Facts and Features for Women

of Interest to Our Feminine Readers and the Home Circle

PARIS PLAID MAD

Fashion Land Seized With Fad for Black and White.

Color Combination Prevails in Skirts, Suits and Jackets—Laces in the Limelight.

After months of subdued colors and deepest mourning Paris has been suddenly seized with a fad for wearing plaits and plaids in black and white. Since a few dressmakers displayed some summer models with black-and-white designs in accordion plaits, the novelty has been taken up along the boulevards, and after a popular run at the races continued in favor long after the usual time for such innovations had expired.

Plaits are coming out stronger and bolder. And black-and-white check skirts and suits are now included in the models. The fabric makers are showing plaited braid, and dressmakers have accepted the patterns. The black-and-white craze has not left the male apparel untouched. Suits in black-and-white stripes and black-and-white checks are numerous in the show windows and on the streets. At the race-courses black or white jackets with black-and-white striped or checkered skirts predominate.

Other combinations are in white chiffon trimmed with black embroidery or black net embroidered in big white flowers, and likewise there's any amount of black lace worn over white satin. A popular model is a white silk jersey with black lace inserts, relieved with white motifs. Coarse linens will be worn, although quite expensive. Another dainty innovation is the revival of the figured parasols and organdie dresses. Painted dresses, with batik flowers, will afford cheerful combinations in color with the graceful parasol.



Sport outfit with black-and-white wool skirt with popular checks and accordion plaits; topped with black sweater and white striped scarf.

Snakes Supplant Bluebirds.

The last season's vogue of patterned lingerie which specialized in cerulean-hued bluebirds and butterflies is on the wane—probably because our bluebird guest has been back on his native shores for some time. Whenever any pattern is used, it is some bizarre, weird creation such as a wriggling green snake, a garment-free cannibal, or a bevy of alligators.

GOWN OF NAVY BLUE SATIN



Navy blue satin with attractive side rufflings and a colorful flower at the belt makes this an attractive fall frock.

SIMPLE FROCKS FOR KIDDIES

Children of Different Types Require Styles That Suit, but Not Fancy Clothes.

Simple frocks and plenty of them is the best possible guide to the mother who would have her small daughters well dressed. Children's styles change very little from season to season, and the youngster who is clean and well groomed is always attractive looking. Elaborately trimmed dresses are never in good taste for children. Another point that should be considered when planning clothes for members of the younger generation is the matter of type. There are plain tailored children and fluffy-ruffles children, just as there are different types of grown-ups, and certainly the blue-eyed cherub with golden curls and the dark-eyed youngsters with straight, dark hair, bobbed just below the ears, do not require the same styles in clothes.

For warm weather organdie has had a great vogue this season, sharing honors with dotted swiss. Voiles have rather gone a-begging, although some dainty little voile frocks have been brought out. Voile does not generally launder quite as attractively as organdie, which probably accounts for the leaning to the latter fabric.

For next season, in cotton fabric frocks, plain colors will predominate, as at present. Where checks are used they will generally be rather small. The striking Scotch plaid ginghams have not been very popular for several seasons with designers of very high class frocks for children.

Autumn's Hats Are Gay.

Feminine New York says that autumn hats must cover the eyebrows and that the brim must not be even These hats will be properly covered with fruits, and no somber colored hats will be seen. Leading colors are copper, royal and Algerian blue, mahogany, cerise, jade green, chow brown and canary yellow. Gaudy embroideries in soutache, wool, tinsel metallic threads and celluloid or wooden beads carry out the Eastern effect.

FABRICS NAMED FOR CITIES

Origin of Names of Many Popular Materials Traced to Various Foreign Towns and Villages.

The origin of the names of popular fabrics is even more interesting than the tracing to third lingual roots of ordinary words, says a writer in the New York Evening Mail.

About the year 1329 the woolen trade of England became located at Worsted, about fifteen miles from Norwich, and it was at this place that the manufacture of the twisted double thread woolen, afterward called worsted, was first made, if not invented.

Linsey-woolsey was first made at Linsey, and was for a long time a very popular fabric.

Kerseymere takes its name from the village of Kersey, and the mere close by it, in the county of Suffolk.

We have to thank Gaza, in Palestine, the gates of which Samson carried away, for gaza or gauze. Gaza means "treasure." Voltaire, wishing to describe some intellectual but dressy woman, said: "She is an eagle in a cage of gauze."

