

NOTES AND COMMENTS

During this war we might as well prepare to hear all the classic accusations. Each nation is reasonably sure to charge its opponents with all the inhumanities that have come down in history.

Soon, no doubt, we shall have the classic accusation that the enemy has endeavored to poison the sources of water supplies; that violations of women are frequent on the part of the enemy's troops; that looting and brigandage is the rule; that desecration of sacred places is common.

It may be taken for granted that reports of horrible excesses be exaggerated, when they are not actually untrue. War does not convert either the common soldier or his officers into howling fiends, filled with the lust of blood and arson and outrage.

DUEL IN FRANCE.

Is Still the Frenchman's Favorite Sport.

While other nationalities speak virtuously of the duel as a relic of barbarism, it remains the Frenchman's favorite outdoor sport. He may become enthusiastic over football, go in thousands to see a "combat de boxe," but there is only one event that will cause him to fight for a place in front of a newspaper bulletin board or argue passionately for the privilege of a look at one of the extras distributed in his favorite cafe—the latest duel.

There is a law on the books against dueling, but it is a dead letter. Technically M. Cailleaux, when he crossed swords with a political opponent not long ago, was guilty of an assault with deadly weapons with intent to kill.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Hope is a good thing, but a meek ticket enables one to eat. To feel crushed when one is merely broke—that is human. When a man starts down hill, he finds everything greased to assist him.

Fashion Hints

The Newest Train.

One of the newest Premet models shows a train made of the end of the sash. The sash—if such it can be called—is drawn around from a point above the waistline in front, back over the hips to a large bow half way down the back.

The New Suit Coat.

The probable length of the suit coat for the coming autumn and winter has been a question of much speculation. The latest reports seem to indicate that we shall have much variety.

Where the Flower Is Worn.

A few weeks ago fashionable women thought they had struck the newest note when they began to wear their artificial flower somewhere under the left ear, but fashion forever eludes the grasp of its devotees.

The Richer Note.

With the tendency toward richer materials that was predicted a few weeks ago there has already come a return to favor of metallic lace. Sometimes flet lace shows a pattern wrought in silver threads.

The New Sweaters.

The newest sweaters slip over the head. They are made with a six-inch opening at the neck in front, which can be buttoned up or left open as one desires.

Are Shawls to Return?

At the fashionable European resorts during the last few weeks a return of the shawl has been reported. These shawls, which are worn as evening wraps, are large squares of rich silk with an eight-inch fringe lending grace and suppleness to their folds.

Ribbon Edged Veil.

A white silk lace veil is edged along the lower edge with inch-wide black ribbon with a white picot edge. It is extremely smart.

White and Black Shoes.

Smart black patent leather shoes are piped about the top with white kid and are laced with white silk shoe laces.

RESPONSIBLE ONLY TO GOD.

Kaiser Looks On Himself as Instrument of the Lord.

Mr. J. M. Kennedy, says the London Daily Express, has collected a series of illuminating quotations from the Kaiser's speeches, and his little book "The War Lord," gives a complete picture of the ruthless egomaniac who has plunged Europe into mourning.

"Remember the maxim of an old Emperor, who said: 'The Emperor's word must not be twisted or explained away.'"

"You wear the Emperor's uniform; you have thereby received a preference over other men."

"I am the possessor of an inflexible determination to proceed fearlessly in the path that has once been recognized as the right one, and this in spite of all opposition."

"There is only one law—my law: the law which I myself lay down."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON,

OCTOBER 11.

Lesson II. The Last Supper.

Mark 14. 12-25. Golden Text, 1 Cor. 11. 26.

Verses 12, 13. Where wilt thou that we go and make ready?—The disciples assumed that Jesus would want them to prepare for the passover. They do not seem to be aware of the fact that Jesus had already made arrangements for eating the passover with his disciples.

Verses 14, 15. Two of his disciples—All of the twelve could not have gone. They would have attracted too much attention. The whereabouts of Jesus must be kept secret, for the chief priests and scribes were after him. Could they have taken him without the intervention of Judas they would have done so and saved for themselves the paltry pieces of silver they had promised to give Judas.

A man bearing a pitcher of water—Women were the water carriers in Palestine. A man bearing a water pitcher was a very unusual sight. He would attract attention at once. Hence the two disciples would have difficulty in finding the one whom they were to follow.

14. Where is my guest-chamber?—My guest-chamber. The emphasis on the personal pronoun indicates that Jesus had already made arrangements with the master of the house. He spoke of the room as his in the sense that it was the one he had arranged to occupy for the time being.

