Facts and Features for Women

of Interest to Our Feminine Readers and the Home Circle

FOR SPRING WEAR

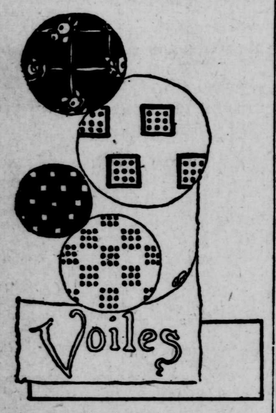
Duvetyn, Silk Crepe, Swisses, Organdies and Voiles.

Materials Are Now in the Limelight for the Coming Season's Wraps and Dresses.

What are the new frocks made of? So many things that you wonder if there is any kind of material that is not the vogue at present. Of course, there is always something about the new materials that stamps them as being quite a la mode. For instance, duvetyn for new spring wraps and in combination with other materials for suits is now to be had patterned, "ironed," they call it, in stripes and plaids. Then there are new materials called by various names that all outduvetyn duvetyn in gloss, silkiness and wonderful softness of texture. They make most of the new wraps, which are being lined, by the way, with novelty crepes de chine.

Perhaps the material that stands out most for spring and summer wearing is silk crepe in at least a dozen different weaves. Crepe de chine, the most familiar one, is popular as any of the silk crepes. It is being shown in brilliant crimsons for use with white flannel or heavier crepe in a sport fashion that is gaining favor in the South and will undoubtedly drift North for summer. Then there is the Canton crepe, in white, cream, all shades of gray and a light apricot that is quite delightful.

Among the cottons dotted swiss and organdie stand about even. They are both being shown in rather brilliant colors this year and in the darker street shades. Organdies are also coming in gingham checks and plaids. Voiles embroidered in fine polka dots give the same effect as the dotted swisses and are more practical for summer street wear. Neater patterns seem to prevail in 1921 voiles, domino



checks, small all-over figures, odd combinations of dots, and so on, rather than the large floral patterns that once imitated the georgette crepes. Ginghams are much the same, with a like insistence upon the small checks in red and white. Those charming little handmade frocks from France with hand-tucking, drawnwork and so on, would argue for a greater sale of handkerchief linen among the women who make their own clothes, but that is something that will have to develop later on.

For the Boudoir.

Lovely taffeta boudoir pillows match taffeta candle shades and the lovely dresser scarfs of the same material. The powder boxes, the pincushions and the mirrors all wear close-fitting jackets of taffeta, befrilled with gold lace and touched up here and there with a hand-made bouquet of some sort wool or silk applique.

THE CHARMING NEW TEA VEIL


© Western Newspaper Union

This new tea veil is regarded as a style that should appeal to a large number of women who insist that a veil is necessary to complete the costume.

FLOWERS FOR SPRING HATS

Indications Are That Coming Spring Season Will Be Brilliant With Trimmed Millinery.

It looks as if the coming spring millinery season will be a "trimmed" one for the first time in quite a while. Sponsored by the leading French style creators, the advance models for the new season show a lavish use of garnitures, and it seems as though trimmings have finally come into their own. A particularly good demand exists for flowers at the present time, according to the bulletin of the Retail Millinery Association of America, and the call for them, as well as for other trimmings, is increasing.

"Paris especially favors flowers for her spring hats," the bulletin continues, "and has sent over models which illustrate how extremely effective the flower trimming may be if cleverly and artificially used. Some of the famous French houses have concentrated on all-flower hats that are unusually effective.

"In addition to the long, trailing wreaths and clusters of delicately colored flowers, the spring hats are trimmed with blossoms made of yucca, velvet, patent leather, braid, ribbon and self-fabric. Hand-painted flowers of silk, chiffon, satin and muslin are also used. Fruits are beginning to be used, but only in a small way as yet.

"Ribbons also give every indication of being favored for the new season. Narrow picot-edged ribbons of silk, grosgrain and satin, and wide bows and sashes of moire, faille, satin, etc., being especially popular. Ornaments of every kind, from jutting 'devil's horns' or bright-colored bones to drops of crystal, pearl, coral or turquoise, are used in abundance on the new hats. Long, transparent pins or brightly hued glass are also effective.

"Beads are giving every indication of continuing their popularity, and there are seen oddly shaped ones ranging in size from a small pea to a half dollar. Beads of coral, turquoise, crystal or pearl are used impartially. Pendant ornaments, dangling from chains of painted bone or wood, are in demand."

