

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

New York City.—The tasteful breakfast jacket is one of the most satisfactory garments any woman can possess. It means comfort as well as daintiness during the morning hours; it affords relief from the high collar and cuffs of the regulation shirt waist and if well selected is apt to be extremely becoming. This one can be made as illustrated, with the V-shaped neck and elbow sleeves, or high with a sailor collar and long sleeves so that it becomes adapted



both to present needs and to the future colder days. As illustrated, the material is Indian linen with the yoke of tucking and trimming of embroidery, but there are a great many similar washable materials that are liked by women who prefer such at all seasons of the year, while there are also innumerable light-weight flannels, albatross, cashmere and the like, that also are well adapted to the design. For the present and for many weeks to come pretty dimities, lawns, wash silks and the like, are perhaps to be preferred to everything else, but the

Stitch Finish Preferred.
Coats bound with braid, though stylish, have become common, the best makers preferring to finish the edges with several rows of stitching.

Seen at a Wedding.
A gray mousseline de sole gown worn by an elderly woman at an out-of-town wedding was trimmed with a sort of drawnwork and fringe, and was almost entirely covered by a long coat of gray embroidered net. The hat was trimmed with poppies.

Quaint Capes Appear.
It is odd to see these little capes bobbing up in the fashion world as serenely as though they had not appeared two years ago, and failed utterly to make any impression upon us. Somehow, now, though, they seem particularly appropriate as accompaniments to the quaint turn of fashions generally.

Flowers On Hats.
In spite of the fad for placing most of the trimming toward the back of the hat, many of these aureole shapes have flowers massed at the front, just behind the backward rolling brim, and, perhaps, though not necessarily spraying backward and sidewise over the crown, while a scarf is twisted softly around the crown.

Fancy Blouse Waist.
The fancy blouse is always in demand and is ever taking on fresh and fascinating forms. This one is distinctly novel and is adapted to all the pretty materials of the incoming season. It would be equally charming in light-weight silk and wool, and, as we are promised an increased number of both, it will find many uses. In the illustration chiffon taffeta is stitched with beading silk, and is combined with lace, while the edges



time of cooler weather is approaching, and when it shall have arrived wools will be in demand. Trimming is always a matter of taste, and any pretty heavy lace or banding can be substituted, or narrow banding can be used as shown in the small view.

The jacket is made with the full pointed yoke, and a plain back. It can be gathered at the waist line and finished with a belt or can be adjusted by means of a belt of ribbon as in this instance. The sleeves are of moderate fullness. Those of elbow length are finished with straight bands over which the embroidery is arranged, while the long ones are gathered into deeper, shaped cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three yards twenty-seven or thirty-two or two yards forty-four inches wide with three-eighth yard of tucking and one and three-quarter yards of embroidery to make as illustrated; three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven or thirty-two or two and one-quarter yards forty-four inches wide to make with sailor collar and long sleeves.

Pink Carnations as Trimming.
Spikes of creamy pink carnations, looking so natural that one could almost catch a whiff of their fragrance, were used in the trimming of one hat, and a huge mushroom leghorn shown by the same importer had a scarf and back bow of very broad light blue ribbon, and at intervals around the crown stiff bunches of round violets, primly encircled by their foliage, nestled among the soft folds of the scarf.

Folds and Tucks.
The bias folds and the deep tucks still hold sway, and are seen everywhere on cotton, linen, silk and wool costumes, and while those of graduated widths are often noticed, the folds of favor seems to have turned toward the bands, folds and tucks of the same width, and either two or three as preferred.



length at front and back, those last terminating in points and being arranged in new fashion in combination with stripes of the material. The double sleeves make a notable feature and are eminently graceful. The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and three-quarter yards twenty-one, three and one-quarter yards twenty-seven, one and five-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, with two yards of all-over lace.

