WATCH THE CORNERS.

When you wake up in the morning of a dark and cheerless day And feel inclined to grumble, pout or frown.

Just glance into your mirror and you will quickly see It's just because the corners of your

mouth turn down. Then take this simple rhyme, Remember it in time,

It's always dreary weather in countryside or town When you wake and find the corners of

your mouth turned down. If you wake up in the morning full bright and happy thoughts And begin to count the blessings in your

Then glance into your mirror and you will quickly see

It's all because the corners of your

mouth turn up. Then take this little rhyme,

Remember all the time, There's joy a-plenty in this world to fill

If you'll only keep the corners of your mouth turned up.

-The Sabbath Visitor.

FUEGO.

It was in that part of the world which is neither France nor Spain, the part which is south of one and north of the other, west of Italy, and east of the sea. The inn stood, gray and weather-beaten, below acaciatrees. They grew persistently up the side of the low mountain, and June had brought their one week's holiday of long blossoms to hang, white and still, over the crumbling eaves.

The American woman sat on the steps, looking down the yellow, nar-row road. She was more lonely than alone, for the keeper of the inn was near her, unpacking his new cases of wine and talking at random.

"Madame finds our mountains wearisome," he said, slipping the husk from a thin bottle. "Or perhaps madame finds it too difficult to paint or," correcting himself, "not beautiful enough."

A fraction of a smile hardened one corner of the woman's mouth. It was not the innocent reference to her painting, it was the "madame" that made it hard. Gazing down the road to the open fields of valley stubble, she winced at the unmarried years that brought "madame" to the lips of the keeper of the inn. She had become selective in the matters of life. She chose her words. And inn-keepers never choose theirs. She called herself a painter now, not an artist. Success made artists.

She did not answer the keeper of the inn. She knew there was no need till the new case was empty. His in- parade of animals: a llama, a monkey termittent voice went on with the on a dog, a manufactured zebra, in monotonous irregularity of an insingle file like a celibate procession his feet, over his head. A fluttering sect's. Gradually her mind heard it, into the ark. Then a man rode on two and she listened again.

"But life, the travelers tell me, is dull everywhere. That applies, of course, only to gentlefolk and to arhave the qualities of neither."

A cylinder of straw fell near the woman's feet, and she leaned over and picked it up.

'How glad I am," she said slowly, "that you do not speak humorously." The host paused, a bottle in one hand, a wrapper in the other, and looked at her. "But, madame," he said, a little troubled, "how could I speak lightly upon so delicate a sub- to bow she found herself looking It is only when ma-mademoiselle is gloomy that one tries to amuse her.

She was gazing again at the distant menced his tumbling, his grotesquestubble-fields. The thoughtful madries, they laughed. He was a clown, emoiselle had been more troubling than the thoughtless madame.

The insect voice hummed on, but she scarcely heard it. She was enumerating four, six, seven weeks, one. two, five pictures; one mountain; one Spaniard; one French peddler; onehalf peasant French, one-half peasant Spanish, total one peasant (the too happy! If three of them had been different, but were with me!" their pictures much alike;) and, yesterday, one acacias. Plain bad, the amid shouts of laughter, and in anticacacias. Acacias are mostly white, with pink handles. So, of course, her white had given out, when she had

enough pink for a Psyche. 'Perhaps the circus would amuse madame. It is here now, and there will be a performance to-night, and if all do not come to-night, another tomorrow night. The preparations are in progress. Has not madame notic-Or perhaps she would not interest herself. It is all there, directly

before her eyes." Far down in the vellow fields the black, moving objects took on meaning for her; the oxen lowing and lifting their heads in the shimmering already, on her painter's vision, its glare, the ebony band that crossed acute outlines had fastened like the their necks, the manikin human figures that moved fro and to against the gold of the sun; and that straight line, up and down, that came between her eyes, like a coarse woof in the bones over the hollow cheeks; the canvas—that must be the tent-pole,

dark and naked in the radiating heat. "There have been stranger things than that madame should be amused by the circus. Except me, all in the town will be there."

"And will that be so many?" This time the smile touched her eyes. "And from many miles as wellseveral in the mountains, and more than a league more through the valley. In all, above two hundred, either to-night or the sum of both nights."

