Facts and Features for Women

of Interest to Our Feminine Readers and the Home Circle

AS SEEN IN PARIS

No Style Changes of Drastic Order Are in Evidence.

Long, Straight Line, Long-Waisted Corsage, Plaited Skirt and Cape Hold Sway.

Now that we have all settled down for next winter we are able to realize, and with considerable satisfaction, that very few important changes have taken place in the world of dress. Changes have been made, of course; but none of a drastic order. We still have with us, observes a Paris fashion authority, the long straight line, the long-waisted corsage, the plaited skirt—also the plaited cape—and picturesque sleeves.

Even the robe-chemise is in evidence. True, it is now decked out at the sides with loops, puffings or plaited panels, but the outline remains very much the same.

The one-piece robe and long tunic have proved so universally becoming that women refuse to give them up. For this reason our big dressmakers have set themselves the task of making unimportant changes—here and there while the dress itself, practically, remains unchanged.

It will be an exceedingly picturesque winter. All the best dressmakers in the Rue de la Paix and Place Vendome are showing what may be called "picture style"; indeed, this feature is carried almost to the point of exaggeration.

For example, one charming model was in reality a smart little indoor gown, meant for boudoir use, but it would be the correct thing for a dance-tea, in conjunction with a big velvet picture hat. And the same may be



Demi-toilette in ivory lace and "sphinx" blue mousseline de soie.

said of many of the more important models. When they are exhibited one says: "Is it a boudoir gown, or is it a frock for a dance-tea?"

Plaitings of all kinds are amazingly popular.

In Paris they are doing wonderful things with accordion-plaited goods of filmy texture; they are also plaiting serge, taffeta and shantung. But, though the accordion plait is first favorite, it is run close by the larger flat plait, which recalls the genuine "kilt" of Scotch renown.

CHARMING SUIT OF HOMESPUN



A suit of homespun in an odd and attractive shade of blue. It is quite the thing for the frosty fall days. It gives plenty of warmth and makes it unnecessary to wear a heavy coat.

NOW THE CORSET IS TO GO

Tendency Among Women Is to Discard as Many Garments as Possible, Modiste Asserts.

American women are returning to the days of Greek goddesses when corsetless figures and gowns which hung straight from the shoulders were the style, according to dressmakers attending a semi-annual convention of dressmakers.

Women in this country says Madame Marguerite, New York modiste, are getting thinner and do not have to wear corsets. Madame Marguerite said the tendency among women nowadays is to discard as many garments as possible.

"She discarded the petticoat and it isn't coming back," she said. "Now she is getting rid of the corset."

"Women are dieting more than ever," she said. "They want to lose weight. It gives them their natural figure and allows the graceful use of their body minus the tightening corset."

Non-corseted gowns, dressmakers said, are having a great sale, indicating women are having considerable success in their dieting.

Scant Skirts With Pockets.

Scant skirts, quite plain, eight inches above the ankle, overlapped at the seams and stitched, are a-plenty in the shops. They have pockets set on or in like those of a man's coat. These skirts are handy to wear with all kinds of long or short tunics.

SILK DUVETYN COAT FOR FALL

Garment Should Be Equally Attractive When Collar Is Buttoned Snugly or Opened.

For cool autumn days a cloth coat of some sort is really a necessity. Something warm and at the same time light in weight to be used while it is not yet cold enough for the luxurious wrap of fur.

An attractive coat of blue silk duvetyn will be very smart worn over a pretty afternoon dress. Cut with semi-kimono sleeves, which are tight enough to suggest those of a frock, and which are so popular this fall, it may be trimmed with a collar and cuffs of gray squirrel, which also are very popular at present. The collar should be cut so that it is equally attractive when buttoned snugly at the throat or opened on the shoulders.

A striking hat for wear with this coat is of black velvet made in a draped toque effect and tripped at the side with a drooping cluster of coque feathers.

LINGERIE OF FRENCH DESIGN

Piece Bag Usually Contains Supply From Which Dainty Articles May Be Made.

When nearly every feminine wardrobe numbers one frock of organdie, it is not difficult to find in the piece bag enough of this crisp, dainty fabric to bind the top and bottom of the new straight, Paris-inspired chemises, and to edge the short drawers to match.