The Pulpit

A SERMON BY THE REV. IRA W. HENDERSON

Subject: Hypocrisy.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Preaching at the Irving Square Presbyterian Church, Hamburg avenue and Wierfield street, on the above theme, the Rev. Ira Wemmell Henderson, pastor, said:

The subject reflects a feature of life that is as real and general as it is unfortunate and reprehensible. For hypocrisy—that is to say, the assumption of that which we are not, or the uncandor of inconsistency—is a prevalent and pernicious factor in life. It is present everywhere. But nowhere is it more pernicious than in our own midst. America is beset with the vice of hypocrisy, and it is especially unfortunate that it is so. For the position of this country in the front rank of the nations and of progress makes it insistently necessary that we shall have candor as we consider ourselves and that we shall not arrogate to ourselves any characteristics or virtues that are not truly ours. The sin of our national life. For insincerity is as fatal to a nation as to an individual. He lives best who is genuine. Not otherwise is it with a nation. Generally when we speak of hypocrisy we conceive the portraits of the men who lead dual lives, of false-faced friends, of the insincere habits of an insincere society. They are truly to be condemned. Their example is a warning.

But they are not the offenders of whom most I would speak to you today. For the hypocrisies of individuals are co-terminous with death so far as this world is concerned. The hypocrisies of nations however, have a tendency to perpetuate themselves and to become in a larger sense most lasting and pernicious. It is because of the tendency of national hypocrisies to be, in a way, self-perpetuating that I would, this morning, have you attend to the hypocrisy of America. Because our national hypocrisies are to some degree unconscious they are the less to be excused and they are more to be feared.

The subject is not pleasant. It is not over nice to admit that as a nation we are hypocritical. We may wish the truth were otherwise. But the truth has a very peculiar fashion of remaining fixed and constant regardless of our desires or our dreams. America is hypocritical. And we are hypocritical socially, governmentally, intellectually, morally and spiritually. The cause is many but we shall have to admit their validity. And they are true despite the unquestioned supremacy of our people in many fields of national endeavor and success that constitute the greatness of a people.

America is hypocritical in her social relationships. Jack London in a recent story tells a weird and gruesome tale of how he witnessed as a tramp the fogging in most merciful fashion of two unruly gypsy boys by the leader of a gypsy camp. The story is horrifying in that it reveals the existence of such cruel inhumanity in the midst of a civilized society even in a gypsy camp. Our eyes fill with tears and our blood runs hot with indignation as we read of such unphilosophical and unscientific management of children. We can understand such conditions as they exist among the chills and snows and under the benighted civilization of Russia. But here they appear, even though they are infrequent. But while our pulses beat faster over the sins of a gypsy camp we are strangely unresponsive to the piercing wails of the multitudes of our own children—no, not our own—to the wails of the multitudes of our neighbors' children, who, day by day, in a land of freedom and Christian enlightenment, are crushed in the mechanism of our modern commercial system. We have ears and hearts and ready hands to help the misery of the Chinaman who cries out against the greed of "most Christian England" as she forces the curse of opium upon an unwilling nation. But we seem hardly to hear the call of the throngs whose lives in America are wrecked because of the unholy traffic in alcoholic beverages that to-day is permitted to exist by and with the consent and suffrage of the adult membership of the Church of Jesus Christ. And just so long as we mourn over gypsies and wax indignant over the wickedness of the English people, the while we wax our ears against the call of our children in the homeland for help and a chance to live as God meant they should be, to say the least, socially hypocritical. And no man may deny the count.

America is hypocritical in her attitude toward government. It is the fashion to decry about the vices of Babylon, the rottenness of ancient Rome, the sins of Philip the second, the crimes of modern Russia, the rapacity of European nations. We are astounded that the civil corruption of any nation could be so totally indecent as to consign sailors to be sent to death inside of ill-equipped and still more ill-handled men of war. We thank God that we do not live under an autocracy that is as conscienceless and as villainous as that which holds the reins of Russian government. And yet, wide-awake as we are to the criminalities of the bureaucratic government of the Russian Czar, we are but half-awake to the realities of the existing corruption all around us. For the fact is that in the face of our history, our inheritance, our opportunities, our Christian influences, we are a sorry spectacle to the nations. We glory that we have no autocracy of birth. But by our own consent we have allowed to reign over us as greedy a set of political pirates as ever sunk a ship. Their only distinction is that they are able to fool most of the people most of the time. The government is a condition existing in nearly every hamlet and city in the United States of America are so absolutely disgraceful that we ought to be ashamed. Our political dictators, with few, and they lustrious, exceptions, do as they please with the sublimest self-confidence imaginable. And so long as we are gripped over the examples of governmental maladministration, ancient and modern, with which we are familiar, and refuse to secure the purification of our own political affairs, and neglect to procure the political execution of our political thugs and thieves and highlanders, whom we have allowed to reign over us, we are hypocritical in our assumption of gov-