In a flash of sunlight from the burnished field she saw a streak of black curve across the horizon. A man had lifted the yoke from the oxen, and thrown it on the ground. The dark line of the tent-pole had vanished, and around it was rising a drooping

"Even there have been some who have gone the two nights-with the privilege, on the second night, of kissing the lady gymnast. Though that

would be such doings. Yet I know

"Their treasure is a girl who is not a thing so unnatural as that. But this girl is not afraid. She rides standing up upon a horse. The horse rides very fast, and she carries a wooden ring set on fire, and throws it in the air. It can be said with some reason that she is a magic. For she catches the ring, all fire, again and again. this time. and at last she jumps through it, holding it in her hands, upon the nori, that our clown will take her horse's back. In order that there be no cheating, she lights the hoop herself, madame, from a candle. Indeed, she would let you come from your own place and light it... She is a Spanish girl."

A faint cloud had floated into the valley, and hung melting beyond the An arm of the dying sun reached out and struck it, and lavender blood suffused it. One shaft of gold light struggled in the fields.

The woman rose. "Perhaps madame would condescend to accompany my wife. My wife will always go to the circus. At least madame might find something there that she could paint.'

The woman laughed. "Or some-thing to fall in love with," she said. "Ah," said the host, deprecatingly, 'now it is madame that is humorous.'

She looked at him abruptly.

"Please call me my name," she said; "stop calling me 'madame.' Say 'miss,' and then my name." Startled and abashed, the inn-keep-

er stared. "As you see fit," he stammered-'madame-mademoiselle-Through the faintly star-lighted night the trio journeyed slowly down to the circus—the American woman and the inn-keeper's wife together in the little cart, the inn-keeper leading the donkey. The American woman spoke to him.

"Why do you not see it with us?" "But my wife must see it," he ans-

wered, simply; "we may not leave the inn to the servant." Two yellow torches flared at the entrance to the tent, and in their glare the woman descended from the cart, the peasant woman clinging, in a quiver of nervous excitement, to her

She looked for the picture of the Spanish girl who was not afraid of fire, but a torn red cloth had been hung over it, and where this sagged at the top she could only read, in crude, yellow letters, "La Fuega!" Across the entrance rail the host

was speaking to them. "I will return for you." His wife released his hand with a gasp, and now, with all ten fingers fastened on the woman's arm, dragged her under the folds of the

They sat on boards in the small dim tent. It was nearly filled, and half lighted by one oil lamp in the center. The circus began: a dingy horses, hands in air, feet two feet apart, and a pair of lady gymnasts like a set of sullen statues, pulled their trapeze from the roof.

grimly.

Then came the clown. His hair was red, redder than her own; tight, like crinkled waves of paint, upon his head, and his face was as white as milk, a hue that, in the thin glare of the lamp, was whiter, deathlier than powder. With her chin on her hand the American woman was leaning forward, and as he stood still

straight into his eyes. He bowed-toward her, and to right and left. He was the clown, and the 'Yes," said the woman, absently, crowd laughed. Even before he comand they did not know that he was not funny. They had come to be

amused. The inn-keeper's wife was tugging at the American's cloak. "It is now, she whispered, tensely. "When the clown is finished, then the Spanish girl comes with her fire! Oh, I am too happy! If only my dear husband

The clown gravely left the ring ipating silence the audience stirred and waited.

"Ah, look, look, madame!" pleaded the inn-keeper's wife. "Look at the gate, over there. She will come in there! See, the clown has sat down there, just where she will come in. He is to hand her the candle. See, he alis to hand her the candle. See, he already has it in his hand!"

And the woman gazed again into the white face of the clown. It was an ascetic face, thin and long and delicate. Across the circle of the tent, it was a narrow, white triangle, with eyes of hollow spots, like a piece of linen with two holes burned in it; but first, unchangeable strokes on an engraver's plate-the angular, red-yellow brows, above the brown, round, sharp, small, hawk-like nose; the straight line of the sensitive mouth, colorless above and below the narrow

scarlet of the tight-closed lips. The voice of the inn-keeper's wife was whispering, like a vibrant wire

in her ear. "Now, now! She must come now! Surely she must come now!" But an old man was standing in the gateway. Hesitant, his silk hat twisting in his hands, he advanced before the hushed, expectant villagers. The intangible pall of a coming calamity was up-

on their holiday spirits. In the center the oid man paused and looked helplessly around. Then his eyes met those of the clown, where he sat cross-legged by the gate, and, seeming to take new courage, he

bowed. "Signore and signori," he began, unsteadily-"signore and signori. have to tell you that Senorita Fuega

that it is a fine circus, and if it were he spoke again. "This," his voice her, not for my profession, I myself would quavered, "this disappointment, signore and signori, we tell you with broken hearts, for it is because Senorafraid of fire. Even madame, with ita Fuega died last night. For this her brave red hair, might be afraid of reason we hope that you will pardon us, and that you will enjoy the rest of our performance.'

