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The chiffon Scarfs which a ,oung woman artist in this town is painting are exquisite. Some of the patterns show Moorish or Japanese designs, and others flowers in naturalistic style. Made of two yards of chiffon, each is painted from an original design. These scarfs are to be worn around the neck, with the ends fastened in front or thrown over the right shoulder. A pale yellow one recently finished and showing a design of white blossoms, is one of the most effective.

The Cause of Many Mothers' Grief, You can't know just what hurt there is to a mother in the ingratitude of the children for whom she has sacrificed herself. That knowledge may not come to you until you feel the same hurt yourself from ungrateful children. But you can understand one phase of the releips by your experi-You can't know just what hurt there is to a mother in the ingratitude of the children for whom she has sacrificed herself. That knowledge may not come to you until you feel the same hurt yourself from ungrateful children. But you can understand one phase of her feelings by your experience.

A Woman's Pocket.

The smart girl has conceived the idea of having a pocket on her sleeve. At any rate, that's where a small pocket—a buttoned-ever patch pocket—is now to be found. It is seen on both cloth and velvet coats and is sometimes placed near the shoulder, or quite as often just above the cuff. Its special use is for holding change and subway and elevated tickets, but many times it also carefully hides from view a bit of powder-puff and a safety pin or two. A kid pocket looks very smart on a cloth jacket but when the pocket makes its appearance on a velvet coat it is in best taste to have it of ,the same material as the coat though the lap may fasten over with a jeweled button.—Woman's Home Companion. There was probably never a small girl who did not long to be old enough to go around with the other girls, to share their fun and their secrets, Don't you recollect it? Don't you remember how you "tagged" after the big girls and how sore your heart was within how you "tagged" after the big girls and how sore your heart was within you when they accused you of that same "tagging" or of "sncoping" or of "always hanging around where you weren't wanted?" Do you recall the sting of the tears that filled your eyes, the burning of your heart as you went off by yourself while they turned to those joys you thought must be so de-lightful?

Jaunty Toques Minus Trimming.

Jaunty Toques Minus Trimming.

Jaunty little toques made from folds of chiffon or panne velvet are much in vogue for the windy days. Many of the shapes are without a vestiage trimming, the beauty of the hat being in the curved lines and the soft, shimmering fabric, and—best of all—in its fondness for clinging to the hair where it is pinned. The large hat in windy weather is a destroyer of good dispositions, and sensible women now count among their possessions at least one small toque or turban.

Velvet flowers are becoming more exquisite in their colorings every season and many of the spring hats are trimmed with a simple wreath of velvet leaves. But the fact that the wreaths are simple in effect does not make them the less expensive; they are costly trimmings.

ere costly trimmings.

Truthful Children.

Never punish a child when he confesses he has done wrong. To do so is really to encourage him to tell lies. Many a child has got into the habit of telling untruths simply because he knew he would be punished if he confessed. Let him see and try to make him understand how it grieves you, but train him to look on you as a friend to whom he can tell all his childish misdeeds without fear of punishment to follow.

friend to whom he can tell all his childish misdeeds without fear of punishment to follow.

"A place for everything and everything in its place," is a motto that
should be framed, glazed and hung up
in every kitchen, nursery and schoolroom, so that children and young people may become familiar with it. If
well coserved, how much comfort and
what freedom from annoyance it produces! Children should have early
lessons in order, one of the first being to insist that they put away all
toys and playthings before going to
bed, says Woman's Life.

Mothers should not fail to see that
girls and boys allke fold up and put
away articles of dress they are not
wearing, and that they put soiled linen
into bags or baskets, which should be
provided in every bedroom.

Boys should be made to be neat and
orderly as well as girls. Order and
neatness are of as much value to a man
as to a woman when it comes to fighting the battle of life.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY

THE REV. DR. H. C. SWENTZEL.

Subject: The Divinity of Christianity.

THE PULPIT.