ernmental virtue. And no man may deny the count. America is hypocritical intellectually. We hold the heritage of intellectual freedom which is ours. We give God praise that a man may think his thoughts after God here without regard to any man. We regret that China has reneved the past, that the church in ages gone refused to allow the liberty of private judgment. We pride ourselves upon the opportunity for freedom of thought that is guaranteed to every man who breathes our air. But, what do we do with the man who dares to exercise his prerogatives? What do we, the descendants of the men who mobbed Garrison, who ridiculed the scientific geniuses of a scant generation ago? We are as impervious to a new thought as any nation under heaven. We prate about progress, and we maintain the status quo. We want new thoughts until it has become old. With our refinements of cruelty we attempt to still forever the activities of those who would follow the gleam of the truth of God, who would lead us ahead and up. And just so long as we talk freedom of thought, and regret the lack of it in other lands, while we have a scant attention for the prophets of the living God who are illumined by the glory of His truth, we are intellectually hypocrites. And no man may deny the count.

Then, too, we are moral hypocrites. How shocked we are at the Mohammedan system of divorce, and the curse of opium to the integrity of Chinese civilization, and the vicious customs of English barroom, and the free-love of a certain sort of Socialism! But how shocked are we over the "consecutive" polygamy and polyandry that exists under the loose sanctions of our legal systems? How shocked are we by the spectacle of our boys and girls, our men and women, deadened with drink; forced to immorality by the social conditions that we permit? How shocked we are lest perhaps our children should be free-love, and what they will learn from questionable sources if we do not guarantee them timely and proper information! And just so long as we deplore the moral sins of other peoples and neglect to attend properly to the conservation of our own morals, we are hypocritical. And no man may deny the count.

America is hypocritical in her conceptions of life. We wonder and astonish upon the inconsistency that is apparent between the noblest books of Eastern religions and the manner of life among the devotees of those religious systems. We do not exit God by the sharpened scimitar. We do not roll under Juggernaut. We do not provide money and food at the side of the graves of the departed. We do not let our nails grow for a life-time in order to glorify Almighty God. We have more sense than to do these. But what do we do? Why, we proclaim Jesus Prince of Peace while we proclaim peace a fantasy and exalt the doctrine that the way to ensure peace is to go well armed. We magnify the philosophy that says "turn to him the other cheek" while we keep our gloves on. We believe that "righteousness exalteth." But we acknowledge, as practical men, that it is impracticable to be strictly honest and prosper. We acclaim the eternal necessity for an exact concurrence of thought and speech, word and deed, look and action. But we send our Bibles to China packed beside a half a dozen. We assist the Indians by the efficient force of arms. We civilize the Philippines by way of Milwaukee. We sing, "Unto Thee, O God, be riches," but we maintain a large proportion of the churches of the living Christ in this land by such devious and precarious methods as would put a heathen to shame. And so long as we scoff at the inconsistencies of foreign religious systems and are satisfied, with a false optimism, to congratulate our own with all its incongruities, we are hypocritical. And no man may deny the count.

And all this is to say that we should, with no spirit of mere carping criticism, look over this land of ours as patriotic Americans. For upon our candor and our sincerity depend our success, our power, our future. The American nation illumined and sanctified by the truth as it is in Jesus Christ will be invincible. We must be honest to ourselves. We must be honest to our neighbors. Let us cease to be hypocritical. Let us turn on the light.

