Facts and Features for Women

of Interest to Our Feminine Readers and the Home Circle

BLOUSE IS NOW IN FAVOR

Picturesque Corsages Continue to Hold Attention.

Casaquin Model Reigns Supreme in Paris and Promises to Retain Its Popularity.

The fashion of wearing decorative blouses grows apace. And it is a very desirable fashion. Indeed it is hardly correct to speak of the picturesque corsages which are now so generally worn as "blouses." One uses the word because it has come to represent anything that is neither a dress bodice nor a mantle. The arrival of the casaquin-blouse has revolutionized the feminine world.

In Paris the casaquin reigns supreme, and it is likely to remain in favor for a long time to come. With the advent of the casaquin we have the revival of long-waisted effects and also of "natural" waist measurements.

Another style of garment now immensely popular is the tunic-blouse, which can be worn over any skirt, and at any time of the day. The Jenny creation is as becoming as it is original. The material is charmeuse, white, lined throughout with black, the soft lining turning over irregularly at neck and hem.

This blouse could be made in many different combinations of color and of material. The important thing is that it should be exceedingly supple, otherwise the folds would not fall correctly.

The combination of black with white is the rage of the hour. The very long



This is a New Jenny Model in White Charmeuse Lined With Black Charmeuse.

opening in front is extremely becoming to stout figures—indeed to everyone.

A blouse of this kind opens over a dainty chemisette, and the latter may be made of real lace, etc. This blouse-tunic was cut in kimono fashion, quite simple and yet chic.

Worn With Velvet Skirts.

Blouses of silver or gold cloth are usually worn with velvet skirts.

TUNIC EFFECT IN LONG COAT



A lovely combination of black velvet and gray squirrel fur, with sash and hem of black ribbon. This model is quite like a suit, but is in reality a long coat that could serve for afternoon calls.

GRAY SEEMS TO BE POPULAR

Color Is Used in Furs and Fabrics—New Fur Called Slynx Is Introduced.

Gray seems to be the most popular color, both in furs and fabrics. There is a new fur called slynx, an imitation krimmer, which is very much in the foreground. Then come mole, beaver, kolinsky and a very little ermine and seal. The fur is mainly used as facing for hats of panne velvet or brocaded satin. The little Cossack turban of fur is supplanted by combination turbans of fur and ribbon or brocade. A coquettish model of mole skin is bedecked with a lustrous, ravelled edge scarf of taupé moire ribbon. The small turban or tam is very popular as to shape. The most exclusive shops are adapting the turban to the Egyptian outline and are showing the high, helmetlike front. One Paris firm develops this up-standing, off-the-face front into a starfish shape. The hat is of black panne velvet and the starfish is fashioned from jet. Little tams made of velvet are very popular when trimmed in fur balls.

Ribbon the Rage.

Ribbon is the rage just now. Ribbons everywhere! A beautiful dinner gown is made of cream chantilly lace insertions, each band separated from its neighbor by narrow velvet ribbon, henna in color, the vivid tone contrasting cleverly with the lace. A wide bias of velvet hems the skirt. A veritable cascade of ribbons ripples from the belt. This dress is made over a double foundation of henna and cream chiffon.

Chic Frocks Are Plentiful

Winter Days Bring Out Smartest Gowns of Season—Dolman Wraps to the Fore.

The crisp winter days call out smart frocks, among which gray and black are prominent. At the luncheon and tea hour at the fashionable hotels one sees the smartest gowns of the season. One particularly smart one was of black eggshell crepe, with a short full skirt and plainly fitted bodice and tight sleeves. Narrow jet fringe edged the deep V front, the shoulder collar at the back and the wrists, while a fringed sash of black bead netting encircled the hips. With this costume was worn black suede strapped French boots, black suede gloves and a small flat turban of monkey fur.

Another costume which attracted attention consisted of a skirt of henna cheviot well tailored. It was short and wide, had four gores and a fitted back, and with it was worn a matching brocaded crepe smock, edged with black felt daisies of cut work, a black velvet turban with side trimming of coque and a short black satin cape trimmed with cloth cut in lattice work design.

Dolman wraps have come to the fore as the most popular form of wrap. They are chiefly worn for dress occasions, while fur coats of the shorter lengths are preferred for sport wear.

Exaggerated Styles Taboo.

