

THE MILL OF LIFE.

Work while yet the daylight shines. Man of strength and will; Never does the streamlet glide Useless by the mill.

Wait not till tomorrow's sun Beams upon the way. All that thou canst call thy own Lies in thy day.

Power, intellect, and health, May not, cannot last. "The mill will never grind With the water that has passed."

Oh, the wasted hours of life, That have drifted by, Oh, the good we might have done, Lost without a sigh!

Love that we might once have saved By a single word; Thoughts conceived, but never penned, Perishing unheard.

Take the proverb to thine heart, Take! oh, hold it fast! "The mill will never grind With the water that has passed."

THEIR FRIENDS.

There was wind with the fog, and all day long the mist swooped upon us in towering bergs, swallowed our big steam-yacht, and spat it out again; all day long we drove through the thick mist at fourteen knots, and sounded no horn or bell.

At five o'clock we were sitting in the lee of the smoking-room—Vera Royd, her lover's brother, Darrell, Joynder, Richardson, and I. The old captain walked slowly up to us, saluted, and jerked his left shoulder, as was his way before speech.

"According to reckoning," he announced, "we're about fifty miles from the island. I couldn't take the sun properly today, but I may be a bit out."

"Oh, Captain!" cried Vera. "Oh, Captain! You aren't afraid of missing it?" She laid her hand entreatingly on his arm. He had been on the yacht since she was a child in short frocks, and she called him her "sea-father."

"I'm more afraid of hitting it," he said, grimly. "I think the course is pretty near right. It's the distance I'm doubtful about. I can't tell to twenty or thirty miles. I'll take soundings, of course; but if we find the shallows at this speed—"

"But if we find thirty miles out the other way, and you slow down," she said, "we sha'n't be in time. Just think!" "I've done a lot of thinking," he told her. "And it's what I've been thinking about, Missie. We're men and don't matter, but I don't like gambling with your life."

Vera looked at him and at us. "I ought not to reckon," she said; "but you—ought to reckon the risk to you." "We came to take the risk," I said. Darrell, Joynder, and Richardson nodded and laughed.

"It's half the fun," Richardson remarked. The captain jerked his shoulder and nodded too. "Not that I make a jest of it," he protested. Her lover's brother neither nodded nor laughed.

"Then you may gamble with my life," Vera said; "and thank you." The captain gave another jerk of his shoulder, saluted, and went to the bridge; and Vera turned to us.

"Oh!" she cried. "Thank you all! Not Rupert, of course, because he is his brother, and he was bound to; and as for me—my life is his. But you—no, I will not thank you. You are his friends."

"We are his friends," I said, "and could do no less." Her lover lay in prison at the island. I will not name it. Some years have passed; but they have a long memory in that fierce country of his. It was a political offence. He had followed his brother, and they had failed. His brother had escaped, and the secret police had caught our Frank. Tomorrow at sunrise he would die, unless we rescued him.

It was a mad idea to rescue him. His brother had called it impossible when it was proposed by the little pale man who came from over the sea. But the little pale man had gone to Vera; and she had brought them to us, the friends of the Prince—well, I did not mean to write him down that; but it is down, and it can stay—the friends of the Prince and of her; the gray old friend, myself, once his tutor; and the three young friends who had learned with him.

"Let us go in my yacht," she had pleaded, "and try to save him. It is worth risking our lives."

"It isn't the risk of a useless old life that I mind," I told her. "It's the uselessness of the risk. It can't be done, girrie. It can't be done."

"This gentleman has a way," she declared. "He is his friend." And the little pale man had shrugged himself and extended his hands.

