Facts and Features for Women

of Interest to Our Feminine Readers and the Home Circle

Bracelet and Bag

Arm Decoration Is to Continue as Winter Fashion.

Handbag Is Indispensable Adjunct—New Autumn Models More Elaborate Than Ever.

Jewelers are watching quite as anxiously to see what the new fashions for fall will be as are the women who will buy the models now being created. It is really difficult to imagine the head of a big jewelry firm feeling any anxiety about the length of a sleeve—but he does; for on the length of the sleeve hangs the fate of the sale of bracelets.

It is doubtful if there ever has been a period in the history of the world when so many bracelets were worn as during the past year. Perhaps the ancient Egyptian beauties might have competed with the modern woman in this respect, for they had the advantage of wearing bracelets on their ankles as well as on their arms.

While Paris shows many dresses with long sleeves and some with short sleeves, American women will hold to the short-sleeved frock for this winter at least. We were rather slow in accepting it and we will probably be equally slow in discarding it. This, of course, means that quantities of bracelets of all sorts will be worn. Jewelers will continue to reap a harvest from the sale of bracelets this winter.

The handbag continues to be a most indispensable adjunct to the fashionable toilet. The new models for autumn are, if anything, more elaborate than ever. Some of the new tailored bags are being made of cordings of silk braid sewn together in circles to form the sides. The bag is then ornamented with pendants of enameled wood beads in flat oval shape. This, with a frame of ivory, results in a very elaborate affair.

Elaborate embroideries in colored silk are seen on other new bags. A beautiful model developed in gray faille has a nouveau art floral design done in vari-colored embroidery. The frame is self-covered and the handle of silk is ornamented with enameled wooden ball slides.

HAT OF AUTUMN LEAF BROWN



The sole trimming of this large velvet hat in autumn leaf brown is a tuft of henna-colored feathers.

Flannel Decorations.

Milady will decorate her fall blouses with flannel. A recent model is made of white georgette, and has a throw collar and bell sleeves of flannel. The very plain blouse has two rows of scallops near the waistline which are bound in color to match the scarf.

BEADS ADD TO THIS FROCK



Blue satin in the shade called midnight, and bead embroidery form this chic frock. The beading is done in gold and blue.

BROWN AND RED COMBINATION

Colors Used Together With Success and Smartness in Some of the New Frocks.

Brown and red are colors that have been combined with real success and smartness in some of the new frocks, says the New York Evening Sun. We used to see this combination occasionally in little girls' sailor suits. There were brown serge sailor suits with red anchors and braid trimmings on sleeves and dickeys, and truth to say the combination often seemed particularly ugly. Much smarter did red on black or red on navy blue seem in children's sailor or middy suits, but the brown ones had the advantage known to the careful mother as not showing dust or wear so readily as the more distinct tones of blue or black. But in the new frocks the combination is really interesting. Sometimes brown tricolette is used with red tricolette in a smart frock or blouse.

Citron, purple and orchid is a color combination seen in one of the new separate blouses, and what is more, it was used with embroidery of blue wool.

The Tam in Favor.

The favored hat for the small girl, as well as for her mother, this autumn is the tam. Nothing is quite so practical for fall and winter wear. It can be made from velours or velvet or of felt. Often it is made to match the coat, as in one very chic set of navy cheviot where the coat is trimmed with a cape in back, both coat and cape lined with red flannel. The tam is also of the cheviot piped with red.

CREPE VERY LATEST THING

Material of Various Weaves and Styles Now Having Pronounced Run of Popularity.

In the matter of silks crepes are the very latest thing—crepes of heavy, luxurious sheen, those woven with satin surfaces and satin backs and those woven with stripes and figures and patterns. Satin had its vogue (and it can never be wholly pushed from the center of the stage), but now crepe in various weaves and styles is having its heyday. Many evening dresses undoubtedly will be made from its lustrous folds and for afternoon wear it will be altogether fashionable. The surprising thing about this fabric is how wonderfully it has been developed. It is heavy or light; thin and filmy or positively stiff, as in the brocaded varieties that will be used for formal dinner gowns and for fur-trimmed evening wraps for sumptuous occasions.

Some of the new brocaded materials are done with threads that are not metal, but which are so cleverly handled that they give every appearance of being metal. And in this we have an innovation of value because the nonmetal threads will not tarnish, but will last from season to season with the same freshness as does the foundation weave of the handsome fabric.

