

NOTES AND COMMENTS

More time is spent in our public schools in maintaining order than in teaching, asserts an exasperated teacher, and suggests a return to the rod. Moral suasion, she says, is utterly ineffective as a means of maintaining discipline among school children. A return to corporal punishment would make for greater educational efficiency.

No doubt the teacher is up against many difficulties the average person does not realize. There are in every class a number of boys who come from homes where the bed slat is the only symbol of authority. Unless they have their ears pulled or their shins kicked these youngsters do not feel that they have been reprimanded.

While sympathizing with the exasperated teacher few people will agree with her that a return to corporal punishment is the only remedy for this state of affairs. There are other and more efficient ways of making boys behave. After all, lack of discipline primarily arises from the fact that the children are not thoroughly interested in their work. The unruly boy would forget his pranks if he found his lesson absorbing. To make the work absorbing to such a distracted child is not an easy matter. It may even be above the ability of the average teacher. A sounder remedy than the rod might be to take these unruly boys and put them in separate classes in charge of expert teachers who would know how to make the work so appealing to them that they would forget their pranks.

There was never much doubt as to the approval by the German parliament of the special or non-concurrent "military contribution tax." There was much kicking and grumbling, but the government made its appeal to necessity, to patriotism, and was sure of success. Indeed, the reichstag would have been dissolved if it had rejected the bill.

It was, however, left free to amend nonvital features. As originally framed, the bill taxed all incomes above \$2,500 (or 10,000 marks), while now the minimum is 5,000 marks. It is called by the government's financiers "a rich man's burden," for he who has an annual income of \$1,250 is considered in Germany, and in the rest of Europe as well, a well-to-do person. The tax, moreover, is progressive, and rises from 1 to 8 per cent. as the incomes increase.

It is a fact that a tax like that of Germany does not hit the average man, or the great majority of the people. This largely explains the readiness of the social democrats to vote for, or refrain from voting against, an additional and heavy military contribution that they do not think at all warranted by the actual military situation in Europe.

WHALE HUNT IN JAPAN.

Adventurous Time Trying to Catch Fish.

While engaged in scientific research along the coast of Japan for the American Museum of Natural History, Mr. Roy C. Andrews, Curator of Mammals in that institution, accepted an invitation to make a trip on one of the small whaling steamers which hunt the Sei and blue whale of the Pacific. Here is an extract from his story of the hunt as told in Outing:

"I was clinging to a rope behind him trying to focus the camera, but the flying spray and rain made it well nigh impossible. Suddenly I saw the captain's muscles tighten as the tip of the harpoon dropped an inch or two, and I caught a glimpse of the gigantic phantom shape rushing upward through the swirling green water. Almost on the instant a cloud of white vapor shot into our faces and a great dripping body rounded out under the ship's bow. The click of the camera was followed by the deafening roar of the gun, and I saw the ponderous flukes whirl upward, pause an instant, and fall in one tremendous smashing blow upon the water. There was a moment's stillness as the giant figure quivered, straightened out, then righting itself with another crashing blow of the flukes, swung about and dashed away, tearing through the water partly on the surface, partly below it."

Error Somewhere.

"My wife is learning to cook by cook book." "How are things coming along?" "The book must be full of typographical errors, judging by the ways things turn out."

Sure Enough.

Kid—What is it that occurs once in a minute, twice in a week, and yet only once in a year? Gent—What is it? Kid—The letter K.

Young Folks

Bob and Betty.

Once Bob and Betty went down the beach together in their bathing-suits, and on the sand right in front of them they saw a great red crab, with a big, round body and long claws; he was walking sideways round the little rocks.

"Let's go up and speak to him, Bobby," said Betty; and the two children went up and said, "How do you do, Mr. Crab? We know it's you, because we have your picture in our book."

Bobby found a long stick, with which he poked Mr. Crab to see him open wide his claws, for Bobby knew that is the way crabs always fight. Buggins, their little dog, was not brave like Bob and Betty, but he was wiser, and he barked at Mr. Crab, and tried to bark the children away.

"That's right, Buggins," said Bobby, laughing. "You look after your precious little toes, but I'm going to tickle him with my stick."

