Facts and Features for Women

of Interest to Our Feminine Readers and the Home Circle

Longer Skirt Is to Be Fashion

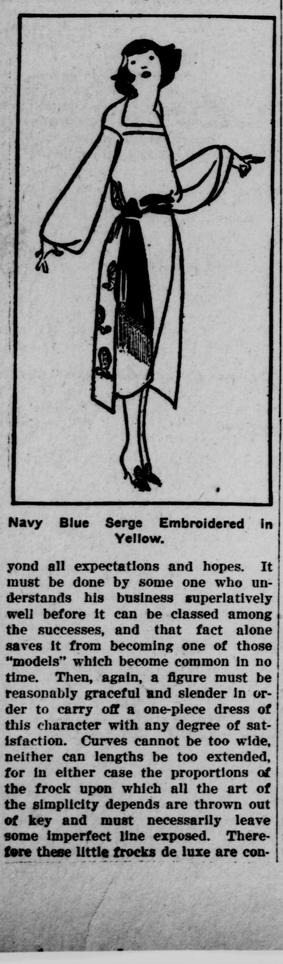
All signs point to the longer skirt, and the silhouette is still straight, long and reasonably lacking in fullness. Those who have just landed in this country fresh from the Parisian showings of later models say that the creations which the smart couturiers are presenting to their private patrons adhere minutely to the general rules. Simplicity is carried to the last degree of perfection. It is the sole standard that is considered worth while. They seem to be aiming to gain the utmost in this direction, for there are no telltale signs that the era of gingerbread is returning. Indeed, one importer states that the very smartest day dress shown at the Molyneux opening was of silk duvetyn, with no trimming whatsoever added to the loveliness of its texture. It was simply an arrangement of lines so subtly conceived that simplicity led all other characteristics.

As for the skirts—those important parts of the newer dresses, around which all interest centers—well, they are really long, judging by two new creations from the Parisian designer Lucien Lelong, whose reputation has grown during the last few seasons. One design is a variation of the blue serge frock, which holds its own through all seasons and weathers. We hear a cry, writes a fashion correspondent, that dark blue serge is scarce, and that women really should be sensible and wear some other kind of material, but they do not do it. They appear regularly in the same old serge, or some variation of this weave, and there always seems to be plenty of material to go around, after all. In this newest model the long, flowing sleeves are made of chiffon in the same shade as the frock and the embroidery is done in brighter tones. The fringed sash is of black satin, and the whole line of the frock, including that across the shoulders at back, is one of an attractive dropping effect.

The Black Satin Suits.

Another model is one of those black satin suits which have all sorts of things done to the inside to make them cozy and fit for all temperatures of winter weather. To begin with, the satin is rich and thick, the proud possessor of a great deal of "body," as they say in the trade. Then it is lined and interlined in such a way that it takes on every quality of a warmth-giving wrap. The sleeves are the newest feature of the coat, and certainly they are an achievement. They diverge enough from the wrap coat, which has, in spite of all our love for it, become a bit monotonous, but they keep that fullness of character which gives the grace that is one of the demands.

It is astonishing how many of the newer models adhere to the one-piece idea. Many and many of them appear which are simply two straight pieces of material sewn together—by an artist. We add this later phrase because the one-piece dress is the hardest thing to make in a good-looking manner, in spite of all the apparent simplicity of its construction. If there is a slip anywhere in the construction, all hope is gone, for there is no extra bit of fullness to hide the discrepancy, no ruffle or flounce that can be adjusted over the discordant spot. The one-piece frock is not a job for an amateur to undertake with confidence, and perhaps that is the reason that its vogue has lasted beyond all expectations and hopes. It must be done by some one who understands his business superlatively well before it can be classed among the successes, and that fact alone saves it from becoming one of those "models" which become common in no time. Then, again, a figure must be reasonably graceful and slender in order to carry off a one-piece dress of this character with any degree of satisfaction. Curves cannot be too wide, neither can lengths be too extended, for in either case the proportions of the frock upon which all the art of the simplicity depends are thrown out of key and must necessarily leave some imperfect line exposed. Therefore these little frocks de luxe are confined to an extremely exclusive class, and cannot be lured from the narrowness of their limits.



