Facts and Features for Women

of Interest to Our Feminine Readers and the Home Circle

HATS THAT DROOP

Winter Headgear Is Low About the Ears and Face.

All Sorts of Tricks Have Been Pressed Into Service to Lower the Lines.

Advance models of hats have now gone through the weeding out, and there remain in the millinery flower garden only those which have been judged worthy to live. Daily more and more of the winter hats are appearing upon the streets. And from the signs only the unworthy have been discarded by the high court of fashion.

Everything is drooping and low about the ears and face, writes a fashion authority. Whatever its angle may be from another direction, whether it be large or small or medium in size, whether its materials be thick or thin, it hugs the head in a peculiarly charming manner. Everything imaginable has been done to help in this drooping effect. Besides the fundamental shaping, all sorts of little tricks have been resorted to—in the use of the trimming in the handling of the brim—to lower the lines.

The popular notion is that nothing is changed this season. One reason is because the changes are so subtle and retiring. A last year's hat won't do at all. It is stamped irretrievably as last year's, and yet one hardly knows why. The tam is still with us, the draped turban is still good, there are still ostrich feathers falling over wide-brimmed chapeaux. And still everything is subtly different. It all lies in the secrets of the millinery designers who create and design to puzzle and allure—to make one open her eyes to the fact that we must bow to their superior art and that we cannot pass off a 1919 hat for a 1920 one.

The trimming which falls down the sides of these new hats is one of the points that add to the alluring quality. One never knows just where this downward motion is going to occur nor what its character will be, and the idea holds the elements of a continual surprise—at least while the millinery year is still as young as it is today. The whole thing started with feathers—straight feathers or curly feathers, it did not seem to matter which. They were bent and twisted and turned until they took on the line of the neck and fell over the shoulders. They were found to be more than becoming. They were positively "softening," as the millinery saleswoman has it.



Most Napoleonic and Dashing Is This Stunning Hat of Black Pressed Beaver With Its One Curling Plume of Ostrich in Electric Blue.

To Trim Blouses.

New blouses of georgette and of batiste are trimmed with Irish, filet, venice or valenciennes lace and with a combination of two of these.

PANELS-ON-THE-SIDE FROCK



This afternoon outfit is developed in brocaded silk in that new fashionable shade called "folly." The panels on the side are an unusual feature.

FASHION FADS AND FANCIES

As the fall season progresses, it is predicted that the yard veiling will be used more and more.

The collars of the new suits are high and small, and in many cases are made simply of a band of fur.

The leading fabrics for coats and suits are duvetyn, velours, bolivias and a number of new wool fabrics in pile effect.

Belts and pockets in the new suits are conspicuous by their absence. Where pockets are present they are mere slits with no trimming whatever.

Veilings will hold an important place in millinery fashions, especially in the fall season. Exquisite lace veils will be revived and in many cases they will be used for the entire ornamentation of the hat.

In many of the more elaborate draped veils, embroideries in metal and rich colors will be popular. French blue, henna, jade, heliotrope and orange are some of the unusual shades which will be featured.

Satin is the favorite among silks for afternoon wear. One very chic model of black satin has short sleeves with deep cuffs of plaited red georgette. The bodice is plain and the skirt puffs over a narrow straight underdress.

Separate skirts follow the tendencies of the dress skirts as usual, namely, long overskirts, loose panels and all-around tunics, triple-tier skirts and plaited flounce effects. Accordion plaiting is frequently used for flounces, but an entirely plaited skirt is rarely found.

New fall gloves are of varied lengths to suit the different length sleeves now in vogue. For suits and long-sleeved dresses wrist-length gloves, those with straps about the wrist, and the eight-button length are used. The vogue for the three-quarter length sleeves makes the 16-button-length popular also.

MAY MAKE YOUR OWN SCARF

Accessory Is Worn Now as It Has Not Been for Many Seasons Past.

We have gone back to the day of the scarf. At least, we are living in a day of scarfs, call it going backward or forward, as you like. The scarf is worn now as it has not been for many seasons.

