoulder on home, and walked swiftly toward the tower. The grass stretches right up to the very base of the wall, and my feet made little noise until I reached the crumbling arch where the old gate used to be. I peeped through and there was Bonaventure de Lapp, standing inside the keep, and peeping out through the very hole at which I had seen his face. He was turned half away from me, and it was clear that he had not seen me at all, for he was staring with all his eyes over in the direction of West Inch. As I advanced my foot rattled the rubble that lay in the gateway, and he turned round with a start and faced me.

"Hullo!" said I, "what are you doing here?"

"I may ask you that," said he.

"I came up because I saw your face at the window."

"And I because, as you may well have observed, I have very much interest for all that has to do with the military, and of course castles are among them. You will excuse me for one moment, my dear Jack," and he stepped out suddenly through the hole in the wall, so as to be out of my sight.

But I was very much too curious to excuse him so easily. I shifted my ground swiftly, to see what it was that he was after. He was standing outside, and waving his hand frantically, as in a signal.

"What are you doing?" I cried, and then, running out to his side, I looked across the moors to see whom he was beckoning to.

"You go too far, sir," said he angrily; "I didn't thought you would have gone so far. A gentleman has the freedom to act as he choose, without your being the spy upon him. If we are to be friends, you must not interfere in my affairs."

"I don't like these secret doings," said I, "and my father would not like them, either."

"Your father can speak for himself, and there is no secret," said he curtly. "It is you, with your imaginings, that make a secret. Ta, ta, ta! I have no patience with such foolishness." And, without so much as a nod, he turned his back upon me and started walking swiftly to West Inch.

Well, I followed him, and in the worst of tempers, for I had a feeling that there was some mischief in the wind, and yet I could not for the life of me think what it all meant. What could there be to spy about in Berwickshire. And besides, Major Elliott knew all about him, and he would not show him such respect if there was anything amiss.

I had just got as far as this in my thoughts when I heard a cheery hail, and there was the major himself, coming down the hill from his house, with his big bulldog, Bounder, held in leash. This dog was a savage creature, and had caused more than one accident on the countryside, but the major was very fond of it, and would never go out without it, though he kept it tied with a good, thick thong of leather. Well, just as I was looking at the major, waiting for him to come up, he stumbled with his lame leg over a branch of gorse, and in recovering himself he let go his hold of the leash, and in an instant there was the beast of a dog flying down the hillside in my direction.

I did not like it, I can tell you, for there was neither stick nor stone about, and I knew that the brute was dangerous. As it came at me with bristling hair and its nose screwed back between its two red eyes, I cried out, "Bounder! Bounder!" at the pitch of my lungs. It had its effect, for the beast passed me with a snarl, and flew along the path on the traces of Bonaventure de Lapp.

He turned at the shouting, and seemed to take in the whole thing at a glance, but he strolled along as slowly as ever. My heart was in my mouth for him, for the dog had never seen him before, and I ran as fast as my feet would carry me to drag it away from him. But somehow, as it bounded up and saw the twittering finger and thumb which De Lapp held out behind him, its fury died suddenly away, and we saw it wagging its thumb of a tail and clawing at his knee.

"Your dog, then, major?" said he, as its owner came hobbling up. "Ah, it is a fine beast—a fine, pretty thing."

The major was blowing hard, for he had covered the ground nearly as fast as I had.

"I was afraid lest he might have hurt you," he panted.

"Ta, ta, ta!" cried De Lapp. "He is a pretty, gentle thing. I always love the dogs. But I am glad that I have met you, major, for there is this young gentleman, to whom I owe very much, who has begun to think that I am a spy. Is it not so, Jack?"

I was so taken aback by his words that I could not lay my tongue to an answer, but colored up and looked askance, like the awkward country lad that I was.

"You know me, major," said De Lapp; "and I am sure that you will tell him that this could not be."

"No, no, Jack! Certainly not! Certainly not!" cried the major.

"Thank you," said De Lapp. "You know me, and you do me justice. And yourself, I hope that you will soon have your regiment given you."

"I am well enough," answered the major; "but they will never give me a place unless there is war, and there will be no more war in my time."

"Oh! you think that?" said De Lapp, with a smile. "Well, nous verrons. We shall see, my friend!" He whisked off his hat, and turning briskly, he walked off in the direction of West Inch. The major stood looking after him with thoughtful eyes, and then asked me what it was that had me think that he was a spy. When I told him he said nothing, but he shook his head, and looked like a man who was ill at ease in his mind.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Coming of the Cutter.