Subject: The Divinity of Christianity.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—For the first of a series of sermons on "The Religion of Jesus Christ," the Rev. Dr. Henry C. Swentzel, rector of St. Luke's Church. Clinton avenue, near Fulton street, preached Sunday on "The Divinity of Christianity." The text was from I Timothy i:11: "The Glorious Gospel of the Blessed God." Dr. Swentzel said in the course of his sermon: Christianity shows the credentials of divinity. It is not a set of doctrines and principles which men or even the best of them have invented, but it professes to come directly from the infinite Jehovah Himself. It is not simply one among the world's religions. It stands alone and is unique in the manner and method of its origin. It was not whispered into the ear of a seer by the Almighty; it is not the result of visions; it is not the product of learning and plety. It comes directly from the infinite God, who actually adopted human nature in order that He might talk with mankind face to face. It is limeasurably more divine than the religion of Moses and the prophets because it was delivered personally by the linearmate Lord Himself. The themes of which He treats are of such tremendous moment that any solution of them ought to be carefully scruthized. Who and what is God? Who and what is man? What is the true ideal for the present? What is the outlook for the future? What of internorality and heaven? To these interrogatories the Lord speaks with tones of Infallibility which popes and synods have not dared to initiate or even to claim. The author of the Sermon of God and His religion is nothing less fran "the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

than "the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

To say that Jesus of Nazareth is a divine Being is not synonymous with the error which calls Hlm a divine mean. There have been many divine men—men who had a mission and a message from the Most High, men who were called to lead humanity to better and nobler things; sons of men who were filled with God's spirit, and counted not their life dear if it were spent in His service, prophets of reform, prophets of filterature or art. In the hall of fame stand the images of the vast army of divine souls who have been the champions of God's cause and the captains of His hosts in every clime. In a far lofter sense, in a literal sense which warrants no jugglery of words and no legerdemain of metaphysics, was Jesus Christ. God's Son, His only Son. The Christian Scriptures propose this sublime truth which should be hailed with universal acciaim. It is constantly assumed in the four gospels, even as it was by Himself, that, though He was born of the Virgin Mary, He was still, in the later language of the Nicene Greed, "God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God."

In one way or another Our Lord declared His divinity time and again.

lightful?

Well, that is sometimes the way mothers feel. Only it is the younger people they would like to go with. They don't "tag on," because they are too proud for it, or because you have rebuffed them until they shrink from trying it. But do you suppose they don't mind being left out in the cold while you go on your merry way? Don't you believe they like it? Perhaps they might not care to do all the things you are doing, but they would at least like the chance to refuse. They love to be made to feel that they are wanted. Try it and see if they don't.

Of course, there are plenty of vigdon't.

Of course, there are plenty of vigorous, busy women who have their own friends, their own clubs, their own social life. I am not talking of them, although even they enjoy being made one with their girls. But my appeal now is in behalf of the women who now is in behalf of the women who else, and who has been "mother" for, for so long that she has little life outside her children and her home.

Think about her, girls. Consider

although even they enjoy being made one with their girls. But my appear now is in behalf of the women who low is in behalf of the women who else, and who has been "mother" for so long that she has little life out side her children and her home.

Think about her, girls. Consider her all you can. It is not likely that she has ever knowingly put her own happiness ahead of yours. Can you not try for the rest of the time you have her—for they don't stay forever, my dears—can't you try to see what it would make life to her if you would never seek your own pleasure when it meant distress or neglect to her? It may seem hard at first, but I thinkyou will be repaid by the comfort and happiness you will bring to the dear woman.—Indianapolis News.

Fashion Notes.

All the new blouses have a wide-shouldered effect, but not the old drooping one.

There has been a decided revival of crepe lately. For a time this depressing garb of mourning was put aside by the majority of women, except for trimming purposes.

The small tapering waist with broad, high shoulders are again seen, and fancy stitching is still very great.

For waists to wear with the three-is highly recommended. It is soft and plece suits the old-fashioned surah silk is highly recommended. It is soft and durable, and comes in lovely tones of changeable colors.

The bertha in some form, or else a fichu, is present on most of the sear park leavener's l

men. Ordinarily people have poor training for such exalted spiritual conceptions as are presented by the Son of Mary. We are schooled to earthly things, circumstances assism most of our time and energy to temporal occupations; we live in a world of sense, and the constant tendency is to say that the only things that are worth while are the things which are seen. There are doubts which proceed from pride and conceit; there are people who are convinced that it is time to break away from a religion which was instituted nearly 2000 years ago; there are those who are segiously persuaded that they know entirely too much for them to consent to accept the Gospel of Bethlehem and Calvary, the Holy Sepulchre and the Mount of Olives. Of course they deny our platform—they say that Jesus was not the Son of God. To us who believe in the Lord's divinity there is this sure refuge, this safe hiding place from the storms. When doubts arise, although we should remember every moment in the face of mysteries and contradictions and of alleged offenses against the intellect that the Founder of Christianity could have made no mistake because He was the Son of God.

