Facts and Features for Women

of Interest to Our Feminine Readers and the Home Circle

Old Greece Is In Style Note

Paris designers are using ever so many Greek effects in dresses, writes a prominent fashion correspondent. The romantic morganatic marriage of the young king of Greece and his June visit to his bride, living in Paris, set the French dressmakers to thinking of the beautiful possibilities for fall fashions in the native Greek costume, both ancient and modern, the result being a decided Greek note in the autumn collections.

The wife of the king of Greece, who is very beautiful, and her younger sister, equally lovely, wear charming Parisian clothes. The youth and beauty of these two girls plus the royal romance of one of them appeal to the creative genius of the Paris dressmaker and milliner, consequently "a la Grecque," will be very fashionable in Paris. As there is so much of real merit in Greek inspiration, one may expect many lovely things during the coming winter.

Designers Turn to Greece.

Greece is only one of the many countries to which designers have turned for their inspiration. Makers of clothes appear loath to give up any successful idea that has been brought out recently, and we find the old mingled with the new.

The Egyptian influence is still felt, as is the Italian Renaissance. To Persia have dressmakers turned for embroideries and to Russia for loose, baggy sleeves and blousing bodices as well as embroideries. Truly, we have an unusual mixture of fashions. Spanish styles have not relinquished their hold. Many ideas are still gathered from the picturesque costumes of Spain.

There are several things, however, upon which all agree—the slender silhouette, the more somber colors for day time wear—black, browns and grays leading—and, striking contrast to these, brilliant hues for the evening. They agree, too, in the tendency toward the high collar, long sleeve and the unevenness of skirts at the hem, which tends to make them more graceful. All of these points are brought out in every collection. The collections are being constantly augmented and we may expect a great many interesting developments from the numerous ideas already advanced.

Dresses that fit in with the present-day fashions may be made by using the forms of the ancient Greek costumes with few changes. In an interesting frock we see the straight Greek dress of about the Sixth century. The embroideries are exact copies of those used on an old Greek costume. In the sleeve lies the only real change in the design. A medium shade of tan duvetyn is used for this frock, and the embroideries are in beautiful shades of brown. A narrow belt of brown leather girdles it.

Model of Mousseline.

An interesting model is developed in coral mousseline de sole and gold cloth, with coral chains forming a girdle and shoulder straps. It will be recalled that the ancient Greek military dress showed plaits and even that of the present day carries a remnant of



Plaited Dress of Blue Crepe Roman Embroidered in Gold.

the idea of plaitings which were so characteristic of the costume of Greece during the height of their imperial glory.

We usually think of Greek dresses as having been simple and beautiful always, consisting of the straight chiton—a garment which was cut and partly sewn—or the costume achieved entirely by means of drapery. The Greeks, however, had changing fashions, just as we have today. There were periods of overelaboration, which saw the dress laboriously and artificially folded.

A Grecian effect with plaits, very much modernized, is developed in pale blue crepe Roman. In color this model suggests the Greek, being pale blue and gold, the latter forming the embroidery and bands on the skirt and on the jacket. A big double looped sash at one side is seemingly a continuation of the crepe bodice.

Autumn Models Have Plaits.

Any number of the smartest models for autumn have plaits. Coats, suits and frocks fresh from their recent voyage from Paris show plaits of every kind and description, which indicates that it is impossible to go too far with this trimming to please women.

One of the most extreme uses of plaits for the new season appears on a model suit developed in beautiful crepe Roman. Black is the color selected for this suit, the coat of which is very long and slightly blousing at a low waistline. The sleeves are loose and cut in one with the garment



This Is a Simple Evening Frock of Gray Crepe.

itself. The interesting application of plaits lies in the form of a fan-shaped panel on the jacket. This panel has fine horizontal plaits placed as closely together as possible. These lie very flat. The skirt has a corresponding plaited panel in the front, which hangs a few inches below the hem of the skirt itself. A lovely white embroidery and white fox collar and cuffs emphasize the vogue for black and white. A band of the embroidery is placed down either side of the panel and around a shoulder and back yoke in the coat.

Designers Use Erminette.

A few years ago, when women wore white furs in the sweltering heat of summer, the craze for white fur reached such an extreme that for some time after the well dressed woman was loath to wear any white fur. We can only hope that the present-day revival will not run to any such extreme. For the present, at least, snowy fur trimmings are on models from the most exclusive houses.