It is quite possible to make many of the lovely scarfs yourself. To begin with, there are serviceable scarfs of tricotine. This fabric comes woven in tubular fashion, and one buys a yard and a half or two yards of it, according to the desired length of the scarf, turns under the ends, tucking fringe of a matching color in them and fastening them together, or else fastening the raw edges under and then tying the ends of the scarf with home-made fringe, made with heavy silk floss matching the color of the scarf.

Then there are scarfs of georgette crepe, embroidered with beads or spangles. You can stamp these scarfs yourself with a suitable design, and then sew the beads or spangles in place without too much trouble, and, if you work carefully, with surely good results.

The tied and dyed scarf is another home-made possibility. To make this, perhaps the best material is a tan-colored fabric, either crepe de chine or pongee. The idea is to dye the ends of the scarf another color. The design remains the color of the foundation scarf—tan, we'll say.

To get the design, one ties the scarf about with cotton cloths, and the part under the cotton cloths does not dye. Then one dips the whole end into the dye, not leaving it very long, and not, of course, boiling it. You see, if you crumple the scarf together and tie two rags around the end, two inches apart, and then dip it, you will have two parallel stripes, with irregular edges. You can get a most interesting circle effect by pulling up a bit of the scarf and tying a rag around it a couple of inches down. Of course, you must tie all the places at once.

Gown for Dance or Dinner.

If you have a few yards of good silk, add enough lace or metal cloth or a combination of the two to complete the frock, blend the materials gracefully and you are ready for a dance or dinner at comparatively small cost.

Light-Weight Wool Warmer.

Warm clothing does not necessarily mean heavy clothing. In fact light-weight wool is much warmer than heavy cotton. On the other hand, cotton and linen are much cooler for summer wear than silk.

An Umbrella Style.

Some of the smartest umbrellas are topped with beautifully carved and polished wood, which is much more durable than ivory.

Side Belts More Popular.

Side belts are more popular than any other type.

Scarlet Among Favored Colors.

Scarlet used with black and violet is a favored color.

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 14

THE POWER AND AUTHORITY OF JESUS.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 8 and 9.

GOLDEN TEXT—And Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing every sickness, and every disease among the people.—Matt. 9:35.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Mark 1:29; 2:12; Luke 7:1-10.

PRIMARY TOPIC — Jesus Forgiving Sins.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Jesus Heals a Centurion's Servant.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Response of Jesus to Human Need.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Christianity and Physical Needs.

In chapters 8 and 9 are grouped a number of miracles which exhibit what the King can do over the chief foes of mankind—sickness, sin, satanic power, death, sorrow and storms. It is fitting that they should be grouped here, following the laws of the kingdom, for they show the King's power to administer the affairs of the kingdom, and produce within his subjects the graces of character set forth in these laws. It will make the lesson too long to attempt to consider all these miracles. It will also be unsatisfactory to confine ourselves to the particular section selected by the lesson committee, so we will select several of the most outstanding ones.

I. Jesus Heals a Leper (8:1-4).

1. This dreadful disease was the most loathsome and hopeless known. In the Jewish ritual it was regarded as a symbol of sin. It was incurable by man. Only the Divine Physician can cure sin.

2. The leper's faith. His cry was most pitiable, but his faith was strong. He fully believed that Jesus was able, but was uncertain as to his willingness to heal him.

3. Jesus' power. He put forth his hand and touched the leper, bidding the disease to depart, and instantly the man was clean.

II. Jesus Heals the Centurion's Servant (8:5-13).

1. The disease—paralysis. In paralysis the victim is helpless and disqualified for service.

2. The centurion's faith. He believed that if Jesus would but speak the word his servant would be healed.

3. The wonderful power of the King. He did not need to go to see the centurion's slave and touch him, but only needed to speak the word and it was done.

III. Jesus Calms the Sea (8:23-27).

1. The King asleep in the storm-tossed boat (v. 24). Since the King is the Almighty Creator, he had no reason to fear, and therefore, could well be resting in sleep.

2. The terrified disciples (v. 25). If they had but known him as really the Almighty King they would not have been terrified, for they would have known that no boat could go down with the Christ on board.

