NOTES AND COMMENTS

Some time ago Philip Snowden, the leader of the socialist element in the British commons, bluntly told organized labor that it was not gaining anything by continual strikes, and that the whole strike policy had failed utterly. As Snowden is not an active labor leader, his position was ascribed to his theories and faith in socialistic legislation. But Keir Hardie, one of the most militant of labor leaders, has also admitted the futility of general strikes. He tells the British workmen that legislative action produces better and permanent results. He instances the minimum wage act and other measures. Public sentiment bows to necessity when parliament gives the sign, but tie-ups and strikes only offend it. Mr. Hardie would have no strikes and more political action by labor. He doubtless feels that one or the other of the parties would always make terms with labor and grant all that can be granted under existing conditions.

Of course, the syndicalists and other extreme "direct action" men in the ranks of labor scoff at reliance on politics and legislation. What they preach is bitter warfare, seizure and expropriation. But their propaganda will not make much headway. It is too destructive and too savage. It will bring disaster to those who act upon it. Political action within certain limits is logical and unavoidable. Labor is heard in every legislature and its demands are considered with less and less prejudice or dogmatism. Still more can be accomplished by trade agreements, by joint boards, by publicity, investigation and impartial arbitration than by compulsory legislation. In few cases indeed is governmental intervention possible. But there is simply no limit to the scope of voluntary arrangements for conciliation, mediation and arbitration, for profit-sharing, co-operation and other preventives of strikes and ill will.

The most haphazard, random observation of various moths will give one a feeling of profound gratitude that nature did not see fit to endow such other enemies of man as mosquitoes with anything like the same industry, pertinacity, ingenuity, and shrewdness. If mosquitoes had anything like the ambition and determination of the moth this would be an itching world. A mosquito accepts a screen as an impasse and, like any genial Micawber, merely hums around waiting for something to turn up. For a thing that seems to get as much amusement out of its disorderly life it is singularly sluggish in pursuit of its pleasures. It may use some fineness in manoeuvering if its victim is accessible, but even then it is apt to employ a direct action which frequently brings it to grief.

The moth—stupid, blundering thing that it is, with a foolish appetite for hot lamp chimneys, lighted gas jets, candles, etc., and a destructive liking for woolen goods—is a wonderfully persevering nuisance, and about the time a mosquito gives up in disgust or despair a moth buckles down earnestly to work. It will examine every inch of a screen, work over the edge where the net is tacked, inspect every place where pieces are joined, test every bit of the frame, try to squeeze itself between the screen and the frame at almost every tack, and, failing in all these attempts, it will undertake the chimney route or go around to the door and wait its chance to slip in—all this for the opportunity of dropping into a hot chimney and cracking it. Observing the moth, one is grateful that it does not bite.

HE HAD TO.

McGinnis kept a public-house and lived with his family upstairs. One day his barman shouted to him:

"Guv'nor, shall I trust Jim O'Leary for a drink?"

"Has he had the drink?" called back McGinnis.

"He has."

"Thin thrust him."

Sibyl—"When Steve proposed to me he acted like a fish out of water." Maud—"Why shouldn't he? He knew he was caught."

HEALTH

MALARIA.

Nearly twenty years ago malaria was proved to be a blood disease due to a minute organism that destroys the red corpuscles. This organism is always introduced into the body through the bite of a certain kind of mosquito. When the mosquito bites a sufferer from malaria, it takes in the germs with the sufferer's blood. The germs multiply in the intestine of the mosquito, and travel through its body—unfortunately doing it no harm—to the proboscis. When that mosquito bites another human being, young germs escape into the victim's blood, and there grow into the adult forms that cause the disease.

Many persons still believe that malaria can come from the ground, or the water, or the air, and they cite instances of the appearance of the disease in places where there are no mosquitoes. Careful inquiry, however, will show one of three things: that the victim has had malaria before, and that his present attack is a relapse; that there are a few mosquitoes in the place, after all; or that the disease is not really malaria.

Other persons say that although they have been frequently bitten by mosquitoes, they have never had malaria. That, however, proves nothing, for there is only one kind of mosquito in which the malaria germ can grow, and even that kind cannot transmit malaria unless it has first bitten some one suffering from it.