Muslin owes its name to Mossoul, a fortified town in Turkey in Asia.

Tulle obtains its name from that of a city in the south of France. Travelers by rail in Brittany often glide past Guingamp without remembering that it was here that was first produced that useful fabric, gingham.

Damask derives its name from the city of Damascus; calico from Calicut, a town in India formerly celebrated for its cotton cloth, where also calico was printed; cambric from Cambray, a town in Flanders, where it was first made; and tweed from a fabric worn by fishermen upon the River Tweed.

Drapery Fabrics.

Each season marks an advance in the beauty and variety of curtain fabrics, and adds to the number of those which may be safely ironed after washing, rather than stretched. While we shall probably always have fine lace curtains which necessitate stretching, lovely effects may be secured by the use of filet nets, fine swisses, voiles, scrim, silk gauze, English casement cloth and Scotch madras, all of which may be ironed. When selecting materials with the ironing qualities in view, it is safest to try a sample first. If this is not convenient, a reliable guide is the mesh and edge, especially in net. If the mesh is square instead of round, and the edge straight, rather than scalloped, it will be almost sure to iron without pulling askew.—Good Housekeeping.

Scrim Curtains.

A very effective curtain is made of scrim and is put on curtain rods, both top and bottom. Stretch the curtains tight; they can be washed and hung when wet. This stretches and dries them at the same time. It saves time and doesn't make curtain washing a burden. This kind of curtain is specially attractive when a draping of some kind is hung with it.

Lingerie Set.

An effective and practical lingerie set suggested for a trousseau is of orchid gorgette, devoid of lace, but trimmed daintily with tiny ruffles of self material and narrow ribbon in orchid and yellow.

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 SEPTEMBER 26

REVIEW: SAUL, DAVID AND SOLOMON COMPARED.

SELECTION FOR READING—Psalm 72.

GOLDEN TEXT—Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.—I Sam. 16:7.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Stories About David.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Three Kings and How They Ruled.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Three Kings and Their Attitude Toward the Lord.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Faults and Excellencies of Saul, David and Solomon.

It was the lesson committee's thought that the three kings of the united kingdom should be compared, but that would necessitate going back about half way into the preceding quarter, and since the time for review is so short, it would hardly be wise for any but the adult classes to go back of the present quarter's lessons. If in the adult classes this should be done, the review should be rapid and confined to:

1. The character of the king.
2. The chief events of his reign.
3. His success or failure, as the case may be, and the reason therefor.
4. Lessons taught us.

The better method for most teachers and classes will be to let the lessons center in the two outstanding personalities of David and Solomon, both as a mental discipline and as a spiritual message. A good way is to get the pupil to grasp the main facts of each lesson and then state its leading lesson.

Lesson for July 4. David's zeal for God and faith in God made him courageous to meet Goliath. His good sense caused him to discard Saul's armor and use his own gifts. He went forth in the name of the Lord of hosts that all the world might know that there was a God in Israel.

Lesson for July 11. The friendship between Jonathan and David was based on genuine love. Because of this love Jonathan waived his personal rights to David, as a token of which he gave David his court robe and equipment. Truly "Love seeketh not her own."

Lesson for July 18. David's regard for Saul was due to the fact that God's anointing oil had been placed upon him. The one upon whom God has placed his Spirit should be reverenced, not because of what he is himself, but because of God's gift upon him.

Lesson for July 25. David's behavior through the period of civil war between the houses of Saul and David won the confidence of all the tribes, so that they came to Hebron and made him their king.

Lesson for August 1. The great lesson needed to be learned by all men is God's holiness. His name and institutions should be reverenced. Ignorance or thoughtlessness will not save a man from the penalty of violating God's laws.

Lesson for August 8. Justice and judgment were executed unto all the people when David was established king. This is typical of the time when Christ, David's Son, shall reign in righteousness over all the earth.

Lesson for August 15. David's sorrows were occasioned by his sins. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Lesson for August 22. Despite the awfulness of our sins, true penitence and confession will bring pardon.

Lesson for August 29. Because Solomon put wisdom to do God's will first, God gave him honor and riches in abundance. "Him that honoreth me, I will honor."

Lesson for September 5. A house is made sacred only as God's presence sanctifies it. It was not Solomon's words or his prayer that dedicated the temple; it was the manifestation of a divine presence.