Navy Blue Serge Embroidered in Yellow.

Afternoon Dresses.

The coming winter promises to be one of many festivities, and that brings the reception gown or suit to the attention of the feminine population devoted to the pursuit of style. All of the softer silk afternoon dresses that are being designed by the smartest of dressmakers are made of some variety of crepe de chine. Nothing else will do if the frock is to be the last word in fashion. The skirt must be reasonably full, so that the whole effect of the garment is one of gracefulness and softness in the most extreme representations. This is all the restriction that there seems to be, for there is as much latitude in the matter of trimming as ever there has been when other materials were in question. But trimming is not one of the points upon which the interest hangs. Some of them are entirely or nearly without trimming of any sort. The material and the line of the garment are the interesting points of consideration. Embroidery there is plenty, but it is of the sort that is massed over some portion of the material, so that it becomes more a part of the gown than any extraneous decoration.



The Winsome Suit of Black Satin.

One of the newest gowns made of this soft and draping material was cut on the one-piece lines so generally popular. It had a skirt that was covered with little flounces no wider than two inches at most, and as narrow as one inch as the folds graduated toward the waist. The color was a warm, red brown, and there was only a narrow, tied belt to suggest an irregular waistline. Another was in gray, with a side-plaited skirt, the plaits being wider than thos ethathavejustfinished their run of popularity, and the waist was a simple affair that draped at the waistline and had a turnover edge of real Duchess lace around the oval neckline.

Suggests New Neckline.

This suggests a new neckline. It is the oval line that shapes itself under the chin to a greater or a less depth, as may be the preference of the one who is to wear the gown. Sometimes these oval shapes dip way down in front, and then are filled in with quaint little gilets plaited or ruffled, but always handmade, with the most delicate of stitches. It is sometimes a great relief, on an otherwise plain frock, to see this bit of freshness peeping out at some place under the open neck. It is a touch that is always feminine and always beautiful.

The long waistline, either formed from a bodice that is long and shows a belt underneath its slight blousing character or made by the little tie belts on the one-piece frocks, is decidedly the preference of the season. Of the high waistlines there are some, but these are usually on the more quaintly designed frocks for dancing or for the very young people, or for those whose figures are of the uncompromisingly straight up and down variety. The long waist helps with the straight line, especially on figures that are inclined to tend toward fullness, for, if the belt or the lack of it is cleverly managed, then all minor discrepancies are lost sight of in the beauty of the gown's line.

An afternoon frock of Premet's is made of marine blue silk duvetyn material, something that goes by another name, but is still of this same family. It has a long and rather severely fitting bodice, terminated by a flat embroidered belt, the blue and green silken stitches being interspersed with steel beads. Then there is an overskirt, made of panels lying close together, but swinging free from the skirt, and the underskirt, which extends for a space below the edges of the panels, is embroidered in the same manner as the belt. The high and rolling collar is also embroidered, as are also the wide kimono sleeves which reach the wrists and are not confined by cuffs. It is one of the smartest reception frocks that has been seen this season and bids fair to become the inspiration for many more gowns.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

(©, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 5

THE GROWTH OF THE KINGDOM.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 13:24-33.

GOLDEN TEXT—Fret not thyself because of evil-doers.—Ps. 37:1.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Gal. 6:6-10.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus' Story About Good Seed and Bad Seed.

JUNIOR TOPIC—The Story of the Wheat and the Tares.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Wheat and Tares.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—How the Kingdom of Heaven Grows.

The parables of this chapter set forth in a graphic way the condition of affairs in the interval between Christ's going away and His coming again.

