

College Life and Preaching Experiences.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By Rev. L. M. Colfelt D. D.

In the autumn of 1889 I started from Winchester via the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for Princeton Seminary. At Baltimore the connection with the Philadelphia and Wilmington Railroad was made in a horse-drawn car, no tunnel being then in existence. At Philadelphia I landed at the depot on South Washington avenue. Philadelphia disappointed me greatly in this first impression with its few and widely detached buildings of imposing architecture and its miles of 2-storyed brick residences. Market street was distinctly forbidding with its few large business structures sandwiched between meaner buildings and with its horse-drawn freight cars monopolizing the middle of the street, conveying freight to the business houses on either side from the Schuylkill to the Delaware. Stopping only long enough to buy at Strawbridge's the necessary bed furnishings for my room, I landed in Princeton the same evening and was domiciled in a comfortable room in Brown Hall, free of charge, save for the payment of a janitor's fee. Board was gotten at the Refectory, if I remember correctly, at \$5.00 per week. No "Exams" were required, a college diploma and credentials of the home pastor meeting all the conditions. Then began the daily recitations to the various professors, and as at college, the demands on my time in preparation of the assigned tasks left me abundant leisure for general reading and the trial of my apprentice hand on sermonic preparations. Dr. William Henry Green, shortly after my admission, summoned me into his study and placed before me a request received to send a student to Dr. Mann's church, at Kingston, three miles distant, to teach an adult Bible class on Sunday afternoons. I responded to the call and soon thereafter found myself invited to conduct a preaching service at a school house in a hamlet some miles distant in the country, which I was glad to do for the practice in actual conduct of a church service. It was an invaluable experience and I was greatly encouraged by an attendance that crowded the small room. Two incidents occurred that led to a change in my method of preparation. During the night service a great Dane dog entered the door, marched deliberately down the aisle to the improvised pulpit and turning about, marched as deliberately back and out the door again. Every eye was directed away from the preacher to the dog and the young folks tittered, nearly destroying the sequence of my thoughts and utterance, for up to that time I wrote my sermons, committed them slavishly to memory and used not a scrap of MSS in the pulpit. Later a much more disconcerting interruption took place. A middle-aged man came to a night service accompanied by a 16-year-old daughter and seated themselves just in front of me. She looked up into her father's face and smiled and grimaced as if my manner or matter in the pulpit was immensely diverting. She persisted all through the discourse. At first I was so disturbed that I could have sank through the floor and was almost thrown on my beam-ends. But I felt there could be nothing ludicrous in my performance. I rallied myself with a sense of indignation at the culprit and made a safe conclusion. I afterwards found she was partially demented. But these two incidents taught me that my method of memorizing sermons was faulty and thenceforward I took care to so prepare as to fix the thoughts of my sermon in an orderly manner from introduction through the various heads to the application in my mind, leaving the language to take care of itself. This proved the better method. Thenceforward disturbing incidents might take place in the audience, indeed, people might faint and be carried out, but by directing my gaze in another direction I never had any trouble in maintaining the thread of remark. But its chief benefit was in combining the most careful preparation with the utmost freedom of speech and under the inspiration of the audience the actual utterance was more spontaneous, rythmical and choice than the stereotyped, written effort. After years of experience I am persuaded this is the best method providing against the lazy shallowness of the pure extemporizer and leaving room for fervid flights of eloquence. By this method I do not think a single sermon I ever preached was not fit at its close for the printed page. My method of preparation was to first conceive and jot down on a convenient envelope or piece of paper the single thoughts in logical order developing the subject in a few heads, followed always by the home thrust or application. This was the only pleasurable part of the sermon making, exercising the originating powers. The rest was the task-work, and consisted in reading up the subject, culling from literary and personal stores illustrations embellishing the theme, brooding, incubating and at last pacing up and down the floor and thinking out in terms of speech the thoughts from beginning to end and stamping them on my consciousness so that I could face any audience without fear, knowing that as long as the organism of the brain did not give way, I could clothe my thoughts so prepared, in some sort of language. I have been thus frank and extended in describing my method for the benefit of theological students and because many distinguished preachers have queried me upon the subject. Other things being equal I am of the opinion that the preacher who uses no manuscript or even notes in the pulpit will be the more effective, provid-

ed he makes studious and careful preparation.