Erminette is being extensively exploited as a trimming by the Paris designers. This fur very closely resembles real ermine, one of the pelts always greatly in vogue. While it is not as expensive as the real fur, it is not cheap. As well as being used for a trimming in the form of narrow edging and for large collars and deep cuffs, it is combined with seal in evening wraps. White skunk is used to make great muffling collars and deep cuffs on the most elaborate of evening wraps, some of the newest of which are formed of beautiful silver brocades.

One great designer has invented an entirely new shoulder line of Greek influence in which the material is held up over one shoulder and cut to appear as though falling off the other

Embroidery Is Featured.

Martial et Armand feature embroidery on the backs of garments only. A large disk design in contrasting colors is a favorite pattern. An embroidery design may extend across the back of a coat from shoulder to shoulder or be placed horizontally from shoulder to hem. On dresses the embroidery used in the latter way is very often of silver threads. Black embroidery on white velvet, white satin and white net is prominent. A few models show white embroidery on black, the preference being given to the former.

An interesting model in white and black has a foundation skirt and bodice of black satin, with the tunic of white net embroidered in a grape design, the grapes being white and the leaves black. White velvet dresses are embroidered in heavy black silk and jet.

Gray wool on blue serge is a combination that we have grown accustomed to and one that is still used, but white worsted embroidery on black velvet is unusual. Gold and silver embroideries are not neglected. These are usually seen on chiffons, laces or mousselines.

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 NOVEMBER 7

PRINCIPLES OF CHRISTIAN LIVING.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 6:1-7; 12.

GOLDEN TEXT—Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.—Matt. 6:33.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Mark 10: 23-31; Luke 11:2-4; 12:22-32.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Our Heavenly Father's Care.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Jesus Teaching How to Pray.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Golden Rules for Living.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Counsels for Daily Living.

Having set forth in the previous chapters the standard of righteousness, Christ now exhibits the underlying principles which control the heir to the kingdom.

I. As to Giving (6:1-4).

Doing alms before men is not condemned, as that would contradict Matthew 5:16, but the doing of them before men to be seen of them. To seek publicity in doing our alms is to miss the reward of our heavenly Father.

II. As to Praying (6:5-15).

1. False prayer (vv. 5, 7). This consists (1) in praying to be seen and heard of men (v. 5). (2) Using vain repetitions (v. 7). This does not mean that we should ask but once, for we have examples of Christ and Paul praying three times for the same thing (Matt. 26:39-46; II Cor. 12:7, 8), but the using of meaningless repetitions.

2. True prayer (v. 6). Since prayer is a transaction of the soul with God, we should have a real desire for fellowship with the Father, then go and meet him in secret.

3. The model prayer (vv. 9-15). This involves (1) right relationship—"Our Father" (v. 9); (2) right attitude—"Hallowed be thy name" (vv. 9, 10); (3) right spirit—"Give us our daily bread," "Forgive us our sins," "Lead us not into temptation" (vv. 11-13).

III. As to Fasting (vv. 19-24).

The Lord knew the temptation which would befall his children in their pilgrimage here below touching wordliness, and the anxiety to which it would lead; therefore, he sets forth the proper attitude toward them:

1. The nature of earthly riches (vv. 19, 21). (1) Uncertain (vv. 19, 20). Earthly treasures corrode, or are taken from us. (2) Seductive (v. 21). Christ called riches deceitful (Matt. 13:22). It is not wrong to possess earthly treasures, but when earthly treasures possess us they become a snare.

2. The effect of earthly riches (vv. 22-24). (1) They blunt the moral and spiritual perceptions (vv. 22-23). When the heart is upon earthly treasures it is taken off God. (2) They render null and void all service (v. 24).

IV. As to Faith in the Heavenly Father (vv. 25-34).

1. Be not anxious about food and clothing (vv. 25-32). Because (1) it shows distrust for God (v. 30). (2) It is useless (v. 31). Anxiety can bring nothing. (3) It is heathenish (v. 32). Those who have not learned to know God may worry over temporal affairs, but those who know him as a loving Father should be free from care.

2. Be anxious to seek the kingdom of God and serve him (vv. 33, 34). This does not forbid proper forethought in making a reasonable support for one's self and family.

