

NOTES AND COMMENTS

"Fathers, are we chums to our boys? Do we confide in them, make friends of them, talk with them, read to them, understand them? At the meal table do we converse freely with them and so open up their minds and provide them with food for the thought as well as for the body?"

Possibly there are fathers whose free conversation would not be vastly edifying, and it seems probable that the talk of the correspondent himself might be the heaviest course at the table. In the one case youth would have a doubtful lift toward the duties of citizenship and in the other those duties would be made to appear painfully onerous.

Having made the premises secure, it is comparatively easy to go to the height of the great argument, especially when there is a story right at hand that fits in perfectly. The father was an excellent man, and among men he was a companionable man. Though there was often a touch of cynicism in what he said he was kind of heart and he had a very keen enjoyment in the society of his friends.

In a gloomy retrospect the son of the man, who has become a youth of 50, now gives the results of the system. He says that he never ran to greet his father when he saw him coming home to the noonday meal, but that he dreaded to meet him.

Always a barrier and what is the gain? In certain cases it has been miserably disastrous, and at best it has led to a belated pardon for a great mistake. At 50 the son referred to has come to pass a kindly judgment on his father, to appreciate his good qualities, but it is obvious that even in his case though a soul was to be saved a soul was actually lost.

Moral—Be a chum to your boys; be the golden mean between the hero of our story and the slapstick comedian.

Wet Grounds.

An Irishman was fishing in a river when it began to rain heavily. Pat, not desiring to get soaked through, sought shelter under a railway bridge spanning the river, and here he pined his rod with true Waltonian zeal, utterly regardless of the trains that incessantly thundered to and fro overhead.

Different Adornments.

"We're going to put a high collar on our house." "We're going to put a higher mortgage on ours."

Young Folks

The Plaid Dress.

Molly's smiles went out of sight, and the corners of her mouth turned downward. Yet there, open at the table beside her, lay the invitation, the wonderful invitation that "hoped that Janet would bring her little sister Molly to help make a success of Annette's party."

Ever since the Hiltons had shut up the big house and had gone abroad to travel across the seas, Janet had never tired of telling Molly about the good times that she had known in that rambling old house, and about Annette's Hilton's wonderful Uncle Billy and his dear, funny stories.

"I shall have to wear Janet's plaid dress that is made over for me, and every one will remember it."

Some days later a very sober little girl in a red plaid dress set out for Annette's party.

"I shall stay in the corner, where no one can see me in Janet's old dress," said the little girl over and over to herself. But half-way up the long hill that led to Annette's house something happened. A new little thought popped into Molly's head.

"I was invited," she remembered, going over the words of the invitation, "to help make a success of Annette's party, and how can I do that if I stay in the corner? It would not be polite to refuse to do what she asks."

When Molly reached the house, she found a great many boys and girls sitting very quietly in the big parlor. Perhaps it was because Annette had been away so long that she seemed like a stranger; her little friends did not know what to say to her, or even to one another.

"Dear me," thought Molly, "this party isn't fun, and I'm not doing a thing to help!"

"Then a little girl in a plaid dress found herself standing in the centre of the room and saying to Annette, 'I'll be the leader if you like. I'm sure it's going to be a jolly game.'"

And it was a jolly game, and more and merrier games followed. Molly had just been "left out" in "Going to Jerusalem," when she felt a kindly touch on her shoulder, and heard a deep voice say, "Why, it's little Janet! I wouldn't have known you except for the bright plaid."

Molly turned as red as her dress as she faced about and looked into the merry face of a big man.

"No," she answered, remembering the dress for the first time since she had joined in the games, "it's just her dress! I'm Janet's sister!"

"And I'm Uncle Billy," said the big man, laughing, "and I've a lot of things to tell Janet's sister." Then Uncle Billy led her off to another big room up-stairs, and showed her beautiful pearly shells and odd little figures carved out of ivory, and a great many other curious things that he had brought from over the seas.