3. The King's rebuke (vv. 26, 27). (1) The disciples rebuked for their lack of faith. Instead of looking at the Lord, they were looking at the circumstances. (2) The sea is made calm. The elements of nature are subject unto him.

IV. Jesus Casts Out Demons (8:28-34). After stilling the tempest Jesus crossed to the other side of the sea into heathen territory.

1. Met by two men possessed by demons (v. 28). By referring to Mark 5:1-7 and Luke 8:27 we get a conception of the desperate condition of these men. So fierce were they that no one could safely pass that way.

2. What they knew about Christ (v. 29). They knew that he was the Son of God and that he had come to destroy the Devil and his works.

3. The limitation of the Devil's power (v. 31). Although the Devil is mighty, he cannot even enter a hog without God's permission.

4. Christ's power to deliver from the Devil (vv. 30-32). The demons quailed before him not daring to dispute his power, but begged permission to enter the swine.

V. Jesus Healing a Woman With an Issue of Blood (9:20-22).

1. Her helpless condition (v. 20). She had been a great sufferer for twelve long years.

2. Her faith (v. 21). Her faith was so strong that she believed contact with the Master's garment would secure the needed help.

3. Her confession (v. 21; cf. Luke 8:47). Jesus had her make a public confession. It was for her good that he had her make this confession, for faith in Christ unconfessed will naturally weaken.

4. Christ's words of encouragement (v. 22). He told her that it was her faith, not her touch, that saved her.

Proper Amusements.

Thousands of people demand amusements. Thousands of dollars are spent in that behalf. But there is absence of plan, concert, and co-operation. The Devil steps in and takes the profit. The people want but little here below nor want that little long. Why may we not have more of the amusement which strengthens and enlightens? One rich man by his own unaided beneficence might provide healthful amusement for a whole city. Why does not benefaction turn in this direction?—Humphrey J. Desmond.

The Light of Life

By REV. E. J. PACE

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TEXT—For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.—II Cor. 4:6.

Man is a three-in-one being, created in the image of the Triune God. He is spirit, soul and body. By means of his body he communicates with the visible world; by means of his spirit, it is his privilege to commune with the invisible Creator of the world.



The tabernacle in the wilderness is generally accepted as the heaven-given symbol of God's ideal man, the substance of the shadows therein contained being accurately and completely fulfilled in Jesus of Nazareth.

This tabernacle, it will be remembered, was in three parts, answering to the tripartite nature of man. It is also to be noted that there were three kinds of light, one for each compartment. The sun made radiant the outer court, which, like the body, was built on dimensions that are multiples of five. The seven-branched candlestick, whose oil must be crushed laboriously from the olive, and replenished day by day, sent its flickering rays throughout the gloom of the curtained inner court. But in the inmost chamber, the holy of holies, all resplendent with figures of the cherubim, there glowed that uncreated shekinah glory of God.

What have we here in these three kinds of light but the symbols of the three kinds of knowledge of which man is capable? Open to the light of day is the body with its five avenues of sensation, knowing the presence and character of its environment by myriads of nerve impulses. Then, curtained in from the gaze of men, is the soul with all its powers of reflection and deduction, and the light at best but flickering and uncertain. But what shall we say of the spirit, that inmost recess of man's being, away beneath the plane of his consciousness, the "inner man," the "heart" as the Scriptures term it, where God is wont to dwell and shed forth the glory of his uncreated light? For God himself is light.

There are many to whom such use of terms is utterly meaningless, and yet there are those who know this inward glory. There is such a thing as "spiritual knowledge" which no amount of reasoning can ever attain to, as it is written, "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned" (I Cor. 2:14).

It is this our Lord referred to when he said, "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life;" and on another occasion it was said, "In him was life and the life was the light of men."

It was this the apostle had in mind when he prayed that his Ephesian converts might be given the "spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him (God), the eyes of their understanding being enlightened, that they might know the hope of his calling, and what the riches of his inheritance in the saints," etc.

This kind of knowlege, this radiance of the shekinah of glory, cannot be attained, but only obtained. It is the gift of God, yea it is God giving himself to dwell in the childlike heart who trusts him, and in the humble that obey him, and in no other.