V. As to Censorious Judgments (7:1-12).

1. The sin and folly of censorious judgments. This does not forbid us making an estimate of the lives of those about us, for "by their fruits ye shall know them;" neither does it prevent us from administering rebuke to those who deserve it. It rebukes that readiness to blame others and to magnify their weakness and errors.

2. The duty of discrimination in dealing out holy things (v. 6). The gospel should be preached to all, but there should be discrimination, for "dogs and swine" have no comprehension as to holy things.

3. Qualification for discrimination (vv. 7-12). (1) A life of prayer (vv. 7-11). A life of prayer is a requisite for rightly divining the word of truth. (2) A disposition to treat others as one would be treated (v. 12). Confucius set forth this principle negatively, but only the Christ could do it positively. Between the negative and positive sides of this rule is found the difference between heathenism and Christianity. No man can live this rule unless he has been born from above and abides with Christ in the school of prayer, till he becomes like him.

What God Requires.

What God requires is an undivided will—a yielding will, desiring only what he desires, rejecting only what he rejects, and both unreservedly. Where such a mind is, everything turns to good, and its very amusements become good works. Happy indeed is such a one.—Fenelon.

When Death Comes.

When death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—George Eliot.

In the Pharisee's House

By REV. L. W. GOSNELL

Assistant Dean, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

TEXT—And he went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat. And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment.—Luke 7: 36-37.

We speak often of Christ's condescension in dealing with the degraded. But how much more grace, even, is displayed in his sitting down to meat in a Pharisee's house!



Christ's Love for Pharisees.

He called the Pharisees "vipers," and asked how they could escape the damnation of hell. This very Simon who dines him refers to him, with half-veiled contempt, as "this man," and answers a question of Jesus with an indifferent, "I suppose." But F. W. Robertson has well said: "He blighted Pharisaism with irony and terrible invective. But to the actual living Pharisee, how tenderly did he express himself! 'Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee.' So far as he is a man, he is an object of infinite pity and tenderness."

How unlikely to find a woman "which was a sinner" in a Pharisee's house! The secret is found in the statement: "When she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, she brought an alabaster box of ointment." While Simon would have scorned such a creature lest she contaminate him, the sinless Son of Man welcomed her. The law has only condemnation for sinners, but the grace of God bringeth salvation.

It is evident this was not the woman's first meeting with the Savior. When speaking of her, Jesus says: "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven," literally, "have been forgiven" (v. 47). Perhaps she had heard him say: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," or similar words, and through faith her sins were washed away.

Hence, she now seeks him out, even in Simon's house, and takes her place at his feet as he reclines at meat. Standing there, her tears of penitence and gratitude begin to flow, falling upon his feet. Then, as if her very tears might defile him, she lets down her hair, although it was a shame for a woman to be seen with disheveled hair, and wipes his feet. Not only so, she covered them with kisses, as the word implies, and anointed them from a cruse of precious ointment which hung about her neck.

How moving, to recall that this very ointment may have been purchased with the price of her shame! The law forbad a strange woman to bring her hire into the house of the Lord for any vow (Deut. 23:18), but the lord of the house allows the penitent to pour it upon his very person.

Simon is sure now that Christ is no prophet, for he does not know the woman is a sinner. Jesus startles him by showing he knows his very thoughts, and "answering" them gives him the illustration of the two debtors: Simon confesses that the one forgiven most will love the most. Jesus applies the illustration directly. Simon had no water for Christ's feet, but the woman washed them with her tears and wiped them with her hair. Simon had no kiss for his guest, but the woman kissed his feet. Simon had no oil, which was cheap, for Christ's feet, but the woman anointed them with precious ointment. "Wherefore I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little. And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven."

After all, the woman was no longer a "sinner" but a lover of the Savior. And Simon, if he had only known it, was still in his sins. He did not love Christ, because he had never been forgiven, for he had never repented.

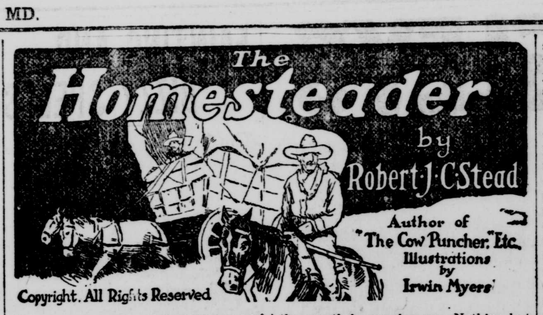
Mercy for Prodigals.