To resume my narrative, from the close of my learning how to preach at the expense of my school house audience I had invitations to supply pulpits on Sundays during the whole of my Seminary course, which I availed myself of without detriment to my standing, for I never missed a question in my entire course. This extra work in the way of preaching provided me with funds enough to discharge my Seminary expenses and even put another student through the entire course. During my third year at the Seminary, with several others of the graduating class, I was invited, according to custom, to preach at the night service in the First Presbyterian church which at that time was attended by college and seminary professors and practically the whole body of seminary and college students. This was perhaps the most trying experience of my forensic life. Companions of mine, more jealous perhaps than myself of my reputation, told me I did not do myself as great credit as upon some occasions when they heard me. It was doubtless because of being over-nervous. But the matter of it made sufficient impression as I shall relate later upon one cool and dispassionate critic, a college professor, to affect in a remarkable manner my after career.

At this time the college had retired from its presidency Dr. MacClean, and called Dr. James McCosh, of Belfast, to succeed him. Dr. McCosh was one of the really great men I have ever known characterized by an oversupply of egoism. It was laughable to see him pause in the course of his lectures and scratch his magnificent forehead and digress into some anecdote, always tending to sound the praises and glorify the presence of Dr. McCosh. A fine metaphysician, he was the author of a number of valuable philosophical works. To his honor he was one of the first educators of distinction to welcome the value of Darwin's and Herbert Spencer's scientific researches and to brave theological odium in seeking to establish a working harmony between evolution and religion. Theistic-Evolution has since established itself as the basis of all college and university education throughout the world and the belated attempts of such novices in science as Mr. Bryan and persecuting laws of some southern States to withstand the progress of humanity in physical knowledge are about as rational as Canute in his chair on the sea shore commanding the waves to retire. Indeed, it makes one blush to think that such an exhibition of ill-advised intolerance should have taken place in the 20th century and in an otherwise intelligent part of the Union. Oh! Religion! In Thy name what follies have been committed. Dr. McCosh was married to the sister of Dr. Guthrie, the most distinguished preacher in Scotland in that day, and later I enjoyed the hospitality of his home and lived to not only welcome him to my home in Philadelphia but my pulpit in the First Church, agreeably surprised to find he was as good a preacher as an able metaphysician and withal a quite approachable and genial man.

I well remember taking him during the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance on an unoccupied evening to the Young Men's Christian Association hall to listen to Shehadrai, a famous Hindoo convert to Christianity, make running comments on stereotyped views of Hindoo life, Shehadrai never having seen the pictures or rehearsed his remarks. It was a deplorable misfit and I can not forget the helplessness and horror of the Hindoo as the pictures were flashed forth and he was expected to make some appropriate comment. The fiasco ended with a film depicting a group of children. Floundering helplessly the Hindoo stuttered out, "They I-look I-like re-respectable children," and flung down his pointer and ended his torture.

During Dr. McCosh's period and my seminary course various preachers were invited to fill the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church. Dr. Theodore Cuyler, Dr. Vandyke, father of the poet and Amabassador, Dr. John Hall and others frequently delighted us students with their messages. But no man loomed so large, intellectually, and made so indelible an impression as Dr. Duryea, of Classon Ave., Brooklyn, then in the prime of his manhood. He uttered all the qualities of a great preacher. He pronounced the semi-annual oration of Dr. Charles Hodge. It was universally supposed that he would succeed Dr. Hodge in the chair of Systematic Theology to which he was entitled by the regency of his intellect. By common consent of those who knew him he was the brainiest man in the Presbyterian church, not merely in mental acumen but in power to summon his mental resources into action. But the hope of the student body was frustrated. The Hodges and the Breckenridges, with their conservatism and prestige, being too strongly entrenched to permit the intrusion of this young intellectual giant with his dynamic energy that might have revolutionized the Seminary and brought it abreast of Theological progress. Princeton Seminary has remained a close corporation, idolatrous of its traditions, until this day.