The way to prevent malaria is to destroy all mosquitoes, for only an expert can distinguish the particular mosquito that carries malaria. It is not enough to kill them after they have entered the house; they must be prevented from breeding. That we can easily do, for the eggs are laid in stagnant water, and the wrigglers live in the water until their wings are grown. If mosquitoes cannot find pools, water-barrels and other collections of still water, they will not lay their eggs; and if pools that cannot be drained or screened are covered with oil, the wrigglers cannot get to the surface to breathe, and so never grow into mosquitoes.

Mosquitoes in a room can be killed by closing all the doors and windows and then burning a mixture of one part of saltpetre with three parts of dried and powdered jimson-weed. It is still better to keep the doors and windows effectually screened with wire netting that has twenty meshes to the inch.—Youth's Companion.

HAY FEVER.

Summer catarrh, as it is often called, is one of the most remarkable maladies peculiar to the summer months, and very often a source of much distress to those who suffer from it. The mucous membrane of the bronchial tubes and upper air passages is irritated by the pollen of certain grasses that is floating in the air, quite unseen of course, during the summer, generally from May to September. Sneezing, running of the nose and eyes make the patients life a burden and he may also exhibit the symptoms of asthma, difficulty of breathing, and a sense of oppression. Men are more liable to this disease than women, and the class of people who suffer least often from hay fever is the one most exposed to its causes, namely, farmers and agricultural laborers in general. Those who live in the country are far less likely to be attacked than the town dweller, and persons of a strongly marked nervous temperament are more apt to suffer than others. The duration of an attack is variable, but may be set down as six weeks, though there are cases where the patient suffers throughout the summer. It is unfortunately true that with most people the trouble is annual, and no sooner does the warm weather come than their misery begins, unless they can leave the district. Change of air indeed is the best remedy, and as no investigation has yet discovered a preventive, the only treatment when change is impossible must consist of palliative measures. Iodide of potassium, the salts of bromine, arsenic, and strychnine have been prescribed with success. Patients should remain indoors, especially during the prevalence of sunshine, which increases the irritation. A quinine and iron tonic will be found useful in many cases, and the patient's should take plenty of light, nourishing food.

"What," asked a husband severely, "is more ridiculous than a woman with a hobble skirt?" "A man with a hobble mind!" replied his wife.

"Did you enjoy your summer holiday?" "Great! We shared a cottage with another family, and when we weren't quarrelling we weren't on speaking terms."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, AUGUST 4.

Lesson V. The worth of the Kingdom. Matt. 13. 44-53. Golden Text, Matt. 6.33.

Verse 44. Kingdom of heaven—The nature and importance of the Kingdom are emphasized in the following parables which are recorded by Matthew only, rather than the method of its propagation as in the previous lessons. For fuller discussions of the Kingdom of Heaven see Lesson Text Studies for June 2 and 9.

Hidden in the field—Modern conveniences, such as banks and safety vaults, were unknown in that day. Treasures were buried for safe keeping. This finder of the treasure hid it again until he could arrange for the purchase of the field.

In his joy—Or, for the joy thereof. Because of his discovery and appreciation of its value.

All he hath—The discovered treasure was of more value than all his possessions, illustrating the superlative worth of the Christian religion as a personal possession. The blessings of the Kingdom are of vastly greater consequence than all that the world affords.

Buyeth that field—It is not to be understood that every phase of the parable is worthy of imitation. There is scarcely any figure or illustration in which the analogy can be successfully carried out in full detail. Only that part of the parable which has a direct bearing upon the truth to be taught is to be considered. The transaction alluded to here was itself contrary to the ethical teachings of Jesus, as the man who sold the field was not aware that it contained the treasure. It nevertheless serves to teach the eagerness with which one should seek to possess the Kingdom.

46. One Pearl—A single pearl, in comparison with which all others were of little worth. Having sold all he purchased the one. The seeker after spiritual truth must be willing to sacrifice every unworthy aim to that end.

47. A net—A dragnet. This particular kind of net was employed near the shore. It was of an oblong shape and of great length. Weights of lead were attached to the lower edge while the upper edge was supported by corks. Reaching as it did from the bottom of the lake to the surface, when drawn toward the shore it gathered every fish which happened to be in its path.

Every kind—Good and bad, and every sort of each, illustrating, as does the parable of the tares, verses 24-43, that the church on earth includes all classes.

