Facts and Features for Women

of Interest to Our Feminine Readers and the Home Circle

Suits That Win Favor in Paris

In Paris there is a marked preference for extremely simple toilettes. In fact, writes a prominent fashion correspondent, the tailored costume of almost classic style is now tremendously fashionable with its long, half-fitted jacket and slender skirt, the latter either plain or plaited. A costume of this type is more representative of the real Paris fashions than anything Zouave, African, Czecho-Slovak or Egyptian. The Parisienne, therefore, may rightly claim that not all women in France are extravagant nor are all of the Paris dressmakers producing extreme effects.

Fashions are often misrepresented, and through this misrepresentation one might gather that the taste of the present-day woman is for clothes that are showy and extravagant, rather than those that are beautiful and simple. Many people, when viewing the new fashions, are inclined to talk of the things which are extreme and unusual, rather than those that are simple and refined, which latter the best-dressed women buy. The women of Paris, even more than those of America, are misrepresented in this way, so that it would appear that the Parisienne is a slave to every delirious creation that the French couturiere may put out. A mannequin at the races wearing some bizarre costume will be immediately proclaimed to the world as wearing the latest Paris fashion, when perhaps this dress is the only one of its kind seen during the whole season in Paris.

Simplicity Sought After.

What more simple and economical than the tailored suit or blue serge dress, both of which are now and have been for some time pre-eminent in Paris fashions? What more refined than the models which the leading dressmakers create for their own private customers? That this simplicity is greatly admired and much sought, regardless of the publicity attached to the bizarre styles, is proved by the fact that certain houses in Paris who cater entirely to private trade are sought in a roundabout way by purchasers of models.

One house in particular that has a great Paris following and which because of this refuses to sell to manufacturers or dressmakers, preferring to keep their models exclusive, can and do get from their private trade from 2,000 to 3,000 francs each for their simple silk crepe dresses made without one stitch of embroidery, lace or trimming of any character. Even the hems are only hand-rolled, and the dresses, which are little more than slips with pendant cascading panels or handkerchief points, are without lining, guimpe or undersleeve. Some of these models have not even a hook. They slip on over the head



One of the new fall suits developed in plain and plaid woolen, a combination that is being emphasized in autumn collections.

and a sash ties around the waist. Yet for this simplicity and grace the discriminating Parisienne will pay 50 per cent more than for a dress with trimming, which lacks the cachet of simplicity, individuality and perfect cut.

Tailored Suits With Fur.

For the autumn there are charming tailored suits in redingote style trimmed with fur bands. Sometimes these redingotes have plaited fullness let into the skirts. Simple fall dresses also are being shown in both redingote and apron styles and new wraps are in perfectly simple outline.

In dresses many variations of the redingote appear. They may be made entirely of cloth and trimmed with braid or with a slip or underdress of satin and a long redingote of cloth. Many such frocks have high collars which button tightly about the throat and are faced with a contrasting cloth.

Autumn skirts are somewhat longer than those worn during the spring and summer. A skirt with its hem ten inches from the ground is smart, yet not extreme.

A redingote suit developed in green velveteen has a plaited skirt and the



Dress of gray satin and dark blue velvet. The long mitten sleeves are of the satin embroidered in blue to match the velvet.

coat is trimmed with skunk fur. In this model we see the beauty and grace of the suit with a very long coat. In past seasons women have declined to accept the long-coated suit, saying that it had a tendency to make one look older. This, however, is not true of the really long coat. Nothing could be more girlish than a suit such as this one, giving, as it does, the appearance of a one-piece dress with an underskirt.

Another example of the redingote type is evolved from brick-red broadcloth material, and the trimming is kolinsky fur.

Ideal Dress for Street Wear.

One of the newest and most popular blue serge dresses is very much like the redingote suits in outline. It gives the effect of a skirt and a very long coat, although it is really a one-piece dress. The trimming consists of bands of tailor's braid of the same dark blue hue as the frock. It is an ideal dress for street wear in the autumn.

Braid as a trimming has found considerable favor in this autumn's fashions. Dressmakers are showing great originality in their methods of using this trimming. Not content with braid alone, they have stitched it in silks of contrasting colors and applied it in ways that give the effect of new and elaborate embroideries. Often the braid is embroidered by hand.

The new square-hanging satin mantle is of the very heavy quality which is being used for street wear this fall. The trimming is moleskin, a fur which will vie with squirrel in popularity this winter.