Mark Twain wrote a story in which he satirized the affection lavished upon a prodigal son, while a self-respecting boy was allowed to struggle on unaided. We know that sympathy is sometimes sentimental and maudlin. But we are glad, too, that the divineness of mercy is not therefore obscured. "Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance." And if men complain of this, Jesus says, as recorded just before this story (Luke 7:35): "Wisdom is justified of all her children."

We need not be "prodigals" to become great lovers of Christ. Each heart knows its own depths of sin and unbelief, and the saints contend among themselves as to which has been most forgiven and as to which therefore should love most.

Note, the woman was not forgiven because she loved, but loved because she was forgiven. Jesus said: "Thy faith hath saved thee," not her love. He bids her, "Go in (or, into) peace," as into a new region of life and blessedness.

Men said of Christ, complainingly: This man receiveth sinners." How blessed for only so can he receive us!



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ALEC McCRAE.

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. Alec McCrae, pioneer settler and adviser of newcomers, proves an invaluable friend. Leaving his wife with the family of a fellow settler, Fred Arthurs, Harris and McCrae journey over the prairie and select a homestead. Mary insists on accompanying him when he takes possession.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

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Darkness was settling down—darkness of the seventh night since their departure from Emerson—when, like a mole on the face of the plain, a little gray lump grew on the horizon. Arthurs rose in his sleigh and waved his fur cap in the air; Harris sent back an answering cheer. Slowly the mole grew until in the gathering shadows it took on indistinctly the shape of a building, and just as the rising moon crested the ridge of the Pembina hills the travelers swung up at the door. Arthurs walked unerringly to a nail on the wall and took down a lantern; its dull flame drove the mist slowly down the glass, and presently the light was beating back from the glistening frost which sparkled on every log of the little room.

"Well, here we are in Hungry Hall," said Arthurs. "Everything just as I left it." Then, turning to his wife, "Come, Lil," he said. "Jack, perhaps you have an engagement of your own." He took his wife in a passionate embrace and planted a fervent kiss upon her lips, while Harris followed his example. Then they sat down on the boxes that served for chairs, amid a happiness too deep for words. * * * So the minutes passed until Mrs. Arthurs sprang to her feet. "Why, Mary," she exclaimed, "I do believe you're crying," while the moisture glistened on her own cheek. "Now, you men, clear out! I suppose you think the horses will stable themselves? Yes, I see you have the box full of wood, Fred. That's not so bad for a start. Leave some matches, and say, you might just get our boxes in here. Remember we've lived in these clothes for the best part of two weeks."

The young men sprang to their task, and as soon as they were out of the house the girls threw their arms about each other and wept like women together. It was only for a moment; a quick dash of the hand across the eyes, and both were busy removing coats and wraps. The door opened, and their "boxes," as well as other equipment from the sleighs, were carried in, and the men disappeared to the little stable at the back of the house. After several attempts the girls succeeded in starting a fire in the rusted stove, and soon its grateful heat was radiating to every corner of the room.

The house was built of poplar logs, hewed and dove-tailed at the corners with the skill of the Ontario woodsman. It was about 12x16 feet in size, with collar-beams eight feet from the floor. The roof was of two thicknesses of elm boards, with tar paper between. The floor was of poplar boards. The door was in the east side, near the southeast corner; the stove stood about the center of the east wall. The only window was in the south; six panes of 8x10 glass sufficed for light. Through this window another lantern shone back from the darkness, and the flickering light from the stove danced in duplicate. A rough board table sat under the window; a box nailed in the southwest corner evidently served as cupboard. No tools or movables of any value had been left in the place, Arthurs having stored such effects with a neighbor, some dozen miles away, lest they be stolen from the cabin by some unscrupulous traveler during his absence.

The days that followed were days of intense activity for both men and women. There was much to do, inside and out. In the interior of the little house an extraordinary change was wrought; simple draperies and pictures relieved the bareness of the walls; shelves were built for the accommodation of many trinkets dear to the feminine heart; a rag carpet covered the center of the floor; plain but appetizing dishes peeked enticingly from behind the paper curtain that now clothed the bare ribs of the cupboard; and a sense of homeliness pervaded the atmosphere.

