

NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN

The Fashion in Names.

Babies are the victims of fashion like their elders. Whatever happens to be the name of the period in which they are born, to that they are doomed. Just now Elizabeths and Jameses are being literally christened by dozens, and Peters are alarmingly prevalent.—Lady's Pictorial.

The Era of Woman.

"If I were a man!" is surely a very unnecessary cry these days. The epoch of the man is past; the twentieth century is the era of woman. There is, with a few very slight exceptions, nothing that a woman, as a woman, cannot do, and do every bit as well as if she were a man.—From P. T. O.

Stitchery.

The buyers of fine embroideries have been predicting a famine in hand, needlework for several seasons. A multitude of new industries in France have opened in recent years and shown the French girls more lucrative means of livelihood than the old patient stitchery for which they are famous.—Philadelphia Record.

Marriage Age Increased.

It is generally admitted that the marriageable age of women has advanced considerably of recent years. Many a bride has long felt girlhood behind her before she exchanges her vows at the altar, and there seem to be few young men nowadays who care to assume the responsibilities of married life until they are in the financial position usually associated with middle age.—Philadelphia Record.

Norway's Versatile Queen.

Queen Maud of Norway has innumerable hobbies and recreations, many of them being of a very useful and practical nature. She devotes many hours to sewing, wood carving, and bookbinding, and in regard to the latter work has turned out some really beautiful specimens of the craft. Like Queen Alexandra, her mother, Queen Maud is very skillful with the camera, while such is her skill in outdoor sports that she is her husband's constant companion when his majesty indulges in skating, skiing, motoring, and cycling excursions. At billiards Queen Maud can easily beat King Haakon, while King Edward, himself a very skillful winter player, has confessed that he could not teach his daughter much in regard to the game.—From Tit-Bits.

Two-Headed Hatpins Are Needed.

Have you noticed it? But no, of course you haven't. You never could get a chance to see both sides of a huge hat at once. Hence the hatpin with two heads has not impressed you so far with the idea that you are seeing double. On one of the new double-ended hatpins the extra end screws on and off, thus insuring absolute safety in the hat's position. These are only for medium-sized hats, however. Slave the beehive hats appeared, women have been at their wits' end to find pins to keep them on. "No hatpin has been made long enough to take in both sides of the large beehive crown," says a London jeweler. "Many are the devices resorted to in order that the new hat may not slip out of position. Small pads to pass the pins through are worn. Another device is the introduction of a narrow netting, with a tiny pincushion suspended from the centre of the crown. A pin from the right and another from the left passed into this material help to keep the hat in place.—New York Press.

Hoods Worn in London.

Milliners in London are going in for a new branch of business; they are making hoods. Whether the wearing of hoods will ever become at all general remains to be seen, but they are having a fair trial. The specimens shown are very dainty and not at all unbecoming.

The prettiest are certainly those shaped like a fair's cowl, and they are also the most convenient, as they roll up small and can be tucked into the pocket of a theatre wrap or stowed away in a travelling bag.

Those run in with whalebone are more cumbersome, and this setting out from the face does not improve their appearance much, if at all. Both kinds are made of soft taffeta lined with satin and trimmed about the front and around the neck with ruffles of lace. Sometimes they are bordered with small flowers, which is a mistaken notion; a few knots of ribbon and the lace are all that is necessary.

Hoods are worn only when going to and from the theatre or other evening entertainment and when traveling. Some women have taken to them most kindly, and will immediately doff their hats and put on hoods on boarding a railway car, retaining them even when lurching or dining in the restaurant.—Millinery Trade Review.

Opposed to Cremation.

"The American people, particularly the American women, will never favor the idea of cremation of the dead," remarked Mrs. Wingate Rice, of Toledo, to the New York Telegram.

"We are to impressionable and highly strung. In this respect we are like the French, who have never taken kindly to the burning of their dead."

was in France this summer, and the French Cremation Society is very much discouraged over the present anti-cremation agitation.

"The society was organized for the purpose of making cremation popular, but it cannot bring the average man and woman to see that it is better to be incinerated than placed in the ground. Almost every person who is cremated goes that way because of an expressed desire before death to be disposed of in a crematory after the visit of the grim monster. Those left behind seldom dispose of their dead in this way voluntarily.