The sleeveless, very low gown, with the back an absent quantity, is taboo for the debutante. To be well-dressed even when surrounded by all the wealth of her milieu, a young girl must have a modest decollete, very short sleeves, even transparent, but covering the upper shoulder. A lovely model seen on one of the prettiest buds is made of pale pink satin, draped along Greek lines and completely veiled in mauve chiffon. The dress is tied loosely at the waist by a cord made of ropes of pale blue, pink and lavender beads. The blending of these shades creates a third one, quite impossible to describe but not difficult to visualize.

TUXEDO SWEATER IS SMART

Unbelted Garment Is Attractive—Large Plaids Are New This Season and in Demand.

Sweaters seem to grow handsomer each season. The unbelted tuxedo sweater is considered very smart just now, and one model in brushed wool in checker-board effect has the edges and deep V collar in plain color and is very attractive. The large plaids are new this season and are especially in demand.

The public demand for lower prices has had its effect on fashion. The newest models show that the producers have met this demand by eliminating elaborate trimmings and embroideries. The new garments show a revision in styles and it is now possible to buy a dress, coat or suit—minus expensive elaboration in trimmings—at almost prewar prices.

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 JANUARY 2

THE CHILD AND THE KINGDOM.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 18:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT—Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same shall be greatest in the kingdom of heaven.—Matt. 18:4.

REFERENCE MATERIAL—Mark 9:33; Luke 9:36-48; 17:1-2.

PRIMARY TOPIC—God's Care for Little Children.

JUNIOR TOPIC—God's Care for Us.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Responsibility for the Younger and Weaker.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Our Responsibility for Childhood.

I. The Greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven (vv. 1-4).

1. The disciples' question (v. 1). The promise given to Peter in connection with the announcement of his purpose to build the church, and the paying of tribute with the money in the fish's mouth, provoked jealousy on the part of the other disciples. The transfiguration scene revealed the divine person and the program of the kingdom. Seeing that the kingdom was to come to realization, despite the tragedy of the cross, the disciples thought it best to have settled the place of rank in the kingdom. Their behavior betrayed their sad state of heart. Instead of entering into sympathy with Jesus in the dark hour of his passion, they were supremely concerned with the dignities to be conferred upon themselves.

2. Jesus' answer (vv. 2-4). He taught them concretely by placing a little child in their midst. (1) Condition of entrance into kingdom (v. 3). He showed them that the great question which concerned them is as to whether they are really in the kingdom. Their behavior revealed the fact that they needed conversion before they could enter into the kingdom. Before they could even see, much less enter into the kingdom, they must be born from above (John 3:3, 5). Entrance into the kingdom is infinitely more important than rank therein. (2) Whosoever possesses childlike humility is the greatest (v. 4). The child is dependent, lowly, and modest. Those who have been born again—converted, have these characteristics. The principle which determines rank in the kingdom is lowliness of heart. In the kingdom we rise by sinking. The way is down. The more one realizes his own unworthiness, the more worthy he is of the divine favor and trust.

II. The Lord's Identification With His Believing Ones (vv. 5-9).

1. Receiving the believer in Christ's name is receiving Christ (v. 5). Through conversion we become God's children, and so completely is our life interwoven with His that He regards treatment of us as treatment of Himself. Those who welcome into fellowship the lowly believer welcome Christ. If this were fully realized it would sanctify our relationship with believers in Christ. Reception of believers includes all forms of sympathy and aid. To do this in Christ's name is to open our hearts to receive Him.

2. The awful peril of causing a believer to stumble (vv. 6-9). To stumble means to give occasion for a moral fall. The particular reference was to the carnality and selfishness which was expressing itself in their contention for pre-eminence. Such spirit and behavior would stifle the tender life of a babe in Christ. Their behavior was not only self-injury, but a stumbling block to others. Every Christian should solemnly inquire as to whether his life would help or hinder his fellow-believers. Am I helping someone to a higher level, or am I pulling him down to a lower? To so sin against Christ's own is to meet a sure and awful fate. His doom will be worse than drowning in the sea with a millstone around his neck; it will be eternal fire (v. 8).

III. Believers Are Especially Cared For by the Heavenly Father (vv. 10-14).

1. They are under angelic guardianship (v. 10). So precious is the believer in God's sight that angelic messengers have access to the very throne of God, even beholding his face. So high is the honor bestowed upon believers that the highest angels are sent to guard them.