FORTUNES IN SAUSAGES.

400 Different Kinds of "Wurst" Made in Westphalia.

Westphalia, in Prussia, is the home of the sausage. There, it is said, a trader will name no fewer than 400 different kinds of sausage. A sausage exhibition was held recently in Germany, at which a thousand varieties of sausage were shown.

In this connection a story is told of a young Prussian, who, though he had received an expensive training as a chemist, shut himself up in his laboratory, and instead of devising a new dye, safety match, motor engine, explosive, aeroplane, or photographic lens, took pork, veal, olives, pepper, fennel, old wine, cheese, apples, cinnamon and herring's roes, and from them evolved a wonderful and totally original "wurst," the best of its kind. He has amassed a considerable fortune from its sale.

Judge: "You said the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. What followed?" Witness: "The dog."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL STUDY

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, NOVEMBER 16.

Lesson. VII.—The Death of Moses. Deut. 31. 1-5; 32. 49-52; 34. 1-12 Golden Text, Psa. 116. 15.

Verses 1, 2. And Moses went up—In compliance with the explicit command of Jehovah, "Get thee up into this mountain of Abarim, to Mount Nebo, which is in the land of Moab" (Deut. 32. 49).

The plains, or steppes, of Moab—The term used signifies the open plain lying between the mountains of Moab and the Jordan. It is the eastern counterpart of the plain of Jericho which lies opposite on the other side of the river, both being part of the northern end of the Dead Sea, and together forming the lower, broadest portion of the Jordan valley.

Unto mount Nebo, to the top of Pisgah—Probably two designations for the same spot, of which the one may be taken as fixing the place a little more precisely than the other. The name "Nebo" is preserved in the modern "Neba," the present name of a mountain nine and a half miles due west of the northeastern end of the Dead Sea. This mountain, the northern end of Nebo, The name "Pisgah," however, does not occur among the modern designations of places in this vicinity, and seems not to have been preserved.

And Jehovah showed him all the land of Gilead—It is not possible to actually see all the places enumerated in this connection either from the top of Mount Nebo or from any one point in this vicinity, though toward both the northeast and the southwest and the view is unobstructed and superb. Parts of Gilead, unto the vicinity of Dan, together with parts of the distant territory of Naphtali and the nearer highlands of Ephraim and Manasseh, as well as much of the land of Judah, must have been visible. Not so, however, the hinder sea, by which term is meant the western or Mediterranean Sea.

2. The Plain—Literally, "the oval." Referring to the entire broad expansion of the Jordan valley on both sides of the river just north of the Dead Sea.

The city of palm-trees—The ancient city of Jericho seems to have been well known by this name, which was intended to indicate the richness and productiveness of its soil. This Josephus also praises in many of his references to the city, calling the territory the most fertile tract of Judaea. Near the ancient site of the city a copious spring still gushes forth, known as Ain es-Sultan, or Elisha's spring, and associated by both Moslem traditions and Old Testament references with the events in the life of Elisha.

Unto Zoar—In Roman and medieval times there seems to have been a city called by the Arabs Zughar and by the Greeks Zozara, situated near the southern end of the Dead Sea, and it is thought by many that this may have been the place referred to in our text. In that case, however, it would be necessary to regard the expression "the plain of the Jordan" as including the entire Dead Sea basin. This some commentators think unjustifiable, preferring, rather, to suppose that another city known as Zoar was situated near the northern end of the Dead Sea in Old Testament times.

4. The land which I swear unto Abraham—Compare the identical wording of Exod. 33. 1.

Thou shalt not go over thither—The reason for this prohibition is given in Num. 20. 12, where Jehovah, speaking to Moses and Aaron, says: "Because ye believed not in me, to sanctify me in the eyes of the children of Israel, therefore ye shall not bring this assembly into the land which I have given them."