"It is simple," he asserted. "So simple! I will go to the island, as I have gone once before. It was to arrange for the escape of—of some one who died too soon. It was fever they said. I was a priest then, and I shall be a priest again. They will let me see the Prince. I shall be his confessor and sit with him on the last night. I know the cell. It is in the end of a narrow corridor on top of the castle; seven rooms to the right, from the tower with the flagstaff. I will show you on a plan. One window looks out upon the courtyard where they will put up the scaffold. The other looks down the cliff to the sea—a little window with big iron bars. It is ninety metres—a hundred of your feet—to the beach, straight down; but half-way there is a ledge. I know how I know! There is a crevice on the ledge and a rope ladder is hidden in the crevice. I know who put it there." He smiled and made a sweep with his hands.

"You are used to risking your life?" I suggested. "It is what our lives are for! I shall take tools under my priest's robe that night; and a ladder of cord; only cord, but strong. It will be fifty feet. I can hide no greater. It is enough. It will reach the ledge. We shall remove a bar with my tools, and fix the ladder to the other bar. Then we shall go down to the ledge. It is so simple!" He smiled at us with his head on one side. "From the ledge we shall go down by the other ladder to the foot of the sea. If there were a boat? And if the boat should

find a big ship? Then—poof!" He blew and shrugged. "It is done."

"There will be a patrol at the foot of the cliff." It was his brother who raised the objection.

"With the boat will be four revolvers; perhaps five—if your Highness should come. He assumed that we should go—his friends—but he was not sure of his brother. He was a judge of men, I noticed, this little pale man.

"The Prince, of course, will come," said Vera. She looked straight at him, but he did not meet her eyes.

"Of course," he said slowly, "I shall come; but I know that it is madness." "It is madness," I agreed; "but that has nothing to do with the question."

"Nothing at all," said Darrell and Joynder and Richardson. "There then will be five revolvers for the patrol," the little pale man concluded.

"Six," said Vera. "Nonsense!" said I. "You can't come ashore, girrie!" "It is my right to share the risk," she cried.

"Yes," I agreed; "but not to increase it. You would only handicap us—and him—my dear."

"Seven," corrected the little gray man, "if all goes well. I shall take arms for our Frank and myself. A priest's cloak covers many things! It is not the patrol themselves that I fear, but the alarm. They have fast gunboats, and if they pursue your ship. . . . Well, it is a risk that we must run. The hour shall be as near midnight as may be; and the key that before he is to die. I will cable to you when to come."

"They will watch the cables," the Prince protested. "A priest," said the little pale man, gently, "would only cable to his superior what any one may read. He may need money or vestments or books; or he may ask for Brother Anselm or Brother Clement, or—for a blessing on his work. The superior may cable to a merchant in London; and the merchant may cable to you. There shall be a code that I will teach you."

He taught us the code and other things—the approach, the anchorage, the way of the place, the plans of the fortress and especially of the prison, where the patrol marched, and how we could row ashore unseen, under a jutting rock, and where we could land and where we could lurk in hiding.

"And that I may know if you are there," he said, "you shall make me a signal; for what is the use to risk my old neck, if it will not profit him? His Highness can make the call of a seagull; one that has young in its nest. Our Frank has told me of this of him. Let him make the cry three times, counting five between; slowly—so!"

"And if by any chance his Highness should not be there?" I asked. "Then his Highness will be dead," said Richardson; and I thought it not unlike what we loved our Frank.

"He might be ill," I explained, smoothly. "It is best to provide for all things." "Learn you, then, to make the sound, if you can. I shall know the difference, but they may not."

"I will learn," I promised. "And then," he asserted, "we will both come to you, if your Frank can come by any help of mine. If he cannot I will come alone, if I have not, and you shall judge me, if I have not done my best. For lives shall count for little when we meet again."

He bowed and went. Three weeks later the cable came. We had it one afternoon. There was a margin of barely one day. In the evening we sailed. The Prince was out when we went to fetch him, and had not left word of his movement, as was agreed, but we found him, and he came. Perhaps he feared us. Certainly he feared Vera, or to be shamed in her eyes. Anyhow, he came.