Brown in the Lead.

Brown is the best of all colors this season.

Glimpse at the Spring Fabrics

Silks of Heavy Texture, Crepy Materials, Homespun in Wool, Cottons and Organdies.

Spring-time is showing itself in the shops in a more liberal variety of cotton materials than for some years past, and these at more reasonable prices.

There are silks of heavy texture that promise a vogue of street wear such as suits and one-piece dresses for summer. There are heavy crepes, too, and this year some of the knitted fabrics have printed designs and crepy fabrics in silk have patterns in plaids and stripes made from threads of artificial silk. There are fabrics with borders running along the selvage edge, very handy for trimming skirts and blouses. Crepy fabrics will keep their popularity, it is said, and gray in crepe will still be the good color.

Homespun in wool will be in favor, too, and suits made from really authentic homespun give marvelous wear and have an excellent way of keeping their appearance.

Among the cottons there are prints sateens, dotted Swiss organdies; ginghams, dimities, voiles, and so on, the whole familiar array of old time in new dress as to color and patterns. Dimity is promised a great success. It launders better than some of the sheerer fabrics, and blouses shown in it are liked. The color and plaiding of the ginghams is good; they are in plain colors and in large and small checks. There are cotton Japanese crepes, too, that are attractive.

Way to Keep Buttons.

Anyone having nice buttons on shirt waists or summer dresses knows how soon they are ruined in a laundry, and it is a bother to sew them on every time. Try this way: Make buttonholes on both sides of waist, then sew buttons on tape the same length as on the side on which you made the buttonholes, and button through the holes just made. This is easily removed when sent to the laundry, and saves buttons, time and temper.

The Hint of Fragrance.

Perfume should be very delicately applied. The more elusive it is the more nearly does it fulfill its function. Merely a whiff, a suggestion is enough. Lightly touch the laces about your throat with the stopper. Some women have a pretty trick of brushing the lobes of the ear with perfume, so that when they turn their head there will be a tantalizing hint of fragrance in the air.

Becoming Fichus Are Back With Us.

Fichus are the important new note indicated by advance spring dress models. The loveliest ones are made of dainty net and place and are ruffled—exact copies of those worn by Charlotte Corday and Martha Washington. The return of this style is a happy thing, because of its becomingness to almost every type of throat and face.

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 MARCH 6

JESUS AMONG HIS FRIENDS.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 26:1-13.
GOLDEN TEXT—She hath done what she could.—Mark 14:8.
REFERENCE MATERIAL—Mark 14:3-9; Luke 7:36-50; John 12:1-8.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Showing Our Love for Jesus.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Giving Our Best.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Our Best for Christ.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Liberality of Love.

I. The Jewish Authorities Plotting the Death of Jesus (vv. 1-5).

1. Christ's Fourth Prediction of His Death (vv. 1, 2). He, with divine insight, predicted not only the fact of His death, but its time and manner. Death was no surprise to Him. For this He pre-eminently came into the world (Heb. 2:14). He calmly walked up to death.

2. The Authorities Plotting (vv. 3-5). In secret conclave they were plotting how they might silence His voice by putting Him to death. It was the divine purpose that He should go to death. They in their wickedness were plotting to do that which the divine plan had ordained. They try by subtility to take and kill Him. Their plan was to do this after the Passover feast, lest there be an uprising among the people. Satan, through his conspirators, was trying to hinder the offering of the sacrificial Lamb at the appointed time.

II. Jesus Anointed by Mary of Bethany (vv. 6, 7).

For the identification of Mary see John 12:1-8 and Mark 14:3-9. This anointing occurred when Jesus was at meat in Simon's house. Mary had the keenest spiritual apprehension of all the disciples. By sitting at His feet in loving fellowship she obtained a grasp of truth which none of the other disciples did. She saw that His body was to be broken and that His precious life was to go out. She entered into fellowship with His sufferings and the joys of His resurrection. This is shown in this wonderful symbolic act of bringing her most precious possession and lavishing it upon Him. Knowing that no loving hand could minister to Him in that dread hour, she did this service in loving anticipation. It was the highest expression of love. Genuine love takes no account of cost—is not calculating.