The disobedience on the part of Moses and Aaron referred to took place in the wilderness of Zin, where Moses disregarded the specific commandment of Jehovah with regard to bringing forth water from a rock. (Num. 20. 2-11).

6. He buried him—Or, "he was buried."

Over against Bethpeor—In the immediate vicinity of which Israel was at this time encamped.

7. Nor his natural force abated—Or, "Neither had his freshness fled."

8. Thirty days—As when Aaron died (Num. 20. 29).

9. For Moses had laid his hands upon him—The special consecration of Joshua referred to is recorded in Num. 27. 18-23.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

How An Agent Sold a Gas-Burner to Mr. Mortimer.

A tall, thin man, clad in shabby garments, suddenly appeared in Mr. Mortimer's study. Then, as Chambers's Journal goes on to say, he cleared his throat.

"I have ventured to call to lay before you one of the most astonishing inventions of modern times," he began, impressively. "A gas-burner, sir."

Mr. Mortimer was busy arranging some papers in a corner, and having both hands full, with a pen held crosswise in his mouth, he was for the moment quite at his visitor's mercy.

"Perhaps, sir, you are aware that in the case of every kind of burner except the one I now show you, gas gives off a noxious effluvia, having a peculiarly ruinous effect upon the eyesight."

By this time Mr. Mortimer had emptied his hands and mouth, and was advancing. The agent started back in distressful sorrow.

"How you have suffered already!" he exclaimed, fixing his eyes upon Mr. Mortimer's. "Your sight, sir, would not last six months longer. This must not be!"

With a nimbleness that rooted Mr. Mortimer to the spot, the agent slipped to the table, whipped off the lamp-shade and then the old burner. "It's a mercy that I happened to call."

"Stop!" commanded Mr. Mortimer. "Replace everything as it was, instantly!"

"The number of cases of premature blindness that have had the gratification of preventing makes my labor not unpleasant one."

"I don't want your burner!" bawled Mr. Mortimer, thinking the man might be deaf. "I won't have it! Take it off!" For he was light-twirling the new one in his place.

"There, sir, you will feel thankful to me as long as you live."

"Do you hear? I shall not pay you for it!"

The agent struck an attitude. "Payment! Of what consequence is that? I would not remove that inestimable burner for any amount of money when the alternative is the ruin of your eyesight. For, sir, your eyes are worth many burners. I make you a present of it willingly."

"I am a poor man, under heavy travelling expenses, and I have a family in want." He sighed. "But duty shall be done. The price is threepence halfpenny, or three shillings a dozen. I know you will regret this momentary harshness in years to come, when you are enjoying the benefits of that burner. But that is not my affair, although I am sorry to think of it."

"Good morning, sir! If at any time, after no matter how long an interval, by some inconceivable accident anything should become out of order, you will find the manufacturer's name stamped on the inside. Be good enough to drop a line to their well-known house at Glasgow, and a man will instantly be there to attend to it."

This offer to send a man all the way from Scotland to the south of England to put a gratuitously bestowed threepence-halfpenny burner to rights conquered Mr. Mortimer. He had to make a purchase.

Princess Elizabeth. A new picture of the Crown Princess of Roumania, who has been mentioned as a possible bride for the Prince of Wales.

Fashion Hints

Bags of Silk and Beads.

A new sort of handbag is shown for use with street suits. It is made of silk and beads and at first sight seems too fragile for street wear. But it proves to be useful and durable as well as very attractive.

These bags are made in several shapes, but all are small and the colors are generally in neutral tones. One bag, of gray, is six-sided, each panel or side ending in a point. The six points are joined to form the tip of the bag.

All of them have chain handles of gold or silver beads and are decorated with a two-inch band of the beads applied about half way from the top to the bottom. Below this band hangs a two or three-inch fringe of beads, gold and silver used together.

New Handkerchiefs. Colored handkerchiefs are still in fashion, and the colors and materials in which they are made are both more varied than ever before.