49. End of the world—Or, the consummation of the age. Compare Dan. 12. 13; Heb. 9. 26. Since the Kingdom is eternal, the ending of one period would mean the beginning of another. Even in the event of the literal destruction of the world there would be a "new earth" (Rev. 21. 1). The significant point is that it shall be a time of judgment.

Sever—Separate. This is to be done by angels, not men, the inference being that the separation shall be just and complete.

50. Furnace of fire—Compare verse 40.

Gnashing of teeth—An indication of disappointment and rage.

52. Every scribe—Used in the sense of a religious teacher. Scribes were also copyists of the Scriptures.

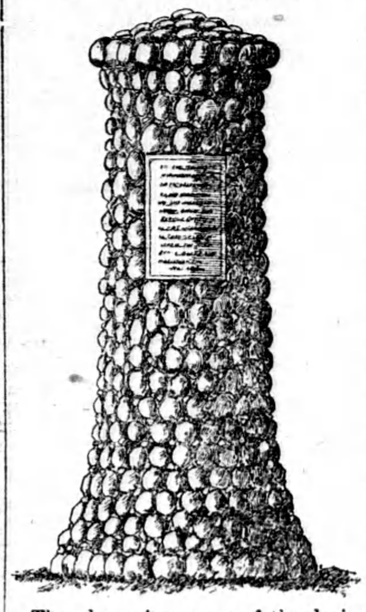
Disciple to the kingdom—The Kingdom of heaven is here personified as a teacher. Whoever would teach the principles of the Kingdom must adopt those principles and imbibe their spirit. The true Christian teacher is to be characterized by the method and spirit of Jesus.

A householder—One who maintains a well-kept house.

Things new and old—As the faithful housekeeper, because of frugality and thrift, is prepared to serve an unexpected guest with lavish supply, so the true Christian teacher is ever prepared both to present the fundamental principles of the Kingdom and to apply the same as need might suggest.

53. Departed thence—Left the seaside near Capernaum for Nazareth.

NIAGARA MEMORIAL.



The above is a copy of the design for a cairn to be erected at Niagara Falls by Toronto, the Niagara Parks Commission, and the people of the town, as a memorial to the hero of the ice bridge tragedy.

The inscription on the cairn will be as follows:

To the memory of
BURRELL HEACOCK,
of Cleveland, Ohio,
aged 17 years,
who lost his life in an
heroic attempt
to rescue Eldridge Stanton
and his wife, of Toronto,
Ontario, when the ice bridge
in the Gorge immediately
below was swept down
the river and into the
Whirlpool Rapids,
February 4th, 1912.

Another brown bread sandwich easy to prepare is cut very thin, and each slice spread with cheese and a strip of sweet peppers.

An appetizing sandwich for a picnic is made from slices of brown bread on which is spread a mixture of chopped green peppers, to which is added a can of sweet peppers or pimentos, a little minced parsley, bound together with a highly seasoned mayonnaise.

THE GOD OF ALL COMFORT

This Thought Makes Endurance Possible as Does the Infant's Clinging Arms the Mother's Anguish

Sickness, death and disappointment cut into every life. Sorrow is as common as night time. None escapes it. Tears may blind with despair or furnish media for a rainbow of hope. Some are crushed by losses; others reprice possessions profitably. Stoicism cannot erect manhood. Daily happenings must build character as gymnasium exercise does muscle. We can explain few of earth's terrible accidents. As a child trusts love and so banishes fright, even so must mankind have a consoling faith in the Omnipotent Father. He is a "God of all comfort."

This God shows material abundance to be unnecessary for happiness. Jesus had not where to lay His head, yet He continued to be

A KING.

Bismarck with all his power said in late life:—"I have counted all the hours in which I have been happy and they do not equal twenty-four." Over against this we may put the words of the persecuted and imprisoned Paul: "I have learned in whatever state I am therewith to be content." Solomon said, "Godliness with contentment is great gain." Any other satisfaction might be that of a glutton at his feasting who would only lay up "goods" and hear the call "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required at thy hands." Before his death the Earl of Shaftesbury who had lived such a serviceable Christian life lost his fortune. He declared, "I am thankful for losing my fortune, for thus God was able to show me that I did not need it to be happy."

This God shields us from an overburden. Old day theology accredited affliction to be a punishment. Man's cupidity and carelessness bring accidents, but they come upon the innocent and guiltful alike. Then the innocent suffer as redeemers of man; they serve to awaken others to law observance and a realignment of values. Out of every loss comes an

UPLIFTING OF HUMANITY.