"The society is doing its utmost to induce the French people to burn rather than to bury their dead. Owing to its efforts the number of incinerations is growing from year to year, but the increase is hardly perceptible.

"Cremation has never been popular among the people of the South. This may be because it is necessary to send bodies such a great distance to be cremated. Crematories are expensive things, and they cannot be erected in a community where there is not sufficient sentiment in favor of cremation to keep them busy."

Removal by Law.

Everything comes to him who waits, and the Parisians—masculine—who have groaned so long beneath the tyranny of the theatre hat are now to get their rights. Either no ladies' hats, or a few exciting rows—but more probably both hats and rows—may be expected in Paris theatres when the season opens again.

The ever thorough and thoughtful Prefect of Police, as the Telegraph correspondent tells us, has just issued a new draft of regulations for places of entertainment. In the mass of new regulations one stands out. It says that no person may obstruct the view of any spectator during a performance, and if so offending may be compelled to remove the obstruction, or his or her self.

Henceforth the arm of the law may be called in to remove the obstructing hat. Relieved of the odium of being rude to the ladies, one can lay all the blame on superior authority.

However, the taking off of a hat from a lady's head by the brawny arm of a uniformed municipal guard will not be a spectacle without incident, crisis, and denouement. Of course, no one expects the ladies themselves to forestall the flat by wearing small hats. On the contrary, milliners, according to our authority, are exercising an almost diabolical ingenuity in their long-aid schemes for next winter. For many years past it has been impossible to see over a Parisienne's hat, but one could sometimes see under it, and catch glimpses of the right and left wing of the stage, the centre being intercepted by the nape of a neck billowing with collars and curls.

The milliners have now decided that one shall not even see under the new hat. It will be as high as its predecessors, but the improvement will be that it will come down lower on both sides. To witness municipal guards, with swashbuckling ferocity, tearing off this new hat will be a terrible sight.—London Daily News.

Fashion Notes.

French and Italian costumers have been.

Cedar showing reddish tones will be a leading shade.

The tailored suit is taking the same lines as the linen suits.

Green and blue seem to be as popular a combination as ever.

The separate coat of velvet will be one of the features of the season.

Picturesque effects prevail among evening and daytime toilettes.

Ruffs grow higher and deeper with each passing day; also more betrimmed.

Sleeves are longer and flatter, and they closely follow the lines of the arm.

Street skirts are but a trifle longer than the last season's dresses have been.

There are lots of turn-down collars fastened with horseshoes or rhinestones.

The linen coat costume is smarter than ever, and will hold late in the season.

Narrow plaited ruffles seem to be almost as much a feature of gowns as buttons are.

The black cloth dresses are made with flat pressed seams and without any trimming whatsoever.

So numerous are the different shades of brown that this color will find favor during the next season.

French and Italian costumers have introduced brilliant riding costumes, but they have failed of vogue in this country.

The under side of the wide felt hat brim is very likely to be black when the hat itself is of color, or it is faced with black velvet.

An old-time plan back in fashion is for running the ruffle about four inches up the sleeve, the seam of which is slit to accommodate the quilting.

Dead black and dead white are used together to produce startling effects. An immense hat of white silk has for trimming a band and a large bow of black ribbon velvet. It is bizarre, but effective.

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. S. EDWARD YOUNG.