There are delightfully soft handkerchiefs made of crepe from Japan. They are made in two-color combinations. Sometimes the center is white, and the hem blue, sometimes the center is blue and the hem white, and sometimes the handkerchief is made of two shades of blue. Other colors, too, are used, and all of them are soft, rich colors that stand washing well.

The butterfly handkerchiefs are in keeping with the general liking for the butterfly that has pervaded the whole realm of dress. Half a dozen handkerchiefs are sold in a set, each embroidered with a big butterfly in one corner. Of course the six butterflies are all different. They are embroidered in white.

Gauze handkerchiefs are a novelty. It is a fine, firm gauze of which they are made, almost as fine as chiffon, but with much more stiffness and dressing than that material has. Each handkerchief is bordered with four or five stripes of color, about an inch from the narrow hemstitched hem. The stripes are in the form of little cords.

The wide-hemmed handkerchief is another novelty. The handkerchief is made of sheer linen, and the hem is an inch and a half wide. The hem is embroidered in the corner—with flowers and butterflies and wheat and birds and wreaths and any of the other symbols that are usually employed for handkerchief decoration. All the embroidery is kept off from the single thickness of linen and on the thick hem.

Notes From Paris. Many soule moire costumes will be worn. The use of dyed fur is becoming more general.

The two tired skirt is usually of lamp shade variety. Brown and white is a much favored combination.

Belts of all kinds are used on the auto and sporting coats. One of fashion's latest caprices is the jet robe for day wear.

There is a strong revival of empire styles in evening gowns. A street dress of dark blue has a nasturtium red velvet girdle. Attractive are the odd coats of velour de laine trimmed with fur.

Some of the newest tailored suits have loose jackets with belts at the hip line. Short plaited tunics of white lace or tulle appear on many costumes of black satin.

Sleeve lengths are greatly varied. Evening costumes have short cape sleeves with angel draperies, which leave the arm uncovered. The dressy afternoon gowns have long or three-quarter sleeves.

A pretty evening frock is fashioned of white charmeuse. The scant flowers of white tulle are edged with garlands of pink roses and are stitched to the skirt half way between the waist and hip line.

Last of Broom-Makers. The death has occurred at Hammer, near Haslemere, England, of Mr. William Hillyer, one of the last of the broom-makers. This industry at one time thrived in Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire villages, and was immortalized by S. Baring-Gould in "The Broom Squire."

GOT A COLD YET?

If So, Try the Deep Breathing Cure For It.

In the season when coughs and colds are prevalent any method of preventing them and checking the first symptoms without drugs may be of inestimable value, says a physician.

When you find you have a cough, and before it gets to be deep-seated, go into the air and practice deep breathing. Draw air into the lungs, raising the arms completely distended, during inspiration to more fully expand the chest. Hold the air in the lungs for a few seconds; then breathe it out slowly. Repeat the operations a dozen times or more, and after an hour try it again.

Persistence in this treatment will often cure a newly-contracted cough in a few hours. If the cough is of long standing, pain may be felt under the shoulder-blades and across the chest during the breathing, but as this is caused by the tearing away of adhesions of the lung tissue, it will usually pass away in a day or two, and the fact that it is felt shows that the lungs need thorough inflation.

Mother—"Mabel, why do you take two pieces of cake?" Mabel—"Cause, ma, you told me not to ask twice for it."

WEARY AND HEAVY LADEN

I Have a Yoke, Jesus Said, Which Will Enable You to Stand Any Strain, Do Any Work.

"For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."—Matthew, xi, 30.

There are few Bible texts, I believe, which are more generally misunderstood than these lines from the most beautiful and appealing speech which has been recorded from the lips of Jesus. Calling unto all the "weary and heavy laden" to come unto him, he promised to give them rest if they would take his "yoke" upon them and learn of him. "For my yoke is easy," he said, "and my burden is light."