To Find Out God's Will.
In his life of Henry Drummond, Dr. George Adam Smith has inserted the following eight maxims that he found described on the flyleaf of Drummond's Bible:

First. Pray.
Second. Think.
Third. Talk to wise people, but do not regard their decision as final.
Fourth. Beware of the bias of your own will, but do not be too much afraid of it. God never necessarily thwarts a man's nature and likings, but it is a mistake to think that His will is the line of the disagreeable.
Fifth. Meantime do the next thing (for doing God's will in small things is the best preparation for knowing it in great things).
Sixth. When decision and action are necessary go ahead.
Seventh. Never consider the decision when it is finally acted upon.
Eighth. You will probably not find out till afterwards—long afterwards, perhaps—that you have been led at all.—G. W. S. Herald.

A Prayer For Our Nation.
Almighty God, who in former times didst lead our fathers forth into a wealthy place; give Thy grace, we humbly beseech Thee, to us our children, that we may prove ourselves a people mindful of Thy favor, and glad to do Thy will.
Bless our youth with honorable industry, sound learning and pure manners. Defend our liberties, preserve our unity. Save us from violence, discord and confusion, from pride and arrogance, and from every evil way. Fashion into one happy family the multitudes brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues.
Endue with the spirit of wisdom those whom we entrust in Thy Name with the authority of government, to the end that there be peace at home, and that we keep place among the nations of the earth.
In the time of prosperity, fill our hearts with thankfulness; and in the day of trouble, suffer not our trust in Thee to fail; all of which we ask for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Pardon Promised.
God hath promised pardon to him that repenteth; but He hath not promised repentance to him that sinneth.—St. Anselm.

A Striking Thought.
Until Christianity shows a stronger grip on Christians it only plays tag with the world.

The Old Way and the New.
The young lady from Boston was explaining: "Take an egg," she said, "and make a perforation in the base and a corresponding one in the apex. Then you apply the lips to the aperture, and by forcibly inhaling the breath the shell is entirely discharged of its contents."
An old lady who was listening exclaimed: "It beats all how folks do things nowadays. When I was a gal they made a hole in each end and sucked."
—Judge's Library.

Our Unseen Sun.
No one has ever seen the sun. This is not an epigrammatic pleasantry, but the cheerless scientific truth. A series of concentric shells envelops a nucleus of which we know absolutely nothing, except that it must be almost infinitely hotter than the fiercest furnace, and that it must amount to more than nine-tenths of the total solar mass. That nucleus is the real sun, forever hidden from us.—London Pall Mall Gazette.

FURIOUS HUMOR ON CHILD.
Itching, Bleeding Sores Covered Body—Nothing Helped Her—Cure in Five Days.

"After my granddaughter of about seven years had been cured of the measles, she was attacked about a fortnight later by a furious itching and painful eruption all over her body, especially the upper part of it, forming watery and bleeding sores, especially under the arms, of considerable size. She suffered a great deal and for three weeks we nursed her every night, using all the remedies we could think of. Nothing would help. We tried the Cuticura Remedies and after twenty-four hours we noted considerable improvement, and, after using only one complete set of the Cuticura Remedies, in five consecutive days the little one, much to our joy, had been entirely cured, and has been well for a long time. Mrs. F. Ruffenacht, R. F. D. 3, Bakerville, Cal., June 25 and July 20, 1906."

Ten Thousand For One Experiment.
Burbank's achievements with the daisy are more fascinating than a fairy tale. From England, Japan, Germany, Australia—everywhere where daisies grew—he got seeds of the best varieties, not a few, but hundreds, thousands. These were carefully planted and watched with closest care. They were all going to be slain, but out of their death was to come a new daisy, larger, more beautiful, more hardy, and that would flower in every climate perennially. The result was his "Shasta" daisy, one of the most beautiful flowers ever seen—of clear brilliant white, great size, the centre of pure yellow resting upon slender, yet strong stems. Ten thousand seeds were required for this one experiment! Yes, and often the ten thousand become fifty thousand, before he gets what he wants. It is this large dealing that has differentiated Mr. Burbank's plans from those of other men. He speedily learned that great results are not to be obtained from inadequate methods. The ten thousand daisy seeds were only a starter. Millions and millions of daisies were grown from these seeds, and it was only after the experiments were completed, and the habits of the "Shasta" permanently fixed, that the experimental plants were destroyed. —From "A Little Visit to the Home of Luther Burbank," by George Wharton James, in the Circle.