Dr. Charles A. Hodge was engaged in reducing the work of his life as a teacher of Theology to print, the fruit of which was apparent in four volumes published by Scribners, of New York. He was well fitted for his task, being characterized by compass of mind. He had not the genius of Robert Breckenridge nor Dr. Thorniwell, but they had narrowly restricted minds and might be defined as specialists compared with Dr. Hodge, nor had they his wide preparatory training and full-orbed learning. He had a philosophical brain and altogether was a genius in systematizing in a clear, comprehensive, complete manner the whole body of Augustinian Theology. His volumes are an unrivalled compendium of what Presbyterians are pleased to call Orthodox Theology. Dr. Hodge was one of the few Theologians who impressed me as a devout Christian. In his sim-

licity he was a child. Theology is mostly philosophy applied to the scriptures, and philosophy has the effect of drying up the milk of human kindness and shutting up the bowels of mercy. But Dr. Hodge was larger of heart than of head. It was in the prayer meeting talks to the students of a Sunday afternoon that the real nature of Charles Hodge revealed itself and we were often surprised by the depth of his emotions. His prayers were models of tenderness, simplicity and childlikeness.

The next figure that loomed large in the faculty was Dr. William Henry Green, Professor of Hebrew. He was almost a fanatic in his department and soon impressed every one of us with the fact that Hebrew was the "sine qua non." The author of his own grammar of instruction, he was so tremendously in earnest that he inculcated us with his enthusiasm, and very dense, indeed, must be the student who could pass through his course without a good, working knowledge of the language. He was an excellent preacher and the one professor I chose in preference to any other to fill my pulpit in after times during enforced absence.

Caspar Wistar Hodge, son of Dr. Hodge, was professor of New Testament literature. His lectures were masterly and more up-to-date than any of the faculty. But he seemed to be very shy and had the air of one who was frightfully bored by it all. As he sat reading his lectures, crowded with the learning of all the modern schools of thought, he was continually drawing his handkerchief through a loop made by his thumb and forefinger, stretching himself and squirming and yawning as if he would like to see the whole business consigned to Tophet. And yet if a vote of students had been taken for the best-liked professor, the unanimous suffrage would have been in favor of Caspar Wistar Hodge.

The on-soni genus professor was Dr. Alexander T. McGill, Professor of Hellenistics. He taught our young ideas how to shoot into sermons and was eminently fitted for the task, possessing a most acute intellect and a master of choice language. The world lost a prime constitutional lawyer when he chose the pulpit. He could make a most wonderful prayer, absolutely devoid of a single word of his own, composed from first to last of devotional texts of Scripture as aptly culled and dovetailed together as to form an exquisite mosaic; of a truth, apples of gold in baskets of silver. This professor attended to all the business affairs of the Seminary. I owe him thanks for teaching me the anatomy of the sermon, in which he was a past master, as well as for many personal kindnesses.

Dr. Moffat, of Scotch origin, once a shepherd lad in the Highlands, completed the faculty as Professor of Old Testament history. He was not a man of remarkable erudition but with an enthusiastic lecturer and succeeded in interesting us in the successive cycles of Pre-Christian history, being gifted with an ornate style and a vivid imagination.