Plain white voile or handkerchief linen usually forms the foundation of these charming garments, though white striped or crossed-barred dimity may be used with success.

If no patterns of just the straight simple designs desired are to be found use a bodice-top chemise pattern, turning the lower edge up six to ten inches.

Buying a Hat.

Selecting a hat with a thought to becomingness and "kindliness to oneself," is not as easy as would seem. Especially is this the case with the woman no longer young. To such a woman, the brimless hat may be becoming, but the hat with some sort of a brim will be much kinder, as the halftone of the shadow cast by the brim gives a softening effect to a face from which the first flush of youth has gone. Another point to be borne in mind is that women with sallow or brown skins should not wear any of the different shades of henna or mahogany that are so popular just at present. They should wear black or some shade of dark blue. Certain shades of purple also seem to counteract sallowness.

Cotton Thread Embroidery.

Some of the loveliest duvetyn and velvet frocks are embroidered in cotton threads. These are chosen because of the mellow old colorings in which they may be obtained. A new frock of dark blue duvetyn has inch squares of dull blue and green braid alternating with squares of embroidery to give the impression of a lovely old mosaic Other dresses show work reminiscent of antique book covers of eastern design.

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 31

HEW DOWN THE CORRUPT TREE —WORLD'S TEMPERANCE SUNDAY.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 7:13-29.

GOLDEN TEXT—Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.—Matt. 7:19.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Good Trees and Bad Trees.

JUNIOR TOPIC—A Sharp Ax for a Corrupt Tree.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Fruits of the Liquor Traffic.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Complete Destruction of the Liquor Traffic.

The king having completed the enunciation of the laws of the kingdom, makes application as follows:

I. Entrance Into the Kingdom Urged. (vv. 13, 14).

There are two ways only before each one—life and death, heaven and hell. The grand incentive held out is that it is the way to life. He just as plainly declares that the gate affording an entrance is straight and the way narrow. But while it is straight and narrow, it is an open gate, and all are invited to enter. Though the gate that leads to eternal life be straight and the way narrow in the beginning, it broadens out in every respect until the fullness of life is realized. On the other hand, the way which at first seems broad and pleasant becomes the way of the most abject slavery and limitation.

II. Warnings Against False Teachers (vv. 15-20).

1. Their real existence (v. 15). Ever since God has had a people, false prophets and teachers have appeared among them. That they appear everywhere need not at all surprise us, for Christ foretold that such should be the case (Matt. 24:11).

2. Their nature (v. 15). (1) They are hypocritical. The Devil does his most successful work by masquerading as an angel of light (II Cor. 11:14. 15.) His ministers appear in this way and turn people from the narrow to the broad way. If the evil one would appear as he really is, his success would not be great. From the day when he appeared to Eve in the garden until this present time, his success has been due to his ability to deceive. (2) They are destructive. This is suggested by their being ravening wolves. It is when the wolf is in sheep's clothing that he does his most destructive work. It is so today. False teachers are doing their most deadly work while pretending to be loyal to the Bible and to Jesus Christ.

3. The unfailing test (vv. 16-18). "By their fruits ye shall know them." Every tree bears its own kind of fruit. Nature is inexorable in her laws as to this. One may search the universe in vain for an exception to this law. It is equally true in the spiritual world. There is a vital connection between the faith of the heart and the fruit of the life. That which comes out in the conduct was first in the heart. A right heart is essential to right conduct.

4. Their ultimate end (v. 19). All false teachers shall be finally punished by being cast into the fire. Although God has infinite patience and bears long, he will see to it that this work does not go on forever.

III. The Dangers of Empty Profession (vv. 21-23).

1. Merely calling Christ "Lord" will not answer for doing his will.

2. One may even do supernatural works and not be saved (vv. 22, 23).

Not all supernatural works are divine. There is a supernatural world of evil. It is the business of every believer to test the spirits (I John 4:1, 2).

3. Separation from God (v. 23). You may be a Sunday school teacher or preacher, and even perform many mighty works, as casting out devils, healing the sick, and yet hear from Jesus Christ, the King, the awful declaration "I never knew you, depart from me."