On the second morning, before it was light, the captain came to my cabin and roused me, and stood by my bed, jerking his shoulder. There was a traitor aboard, he whispered. He had gone on the bridge at eight bells—which was four o'clock, in the time of sailormen—and he had seen from the stars that the course was wrong. So he had examined the compass, and found a magnet under the card. By running off the course we had lost some forty miles. He had ordered the officer of the watch to set a man on guard by the compass with a revolver.

"You had better not tell her," he suggested, and the shoulder jerked quickly; "only your friends."

"The four of them?" I looked at him. "The three of them," he corrected. "The next day the engines broke down and lost us fifteen hours. Some of the thinner parts of the machinery had been filed through, the chief engineer reported, so that they would succumb to the strain of the working. It must have been done the day before we started, for he had inspected those very parts the day before that."

"By an amateur or by a skilled mechanic?" I asked. "By a very skilled mechanic," he stated; "one of the men who were employed to overhaul the machinery, no doubt. Some one must have bribed him. . . . Well, we can put it right, and it won't cost again. If any one tries to bribe any of my men, they will fling him among the machinery!" He laughed a short fierce laugh. "If you know any one who is likely to try you can warn him!"

"I don't think we will warn him," said the captain. "Thank you, Donaldson." "The chief went and the captain looked at me. His shoulder jerked furiously.

"If the little girrie weren't aboard," he said, "we should know what to do."

"We shall know what to do," I told him, "when the time comes."

We looked at each other and nodded. We were old men, and did not waste the breath left to us.

So our margin of time was eaten up, and we came to be driving through the fog at full speed.

We went on for two hours longer, then we slowed down and took soundings. They could not find bottom, so we went on at three-quarter speed for three half-hours, sounding after each. Then the lead touched, and we judged that we were nearing the island, for we knew that the bed of the ocean rose higher round it. Westward a little farther and lost bottom, and the captain concluded that we were passing the island on our left. We made slowly that way with a man heaving the lead constantly and working toward the shallower water. About ten o'clock the mist thinned a little and the moon shone faintly through. In the dim moonlight we saw a tall black rock like a sentinel ahead, and turned just in time. The captain sent a message down to us that he knew the rock, and it was three miles from the smaller

harbor under the fortress. There were other rocks on our road, and we steamed very slowly. He dropped anchor at a quarter to eleven. The lights of the fortress glimmered faintly—very faintly—through the mist silvered by the moon. We carried no lights ourselves, and the portholes below were curtained. Darrell and Joynder and Richardson stood ready by me. The Prince was not there. He had been in his cabin most of the day. He had neuralgia, he said.

"Perhaps he is not well enough to come," said Darrell, softly. "He must be well enough to come," I said. "I spoke softly too."

"He must be well enough to come," Vera repeated. There was a great fear in her eyes.

We went to his cabin. The door was fastened. We broke it open. He lay on his bed unconscious. Joynder knelt down and examined him. He is a doctor. The Prince was drugged, he pronounced, and would be unconscious for many hours. Vera clasped her hands and gave a sharp cry. She was standing behind us in the doorway.

"I must have taken something for his neuralgia," she said; "and taken too much. He—he must have meant to come."

"He shall come," I said. I nodded to the others, and they lifted him and carried him to the boat; and I stood alone with him.

"Do you think," I asked, "that, in years to come, if our Frank were lost to us—do you think that you might have married him?"

"I think," she said, "that he might have wanted me to—I think—Uncle Fred? I am no uncle, but she calls me so."

"You don't think? You don't think?" She caught at my arm.

"Some one tampered with the compass on the bridge," I said. "Some one tampered with the machinery that broke down. Perhaps some one betrayed our Frank at the beginning, and has betrayed him now at the end."

"And betrayed you!" "And betrayed us. If we do not come back you will understand." She turned white and reeled. I took her in my arms and sat her down.

"If that is so," she said, slowly, "you must not go. You were ready to risk your lives to save his. You are his friends and he would have done the same for you; but to throw them away for nothing—I am the guardian of his honor as well as his life; and I who love him tell you not to go."