Before leaving my Seminary days I must record my conviction that Princeton Seminary had an overweening pride in its conservatism. It savored of being right-eous overmuch and came dangerously near making the Scripture vain by its Princetonian traditions. It was with great impatience while a student that I listened to the orators, chosen to represent the Seminary on special public occasions, set forth the distinguished services rendered by the Seminary to the church and to the world in standing the Ark of God, summing up all the virtues of this school of the Prophets in the one paramount claim of soundness in doctrine. Like David Harum's horse, the church might always remain assured that Princeton Seminary could be trusted "to stand without hitchin'" and keep steadfastly in the beaten paths. So much was this conservatism in evidence that Henry Ward Beecher was not persona grata to the Seminary authorities, doubtless because of his liberal tendencies. The students of the graduating class up to that time were permitted to choose some eminent divine to address them at the Commencement period on the art of preaching. Henry Ward Beecher was invited by my class to make his address in the Second Presbyterian church, taking for his theme, "Fishers of Men," developing it in his inimitable style. I recall that the students had circled the platform with a profusion of flowers. The first words of Mr. Beecher were, "I feel like John the Baptist crying out in a little wilderness!" There certainly was nothing in the address of this man, confessedly the greatest pulpit orator America has produced as well as the greatest of the Yale lecturers on preaching, calculated to give umbrage to the greatest sticklers for orthodoxy, delivered as it was in a conversational and quite fatherly tone and embellished all the way through with illustrations drawn from the practical experience of a fisherman. But it seemed that the very presence of Mr. Beecher at any function even so remotely connected with the Seminary was an abomination not to be endured, and thenceforward the privilege of graduating classes to choose an orator was abolished.

The rift between the student body and the faculty thus began to be apparent in my term, as witnessed by the Beecher episode. In fifty years it has widened so perceptibly that the students a few years ago went so far as to make formal protest against one of the professors that he was so transcendental in his metaphysical teaching that he was quite incomprehensible. He was like the German professor, I think it was Schliermacher, of whom Dr. Hodge used to relate, that he claimed that only one man beside himself in Germany comprehended his system and he had great doubts about his ability to understand it. That rift at Princeton has widened until an almost impassable gulf yawns between the faculty and not an inconsiderable body of students and alumni, amounting to a scandal in the Presbyterian church. The last General Assembly appointed a committee, with the Moderator at its head,

to make an investigation. The cause of the difficulty is just the old, never ending, irrepressible conflict between Progressive Theology and Traditional Stagnation. At one time it is called Old School and New School, and splits the church. At this time it is called Fundamentalism and Modernism. There is a sense in which every generation passes through a revolution. The young spirit rebels instinctively against the old forms and habits of thought. Like new wine it strains the skins of the past to bursting. Thus society is always casting its skin. It moults with more or less sickness and sadness but only to come forth in due time with freer vigor and in a more with it. In that department of human life which is the most vital and should be the most progressive—the Religious—there is a large and sincere class which manifests the most determined resistance to anything savoring of change. They maintain without the slightest compromise that the Reformation was completed as to Theological Doctrine and Ecclesiastical Order by Martin Luther and John Calvin, that these great servants of the Church have left their successors nothing to do but walk in their footsteps and decide every case of Theology by the precedents they have put on record—that what is new in Theology is not good—in a word that the Bible is doctrinally exhausted and capable of no other interpretation but that which has been set forth in the sound, orthodox Princetonian tradition. All is summed up in the one truism, there is no safety but in the old paths. But there is only one system of Theology that will not change. It is a dead system. The mummies of Egypt change not. Rameses is dragged from his tomb just as he was interred 3000 years ago. As for a system of Theology that seeks the suffrages of intelligent men, why it is preposterous to say it must not change, is not changing. Growth in moral consciousness, new sources of knowledge applied to the interpretation of the Word of God must force endless readjustments. The earth does move and Princeton Seminary must move with it if it is not to involve the Church in disruption or give place to institutions better fitted to discern the signs of the times.

A HOMEY LETTER FROM CHINA.

Chungking, China, Sept. 20.