A week had passed, and no sign of life, other than that of the little party itself, had been seen about the Arthurs' homestead, when one day Harris' eyes already becoming keen to the prairie distances, espied a dark point on the horizon. It grew slowly from a point to a spot, from a spot to an object, and at length was defined as a man on horseback. Presently Aleck McCrae drew up at the door.

"Hello, farmers," he cried, "how goes the battle? An' the good wives? Building a little Eden in this wilderness, I'll warrant. Tell them to put another name in the pot, an' a hungry name at that. I haven't seen a white woman's meal I don't know when."

The friends gathered about the old-timer, plying him with questions, which he answered or discussed until the meal was over, holding his own business quietly in the background. But with supper ended, his pipe in his teeth and his feet resting comfortably in the oven, he broached his subject.

"Ready for the road in the morning, Jack? Don't want to break up your little honeymoon, y' know, but the month is wearing on. Nothing but horseback for it now, an' they do say the settlers are crowding up something wonderful. The best land's going fast. Most of them will hold up now, with the roads breaking, but by slipping out on our horses we can locate an' file before the real spring rush opens. You should get some kind of shelter up before the frost is out of the ground, so's to lose no time from plowing once the spring opens."

Harris needed no urging, and in the early morning the two men, with blankets and provisions, started out on horseback for the still farther west. Harris soon found that more judgment was required in the selection of a prairie farm than he had supposed, and he congratulated himself upon having fallen in with so experienced a plainsman as McCrae.

"This is good enough for me," said Harris at length, as their horses crested a little elevation from which the prairie stretched away in all directions, smooth as a table. "Isn't it magnificent! And all free for the taking!"

"It's pretty to look at," said McCrae, "but I guess you didn't come west for scenery, did you?"

"Well, what's the matter with it? Look at that grass. If the soil wasn't all right it wouldn't grow native crops like that, would it?"

"The soil's all right," answered McCrae. "Nothing better anywhere, an' you can plow 160 acres to every quarter section. But this is in the frost belt. They get it every August—sometimes July. We've got to get further west yet, into the higher land of the Turtle mountain slopes. I know there's good stuff there that hasn't been taken."

And so they pressed on, until, in the bright sunshine, the blue line of the Turtle mountain lay like a lake on the western horizon.

Many times in their explorations they passed over sections that Harris would have accepted, but McCrae objected, finding always some flaw not apparent to the untrained eye. At length they rode over a quarter where McCrae turned his horse and rode back again. Forward and back, forward and back, they rode the 160 acres, until not a rood of it had escaped their scrutiny. On the southeast corner a stream, in a ravine of some depth, cut off a triangle of a few acres' extent. Otherwise it was prairie sod, almost level, with yellow clay



"Isn't It Magnificent! All Free for the Taking!"

lying at the badger holes. Down in the ravine, where they had been sheltered from fire, were red willows, choke cherry bushes, and a few little poplars and birches; a winding pond marked the course of the stream, which was running in considerable volume. Even as they stood on the bank a great cracking was heard, and huge blocks of ice rose to the surface of the pond. Some of these as they rose turned partly on their edge, showing two smooth sides.

"Good!" exclaimed McCrae. "There's some depth of water there. That pond hasn't frozen solid, or the ice wouldn't come up like that. That means water all winter for stock, independent of your well—a mighty important consideration, which a lot of these land-grabbers don't seem to reckon on. Now there's a good quarter, Jack. This coulee will give shelter for your stock in raw weather, an' there's a bench looks as though it was put there for your little house. There's light timber to the north, fit for fuel an' building, within 15 miles, an' there'll be neighbors here before the summer's over, or I'm no prophet. What do you say?"

"The quarter suits me," said Harris. "And the adjoining quarter is good stuff, too. I can take pre-emption right on that. But there's just one thing I'm in doubt about. How I'm going to square it with you for the service you have given. My cash is getting low, and——"

"Don't worry about that. I generally size up my customer an' bill him accordingly. If he has lots of money, an' seems likely to part with it foolishly, I put as much of it as I can in safe keeping. But there isn't any money fee as far as you're concerned. Fact is, I kinda figure on trading this bill out with you. I expect to be roving this country, east an' west, for some years to come, an' I've a little policy of establishing depots here an' there—places where I can drop in for a square meal an' a sleep an' a bit of western hospitality. Places, too, if you like, where there are men to say a good word for Aleck McCrae. How's that suit you?"