"We shall go," I said. "God bless you, girrie dear. . . . My dear child. . . . The child of a childless man. . . . She swayed and fainted. I laid her on the bed, kissed her forehead, and left her there."

"He will not," I said. They nodded and I went down to the boat. I took the tiller; Richardson sat in the bows; Darrell and Joynder rowed. The Prince lay at my feet. The unit ship grew dim in the mist and disappeared. The lights of the fortress grew nearer and nearer, and we heard the waves breaking on the beach.

We found the rock and the ring to tie up our boat, as we had been told by the little pale man. We tied up the Prince's hands also, and then we landed, and lurked behind the buildings that we recognized from the drawing that the little pale man had given us. I made the cry three times—the cry of the seagull with young in its nest—counting five between. It was then nearly twelve. When the clock in the fortress had struck I made the cry again. The patrol passed soon afterwards, and they were distant, but they passed on without seeing us, talking and laughing—four men with rifles on their shoulders. Presently I made the cry again. Soon afterwards a man came toward us through the mist; only one—the little pale man. We rose, but he met us, and we joined us behind the boulders.

"So!" he said. "The Prince has not come. I knew by the cry."

"Where is Frank?" I asked. "Is he aboard?" he demanded, without answering me. "The Prince?"

"No," I told him. "Then I cannot save you, Frank," he said.

"Could you have saved him if the Prince were here?" I asked.

"Yes," he nodded gravely. "I will tell you. You may wonder that I put my life in your hands; but I have never been afraid to put my life in the hands of honorable gentlemen. I will tell you all. I am of the secret service. It was I who took your Frank. We did not want to take him, but we had to. His brother, whom we wanted, escaped and betrayed him. Perhaps you can guess why?"

"We can guess why," I answered. "Also he betrayed this rescue of yours—not knowing that we knew of it already. He wrote to the Emperor himself, and the Emperor knew the hand, though he tried to disguise it."

"I suppose," I said, "there is no doubt about the hand."

"There has been examined by experts. There is no doubt at all; and if it were not his hand I should have no doubt that he sent it. There is no doubt in the whole matter. Well, our Emperor is a just man and good; and what he said was this. For the sake of the country he must make an example of one of these princes; it should be the older one; and then the foolish, misguided boy need only be banished. He would marry his English sweetheart, and do no harm. Find me the real culprit," said the Emperor, "and this boy for whom you plead—it was I who pleaded for him—you may do what you will with him."

"So I planned this rescue to bring his brother here. If he had come we should have taken him. If he were aboard we should send gunboats and take him. If we had taken him your Frank could go. In any case you would be free to go. You are free to go. I am in your hands, and you can shoot me, if you will. I do not much care. But I cannot save your Frank."

I looked at my comrades and my comrades looked at me. I nodded and they nodded too.

"Now," I said, "it is my turn to tell a story." I told him how the Prince had been out of the way when the summons came, and how we had found him; how the compass had been deflected and how the machinery had broken down; how we had found him drugged by himself to avoid coming ashore; how he lay now in the boat, bound and insensible.

"And now I will summon the patrol and they shall take him and bring your Frank to you; unless you will come and accept hospitality at my hands."

"I should like a drink," said Richardson. "This has been a creepy business."

"By love, yes!" said Joynder. He laughed curiously.

"I've been wondering if I was afraid or wasn't," Darrell confessed.

"But you are not afraid to trust yourselves with me?" the little pale man suggested.

"We have no reason to be afraid to trust ourselves in the hands of an honorable gentleman," I told him. And though he was an agent of the secret service, I knew the little pale man for that.

He blew a little whistle and the patrol came swiftly and took the traitor from the boat, and went away with him; and we went with the little pale man. We passed through great iron gates and up stone staircases; and in a large room as we sat at a table with wine to our hands they brought our Frank to us. He had grown a little less of a careless boy, and a little more of a thoughtful man; but it was the same dear old Frank who loved his friends and whose friends loved him—the Frank who was worthy to mate with our Vera.