Colorings in Fall Fabrics.

Printings in multicolors are introduced with success into new fall fabrics, which are both brocaded and tame. Among the silk voiles and georgette crepes are lovely things showing the combination of metal brocade with hand printing in colors. Dresses made from these look exactly as if they were hand painted, so exquisitely are the colorings distributed over the surface of the metal and silk brocaded patterns. It could not be possible to give the same soft color gradings in a weave. Two lovely dresses made from these materials recently arrived in America. Both have cascade draperies, one in the form of an apron effect and the other a side panel tunic. These materials are of neecssity made up on very simple lines in order to show the full value of the gorgeous fabric.

Labor Saver.

Cotton crepe can be used to keep down the ironing bill. For underwear it should be made up with rather heavy lace to look well, for if it is combined with some lace or embroidery which needs ironing to look its best, either the garment so made looks flimsy and unattractive or else it defeats its own purpose of making less work for the laundress. There is nothing more serviceable than cotton crepe in pink, brown or blue and white for children's rompers. Made with a little colored braid at the neck and wrists and belt, these rompers are pretty as well as practical.

Always a Favorite.

Challis is always a favorite for little girls. These little cotton, or cotton and wool frocks, come in the prettiest of figures in both light and dark shades. They can be trimmed with organdie.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

(©, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR OCTOBER 10

BAPTISM AND TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 3:1; 4:11.

GOLDEN TEXT—This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.—Matt. 3:17.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Luke 3:1; 4:13; Heb. 2:18; 4:15.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus Pleasing the Heavenly Father.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Baptism and Temptation of Jesus.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Jesus Overcoming Temptation.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Victory Over Appetite, Pride and Ambition.

I. The Baptism of Jesus (3:13-17).

While the forerunner was discharging his office, the King emerged from his seclusion at Nazareth and demanded baptism at John's hands. The incongruity of this with the purpose of baptism brought from John a protest, but Jesus' explanation was satisfactory, so John baptized him. Touching Christ's baptism, note:

1. Its significance. (1) Negatively. (a) It did not mean his own obedience to the commandment of God, because his entire life had been lived entirely within the will of God. Not a moment in his entire life but what was lived entirely in accordance with the Father's will. (b) Not because he had sin, for he was absolutely sinless, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners. This separation was so complete that even the devil could find no occasion against him (John 14:30). (2) Positively. Its significance is found in harmony with the central purpose of his coming into the world, which was to secure for his people salvation through death, burial and resurrection.

2. Approval from the opened heavens (vv. 16, 17). Immediately following his consecration to his work, the heavens were opened and the Spirit came and abode upon him, followed by words of approval from the Father. These all were essential for the work upon which Christ now entered—revelation (heavens opened), inspiration (dove abode upon him), and approval (words from the Father).

II. The Temptation of Jesus (4:1-11).

This temptation was the opening battle of the dreadful conflict between Christ and Satan. In this struggle, note:

1. The combatants. (1) Jesus Christ, the Divine Man, now entering upon his mediatorial work. He went immediately from the place of anointing and heavenly recognition as the Son of God to meet the arch-enemy of the race. (2) The devil. He was a real person filled with cunning and malice.

2. The battle ground—the Wilderness of Judea. The first man was tempted in a garden with the most pleasant surroundings and failed; the second man was tempted in a bare wilderness and gloriously triumphed.

3. The method of attack. Since as our Redeemer Christ sustains a threefold relationship, Son of Man, Son of God and as Messiah, each one was made a ground of attack. (1) As Son of Man. This was a test of the reality of his humanity to demonstrate as to whether the humanity which he obtained through the Virgin birth was real. The appeal was made to the instinct of hunger. Hunger is natural and sinless. Having been forty days and nights without food, as a normal man, Christ had a craving appetite. While the appetite was not sinful, to have satisfied it in a wrong way would have been sin. (2) Son of God. It was to test as to whether this personality which had taken upon itself humanity, was divine. The devil quoted from a Messianic Psalm to get him to presume upon God's care. God does care for his own, but to neglect common precaution—to do the uncalled for thing just to put God's promise to a test is to sin and fall. (3) As Messiah. Christ's mission as Messiah was to recover this world from the devil. Now the devil offers to surrender to him on the simple condition that he adopt his method, thus obviating the necessity of the cross. The kingdoms were really Christ's, and he knew that they would ultimately become his. The inducement was to get immediate possession without the sufferings of the cross.