Harris took his friend's hand in a warm grip. He rightly guessed that McCrae was not bartering his services for hospitality, but was making it easy for Harris to accept them by appearing to bargain for a service in return. So they shook hands together on the side of the bank overlooking the little coulee, and as they looked in each other's eyes Harris realized for the first time that McCrae was still a young man. A sense of comradeship came over him—a feeling that this man was more of a brother than a father. With admiring eyes he looked on McCrae's fine face, his broad shoulders, his wonderful physique, and the question he asked sprang from his lips before he could arrest it.

"Why don't you get married, Mac?"

"Who, me?" said McCrae, laughing; but Harris detected a tone in his voice that was not all happiness, and the thought came to him that McCrae's craving for hospitality might root deeper than he supposed.

"It's a long ride to the land office," continued McCrae, "an' you can't file a minute too soon. We'd better find a corner post an' make sure of the number of this section, an' put as much road behind us as we can tonight."

After filing at the land office Harris returned at once to the Arthurs' homestead. The news that the Harrises were to be neighbors within 40 miles was received with enthusiasm by both Fred and Lilian Arthurs. But Harris was now consumed with a burning energy; he allowed himself only a precious half day at the home of the Arthurses, bade his wife an affectionate farewell, and, with a cheery goodby to the warm friends on the homestead, he was away down the trail to Emerson.

On arrival at Emerson one of the first men he met was Tom Morrison. The two pioneers shook hands warmly, and in a few words Harris told of having selected his claim, waxing enthusiastic over the locality in which his lot was to be cast.

"I must get out there myself," said Morrison.

"Do," Harris urged. "There are some other fine quarters in the neighborhood, and nothing would be better than to have you on one of them."

The west-bound trip was made in good time, although not without difficulty at some points in the road, and before the tenth of April Harris was back under the shelter of Arthurs' roof. He was for pressing on alone in the morning, but he found that his wife had made all her plans to accompany him and would listen neither to persuasion nor reason.

"But, Mary, there's no house, and no shelter, and no neighbors—nothing but sky and grass as far as you can see."

"All the more reason I should go," she answered. "If you have to rough it in the open you at least deserve your meals cooked for you, and such other help as a woman can give. I really must be with you. I really must, John, and you know—I'm going."

So at last he consented. The supplies of provisions were increased, and together they set out to wrestle their fortunes from the wilderness.

On arrival at the homestead the young wife immediately gave evidence that she intended to bear her full share of the pioneer's duties. A comparatively dry spot was found among the little poplars, and here she built a tent with blankets and a bit of rag carpet that came in most handy for such purposes. Their stove was set up, and although it smoked stubbornly for lack of draught, it furnished heat for cooking, and when Jack returned from tethering the horses the smell of frying ham and hot tea struck his nostrils.

"Well, that's better than rustling for myself, I will admit," he said.

"Be it ever so humble—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MAKE THE MOST OF TODAY

All That Has Gone Before Is Past and the Future Is Clouded With Uncertainty.

Today is what you have. It is also what you are. And again, Today is what you do. And if you haven't anything, and aren't anybody, and do nothing—why, then, for you there is no Today.

For Today is music. Today is art. Today is literature. Today is joy. Today is work. Today is play. Today is life.

Yesterday is no problem—for it is past. Tomorrow is no problem—for it isn't here. Today is supremacy. Today is the world. Today is—Opportunity!

Crowd in upon it then. Today—take hold upon its faintest chance. Spread your smiles—Today. Be game—Today. Be glad and great—Today.

Today is the day—your day.

Today is Time and Change doing its job. Are you a vital part of the play? Today you may start out all anew. Today you may put to use what you learned a day ago. The center of your entire life may revolve about—Today.

But, above all things, do not fear—Today. And let all worry slide. All things that do not count—let them go, too. Work and help and love—Today.

For this Today will never dawn again!—George Matthew Adams in Good Housekeeping.

Holes in Plaster.

Holes in painted or tinted walls can be filled with plaster of paris, but the contrast is often worse than the hole. The coloring used in washing waists can be used in mixing the plaster of paris until the wall color is reached, and there will be no strong contrast to call attention to the spot.—McCall's.

Words! Words!

It has been estimated that the English language possesses 75,000 more words than the French, German and Spanish languages combined.

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