"The little girrie," he asked. "The little girrie?" "Aboard the yacht," I said, "waiting for you."

"God bless her!" he said; and we bowed and said Amen. Sometimes I think that women like Vera do not need God's blessing. They are the blessings that he sends to us.

"And—and—" he looked at the little pale man.

"And you should forget that you had a brother," said the little man.

"Is there no way of saving him?" he asked, with a shudder.

"None," said the little man. "And if there were I would not save him," I said; "not even for your sake, my dear boy."

"Nor I," said Darrell and Joynder and Richardson.

Then they escorted us down to our boat, and we got in. The mist had cleared and the stars shone in the sky, and the moon made a long track across the waters. The ship lay black in the moonlight. At the top of the ladder a girl in white waited. He stood up that she might see him sooner, and waved his hand.

"Frank!" she cried. "Frank! . . . Are they all safe—our friends?"

It was like our Vera to remember us even then.—By Owen Oliver, in Harper's Weekly.

Washing a Tiger. A French animal-trainer at St. Petersburg hired a poor Cossack, who was as ignorant of the French language as he was of fear, to clean the cages of the wild beasts.

Instructions were given to the man by means of gestures and dumb show, and apparently he thoroughly understood what he was expected to do.

The next morning he began his new duties by entering with buckets, sponge, and broom, not the cage of a tame beast, but that of a splendid tiger, which lay asleep on the floor. The fierce animal awoke and fixed his eyes upon the man, who calmly proceeded to wet his large sponge and, untrifled, approached the tiger.

At this moment the trainer proprietor saw what was going on and was struck with horror. Any sound or motion on his part would increase the danger of the situation by arousing the beast to fury, so he quietly waited till the need should rise to push to the man's assistance.

The Cossack, sponge in hand, approached the animal and, perfectly fearless, proceeded to rub him down as if he had been a horse or a dog; while the tiger, apparently delighted by the application of cold water, rolled over on its back, stretched out its paws, purred, and sniffed every part of its body to the *snoujki*, who washed him as complacently as a mother bathes her infant.

Then he left the cage and would have repeated the hazardous experiment upon another savage beast had not the trainer with difficulty drawn him off.

The Mystery of India-ink. There are many manufacturers all over the world who would like very much to become possessed of the Chinese secret formula for the making of India-ink, a formula which has been handed down in the Flowery Kingdom for many generations. Indeed, India-ink in China is manufactured pretty much the same today as it was in the time of Chen Ki Somen, who is said to have invented the process.

The oil is pressed from the seeds of a certain plant and set to simmer, while the workman adds a mixture of powdered red-wood, grated sandalwood, and seeds of almonds and other powders.

When the simmering is ended the product is filtered and set aside for a long time to settle. Then it is put into tiny earthen dishes, each of which has a wick made of reed. A great quantity of these little dishes are set on bricks, and over each is placed a funnel-shaped clay cover. Then the wicks are lit, and the soot produced by the burning mass is caught inside.

A Simple Aeroplane Model Brought

The one-ounce model, which has been brought to such perfection in England, is one of the simplest aeroplanes to build. These models have a record of 1,500 feet. The adjustment is extremely delicate, however, as it is a very "tricky" affair to manage, and whether you can get the remarkable flight made abroad is another matter. For the stick, select a piece of straight-grained ash or some light wood three feet in length and one quarter of an inch square. The planes should be cut from a thin board one-sixteenth of an inch thick. The main plane should measure six inches by one inch, and the smaller plane three inches by three-fourths of an inch, thus giving them an aspect ratio of about six. They should taper slightly toward the ends.

Round off the corners of both planes and sandpaper down the edges. If the wood will stand it, work it down, using a sharp hand plane or sand-paper. The planes should be bent by steaming slightly across the middle, and set at a slight dihedral angle.