Subject: Mountain Taught People.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Every seat on main floor and in the gallery was filled Sunday in the Bedford Presbyterian Church, and chairs were placed in every available space to accommodate the large audiences that wished to hear the new pastor, the Rev. Dr. S. Edward Young. His subject was: "Wanted—People Taught on the Mountains of God to Toll in the Lowlands of Sin." The texts were from St. Luke 9:33, 37 and 38: "Master, it is good for us to be here; and let us make three tabernacles. . . . When they were come down from the hill, much people met Him. And behold, a man of the company cried out, saying, 'Master, I beseech Thee, look upon my son.' " Dr. Young said: "Wanted—People taught on the mountains of God to toll in the lowlands of sin. Our best training, our noblest service, is neither up there altogether, nor down here altogether; but consists in uniting wisely the dreamer and the doer, the mystic and the practical man. How many art reprints out Raphael's sermon in the middle by showing only the top half of his 'Transfiguration! You may well extol the composition of that portion, its dramatic expression, its grace. Above the adoring trio of disciples see that portraiture of Christ beyond which human genius probably cannot go. Yet with you ought to linger quite as persistently on the scene Raphael crowns at the foot of the mountain—the pitiable lad, the agonized father, the eager multitude, the mockers and the sorely harried nine disciples—Raphael's way of writing underneath 'The upper glory is needed here, and the help comes from the highland country. Oftentimes of the material hills men have dashed into earth's valleys for daring conquests. Their lungs had the ozone and their limbs the litherness and their wills the boldness born of lofty altitudes. From Sinai's plateau, Moses will break into low-lying Egypt and redeem his race. From Tabor or Olivet or some other prayer-mount Jesus will arrive every morning in spirit renewed. The missionary enterprise is never from dead to dead, but from the heights of God to the quagmires of men.

To be most useful in the hurry and struggle of our twentieth century life you require a Hermon Summit of the mind, a Sinai's plateau of the heart, unto you again and again resort. No mortal's steady work can be beautiful or sublime enough to escape the need of this heavenly retreat. Would you not say that Charles Dickens sank further than some of his characters and remained merely a character-sketcher, not a character-builder, because he lacked the relief that comes by being away awhile from one's task and one's self? He was buoyed up by the popularity of his books, by the thunder of his own spirit as he got, by the cheer of his friends, these gone, his cup was empty. Happy are those who find surcease of the world's clamor in reading authors who uplift and so shelter in the sanctuary of literature. Blessed are they who, by the aid of the people, can find a serene outlook if only they catch a glimpse of blue sky or feast their eyes upon the luster of the stars. Most blessed are they who, wheresoever placed, have learned to pray with God, to keep their trust with Him, to see His face and be filled with His vision for them. No recent religious movement promises more, I am persuaded, than the world-wide banding together of a few disciples here and there to observe the morning watch, the first hour on waking from sleep each new day being devoted to reading the Scriptures, to meditation and prayer—a sort of holy exorcising of the evil spirits and fleshly lusts, a washing out of the fret and soreness of the heart, the anointing of the inner self with heavenly ideas. I entreat you to establish this morning watch. Keep your Jerusalem windows open. Believe the presence of the Almighty about you and hear Him say: "I will be to them as a father, in the countries where they shall come."

Shall we not esteem our mountain top our castle for refuge? In olden times in Germany or France or England, the morning light through the castle gates, the morning breeze each to his farming or trading or journeying. When enemies came, or nightfall, into the castle they hid for safety. Castle-surrounded is my soul while I keep unpruned a trusty place with God. Assails are made—I separate the world but being in across the most drawbridge of worldly thought. I let the portcullis call. I hide within the protection of Him who is my fortress. Come hither, tempted men and women! Come, my Margaret, cast off by any Faust! Come, every Simon Peter who falls! Make haste to the castle! Shall we not consider our mountain top a communion closet? Christ disclosed the first secret of prayer thus: "When you pray, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door pray." We simply must sometimes leave the world out there. Grant yourself a little release from our terrible New York turmoil. Occasionally shut outside your secret prayer-door even your dearest earthly friends. Depths of divine communion wait in which you can enter only when alone. An often used prayer cell would be the best possible feature in a New York office building and would prevent many a tragedy of character sad enough to make an archangel weep.

Shall we not seek our mountain top for inspiration? Are not our natures like stagnant waters needing to be lifted in looms of light and woven into vapors, reborn in the sky, to descend in benedictions on the land? What inspiration, what exaltation, what sense of other worldliness the transfiguration brought to Christ and the three disciples! Detached it seemed they were from earth—there in exultation. Detached from time they were—eras of Moses and Elijah and Jesus merged—there is the atmosphere of eternity. Detached from fear—even death spoken of as an exodus, a

transit out of Egypt into Canaan—there is fullness of joy. And what more shall I say?—of that Shekinah light that clothes the Mount? Of the Master's raiment, white from the woofs of God? Of His sunlike shining face? Of the voice ethereal trumpeting: "This is My beloved Son?" Of the rapture well nigh past endurable?