He turned away with drooping shoulders toward the gate; but a arm, went to the old man quickly. warning finger from the clown arrested him, and he turned back again.

place.' In the deep quiet of the audience, a quick throb passed through the Amer-ican woman's heart. The inn-keep- ened dog in winter, dumbly he took it er's wife leaned against her heavily. In the gateway a horse was standing, and out of the darkness the clown sprang onto its back and rode the coffin. The clown's voice came into the ring. He had doffed his black through the mist. "Signora is herself and white costume, and the peasants a Virgin!"

saw him riding in the knee-breeches and short jacket of their own people. its hoofs, the horse stopped, with the jacket outstretched. No, how clown erect, fragilely poised, on its said, stepping back. For answer he clown erect, fragilely poised, on its said, stepping back. For answer he clown erect, fragilely poised, on its hand to be a said before rain beating on his lamp, his hoop in one hand, his candle in the other.

Her elbow on her knees, her chin upon her wrist, the American woman leaned forward.

He touched the candie to the hoop, and bright fire, like a snake in boiling water, curled, licking, around it. Then the yellow circle sprang from his hand into the air, and the clown rode around the ring, tossing it high and ahead of him, again and again, catching it in his naked hand, twirling it around his head, flecking the golden disk from the muscles of his long, white firgers from one palm to the

other. It was his hands on which the woman's look was fastened, as they closed and twitched and opened on the bounding ring of fire. She had thought of La Fuega's feat as a thing of dexterity, of harmless, arithmetic calculation; of La Fuega as a poor child of trickery, flaunting a spangled gown through a dangerless trick-ruled flame, with two unfired spaces in her hoop, where she would catch it with the accuracy of long, hard-working years.

But she could see the hands of the clown, and the unmistakable lucidity of sight bound her brain to conviction. Once, tearing her eyes from his hands, she saw his face through the

Directly in front of her he was dancing the hoop in short circles before his body. Behind the light of it, the crimson hue of his mouth was gone from his face, and she looked upon dead color, chalk outlines, and the tunnels of his eyes. Their depths focused in hers through the fire, and the hallucination told her that there was some pact between them.

flying feet; up again, spinning alone gasp came from the staring people. The clown was gone. The Miracle of Fire was over.

They passed out of the tent into specting his grief, the inn-keeper sold

to him cheaply.

As they plodded upward through the dark, the inn-keeper's wife, with a deep sigh, bent from the cart and Yom Kippur, The Day of Atonement. leaned her head against her husband's shoulder; but presently she turned and looked wonderingly at the

American woman. "Madame is weeping," she said, patting her gently on the knee. "Madame weeps for the poor girl who is

"Yes," said the American woman.

"And for all women." The next morning mass was said for the dead child in the church, and on the bare floor. A drizzle of fine and risen up from it in patches of finds place on various symphony prothick mist. The host of the inn was grams. by her as they went out.

"Perhaps it would interest madanie to know why this girl can be buried, knowing that she died in another the Jewish New Year. The Bible in town and without a priest. For in several passages designates it as the our church there are many necessary absolutions: the absolution of fire and of water; the absolution of desire; purged and escapes purgatory com-pletely; in water and in war, acci-of the Temple at Jerusalem. But the dents, madame, are bound to happen.

And in desire—" She laid a restraining hand upon him. "Ask the old man if I may follow his daughter to the grave.'

The inn-keeper looked at her. "But madame would be doing an honor!" daughter. Ask him if I may go.'

"Madame has a kind heart," said the voice of the clown over her shoul-

lonely miles to the burying-ground. Now before her, like a wanderer, now behind her, like an echo, the clown walked silently, with bent shoulders. The wavering string of dim figures reminded her of the parade in the circus. One of the lady gymnasts carried her baby, and might have been the dog with the monkey. She pictured the old man turning handsprings

to his daughter's grave. as the coffin of boards was set down. The priest, centered in the small group of mountebanks and peasants, love and following His law in loyalty. was preparing to read the burial service. A few paces away, the clown, his tures of Yom Kippur devotion-conelenched hands hanging motionless, tinued for the entire day until sunset rose through the gray light like a —is the memorial service for the weird monument. The old Spaniard dead held usually in the afternoon. was talking to the host of the inn. His The concluding service of the Day of vague, meandering grief had given Atonement is called Neilah and the

remembers the kernel of his errand, to his side. She beckoned the host to School Teacher Will be Elected Pres-

"God has taken his daughter from him, madame, and he says that God's will be done. But there is yet grief left on earth for him, for he must the United States were all formerly send her to the Madonna in that unpainted box, without a pall."