IV. The One and Only Safe Way (vv. 24-29).

1. Hear the sayings of Christ (v. 24). To do this you must give attention to reading the word of God. Avail yourself of every means at your command to become acquainted with God.

2. Do what Christ commands (vv. 24-29). One must put to practice Christ's teachings. Hearing and doing the teachings of Christ is building upon the solid rock. Christ Jesus, the Rock of Ages, is the only right foundation upon which to build. Such building can never be destroyed by flood and storm. Hearing and not doing Christ's sayings is building upon the sand, which in the time of the storm of God's wrath and judgment will be utterly destroyed. Obedience must follow hearing Christ.

A Prayer.

That it may please Thee to wean my affections from all things below; and to fill me with ardent desires after heaven; and finally to make me partaker of all Thy blessings and promises in Christ Jesus; I beseech Thee to hear me, Good Lord.—From Hele's Devotions.

Genius of Christianity.

It is the genius of Christianity to have transfigured sacrifice by displaying it to us as the reverse of the medal called love.—H. R. Haweis.

Perpetual Peace

By REV. JOHN C. PAGE

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TEXT—These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace.—John 16:33.

The last verse of the sixteenth chapter of John brings to a close the greatest message ever delivered to mortal ears. There is nothing in literature comparable to it. Tongue cannot tell, nor can the heart conceive, the abundance of comfort, encouragement and cheer which this message has imparted and always will impart, to God's believing people.



The purpose of the message was to provide a basis for the perpetual peace of the believer, a peace that the world can neither give nor take away. "These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace." If we search for "these things" that contribute to our peace, we shall find them in this and the two preceding chapters, which together constitute the closing counsels of our Lord, spoken to his own before his crucifixion.

Any one of the ninety verses contained in these chapters would be sufficient for a spiritual meditation. Taken together they may be looked at as a mountain range of truth, with several peaks of prominence. The first peak is the believer's future prospect. "In my Father's house are many mansions." "I go to prepare a place for you." "I will come again, and receive you unto myself." But why speak first of the future prospect? Because it occupies the first place as an assurance for peace, and an incentive to service. When the heart is assured concerning the future, and no room is left for misgiving or doubt, then willingness to sacrifice, and power to endure prevail. Men march joyfully to battle when the victory and reward of the future are sure. So the Master paints the picture of the future prospect with glowing colors, and the believer knowing that "He is faithful that promised" has great peace of heart, even in the midst of a world of adverse forces.

Believer's Position and Power.

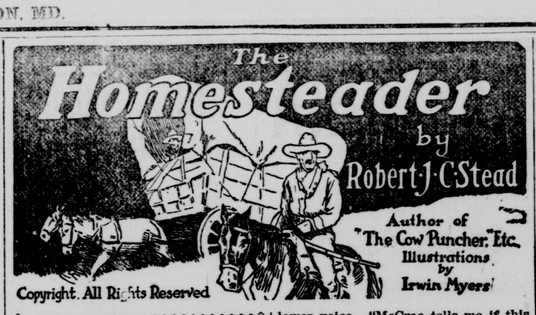
The next peak in this mountain range of truth may be called the believer's position. It is seen in the parable of the vine and the branches. Our Lord is not merely a friend influencing us from without, but a life force within. "I am the vine, ye are the branches." "Christ liveth in me." "For me to live in Christ." "Ye in me, and I in you." This describes our position. We are in Christ, and this truth makes possible all the spiritual privileges of the believer. As a shout of triumph the apostle cries: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." The present position as well as the future prospect of the Christian believer is glorious, and contributes to perfect and perpetual peace of heart.

The third peak is the believer's power, which is closely associated with the work of the Holy Spirit. "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter." "He shall teach you all things." "He shall testify of me." "He will guide you into all truth." "He will show you things to come." "He shall glorify me." This work of the Holy Spirit gives spiritual power to the believer. The measure of this power is dependent on, and determined by, faith. Now Christ is the object of faith. As the Holy Spirit makes Christ real to the believer's heart, so faith triumphs, and power to undertake and achieve is developed. As a consequence, the believer's peace flows like a river, overcoming all obstacles. Of him it can be said, "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Asking in Christ's Name.