An Inhuman Wish.
It was a clergyman with a care for souls in one of the poorest parts of London who went down to a provincial town to plead for support for his work. They had a large meeting for him, and he made a most telling appeal, at the close of which up jumped a good man, promising \$250 as a start.
The clergyman was overjoyed. "I don't know your name, sir," he cried, "but I thank you. I thank you. May your business be doubled in the coming year."
Then a solemn hush settled down, and the meeting, as it were, looked at itself.
"What's the matter?" the clergyman whispered anxiously to the chairman. "What's the matter?"
"Er—well—er—that gentleman is an undertaker."—Pearson's Weekly.

Refreshing Sleep
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To Pronounce Lusitania.
The first trip of the Lusitania has aroused no little discussion as to the pronunciation of the ship's name, many well-versed speakers insisting on giving it the sound of Lusitania, to rhyme with Britannia. Americans, however, should have no difficulty with this fine old Latin word, as its "a" is sounded like the "a" in "fate," and the name rhymes correctly with our own Pennsylvania. Campania, Lucania and all other words with the single "n" are similarly pronounced.—Philadelphia Record.

Curious and General Fact.
The American is a man of broad interests. There are men inland who never saw the ocean who could hardly sit still until they heard if the Lusitania had broken the record.—Washington Times.

At the Foot End.
"Alas, I am at my wife's end," exclaimed the monarch, as he was unexpectedly kicked by the court jester.—Bohemian.

Examinations For Chauffeurs.
A motor car is the most easily controlled means of conveyance which exists, and if handled with only a small regard to moderation will cover many thousands of miles without doing the slightest harm to anyone. It is the human element which introduces the risk. The Royal Automobile Club would do a great work were it to introduce a bill to Parliament making it imperative that a man should pass a practical test before being allowed to drive on the highway.—Motoring Illustrated.

Hard On the Gun Trade.
Shooting is shunted from the leading position it once held at country houses, and is run hard by motoring, golfing, hunting, fishing and racing as recreative occupation in the country. All this tells hardly upon the gun trade.—County Gentleman.

Gadabouts!
Although unhorsed, the good knight vowed that he, odds boys, was still uncowed.—Pittsburg Post.

Perfect Womanhood

The greatest menace to woman's permanent happiness in life is the suffering that comes from some derangement of the feminine organs. Many thousands of women have realized this too late to save their health, barely in time to save their lives.

To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband, should be a woman's constant study.

If a woman finds that her energies flagging, that she gets easily tired, dark shadows appear under her eyes, she has backache, headache, bearing-down sensations, nervousness, irregularities or the "blues," she should start at once to build up her system by a tonic with specific powers, such as

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the great woman's remedy for woman's ills, made only of roots and herbs. It cures Female Complaints, such as Dragging Sensations, Weak Back, Falling and Displacements, Inflammation and Ulceration, and all Organic Diseases, and is invaluable in the Change of Life. It dissolves and Expels Tumors at an early stage. Subdues Faintness, Nervous Prostration, Exhaustion, and strengthens and tones the Stomach. Cures Headache, General Debility, Indigestion, and invigorates the whole female system. It is an excellent remedy for derangements of the Kidneys in either sex.

Evolution of Cauliflower.
The modern spelling of "cauliflower" is artificial, and if we were to write it as we pronounce it, "collyflower," we should be taking a step backward in the natural direction. "Collyforoye," as they spelled it in the sixteenth century, brings out the true meaning of the vegetable's name—"flowered cabbage"—"cole" being an old word for cabbage and "forye" representing the French "fiori" or "fleur," flowered. But because in Latin it was called "cauliflora" it began to be written "colleflorie," or "collyflorie" in English, probably by deliberate assimilation of the Latin, and eventually to be written "cauli," though still pronounced "colly." Meanwhile the second part of the word got popularly corrupted to "flower."

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