"Look out, Bobby!" said Betty. "He might bite your hand." "I'll be very careful, 'fraid cat!" said Bobby, as he tickled Mr. Crab, who began to walk round in his own funny fashion.

Mr. Crab grew very cross, and began to open his great claws and look at Bobby's feet; but Bobby did not think of them.

"Ow! ow!" cried Bobby, suddenly. Cross old Mr. Crab had put out his great claw and pinched the toe of Bobby's little bathing-shoe.

Bobby screamed with fright, and tried to shake off Mr. Crab; but he hung on tighter than ever, while Bobby shook his foot in the air, and danced on one leg as long as he could. Then he tried to run away, but he was only giving Mr. Crab a ride, too.

"The crab's caught me," owned Bobby, very much frightened. Betty came over to Mr. Crab, and whipped him with her beach shovel; then she poured a pailful of water over him, and Buggins barked at him as hard as any little dog could bark—and still Mr. Crab would not let go.

Buggins whined, and Betty cried, "O Bobby, do you suppose he will bite your big toe off?" "I'm afraid so," said Bobby. "Is it bleeding?" asked Betty, looking closely at his foot.

"It scares worse than it hurts," owned Bobby, with his eye on the great crab. "Keep off, Buggins! He'd take your paw and hold it for you if he had not taken mine first."

"Bobby," whispered Betty, as if she did not want Mr. Crab to hear, "let me untie your bathing-shoe, and she leaned over very, very quietly, and untied the tapes and loosened the heel of the thin canvas shoe."

"Now, Bobby, see if you can't pull your foot out," she ordered. Bobby gave a long tug, while she held the heel of his shoe, and out came Bobby's poor, scared foot, with all five toes still growing on it, and over rolled horrid old Mr. Crab, with the bathing-shoe held in his big strong claw, which never would let go so long as it grew on Mr. Crab's body.

So Mr. Crab did not eat little boy for luncheon that day; all he had was a little canvasbag shoe, with only a bit of good meat in it.—Youth's Companion.

ISLANDS PLAGUE-STRICKEN.

Terrible Drama Being Enacted In Irish Isles.

A terrible but hidden drama of life is being enacted in the little islands of Gormuna. Lettermore and Lettermullen, off the Connemara coast. Three dread scourges typhoid, typhus and tuberculosis, are destroying the inhabitants, and though some effort at relief has been made, it is hopelessly inadequate.

There is a slum area unequalled in misery which hunt the sea, and blue whale of the Pacific. Here is an extract from his story of the hunt as told in Outing:

"I was clinging to a rope behind him trying to focus the camera, but the flying spray and rain made it well nigh impossible. Suddenly I saw the captain's muscles tighten as the tip of the harpoon dropped an inch or two, and I caught a glimpse of the gigantic phantom shape rushing upward through the swirling green water. Almost on the instant a cloud of white vapor shot into our faces and a great dripping body rounded out under the ship's bow. The click of the camera was followed by the deafening roar of the gun, and I saw the ponderous flukes whirl upward, pause an instant, and fall in one tremendous smashing blow upon the water. There was a moment's stillness as the giant figure quivered, straightened out, then righting itself with another crashing blow of the flukes, swung about and dashed away, tearing through the water partly on the surface, partly below it."

From year's end to year's end they never see a morsel of meat, except, perhaps, a cheap scrap of greasy American bacon. Many of them never see milk. During the past few years three doctors have died there in epidemics of typhoid fever. A fourth sickened and recovered. In the last twenty years six doctors have laid down their lives in the district. The present medical officer, Dr. O'Kelly, is the only doctor in a disease-stricken area which includes a population of 10,000 and extends thirty miles by forty miles. The nearest hospital is at Oughterard, forty miles away. There is no railroad, and the sole means of conveyance for the fever-stricken is by cart over bog and mountain.

Since the latest epidemic the terror of typhoid has bitten so deeply that even the tiny children run when they see the fever cart approaching on the road. And inevitably when it becomes known that any family has typhoid in the house their neighbors will not go near them.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL STUDY

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, JULY 27.

Lesson IV. Moses's Request Renewed. Exod. 4. 29 to 6. 1. Golden Text, Matt. 5. 4.