Christianity is divine because of the divinity of the Founder, and it is be-

mistake because He was the Son of God.
Christianity is divine because of the divinity of the Founder, and it is because of this divinity that Christianity has endured thus long and all changes and connections and progress shall survive until the end of time. One of the many tokens of its heavenly character is that it has confronted all the powers of darkness and has carried the day in every struggle and on every field. From the outset an effort has been made to banish it from the face of the earth. More than one has it appeared that "the glorious Gospel of the Blessed God" might possibly be obliterated; but somehow after each battle the banners of the cross have wayed in triumph and God's truth has won.

Does any one inquire respecting the

wayed in triumph and God's truth has wen.

Does any one inquire respecting the outcome? does any one cry out "Watchman, what of the night?" The answer is Victory, a better Christendoun, a nobler Church a purer religion. Let the winds blow and the wayes roar; let the powers of evil and crrod do their worst; let the advance and achievements of the future surpass a thousandfold the knowledge and conquests of the past. Christianity will abide with ever increasing glory, for it is founded on a rock, and that rock is the incarnate Son of God.

Justice Reige.

Justice Reigns Supreme.
In this God's-world, with its wild-whirling eddies and mad foam-oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is, therefore, no justice?

think that there is, therefore, no justice?

It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I teil thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwieb trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and insupport of an unjust thing, and insupport of the to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton and say, "In God's name, No."

—Thousa Carlyle.

The Hidden Sin.

The Squirrel's Philosophy. Yes. I'm a queer fellow, a curious chap— I chatter and frisk over every mishap; When things seem forbidding, flor zons loom When things seem forbidding, flor.Zon's foom gray,
I still find the sunshine, just over the way,
Here's a nut ready cracked, you may pass it
around,
You never will yet keep a squirrel on the
ground!
It is not my nature to grovel, you see.
I'm off, with a bound to the top of the I'm off, with a bound to the top of the tree:
While seemingly dancing and laughing in play,
I gather my hoard for the cold winter day.

play,
I gather my hoard for the cold winter day.
Remember, my friend, for the lesson is
Clean of the cold winter day.
Don clean did to "the blues" and look solemn and queer;
But up with the dawn and the squirrel never stop.
And choice nuts of wisdom we'll gather and choice nuts of wisdom we'll gather and drop drop;
For the gloomy old world we can brighten Just carol a bit, as you journey along.
Keep working and saving to add to your But. If you should lose it, why, start in for more constant of truth you can treasure from me;
The finest nuts grow in the top of the tree.

—Ernest Neal Lyon, in N. Y. Tribune.

To Tell a Person's Age.

This method is the easiest and best one known. Let the person whose age is to be discovered do the figur-

Multiply by 2	11
Add 5	22
Add 5	
Multiply by 50	50
Add age (13)	13
Subtract 365	265
Add 115 340 GRAW A	998 115
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As she answers 1113, tell her her age is 13 and November is her birth month. This test never falls up to 100. In computing ages under 10 a cipher will appear prefixed in the result, but no notice is taken of it.—Woman's Home Companion.

Had Free Pass Everywhere.

Many stories have been written about dogs who travel on railways, pay no fares, and are cared for by trainmen as carefully as if they were railroad presidents. Such dogs have found a rival—a handsome Maltese

The Hidden Sin.

A majestic tree fell at its prime—fell on a calian evening, when there was scarcely a breath of air stirring. It had withstood a century of storms and now was broken off by a zephyr.

The secret was disclosed at its falling. A boy's hatchet had been struck into it when it was a tender sapling. The wound had been grown over and hidden away under exuberant life, but it had never healed. There at the heart of the tree it stayed, a spot of decay, ever eating a little farther and deeper into the trunk, until at last the tree was rotted through and fell of its town weight when it seemed to be at its best.

So do many lives fall when they seem to be at their strongest because some sin or fault of youth has left its wounding and consequent weakness at the heart.—Dr. J. R. Miller.

God's Double Purpose.

God manifestiy has a double purpose in view in bestowing blessings upon an individual, namely, the good of the individual and the larger and wider benefits that others may receive through the individual. To Abraham He said, "Blessing I will bless thee, and multiplying I will multiply thee."