15. He will himself show you a large upper room furnished and ready—The disciples were not to be left at the mercy of a servant or any one whom they might chance to meet in the house. Jesus had already arranged with the master himself about the room and directions thereto.

16. When he had blessed, . . . when he had given thanks—Jesus was in the mood of benediction and thanksgiving. There was no dark cloud on his brow as yet. Even in Gethsemane, where his attitude was one of entire submission, his eyes were still clear and his face bright.

17. And when it was evening—The usual time for eating the passover. But it is also suggestive to note that the night time is the peculiar time of evil deeds.

18. As they lay upon the cushions to partake of their food only a few of the disciples could be near him. In fact, only four were in close proximity.

19. Is it I?—The Jesus who was 18 did not have the betrayer, but the act of betrayal, in mind, the disciples do not know who was meant. So they each in turn ask him the question, "Is it I?"

20. One of the twelve, he that dipeth with me in the dish—In verse 18 Jesus said, "One of you," "he that eateth with me," "shall betray me." Now he says, "One of the twelve." The one who was 18 would betray Jesus? One would like to think so, but it is hard to believe Jesus was so blunted in moral sense.

21. Even as it is written of him—Compare Psalm 41. 9. "Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, who did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me."

22. We unto that man—When we hear Jesus say, "We unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites," we can see the heat of his scorn annihilate those whom he accuses as fire burns dry stubble. But when he says, "We unto that man," there is a depth of pathos which we cannot fathom.

23. As I look upon myself as an instrument of the Lord, I am indifferent to the point of view of the present day.

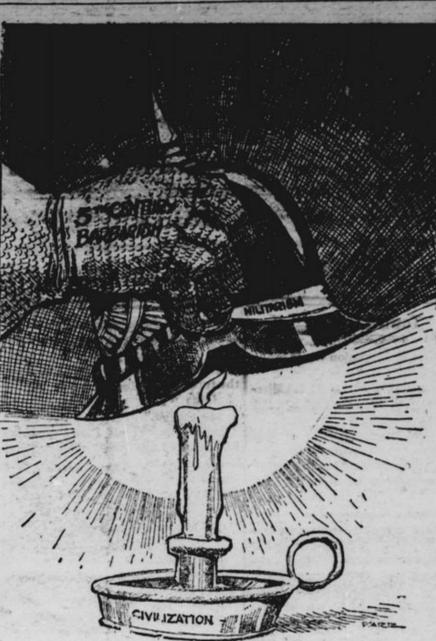
24. The soldier must not have a will of his own—he must all have only one will, and that will is mine.

25. A ruler may be very disagreeable, and I will be disagreeable if I think it necessary.

26. There is only one law—my law: the law which I myself lay down.

27. The King holds his power by the grace of God, to whom alone he is responsible. He chooses his own path, and only decides his actions from this point of view.

28. There is only one master in this country. I am he, and I will not tolerate another.



A cartoon from the New York Evening Telegram, which shows the view taken in the United States of German militarism.

Young Folks

Some boys who live on farms have dogs for playmates, some have pet lambs, and others are fortunate enough to have a colt. One boy, Roger Rockwood, has a pair of steers, and no boy ever had animal playmates that gave him more happiness. Their names are Broad and Bright.

Bright has belonged to Roger ever since it was a little calf, and blundered awkwardly across its pen on legs that seemed far too long. Roger taught Bright to drink milk out of a small pail, and when it was no more than a week old, he began to lead it round the yard.

When Bright was about six weeks old, Roger's father brought home another calf of about the same age, and gave it to Roger for a mate for Bright.

"If you care for them and train them," said Mr. Rockwood, "in a few years you will have a fine pair of oxen."

The new calf, which Roger named Broad, was red, with a white face, just like Bright, and it was hard to tell them apart. But Roger always knew.

In a few weeks Roger began to harness one or the other of the pair into a little cart, just as he had often harnessed Laddie, the Scotch colt. Then Broad or Bright, as the case might be, would haul Roger round the yard and up and down the road, just as Laddie would.

Broad and Bright were four months old when Roger first yoked them together. It was much more of a task to make them work side by side than it was to teach them to haul the cart singly, but Roger was a patient teacher. By getting them used to the yoke, and by doing a little every day, he soon had them broken so that he could walk beside them and guide them with a small stick, just as his father did the old oxen. They came to like it, too.

During the school vacation, Roger drove them down into the woods one day, and surprised his father by the size of the load of wood that they were able to haul to the house.

In the spring, when Broad and Bright were a year old, they were sent off to pasture to remain all summer. It was a long way from the house, but almost every day Roger found time to go and see them. They always came running to meet him as soon as he was in sight, and usually he had some salt or apples in his pocket for them.