To mine people out of ten this word "yoke" is understood to imply some kind of discipline, restriction or humiliation. They have a picture of the colt darting freely about in the pasture, and then the tamed horse in harness. They see the steer running wild over the prairies, and then the ox bound fast to the plough. To take Jesus' yoke upon us is to extirpate our natural desires, forfeit our personal freedom, yield ourselves to the yoke of pietistic discipline. It is to do, in some modern way, what the mediaeval Catholic did when he left the world and entered the confining walls of the monastery; or what the Puritan did when he put on his garb of sombre hue.

Destroy All Things Beautiful, and denied himself the innocent pleasures of a merry heart. Just how such a "yoke" as this can fairly be described as "easy" or such a "burden" as "light" has been answered with as little adequacy as the parallel question as to how such a "yoke" or "burden" is to bring "rest" to the person assuming it.

If we would really understand just what Jesus had in mind when He uttered this saying let us return in imagination to the days of His young manhood, when the Nazarene was a carpenter. Let us picture Him standing by the open door of His shop and seeing a pair of oxen toiling up the hill with a heavy load, their straining

course she rapidly becomes pale and emaciated. In the early stages of the trouble her family usually try to "nag" her back to a normal habit of eating, and accuse her of being in love, or of wishing to look slender and interesting; all to no avail. Later, it becomes clear that something is really wrong, and the physician is called. That course should not be too long delayed, for a long period of starvation, even if recovery occurs, often leaves serious physical weakness behind it. The diagnosis of a careful physician is usually a latent tuberculosis state at the bottom of the trouble, a speedy examination, and then a persistent course of treatment, is the best thing that can happen.—Youth's Companion.

HEALTH

Digestion and Sleep.

The relation of digestion to sleep is one of the most important in the economy of life. These two functions severally aid or disturb each other, in proportion as they are perfect or imperfect in their course; and no rules are more important than such as apply to this relation. Setting aside the effects of particular articles of diet the practical questions chiefly regard the relation of time and quantity of food to sleep. It is clear, for example, that a certain quantity of food in the stomach, concurring especially with the habitual time of rest, tends to produce sound and healthy sleep—that an excess in quantity brings on such as is broken, uneasy and oppressed—while sleeplessness is usually the effect of the stomach being empty and needing support. To these general facts may be referred most of the particular relations between sleep and food, and the precepts founded upon them.

An important circumstance in reference to sleep is the relation between the principal meal of the day and the time of going to rest. With healthy sleep—that an excess in quantity brings on such as is broken, uneasy and oppressed—while sleeplessness is usually the effect of the stomach being empty and needing support. To these general facts may be referred most of the particular relations between sleep and food, and the precepts founded upon them.

When weakened by illness, and to the removal of the depression and distress from which many suffer early in the morning—by a small quantity of light food taken during the night; the time, kind, and quantity of such food being varied according to circumstances. The reciprocal importance of sound and sufficient sleep to a healthy state of the digestive organs is familiar to all.—A Physician.

Less of Appetite. We all know there are certain serious chronic diseases that cause, among many other symptoms, a great loss of bodily weight. Among them are tuberculosis and cancer, often diabetes, especially in the young, and, of course, any trouble with the mouth or throat that makes it difficult to swallow. But there are other cases in which there is loss of appetite and weight that are more difficult to understand. Some are so mysterious that the physician cannot make a satisfactory diagnosis.

Such a case pursues its course apparently unaffected by any treatment, until by and by the patient begins to get well, or else to show other symptoms that disclose the real nature of the malady.

One sort of anorexia, or lack of appetite, seems to be purely nervous; young girls are especially liable to it. It sometimes occurs without any other symptom of nervous trouble, and may bring the sufferer so near to complete starvation that her friends are greatly alarmed. The patient has a taste for any article of food whatever, and can be persuaded to eat only the thinnest quantity at a time. Of

"What is the meaning of that big 'D' on the dustbin?" asked the new servant. The haughty footman replied: "Damsel, the 'D' displayed on the dustbin denotes that the despairing domestics of this detestable dustman during their daily delirious will deem it their delightful duty to dislodge deliberately and deftly the dirt and dust deposited in that disagreeable dustbin."