But yonder is an afflicted boy, down in the mountain's shadow—pity that poor lad. Any moment a convulsion takes him, huris him into fire or water. His body now is rigid, now is limp. His teeth chatter and—Why does he not speak? Disease has slain his power of speech. No sound bears he. A demon tyrannizes over his spirit. From childhood's days, year on year his malady has been to him a living death. Take back your mountain top words, Simon Peter. "It is good for us to be here—And let us make three tabernacles." Could ye sit and sing yourselves away to everlasting bliss up there and let this tortured youth go on dying and yet not dying?—Christ and His three disciples descend the mountain and behold the lad unshackled from his agony!—Granted are the mountain top experiences that all may render the lowlands better service. "Freely ye have received; freely give."

Have you a kindness shown? Pass it on! Pass it on! 'Twas not given you alone, Pass it on! Pass it on! Let it travel down the years, Let it wipe another's tears, Till heaven the deed appears, Pass it on! Pass it on!

Have you found the heavenly light? Pass it on! Pass it on! Souls are groping in the night, Daylight gone! Daylight gone! Hold your lighted lamps on high, Be a star in someone's sky, He may live who else would die, Pass it on! Pass it on!

But down there waits a father, distressed. His very soul groans itself out for this his only son. He has tried everything and everybody. He despairs. Stay forever up in those radiant heights and permit this broken-hearted father to perish in his heroic struggle? Not you who are touched with celestial fire! Christ and the three go down—soon that father's happiness mounts on eagle's wings. Dear church people, by what right call we ourselves Christians, if we desire Jesus Christ and the sanctuary an spiritual seasons all to ourselves with never a thought of sharing with the yet unbled? I do not know where that wretched boy of the lowlands is; but I know he is somewhere and that he needs you. I know not the whereabouts of that suffering father yearning for your assistance. I know he is somewhere.

But down there are a multitude of people tossed by doubts, willing to believe on due evidence, ready to receive the real living illustration of the Christ spirit incarnate again; still weak and worried till one come with the breath of mountain top to hearten and lead upward. Oh, the thousands here at hand so waiting! Yes—and rise your chivalry now! Down there are nine disciples doing their utmost to keep the boy and his father and the people; and these nine are scorned, jeered, taunted by hateful bystanders who more than hint that the disciples and the Master, too, are fakirs and deceive the unwary. Show the coward shirker who would overlastingly hang around up here on the mountain top while those brave valley heroes battle against such odds. Remain exactly long enough on your mountain top to fix in your mind the ideal from God and in your heart the resolve to go down and make the ideal glorious fact. As Moses saw the tabernacle on Sinai's summit, tabernacle built of mist timbers away in the dreamy haze, to be reproduced thereafter by solid timbers on the flat ground for the people's salvation. The sin country can be bettered only by a life a little elevated above itself in purpose and purity. Be with God some and then go.

Sufficient the number of men who look not upon humanity with entire indifference; sufficient the few who see mankind but to despise them; sufficient the abominable many whose ruling interest in their fellows is to use them for private advantage—Be thou, O larger souled believer, one to thyself and all thou meet. A faithful trusteeship for the rest of our brother humankind to slave for them, if you choose to call it slaving. Our chiefest pleasure should be to serve with loftiest gifts the lowliest souls of the wretchedest mortals for whom the God-Man came to earth, to Gethsemane and Golgotha. Ample recompense is found in the mere doing thereof, ample in our Lord's approval, ample in the long hereafter. Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus; who, being in the form of God, thought it not a prize to be snatched to be equal with God; but made Himself of no reputation and took upon Him the form of a servant. . . . Wherefore, God also hath highly exalted Him and given Him a name which is above every name. "Wanted—People taught on the mountains of sin to toll in the lowlands of sin."

Take Time. Let us take time to be pleasant. The small courtesies, which we often omit because they are small, will sooth day look larger to us than the wealth which we covet or the fame for which we struggled. Let us take time to get acquainted with our families. The wealth you are accumulating, burdened father, may never be a home to the daughter whom you have no time to care for. Let us take time to get acquainted with Christ. The hour is coming swiftly for us all when one touch of His hand in the darkness will mean more than all that is written in the day-book and ledger or in the records of our little social world.