III. The Indignation of the Disciples (vv. 8, 9).

The utter baseness of the disciples is in strange contrast with Mary's love. Judas Iscariot is the leader, but the whole apostolic company are led over. The spirit of fault finding is very contagious. The one whose heart is filled with base purposes can offer such plausible reasons for things that a whole company can be swept off their feet, not perceiving the real purpose underlying it all. The real thing that hurt Judas was the losing of the money which the ointment might have been sold for, not that he cared for the poor.

IV. Mary Defended by Jesus (vv. 10-13).

Jesus would not allow His most appreciative disciple to lie under the censure, so He came to her rescue. Though all the disciples censured her, He had nothing but the highest praise. If we can but have His praise, what need we care for the censure of men! He bestowed upon her the very highest praise possible when He said, "She hath done what she could." (Mark 14:8). In this defense Jesus teaches, according to Doctor Erdman:

1. That no gift to Him can be too great if made in grateful love (v. 10). "She hath wrought a good work on me."

2. Care for the poor and other duties which are of perpetual obligation may give way before an opportunity for service which cannot recur (v. 10) "The poor ye have with you always." Sometimes even charity is not the highest expression of Christian devotion.

3. Jesus appreciates the meaning and motive of our service (v. 12). He estimates them at their highest possible value and interprets them in the light of His own love and knowledge. He declared that the ointment poured upon Him was a preparation of His body for burial.

4. The influence of an act of Christian service will never cease (v. 13). The example of Mary is still filling the earth with the fragrance of loving service. Through this act of uncalculating love Mary's name has become immortalized.

As the result of this defense Judas is so stingingly rebuked that he hastens away to betray his Lord.

For the Rich Man.

The only way for a rich man to be healthy is by exercise and abstinence, to live as if he was poor; which was esteemed the worst parts of poverty. —Sir W. Temple.

God Will Provide.

If I am faithful to the duties of the present, God will provide for the future.—Rodell.

Wants Experience.

All is but lip-wisdom which wants experience.—Sir P. Sidney.

The Call of the Hour

By REV. JOHN C. PAGE

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TEXT—Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.—Eph. 6:18.

The greatest need of the church and the world is Christian men and women who pray. Abraham prayed and made possible the preservation of a city, if only ten righteous people could have been found there. Moses prayed and God said, "Now shalt thou see what I will do," and Moses saw the power of God manifested for the deliverance of his people. Prayer changed things, and the humanly impossible was accomplished.



The promise of Jeremiah 33:3 was fulfilled many times before the words were written, as well as many times since. "Call unto me and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not." This is God's call and challenge to faith. Some of His people have always believed and acted on this; others are now being aroused to its transcendent importance.

Expecting God to Answer.

There is a growing spirit of faith and expectation that God will manifest His saving and transforming power in answer to prayer. Not for naught have God's people gathered together in watch-night services; not in vain have faithful men held on in prayer these past years in spite of spiritual darkness; not without fruitage can the labors of the Great Commission Prayer League and kindred associations be.

Faith sees the cloud that is yet to break in blessing on the heads of God's people. It may not, at present, be "larger than a man's hand," but it is seen on the horizon of spiritual vision by those who pray. The call of the hour is for more recruits in the prayer warfare, and an advance into the front trenches with the continual cry, "Lord teach us to pray."

Bible teaching concerning prayer, like every other doctrine of Scripture, is progressive. There is "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

In the Old Testament prevailing prayer is linked with the quality of righteousness in the one who prays. Elijah is a striking example of this. He is presented as a man zealous for God and righteousness.

Conditions for Prevailing Prayer.

In the synoptic Gospels the dominant note for the prayer life is that of faith. Righteousness is not ignored, but to it faith is added. "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer believing, ye shall receive." And again, "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them."

This, of course, implies yieldedness to God and a life approved of God, and must be considered in the light of such a Scripture as 1 John 3:22, "Whatsoever we ask we receive of Him because we keep His commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight."

In the Gospel by John, we are told to pray "in His name": "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name He will give it you. If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it." We are one with Christ in a vital spiritual union. We are called by His name. As a woman does business in the name of her husband, so the Christian is to do business in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Prayer is more than communion, it is a service of the highest kind. It is doing business in the name of Christ.

The New Testament Epistles add yet another condition for prevailing prayer to those of righteousness, faith and spiritual union with Christ. It is seen in our text, "Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit."