Another peak which attracts our attention is that of the believer's prayer life. In the teaching on prayer, words that challenge and stir can be found in this transcendent message: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it." In the Old Testament teaching on prayer the idea of righteousness is prevalent as a basis for petition. In the synoptic Gospels the emphasis is placed on faith or belief, but here an additional element enters in—"in my name." The believer has taken on him the name of Christ, and as a woman, who in marriage has taken a man's name, proceeds to do business in that name, so may we do business in the name of our Lord. A very large and real part of that business is to pray in that name. There is virtue and value in that name. "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name; ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

"These things" concerning the believer's future prospect, present position, spiritual power and prevailing prayer "have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace."



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CAMP NO. 1.

Synopsis.—Dissatisfied because of the seemingly barren outlook of his position as a school teacher in a Canadian town, John Harris determines to leave it, take up land in Manitoba and become a "homesteader." Mary, the girl whom he loves, declares she will accompany him. They are married and set out for the unknown country.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

—2—

Harris left his wife with a company of other women in the government immigration building while he set out to find, if possible, lodgings where she might live until he was ready to take her to the homestead country. He must first make a trip of exploration himself, and as this might require several weeks his present consideration was to place her in proper surroundings before he left. He inquired at many doors for lodgings for himself and wife, or for his wife alone. The response ranged from curt announcements that the inmates "ain't takin' boarders" to sympathetic assurances that if it were possible to find room for another it would be done, but the house was already crowded to suffocation. In two hours Harris, notwithstanding his stout frame and his young enthusiasm, dragged himself somewhat disconsolately back to the immigration building with the information that his search had been fruitless.

At the door he met Tom Morrison and another, whom he recognized as the teller of Indian stories which had captivated the children of his car.

"And what luck have ye had?" asked Morrison, seizing the young man by the arm. "Little, I'll be thinkin', by the smile ye're forcin' up. But what am I thinkin' of? Mr. McCrae is from 'way out in the Wakopa county, and an old timer on the prairie."

"Aleck McCrae," said the big man. "We leave our 'misters' east of the Great Lakes. An' Ah'm not from Wakopa, unless you give that name to all the country from Pembina crossing to Turtle mountain. Ah'm doing business all through there, an' no more partial to one place than another."

"What is your line of business, Mr. McCrae?" asked Harris.

"Aleck, I said, an' Aleck it is."

"All right," said the other, laughing. "What is your business, Aleck?"

"My business is assisting settlers to get located on suitable land, an' ekeing out my own living by the process. Tom here tells me you're hunting a house for the wife. Ah know Emerson too well to suppose you have found one."

"I haven't, for a fact," said Harris, reminded of the urgency of his mission.

"It's out of the question," said McCrae. "Besides, it's not so necessary as you think. What with the bad time our train made, an' the good time the stock train made, an' the fact that they started ahead of us, they're in the yards now. That's a piece of luck, to start with."

"But I can't put my wife in a stock car!" protested Harris.

"There's worse places," McCrae answered, calmly worrying a considerable section from a plug of black chewing tobacco. "Worse places, Ah should say. Ah've seen times when a good warm stock car would have passed for heaven. But that ain't what Ah have in mind. We'll all turn in an' get the stock unloaded, hitch up the horses, pack a load, an' get away. Ah've been making a canvass, an' Ah find we have six or seven families who can be ready to pull out this afternoon. My team will go along, with a good tent an' some cooking outfit. Everyone has bedding, so we're all right for that. Now, if we all hustle we can be started by 4 o'clock, an' out ten or 12 miles before we pitch camp. How does it suit you?"

"What do you say, Mr. Morrison?"

"I think Aleck's plan is best. I've my wife and the two girls, and there's no roof for their heads here. It suits me."

"If it's all settled," continued McCrae, who had the leader's knack of suppressing indecision at the psychological moment, "we'll all turn in with the unloading of the stock."

Harris ran to tell his wife that they were to join a party for "the front" that very afternoon. She received the news joyously.

In a few minutes all hands, both men and women, were busy at the cars. Many hands made the work light, and by mid-afternoon six sleighs were loaded for the journey. All the women and children were to go with the party; Morrison and one or two hired men would remain in Emerson, complete the unloading, and take charge of the effects until the teams should return from their long journey. McCrae, on account of his knowledge of the town and of the needs of the journey, was chosen to secure the supplies.