Dear Home Folks:

Well, we spent the summer at Tsen Jia Ngai (here at home, in other words), and we all came through with flying colors. Fortunately, it was a very cool summer, but we did get some real Szechman heat the last two weeks of August. I almost succumbed once or twice, but nothing serious, but I just didn't have much pep. One night, or morning rather, it was 88 degrees in our bedroom at two o'clock, and it was cooler in there than on the sleeping porch where our beds were. But now we're enjoying the September rainy season, and it's hard to believe that it was ever as hot as it was a few weeks ago.

We made an ice chest out of a packing box, so we could have cold water to drink and cool things to eat. That helped out a lot. We also managed to have ice cream at least once a week and sometimes oftener. We have had a picnic supper at one of the three houses here in the country every Saturday night, and ice cream was always on the menu. On Billy's birthday I bought a dozen lemons for \$2.04 Mex. a dozen and made lemon ice. It was the most delicious and cooling refreshment we have had this summer. Our ice bill for August was \$17.25 Mex., so you see ice in Chungking is a luxury. But we manage to save on other things so don't feel that we were extravagant to indulge ourselves that way. If we had gone to the hills we would have had a much more expensive summer than we had.

I haven't been away from the country since early in June. I planned to go into the city last week but because of the rumored uprising the consul advised us to keep off the streets as much as possible. If things become quiet I'm going in Thursday.

Billy grows like a weed and gets cuter and more difficult to manage every day. He is now a year and one month old and weighs 22 pounds and one ounce. I guess I'll close for this time, with lots of love to all.

Mrs. W. R. NORTH.

Tells How Hot Rock Penetrated Coal Vein.

A Christmas gift of the experiment station of the school of Mines and Metallurgy at the Pennsylvania State College to the scientific world is a new bulletin describing the penetration by igneous rock of a soft coal vein at Dixonville, in Indiana county. Thousands of years ago, molten rock was forced up through the rock strata in Indiana county and evidences of it were found when miners were removing coal from a mine at Dixonville. It came to the attention of faculty members of the Penn State mining school and it was investigated by Professor Arthur P. Honess and Charles K. Graeber. They found the coal well coked on either side of the peculiar rock formation that had thrust its way through the coal vein, and the rock itself gave valuable scientific information that has been described in the experiment station bulletin. Only one other formation of its kind has been located in Pennsylvania, the mica peridotite dike in Fayette county.

Plan for the 1927 Garden.

A few of the 1927 garden seed catalogs have been distributed by seedsmen. The rest will follow early in January. They are more beautiful and interesting than ever. They make very interesting reading after the holiday season when you are looking forward to spring planting. Jot down the varieties and amount of seed you require. Send your order early.

The Watchman publishes news when it is news. Read it.

FARM NOTES.

—Many farmers in Pennsylvania already have suffered a distinct loss in seed corn through freezing, according to reports received at the Pennsylvania State College. Only careful storing will prevent others losing their seed corn supply or at least having the vitality of the seed considerably reduced by frost damage. A little heat in the seed room will help save the seed which will be so valuable next spring.

It is discouraging—and to the amateur gardener it is a mystery—when there is a failure in the potato crop, especially when large vines are grown and no potatoes of any size are found. The best of potato soils are at times not free from the troubles that will be herein described.

By having a correct understanding of certain peculiar conditions of the potato plant, which have been ascribed to various causes, such as water, alkali, altitude, etc., it is possible that the most successful grower can modify his system of culture to advantage.

Following are some of the preplexities: Good vines with no tubers or a cluster of small, worthless tubers; in many instances, even in the best potato soil, the plants fail to come up, or weak plants are produced, which die before the potatoes are mature, thus resulting in a poor stand; potato blight, or the dying of a portion or all of the vines; russeted and scabby potatoes; blight and scab also seen in the best potato district and finally collar rot or black ring of the vine, at the surface of the ground.