Having determined to obey the command of Jehovah and return to Egypt, Moses is further instructed as to how he shall proceed in dealing with Pharaoh in order to secure his consent to the departure of the Hebrews from Egypt. While Moses is still on his way his brother Aaron is divinely commanded to leave Goshen and proceed into the wilderness to meet Moses, and to assist him in his momentous undertaking. Somewhere in the desert east of Egypt the brothers meet and return together into Egypt, where, first of all, they summon the elders of Israel to a conference and show them the signs by which Jehovah had set his seal of indorsement upon their errand.

Verse 1. Afterward—Following the meeting of Moses and Aaron with the elders of Israel, they proceed immediately to present their request to Pharaoh in person, making it very plain to the king that they have come in the name of Jehovah, the God of Israel. Let my people . . . hold a feast unto me in the wilderness.—They do not immediately present their demand for the entire liberation of the Israelites from bondage, but proceed to test the king's temper and attitude toward the Israelites by a much more modest request—that for permission to make a short religious pilgrimage and offer sacrifices to Jehovah just beyond the borders of Egypt.

2. Who is Jehovah?—Pharaoh feigns ignorance concerning any other gods than his own, and asks, not for information, but in utter contempt, concerning the God in whose name they venture to ask a favor of him.

3. The God of the Hebrews.—Even the Hebrews themselves had not yet risen to the exalted conception of Jehovah as the one and only true God over all nations and peoples. His claims upon his own people are here set over against the claims which other gods might have upon other peoples.

4. Wherefore do ye . . . loose the people from their works?—The king dismisses their petition without even an answer and abruptly changes the subject by accusing Moses and Aaron of meddling interference with the daily tasks of the people.

Get you unto your burdens.—The command is to Moses and Aaron as representatives of the people. 5. Many.—In the estimation of Pharaoh there were already far too many Hebrews in the land. To lessen their burden and grant them leisure for religious feasts and ceremonies would tend only to increase their strength and make them so much the greater menace to the land which held them in slavery.

6. The taskmasters are the Egyptian overseers and slave-drivers, while the officers are Hebrew scribes or clerks, whose duty it was to keep an account of the number of the bricks made and the other tasks performed by each individual.

7. Straw to make brick.—The Egyptian bricks were made of mud from the Nile mixed with straw. It was customary to stamp the name of the reigning king upon the separate bricks, and modern excavations in Egypt have brought to light a number of these bricks bearing the name of Rameses II., father of the Pharaoh referred to in our lesson passage.

Gather straw for yourselves.—They would not be able to secure good straw, but would be compelled to find a substitute in the field rubbish of every kind, including twigs, stems, roots, and withered leaves. To prepare this for use in brick-making required that it should be sorted and chopped, this process entailing double labor on the part of the Israelites.

8. Lay upon them—Require of them. 9. Let them not regard lying words.—Such as Moses and Aaron had in the thought of Pharaoh being guilty of in encouraging the people to believe that they might hope for a favorable reply to their request.

10. Throughout all the land of Egypt.—Not to be taken literally, but meaning rather "far and wide." 11. Stubble for straw—Compare verse 7 above.

12. Officers . . . were beaten.—The Hebrew scribes and time-keepers suffered with the delinquent workmen themselves. The remaining verses of our lesson (5. 15 to 6. 1) give the complaint of the oppressed people to Moses and Aaron because of their increased burdens, and the assurance given by Jehovah to Moses that he, Jehovah, would deal with Pharaoh that the stubborn king would yield and virtually drive the Hebrews out of the land.

The Reason.