Since we must all take time to die, why should we not take time to live to live in the large sense of a life begun here for eternity?—Pittsburg Advocate.

Mind Your Own Business. There is no promise of a crown of righteousness for proficiency in regulating your neighbors.

Don't Give Up. If you have missed the mark, don't give up. Load your gun and try again.



Blackberry Enemies.

Blackberries are affected by borers, and diseases such as crown gall of the roots, and orange rust. The only thing for these is to dig out and burn the affected plants. The leaf spot can be controlled by the spraying with Bordeaux mixture, and if this is regularly used it will probably prevent the appearance of the orange rust, but it is of no use after the rust shows.—Indianapolis News.

Rice a Good Poultry Food.

Feeding experiments at the Massachusetts station included rice, a feed which has very little fibre, compared with wheat or oats. It resulted in a larger production of eggs, but was not advised for feeding purposes on account of the cost. However, it is often possible to buy slightly damaged rice at less even than the cost of corn and wheat, and in such cases it is a desirable food for variety for either the laying hens or the young stock.—American Cultivator.

Keep Salt for Cows.

A supply of salt available whenever the cow wants it is necessary to maintain a high milk yield. Salt stimulates the appetite and assists digestion and assimilation, which increase the flow of the fluids of the body. Salting feeds for dairy cows once a week is not sufficient. It is a good plan to keep rock salt under shelter where the cows can get it at will and then feed loose salt once a week in such quantities as the cows will eat. Loose salt may be used exclusively if it can be sheltered from rain. Do not mix salt with feed, for frequently cows get more salt than they need, which will reduce the flow of milk. Cows having salt kept before them at all times in separate compartments will not eat too much.—Indianapolis News.

Nut Growing.

Walnut growing in the far northwest has passed the experimental stage and the acreage is being rapidly increased.

A great advantage of nut growing is in the keeping quality of the product, which permits its being held till market conditions are favorable as well as admitting of its being sent to foreign lands, thus greatly enlarging the field for distribution.

The choice varieties of pecans which are now being propagated by budding and grafting and are being planted so largely in up-to-date orchards are rarely seen in the general market. Many people have never seen them and fewer still have tested them in comparison with the nut from the common seedling. They need to be seen, cracked and eaten in order to appreciate their superiority.—Indiana Farmer.

The Cow and Her Products.

A good many farmers do not realize how valuable cows are on the farm not only for milk and cream and butter, but for the fertility turned back to the soil. This is referred to in a very pointed way by Prof. E. B. Voorhees in his reference to the facts obtained by careful analysis. He says farmers should be made to realize that a well fed dairy cow will, on the average produce 12 3-4 tons of manure per year, and that this product will contain on the average 117 pounds of nitrogen, 77 pounds of phosphoric acid, 89 pounds of potash, enough, if all the constituents in it are used to grow nearly 70 bushels of wheat with the accompanying straw. These have come from the farm somewhere; if they are not returned the power of the soil is lessened.

If the farmer wishes to return these in the form of commercial fertilizers, he would have to pay out \$30 at present prices—20 cents per pound for the nitrogen and four and a half cents each for the phosphoric acid and potash. The State Experiment stations are doing wonders in collecting such facts for the farmer.

Horse Breeding.

Many a man has fallen short of success in breeding by depending upon blood alone to improve his stock. He has forgotten that all of our improved breeds of horses are the product of adequate nutrition as well as intelligent breeding, suitable environment, sufficient shelter and kindly care. The use of a sire so produced endows the progeny with the propensity to develop character and qualities akin to his own and of the breed he represents. But these desirable qualities will not perfectly develop unless the progeny is given food, care and shelter such as had their effect in the production of the pure breed and its high-class representative. In all pure breeds, the original "scrub" blood, as is the foundation, is ever seeking to restate itself. In short, there is a tendency in all pure-bred animals to degenerate or retrogress towards original and less perfect types and nothing will more surely and speedily stimulate this tendency than lack of nutritious food. In the absence of sufficient nutrition, the possibilities of perfection inherited from pure-bred sires or dams but partially materialized or wholly failed to assert themselves. The well-born but incompletely nourished colt falls to develop and at maturity is no less a "weed" than the ordinary scrub or

native animal. On the other hand, if the dam is adequately nourished on complete rations, during pregnancy and when nursing, and the colt, from weaning time forward, is as perfectly and fully fed, it will, in all probability, develop to the high standard of size, power, quality and character made possible by its breeding.