It is an experimental fact that men are enriched in the best things by imparting them to others. So it is that character building in others, and truth more securely and deeply rooted in us by teaching it to others. To shint up one's gifts and hide one's light is tempoverish and darken one's own soul—Examiner.

Lee in Earnest.

There are many human forces that the real of the ritis of the orchards of dragon, which it was one of the triple has been the subject of praise and one of the triple has been the subject of praise and one of the triple has been the subject of praise and one's lown soul—Examiner.

Lee in Earnest.

There are many human forces that the case of the reliance of the orchards of dragon, which it was one of the triple and the fruits of the orchards of dragon, which it was one of the triple and the fruits of the orchards of the specific or praise and the fruits of the orchards of the specific or the pr

delicious flavor and great beauty of

Appearance.

No fruit is more universally liked than the apple. It is exceedingly wholesome, and medicinally is considered cooling and laxative, and useful in all inflammatory diseases. As the earliest sorts ripen about the last of June, and the latest can be preserved until that season, it may be considered as a fruit in perfection the whole year.

Besides its merits for the dessert, the value of the apple is still greater for the iktchen; and in sauces, pies, tarts, preserves and jellles, and roasted and boiled, this fruit is a constant and invaluable resource of the kitchen.

—New England Grocer.

Little Billie Runs.

Little Billie Runs.

Little Billie was a pig who lived in a very nice pen in the barnyard.

Now, Little Billie had one very bad habit, and that was not heeding the advice of his mother. One day Little Billie's mamma said to him: "Now Billie, I want you to stay in the pen with me today, and not to do as you did yesterday, crawl out under the slats, for one of these fine days you will wander away and get lost, and then I won't have my little piggie wiggle any more." As Little Billie was the last of her nine babies, his mother was extremely fond of him.

was the last of her nine babies, his mother was extremely fond of him.

Now, Little Billie listened very solemnly to what his mother said, but he really had no intention of obeying her, for he was a perverse little pig. Along about noon, after old Farmer Brown had given them their dinner and Mother Hog was taking her after-dinner nap in the shady corner of the pen, Little Billie felt lonesome. When his eight brothers and sisters had been there he was content to stay at home and play hide and seek in the mud, but alas! they had disappeared one or two at a time. Farmer Brown had come to the pen with a big bag, accompanied by strange men who pointed their fingers at the little pigs and each little pig had been taken and thrust into the bag, despite much vigorous kicking and squealing on his part.

Little Billie crept slyly over to the corner by the big barn, where he hadding a hole under the fence, just large enough to admit his fat little body. He crept under the boards ever so softly, for fear Mother Hog would hear the scrape of his body against the boards as he crawled through, and would call him back. After he was safely on the other side, he stopped and listened—he heard only the grunts of his mother as she lay deep in the cool mud. He had made up his mind to go a little farther away from the pen today than he had gone yesterday, and his mother's talk of the morning had only decided the matter in this naughty little pigs mind.

On he went—on either side of him

naughty little pig's mind.

On he went—on either side of him rose high trees (fully twice as high as Little Billie—and the path was just wide enough for him to run along in nicely. What if he should meet a wild beast! He had heard his mother tell of the strange animals of which she had heard before she came to live in Farmer Brown's pen. Wild, flerce animals, too, some of them had been, and the thought of meeting any like them made the bristles stand up straight on Little Billie's back, and his little heart went pit-a-pat in his breast. Still he did not turn back, partly because the path did not seem to be wide enough to admit of his turning, and partly because he really wanted a little adventure all his own.

All at once his worst fears were

All at once his worst fears were realized—he came face to face with a strange, wild-looking animal. It a strange, wild-looking animal. It was large—as large as his mother, but it had a beard like Farmer Brown's—a long white beard, which it shook angrily from side to side as it saw Little Billie. It had two tails which stuck straight up on the top of its head, between its flerce eyes—curied tails, like his own little twisted tail.

tail.

What should he do? The path was so narrow and the trees so close together that turning was almost an impossibility. He remained motionless for a moment while the wild beast aproached him with head lowered, glaring at him from under two bushy eyebrows. All at once it rose on its hind legs, until it was nearly as tail as Farmer Brown, at the same time making a noise, which sounded

secondary as well as glick. Order and secondary to a secondary to the same and the coal, the former of carried to the secondary to the secondary to a secondary to the same shale. The skirt of the recommendation of the secondary to the