4. The defense—the Word of God. Christ met the enemy each time and repulsed him with "It is written." Each time he quoted from Deuteronomy, the book which the higher critics would discredit as reliable.

5. The issue—the enemy is completely routed.

Guided by Religion.

A nation that is guided by its religion, that is firm in its ancient faith, that looks beyond material exactitudes, may well hope to survive. Mockery of religion, skepticism of faith and scorn of beliefs in what could not be proved have brought more than one nation to destruction. —Newark Evening News.

Good Nature.

Good nature is one of the richest fruits of true Christianity.—H. W. Beecher.

Why Men Believe in God

By REV. JAS. M. GRAY, D. D.

Dean of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

TEXT.—Be still, and know that I am God.—Ps. 46:10.

"God" is one of the commonest words in the English tongue and we all know what it stands for — a personal, supreme being who knows, and wills and acts. He made the universe and he made us. He is all-powerful, righteous, holy and good.



How did we come to know this God and to believe in him? In answering the question, my mind runs back to childhood, for I was brought up to believe in God. But by and by, I experienced God; that is, a crisis came and I prayed to him and he answered me. It was like putting out a little hand in the dark to feel for him and he took it, and pressed it, and led me in the right way.

By and by, I learned more about him, in church and Sunday school, and through the Bible and through what others said.

But this was not enough. I craved for reasons, I asked, I read, I pondered and thus I learned that all men believe in God, a god of some kind. Really there are no atheists.

How came they to believe? The first answer is, Creation, which is an effect and must have a cause. Moreover, there is harmony and order in creation.

Lord Kelvin, while walking in the country with Liebig, the great scientist, asked him if he believed that grass and flowers grew by mere mechanical force?

"No more," said he, "than I believe a work of botany describing them could grow in such a way."

In other words, we have not only a Creator, but an intelligent Creator. Indeed, our own possession of mind determines this, because a stream cannot rise higher than its source. If I have a mind and ideas then he who made me must have the same. As Des Cartes, the philosopher, said, "Man's possession of the idea of an infinitely perfect being is itself a proof of the existence of that being."

And then there is the fact of consciousness which make this argument still more real to us. That is, the sense of a spiritual presence and power in nature and in ourselves. As Wadsworth said:

"A sense of something far more deeply interfused." Or as the inspired Apostle Paul calls it in Romans 1:20, "The eternal power and Godhead."

It is this power that man worships, and worships as a holy, personal spirit standing over against his own spirit and explaining or accounting for it.

The knowledge of God thus comes to man without reasoning. It is written in his constitution. Even the child or the savage knows what you mean when you speak of God. He thinks of someone who is righteous, and holy and a judge of men.

And it is this consciousness that makes us tremble at the thought of sin because we know that some time, somewhere, we must stand before this judge and give an account of ourselves.

And this brings before us another thought. If there is such a God as this, and if man, even by his own fault, is in such distress as this will not that God make himself known to man in some other way?

Will he not reveal to him the cause of his distress, and a means of escape from it? Surely a God of love and mercy will do this.

And praise his Name, he has done it! That is what the Bible is, and if there were no other evidence that it is his revelation, the fact that it thus meets man's deepest need were proof enough to satisfy us.

And how does it meet man's deepest need? The answer is in Christ, "whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood." Romans 3:25. How wonderful is that declaration of the inspired Apostle Paul in his letter to the Corinthians, "that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them!"

Therefore, it is the duty and the joy of gospel preachers to put themselves side by side with Paul and say, "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." II Cor. 5:19, 20.

I thus plead with you today, and beg you to receive Christ by faith as your Saviour, and confess him before men as your Lord.

Holy Life.

A holy life is not an ascetic, or gloomy, or solitary life, but a life regulated by divine truth and faithful in Christian duty. It is living above the world while we are still in it.—Tryon Edwards.

Nothing Impossible.

In the moral world there is nothing impossible if we can bring a thorough will to do it. Man can do everything with himself, but he must not attempt to do too much with others.—W. Humboldt.