Each settler's sleigh carried that which seemed most indispensable. First came the settler's family, which, large or small, was crowded into the deep box. McCrae made them pack hay in the bottom of the sleigh boxes, and over this were laid robes and blankets, on which the immigrants sat, as thickly as they could be placed. More robes and blankets were laid on top, and sacks stuffed very full of hay served the double purpose of cushioning their backs and conveying fodder for the animals.

Morrison came up to Harris' sleigh, and gave it an approving inspection.

"You will all be fine," he said, "and a great deal better than wearyin' about here. Besides, you're just as well to be away," he added, in a somewhat lower voice. "McCrae tells me if this sun keeps up the roads will be gone before we know it, and that means a delay of two or three weeks."

At this moment McCrae himself joined the group. "There's only two in your party, Harris," he said, "an' while Ah don't want to interrupt your honeymoon, there's another passenger to be taken care of. Dr. Blain is going with us, and Ah'm going to put him in your charge. He's a bit peculiar, but Ah don't think he'll give you any trouble. It's just a case of being too much of a good fellow. One thing Ah know—he's a doctor. Ah'm going up town for him now; you can shift your stuff a little an' make room."

The whole party were ready for the road and waiting before McCrae appeared again. When he came a companion staggered somewhat uncertainly by his side.

"I'm aw'right, McCrae," he was saying. "I'm aw' right. Shay, whash thish? Shildren 'v Ishrul?"

"Come now, Doctor, straighten up. Ah want to introduce you."

Half leading and half pulling, McCrae brought the doctor to Harris' sleigh. "This is Mr. Harris, who you will travel with—Jack Harris. An' Mrs. Harris."

The doctor had glanced only casually at Harris, but at the mention of the woman's name he straightened up and stood alone.

"Glad to meet you, madam," he said. "And it's only proper that the pleas-



Savory Smells Soon Were Coming From Hot Frying Pans.

ure should be all mine." There was a little bitterness in his voice that did not escape her ear.

"But indeed I am glad to meet you," she answered. "Mr. McCrae has been telling us something of your work among the settlers. We are very fortunate to have you with us."

He shot a keen look into her face. She returned his gaze frankly, and he found sarcasm neither in her eyes nor her voice.

"Help me in, McCrae," he said. "I'm a bit unsteady * * * There now, my bag. Don't move, Mrs. Harris * * * I think we are quite ready now, are we not?"

"Most remarkable man," whispered McCrae to Harris. "Wonderful how he can pull himself together."

McCrae hurried to his own sleigh, called a cheery "All ready!" and the party at once proceeded to get under way.

Harris' thoughts were on his team, on the two cows trudging behind, and on the multiplicity of arrangements which his new life would present for decision and settlement. But his wife gazed silently out over the ocean of snow. The rays of the sun fell gratefully on her cheeks, pale and somewhat wan with her long journey. But the sun went down, and the western sky, cloudless and measureless, faded from gold to copper, and from copper to silver, and from silver to lead. It was her first sight of the prairie, and a strange mixture of emotions, of awe, and loneliness, and a certain indifference to personal consequences, welled up within her. Once or twice she thought of home—a home so far away that it might have been in another planet. But she would not let her mind dwell on it for long. She was going to be brave. For the sake of the brave man who sat at her side, guiding his team in the deepening darkness; for the sake of the new home that they two should build somewhere over the horizon; for the sake of the civilization that was to be planted, of the nation that must arise, of the manhood and womanhood of tomorrow—she would be brave.

A bright star shone down from the west; one by one they appeared in the heavens. * * * It grew colder. The snow no longer caked on the horses' feet; the sleigh runners creaked and whined uncannily.

The team came to a sudden stop. The sleigh in front was obstructing the road, and the party closed up in solid formation.

"Camp No. 1," called Aleck McCrae, from the head sleigh. "Run these sleighs up in two rows," and he indicated where he wanted them placed. "It's hard on the horses an' cattle, after the warm cars, but they'll stand it tonight if they're well blanketed. Tomorrow night we'll be among the Mennonites, with a chance of getting stable room."