Great stress is laid on satin for wraps of all sorts. The satin of 1920 is a striking example of the wonderful progress that has been made in the silk industry. One never would suspect it of being even a distant relative of the stiff and lustrous satins of bygone days. In past years satin coats were considered suitable for elderly ladies only, while a wrap of today's satin is youthful.

Lining silks are quite as handsome as those from which the garments themselves are made. These are beautiful Chippendale prints and mikado jacquards, both of which have radium backgrounds. The Chippendale is printed in multicolors in Japanese, butterfly, leaf and flower motifs, while the mikado jacquard is brocaded in conventional and floral designs in self-colors.

A strong fancy is manifested at the present time for plaits arranged in groups of ten to twelve, with plain spaces of equal size intervening. There are dresses on which the trimming consists of inserted plaited bands surrounding the skirt in rows. Many of the new printed silks are worked up in this way.

For Eton Suits.

The twice-around Egyptian girdle should be worn with Eton suits.

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 OCTOBER 3

THE BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 2: 1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.—Matt. 1:21.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Isa. 7:14-16; Micah, 5:2; Luke 1 and 2.

PRIMARY TOPIC—The Wise Men Visit the Child Jesus.

JUNIOR TOPIC—The Child Jesus Escapes From a Wicked King.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Coming of the King.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The King Comes as a Little Child.

Since we now have six months of study in the Gospel according to Matthew, every teacher should grasp the book as a whole and present each lesson in its relation to the central purpose of the book. The central theme of Matthew is Jesus Christ the King—the fulfiller of the Messianic hope.

I. The Birth of the King (1:18-25).

The Messiah was to be the seed of a woman—the son of a virgin (Gen. 3:15; Isa. 7:14). This was fulfilled in the birth of Jesus. The genealogy as given in Matthew 1:1-17 shows his legal right to the throne; but had he been that only, he could not have been the Savior from sin. He must be both human and divine (Isa. 9:7). The Messiah was begotten by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary, thus becoming Immanuel, which term means in all its fulness, God for us; God with us; God in us.

II. The Magi Seek Israel's King (2:1 2).

The King had a most heartless reception. The kingdom was not ready for him. His advent was heralded by a star which guided souls from a foreign nation to seek and worship him, pouring out their gifts to him. These wise men were either Arabian or Persian astrologers, students of the stars. The appearance of an unusual star attracted their attention. Perhaps they were acquainted with the famous prophecy of Balaam (Num. 24:17). Doubtless through the influence of the Jews who remained in Chaldea, or the direct influence of Daniel extending to this time, they had become acquainted with the hope of a Messiah. The light they had was dim, but they lived up to the best they had. To those who act upon the best light they have, God always gives more. To those who refuse to act upon the knowledge given, God not only refuses to give more, but brings into confusion that which they already possess (Matt. 25: 28).

III. Herod Seeking to Kill the King (vv. 3-8).

The news brought by the Magi struck terror to Herod's heart. He was not alone in this, for all Jerusalem was troubled with him. The news ought to have brought joy. A glimpse at the social customs in and about Jerusalem at that time, will enable us to understand why this news brought uneasiness to the people. They were living in the greatest of luxury. Fine dresses, sumptuous feasts, fine houses, etc., led to gross immorality. We can thus readily see why Herod and all Jerusalem should be troubled. They did not want a Savior who would save them from their sins; they wanted to continue in them. Herod demanded of the priests and scribes information as to where Christ should be born. They soon were able to tell him, showing that they had a technical knowledge of the Scriptures, but no heart for the Savior set forth therein. The luxuriousness of the wealthy, the frivolities of the fashion-loving, and the gross immoralities to which they lead, make Jesus Christ unwelcome in many quarters today.

IV. The King Found (vv. 9-12.).

The Magi having obtained the desired information, started immediately to find the King. As soon as they left the city, the star which had guided them from the East appeared again to lead them on. When they found him, they worshiped him. Note God's overruling providence in all this. Hundreds of years before, the Prophet said that Christ should come forth from Bethlehem (Micah 5:2). God so ordered that Mary should be brought to the city to give birth to Christ. God ordered that the Magi should depart another way, thereby defeating Herod's wicked purpose. The gifts of these wise men, God put into the hands of Joseph and Mary before going to Egypt. Doubtless they served a good purpose in meeting their expenses during their stay there.