The GREAT SHADOW

by A. Conan Doyle

AUTHOR of "THE ADVENTURES of SHERLOCK HOLMES"

COPYRIGHT BY A. CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

—13—

His cannon could do us no great harm now, for we were on our faces, and in an instant we could turn into a huddle of bayonets if his horse came down again. But behind the thunder of the guns there arose a sharper, shriller noise, whirring and rattling, the wildest, jauntiest, most stirring kind of sound.

"It's the pas-de-charge!" cried an officer. "They mean business this time."

And as he spoke we saw a strange thing. A Frenchman, dressed as an officer of hussars, came galloping toward us on a little bay horse. He was screeching "Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi!" at the pitch of his lungs, which was as much as to say that he was a deserter, since we were for the king and they for the emperor. As he passed us he roared out in English: "The Guard is coming! The Guard is coming!" and so vanished away to the rear like a leaf blown before a storm. At the same instant up there rode an aide-de-camp with the reddest face that ever I saw upon mortal man.

"You must stop 'em, or we are done," he cried to General Adams, so that all our company could hear him.

"How is it going?" asked the general.

"Two weak squadrons left out of six regiments of heavies," said he, and began to laugh like a man whose nerves are overstrung.

"Perhaps you would care to join in our advance. Pray consider yourself quite one of us," said the general, bowing and smiling as if he were asking him to a dish of tea.

"I shall have much pleasure," said the other, taking off his hat, and a moment afterward our three regiments closed up and the brigade advanced in four lines over the hollow where we had lain in square, and out beyond the point whence we had seen the French army.

There was little of it to be seen now, only the red belching of the guns flashing quickly out of the cloud-bank, and the black figures, stooping, straining, mopping, sponging, working like devils and at devilish work. But through the cloud that rattle and whir rose louder and louder, with a deep-mouthed shouting and the stamping of thousands of feet. Then there came a broad black blur through the haze, which darkened and darkened, until we could see that it was a hundred men abreast, marching swiftly toward us, with high fur hats upon their heads and a gleam of brasswork over their brows. And behind that hundred came another hundred, and behind that another, and so on, coiling and writhing out of the cannon-smoke, like a monstrous snake, until there seemed to be no end to the mighty column. In front ran a spray of skirmishers and behind them the drummers, and up they all came together at a kind of tripping step, with the officers clustering thickly at the sides and waving their swords and cheering. There were a dozen mounted men, too, at their front, all shouting together, and one with his hat held aloft upon his sword-point. I say again that no men upon this earth could have fought more manfully than the French did upon that day.

It was wonderful to see them, for, as they came onward, they got ahead of their own guns, so that they had no longer any help from them, while they got in front of the two batteries which had been on either side of us all day. Every gun had their range to a foot, and we saw long red lines scored right down the dark column as it advanced. So near were they, and so closely did they march, that every shot plowed through ten files of them, and yet they closed up, and came on with a swing and dash that was fine to see. Their head was turned straight for ourselves, while the Ninety-fifth overlapped them on one side and the fifty-second on the other.

I shall always think that, if we had waited so, the Guard would have broken us, for how could a four-deep line stand against such a column? But at that moment Colburne, the colonel of the Fifty-second, swung his right flank around so as to bring it on the side of the column, which brought the Frenchmen to a halt. Their front line was forty paces from us at the moment, and we had a good look at them. It was funny to me to remember that I had always thought of Frenchmen as small men, for there was not one of that first company who could not have picked me up as if I had been a child, and their great hats made them look taller yet. They were hard, wizened, wiry fellows, too, with fierce, puckered eyes and bristling mustaches—old soldiers who had fought and fought week in, week out, for many a year. And then, as I stood with a finger upon the trigger, waiting for the word to fire, my eye fell upon the mounted officer, with his hat upon his sword, and I saw that it was De Lissac.

I saw it, and Jim did, too. I heard a shout, and saw him rush forward madly at the French column. And, as quick as a thought, the whole brigade took their cue from him, officers and all, and flung themselves upon the Guard in front, while our comrades charged them on the flanks. We had been waiting for the order, and they all thought now that it had been given; but, you may take my word for it, Jim Horscroft was the real leader of the brigade when we charged the Old Guard.