The model is driven most efficiently by a 6-inch propeller. If it be a one-piece blade, prepare a propeller blank 6 inches by 1 inch, cut from a half-inch board. Cut away to the thinnest possible blade. Use a very simple support for your propeller shaft as well as for the motor arrangement at the extreme forward end. The planes should be tied with rubber strands to the stick and glued in position when properly adjusted. Try out your model with a motor consisting of four strands of one-eighth-inch rubber, and increase, if necessary. You will need all your ingenuity and skill in workmanship to construct a stable model even of so simple a design which will come within one ounce. Throw it with the wind.

A model which rises unassisted requires considerable power, and your propeller should have 10-inch blades and be carved from blanks one inch thick. You may find it advisable later on to install propellers with very broad blades. First install motors of considerable power, each consisting of twelve or fourteen complete inches rubber strips. You will not get more than 300 or 400 turns out of them, but with a high-pitch propeller this will give you an excellent flight, say 200 feet.—From Francis R. Collins's "Model Aeroplanes of 1911" in August St. Nicholas.

The Strength of Insects. Nothing is more wonderful to investigators than the display of strength in insects compared with that in man.

Ants will carry loads forty or fifty times as heavy as themselves. The beetle can move a weight one hundred and twelve times his own weight. The house-fly gives six hundred strokes to its wings in one second, and this enables it to give a distance of thirty-five feet.

Probably the most wonderful of all is the dragon-fly. It can speed through the air at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and, more wonderful still, can stop instantaneously in its flight or move backward or sideways without changing the position of its body.

Hundreds of bees can hang one to another without tearing away the feet of the upper one.

It has been estimated that if an elephant were as strong in proportion to its size as a male beetle it would be able to overturn a "skyscraper."

In leaping great distances this strength is shown in another phase. If a horse could jump as far in proportion to its weight as a flea can to his, the horse would jump about two thousand miles.

A Woman's Story. A woman's story is very often a story of suffering if it deals with the period of maternity. A great many such stories have begun with suffering and ended with smiles of happiness because Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription had cured the pain and restored the health. The following is one woman's story:

Mrs. W. J. Kidder, of Hill Dale Farm (Enosburg Centre), Enosburg, Vt., writes: "Your kindly advice and medicines have brought me great relief."

I found myself pregnant and in rapidly failing health. I suffered dreadfully from bloating and urinary difficulty. I was growing weaker each day and suffered much sharp pain at times. I felt that something must be done. I sought your advice and received a prompt reply. I took twelve bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and also followed your instructions. I began to improve immediately, my health became excellent, and I could do all my own work (we live on a good sized farm). I walked and rode all day, and enjoyed it. I had a short, easy confinement, and have a healthy baby boy."

Treasury Profits. The government profits slightly by the destruction of stamps which have been paid for, and the Treasury gets the benefit of bills which are lost and never found.

A larger source of irregular profits lies in the failure of bondholders to present their bonds for redemption. Unclaimed money in the Treasury due to bondholders amounted to nearly a million dollars in 1861, and the sum is much greater now. Of a loan which fell due in 1900 a sum in excess of \$32,000 remains unclaimed. Over a hundred thousand dollars are still unpaid of the five-per-cent. bonds which were due in 1904. In 1907 over a hundred million thirty-year four-per-cent. bonds came due on July 1st. Special inducements were offered to secure early redemption, yet at the end of that month thirteen million dollars still stood in the treasury on that account, although interest had ceased.