The woman, her purple cloak on her There was more courage in his voice tribute to your dead? Will you per- liberal supply of college and univermit your daughter to wear my rai-ment to the Virgin?" As she held out the purple cloak, the old man raised his black eyes to hers.

"It has covered many dead things," on his trembling arms.

The priest, the old man, and the inn-keeper spread the royal color on the coffin. The clown's voice came of New York, and Hanley of Indiana.

Turning, her soul shrinking under she saw the fine rain beating on his upturned face. Then he silently slipped it over her arms and around her.

her breast, turning away.
"I have done nothing," she said. my eyes last night, I felt that she was looking into my soul, which has been which he probably excels any other damned. But I felt that she was candidate in the field. kind, and to-day I know that she is

From the graveside the tones of the priest came hollow and melan-cholv through the rain. The coffir of Allen L. Benson, Socialist nominee La Fuega, who was not afraid of fire, for President, was born in Michigan, sank into the oblong hole.

him. There was a hesitant, queryglance he spoke.

"Is there a thing that I could do for the Madonna?" Instinctively, helplessly, the answer flashed to her lips: "Let me—" She stopped the words. The desire to see it not improbable that the Socialists his hands had possessed and unnerved her. She choked back the cruel request, and instead remembered her London, of New York. Victor Berger, earliest desire. "Before you leave the of Milwaukee, who was the first Sotown, let me paint your picture."

In his voice was an innocent surprise: "To paint my picture? The Mader of the Hard and Debs, in addonna, then, is an artist? But this dition to London.—Pittsburgh Discharge of the Hard and Debs, in addition to London.—Pittsburgh Discharge of the Hard and Debs, in addition to London.—Pittsburgh Discharge of the Hard and Debs, in addition to London.—Pittsburgh Discharge of the Hard and Debs, in addition to London.—Pittsburgh Discharge of the Hard and Debs, in addition to London.—Pittsburgh Discharge of the Hard and Debs, in addition to London.—Pittsburgh Discharge of the Hard and Debs, in addition to London. she could have had for the asking! It is too little a request."

His longing to serve her swept a deep color to the woman's face; and The flickering hoop passed over his suddenly the inevitable answer tremhead, down around his body, under his bled from her:

"Tell me how she died."

"Ah, that, Madonna, is indeed a be bedded out now in the place where gift! Yes, when I have given it, the they are to bloom. Madonna will know! For in that, I pay to her the last life of my soul." cart, the old circus-master was bar- keeper and the priest and the rest roots and hang the plants upside gaining with the inn-keeper for a from the circus. She felt her con-piece of ground in the cemetery. The tract, and she knew that she was be quite ready for planting next dead girl was his daughter, and, re- trembling. As before the church, like spring, when the frost is out of the some spirit his quiet voice came upon ground once more.

her out of the mist. (Concluded next week.)

The Day of Antonement (Hebrew name, Yom Kippur) fell on the tenth day of the month of Tishri, corresponding to October 7 of the current calendar. A special service the even. ing before ushers in the solemn occasion, which service is known as the "Kol Nidre" (All Vows), so called from the opening words of the introductory prayer. This introductory prayer is noteworthy, among other the American woman knelt, shivering, things, for the profoundly beautiful melody to which it is traditionally rain would descend presently, for a chanted. Arranged for modern ingray day had fallen upon the valley struction, the Kol Nidre melody now

The Day of Atonement itself is the great White Fast, the culmination of the penitential days inaugurated by Sabbath of Sabbaths. In ancient days its observance was characterized by elaborate priestly ceremonial and sacloss of priesthood and altar did not affect the vital significance of Yom Kippur as such, which still remains the supreme day in the religious cal-

endar of the Jew. Its primary purpose as the name "Day of Atonement" implies is to ef-She pointed to the old Spaniard. fect an atone-ment in the ethical and "Tell him I would like to honor his spiritual life of the individual and the community; to restore, i e, the sense of harmony between man and his own higher self, between man and God, wherever and however that harmony has been broken by sin. All the aus-The procession started, drearily, in tere ceremonials of the day, the praythe gray mist, plodding along the ers and fasting from eventide to eventide are meant to work on the conscience, the heart, and the soul, and bring them to the mood of genuine contraction for the evil of the past and the yearning desire for amendment in the future. Coupled with the call to "repentance" is the comforting assurance that God's tender mercy and pardon will be vouchsafed to those who are truly penitent. No mediator is necessary, no vicarious She stood apart, lonely, depressed, sacrifice. The only requirement for forgiveness is the sincere turning

from sin and the coming to God in One of the most impressive feawould not interest madame, unless to will not appear to-night. We crave paint. But I cannot say if that would paint. But I cannot say if that would your patience and your pardon." His his arms, in a despairing gesture, apply to this circus—whether there voice stopped, and then, as one who reached out and fell, like the clown's,