V. The King Protected (vv. 13-15).

To escape Herod's wicked aim, God directed Joseph to take Mary and the child Jesus and flee to Egypt. In obedience to the heavenly vision, he went and remained until Herod's death.

In Giving Alms.

In giving of thine alms inquire not so much into the person, as his necessity. God looks not so much on the merits of him that requires, as to the manner of him that relieves. If the man deserve not, thou hast given to humanity.—Quarles.

Think of Our Own Sins.

So long as we are full of self we are shocked at the faults of others. Let us think often of our own sins, and we shall be lenient to the sins of others.—Fenelon.

The Secret of Fruit-Bearing

By REV. E. J. PACE

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TEXT.—Ye in me, and I in you.—John 14:20.

In seven little monosyllabic words, so simple that a child can understand them, Jesus sums up the whole of the Christian life, and gives us his secret of fruit bearing; "Ye in me, and I in you." Not one word can be omitted, and to add more would be superfluous.



They are, moreover, given in their proper order. "Ye in me," must precede "I in you." The grafted twig must find a place in the vine, aye, the very wounds of the vine, before the vine can enter the twig with its life-giving, fruit-producing sap. "Christ in you the hope of glory." (Colossians 1:27) is blessedly true, but not until "of him are ye in Christ Jesus." (I Corinthians 1:30). There must first be position, before there can be possession.

Our Position.

"In Christ"—What measureless depths of meaning in these words! In him are "all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge;" in him is "plenteous redemption;" in him is life, "the eternal life;" "in Him," to sum it all up, "dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily," and "ye are complete in him." There is not one need in all our human nature that is not fully met in him.

In Paul's epistle to the Romans the figure of a "grafted" twig is used to illustrate the Christian life. "Thou wert cut out of the olive tree which is wild by nature, and wert grafted contrary to nature into a good olive tree." (Romans 11:24).

"Wild by nature"—that expresses it. That describes you and me. Wanting, because of our self-will, the Husbandman's culture, we were left to grow alone. Resenting the pruning hook, our growth was selfish, our fruitage bitter, our tree a cumberer of the ground, a thing accursed. There is no hope for this "wild" humanity of ours; it is under a curse. Our only hope is to be "cut out" of it and grafted into a "good olive tree," and this he does when we believe on his son Jesus Christ, who is the "good olive tree." "Of Him (God) are ye in Christ Jesus." "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God, not of works lest any man boast."

Note, furthermore, that this horticultural surgery is "contrary to nature." Ordinarily the horticulturist grafts a good scion into a common but hardy tree. But in this spiritual horticulture the grafting is just the other way; a poor wild twig into a good tree, and the grafted branch bears not its own but the fruit of the good tree. "I die to the old, I live to the new."

Another fact we need to note in this spiritual surgery. The good tree is wounded, wounded expressly for the graft, and into the wound the twig is bound fast until it grows into its new place of abiding. Did we not see him "stricken, smitten of God and afflicted," "wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities?" And are we not grafted into those very wounds? Romans 6:5, "If we were planted (the Greek says "grown together," as a grafted twig to the stock) in the likeness of his death we shall be in the likeness of his resurrection." It is at the cross I come to know him. It is there I find union with him. It is in that everlasting atonement I rest my soul, and rooted in him, grow up in him and bear his fruit.

Our Possession.

"Ye in me," provides us our position, but "I in you," gives us possession of all things. And here is the secret of fruit bearing. Like the twig that has found a new home and thereby finds new life, and new fruitage, so we, "abiding in Him," find him also abiding in us, living his own life in us, and producing in us the fruit of the "good olive tree." And what luscious fruit it is. It is the fruit of the Spirit—one fruit, mind you—"love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, self-control." (Galatians 5:22). Nine aspects of one fruit. All nine appear at once, or not at all.

By faith we enter into this blessed union with the "good olive tree;" by faith we abide in him; by faith we bear the fruitage, and to him be all the glory.

"Peace be with you all that are in Christ Jesus," and rejoice that "It is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his own good pleasure."

Accountable for Motives.

Men are more accountable for their motives, than for anything else; and principally, morality consists in the motives, that is in the affections.—Archibald Alexander.

Our Greatest Glory.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Goldsmith.