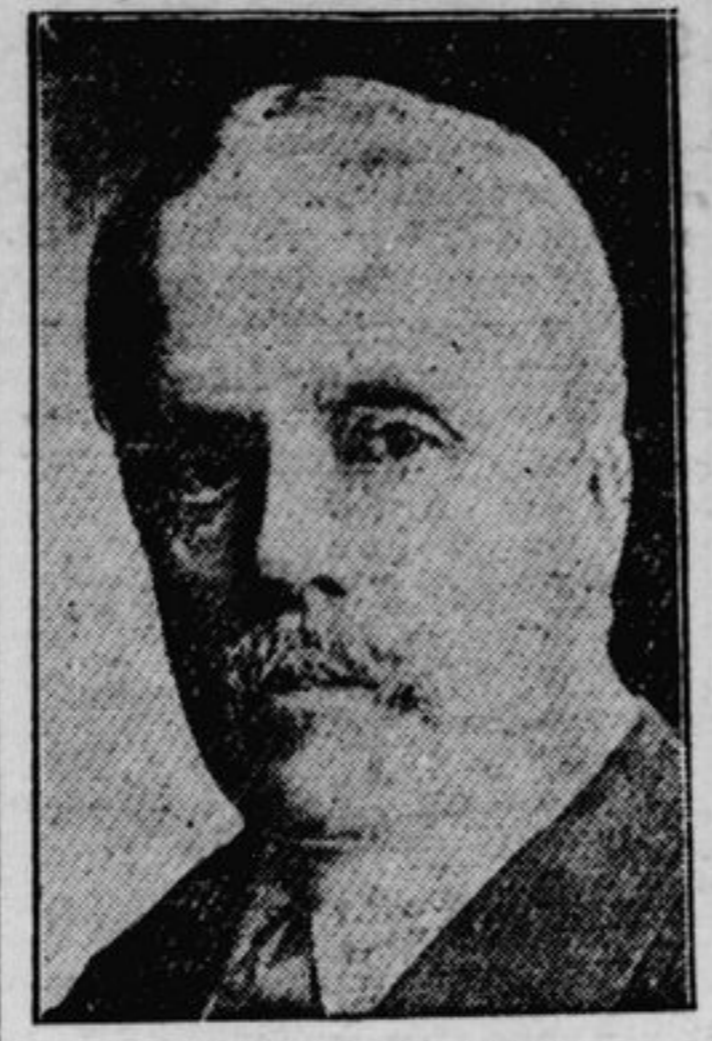
Muggins—I wonder why Dolly Dashaway is so popular? Buggins—She's one of those girls a fellow feels he can propose to without any serious danger of being accepted.

The Alarming Feature!

Professor—Doesn't it make you sad to see women wearing feathers of the poor little birds on their hats? Married Man—It isn't the feathers that make me sad—it's their bills!

Mr. Balfour as Bookman.

Mr. Balfour's absences from the British House of Commons are usually put down to golf or to the gout that so often attacks members in pairs during a tedious debate. But of late he has played truant for graver causes; he is preparing for the press a work on political economy, a continuation and in part a correction of a former volume. There is nothing Mr. Balfour takes so seriously as his written word. He goes further than most authors in conscientiousness. Having rewritten certain portions of his "The



Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour.

Criticisms of Beauty," he made known through his publishers, but not exactly on their advice, that any purchaser of the first edition who returned his copy would receive the revised version for nothing. The methods of the member for the city are not according to city standards, exactly pushing—unless, of course, the first edition had risen to a premium!

PINES ON FEVER MARSHES.

Vast Forests Built Up in France Over Stagnant Wastes.

Some very interesting facts concerning the mighty pine forests in the southwest of France, which cover an area of about 2,500,000 acres, are given in the report for 1912 of the British consul at Bordeaux, Mr. Arthur L. S. Rowley, who writes:

"In the early part of the nineteenth century this area, more especially that part known as the Landes, was nothing more than a marshy, partly treeless, waste, covered with a low, dense growth. It was originally damp, unhealthy and sparsely inhabited on account of the immense sand dunes lined up along the shores of the Bay of Biscay, which, due to their constant trend inward, swallowed up trees, villages, and forests, and obstructed the rivers and inlets."

"The rain which fell could not escape into the ocean, and flooded large areas, which turned into stagnant, pestiferous fever marshes. A Monsieur Brémontier, in an old report on the Landes, compared this sandy tract to the billowy sea. It offered to the eye nothing but a monotonous repetition of white, wavy hillocks, perfectly destitute of vegetation, and when violent storms of wind occurred the surface of the dunes was entirely changed—what were hills became valleys, and valleys hills."

Landscapes on these occasions were often blown into the interior of the country, actually covering cultivated fields, villages, even entire forests. This was done so gradually, by a shower of particles as fine as the sand used for hour glasses, that nothing was destroyed. The sand gradually arose amongst the crops as if they were inundated with water, and the herbage and the tops of trees appeared quite green and healthy even at the moment of their being submerged."