In addition to proper feeding it is likewise necessary to protect the young developing animal against every possible cause of debility, discomfort and unhealth that would tend to retard its growth. Shelter must therefore be sufficient, disease must be fought against, vermin must be prevented from sapping the constitution, and fresh air, sunlight, adequate exercise and kindly care must take a full part in perfecting the development of the animal.—Dr. A. S. Alexander, in the Indiana Farmer.

Feeding For Eggs.

If the hens are too fat then feed less fattening food; cut out the corn or meal from the ration, feed oats, buckwheat, wheat screenings, or try feeding a "dry mash"; mix bran, middlings, ground oats and beef scraps—about eight parts of the grain to one part of scraps—and put it where the hens can get it at any time; they will not eat too much of it. To make a really good ration for hens not to fat, I would add to above about 20 percent, or one-fifth corn meal, but if whole or cracked corn is fed at night it would not be necessary to add the meal. As to how much to feed it would be impossible to say; it would depend upon what kind of fowls he keeps, how old they are, whether they are confined or have free range, etc. In one of my big yards, an acre in extent, are nine houses of old hens, many of them "too fat."

Feeding wheat screenings, oats and cracked corn, I find one coop will eat all the corn and leave a large part of the wheat, oats in the trough, while another coop will just reverse that, leaving all the corn. Now, in my judgment, it is safe to say that the hen takes that which she most needs; and while old hens will get "too fat," especially in the fall, that fat is their protection against the cold of winter, and except in extreme cases, is no great hindrance to good laying. I have often seen my hens go on the nests and lay when they were so fat and heavy that they could not get up in the high nests, but after trying to get up, would be obliged to lay in the nests on the ground. In nine cases out of ten, poor laying is not occasioned by hens being too fat, so much as it is by their not having enough to eat and of sufficient variety. As a general thing, a handful to a hen, if they are fed three times a day, is plenty; as a matter of fact, I have never fed my fowls by measurement, always being governed by the actions of the fowls, as to the quantity fed. A laying hen needs and will eat nearly double the quantity of food that she will when not laying. So a rigid rule of so much food per hen is not a good working practice. Judgement must be used, and good feeding is a matter to be learned only by observation and practice.—Cor. Rural New Yorker.

Notes For the Farmer.

The dairy cow is of three-fold value. She produces a constant income, valuable offspring and improves the quality of the farm.

One acre of land well fitted will yield more feed in an ordinary season through August and September than the average pasture on most farms of today.

Fruit keeps best in a basement room that is about half above the ground. The temperature never goes below the freezing point and the room never becomes too warm.

It is doubtful if any good results are obtained from feeding pepper in the poultry ration. A better stimulant is meat scraps, which is at the same time a prime egg food.

The digestive apparatus of the pig should be developed to its utmost capacity. This is the machine that produces our pork, and the better it is cared for, the better our profits.

When breeding with a view of selling small pigs, always reserve the large and most thrifty ones for home growing. It is poor policy to allow a buyer to select the choice pigs from a litter and grow and fatten the runts on your own farm.

After comparing the merits of whole corn or cracked corn for laying hens the Maine experiment station concludes there is nothing in the results to suggest that it is necessary or advisable to crack the corn for the hens kept for laying eggs.

In fencing a yard for pigs, whether with boards or woven wire, it is an excellent plan to run a barb wire around the yard close to the ground to prevent the pigs from rooting under. The additional expense is small and the pigs are quite certain to remain in the yard, that is providing the fencing is of a reasonable height.

A Moving Scene.

"Environments count for much." "That's right. You never realize what a piffing lot of junk you have until you see it landed on the sidewalk."—Philadelphia Bulletin.