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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I had expected to find half that regiment of horse lying on the ground; but whether it was that their breastplates had shielded them, or whether, being young and a little shaken at their coming, we had fired high, our volley had done no very great harm. About thirty horses lay about, three of them together within ten yards of me, the middle one right on its back, with its four legs in the air, and it was one of these that I had seen flapping through the smoke. Then there were eight or ten dead men, and about as many wounded, sitting dazedly on the grass for the most part, though one was shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" at the top of his voice. Another fellow who had been shot in the thigh—a great, black-mustached chap he was, too—leaned his back against his dead horse, and, picking up his carbine, fired as coolly as if he had been shooting for a prize, and hit Angus Myres, who was only two feet from me, right through the forehead. Then he out with his hand to get another carbine that lay near, but before he could reach it big Hodgson, who was the pivot-man of the grenadier company, ran out and passed his bayonet through his throat, which was a pity, for he seemed to be a very fine man.

At first I thought that the cuirassiers had run away in the smoke, but they were not men who did that very easily. Their horses had swerved at our volley, and they had raced past our square and taken the fire of the two other ones beyond. Then they broke through a hedge, and coming on a regiment of Hanoverians who were in line, they treated them as they would have treated us if we had not been so quick, and cut them to pieces in an instant. It was dreadful to see the big Germans running and screaming, while the cuirassiers stood up in their stirrups to have a better sweep for their long, heavy swords, and cut and stabbed without mercy. I do not believe that a hundred men of that regiment were left alive, and the Frenchmen came back across our front, shouting at us and waving their weapons, which were crimson down to the hilts. This they did to draw our fire, but the colonel was too old a soldier, for we could have done little harm at the distance, and they would have been among us before we could reload.

These horsemen got behind the ridge on our right again, and we knew very well that if we opened up from the squares they would be down upon us in a twinkle. On the other hand, it was hard to bide as we were, for they had passed the word to a battery of twelve guns which formed up a few hundred yards away from us, but out of our sight, sending their balls just over the brow and down into the midst of us, which is called a plunging fire. And one of their gunners ran up to the top of the slope and stuck a handspike into the wet earth, to give them a guide, under the very muzzles of the whole brigade, none of whom fired a shot at him, each leaving him to the other. Ensign Samson, who was the youngest subaltern in the regiment, ran out from the square and pulled down the handspike, but quick as a jack after a minnow a lancer came flying over the ridge, and he made such a thrust from behind that not only his point but his pennon, too, came out between the second and third buttons of the lad's tunic. "Helen! Helen!" he shouted, and fell dead on his face, while the lancer, blown half to pieces with musket balls, toppled over beside him, still holding on to his weapon, so they lay together with that dreadful bond still connecting them.

But when the battery opened there was no time for us to think of anything else. A square is a very good way of meeting a horseman, but there is no worse one of taking a cannon-ball, so we soon learned when they began to cut red seams through us, until our ears were weary of the slosh and splash when hard iron met living flesh and blood. After ten minutes of it we moved our square a hundred paces to the right, but we left another square behind us, for a hundred and twenty men and seven officers showed where we had been standing. Then the guns found us again, and we tried to open out into line, but in an instant the horsemen—lancers they were this time—were upon us from over the brae. I tell you we were glad to hear the thud of their hoofs, for we knew that that must stop the cannon for a minute, and give us a chance of hitting back. And we hit back pretty hard, too, that time, for we were cold and vicious and savage, and I, for one, felt that I cared no more for the horsemen than if they had been so many sheep on Corriemuir. One gets past being afraid or thinking of one's own skin after a while, and you just feel that you want to make some one pay for all you have gone through. We took our change out of the lancers that time, for they had no breastplates to shield them, and we cleared seventy of them out of their saddles at a volley. Maybe if we could have seen seventy mothers weeping for their lads we should not have felt so pleased over it, but then men are just brutes when they are fighting, and have as much thought as two bull-pups when they've got one another by the throttle.