2. The Son came especially to save such from their lost condition (vv. 11-14). The Heavenly Father does not will that any one of these should perish. They are the objects of the Father's seeking love. The salvation of the humble believer has been secured by the incarnation and the sacrifice of the Good Shepherd. Since God sets such value upon even the lowest believer, we should be most careful in our manner of life before them and in our treatment of them.

Worship and Culture.

Worship and culture, of necessity, go hand in hand. There can be no such thing as true culture apart from the religion of our dear Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. The fundamental principles of true culture are enshrined forever in the Sermon on the Mount, the ten beatitudes of the Lord Jesus. Society, apart from the Fountain-head of Grace, can display to the world nothing better than a refinement which is, at best, a veneer.—Rev. Henry Lowndes Drew.

Rest

By REV. GEORGE E. GUILLE
Extension Department Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

TEXT.—Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11:28.

In an old church in the Isle of Wight there stands a marble monument erected by Queen Victoria. It is a female figure reclining her head upon an open book, on the stony page of which this text appears. Thus is memorialized the death of Princess Elizabeth who, during the commonwealth wars in England, languished a prisoner in Carisbrook castle, where one morning was found her lifeless form leaning her head upon her Bible, opened at these words: "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Faithful, solemn message, yet sweet and warm from that cold marble! There is no rest for the heart, though it be the heart of a princess, save in Christ alone.



"Come!" This word reveals the infinite Savior-heart. From God's call to Noah to "come into the ark" to the last call of Revelation, "Let him that is athirst, come," it occurs nineteen hundred times in Scripture, ringing from every page with earnest entreaty and warmest welcome, and telling of a love that waits to pour out its exhaustless fulness into the heart that will but draw near to receive. But no less does it tell of the need of all mankind that must forsake itself to find its help in Another. "Come" from your helpless ruin; "come" from your futile efforts at self-help; "come" from the unrest that sin has made, and "I will give you rest."

"Come unto Me." Not to a church are you called, nor to a system of religion, but to a Person, one Person alone. It is not a system of doctrine, however true, nor a code of ethics, however high, that He is offering to sinful men: it is Himself, with all that He has.

Ah, who is this standing up before a whole world full of restless hearts and offering Himself as a remedy for all their ills? Oh, come and see: it is my lovely Lord! Is He enough? Can He do what He says? Ask any soul that has come to Him! Every generation since these words were spoken has had its millions of rejoicing witnesses to their truth, and in every language that men have spoken new words have had to be found to express the new blessedness that has filled men's hearts and lives. Yes, He does what He promises, and everyone can prove it for himself.

And whom is He calling to Himself? It is thou, O soul, reading now these lines—thou who never yet hast come. It was thee He thought of when He said, "All ye that labor and are heavy laden." Labor and heavy loads are tokens of the curse pronounced upon creation because of sin, and no living being escapes it. Doesn't He know? Doesn't He know the desolation, the dispeace, the restlessness in every life? When He spoke of the rest that He would give was it not because He knew that of rest there was none in hearts where sin has reigned? Be it known unto you, then, that this is your claim upon Him—your need, your lack of that which He alone can give. Oh, the wonder of it: your sin, and your sin alone, gives you title to come to Him!

But how and when are you to come? Just as you are and now! No waiting for fitness or worthiness. If you could put away your sin your heart would find rest without Him. If you could make yourself fit for His presence you would not need Him and His invitation would be an impertinence. As you are and with your sins, come to Him. Fitness is not attained, it is obtained. He gives it!

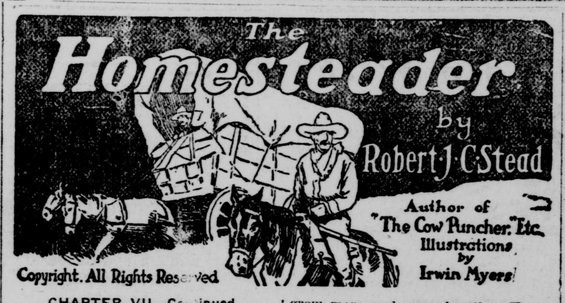
And the one thing that, above all others, your heart is seeking now, is the thing that you shall find when you come: REST! Rest from all the terrible consequences of sin—from its guilt and penalty from the awful remorse that it inevitably brings.