I. The Parable of the Wheat and Tares (vv. 24-30, cf. 36-43).

1. The Sowers. (1) The Son of Man (v. 37). He is the One who sows the good seed. The field in which they are sown is the world. (2) The Devil (v. 39). He is in a peculiar sense Christ's enemy. He intensely hates Him, and with relentless energy is striving to defeat His purpose in saving men. While men slumber, he sows tares among the wheat.

2. The growing crops. They are not easily distinguished while growing, but the effects produced when eaten are quite different. The wheat is wholesome, but the tares produce illness. The chief danger in the tares lies in their resemblance to wheat. The chief danger of the devil is that he strives to imitate God.

3. The harvests. There comes a time when the fruitage of the growing crops shall be gathered. For the tares there is a furnace of fire where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. The righteous shall be gathered into the Lord's garner and shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of the Father.

II. The Parable of the Mustard Seed (vv. 31, 32).

1. Its important beginning. It begins as the least of all seeds and grows to be the greatest among herbs. The parentage and humble circumstances of the King greatly perplexed the people. That twelve unlettered fishermen should be selected as His royal advisers is still more amazing. The prophet said concerning Him that He should be despised, rejected, forsaken.

2. Its vigorous growth. From very small beginnings the influence of the Christ has gone forth so that there is no power or influence so great as that of Christianity.

3. Its lodging capacity. The birds which find lodgment in the tree do not represent the children of men which find safety and salvation in the church. Birds constitute no part of the tree. The bird is something foreign to and independent of the tree. The branches increase the growth of the tree, but birds are injurious and burdensome to it. They are predatory—waiting to pluck the tender buds or to prey upon the ripened fruit. The effect of such lodging is evil, blighting and spoiling to the tree.

III. The Parable of the Leavened Meal (v. 33).

1. The meal. Meal has a wholesome and nutritious effect. It was used in one of the sweet-savor offerings, which typified Christ (Lev. 2:1-3, R. V.); it was food for the priests (Lev. 6:15-17, R. V.); Abraham had Sarah knead a cake out of three measures of meal for the angelic messengers (Gen. 18:6); Solomon's royal table was provided with meal (I Kings 4:22); Elijah was fed upon a cake made of meal (II Kings 4:41); Elisha used meal as an antidote for the poison of death in the pot (II Kings 4:38-41).

2. The woman. The woman is not the head of the home, but its administrator. Her responsibility is to take the bread provided by the head, prepare and distribute it to the children. In Scripture we find false doctrine being taught by a woman (Rev. 2:20). Dealing with doctrine is forbidden to woman (I Tim. 2:12). In I Tim. 4:1-3; II Tim. 2:17, 18; 4:3, 4; II Pet. 2:1-3, we find that apostasy will be brought in through false teachings within the ranks of God's people. The meaning, then, of the parable is that the true doctrine, the meal given for the nourishment of the children of the kingdom (II Pet. 2:2; I Tim. 4:6), would officially be corrupted by false doctrine. The children's food is corrupted by the mother.

3. The leaven. In Scripture, leaven is invariably a type of evil. Let the following examples suffice as proof: (1) All through the Old Testament leaven is a continual and unvarying type of evil (Ex. 12:15; Lev. 2:11). (2) Jesus himself makes leaven to denote sin (Matt. 16:6, 12; Mark 8:15). (3) Paul uses leaven in its usual biblical sense (I Cor. 5:6-8; Gal. 5:8, 9)

Nothing Too Little.

Our Lord teaches that nothing is too little to be ordered by our Father, nothing too little in which to see His hand, nothing which touches our souls too little to accept from Him, nothing too little to be done for Him. Since the hairs of our head are all numbered, so is every throb or shoot of pain, every beating or aching of the heart. Every tear which starts is seen, and if wept to Him is gathered up to Him. Every secret wish and prayer He hears while yet muttered or unformed.—Dr. Pusey.

Propagandists

By REV. JOHN C. PAGE

Teacher of Bible Doctrine, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

TEXT.—They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word.—Acts 8:4.