"The damage caused by these moving sand dunes so increased that the Government officials had to devise and execute plans for reforesting this area, which work was carried out gradually. As the pines gave a very good income, the plantations, or rather the forests, were extended far from the coast line, towards the Garonne, till what was formerly a sandy desert is now covered with maritime pines."

CHINESE FOOTBALL.

A Very Different Game Than In This Country.

Our football—whether Association or Rugby—is played according to rule. Not so the football of China. There the contest is curiously primitive, and free and easy.

"The first game I saw," says a European in a letter to the London Telegraph, "I mistook for a serious riot. To begin with, each side was fifty strong, and as it was in northern China, most of the players were six feet tall, and heavy in proportion. They had no goals, side-lines or halves. The game was not finished until one side defeated the other, and sometimes lasted several days. The idea of the game is to carry a small basket, which serves as a ball, into the opponents' territory. The game is fought out in the streets, and every player has a whistle with which to call assistance when he is too hard pressed. Stealth, as well as force, is permitted. I know of one man who got the ball across the enemy's line by climbing over the roofs of houses. As you may imagine, a hundred gigantic men yelling and fighting all over the public streets are pretty certain to cause excitement."

All the world loves a good liver, more or less.

HEALTH

Apoplexy.

Apoplexy is usually the result of a ruptured artery, with consequent escape of blood into the brain substance. Such a rupture occurs only when the arteries of the brain are diseased, and usually when they are the seat of a fatty aneurism. These are the little sacs that project in considerable numbers from the artery. At first the aneurisms relieve the pressure of the blood within the arteries, but their walls are very thin and soft, and may give way completely under some sudden increase of the blood pressure, caused perhaps by a hearty meal, by lifting a heavy weight, or running for a train, or by strong emotion—anger, fright, or joy.

The first symptom of a severe "stroke" is usually sudden and complete unconsciousness. The patient lies motionless with congested face and dilated pupils, breathes noisily, and has a slow, strong pulse. From this state he may never revive, but in many cases consciousness returns. Then it is found that one side of the body is more or less paralyzed, and that the muscles of the face on the opposite side have lost their power. If the right side is paralyzed, the patient is often unable to talk intelligibly; he may run his words together, or use a word that is clearly not at all the word he means to use. That is called aphasia.

Apoplexy is not always due to hemorrhage in the brain; it may result from the stagnation and clotting of the blood within an artery (thrombosis), or from the plugging of an artery by a bit of fibrin (called an embolus) that is detached from a blood-clot, or from a diseased heart valve.

Apoplexy of the bursting of a blood-vessel occurs only when the arteries are diseased. Therefore it is most common in old age, although it may appear in younger persons whose arteries are degenerated in consequence of gout or other diseases. The form that is due to an embolus may occur at any age, since it arises from a diseased heart.

If the patient recovers from the immediate effects of a stroke, there is usually some improvement in the paralysis, so that he may be able to walk about; but his recovery is seldom complete, and other and eventually fatal attacks are likely to occur.—Youth's Companion.

Invoking Restful Sleep.

Many rise from their bed in the morning unrefreshed by the night's rest. Their fitful sleep has been one long muddling dream. The brain and body have been robbed of their needful rest.

If you want to sleep peacefully, and to avoid troublesome dreams, observe the following rules:

Keep the window open, and have the room thoroughly ventilated. Retire neither hungry nor too well satisfied.

Have the head reclining almost on a level with the body, not on a pillow that strains the neck.

Have the bedclothes as light as possible. Do not sleep in a huddled position, and keep the head well out of the bedclothes.

If these measures fail, take a warm footbath, and slowly drink a glass of hot milk or water before retiring. Hot water internally and externally works wonders as a sleep inducer.

ENGLISH BIRTH RATE.

Fewer Children Than Any Country Save France.

The London correspondent of the Journal of the American Medical Association sends these figures and comments relative to the falling birth rate in Great Britain:

"According to a report just issued by the census office this country contains a larger proportion of young adults than either France, Germany, Holland, or Sweden. It has fewer children than any of those countries but France, and fewer older persons than any except Germany. In consequence of the fall in the birth rate the proportion of young children has considerably diminished. For each million of the population in 1881 there were 135,551 children under the age of five years. In 1891 this number fell to 122,523, and since then to 114,292 in 1901, and to 106,857 in 1911."