One touch of the nail-scarred hand and the record of your life is wiped out forever, so that God Himself can find nothing against you any longer. He has Himself borne the penalty, so that He can on a righteous ground offer you His rest. Rest, sweet rest! Rest from this poor self at last! Rest from bitter memory! rest from the chagrin of a vain and misspent life! Rest! For this, Oh, Lord, I come!

He GIVES it! Only He can! There are no questions that He has to ask. There are no conditions to be imposed. As you are, and now, come to Him, and He does it all!

Seeking Strength From God.

We seek His strength—power from without, from above, but we must ask for strength reasonably, knowing what we want, and why. To know this truthfully is like the way we prepare for massive building. We do not lay the stones upon the surface; we dig deep, and clear away the light, drifted soil, that the deeper compressed earth may receive the hard-grained concrete and the stone.—Archbishop Benson.



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CHAPTER VII—Continued.
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"Nothing wrong at home, I hope, Mr. Harris?" said the young neighbor, noting his troubled appearance. "Nobody sick, or anything?"

"Yes, there is something wrong," said Harris, trying vainly to conceal the bitterness in his voice. "Beulah's left us."

"Who, Beulah? I can hardly believe that, Mr. Harris. It was only last night I was talking with her."

"Well, she's gone. Left through the night. We—well, I tell you, George—we had a little disagreement, but I'd no notion she'd take is so much to heart. Of course you know about the trouble with Jim yesterday. Taking everything together—there won't be no plowing today." Harris had said more than he meant; he could feel the color mounting into his hair, and the bad English of his last words betrayed a subtle recklessness rather than carelessness of speech.

"Don't you believe a word of it," said George. "I know Jim, and I know Beulah, and if anybody else hinted what you've said you'd want to use that rifle on them. Like enough Beulah's staying somewhere around the neighborhood, and she'll be back when she has time to think it over."

"That proves you don't know Beulah," said Allan. "As for Jim, I was never able to get below that smile, and I saw more of him than you did, George."

"Well, I hope you find a way out," said George sincerely. "It would have been like her to come over to our place, but she isn't there. Maybe you'll find her at Morrison's."

"That's possible," said Harris. "We'll go over there, anyway."

But Morrisons knew no more of Beulah's whereabouts than did George, and inquiry at other homes in the neighborhood was equally futile. Harris shrank from carrying his search into the town, as he dreaded the publicity that would be attached to it. But as the day wore on and the search continued fruitless he finally found himself at Plainville. If Beulah and Jim were really married the Presbyterian minister would be likely to know something of the matter, and Rev. Andrew Guthrie was a man of sense and discernment.

Mr. Guthrie received his guest cordially, albeit with some wonderment as to which member of the family might be sick, but delicacy forbade a direct question. Now, in agricultural communities it is something of an offense to approach any matter of importance by frontal attack. There must be the due amount of verbal skirmishing, reconnoitering and outflanking before the main purpose is revealed. Consequently Harris, for all his torture of suspense, spent some minutes in a discussion of the weather, the crops, and the prospect of a labor shortage in harvest.

"They're all well at home, I hope?" said Mr. Guthrie at length, feeling that the custom of the community had been sufficiently honored.

"Yes, all that's there," said Harris.

"All that's there? I didn't know any of your folks were away. Perhaps Mrs. Harris is down East? I'm sure a summer amid the orchards of her old home would be a delight to her and, of course, Mr. Harris, you are able to gratify yourself in these little matters now."

Harris received these remarks with a mixture of feelings. The minister's reference to his financial standing carried with it a certain gratification, but it consorted poorly with his recent conversations with his wife and with his present mission.

"And Beulah," continued the minister, conscious that his first shot had gone wild. "She's a fine young woman now. I see her in church occasionally. In fact, I was speaking with Mrs. Burton, the choir leader, a day or so ago, and Beulah's name was mentioned between us."

"It was about Beulah I came to see you," said Harris, with averted eyes. Then in a few words he gave his version of what he knew and what he suspected.

"I fear I can add nothing to your information," said Mr. Guthrie. "They haven't been here, and, as you say, if Beulah contemplated marriage, I think she would have called on me. Travers, too, I knew a little, and thought him a decent chap. But we must find the girl and talk this over quietly with her. Is there any place in town she would be likely to go to? What about Mrs. Goode's boarding house? I will just call up on the telephone. I can make inquiry without the necessity of any explanations."