Propagandists for the Christian faith are greatly needed now. A distinguished and trustworthy writer on "The Effects of the War on World Religions" presents evidence to prove that Shintoism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Hinduism, and Confucianism stimulated by the war have already inaugurated world-wide campaigns, especially for Europe and America. These are to be largely promoted by preaching and by the printed page.



There is also a propaganda of lawlessness preached on the street corners of our cities, and pushed by the distribution of printed matter, with the caption "Read and pass it on." The advocates of false religious doctrines and false social theories are going everywhere proclaiming their teachings. Our Lord planned that the Word of Life should be proclaimed everywhere by earnest propagandists. This is implied in His parting words: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." The power to do this was promised and the promise was fulfilled on the Day of Pentecost. The power of the Holy Spirit has been and is available for all who determine to be witnesses unto Him. The early Christians accepted this work and became propagandists of the most urgent type. They "went everywhere preaching the Word."

The message of Christ has not changed, nor has the meaning of His command. Christians are called to be propagandists. He is still saying, "Go." The Christians of the New Testament time went everywhere preaching the Word.

There are many ways in which we can follow their example:

1. By living lives that illustrate the redeeming power of God's grace. Next to the direct power of God is the power of a holy life. It preaches and witnesses everywhere.

2. By an unfaltering testimony, unashamed and without apology. To maintain this, one must have the strong convictions that issue from a vital Christian experience and from fellowship with God in His Word. The man on the fence leads us nowhere, but the man of strong convictions is always recognized as the commander of the day. The men and women who are doing the most for the salvation of the world are those who are unashamed of the gospel and unafraid to say where they stand.

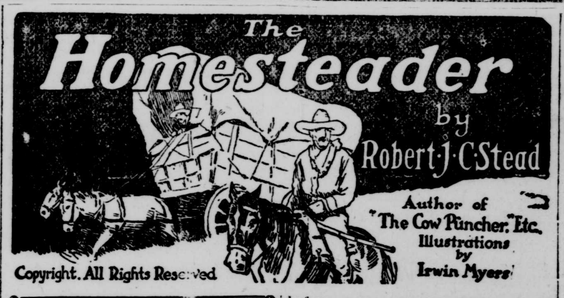
3. Personal soul winning. In this matter the one who takes the offensive wins the day. Henry Clay Trumbull said that when he had the opportunity of shaping the conversation he always directed it toward Christ and his salvation. By this method of personal soul winning he gained more lives for Christ than in all his public preaching and teaching.

4. Christian efforts and enterprise. This calls for the expenditure of time and effort and money, but the true Christian propagandist does not hesitate to spend both himself and all that he has in the work of making Christ known.

The work of the Christian propagandist calls for courage and devotion of the highest order. It involves much more than church membership and regular attendance at church services. It demands an abandonment of one's self to the orders of the Commander with perfect trust in him concerning the consequences.

"Beware" said an old Christian warrior, "lest you lose your enthusiasm." This quality is absolutely essential in the work of the Christian propagandist. When our government called for men to serve in the hour of our country's need, the men responded. When the Red Cross asked for millions to take care of the sick and wounded, they were given more even than they asked for. When the cry for help came from the desolated countries across the sea, the response was liberal and generous. What shall be our response to the call of Christ? The early Christians went everywhere preaching the Word. You too can do the same either in your own person or by the hearty support of the task through money and prayer.

A mere lad in the army overseas was rather hard to manage because of his failure to respond readily to discipline, but when the call for actual service came he developed into a man. On one of the closing days of the war he had to go out twice in the face of the enemy's fire but both times came back and saluted with these words: "Captain, your message was delivered." We are entrusted with the great message. It requires courage and sacrifice to deliver it. At the end of our day it will be a glorious achievement if we, looking into the face of our Lord, can say to Him, as the Captain of our Salvation, "Your message was delivered."



Copyright. All Rights Reserved.

"HUNGRY—HUNGRY."