Praying in the Spirit is the additional condition here named. A Christian must learn to walk in the Spirit, that is, to walk by the help of the Spirit. Apart from this, his life will be a partial failure. So is it in the matter of prayer. To pray in the Spirit is simply to pray through the help of the Spirit.

Helped By the Holy Spirit.

"The Spirit helpeth our infirmities." These infirmities are more obvious in the matter of prayer than in any other spiritual exercise. We have been "made nigh by the blood of Christ," but our access to the Father is made real to us by the operation of the Holy Spirit within our hearts. It is only by His illuminating and energizing presence that we enter the battle ground of prayer; or, in other words, the place of real intercession, which becomes a battle ground against the principalities and powers and the rulers of the darkness of this world.

"The strong man" must be bound before we can enter in and spoil his goods by liberating those who are held captive by him. This binding power can be exercised by us only as we pray in righteousness, in faith, in His name, and in the Spirit. This is the need of the hour, "Lord, teach us to pray."

The Homesteader

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By ROBERT J. C. STEAD

Author of "The Cow Puncher," Etc.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.
—20—

With a yell of pain Gardiner sprang to his feet, jerking the farmer into a half-sitting posture as he did so, and Harris, with a great gasp for air, relinquished his sudden and unexpected advantage. But Gardiner's head was again in command; he rushed through the door, half falling over the obstruction as he went, and in an instant was lost in the gloom of the night.

For some minutes Harris lay on the floor, recovering his breath. As the oxygen welled back into his lungs he began to realize that, save for his choking, he was unhurt. With returning strength his thought reverted to Allan, and, calling the boy's name, he sprang to his feet. The first thing was to get a light. He found matches in his pocket, struck one, and peered eagerly into the gloom as its flickering flame beat back the darkness. A blanket, rolled and stained, lay in the doorway, and within was a figure that might once have been a man. Harris' heart almost stopped at the sight: "Allan," he gasped, "my boy, Allan!" He tiptoed across the crumbling floor toward it, holding the match before him. A man's boot and part of a trouser leg protruded from the mass. He held the match downward, leaning over them. They were not Allan's.

"Thank God," he murmured, swelling with a great hope, "thank God for that."

He struck another match and found the lantern. When he had lighted it he surveyed the little building, and saw Allan's gun lying at the end farthest from the door. Not until that moment did he think of the money. Allan had been uppermost in his mind, and when he thought of Allan money was no consideration. But now a great wave of understanding rushed in upon him. Yes, the bag was gone. They had been attacked by robbers. Knowledge of their expedition had in some way got to evil ears, and while he slept Allan had been set upon. The boy had emptied his gun—the huddled mass in the doorway told that tale plainly enough—but other robbers had seized the cash and Allan had pursued them empty-handed. They had fired at him as he rushed from the building—that was the flash he saw a few seconds after the first loud report. He was not quite clear as to his own share in the fight, but he saw the general plan of it plainly enough. He began to wonder what had happened to Gardiner and Riles. Had they been shot down as they wound through the woods? This was evidently the work of a gang prepared to stop at nothing. Harris never for a moment suspected his old neighbor of treachery. He was himself a hard, grasping, money-seeking man, but he had a code of honor none the less, and within its limitations none was more honorable than he. To have done what Riles had done would have been quite impossible for John Harris, and because it was impossible for him its possibility for Riles never suggested itself.

Harris had not yet fully realized the loss of his money. It was overshadowed by the more tragic events of which one evidence lay before him. His anxiety for Allan loomed larger in his mind, although he had little doubt the boy would take proper care of himself, and, even if unarmed, would come back with the money and perhaps with a prisoner. The fact that Allan had not taken his gun was reassuring; if there had been any great danger he would not have left it behind. But he must get out now and aid in the search.

As he reached this decision his eye caught a gleam of something shining on the floor. He walked to it and found a revolver, fully loaded except for one chamber, which had been discharged. "This is evidence," said he—"important evidence." Harris had all the Old Ontario contempt for this kind of weapon, and knew comparatively little about it, but he concluded from its appearance that it was almost new. As he examined it his eye fell on the initials, "J. T.," cut in the grip.

"J. T.," he said to himself. "J. T. Those initials seem familiar. I'll just leave this thing where I found it, until the police see it."