Lesson for September 12. God's gifts to Solomon made him to be great before the world. His fame gave him an unique opportunity to witness of God to the nations of the world.

Lesson for September 19. Those who heed the advice of a father will escape all the sorrows and miseries of a drunkard.

The Hardest Labor.

Ceasing from labor, as labor, is not the point of Sunday observances; it is ceasing from the labor of the world, to labor for God, to do his work, which is the highest labor and the hardest labor; giving God a tithe of the work, the first fruits of our time, as a mark of respect and allegiance which we owe to him.—W. C. E. Newbolt.

True Gentleness.

True gentleness is founded on a sense of what we owe to him who made us, and to the common nature which we all share. It arises from reflections on our own failings and wants, and from just views of the condition and duty of men. It is native feeling heightened and improved by principle.—Blair.

Politeness.

Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things.—Macaulay.

A Prayer for Christians

By REV. L. W. GOSNELL

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TEXT.—And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment; that ye may approve things that are excellent; that ye may be sincere and without offense till the day of Christ; being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God.—Philippians 1:9-11.

Many Christians plead inability to pray in public. This is true not only of some whose spiritual life may be cold, but of some whose devotion to God is manifest. We have a suggestion to offer which we trust may be of service to all who would like to take part in public prayer meetings but feel they cannot. It is this: If you have no words or thoughts of your own to present to God, take the thoughts and words which he himself has given in his book. Such prayers are better than any we can formulate, and have the assurance of an answer because they are inspired of the Holy Spirit.



In the verses quoted above we have an excellent example of a scripture prayer.

Abounding Love.

To begin with, Paul prays that "your love may abound." There was some dissension among the Philippian Christians to whom he was writing, and he was greatly desirous that it might be healed. The cure for it would be a new access of love. But how we need this same heavenly blessing! It is true that to be a Christian at all means to love, but the apostle prays that love may abound, overflow, and that it may abound more and more. As an old writer has put it: "The fire in the apostle never says, Enough."

Paul goes on to pray that love may abound "in knowledge." The knowledge referred to is spiritual knowledge, and at once we see that such knowledge is the fruit of love. In the spiritual realm it is love that knows, rather than intellect, although, of course, intellect has its place. But it is suggested that, as Jesus said, "Except a man be born again he cannot see." This explains why some old man or woman who scarcely knows how to spell may be able to teach the learned the ways of God.

"Judgment," also, is included in this prayer. It may be said that "knowledge" deals with general principles and "judgment" with their practical application. Such insight leads us to distinguish things that differ so that we not only discern between the good and the bad, but between the good and the better, the excellent and the best. What great need there is of such "judgment" today! And let us not forget it is the fruit of love, for only those who have an affection for the best things are keen to discern them.

The result of love which abounds in knowledge and all judgment will be, that they will be "sincere and without offense." The word for sincere conveys the thought of clearness, freedom from complications, transparency. To be void of offense implies that we have no stumbling block within us to the sway of the gospel, and that we offer no stumbling block by our life before men.

A Lost Hope.

It is especially to be noted that we are to be sincere and void of offense "till the day of Christ," so that we may pass under the eye of the judge unashamed. What an incentive to believers is thus furnished by the coming of the Lord! Well may we reiterate the words of Prof. A. T. Robertson: "It is a pity that so many modern Christians have lost any real joy in this blessed hope and no longer look for the coming of Jesus to claim his own."

Finally, Paul prays they may be "filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ." Note that all are to be good, not only in a negative sense, but also in a positive one.

The end of it all will be "the glory and praise of God." This is the true goal and end of all our blessings and labors. And it will be brought about as men see realized in us such a prayer as that of Paul.

May we offer this prayer, both in private and public!

Benevolence.

A vigorous, outdoor, breezy moral culture lives in the active present, and, having done its best, dismisses the past without regret. The best curative for spiritual morbidness is a little unselfish benevolence. Perhaps because doing good to others implies less thought of ourselves, does it seem the most perfect kind of happiness. We are in a position for high spiritual aspirations when we get furthest away from self.—Humphrey J. Desmond.

Our Progress and Devotions.

If we esteem our progress in religious life to consist only in some exterior observances our devotions will be quickly at an end.—Thomas a Kempis.