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. They select a homestead, build a home and begin their life work of making the prairie fertile farm land. Returning from selling his first crop, Harris finds his wife despondent almost to insanity from loneliness, and with the immediate expectation of becoming a mother. A son is born to them, to whom they give the name of Allan. The story now jumps forward twenty-five years. Harris is prosperous and all for getting rich. Mary is toil-worn and saddened over the change in her husband. Allan works with his father. Beulah, the pretty daughter, is rebellious at the shut-in farm life. Jim Travers is an unusual hired man.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

—7—

"Jim," she said, after a while, when the noise of the milking was drowned in the creamy froth, "I'm getting near the end of this kind of thing. Father's getting more and more set on money all the time. He thinks I should slave along too to pile up more beside what he's got already, but I'm not going to do it much longer. I'm not afraid of work, or hardship either. I'd live in a shack if I had to, I'd—"

"Would you live in a shack?" said Jim.

She shot a quick look at him. But he was quietly smiling into his milk pail, and she decided to treat his question impersonally.

"Yes, I'd live in a shack, too, if I had to. I put in my first years in a sodhouse, and there was more real happiness romping up and down the land then than there is now. In those days everybody was so poor that money didn't count. . . . It's different now."

Jim did not pursue the subject, and the milking was completed in silence. Jim finished first, and presently the rising hum of the cream separator was heard from the kitchen.

"There he goes, winding his arm off—for me," said the girl, as she rose from the last cow. "Poor Jim—I wish I knew whether it's just human kindness makes him do it, or whether—" She stopped, coloring a little over the thought that had almost escaped into words.

When the heavy grind of the separating was finished Jim went quietly to his own room, but the girl put on a clean dress and walked out through the garden. At the lower gate she stooped to pick a flower, which she held for a moment to her face; then, toying lightly with it in her fingers, she slipped the latch and continued along the path leading down into the ravine. To the right lay the bench where the sodhouse had stood, not so much as a mound now marking the spot; but the thoughts of the girl turned yearningly to it, and to the days of the lonely but not unhappy childhood which it had sheltered.

Presently she reached the water, and her quick ear caught the sound of a muskrat slipping gently into the stream from the reeds on the opposite bank; she could see the widening wake where he plowed his swift way across the pond. Then her own figure stood up before her, graceful and lithe as the willows on the bank. She surveyed it a minute, then flicked the flower at her face in the water, and turned slowly homeward. She was not unhappy, but a dull sense of loss oppressed her—a sense that the world was very rich and very beautiful, and that she was feasting neither on its richness nor its beauty. There was a stirring of music and poetry in her soul, but neither music nor poetry found expression. And presently she discovered she was thinking about Jim Travers.

Her mother sat in the dining room, knitting by the light of the hanging lamp. Her face seemed very pale and lovely in the soft glow.

"Don't you think you have done enough?" said the girl, slipping into a sitting posture on the floor by her mother's knee. "You work, work, work, all the time. I suppose they'll have to let you work in heaven."

"We value our work more as we grow older," said the mother. . . . "It helps to keep us from thinking."

"There you go!" exclaimed the girl; but there was a tenderness in her voice. "Worrying again. I wish they'd stay home for a change."

The mother plied her needles in silence. "Slip away to bed, Beulah," she said at length. "I will wait up for a while."

Late in the night the girl heard heavy footsteps in the kitchen and bursts of loud but indistinct talking.

CHAPTER V.

Notwithstanding Harris' late hours the household was early astir the following morning. At five o'clock Jim was at work in the stables, feeding, rubbing down and harnessing his horses, while Allan and his father walked to the engine, where they built a fresh fire and made some minor repairs. A little later Beulah came down to the corral with her milk-pails, and the cows, comfortably chewing where they rested on their warm spots of earth, rose slowly and with evident great reluctance at her approach. The Harris farm, like fifty thousand others, rose from its brief hush of rest and quiet to the sounds and energies of another day.

Breakfast, like the meal of the night before, was eaten hurriedly, and at first without conversation, but at length Harris paused long enough to remark, "Riles is talkin' o' goin' West."