Then the colonel did a wise stroke, for he reckoned that this would stave off the cavalry for five minutes, so he wheeled us into line and got us back into a deeper hollow, out of reach of the guns, before they could open again. This gave us time to breathe, and we wanted it, too, for the regiment had been melting away like an icicle in the sun. But bad as it was for us, it was a deal worse for some of the others. The whole of the Dutch-Belgians were cut off by this time helter skelter, fifteen thousand of them, and there were great gaps left in our line, through which the French cavalry rode as pleased them best. Then the French guns had been too many and too good for ours, and our heavy horse had been cut to bits, so that things were none too merry with us. On the other hand, Hougoumont, a blood-soaked ruin, was still ours, and every British regiment was firm, though, to tell the honest truth, as a man is bound to do, there were a sprinkling of red coats among the blue ones who made for the rear. But these were lads and stragglers, the faint hearts that are found everywhere, and I say again that no regiment flinched. It was little we could see of the battle, but a man would be blind not to know that all the fields behind us were covered with flying men. But then, though we on the right wing knew nothing of it, the Prussians had begun to show, and Napoleon had set twenty thousand of his men to face them, which made up for ours that had bolted, and left us much as we began. That was all dark to us, however, and there was a time when the French horsemen had flooded in between us and the rest of the army, that we thought we were the only brigade left standing, and had set our teeth with the intention of selling our lives as dearly as we could.

At that time it was between four and five in the afternoon, and we had had nothing to eat, the most of us, since the night before, and were soaked with rain into the bargain. It had drizzled off and on all day, but for the last few hours we had not had a thought to spare either upon the weather or our hunger. Now we began to look around and tighten our waistbelts, and ask who was hit, and who was spared. I was glad to see Jim, with his face all blackened with powder, standing on my right rear, leaning on his fire-lock. He saw me looking at him, and shouted out to know if I were hurt.

"All right, Jim," I answered.

"I fear I'm here on a wild-goose chase," said he gloomily, "but it's not over yet. By God, I'll have him or he'll have me!" He had brooded so much on his wrong, had poor Jim, that I really believe it had turned his head, for he had a glare in his eyes as he spoke that was hardly human. He was always a man that took even a little thing to heart, and since Edie had left him I am sure that he was no longer his own master.

It was at this time that we saw two single fights which they tell me were common enough in the battles of old, before men were trained in masses. As we lay in the hollow, two horsemen came spurring along the ridge in front of us, riding as hard as hoof could rattle. The first was an English dragoon, his face right down on his horse's mane, with a French cuirassier, an old, gray-headed fellow, thundering behind him on a big, black mare. Our chaps set up a hooting as they came flying on, for it seemed a shame to see an Englishman run like that; but as they swept across our front we saw where the trouble lay. The dragoon had dropped his sword and was unarmed, while the other was pressing him so close that he could not get a weapon. At last, stung maybe by our hooting, he made up his mind to chance it. His eye fell on a lance beside a dead Frenchman, so he swerved his horse to let the other pass, and hopping off cleverly enough, he gripped hold of it. But the other was too tricky for him, and was on him like a shot. The dragoon thrust up with the lance, but the other turned and sliced him through the shoulder-blade. It was all done in an instant, and the Frenchman cantered his horse up the brae, showing his teeth at us over his shoulder like a snarling dog.

That was one to them, but we scored one for us presently. They had pushed forward a skirmish-line whose fire was toward the batteries on our right and left rather than on us, but we sent out two companies of the Ninety-fifth to keep them in check. It was strange to hear the crackling kind of noise that they made, for both sides were using the rifle. An officer stood among the French skirmishers, a tall, lean man with a mantle over his shoulders, and as our fellows came forward he ran out midway between the two parties and stood as a fencer would, with his sword up and his head back. I can see him now, with his lowered eyelids, and the kind of sneer that he had upon his face. On this the subaltern of the Rifles, who was a fine well-grown lad, ran forward and drove full tilt at him with one of the queer, crooked swords that the riflemen carry. They came together like two rams, for each ran at the other, and down they tumbled at the shock, but the Frenchman was below. Our man broke his sword short off, and took the other's blade through his left arm, but he was the stronger man, and he managed to let the life out of his enemy with the jagged stump of his blade. I thought that the French skirmishers would have shot him down, but not a trigger was drawn, and he got back to his company with one sword through his arm and half another in his hand.

CHAPTER XIII.

The End of the Storm.