I never felt quite the same to our lodger after that little business at the peel-tower. It was always in my mind that he was holding a secret from me; indeed, that he was all a secret together, seing that he always hung a veil over his past.

And when by chance that veil was for an instant whisked away we always caught just a glimpse of something bloody and violent and dreadful upon the other side. The very look of his body was terrible. I bathed with him once in the summer, and I saw then that he was haggled with wounds all over. Besides seven or eight slashes his ribs on one side were twisted out of shape and a part of one of his calves had been torn away. He laughed in his merry way when he saw my face of wonder.

"Cossacks! Cossacks!" said he, running his hand over his scars. "And the ribs were broke by an artillery tumbril. It is very bad to have the guns pass over one. Now with cavalry it is nothing. A horse will pick its steps, however fast it may go. I have been ridden over by fifteen hundred cuirassiers and by the Russian hussars of Grodno, and I had no harm from that. But guns are very bad."

"And the calf?" I asked.

"Pooh! It is only a wolf bite," said he. "You would not think how I came by it! You will understand that my horse and I had been struck, the horse killed, and I with my ribs broken by the tumbril. Well, it was cold—oh, bitter, bitter!—the ground like iron, and no one to help the wounded, so that they froze into such shapes as would make you smile. I, too, felt that I was freezing, so what did I do? I took my sword and I opened my dead horse, so well as I could, and I made space in him for me to lie, with one little hole for my mouth. Sapristi! It was warm enough there. But there was not room for the entire of me, so my feet and part of my legs stuck out. Then in the night, when I slept, there came the wolves to eat the horse, and they had a little pinch of me also, as you can see; but after that I was on guard with my pistols, and they had no more of me. There I lived, very warm and nice, for ten days."

"Ten days!" I cried. "What did you eat?"

"Why, I ate the horse. It was what you call board and lodging to me. But of course I have sense to eat the legs and live in the body. There were many dead about who had their water bottles, so I had all I could wish. And on the eleventh day there came a patrol of light cavalry, and all was well."

It was by such chance chats as these—hardly worth repeating in themselves—that there came light upon himself and his past. But the day was coming when we should know all, and how it came I shall try now to tell you.

The winter had been a dreary one, but with March came the first signs of spring, and for a week on end we had sunshine and winds from the south. On the seventh Jim Horscroft was to come back from Edinburgh, for though the session ended with the first, his examination would take him a week. Edie and I were out walking on the sea beach on the sixth, and I could talk of nothing but my old friend, for, indeed, he was the only friend of my own age that I had at that time. Edie was very silent, which was a rare thing with her but she listened, smiling, to all that I had to say.

"Poor old Jim!" said she, once or twice, under her breath. "Poor old Jim!"

"He is my husband."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANNAPOLIS FOUNDED IN 1604

Nova Scotia Earliest Colonized Land in North America, With Exception of St. Augustine.

Nova Scotia may lay claim to being the earliest colonized land in North America, with the exception of St. Augustine, Fla., where the Spanish establishment was made as early as 1565. Port Royal, now the little town of Annapolis, was founded in 1604, three years before the English settled at Jamestown. The brave French pioneers found it necessary to suspend their colony for three years, but the settlement was re-established in 1610 by a group of Acadians.

The Acadians were in almost constant conflict with the English. The colony fell into the hands of the English twice, and was each time returned to the French before the English finally captured it in 1710. The Acadians remained steadfast in their hopes that French rule would some day return, but their hope was destined never to be realized. They, however, persisted in maintaining their identity even against the English insistence that they abandon their allegiance to their mother country.

The descendants of the Acadians, numbering 300,000, are to be found in Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and Louisiana. When the Acadians were expelled from the Basin of Monas, Grand Pre, when they refused to take the oath of fealty to the English sovereign in 1755, many of them escaped to the wilderness and later drifted back to their former homes only to find them occupied by new settlers from New England states.

Telling Time by Heart Throbs.

The average man's idea of a minute may be anywhere between 15 seconds and 200. But we all have a reliable clock in our bodies. The secret is simply to count your pulse-beats. Most people know how often their pulses beat in a minute, and it is, of course, easy to find out. The average rate is 72 a minute for a man, and rather more for a woman. A healthy person however, may have a pulse-rate of anywhere between 60 and 84 a minute. So your own rate may easily be much faster or slower than the average. The secret that the sense of time was due to heart throbs was only guessed when a psychologicist studying the problem discovered that people with unsound hearts are as a rule abnormally weak in estimating the passage of time.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3543-0295.jpg