Now that they are back in the barn, Roger cares for them, and he says that in the fall he is going to take them to the county fair.—Youth's Companion.

BAGPIPES GO TO THE FRONT.

The British War Office has Permitted Them.

The Scotch regiments won't give up their kilts. They have reluctantly permitted the War Department to take away from them their plaids and their brightly colored banners and to substitute khaki for Highland hines, but they've got to be khaki kilts, not khaki trousers.

In these days of high-powered guns and scientific warfare when all the old-fashioned fashions in fighting have been thrown away and not even a band or a fife and drum corps can get onto a battlefield, the Scotch regiments still hang to their bagpipers, or at least their bagpipers hang to them. No English regiments will fight to music in the war, but the English War Office didn't count the bagpipe as a musical instrument, much to the delight of the Scotch fighting men.

Another Crisis.

"Well, madam, is your husband out of danger?" "It isn't quite sure, the doctor is coming again."

THE SWEAT OF MEN'S BROWS

Their Work Has Made the World What it Actually is at the Present Moment

For these workmen maintain the fabric of the world and in the handiwork of their craft is their prayer.—Ecclesiasticus xxxviii, 24.

Here is a very different idea of work from that contained in the opening chapters of Genesis. According to this prophet, labor is not a curse laid upon man for his sin, but a service so holy that the very doing of it constitutes a "prayer." Therefore does he sound the praises of the workman as others have sounded the praises of king and soldier.

In order to understand the justice of this tribute we only have to remind ourselves that it is work which has made the world what it actually is at the present moment. All that we mean by civilization, in the material sense, is the result of toil in the sweat of men's brows.

For ages past the men who have labored with their hands—the farmers, the woodsmen, the blacksmiths, the spinners, the builders—have been contemptuously regarded as an inferior grade of humanity, as little better, indeed, than animals! And yet while kings have fought and noblemen hunted, while gilded courtiers have twirled their scented handkerchiefs and toyed with their jewelled swords, while some of these superior classes of all ages and countries have sported, gambled and debauched, these same inferior laborers have made the world what we see it to-day: It is their toil which has cleared away forests, cultivated farm lands, opened mines, constructed rail-

roads, laid out and builded cities. It is their work which has created wealth, founded nations, redeemed the waste places of the earth, reared the vast monuments of civilization. Not more surely are the pyramids of Egypt the memorial not of the Pharaohs but of their driven slaves than are the huge piles of stone and steel in our modern cities the memorials of the unnamed toilers of this later age.

And not only is it work which has made the world what it is to-day, but it is work also which keeps the world going from hour to hour. I have food upon my table, clothing upon my back, a roof over my head, books upon my shelves only because a million hands are toiling in my service. Let this labor be suspended for a little time, and

world stand towering at my threshold. "Without these," says the author of Ecclesiasticus, "shall not a city be inhabited, nor shall men sojourn or walk up and down therein; these maintain the fabric of the world."

It is these facts which are slowly teaching the supreme dignity of labor. Carlyle had these in mind when he declared that work, and work alone, is truly noble; Ruskin, when he revealed the beauty gained through toil; Morris, when he preached and practised the gospel of skilled craftsmanship; Millet, when he painted the "Sower," the "Reaper," the "Gleaners." Idleness is doomed as a badge of distinction. Work must henceforth be the sole title to nobility. Whitman is the true prophet when in his "Song of Occupations" he chants the Homeric catalogue, blacksmithing, blacksmithing, glassblowing, shipbuilding, pilfering, fisherman, and declares that there is nothing "which leads to greater than these lead to."—Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

Irritating calcareous matter around the joints and poisonous waste in the muscles.

HEALTH

Self-Drugging.

The pernicious habit of self-drugging persists; new preparations are everywhere advertised, and the old favorites still appear to hold their own. Although the habit is unfortunate, and grows more and more common, like any other bad habit, it is a comfort to know that many of the most widely advertised patent medicines are at least harmless. They can do good only through the power of suggestion, but the chief argument against them is the waste of money—money that might be spent for wholesome food and health-giving vacations.

Some of these preparations, however, are not harmless. They often contain, under the guise of "tonic" or "restorative," some "tonic" or "restorative," something that gives a temporary fillip to the nervous system, and conceals symptoms that could be easily cured if they were recognized in time. Still others, and these are far more dangerous, contain some form of cheap alcohol, or worse yet, morphine or cocaine.

Many a broken-down victim of morphine was betrayed by a little bottle of toothache relief or headache cure. The relief was so speedy and so complete that the sufferer could not resist the temptation to work the miracle again and again. Presently he became unable or unwilling to bear the least physical discomfort, and now he does himself at the first symptom, instead of seeking medical advice in order to remove the trouble that causes the pain.