Of all the things that seem strange in that great battle, now that I look back upon it, there was nothing that was queerer than the way in which it acted on my comrades. For some took it as though it had been their daily meat, without question or change, and others pattered out prayers from the first gun-fire to the last, and others again cursed and swore in a way that was creepy to listen to. There was one, my own left-hand mate, Mike Threadingham, who kept telling about his maiden aunt, Sarah, and how she had left the money which had been promised to him to a home for the children of drowned sailors. Again and again he told me this story, and yet, when the battle was over, he took his oath that he had never opened his lips all day. As to me, I cannot say whether I spoke or not, but I know that my mind and my memory were clearer than I can ever remember them, and I was thinking all the time about the old folks at home, and about cousin Edie with her saucy, dancing eyes, and De Lissac with his cat's whiskers, and all the doings at West Inch which had ended by bringing us here on the plains of Belgium as a cockshot for two hundred and fifty cannon.

During all this time the roaring of those guns had been something dreadful to listen to, but now they suddenly died away, though it was like the lull in a thunder-storm when one feels that a worse crash is coming hard at the fringe of it. There was still a mighty noise on the distant wing, where the Prussians were pushing their way onward, but that was two miles away. The other batteries, both French and English, were silent, and the smoke cleared so that the armies could see a little of each other. It was a dreary sight along our ridge, for there seemed to be just a few scattered knots of red, and the lines of green where the German legion stood, while the masses of the French appeared to be as thick as ever, though, of course, we knew that they must have lost many thousands in these attacks. We heard a great cheering and shouting from among them, and then suddenly all their batteries opened together with a roar which made the din of the earlier part seem nothing in comparison. It might well be twice as loud, for every battery was twice as near, being moved right up to point-blank range, with huge masses of horse between and behind them to guard them from attack.

When that devil's roar burst upon our ears there was not a man down to the drummer-boys who did not understand what it meant. It was Napoleon's last great effort to crush us. There were but two more hours of light, and if we could hold our own for those, all would be well. Starved and weary and spent, we prayed that we might have strength to load and stab and fire while a man of us stood upon his feet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANCIENT AND MODERN NAMES

Writer Contends That Present-Day Appellations Lack the Euphony of the Olden Times.

Speaking of New England names, the genealogical columns of the Transcript are indeed a standing proof that the seventeenth and eighteenth century names possessed much more of snap, flavor and euphony than our twentieth century names possess.

Pick up the genealogical department at random—any day—and you will find such fine and resonant names as Betsey Keyes, Patty Holbrook, Susanna Gates, Polly Arnold, Darius Dewey, Prudence Rand, Thankful Sawyer, Thankful Newcomb, Hannah Pike, Deborah Clark, and Jonathan Rich—all of which are from one recent column. It is true that the same column contains names which are not exactly euphonious, and are indeed rather hard nuts to crack; these, for example: Leafy Bullard—a woman; whence the name of Leafy—Hatsel Higgins, Sparrow Higgins, Abigail Nash, Zeruiah Jewel, and Alcy Lockwood. In the previous number of the same department are found the names Content Brown, Tabitha Holdredge, and Keturah Bassett.

The Nomad once encountered in an old book the name of Camilla Scudder. Was there ever a swifter name than that? And what about the name of Hepzibah Hathaway of New Bedford, found in Emery's book on the Howland Heirs?—The Nomad in Boston Transcript.

Tooth Puller's Bad Reputation.

"To lie like a tooth puller" is in Le Roux de Lincy's "Book of French Proverbs" (Paris 1859), quoted from the "Dictionary of the French Academy" (1835). The tooth puller in those days was often a wandering mountebank who drew a crowd by telling Rabelaisian stories and indulging in horseplay. He sold quack medicines, and, of course, lied prodigiously. Lannelongue's explanation of the origin is more amusing, though it is so circumstantial that it breeds suspicion. Furthermore—and this is conclusive—"to lie like a tooth drawer" is in Philibert Joseph Le Roux's "Dictionnaire Comique" (Amsterdam 1718) with this comment, "No one lies more outrageously than a tooth drawer, who promises not to hurt, which is not possible." And Le Roux quotes Poissons' one act play, "The Basque Poet" (1668), "But all of you lie like like tooth pullers."

Honesty.

Honesty is not the best policy. It isn't any kind of policy. It's a virtue practiced for its own sake without regard for profits. Those who refrain from stealing because thieves end in jail are not honest. They are merely discreet.—Robert Quillen in Saturday Evening Post.

"Great Expectations."

Should people, it is asked, sleep at the theater? No. They should hardly expect to get bored and lodging as well.—Brooklyn Eagle.

It's better to smile and be a villain than never to have smiled at all.

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