"At the London School of Economics and Political Science Karl Pearson, in delivering a course of lectures on 'Infant Welfare,' drew attention to the falling birth rate which has existed since 1878. He showed that the process was less rapid in places like Sheffield, where men were chiefly employed, whereas in places like Derbyshire, where wool was the staple industry, it was most marked. In woolen areas the average families were 1.3, in cotton areas 1.8, and in engineering areas 2.12, the interpretation being that, except in the latter case, the families, and consequently the towns, were not reproducing themselves."

"Immigration from the rural districts could not continue, for their birth rates, too, were falling. The character of the population was tending to become more middle-aged, and if the population was to be replaced, average families of four and five were required—a point of vital importance to the nation, for no nation of forty millions could stand against one of sixty millions. That was the political aspect."

OPTIMISM OF PESSIMISM

Just to Explain the Universe of God Rationally Is to Justify It Morally

Impotent pieces of the game he plays Upon the checker board of nights and days; Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays, And one by one back in the closet lays.

"Rubaiyat," Omar Khayyam.

If we would convince ourselves of the basic soundness of the universe and the essential goodness of life we cannot do better than take up some philosophy of pessimism, and, accepting it at its face value, set ourselves soberly to the task of seeing just how bad it really is. I personally believe that the cosmic order, especially on its human side, is so beneficent that there can be formulated no interpretation of its phenomena which does not take on some semblance of the divine reality which it is purposed to describe.

Take, for example, the verse from Omar's "Rubaiyat," which I have selected for my text. Here do we have the crowning expression of the cynical philosophy of life which is expounded in this strangely attractive poem of the great Persian. This world, we are told, is a vast chess board on which the "Master of the Show" is

Playing His Game of Destiny.

Men and women are the pieces with which the movements of the game are marked and its progress indicated. Most of us are pawns, some knights and bishops, here and there a castle or a queen. But, high or low, great or small, it makes no difference. We are simply moved helplessly as the necessities of the game may dictate at the moment, and sooner or later are swept off the board and "back in the closet laid."

Now, it would seem as though there could be no more hopeless picture of human existence than this. And yet it is so hopeless, after all? See what Omar is actually telling us.

FORESTRY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Progressive Policy Inaugurated by The Federal Government.

The report recently issued by the Chief Conservator of Forests in South Africa for the year ending on December 31st, 1911, is one of considerable interest by way of comparison with what is being done along forestry lines in this country. For such a young Union the progress made is remarkable, and considerable credit is due to the Forestry Department for the efficiency already attained in administration and fire-protection.

The area of the Forest Reserves in the Union of South Africa in December, 1911, was 1,799,550 acres. Besides this, there were also 42,587 acres reserved for growing railway ties, on which railway funds alone were expended, making a total reserved area of 1,842,137 acres. This area is divided into seven conservancies, — roughly speaking, a conservancy for each province in the Union. Each conservancy, consisting usually of several reserves, is administered by a District Forest Officer and a technically trained Assistant Forester. Under them are chiefs of reserves, forest guards, rangers, etc. The more important positions are all filled by technical foresters, usually highly trained men who have completed their course in the Oxford School of Forestry and in Germany. This organization very closely resembles that of the Canadian Government forest reserves.

Under their supervision, forest surveys are being made for the demarcation of new reserves, and existing reserves are being protected from fire by burning or cutting fire-belts around the reserves and by planting up their perimeters with trees of the less inflammable species. As a result of these precautions, there were burned during the season of 1911 only seven hundred acres, or 0.04 per cent. of the total area.

On the reserves themselves improvement cuttings are being carried on under the direction of forest officials, for the removal of defective timber and weed trees, and these operations not only have much improved the species composition of the forests, but have proved financially justifiable as well.

Replanting is also being extensively carried on in the various reserves, the total area replanted at the end of 1911 being 48,136 acres. Several species of exotics are being introduced with considerable success. Nurseries are maintained, and the seed and transplants of forest trees are sold to the public at cost. About six thousand dollars worth of seed was sold by the Department during the year, together with 2,808,402 seedlings, valued at over \$42,600.00.