Fortunately, many persons cannot take morphine in any form without such disagreeable results as nausea, depression, and mental depression, and mental disturbance. After the first dose, they will hear almost anything rather than repeat the experience. But most persons are not thus protected by nature; the drug gives them a sensation of well-being, both physical and mental. That clear thinking and increased power of imagination that opium at first causes has led many a noble intellect down the terrible path of morphinism that leads to physical, mental, and moral destruction. Ne man can safely administer drugs to himself; above all, drugs that have the property of quieting physical pain.—Youth's Companion.

Celery is a good nerve tonic, and it is said to ward off rheumatism. Burns.—The first thing to do is to exclude the air from the burn. For this a thick paste made of bicarbonate of soda may be used. Equal parts of linseed oil and lime water (hardy oil) should be used, if handy; if not use vaseline or sweet oil.

Buttermilk has one characteristic which makes it a fine remedial agent in all ailments which arise from the sluggish excretion of waste matter, such as gout, rheumatism and obesity. The lactic acid contained in it attacks and dissolves every kind of earthly deposit in the blood vessels. Thus it keeps the veins and arteries so supple and free that they cannot get clogged, eliminating "deposits" of

Thoughts for Women.

"Love never knocks at the door of a woman's heart; she goes in, drives philosophy out, shows wisdom the door, and rules supreme." "To go without—and look as if you liked it—is one of the first things to be learned in this world." "A man never falls in love with the woman who studies him." "There are two kinds of women in the world—the one who loves to be managed—and all one has to do is to find out which is able to read woman may not be able to read; just when her husband is proposed; but she can always remember what dress she had on at the time."

A Professional Hardship.

Maid—My brother is a cook in the navy. Bridget—Shure, it must be terrible to be a cook where ye can't quit when ye feel like it.

MARVELOUS

Details of Defeat of in Which 2,000

A despatch from Bordeaux. The defeat of 15,000 Guards who attacked the centre is thus described in the Girond:

As soon as news of the advance was received, Frenchry was sent to hold the Auberville, Department and infantry give the artillery and infantry to come up from Souain near Auberville. But when dragoons were preparing the fence of Auberville a red Death's Head Hussars, avo village, came across the fields with the intention of prising the French artillery march.

It was a critical moment. French dragoons were to ahead and the infantry of behind the gunners, who danger of being sabred across guns. The Hussars were on quarters of a mile away, furiously. In two minutes they were unlimbered and lined the road. The enemy then 100 yards away, and the could be heard to prepare to he guns.

In the charge the Prussian gathered speed with each When they were 200 yards the French gunners aimed there was a dash of fire. The blue smoke the artillery could see the enemy's horseing and officers trying valrally the broken lines.

A second time the battery death into the doomed brig great silence succeeded the

PROUD OF Copy of German by B

A despatch from London. German tales of tragic epis the war were issued by the Press Bureau on Wednesday. The stories were taken from called "Kriegs Chronik," was seized from alien's English ports. The book according to the bureau, "a highly untrustworthy chronic the war and partly of soldiers from the front.

"As showing the thought of the enemy the considerable value," continuing bureau. "It is not the falsity of the tales that but the applause and self-collation of the writers on d gross treachery and cruelty to have been done by these comrades."

The narrative of an artillery cer, on the extermination of gian village, as given out by reau, follows:

"The countryside was full troops. Nevertheless the peasants must need shoot men, as they marched by

PEDIGREED CATTLE Russians Take Over Emperor Ham's Prize Stock.

A despatch from London says that among the war trophies arriving at the end of the month, the Emperor's stud horses captured by the Russians from the Emperor at Romintin, in East Prussia, were taken to Moscow and ed to the Russian Agricultural institute for distribution among natural breeding associations.

British Vessel Sunk. A despatch from Callao says: The Kosmos steamer arrived here with the crew British steamer Bankfields, was sunk by the German Leipzig off Eten, Peru. The Bankfields have appeal the British Consul here in of obtaining their liberty. T said that their ship carried of sugar valued at \$500,000.

GETTING RE German Factories in Fur Cloth

A despatch from Rotterdam. Germans are pushing forward the utmost vigor their preparation for a winter campaign. Recently, apparently, they conceived such an eventual in the last few weeks they learned much.

All the high-class shops merely did nothing but make best fur garments for ladies busily engaged in the making of sheep-skin clothing for men and no fewer than 100,000 fur

Servians Captured. A despatch from Nish says official statement records a d night fight in Bosnia, which in the capture of three Aust positions. The statement quo