The Soul's Languor.

Self-indulgence is the soul's languor, which numbs it and deprives it of all energy for doing good.—Fenelon.

The GREAT SHADOW

by A. Conan Doyle

AUTHOR of "THE ADVENTURES of SHERLOCK HOLMES"

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

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From where we stood it was a sight now that was worth coming over the seas to see. On our own ridge was the checker of red and blue, stretching right away to a village over two miles from us. It was whispered from man to man in the ranks, however, that there was too much of the blue and too little of the red, for the Belgians had shown on the day before that their hearts were too soft for the work, and we had twenty thousand of them for comrades. Then even our British troops were half made up of militia-men and recruits, for the pick of the old Peninsula regiments were on the ocean in transports, coming back from some fool's errand with our kinsfolk of America. But for all that we could see the bearskins of the Guards, two strong brigades of them, and the bonnets of the Highlanders, and the blue of the old German legion, and the red lines of Pack's brigade, and Kempt's brigade, and the green-dotted riflemen in front; and we knew that, come what might, these were men who would bide where they were placed, and that they had a man to lead them who would place them where they should bide.

Of the French we had seen little, save the twinkle of their fires and a few horsemen here and there on the curves of the ridge; but as we stood and waited there came suddenly a grand blare from their bands, and their whole army came flooding over the low hill which had hid them—brigade after brigade, and division after division—until the broad slope in its whole length and depth was blue with their uniforms and bright with the glint of their weapons. It seemed that they would never have done, still pouring over and pouring over, while our men leaned on their muskets and smoked their pipes, looking down at this grand gathering and listening to what the old soldiers, who had fought the French before, had to say about them. Then, when the infantry had formed in long, deep masses, their guns came whirling and bounding down the slope, and it was pretty to see how smartly they unlimbered and were ready for action. And then, at a stately trot, down came the cavalry—thirty regiments at the least, with plume and breastplate, twinkling sword and fluttering lance—forming up at the flanks and rear in long, shifting, glimmering lines.

"Them's the chaps," cried our old sergeant. "They're gluttons to fight, they are. And you see them regiments with the great high hats in the middle, a bit behind the farm? That's the Guard—twenty thousand of them, my sons, and all picked men—gray-headed devils that have done nothing but fight since they were as high as my gaiters. They've three men to our two, and two guns to one, and, by gad! they'll make you recruities wish you were back in Argyle street before they have finished with you." He was not a cheering man, our sergeant, but then he had been in every fight since Corunna, and had a medal with seven clasps upon his breast, so that he had a right to talk in his own fashion.

When the Frenchmen had arranged themselves just out of cannon shot we saw a small group of horsemen, all in a blaze with silver and scarlet and gold, ride swiftly between the divisions; and as they went a roar of cheering burst out from either side of them, and we could see arms outstretched to them and hands waving. An instant later the noise had died away and the two armies stood facing each other in absolute deadly silence—a sight which often comes back to me in my dreams. Then of a sudden there was a lurch among the men just in front of us, a thin column wheeled off from the dense blue clump, and came swinging up toward the farmhouse which lay below us. It had not taken fifty paces before a gun banged out from an English battery on our left and the battle of Waterloo had begun.

It is not for me to tell you the story of that battle, and indeed I should have kept far enough away from such a thing had it not happened that our own fates—those of the three simple folk who came from the border country—were all just as much mixed up in it as those of any king or emperor of them all. To tell the honest truth, I have learned more about that battle from what I have read than from what I saw, for how much could I see with a comrade on either side, and a great white cloud bank at the very end of my firelock? It was from books and the talk of others that I learned how the heavy cavalry charged, how they rode over the famous cuirassiers, and how they were cut to pieces before they could get back. From them, too, I learned all about the successive assaults, and how the Belgians fled, and how Pack and Kempt stood firm. But of my own knowledge I can only speak of what we saw during that long day in the rifts of the smoke and the lulls of the firing, and it's just of that that I will tell you.

We were on the right of the line and in reserve, for the Duke was afraid that Boney might work round on that side and get at him from behind, so our three regiments, with another British brigade and the Hanoverians, were placed there to be ready for anything. There were two brigades of light cavalry, too, but the French attack was all from the front, so it was late in the day before we were really wanted.