No Other Explanation. "Do you believe in luck?" "Yes, sir. How else could I account for the success of my neighbors?"

Condescension. He—May I see you home? She—No, but you may watch me start.

There is always plenty of room at the top, the bottom and on all sides for successful men.

This universe, he says, is presided over by a supreme Intelligence, which acts with deliberate foresight and determined purpose. The life of this universe, he adds, is to be interpreted as a game which to this great Intelligence is playing personally for stakes that are at least important enough to be worth the striving for. And then he concludes the whole by declaring that you and I are the pieces which this Intelligence is using for the winning of His game.

Now, what is there so terrible in such an interpretation of life as this? We may like the figure of the chess game or we may not. That is a non-essential detail. What is vital is the idea that there is a God in this universe who is trying to work out some mighty plan, and that He is using you and me as the means for the

Achieving of His Purpose.

Take Omar at his word—crude, inadequate, vulgar as it may be—and what nobler fate can we ask than to be used as pieces in a game which God finds it worth while to play? How better can we be spent than by being swept from the board and laid back in the closet at the very moment when such a sacrifice means perhaps the winning of the game? What greater honor than to be used by God as He thinks best? A child screams for help in a flaming tenement, and the happiest fireman of them all is he who is picked to stake his life on the slim chance of rescue. A mine explodes, and the miners above ground fight for the privilege of entering the shaft to save their comrades. A soldier is needed to carry a dangerous venture into the lines of the regiment and every man in the regiment steps in answer to the call for volunteers. Here is life at its very best. But if such is the case in our relations with men, why is not the same thing true, only on an infinitely grander scale, in our relations with God?—Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

Mr. Deane, who was during the day, "Yes, you," he said, "I'm ready to back that." "But you must see," Mr. Deane said, "I understand. I show you the way to back that." "I'll work it for you," Mr. Deane said, "I'll show you the way to back that." "I'll show you the way to back that." "I'll show you the way to back that."

Fashion Hints

Seen in Paris Shops.

The newest bracelet is the faceted bangle bracelet. The new mohair dust coats have raglan shoulders. Separate vests or waistcoats to coats are very popular.

Mandarin or set-on sleeves are in as great favor as ever. Serge will come to the front for practical street dresses. Plaid silks are increasing in favor, especially clan colorings. Poppins, both plain and figured, are as much liked as ever.

Embroidered or shirred arms are seen on the finest silk gloves. Summer hats are made of malinge, chiffon, taffeta, and lace. A great many blouses of white mesaline will be seen this fall. Velvet and tulle trimmed hats are being much worn in Paris.

In the dressiest suits the skirts are the most elaborately draped. Lisle gloves are probably the best for all-around use in hot weather. Foulard frocks for young girls are being made with two tiered skirts. Plain and brocade velvets are expected to be in good demand this fall.

Navy and brown will be the staple color in plush for combination suits. Children's coats still have the belt or sash placed to give a low waist line. Separate skirts of white serge with blue hair stripes are always good style.

Challis makes admirable dresses for children to wear on cool summer days. Skirts with plaited flounces made of tulle or lace are increasing in favor. Blue stockings and blue shoes appear with white dresses and blue sashes.

Cutaway effects are promised again for fall coats, but may be longer. Sleeves for evening gowns vary in length from the mere cap to three-quarters. A bunch of flowers and long streamers make a charming touch on a parasol.

Some of the new blouses have frills outlining what looks like a Gibson plait. A few summer hats show the long streamers of ribbon velvet and a rose tucked beneath the broad tulle brim.

Belts are being used on motor and travelling coats and half belts on some of the more practical garments.

A woman married to a "good fellow" usually has a bad time of it. "You mean to say, Pat, that you feed your pigs one day and starve them the next; whatever for?" "Sure, sorr, and ain't it that I like bacon with a streak of fat and a streak of lean equally?"

Jimmy—"Just fancy, I know a man who lived on water for 26 days." Tommy—"I knew a man who lived for 45 years on water." Jimmy—"Oh, who was he?" Tommy—"Why, he was an old sea captain."

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO

THE PERFECT FOR SUMMER ASK YOUR DEALER