The profession of teaching may this year point with pride to the fact that four candidates for President of teachers. Mention has already been made of Wilson being a son of a Pres-byterian preacher and Hughes being a son of a Baptist preacher. The can-"Senor," she said, "forgive a didates of the leading political parties stranger's intrusion. May she pay a are also alike in that they hold a didates of the leading political parties

sity degrees. President Wilson was for many years a college professor and president of Princeton University. the presidency of Princeton he changed to the Governorship of New Jersey. ened dog in winter, dumbly he took it It is noteworthy that the Democratic, Republican and Prohibitionist candidates for President have all been Gov-

After Mr. Hughes graduated from Brown University he taught Greek and mathematics at Delhi, N. Y., later nd short jacket of their own people. the innocent words, she saw that he taught law at Cornell and was a In the center of the ring, planting was holding his own short, tight lecturer for some time at the New York University Law School while he

> was practicing law. Mr. Hanley was born on a farm in Champaign county, Ill., and the boy learned to read and spell at home. A "History of the Civil War" was a sort As his hands touched her she convul-sively clutched the jacket together at walked over into Indiana to find work and also to find advantages of a normal school. He became a country "Madame has done the Virgin's school teacher, and in this profession work," he answered gravely. "Is that nothing? When Madonna looked into Country school debating societies gave him the training in oratory in

Though he taught country school several terms he turned to the law, and most of his mature life has been

where he taught school, worked in a Again the woman and the clown chair factory and in car shops before were the last in the somber proces- he got a job as a newspaper reporter. way to the figure, they do not fit. The sion. She walked with her eyes or Most of his life work has been on the ground. She felt that he was newspapers. He was managing editgoing to speak again, and looked at or of a Detroit daily and served on the staff of several other dailies in ing appeal in his eyes, and at her various cities. An old acquaintance says Benson would rather argue than eat and can do both at the same time. The Socialist platform this year bears cialist to serve in Congress, is a candidate this year, and the Socialists would like to have in the next Congress at least Berger and Debs, in ad-

Planning for Spring.

It is well to plant the bulbs during this month so that they may be ready to come up with the first warm weath-A strange light flashed into his er, and seeds and perennials which were sown during the summer may

The geraniums which have been out should be cut back and either potsense of omen kept her silent, ted for the winter or else stored away hair now than ever before. One miltists. So you should be glad, madame, that you are simply rich, and do myself," reflected the American, the metal-green grass by the mule shadows of the old man and the metal-green grass by the mule shadows of the nriest and the rest roots and hang the plants upside

After the first frost has come the dahlias, caladiums and cannas must be dug up, allowed to dry in the sun,

the tops cut off and then stored in a cool, dry place. If you have the ground should be cleaned up as soon as the crop is over; the stumps and tops should be barned, as they are very ligely to harbor insects which would then be there to greet you next year and increase your burdens. As insects are bound to be marauders, anyhow, now is the time to get in some preventive work, so dig up the soil or, better still, have it plowed, and then leave it rough so that the frost can penetrate and kill off the eggs of the bugs or the tiny

son to plant asparagus, but it requires a rather heavy mulching of good manure. When protecting the plants against frost we must remember that there is such a thing as overdoing it and that some plants, while requiring a little protection, may die from too much. Roses, for example, are better kept if the ground is spaded up around the bunny rabbits with bright-colored roots and leaves piled in a good mound than if they were tied up in straw as they are so often. The canes will get frozen, but anyhow they ought to be cut back in the spring, so be cultivating his sense of proportion that does not matter. Lilacs and rhododendrons can be treated in the same manner.

grubs which may be nibernating be-

low the surface. This is a good sea-

If the winter is mild and the spring early, care should be taken that the eaves rotting round the plants do not become closely beaten down and matted together, for if they do they will cut off the ventilation and cause the plants to decay; and it is better not to cover up the perennials until the ground is frozen about an inch deep. Pansies and forget-me-nots must

be covered very lightly with straw and kept dry, consequently it is best to plant them in raised beds, so that the water will drain off. If the pansies are taken up late in the winter and brought into the house they will bloom very early—in fact, in a few weeks from the time of repotting.