Experiments have proven that any and all of these conditions can be produced by the action of a certain plant disease, and observations in many parts of the State show that this fungus is abundant, and is undoubtedly responsible for most of the lack of success in potato growing.

Professor Paddek, of the Colorado Experiment Station, gives this information of the nature of the disease. This fungus appears to grow naturally in this State, as it is found in the remote and newer parts, and it also attacks a number of plants other than the potato, both cultivated and wild. After the soil has become infected the fungus persists for a long time.

If the fungus is not already present, the soil will soon become infected after potatoes have been grown. This is true for the reason that it is difficult to find a sack of potatoes free from all traces of the disease. It lives over winter in the cracks of rough and russeted potatoes, and in the ulcers of scab, and also in what appears to be patches of dirt which stick closely to the surface of the potato. By looking closely at these dirt-like appearing objects, it will be seen that they are not composed of ordinary soil. In fact, they are made up of the closely interwoven root-like organs of the fungus.

This tiny plant also produces an abundance of seed-like bodies or spores which help to spread it. They are borne only on green potato vines and just above the surface of the ground. Here a thin, delicate layer is formed that looks like a slight deposit of alkali, and the spores are borne on the tips of the threads of which it is composed.

When diseased potatoes are used for seed, or when clean potatoes are planted in infected soil the fungus starts into growth with the young potato plant. The tender shoots are often attached. For illustration, two shoots rot off by the fungus before they reach the surface of the ground, and at the same time two more are badly injured, and might have become mature plants but for being affected with the familiar collar rot or black ring. But the most damage is done by cutting off the tuber stems, this portion of the plant being especially liable to attack. These stems are often cut off as fast as they grow out, thus leaving no place on which tubers may form. But in some instances a cluster of small or "little potatoes" form around the main stem, seemingly the result of girdling by the fungus.

The tubers are often made rough and scabby by the growth of the disease on their surfaces. All gradations of these injuries may be found, a rough or russeted appearance to deep scabs or ulcers that greatly injure the appearance of the potato. Singularly enough, scab is more common in the best potato soil than it is in localities where the crop is precarious. Sandy or gravelly soils, when first brought under cultivation, often give a large per cent. of scabby potatoes, but after one or more crops of alfalfa have been plowed under, this tendency is partially corrected.

When the vines are struck with blight, the leaves die and the vines are destroyed before the crop is mature. This is generally supposed to be due to diseases which attack the top of the potato plant. Spraying experiments tried with Bordeaux mixtures did not lessen the blight, and the microscopic plants which cause these leaf diseases are not commonly found associated with this trouble. It is concluded, by some authorities, that the premature dying of the potato vines is usually an evidence that the underground parts have been severely injured by the fungus in question.

The running out of potatoes, as it is termed when the tubers become pointed or much elongated, appears also to be associated with the attacks of this fungus. But just what the relation is between the two has not yet been determined.

The State Egg Show to be held at the time of the State Farm Products Show at Harrisburg provides classes for boys and girls between the ages of 16 and 20 years; for backyard poultrymen living in villages, towns and cities; for farmers who keep less than 500 birds, and for farmers, hatcheries, and commercial poultrymen with 500 or more birds. Premium lists and entry blanks are obtainable from the local county agent, located at the county seat; the Poultry Extension Department, State College, Pa., or the Department of Agriculture, Harrisburg, Pa.

—Subscribe for the "Watchman."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

How little it costs, if we give it thought, To make happy some heart each day. Just one kind word or a tender smile, As we go on our daily way. Perchance a look will suffice to clear The cloud from a neighbor's face, And the press of a hand of sympathy Will a sorrowful tear efface.

Home Notes.