Inquiry at the house of Mrs. Goode brought a strong ray of light out of the darkness. Beulah had been there during the morning, and had explained that she was leaving on the west-bound train, which even now was thrumming at the station. On learning this out a word Harris sprang into the buggy, while Allan brought a sharp cut of the whip across the spirited horses. They reached the railway station half a minute too late; the train was already pulling out, and as Harris' eyes followed it in anger and vexation they plainly saw Jim Travers swing lithely onto the rear platform.

With an oath the farmer reached for his rifle, but Allan wrenched it from his hands before any onlookers noted the action. "Don't be a fool," he whispered, and started the horses homeward.

CHAPTER VIII.

Into the Farther West.

During the drive homeward Harris' thoughts persistently turned to the share his wife had had in Beulah's departure, and his feeling toward Mary grew more and more hostile. He resolved, however, that there should be no open breach between them; he would neither scold nor question her, but would impress her with his displeasure by adopting a cold, matter-of-fact, speak-when-you're-spoken-to attitude toward her.

Under the circumstances it was not remarkable that Harris' work began to loom larger than ever in his life. The space left vacant by his daughter he filled with extra energy driving the great plows through the mellow summer-fallow. A new tank-man was engaged and the rumble of the engine was heard up and down the fields from early morning until dark. From his wife he held aloof, speaking with strained courtesy when speech was necessary. She, in turn, schooled for years in self-effacement, hid her sorrow in her heart, and went about her work with a resignation which he mistook for cheerfulness, and which confirmed him in his opinion that she knew more of Beulah's intentions than she had cared to admit. Only with Allan his relations remained unchanged; indeed, the attachment between the two grew deeper than ever. The young man avoided any reference to Beulah; what he felt in his own heart he kept to himself, but the father shrewdly guessed that he laid the whole blame on Travers.

Meanwhile Mary plodded along with her housework, toiling doggedly from five in the morning until half-past nine or ten at night. Beulah's departure



She Tore the Envelope Open Nervously and Devoured Its Contents With Hungry Eyes.

had left all the labors of the home upon her hands; her husband had made no suggestion of securing help, and she had not asked any. One or two postcards she had had from Beulah, but they brought no great information. They came in the open mail; her husband was welcome to read them if he chose, but as he had sought his own company exclusively since Beulah's departure she made no attempt to force them upon him.

At last one morning came a letter, a big fat letter, left in by a neighbor passing by, as the custom was for any settler going to town to bring out the mail for those who lived along his route. She tore the envelope open nervously and devoured its contents with hungry eyes.

"My Dear Mother:

"Here I am, in the shadow of the Rockies. That may sound poetical, but it's a literal fact. It is still early in the evening, but the sun has disappeared behind the great masses to the west, and the valley which my window overlooks is filling up with blackness. The Arthurs are pure gold, and I have told them everything. They don't blame anyone, not even father. How is he? Slaving as usual, I suppose.

"Well, I must tell you about my trip. When I left the house that night I had no idea where I was going, but the simplest thing seemed to be to go first to Plainville.

"You've no idea how heavy that suitcase got, but I took my time, as there was nothing to gain by reaching town before daylight. When I got there it struck me it might be a good plan to have some breakfast, so I walked round to Goode's boarding-house. After breakfast I went over to the station, and asked what the fare was to Arthurs' station; I found I had enough money for the trip, and I bought a ticket without further ado.

"The homestead rush is on here in earnest; the trains are crowded, mostly with Americans, and the hotels are simply spilling over.

"I wanted to ask some one about Arthurs, and I didn't like to inquire in the hotel. There was a lot of drinking going on there. But near the door were two young men talking, and I overheard one of them mention Arthurs' name. Pulling myself together, I asked him if he could tell me where Arthurs lived.

"'Yes, miss,' he answered, lifting a big hat and showing when he spoke a clean set of teeth. 'It's twenty-five miles up the river. Were you expecting him to meet you?'

"I explained that I had intended to drop in on them by surprise, but I had had no idea they lived so far from town.

"'Oh, that's not far,' he said. 'Can you ride?'

"Everybody here rides horseback. It's the standard means of locomotion. And the women ride astride. I was a bit shocked at first, but you soon get used to it. But twenty-five miles is different from a romp round the pasture-field, so I said I was afraid not.

"'Arthurs is coming down with the buckboard,' remarked the other man. 'I passed him on the trail as I came in.'