The kicker is had enough, but he has several advantages over the man who whines.

haunches, heaving sides and tired eyes giving every indication of exhaustion and pain. Instantly, with that ready compassion for distress which was so characteristic of His nature, the young man leaps to the panting animals and quickly points out to their troubled driver that the yokes are badly made and in part defective. Then He snatches them from the necks of the oxen, carries them to His bench for repair and readjustment and, this done, lays them again upon their shoulders. And lo! the oxen toss their heads into the air with a new freedom and set themselves to their task with a fresh vigor. No longer do they strain at their load. The yoke is easy, and therefore the burden is light!

It is such an experience as this which Jesus had in mind when He spoke these immortal words. He was here, as nearly always, speaking in parable, and drawing His parable from the everyday life which He and His hearers knew so well. He was here pointing out that every one of us, like the yoked oxen, must bear a burden, and oftentimes, therefore,

Be Heavy Laden and Weary. Assuming that the people to whom He was speaking well understood—as many of us to-day do not!—that yokes are placed upon beasts of burden not that they may be tamed or fettered or restricted, but that they may be equipped to carry their loads easily and effectively. He naturally enough used this figure to express His idea that we must be similarly equipped spiritually if we are to bear the burdens of human life. Learn My lesson of love, heed My message of spiritual life, follow in My pathway of service and you will find a yoke which will enable you to bear every burden which the world may lay upon you.

If you are "weary and heavy laden," come to me, and I will give you rest. "My yoke is easy." Take it upon you, and behold, your burden will become light!—Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

course she rapidly becomes pale and emaciated. In the early stages of the trouble her family usually try to "nag" her back to a normal habit of eating, and accuse her of being in love, or of wishing to look slender and interesting; all to no avail. Later, it becomes clear that something is really wrong, and the physician is called. That course should not be too long delayed, for a long period of starvation, even if recovery occurs, often leaves serious physical weakness behind it. The diagnosis of a careful physician is usually a latent tuberculosis state at the bottom of the trouble, a speedy examination, and then a persistent course of treatment, is the best thing that can happen.—Youth's Companion.

HIDDEN BY ITS BIGNESS.

Tourists Could Not See Gatun Dam While Standing On It. The surprising magnitude of Gatun dam, one of the memorable feats that help to make the Panama Canal the wonder of our time, is illustrated by a story that Harry A. Franck tells in his "Zone Policeman 88."

The dam squires its vast bulk where for long centuries, eighty-five feet below, was the village of Old Gatun, with its churches and its checkered history; where Morgan's buccaners and proud Peruvian viceroys and eager "forty-niners" were wont to pause in their arduous journeyings. They call it a dam. It is rather a range of hills, a part of the highlands that, east and west, enclose the valley of the Chagres. Its summit resembles the terminal yards of some great city. There was one day when I sought a negro brakeman attached to a certain locomotive. I climbed to a yardmaster's tower above the spillway, and the yardmaster, taking up his powerful field glasses, swept the horizon, or rather the dam, and discovered the engine for me as a wayner discovers an island at sea.

"Er—would you be kind enough to tell us where we can find this Gatun dam we've heard so much about?" asked a party of four tourists, half and half as to sex, who had been wandering about on the top for an hour or so with puzzled countenances. They addressed themselves to a busy civil engineer in leather leggings and rolled-up shirt-sleeves.

"I'm sorry I haven't time to use the instrument," replied the engineer, over his shoulder, while he wigwagged his orders to his negro helper, gattered over the landscape, "but as nearly as I can tell with the naked eye, you are now standing in the exact centre of it."

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