The object of this knowledge is God, and the purpose of this knowledge is to confirm what the Book of God says about his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. The "knowledge" which the indwelling Holy Spirit gives to the humble, contrite believer is the "knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." It is to answer the greatest puzzle this world ever encountered, "What think ye of Christ, whose Son is he?" By the flicker of man's candlestick he can see no glory. He is just the son of the carpenter, a splendidly good man, the world's peerless teacher, but withal, only man. But faith passing on into the holy of holies, daring to believe where it cannot understand, sees in that "face marred more than the sons of men" the glory of the eternal God, and in the brightness of that shining exclaims, with rapture, "My Lord and my God."

It was this the apostle had in mind when he said, "God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." After that blinding glory of the Damascus road Saul, the fierce persecutor of the Nazarene, preached before the week was over from the text, "Christ is the Son of God."

"This is life eternal that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

The Homesteader

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By ROBERT J. C. STEAD

Author of "The Cow Puncher," Etc.

BUILDING THE HOME.

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, and they begin their life work of making the prairie fertile farm land.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

That night, before the darkness had gathered too deep, they selected the site of their house on the very bench that McCrae had indicated. It was about an acre in extent, and stood halfway between the prairie level and the bottom of the coulee, where a small river was now running. * * * It was quite dark when they sought the cover of their little tent, and the wolves were howling far down the ravine.

Presidently they were startled by a crashing noise, as of some big animals rushing upon them through the poplars, and the horses, in headlong haste, almost swept over their sleeping place.

"That wolf howl put the fear into the silly brutes," said Harris, speaking calmly, although his own flesh was creeping just a little. "I suppose they've ripped their tether ropes to pieces. Well, we'll tie them down here, where they'll have company." And he led them back a short distance into the bushes.

A moment later, suddenly, as if congealed out of thin air, on the bank right above them, silhouetted against the dim light in the western sky, stood a horse and rider. Instantly Harris' mind came a warning of McCrae: "Sleep with one eye open when your horses are tethered out."

Harris had no proof that the strange rider was a horse thief, but it struck him at the moment that the terror of the horses might not have been due altogether to wolves.

He stole silently toward the tent. There was a gun there, loaded with shot for any possible game on the prairie. As he moved in the deep darkness of the valley he stumbled over a root and fell. The same moment came a flash of light on the bank, and Harris heard the "thuk" of a ball burying itself in the sod. He lay perfectly still. The stranger peered into the darkness for a full minute; then, dismounting, began to come cautiously down the hillside. Harris would have rushed for his gun, but he feared to reveal the whereabouts of his wife. So he lay still, and the stranger came on, the glint of his gun barrel showing in the darkness. It was evident he thought his bullet had found its mark, and he proposed still to possess himself of the horses. But he was taking no chances. Presently he discerned Harris' body on the ground, and again raised his gun to his shoulder. Harris lay in an agony of suspense, praying that the aim would be faulty, and that his assailant would advance until he could spring up and disarm him. Then came another flash, a loud report, a yell from the intruder, who half fell to earth, then scrambled to his feet, rushed up the bank, pulled himself somewhat limply on his horse, and rode into the darkness.

"Oh, Jack, are you killed?" cried the girl, rushing in his direction.

"Not even hurt," he answered; and she fainted in his arms.

He carried her to the tent and applied water to her forehead. As he was engaged in restoring her his hand fell on his gun. The barrel was hot.

He raised her face to his, and kissed her again and again.

In the morning they found a few drops of blood on the grass at the top of the bank.

Harris and his wife allowed themselves no time for nerve strain over the experience of their first night on their homestead. The next morning, after caring for their cows, they hitched the horses to the wagon, took an ax, a saw, their gun, and a lunch, and set out for the valley, returning late at night with sufficient logs and poles for the framework of their house and stable. The next day construction was commenced. Four stout posts were set on end, enclosing a rectangle 12x16 feet. The tops of the posts were connected by logs laid upon them, dove-tailed at the corners after the fashion of woodsmen, and held in position by wooden pins driven in auger holes. Lengthwise along the center, to form a ridge pole, another stout log was laid and the whole framework supported by additional posts, among which were two on the east side to enclose the door. Small poles were then placed on end, sloping slightly inwards and resting against the plate logs. Similar poles were laid from the plate logs to the ridge pole to support the roof.