God knows what happened during that mad five minutes. I remember putting my musket against a blue-coat, and pulling the trigger, and that the man could not fall, because he was so wedged in the crowd; but I saw a horrid blotch upon the cloth, and a thin curl of smoke from it, as if it had taken fire. Then I found myself thrown up against two big Frenchmen, and so squeezed together, the three of us, that we could not raise a weapon. One of them, a fellow with a very large nose, got his hand up to my throat, and I felt that I was a chicken in his grasp. "Rendez-vous, coquin, rendez-vous!" said he, and then suddenly doubled up with a scream, for some one had stabbed him in the bowels with a bayonet. There was very little firing after the first sputter, but there was the crash of butt against barrel, the short cries of stricken men, and the roaring of the officers. And then, suddenly, they began to give ground, slowly, sullenly, step by step, but still to give ground. Ah, it was worth all we had gone through, the thrill of that moment, when we felt that they were going to break. There was one Frenchman before me, a sharp-faced, dark-eyed man, who was loading and firing as quietly as if he were at practice, dwelling upon his aim, and looking round first to try and pick off an officer. I remember that it struck me that to kill so cool a man as that would be a good service, and I rushed at him, and drove my bayonet into him. He turned as I struck him, and fired full into my face, and the bullet left a weal across my cheek which will mark me to my dying day. I tripped over him as he fell, and, two others tumbling over me, I was half smothered in the heap. When at last I struggled out and cleared my eyes, which were full of powder, I saw that the column had fairly broken, and was shredding into groups of men who were either running for their lives, or fighting back to back, in a vain attempt to check the brigade, which was still sweeping onward. My face felt as if a red-hot iron had been laid across it, but I had the use of my limbs so, jumping over the litter of dead and mangled men, I scampered after my regiment, and fell in upon the right flank.

Old Major Elliott was here, limping along, for his horse had been shot, but none the worse in himself. He saw me come up, and nodded, but it was too busy a time for words. The brigade was still advancing, but the general rode in front of me, with his chin upon his shoulder, looking back at the British position.

"There is no general advance," said he. "But I'm not going back."

"The duke of Wellington has won a great victory," cried the aide-de-camp in a solemn voice, and then, his feelings getting the better of him, he added, "if the d——d fool would only push on!"—which set us all laughing in the flank company.

But now anyone could see that the French army was breaking up. The columns and squadrons which had stood so squarely all day were now all ragged at the edges, and where there had been thick fringes of skirmishers in front there were now a spray of stragglers in the rear. The Guard thinned out in front of us as we pushed on, and we found twelve guns looking us in the face, but we were over them in a moment, and I saw our youngest subaltern, next to him who had been killed by the lancer, scribbling great "71's" with a lump of chalk upon them, like the schoolboy he was. It was at that moment that we heard a noise of cheering behind us, and saw the whole British army flood over the crest of the ridge, and come pouring down upon the remains of their enemies. The guns, too, came bounding and rattling forward, and our light cavalry—as much as was left of it—kept pace with our brigade upon the right. There was no battle after that. The advance went on without a check, until our army stood lined up on the very ground which the French had held in the morning. Their guns were ours, their foot were rabble, spread over the face of the country, and their gallant cavalry alone was able to preserve some sort of order, and to draw off unbroken from the field. Then at last, just as the night began to gather, our weary and starving men were able to let the Prussians take the job over, and to stack their arms upon the ground that they had won. That was as much as I saw or can tell you about the battle of Waterloo, except that I ate a two-pound rye loaf for my supper that night, with as much salt meat as they would let me have, and a good pitcher of red wine, until I had to bore a new hole at the end of my belt, and then it fitted me as tight as a hoop to a barrel. After that I lay down in the straw, where the rest of my company were sprawling, and in less than a minute I was in a dead sleep.

CHAPTER XIV.

—

The Tally of Death.

Day was breaking, and the first gray light had just begun to steal through the long, thin slits in the walls of our barn, when someone shook me hard by the shoulder, and up I jumped. I had the thought in my stupid, sleepy brain that the cuirassiers were upon us, and I gripped hold of a halbert that was leaning against the wall; but then, as I saw the long lines of sleepers, I remembered where I was, but I can tell you that I stared when I saw that it was none other than Major Elliott that had roused me up. His face was very grave, and behind him stood two sergeants, with long slips of paper and pencils in their hands.

"Wake up, laddie," said the major, quite in his old, easy fashion, as if we were back on Corriemuir again.

"Yes, major," I stammered.

"I want you to come with me. I feel that I owe something to you two lads, for it was I that took you from your homes. Jim Horscroft is missing."