They who suffer contribute to this uplift and thus so add to their nature that they will be larger on earth and in heaven.

This God promises future reaping. Man universally and spontaneously believes in an existence after death. Remove this hope and men would go in a circle, like blizzard blinded travellers, instead of advance. But Jesus' resurrection gives potency to His declarations. "Where He is" there we shall be also. Tears, pains, partings are then impossible. Life's sowings will be reaped. All things will work together for good. Wounds will be covered with pearls and tears be turned to diamonds. No other message can assuage the staggering pain death partings bring.—Rev. Christian F. Reisner.

HOME

SEASONABLE DISHES.

Berries in Border. — Make a blancmange from two cups of milk, one-quarter cup of cornstarch, a saltspoon of salt, three rounding tablespoons of sugar, a teaspoon of vanilla and the whites of three eggs beaten stiff and stirred in after the blancmange has cooked ten minutes and it is taken from the fire. Turn into a border mold and when firm turn onto a large plate and fill the center with fresh raspberries sprinkled with powdered sugar.

Red Raspberry Ice.—Put one quart of water and one and two-thirds cups of sugar in the preserving kettle and boil for 20 minutes. When cold add two cups of mashed berries, strain through a cheesecloth bag, add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and one of rose extract and freeze.

Frosted or Crushed Currants.—Use large firm clusters of currants for this dish. Have in front of you a soup plate containing the whites of three eggs mixed with five tablespoonfuls of cold water, another plate filled with sifted powdered sugar at your right, the bowl of currants at your left. Dip each bunch of currants in the water and white of egg, turn it over and over in the sugar and lay on a chilled platter to dry. When all are done sift more powdered sugar over the fruit and arrange carefully on a glass dish.

Currant Punch.—Take two cupfuls of pure red currant juice, a quart of water and a cupful of sugar. Simmer together five minutes and cool. Slice two lemons and two oranges thin and pour into a bowl with a large piece of ice and add the juice. Or mix red currant jelly with boiling water and sugar, and pour over fresh currants in a bowl.

Currant Pudding.—Wash the currants and pick from the stems. Sift four cups of flour with six level teaspoons of baking powder, then rub in one-quarter cup each of butter and lard and mix with one and one-half cups of milk or enough milk to make a soft dough. Roll out half an inch thick and cut a round to fit the bottom of a buttered pail, put on a layer of currants and sprinkle with sugar. Repeat the rounds and fruit until the mold is more than half full. Cover closely and steam two hours; serve with liquid sauce.

Currant Fluff.—Beat white of egg to stiff froth, add knife-tip of salt and scant dessert spoon of homemade currant jelly. Beat till smooth and rosy. Pile on slice of cake or sugar cookie. This amount is really large enough for two persons if egg is large.

Mrs. Morse's Spiced Currants.—To six quarts currants, stemmed and washed, allow four pounds white sugar, two tablespoons cloves, two tablespoons cinnamon, little salt, one pint sugar. Boil half an hour and bottle.

Currant Pie.—Beat the yolks of two eggs with one tablespoonful of flour; when smooth, add two tablespoons of water, one cup of sugar and cup of crushed ripe currants. Turn into a pie plate lined with good paste and bake. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff, add two tablespoons of sugar, spread this over the pie and brown delicately.

Currant Jam.—Use two quarts of either red or white currants, from which the stems have been removed; three pounds of sugar, one pound of chopped raisin, and two oranges peeled and sliced. Boil 20 minutes.

Green Pea Soup.—Wash a small forequarter of lamb in cold water and put it into a soup pot with six quarts of cold water; add to it two tablespoonfuls of salt, and set it over a moderate fire. Let it boil gently for two hours, then skim it clear; add a quart of shelled peas and a teaspoonful of pepper; cover it and let it boil for half an hour. Then having scraped the skins from a quart of small, young potatoes, add them to the soup; cover the pot and let it boil for half an hour longer. Work one-quarter of a pound of butter and a tablespoonful of flour together, and add them to the soup 10 or 12 minutes before taking it off the fire. Serve the meat on a dish with parsley sauce over it, and the soup in a tureen.

FOR THE PICNIC TABLE.