—Every housekeeper should be perfectly familiar with the three food products. This is the foundation of menu making. Proteids, carbohydrates and fats are the three divisions into which all foods are classed. Proteids are the muscle builders and are found in meat, beans, peas, eggs and nuts. Carbohydrates are the starches and are found in cereals, sugar and starchy food. These foods produce fat and energy. Fats, such as oils, butter, lard, etc., give heat to the body. A general knowledge of these food properties as they are found in various foods underlies successful cooking as well as menu making.

A good menu is a well balanced menu in regard to these three food principles. A practical study of these foods is the best way to avoid errors in diet.

Do not serve several foods of the same composition at the same meal, such as potatoes, rice and macaroni. Do not serve bean or pea soup with roast meat, salmon salad and custard.

Try to vary the regular diet. If a heavy meal is served use a light, easily digested dessert.

To avoid serving several foods of the same composition, have in mind small groups of foods alike in composition. The first and most important group to consider is that of protein food:

Group one—Meats, cheese, eggs, nuts, dried peas, beans.

Any of these foods can be used for meat, or if nuts, beans or peas are used for a pure, meat can safely be left out of the menu.

For every meal select food from each of the groups mentioned—Proteid, carbohydrates, fats.

Add to this some fresh fruit or vegetable three times daily and a good beginning will be made toward producing a balanced menu.—Woman's World.

—During the World War 200,000 men in the United States forces were wounded and 77,000 were killed. Twice as many women have died since the war on the confinement bed, and twenty times as many women have been wounded. The confinement room has appropriately been called the woman's battlefield. If we compare the lives of the babies that have been lost during delivery with those of the soldiers during the war, one year will show three times as many! And the pity of it, and the vital and encouraging lesson to you, dear mothers, is that nearly all of this misery could be prevented.

The objects of prenatal care are so to conduct the mother and baby through pregnancy that both may be strong and healthy to the end and ready for the process of delivery with the assurance of a successful birth, a living, undamaged child, and a prompt recovery of the mother, while the new individual is given a good start toward healthy citizenship. This is no small task, and success depends on the cooperation of the father, the mother, the doctor and the nurse.

The majority of women try to live up to a high health standard when shown how. Not a few women, however, deliver the baby fresh air and sunlight. They will not take sufficient exercise to revivify their blood for the baby, they keep late hours and by excessive smoking, or even alcoholics, poison the baby. By taking long and rough automobile rides, or doing hard-driven sports or sea-bathing they expose themselves to the danger of miscarriage. By eating improper foods they upset the baby's nutrition as well as their own. The same may be said about inattention to the natural functions of the body. A baby is worth ten months of any woman's time, and during this period she should devote all her talents and all her thought to its welfare and that of its mother.

Many babies die from blood taint and from premature birth. Therefore, let the mother have her blood tested and take treatment, if necessary. And let her take good care to avoid miscarriage. The later advice is particularly needful if she has had a miscarriage before. Avoidance of strenuous exercise, rest at the time the periods would usually fall due, notifying the doctor at the first evidences, such as pain or flow, are rational precautions. Her diet should not be restricted to keep down her weight, unless the increase of fats is excessive—and this her doctor will decide. The diet should be rich in lime, iron, phosphates and vitamin-bearing foods, like milk, eggs, fresh green vegetables, cereals.

—It is not the manner in which we pronounce unusual words which stamps cultured or uncultured. Many persons who are perfectly familiar with the meaning of some imposing words which they frequently meet in print, seldom get them out in ordinary conversation. Consequently, when they do their pronunciation is apt to be faulty.

On the other hand, a person who makes a practice of looking up every new word which he meets and who has therefore acquired a correct pronunciation of unfamiliar words, is very likely to mispronounce small words. As has been said, this is a great deal more damning than the failure to be correct in large words. For it is from the purity of our accent in using the words heard every day that a person's early breeding and environment must be inferred.

For this reason, do not neglect to investigate your treatment of ordinary words. Observe the stage pronunciation of numerous small words, notice the speech of the most cultured persons with whom you talk and you will find how many seemingly unimportant words you have mispronounced.