"The news might be worse," said Beulah. Riles, although a successful farmer, had the reputation of being grasping and hard to a degree, even in a community where such qualities, in moderation, were by no means considered vices.

Harris paid no attention to his daughter's interruption. It was evident, however, that his mention of Riles had a purpose behind it, and presently he continued:

"Riles has been writin' to the department of the interior, and it seems they're openin' a lot of land for homesteadin' away West, not far from the Rocky mountains. Seems they have a good climate there, and good soil, too."

"I should think Mr. Riles would be content with what he has," said Mary Harris. "He has a fine farm here, and I'm sure both him and his wife have worked hard enough to take it easier now."

"Hard work never killed nobody," pursued the farmer. "Riles is good for many a year yet, and free land ain't what it once was. Those homesteads'll be worth twenty dollars an acre by the time they're proved up."

Breakfast and Harris' speech came to an end simultaneously, and the subject was dropped for the time. In a few minutes Jim had his team hitched to the tank wagon in the yard. The men jumped aboard and the wagon rattled down the road to where the engine and plows sat in the stubble-field.

"What notion's this father's got about Riles, do you suppose, mother?"



"Say, Jim, Honestly, What Makes You Do It?"

asked Beulah, as the two women busied themselves with the morning work in the kitchen.

"Dear knows," said her mother, wearily. "I hope he doesn't take it in his head to go out there, too."

"Who, Dad? Oh, he wouldn't do that. His heart's quite wrapped up in the farm here. I wish he'd unwrap it a bit and let it peek out at times."

"I'm not so sure. I'm beginning to think it's the money that's in the farm your father's heart is set on. If the money was to be made somewhere else his heart would soon shift. Here I've slaved and saved until I'm an—an old woman, and what better are we for it? We've better things to eat and more things to wear and a bigger house to keep clean, and your father thinks we ought to be satisfied. But he isn't satisfied himself. He's slaving harder than ever, and now he's got this notion about going West. Oh, you'll see it will come to that. He knows our life isn't complete, and he thinks more money will complete it. All the experience of twenty years hasn't taught him any better."

Beulah stood aghast at this outburst, and when her mother paused and looked at her, and she saw the unbidden wells of water gathering in the tender eyes, the girl could no longer restrain herself. With a cry she flung her arms about her mother's neck, and for a few moments the two forgot their habitual restraint and were but naked souls mingling together.

"Your rather is hungry," said the mother. "Hungry—hungry, and he thinks that more land, more money, more success, will fill him. And in the meantime he's forgetting the things that would satisfy—the love that was ours, the little devo—Oh, child, what am I saying? What an unfaithful creature I am? You must forget, Beulah, you must forget these words—words of shame they are!"

"The shame is his," declared the girl, defiantly, "and I won't stand this nonsense about homesteading again—I just won't stand it. If he says anything more about it I'll—I'll fly off, that's what I'll do. And I've a few remarks for him about Riles that won't keep much longer. The old badger—he's at the bottom of all this."

"You mustn't quarrel with your father, dearie, you mustn't do that."

"I'm not going to quarrel with him, but I'm going to say some things that need saying. And if it comes to a showdown, and he must go—well, he must, but you and I will stay with the old farm, won't we, mother?"

"There, there now," the mother said, gently stroking her daughter's hair. "Let us forget this, and remember how much we have to be thankful for. We have our health, and our home, and the bright sunshine, and—I declare," she interrupted, catching a glimpse of something through the window, "if the cows haven't broken from the lower pasture and are all through the oat-field! You'll have to take Collie and get them back, somehow, or bring them up to the corral."