"Sure enough, a little later Arthurs himself drew up at the hotel. I wouldn't have known him, but one of the young men pointed him out, and it would have done you good to see how he received me. 'And you are Jack and Mary's daughter,' he said, taking both my hands in his and holding me at arm's length for a moment. Then, before I knew it, he had drawn me up and kissed me. But I didn't care. All of a sudden it seemed to me that I had found a real father. It seems hard to say it, but that is how I felt.

"Well, he just couldn't keep away from me all evening. He showered me with questions about you and father, which I answered as well as I could, but I soon found I couldn't keep my secret, so I just up and told him all. He was very grave, but not cross. 'You need time to think things over, and to get a right perspective,' he said, 'and our home will be yours until you do.'

"We drove home the next day, up a wonderful river valley, deep into the heart of the foothills, with the blue mountains always beckoning and receding before us. Mrs. Arthurs was as surprised and delighted as he had been, and I won't try to tell you all the things she said to me. She cried a little, too, and I'm afraid I came near helping her a bit. You know the Arthurs lost their little girl before they left Manitoba, and they have had no other children. They both seemed just hungry.

"There's nothing so very fine about their home, except the spirit that's inside it. I can't describe it, but it's there a—certain leisurely way of doing things, a sense that they have made work their servant instead of their master. And still they're certainly not lazy, and they've accomplished more than we have. When they left Manitoba in the early days, discouraged with successive frosts, they came right out here into the foothills with their few head of stock. Now their cattle are numbered in thousands, and they have about a township of land. And still they seem to live for the pure happiness they find in life, and only to think of their property as a secondary consideration.

"Now I really must close. Mrs. Arthurs sends a note, and I'm quite sure it's an invitation. Oh, mother, what could be lovelier! Now, don't say you can't. Father has plenty of money; let him hire a housekeeper for a while. The change will do him good.

"Love to you, dearest, and to Allan, if he still thinks of me.

"BEULAH.

"P. S.—I forgot to mention that Jim Travers left Plainville on the same train as I did. He could hardly believe his eyes when he saw me there. I told him I was going west on a visit, but I don't know how much he guessed. Said he was going west himself to take up land, but he wanted to call on some friends first, and he got off a few stations from Plainville. Between you and me, I believe he changed his plan so that the incident—our being on the train together, you know—could not be misunderstood if the neighbors got to know of it. It would be just like Jim to do that."

With Beulah's letter was a short but earnest note from Lilian Arthurs, assuring the mother of her daughter's welfare, and pressing an invitation to spend the autumn in the glorious scenery and weather of the foothill country. Mary Harris read both letters over again, with frequent rubbing of her glasses. Love for her daughter, desire to see her old friend once more, and growing dissatisfaction with conditions at home, all combined to give weight to the invitation so earnestly extended. "If I only could! But it would cost so much."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MOUNTAINS AFFECT BIRD LIFE

Andes Said to Be Responsible for Number of Species Found in South America.

The richness of South American bird-life is due to the presence of the Andes more than to any other one thing. It is the absence of great mountain chains in Africa, which accounts for the comparatively small numbers of species of birds in that continent. From base to summit, four distinct zones of life—tropical, subtropical, temperate and alpine—are found in the higher Andes, and each zone has species which are confined to it.

It is not only the height of the Andes which affects bird life. In places, for hundreds of miles, this gigantic range may appear as two or three chains, each not less than 10,000 or 11,000 feet in height, and these climatic walls are as impassable to the species living in the tropical or subtropical valleys they inclose as though they extended to the zenith. Isolation is, therefore, added to the factors of climate and sedentariness in the making of the species, and the three combined have produced a greater variety of bird life than is found in any area of similar extent in the world. The American museum of natural history inaugurated in 1911 a biological survey of the Andean region with particular reference to its bird life. As a result of the collections and field studies made, the museum is now in possession of large collections and data from the more northern part of the chain.

Quite Likely.

American women bathers with an inclination to embonpoint, it is stated, have taken to painting dimples on their knees. The report that a fashionable New Yorker who does not care for the water has created the necessary illusion by having a lobster painted on her toe is probably premature.—From Punch, London.

Excellent Philosophy.

Life is like a game of whist. I don't enjoy the game much; but I like to play my cards well and see what will be the end of it.—George Eliot.

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