Harris found a southern slope where the frost was out enough to admit to him plowing some sods. He plowed them, three inches thick and 14 inches wide, and cut them into two-foot lengths with his ax, to the sad injury of its cutting edge. These sods were then built into a wall like bricks, resting gently against the framework of poles, from which, however, they were separated by a padding of grass, which Harris cut in a slough with his scythe, and small willows from the ravine. This mattress of grass and willows prevented any earth shaking through into the house itself. A framework made of a hewn log was inserted in the south wall to leave space for a window, which should be bought when the family finances could afford such luxuries. For the time being it would be left open in fine weather and covered with canvas when the elements were gruff or unruly. The rag carpet, when no longer needed as a tent, would be draped in the doorway, pending the purchase of boards to make a wooden door.

For a roof grass was laid on the poles and covered tightly with sods. Then Harris found a sticky, yellow clay in the side of the ravine, and two or three inches of this he spread carefully over the sods, like icing on a great cake. The greasy clay soon hardened in the sun, and became so impervious to water that the heaviest rains of summer made no impression upon it.

By this time the snow was all gone, except in north-facing nooks along the ravine, and the frost was out of the sod in all places deep enough to admit of plowing. As the stock were taking no harm from the open air, thanks to the shelter of the ravine, Harris decided to delay the construction of his stable until after seeding and to proceed at once with the plowing of his land. He had also to make a trip to Arthurs' for seed grain, and to borrow a couple of sections of drag harrows. With it all, by the middle of May he had sown 15 acres of wheat, and notwithstanding a heavy snowfall about the twenty-third, by the first of June he had added ten acres of oats. With his help Mary had planted a small garden of potatoes and vegetables, and a few flowers were springing up at the door of the house.

CHAPTER III.

The Shores of the Infinite.

The summer was a season of great activity and development. Harris did not sow any crop after the first of June, but applied himself then to the construction of his stable, which was built after the same fashion as the house.

As McCrae had predicted, there was a considerable movement of settlers into the district, and at several points their tents or rude houses now broke the vast sweep of the horizon. Tom Morrison had found land to the satisfaction of his heart within three miles of the Harris homestead, and his big log house, 18x24, assumed the proportions of a castle by comparison with the smaller homes springing up around. Some miles to the east Dick Matheson, straight from the lumber camps of the Madawaski, had pitched his tent, and a few miles farther on was his friend of the shanties, John Burton. To the west were the Grants, and to the north Hiram Riles and his wife, Eliza. A missionary had in some way spied out the field, and held monthly Sunday services at Morrison's house; and Dr. Blain, when not in one of his unfortunate debauches, had his headquarters at the new town of Plainville, which consisted of Sempter's general store and a "stopping place," and which had sprung up near the junction of two streams in anticipation of the railway.



"Not Even Hurt," He Answered, and She Fainted in His Arms.

And so the first summer wore away and the first harvest was at hand. Any disappointment which had been occasioned by backward conditions earlier in the season was effaced by the wonderful crop which now crowned the efforts of the pioneers. On their finest eastern farms they had seen nothing to equal the great stand of wheat and oats which now enveloped them, neck-high, whenever they invaded it. The great problem before the settlers was the harvesting of this crop. It was a mighty task to attempt with their scythes, but there was no self-binder, or even reaper, within many miles.

Finally Morrison solved the problem for the whole community by placing an order, at a fabulous figure, for a self-binder from the United States. It was a cumbrous, wooden frame contrivance, guiltless of the roller bearings, floating aprons, open elevators, and sheaf carriers of a later day, but it served the purpose, and with its aid the harvest of the little settlement was safely placed in sheaf. The farmers then stacked their grain in the fields, taking care to plow double firefields, with a burnt space between, guards, as a precaution against the terrifying fires which broke over the prairie as soon as the September frosts had dried the grass. A community some 20 miles to the eastward boasted a threshing mill, and arrangements were made for its use after it had discharged the duties of its own locality.