Pulling a sun-bonnet upon her head Beulah called the dog, which came leaping upon her with boisterous affection, and hurried down the path to the field where the cows stood almost lost in a jungle of green oats. She soon located the breach in the fence and, with the help of the dog, quickly turned the cows toward it. But alack! just as victory seemed assured a rabbit was frightened from its hiding-place in the green oats and sailed forth in graceful bounds across the pasture. The dog, of course, concluded that the capture of the rabbit was of much more vital importance to the Harris homestead than driving any number of stupid cattle, and darted across the field in pursuit, wasting his breath in sharp, eager yelps as he went. Whereupon the cows turned oatward again, not boisterously nor insolently, but with a calm persistence that steadily wore out the girl's strength and patience. She was in no joyous mood at best, and the perverseness of things aggravated her beyond endurance. Her callings to the cattle became more and more tearful, and presently ended in a sob.

"There, now, Beulah, don't worry; we will have them in a minute," said a quiet voice, and looking about she found Jim almost at her elbow, his omnipresent smile playing gently about his white teeth. "I was down at the creek filling the tank, when I saw you had a little rebellion on your hands, and I thought re-enforcements might be in order."

"You might 've hollered farther back," she said, half reproachfully, but there was a light of appreciation in her eye when she dared raise it toward him. "I'm afraid I was beginning to be very—foolish."

She tripped again on the treacherous buckwheat, but he held her arm in a strong grasp against which the weight of her slim figure seemed but as a feather blown against a wall. Then they set about their task, but the sober-eyed cows had no thought of being easily deprived of their feast, and it was some time before they were all turned back into the pasture and the fence temporarily repaired behind them.

"I can't thank you enough," Beulah was saying. "You just keep piling one kindness on top of another. Say, Jim, honest, what makes you do it?"

But at that moment the keen blast of an engine whistle came cutting through the air—a long clear note, followed by a series of toots in rapid succession.

"I guess they're running short of water," said Jim. "I must hustle." So saying he ran to the ford of the creek where the tank-wagon was still standing, and in a minute his strong frame was swaying back and forth to the rhythmic clanking of the pump.

Meanwhile other things were transpiring. Harris had returned from town the night before with the fixed intention of paying an early visit to the Farther West. He and Riles had spent more time than they should breasting the village bar, while the latter drew a picture of rising color of the possibilities which the new lands afforded. Harris was not a man who abused himself with liquor, and Riles, too, rarely forgot that indulgence was expensive, and had to be paid for in cash. Moreover, Allan occasioned his father some uneasiness. He was young, and had not yet learned the self-control to be expected in later life. More than once of late Allan had crossed the boundary of moderation and John Harris was by no means indifferent to the welfare of his only son. Indeed, the bond between the two was so real and so intense that Harris had never been able to bring himself to contemplate their separation, and the boy had not even so much as thought of establishing a home of his own. The idea of homesteading together assured further years of close relationship between father and son, and the younger man fell in whole-heartedly with it.

But Jim smiled and said: "No accident at all; I have merely decided to go homesteading."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRIMITIVE SOUTH SEA CHART

One Used by Native Navigators of the Marshall Islands Was Made of Sticks.

A sea chart of the South Sea islands made of sticks, which served as an accurate and authoritative guide for the daring navigators of the Marshall islands just as modern maps do, is one of the exhibits to be seen in the South Sea island hall of the American Museum of Natural History in New York. The strange sea chart is the gift of Robert Louis Stevenson, who lived on the island of Samoa four years before his death.

Distances between the islands were measured by hours, not miles. These charts are but little used now, but there was a time when each young chief was compelled to pass his examination in the charts, knowing them by heart, as they never were taken to sea. Some students say the sticks represent currents, as there are four distinct sets of swells from four quarters of the seas at various seasons of navigation, which were closely studied by the natives.

Wanted to Be "Parked."

Mother, aunty and little Etta were downtown shopping. Etta was quite tired, and they still had many places to go to before they had finished their purchasing. Presently they happened to pass through the restroom and the leather-covered chairs looked inviting to Etta. Turning to her mother, she remarked: "Couldn't you park me here while you and aunty do the rest of your shopping?"

After 30 you can't make anybody mad by not inviting him to a picnic.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3543-0411.jpg