The English battery which fired the first gun was still banging away on our left, and a German one was hard at work upon our right, so that we were wrapped round with the smoke, but we were not so hidden as to screen us from a line of French guns opposite, for a score of round shot came piping through the air and plumped right into the heart of us. As I heard the scream of them pass my ear my head went down like a diver, but our sergeant gave me a prod in the back with the handle of his halbert.

"Don't be so blasted polite," said he. "When you're hit you can bow once and for all."

There was one of those balls that knocked five men into a bloody mash, and I saw it lying on the ground afterwards, like a crimson football. Another went through the adjutant's horse with a plop, like a stone in the mud, broke its back and left it lying like a burst gooseberry. Three more fell farther to the right, and by the stir and cries we could tell that they had all told.

"Ah, James, you've lost a good mount," says Major Reed, just in front of me, looking down at the adjutant, whose boots and breeches were all running with blood.

"I gave a cool fifty for him in Glasgow," said the other. "Don't you think, major, that the men had better lie down, now that the guns have got our range?"

"Tut!" said the other. "They are young, James, and it will do them good."

"They'll get enough of it before the day's done," grumbled the other, but at that moment Colonel Reynell saw that the Rifles and the Fifty-second were down on either side of us, so we had the order to stretch ourselves out too. Precious glad we were when we could hear the shot whining like hungry dogs within a few feet of our backs. Even now a thud and a splash every minute or so, with a yelp of pain and a drumming of boots upon the ground, told us that we were still losing heavily.

A thin rain was falling and the damp air held the smoke low, so that we could only catch glimpses of what was doing just in front of us, though the roar of the guns told us that the battle was general all along the lines. Four hundred of them were all crashing at once now, and the noise was enough to split the drum of your ear. Indeed, there was not one of us but had a singing in his head for many a long day afterward. Just opposite us, on the slope of a hill, was a French gun, and we could see the men serving her quite plainly. They were small, active men with very tight breeches and high hats with great, straight plumes sticking up from them, but they worked like sheep shearers, ramming and sponging and training. There were fourteen when I saw them first, and only four left standing at the last, but they were working away just as hard as ever.

The farm that they called Hougoumont was down in front of us, and all morning we could see that a terrible fight was going on there, for the walls and the windows and the orchard hedges were all flame and smoke, and there rose such shrieking and crying from it as I never heard before. It was half burned down, and shattered with balls, and ten thousand men were hammering at the gates, but four hundred guardsmen held it in the morning, and two hundred held it in the evening, and no French foot was ever set within its threshold. But how they fought, those Frenchmen! Their lives were no more to them than the mud under their feet. There was one—I can see him now—a stoutish, ruddy man on a crutch. He hobbled up alone in a lull of the firing to the side gate of Hougoumont, and he beat upon it, screaming to his men to come after him. For five minutes he stood there, strolling about in front of the gun-barrels which spared him, but at last a Brunswick skirmisher in the orchard flicked out his brain with a rifle-shot. And he was only one of many, for all day, when they did not come in masses they came in twos and threes, with as brave a face as if the whole army was at their heels.

So we lay all morning looking down at the fight at Hougoumont; but soon the Duke saw that there was nothing to fear upon his right, and so he began to use us in another way. The French had pushed their skirmishers past the farm, and they lay among the young corn in front of us, popping at the gunners, so that three pieces out of six on our left were lying with their men strewed in the mud all round them. But the Duke had his eyes everywhere, and up he galloped at that moment, a thin, dark, wiry man, with very bright eyes, a hooked nose, and a big cockade on his cap. There were a dozen officers at his heels, all as merry as if it were a fox-hunt; but of the dozen there was not one left in the evening.

"Warm work, Adams," said he as he rode up.

"Very warm, your grace," said our general.

"But we can outstay them at it, I think! Tut! tut! we cannot let skirmishers silence a battery. Just drive those fellows out of that, Adams."

Then first I knew what a devil's thrill runs through a man when he is given a bit of fighting to do. Up to now we had just lain and been killed, which is the weariest kind of work. Now it was our turn, and, my word, we were ready for it. Up we jumped, the whole brigade, in a four-deep line, and rushed at the cornfield as hard as we could tear. The skirmishers snapped at us as we came, and then away they bolted like corn-crakes, their heads down, their backs rounded, and their muskets at the trail. Half of them got away, but we caught up the others, the officer first, for he was a very fat man who could not run fast. It gave me quite a turn when I saw Rob Stewart on my right stick his bayonet into the man's broad back and heard him howl like a lost soul. There was no quarter in that field, and it was butt or point for all of them. The men's blood was aflame, and little wonder, for those wasps had been stinging all morning without our being able so much as see them.