A veal loaf is always appetizing in the woods. An excellent recipe is: Three pounds and a half of finely-chopped veal—the leg best—mixed with three well-beaten eggs, into which is stirred a grated nutmeg, a tablespoon each of black pepper, thyme and salt, a teaspoonful of onion juice and a dash of cayenne. Add three tablespoonfuls of cream and three water crackers rolled fine. Mix in a long loaf, dot with butter and bake about an hour in a moderate oven, basting frequently.

Veal loaf may be sliced thin and packed in paraffin paper in a flat box, but dries out less if taken to the picnic whole. Carry a sharp carving knife, as thick slices are unappetizing.

Deviled eggs are usually more popular than plain hard boiled ones. Boil the eggs fully half an hour, throw at once into cold water and do not shell until chilled. Cut the eggs in half lengthwise, run the yolk through a sieve and mix to a paste with a saltspoon of mustard, cayenne pepper, salt and a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley to a dozen eggs. Oil or melted butter can be used for mixing the paste.

Deviled eggs carry better if both halves are filled, then put together and each egg wrapped in waxed paper. Or they can be put in a shallow tin box, with waxed paper between the layers. On hot days keep the box near the ice on reaching the picnic grounds.

Left over cold chicken or veal makes an excellent hot dish for a picnic. Cut the meat into small cubes at home and wrap in waxed paper. Make a white sauce from a tablespoonful butter and one of flour to every pint of milk. This is the allowance for a quart of meat. Season highly with salt, pepper and a little onion juice. An after-dinner coffee cup of sherry improves the flavor.

Nothing is better than fresh scrambled eggs at a picnic, unless it is fried potatoes. Boil the potatoes at home—in their jackets—and take a good supply of butter for frying. A pound can be carried in a tin kettle with ice packed around it. Have sharp knife for slicing and a fork or short cake turner for stirring.

A "rabbit" is unusual and appetizing in the woods. For this use a rich cheese. Thin with cream. Put a tablespoonful of butter in the skillet, when melted, add seasoning—salt, cayenne, a teaspoonful of mustard — then add milk and the cheese by degrees. It should first be cut fine. When nearly done, the well-beaten yolk of an egg can be added. The "rabbit" must not be started until everything else is ready for the picnic feast.

QUEEN MARY'S SPOONS.

Her Majesty's Collection Now Almost Complete.

The unique spoons that Queen Mary brought home with her from India make her collection almost complete, nearly every country being represented by one or more specimens. Some of the most interesting are those showing the earliest forms of spoons and their development. Fingers were made before forks, as you know, and apparently, although the spoon cannot boast any such antiquity, it made quite an early appearance into civilized life.

Some of the spoons that her Majesty bought in India are of great age and are exquisitely chased and jewelled. The queen's set of apostle spoons compare favorably with any in existence. Another valuable recent addition to her collection was a set of quaint long-handled spoons from Russia, sent to her as a birthday present by the Czarina.

A CHILD'S PATIENCE.

Lady Henry Somerset, whose labors in behalf of the children of the London slums are constant and earnest, tells this affecting story of the way in which her interest in these little ones was aroused.

I was moved in that direction by the rare patience and imagination of one little boy. His example convinced me that patience was one of the qualities I needed most, and in seeking it I grew into that work.

I was in a hospital on visiting-day, while the doctors were changing a plaster cast which held the crippled boy's limb. The operation was exceedingly painful, I was told. To my surprise, the little sufferer neither stirred nor winced, but made a curious buzzing sound with his mouth. After the doctors left I said to him:

"How could you possibly stand it?"

"That's nothing," he answered. "Why, I just made believe that a bee was stingin' me. Bees don't hurt very much, you know. And I kept buzzin' because I was afraid I'd forget about its being a bee if I didn't."

A BIG HOUSE.

An immense block of flats is to be erected at Clapham Junction, England, with the idea of simplifying the housekeeping problem and doing away with the need for a separate staff of servants. In the basement there is to be a large fruit and vegetable market designed to cope with the requirements of the district. About the market will be an arcade containing large shops. The upper floors will be divided into 200 dwellings, ranging in size from five to two rooms, and 300 bachelor apartments of one room each. Each dwelling will have its own telephone and its own bathroom. At the top of the building and extending over its entire area will be a glass-covered roof-garden, with skating rink, children's playground and bandstand. The centre of the building will be occupied by club premises, a restaurant, and other public rooms.