I gave a start at that, for, what with the rush and the hunger and the weariness, I had never given a thought to my friend since the time he had rushed at the French Guards with the whole regiment at his heels.

"I am going out to take a tally of our losses," said the major, "and if you care to come with me I shall be very glad to have you."

So off we set, the major, the two sergeants, and I, and, oh! but it was a dreadful, dreadful sight—so much so that even now, after so many years, I had rather say as little of it as possible. It was bad to see in the heat of the fight, but now, in the cold morning, with no cheer or drum-tap or bugle blare, all the glory had gone out of it, and it was just one huge butcher's shop, where poor devils had been ripped and burst and smashed, as though we had tried to make a mock of God's image. There on the ground one could read every stage of yesterday's fight, the dead footmen that lay in squares, and the fringe of dead horsemen that had charged them, and above, on the slope, the dead gunners who lay round their broken pieces. The Guard's column had left a streak right up the field like the trail of a snail, and at the head of it the blue-coats were lying heaped upon the red ones, where that fierce tug had been, before they took their backward step.

And the very first thing I saw, when I got there, was Jim himself. He was lying on the broad of his back, his face turned up toward the sky, and all the passion and the trouble seemed to have passed clean away from him, so that he looked just like the old Jim as I had seen him in his cot a hundred times when we were schoolmates together. I had given a cry of grief at the sight of him, but when I came again to look upon his face, and to see how much happier he looked in death than I could ever have hoped to see him in life, it was hard to mourn for him. Two French bayonets had passed through his chest, and he had died in an instant and without pain, if one could believe the smile upon his lips.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PECULIAR KIND OF UMBRELLA

African "Bishop" Made Use of Prince Albert Coat When Rain Threatened Precious Loincloth.

"The Bishop" is like no other African. He has acquired the graces of the court of St. James and a surprising gift of repartee, using smiles and grunts chiefly. He is taller and older than any native in the neighborhood, which is the locality suburban to Vavati, Portuguese East. For years he has trekked with missionaries. He has carried their packs, bundled their beds and mosquito netting over miles of trail. His name was chosen by himself, in memory of Bishop Hartzell, with whom he traveled.

Yet the bishop is still a heathen—and proud of it. Among the other Africans in any given traveling party he is as conscious of his heathen distinction as Tom Sawyer's friend Jim was of his reputation for having seen evil spirits.

On a recent expedition a missionary saw the bishop for the first time and was particularly struck with the bishop's pride in his loincloth, a well-tailored trifle fashioned from monkey skin and built around a large brass ring. It began to rain. The bishop looked solicitously at the garment—much as a lady caught umbrellaless will look at her new spring suit when rain comes. The bishop had no umbrella, but from somewhere he produced a Prince Albert coat and buttoned it tightly about him. It served its purpose. The new loincloth escaped unscathed.—World Outlook.

Forming a Child's Ideas.

Priceless opportunities belong to a mother to give to the baby, with his whole life before him, the true foundations of character and chances of future happiness and greatness. So the first thing a wise woman does is to reason the matter out, deciding on a method of action which can be pursued with as little deviation as possible. Preparation is needed, for just as love does not bestow a mysterious instinct as to the proper physical treatment of a baby, so affection alone will not prove a sufficient guide or teacher in the matter of character training. One has to cultivate the power of restraining impulse, of infinite patience and infinite self-control and a firm grasp of those principles which underlie the formation of character. By possessing these powers herself, the mother is able to direct a child's conduct and to suggest motives to him at a time when his impulses are natural and his ideas yet unformed, when he will learn literally unconsciously.

Ostrich Plumes.

Ostrich plumes are not actually plucked, by the way. They are cut—pruned with no damage or pain to the bird. When the feathers are "ripe" the ostriches are driven into a V-shaped enclosure. Their heads are covered with a hood like a stocking, which renders them tractable. The wings are spread by the man doing the "plucking" and the feathers are clipped off fairly close to the flesh. This does not hurt the bird in the least and within sixty days the dead quill ends drop out of their own accord. The tail feathers are also clipped.

Credit Mainstay of Business.

In large cities it is estimated that more than 90 per cent of the commercial business is done by checks and drafts, less than 10 per cent being done with cash.

Unsinkable Lifeboat.

An unsinkable lifeboat equipped with doors that automatically close over its occupants should it upset has been invented in Europe.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3543-0345.jpg