Only Mud Slinging.

"Do you expect a landslide next fall?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "Out our way I'm afraid the only movement in political real estate will be a little mud slinging."-Washington Star.

How He Knew.

"Are you sure that is a fashionable resort?"

"It must be. Nearly everybody you

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

1

DAILY THOUGHT

'Tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, sow hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions; but we have reason to cool our raging motions .-Shakespeare.

Fashion makes the selection of a good looking long coat an easy task this year. There are some wraps this year. There are some wraps severely plain in cut and trimming, suitable only for rough usage. Others are so made that they can be utilized both for afternoon and evening wear, thus providing the wearer with two garments for the price of one.

If a long coat is not to be found in your wardrobe, then you must remedy this defect without delay, for it is an absolutely essential garment in the outfit of every woman. You indeed feel that you are committing an extravagance in purchasing a long wrap, for in reality you are being economical. You will get more comfort and wear out of this sort of a coat than a dozen suits or half a dozen dresses. It can be utilized on all sorts of occasions-for motoring, walking, shopping or for evening wear. There is no limit to the use to which a long coat can be put, for it can be worn a dozen different times with the feeling that it is smart and quite correct.

Suit coats will be much longer than last season. Many come to within four to six inches of the dress hem. They are mostly belted with a wide or narrow belt. While they conform in a belts are used to draw them in at the waist high or low, as the figure seems to need. Many have hip seams. Collars are large, loose shawl or sailor shapes, folded into careless pleats. Furs used for collar and cuffs are of rabbit and rat, beautifully dyed. Fur

trimming is used in narrow bands. Skirts are to be full but not flare as last season. They are low boot top length. Stout or older women will wear then two to three inches longer. They are filled into the waistline on thin women and laid in flat pleats on stout figures.

Hair importers are fearful lest in the near future an ineradicable odor of kerosene will linger about many of the "rat," transformations, frizzes and false bangs worn by feminine

customers. Much of the hair now used comes from China. Since the war began it has been brought direct across the Pacific. The United States Public Health Service has decreed that all future shipments must be dipped in kerosene. The importers claim the kerosene smell of the hair from Chinese ports will alienate their custom-

ers. American women are buying more lion pounds of it was brought in from China alone during the last fiscal vear.—International News Service.

Tea and coffee do a child more harm up to its sixth year than whisky or beer fed to it in proportionate quantities would do, according to Dr. N.

LaDolt Johnson of Chicago. Plain sponge cake without frosting s not dongerous, but otherwise sugar should be avoided as much as possible, he said. He also declared candy should never be given the child under 6 years of age, and no cakes or cookies containing an excessive amount of sugar should be allowed.

A child's play is really its most important business, for in it the exercise necessary for the growing body is obtained and at the same time lessons are learned which leave an everlasting impress on the character. For this reason it seems almost incomprehensible that any mother should be satisfied to provide her children with toys that vitiate its good taste or by a too complete mechanism deprive their owner of the joy of achievement, the necessity of using his or her quick-wittedness or imagination.

There is no need to give a baby one of these repulsively with staring eyes and distorted features, when there are lovely, cuddly coats, and dear, soft little doggies, which can be held in their little master's arms as he goes off to the byebye land, and these pretty toys will and artistic truth, and at the same time giving him a soft corner in his heart for his four-footed neighbors.

From Japan comes a very complete set of doll's furniture which would delight any small home-maker. It is cut out of a solid block of Wang Yung wood and can be reassembled into a block again by the use of a little patience and ingenuity, a fact that makes it a most instructive toy, carrving out the Montessori game of solids in a more advanced and more interesting form.

Another fascinating would bring joy to any little boy and to a good many girls is a blue carpenter's apron, with a wide pocket in which there is a very complete set of diminutive tools, and for the more domesticated wee lady there is a doll's dressmaking outfit, put up in an at-

tractive box. With toys such as these, not to mention the better known games in which many can take part, a child can at a very small cost be taught to educate itself unconsciously, learning lessons that are of far greater value for after life than many of those given in the

classroom.

A number of women are known to be in Russian infantry regiments.

Women number one-fifth of the factory workers in Pennsylvaina.

-Put your ad. in the WATCHMAN.