

Cravats, Match, row and is to be of the boot-building manner... Cravats, Match, row and is to be of the boot-building manner... Cravats, Match, row and is to be of the boot-building manner...



Interesting WOMEN

Artistic Chiffon Scarfs.
The chiffon scarfs which a young woman artist in this town is painting are exquisite. Some of the patterns show Moorish or Japanese designs, and others flowers in naturalistic style.

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-over patch pocket—is now to be found.

Jaunty Toques Minus Trimming.
Jaunty little toques made from folds of chiffon or panne velvet are much in vogue for the windy days.

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.

Truthful Children.
Never punish a child when he confesses he has done wrong. To do so is really to encourage him to tell lies.

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

American Women Walk Little.
In three months in New York I never once saw an American woman out for walk, much less did I ever see one enjoying the air of the public parks.

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.

And the result is obvious. She gets the air and she gets exercise. She gets occupation, and she gets many other things which she needs—namely, food for her brain, as well as something for her body to do.

"The Englishwoman," continued this observant Englishman, "never worries. She never wakes up in the night and says to herself, 'I must do this and I must do that.' She never occupies the long watches toward morning in per-

plexing problems concerning the ways and means of accomplishing this and that. She does the best she can every day and lets the rest go."

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.

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.

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.

THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. DR. H. C. SWENTZEL

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 1:11: "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 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 piety. 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 inhumanly noble, even the religion of Moses and the prophets because it was delivered personally by the incarnate Lord Himself. The themes of which He treats are of such tremendous moment that any solution of them ought to be carefully scrutinized.

To say that Jesus of Nazareth is a divine Being is not synonymous with the error which called Him a divine man. 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.

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?

It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and know to be true because I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice.

The Hidden Sin.
A majestic tree fell at its prime—fell on a calm evening, when there was scarcely a breath of air stirring.

God's Double Purpose.
God manifestly 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.

Be in Earnest.
There are many human forces that make for accomplishment, and the greatest of these is earnestness.

The Way of Freedom.
If you will let Him walk with you in your streets and sit with you in your offices and be with you in your homes and teach you in your churches and abide with you as the Living Presence in your hearts, you, too, shall know that freedom is, and while you own yourselves the sons of men, know you are the sons of God.

Sacrifice.
The candle is consumed by its own flame, but its exhaustion gives light to the world. So is he who lays himself on the altar of a noble self-sacrifice.

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 assign 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 seriously 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 do our best to dispose of them, we should not combat 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 because of this divinity that Christianity has endured this 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 conquered and all the powers of darkness and has carried the day in every struggle and in every field. From the outset an effort has been made to banish it from the face of the earth.



The Squirrel's Philosophy.

Yes, I'm a queer fellow, a curious chap—I chatter and frisk over every misshapen nut. When things seem promising, however soon they may turn gray.

I still had the sunshine, just over my 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 tree.

While seeming dancing and laughing in play. I gather my hoard for the cold winter day. Remember, my friend, for the lesson is clear. Don't yield to "the blues" and look solemn and queer.

But up with the dawn and the squirrel never stop. And choose nuts of wisdom we'll gather and drop. For a gloomy old world we can brighten with song.

Just catch a bit, as you journey along. Keep working and saving to add to your store. But, if you should lose it, why start in for more! One kernel of truth you can treasure from now. 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 figuring. Suppose, for example, a girl is 13 and was born in November, put down the number of the month. (November is the eleventh month.)

Multiply by 2 11
Add 5 22
Multiply by 50 1100
Add age (13) 13

Subtract 365 1363
Add 115 1113

As she answers 1113, tell her her age is 13 and November is her birth month. This test never fails up to 100. In computing ages under 10 a cipher will appear prefixed in the result, but no notice is taken of it.

Had Fore 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.

The Apple.
From the most remote periods the apple has been the subject of praise among writers and poets.

Among the heathen gods of the north there were apples fabled to possess the power of conferring immortality, which were carefully watched over by the goddess Iduna, and kept for the especial dessert of the gods who felt themselves growing old.

No better proof of the perfect adaptation of our soil and climate to this tree can be desired than the seeming spontaneous production of such varieties as the Baldwin, the Spitzenberg or the Greening—all fruits of

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.

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

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 piggy wiggle any more."

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 afternoon 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 had dug 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 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, fierce 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-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 realized—he came face to face with 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, and his own little eyes—curled tails, like his own little twisted 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 approached 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 tall as Farmer Brown, at the same time making a noise which sounded to Billie like: "Ba-ba-ck! Ba-ba-ck!"

With his heart in his mouth, Little Billie turned, almost with a somersault, and giving vent to loud squeals, did as the creature had bade it, and went back—back to the pen and mother, flattening himself out, panicking fashion, he just managed to squeeze himself through under the pen before the wild beast, which he feared was close on his track, could catch him.

Mother Hog had heard the anguished cry of her baby and was waiting for him—her two front feet on the top bar of the pen.

"Oh, mother, dear," cried Little Billie, "I went just a teeny weeny little way up the path and I met a great wild beast, such as I have heard you tell about. It was as tall as Farmer Brown, with a long white beard like his, and two tails over his eyes, and it poked at me to go back. Oh, mother, there it is over there in the path, glaring at me. Do you think it can get in our pen?"

"You foolish pig," cried his mother, "that is only the billy goat who lives up near the great house."

But Little Billie was so scared that he didn't venture away from the familiar sounds and smells of his native land for many a day after that—in fact—until the next time.—Lenora F. Channon, in Indianapolis News.