When Harris' thrashing was done he found he had 600 bushels of wheat and 700 bushels of oats in cone-shaped piles on his fields. The roads were fine and hard, and no snow had yet fallen, so he determined to begin at once with the marketing of his wheat. His last cent had been spent months before; indeed, it had been only through the courtesy of the storekeeper at Plainville, who was also postmaster, and who had stretched the law to the point of accepting hen eggs as legal tender in exchange for postage stamps, that Mary Harris had been able to keep up the brave, optimistic series of letters written "home." So Harris decided that he would at once market some of his wheat. Most of the oats would be needed for his horses and for seed, and what remained would command good prices from new settlers the following spring, but some of the wheat must be turned into money at once. During the latter part of the summer they had lived exclusively on the produce of their farm; on vegetables from the garden, fish and ducks from the stream, prairie chickens, and an occasional rabbit from the fields. The wild geese had deserted them early in the spring, and returned only after harvest. But now they should have a change on their table. Mary had accepted the pioneer fare of the summer without complaint, but of late Harris had discovered a strange longing in her eyes, and more than once she had arrested herself in the words "I wish we had——" Then two penitent little tears would steal softly down her cheeks, and she would bury her head in his arms as he soothed her with loving words and promised that "after thrashing things would be different."

So now he set out for Emerson with the best load his horses could draw. The first few miles he drove in silence, for there was a heavy weight at his heart as he thought of the little wife alone with the responsibilities of the farm. * * * That she would be faithful to every responsibility he knew beyond question. * * * But he was not quite satisfied. A strange moodiness had come over her, and even with him at home she had at times given way to fits of downheartedness which seemed altogether alien to her nature.

Ten days later he retraced his course in the teeth of a blinding blizzard. A dozen times he had been lost in the last 48 hours, but he had developed the prairie dweller's sense of direction, and had always been able again to locate the trail. The Arthurs would have detained him, almost by force, but the thought of a pale, patient face, wrung with an agony of anxiety not for itself, made him adamant in his resolve to go home at whatever cost. The roads were almost impassable; he left his lumber at Arthurs', but carried with him his window, a few boards for a door, and a little bundle of dry goods. Everything else had gone by the way surrendered in exchange for food and shelter for himself and horses.

"Thank God, oh, thank God!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WILL THAT ALARMED WORLD

Eccentric Frenchman Planned to Build Up Large Estate, But in the End Signally Failed.

Mingled wonder, indignation and alarm were excited in the public mind over a will left by Peter Thelusson, a Frenchman, who died on July 21, 1797. It appears that the testator had accumulated a large fortune as a London merchant, and by the provisions of his will he left to his wife and children the sum of £100,000, and the residue of his property, amounting to about £600,000, he committed to trustees, to accumulate during the lives of his sons, and finally to revert to his eldest great-grandson. Should no heir exist, the accumulated property was to be conveyed to the sinking fund for the reduction of the national debt. According to the lowest calculation it was estimated that the fortune would amount to £19,000,000. The will was generally stigmatized as absurd and illegal, and the family tested it in court, where it was sustained, as it was likewise in the house of lords. In 1800 an act was passed making null all bequests for the purpose of accumulation for longer than twenty years after the testator's death. The last grandson died in 1856, and a dispute arose as to whether the eldest son's grandson should inherit or the eldest great-grandson. It was decided in favor of the former. By reason of litigation and accidents of management the fortune inherited was little more than the original £600,000.

Considerate Hen.

A hen which deposits a fresh breakfast egg on her owner's bed, and then awakens him at the proper time to consume the fruits of her industry, is, states the Timber Trades Journal, the prized possession of a sawmill employee at Bend, Ore. Retiring at 3 a. m.—the end of his working day—the man leaves open the window at his bedside. Shortly before noon the hen flies in, nestles near her master's shoulder, lays her egg, and rising, pecks the sleeper gently on the forehead.

The price of an Egyptian war chariot at the time of Solomon was about $800.

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