Why Iron Rusts. British investigators estimate that the rails of a single railway system in England lose eighteen tons in weight every day, and that the larger part of this loss is due to the effects of rust. The problem of rust is of great economical importance, not only because of such losses as that just mentioned, but also because of the great expense involved in repainting iron and steel structures in order to preserve them. Thus \$10,000 a year is spent in painting the great Scotch bridge over the Forth. Recent experiments indicate that pure iron in the presence of pure oxygen does not rust. It appears to be necessary for the production of rust that some acid, notably carbonic acid, shall be present. When iron is subjected to the action of water containing traces of acid, and in the presence of atmospheric oxygen, it always rusts. The rapid rusting of iron on railroad stations is ascribed to the presence of sulphuric acid derived from the smoke of locomotives.

Don't dose your chickens. Don't get too large a setting for the hen. Keep your hen houses dry and secure from the damp winds.

Be sure your hen actually wants to mother a flock before you set her.

"I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me."

"Did you find it?"

"Oh yes; I'm in a hole."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Give thy thoughts no tongue. Nor any unproportioned thought his act. Be thou familiar, but by some means keep These friends thou hast and their adoption tried. Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel. But do not dull thine palm with entertainment. Of each unbatched, unfledged comrade. Beware.

Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in, Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee. Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice. Take each man's census, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit to thy purse can buy, But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy; For the apparel oft proclaims the man.—Shakespeare.

Would you be beautiful? Then be healthy. After eating, sleeping, breathing and exercising properly, and drinking plenty of pure, cool water between meals there may yet arise some slight indisposition. Such ills, as a rule, respond readily to treatments which our grandmothers were always ready to administer.

We might well study the value of herb teas for the good of our health and complexion just as they did. Teas may be made from those old-fashioned herbs now which our grandmothers used so generally. Lime leaf tea makes one sleep, for it calms the nerves, and should be taken after dinner instead of coffee; mint tea, or camomile, helps the digestion. Blackberry leaves, steeped in hot water, will cure a sore throat. A mixture of herbs prepared by a real herbalist, purifies the blood and gives a clear skin and bright eyes.

In fact, many of the minor ills from which one suffers, could be cured with the most simple and natural remedies culled from the fields and hedges.

Summer toys for children may sound like an exaggeration of the facts, but they work out very well in practice. Mothers only need to hold the woolly Teddy bears and the fuzzy billkins, now the delight of childhood's playhouse, to realize the benefit of the summer toy.

Wise mothers try substituting one of the unbreakable dolls so lifelike and so satisfactory in that childish hearts are not broken with dolly's head, or childish tears shed with the shedding of dolly's fascinating yellow curls.

A miniature bucket and spade, a little wagon, any odd plaything, can be made to take the place of Teddy for a time. But best of all, both for baby's disposition and baby's health, is a nice cool bed of sand, a pair of blue rompers and the privilege of playing without restraint.

Altogether fascinating are the new coat suits. Stripes appear in many of them. In plain fabrics these stripes are in two-tone effects. For the stripe of contrasting colors, there's a blurry hairiness of wear which relieves the harshness, hardness especially striking in blue and white. All these new stripes are narrow, about an eighth of an inch. The olive and black stripe is scheduled for a favorite. Just now, however, the magpie combination is more appealing, with its clean, crisp lines. Deep-sea navy serge will be the autumn standby and very smart it is, trimmed with braid and buttons.

Black velveteen, which was the rage last winter, is to be even more so this.

One new black velveteen coat suit may well be described. The coat is somewhat square, altogether snug, and is finger-tip length. There's a clever shawl collar, shaped in a rounded point at the back and reaching below the waist line at the front. This is edged with chenille fringe, each strand being finished with a jet bead the size of a pea. This same fringe is at the foot of the little panel let into the left side of the skirt. The snug skirt is cut with a flounce, shaped up a bit at the sides in pointed effect. There's some braiding in panel effect at the foot of the skirt, and the coat is braided broadly at the front and the back, from just above the waist line downward.

Autumn chic is seen in a suit made of the new black and white striped suting. It resembles the old Bedford cord, save that there's a blurred, woolly effect.

This suit is taut and plain, the skirt as well as the finger-length coat having a slender, box effect. The broadcloth facings of the rather