Replacing the weapon on the floor, he stole out the cabin, avoiding the silent obstruction in the doorway. Outside he stood for a moment undecided. The circle of light from his lantern might beacon Allan back to the shanty, but it would also prove a signal to the robbers, if they were still in the vicinity. The roar of water came up from the valleys, but above or through that roar suddenly he fancied he heard a sound from the bushes near at hand. He held his breath and listened intently. Yes, there it was again—a human sound, beyond question, half groan, half gurgle. He turned in the direction from which it came and stole quietly forward. Half-a-dozen yards from the building the light revealed, first a shadow, and then a figure lying on the ground. With some trepidation Harris approached. The man's arms had been extended when he fell, and his coat was thrown over his head. Harris stooped and drew it down over the shoulders exposing the face.

It was Allan.

The first shock of the revelation almost stopped the heart of the old farmer, and he sat back as one dazed, unable to accept the testimony of his own eyes. Then came a panic of uncertainty, and he fell upon the boy, groping wildly for his heart, and at last pressing upon it in an agony of fear. * * * Yes, the beat was there, faint and uncven, but unmistakable. With a sudden surge of returning hope he brought his ear down to the open mouth, fringed with light red foam, and could hear the air laboring in the ravaged lungs. Then came that human sound, half gurgle, half groan; but to Harris, in the reaction from his first paralyzing fear, it was as very music from heaven. His boy still lived, and still should live.

Tenderly he turned the body to a more comfortable position, laying his folded coat beneath the head for a pillow. He loosened the shirt about the neck, and far down the heaving chest saw the sodden red that marked his wound. Rain fell in scattered drops, and he brought another blanket from the cabin, caring little now for the silent form in the doorway in the sudden shadow of his greater tragedy. He spread the blanket over the wounded boy, and sat down by his side, caressing his temples with his big fingers, and wondering what to do next.

As he sat the helplessness of his position grew upon him. He was deep in the foot hills, many miles, as far as he knew, from the home of any settler. In daylight he could, no doubt, find his way back to town, but daylight might be too late. He did not know whether Allan was dying on his hands at that moment. Certainly to attempt to move him in the buggy would be dangerous in the extreme.

And as he sat he thought of the missing money, the fruit of his life's labor, snatched from him in a moment in the darkness. The loss did not hurt him as deeply as he might have thought; he was numbed by the greater blow that hung over him. If Allan would only live! * * * The boy had been his constant companion since babyhood. All his hopes, all his ambitions, which had found their expression in his years of feverish toil, had been wrapped about Allan. He had no one else. * * * His better self revolted at that thought. "You have a wife and daughter," it said, "ready to share your life as soon as you are ready to share theirs." He forced his mind from that phase of his position, but it reverted to it again and again. He could not wander in memory up the path of his boy's life without meeting his boy's mother. And all the pain and unhappiness of the later years—how it cut like an evil bank of fog across the once bright course of their career! But he had suffered for their sakes, holding fast to his own course because he knew it to be best. * * * Best? And it had brought him to this? * * * The



Without an Instant's Warning, Harris Threw the Bag About His Head.

question would not down. Rather than relax an iota from his own purpose he had broken up his family; he had crushed them under the wheels of his inflexible will, and now that same will had driven his son to destruction and himself to ruin.

It is not easy for a man who has laid out a career and followed it with all the energy of a virile nature, recasting his gods from time to time to conform with the evolution of his ideals, but recasting always in the mold of his own will rather than any vessel of creed or persuasion—it is not easy for such a man to stop at fifty and say, "I was wrong." It requires a break in his process of evolution, a shock sufficiently powerful to pulverize his gods before his face, to drive home the truth that they were not gods at all but mere idols of his own creation. In Harris' later life two idols had grown up to the exclusion of all others; they were the wealth which he had builded with his hands and the boy, Allan, about whom he wrapped all the affection of his nature; and they had crumbled to dust even while he worshiped.

He found a flask thrown from some camper's pack, and filled it with water at the mountain stream that rushed by a few rods below the cabin. He placed the liquid to the boy's lips and fancied that some drops found entrance. He had stanched the wound as best he could with fragments torn from the lining of his coat, and he sat down again to watch. Until morning he could do nothing more. Then some camper, lumberman, or surveyor might happen along the road. If not, he would have to move Allan at all risks.

It took time for him to realize the utterness with which his plans had collapsed. As the night wore on he was able to weigh his disaster in a more balanced mind, but its magnitude grew in the weighing. From prosperous ambition he had been swept in an hour to penniless ruin. His destruction was almost complete. The old farm, the scene of his labors—his and Mary's—was gone. If Allan should die there remained nothing more.