And now, as we broke through the farther edge of the cornfield we got in front of the smoke, and there was the whole French army in position before us, with only two meadows and a narrow lane between us. We set up a yell as we saw them, and away we should have gone, slap at them, if we had been left to ourselves, for silly young soldiers never think that harm can come to them until it is there in their midst. But the Duke had cantered his horse beside us as we advanced, and now he roared something to the general, and the officers all rode in front of our line, holding out their arms for us to stop. There was a blowing of bugles, a pushing and a shoving, with the sergeants cursing and digging us with their halberts, and in less time than it takes me to write it there was the brigade in three neat little squares, all bristling with bayonets and in echelon, as they call it, so that each could fire across the face of the other.

It was the saving of us, as even so young a soldier as I was could very easily see. And we had none too much time, either. There was a low, rolling hill on our right flank, and from behind this there came a sound like nothing on this earth so much as the beat of the waves on Berwick coast when the wind blows from the east. The earth was all shaking with that dull, roaring sound, and the air was full of it. "Steady, Seventy-first, for God's sake, steady!" shrieked the voice of our colonel behind us, but in front was nothing but the green, gentle slope of the grassland, all mottled with daisies and dandelion.

And then suddenly, over the curve, we saw eight hundred brass helmets rise up, all in a moment, each with a long tag of horsehair flying from its crest, and then eight hundred fierce brown faces, all pushed forward, and glaring out from between the ears of as many horses. There was an instant of gleaming breast-plates, waving swords, tossing manes, fierce red nostrils opening and shutting, and hoofs pawing the air before us, and then down came the line of muskets, and our bullets smacked up against their armor like the clatter of a hailstorm upon a window. I fired with the rest, and then rammed down another charge as fast as I could, staring out through the smoke in front of me, where I could see some long, thin thing, which flapped slowly backward and forward. A bugle sounded for us to cease firing, and a whiff of wind came to clear the curtain from in front of us, and then we could see what had happened.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Matrimonial Oddities.

In bygone days in India women were sometimes allowed to choose their own husband. One of their old fairy tales tells of a fair princess, who, after a tournament, placed a garland around the neck of a knight who had won her heart.

Among the Eskimos of the east coast of Greenland a man captures the girl he wants, but from that time on the usual order of things is reversed. He has to exercise the greatest vigilance to prevent her from eloping with any other man whom she may prefer, as this seems to be her privilege. In the northern New Hebrides a bride who is unhappy seeks the earliest opportunity of running away from her husband and seeking a home with some man she likes better. If her parents cannot induce her to return to the injured husband they usually send him a pig to soothe his wounded feelings.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

Sunday School a Woman's Idea.

The credit of organizing the first Sunday school in the United States is claimed for a woman—Miss Sarah Colt who died at her home in Paterson, N. J., in 1872, at the age of ninety years. Miss Colt's original idea was to teach the mill boys to read and write, and from this the school gradually grew into a means of exclusive religious instruction.

HOT CROSS BUNS.

Eating hot cross buns on Good Friday is an old custom, dating back to the early centuries. All manner of superstition seems to attend the custom. One is that the eating of buns on Good Friday protects the house from fire. Another, that hot cross buns hung up in the kitchen will insure prosperity for the coming year. Hot cross buns baked on Good Friday and hung over the front door will ward off evil, is another.

His First Client

An Iowa lawyer went to a small town and hung up his sign. Then he sat down and waited for clients, all the while feeling very clearly the dignity of his new position. Nobody appeared and he fell into the habit of going to the station to witness the arrival of the daily trains.

One morning a handsome, well-dressed lady accosted him. "Are you Mr. Smith?"

At once the feeling of importance returned and, in bland tones, scenting a case of some value, he replied: "I am, madam. What can I do for you?"

His chagrin was indescribable when she replied: "Can you tell me how much it will cost to send a big pig and her little pigs to the next station?"—Unidentified.

True Feeling.

The more we know the better we forgive. Whoever feels deeply feels for all the world.—Mme. de Staël.

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