Under Aleck's direction the sleighs were run up in two rows, about 20 feet apart, facing the north. Two sleighs were then run across the opening at the north end, so that altogether they formed a three-sided court. Men with shovels quickly cleared the snow from the northerly portions of the court, and there the tent was pitched. The ground was covered with blankets, robes and bedding. Pots and pans were produced; women eager to be of service swarmed about the stove, and children, free at last of their muffling wraps, romped in high-laughtered glee among the robes or danced back and forward with the swinging shadows.

Savory smells soon were coming from hot frying pans, as sliced ham with bread and gravy, was served up in tin plates and passed about the tent. Everybody—married men and women, maidens and young men, girls, boys, and little children—was ravenously hungry, and for a few minutes little could be heard but the plying of the viands. But as the first edge of hunger became dulled the edge of wit sharpened, and laughter and banter rollicked back and forward through the tent. The doctor, now quite sober, took a census, and found the total population to be 28. These he classified as 12 married, eight eligible, seven children, and himself, for whom he found no classification.

When the meal was over and the dishes washed and packed, Aleck made another round of the camp before settling down for the night. Meantime mothers gathered their families about them as best they could; the little ones sleepily mumbled their prayers, and all hands, young and old, nestled down like a brood of tired chickens under the white wings of the protecting tent. Outside the ground-drift sifted gently about the sleighs, the cows sighed in contentment, and the wolves yapped to each other in the distance.

CHAPTER II.

Prairie Land.

The afternoon that has just been described was typical of the days that were to follow as the immigrant party labored its slow pilgrimage into the farther west. True, they entered on the very next day a district having some pretense of settlement, where it was sometimes possible to secure shelter for the women and children under hospitable Mennonite roofs. They soon emerged from the Red River valley, left the vast, level, treeless plain behind them, and plunged into the rolling and lightly wooded Pembina region.

After numerous consultations with McCrae, Harris had arranged that his immediate destination should be in a district where the scrub country melted into open prairie on the western side of the Pembina. The Arthurses, who were also of the party, had homesteaded there, and Fred Arthurs had built a little house on the land the year before. Arthurs was now bringing his young wife to share with him the privations and the privileges of their new home. A friendship had already sprung up between Mrs. Arthurs and Mrs. Harris, and nothing seemed more appropriate than that the two women should occupy the house together while Harris sought out new homestead land and Arthurs proceeded with the development of his farm.

After the crossing of the Pembina the party began to scatter—some to homesteads already located; others to friends who would billet them until their arrangements were completed. At length came the trail, almost lost in the disappearing snow, that led to Arthurs' homestead. A quick handshake with McCrae, Ned Bacon, and the doctor, and a few others who had grown upon them in the journey, and the two young couples turned out to break their way over the little-used route that now lay before them.

Picking out a homestead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEXT JOB IS WHAT COUNTS

Good Thing to Forget What One Has Done, and Look Forward to Something Else.

James J. Hill, who possessed a phenomenal memory, said it is easy to remember things you are interested in.

What to do, therefore, is to discern what things are useful, what things one ought to be interested in, and then forget the others.

That sounds easy, but it isn't easy, as we all know. However, if we try, we may accomplish something. If we don't, we won't.

Let's see, therefore, what are some of the things we ought to forget.

First, and most important of all, forget that brilliant record you made at school or that wonderful sale you made which caused all the boys to talk, or that remarkable piece of work you did which won your raise of pay and promotion.

Forget the big things you did yesterday or last year.

Forget all about the time you topped the list and were made a fuss over.

Forget that you are (in your own eyes) a wonder, a world beater.

Water that has gone over the millwheel can grind no more corn.

Forget what you have already done and address all your mind and strength and talent to the next job.—Forbes Magazine (New York).

Troublesome Spiders.

A spider in Buenos Aires spun its web near a telephone cable. The wind caught the web and wrapped it around the wires. The web soon became damp and caused several short circuits. Other spiders in the neighborhood followed the adventurous one's example, and now it has become necessary for the telephone company to send a man out every few days to clear the wires of webs.—Popular Science Monthly.

One Good Innovation.

Jud Tunkins says one of the best helps to production is the change in political customs that prevents a man to neglect work in order to go around and get bids for his vote.

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