Suddenly he fancied he heard the sound of horses' hoofs in the clay road along the hill side, now softened with the light rain. The sound ceased as suddenly as it began, and it occurred to him that it might be one of the robbers returning. The lantern was burning low, but as a precaution he now turned it quite out. There were some cartridges in Allan's pocket; he felt for them and decided to bring the gun out of the cabin. But before he could put his decision into effect he observed the form of a man moving silently but briskly toward the cabin. He held his breath and remained obscured in the bushes. Dimly he discerned the form stop at the door and peer into the darkness.

There was no doubt in the mind of Harris as to the evil intent of the visitor. He had come on horseback near the building, and had then dismounted and stole up to it on foot. That in itself was sufficiently incriminating. One who was riding through the mountains on a legitimate errand, and who knew nothing of the night's affray, would take no such precautions. Unarmed as he was, Harris resolved that the robber, probably the murderer of his son, should not on any account escape him. With the blanket which he had brought to cover Allan was a bag in which they had carried oats for their horses; this he found in the darkness, and stole after his victim. He overtook him standing at the door, in apparent hesitancy whether to enter the building. Without an instant's warning Harris threw the bag about his head, and with a quick twist of his powerful wrist had his prisoner securely gagged. Throwing him violently to the ground, he tied the sack in a hard knot, and, despite all struggles, dragged him back to where Allan lay. Here he relighted the lantern, and, cutting part of the blanket into strips with his pocket knife, securely tied his captive hand and foot. At first the prisoner tried to talk, but he could not speak intelligibly through the close-drawn sack, and presently he gave up and lay in silence in the wet grass.

And again the leaden night wore on, broken only by occasional gurglings in the throat of Allan, or futile struggles by the prisoner. Harris felt little curiosity concerning the identity of the man in gags before him, or the victim of Allan's gun in the doorway. They were absolute strangers to him, and he even feared that if he should look into the face of the one that still lived his anger over the assault upon Allan would burst all bounds and he would kill his victim on the spot. He was slowly forced to the conclusion that Riles and Gardiner had also met with foul play, and that no help was now to be expected from that quarter.

Just as the first bars of gray in the eastern sky proclaimed approaching dawn, the sound of horse's hoofs came distinctly up the valley. Harris drew himself into a sitting posture, and listened. Allan was still breathing, and apparently with less effort than earlier in the night. The sound of the horse came nearer and nearer. At last it was in the road just below, and a moment later would have passed by had not Harris called out.

Sergeant Gray instantly swung his horse from the road and, dismounting, proceeded in the direction of the voices.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SAMPLE OF DUTCH THRIFT?

Hollanders Said to Be Greatest People in the World to Abbreviate Written Words.

The Dutch are the greatest people in the world for abbreviations, says the Detroit News. It seems to be a national trait of the Hollander, and not only are the missives between Nevrouw and her daughter and Mynheer and his son liberally sprinkled with the shortening of Dutch as she is spoke, but the advertisements in the Dutch newspapers are also thriftily abbreviated so as to permit of the maximum amount of expression with the minimum of type.

Private correspondence as well as business correspondence in Holland is a network of abbreviation, so much so that a Hollander who has not been in his native land for a good many years, but still retains a knowledge of his mother tongue, is likely to fall by the wayside in reading a letter from an old friend from whom he has not heard in a long time.

The Dutch lover is quite accustomed to be told in a letter by his sweetheart how much she loves him in abbreviations that suggest more a Russian stock ticker news item than the love-laden words of a romantic maid.

Reading and "Skimming."

It is said that Macaulay could read faster than most men could skim and skim faster than they could skip. No doubt, but then he could laugh heartily at a Greek comedy. The whole thing is largely a matter of habit and training; a man can accustom himself to read steadily. On the other hand, the habit of skimming is one of the most perilous to careful thinking; once formed, it is very difficult to shake off, and the man that has allowed himself to slip into the easy primrose path of skimming, finds that he has missed one good thing after another.

Luxemburg Rich.

Luxemburg is the wealthiest country in the world in proportion to population, with the United States ranking second in this respect.

Avoid It.

"Wood alcohol is dangerous."
"I should think it would be. Think of the danger from splinters."

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