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THE DITCH.

The farmer digged a ditch to drain
A plot that long in swamp had lain;
And guided it as he had planned,
In windings through his pasture land.

At first, unused to wander here,
It found the pathway plain and drear;
And wished that it might backward roam
To seek the marshy ways of home.

But soon the violets learned to grow,
As in the haunts it used to know;
The soothing mint crept up its banks,
And flags and rushes waved their ranks.

By root and curve it learned to sing,
Glad children sought its wandering,
Until, deep in its winding nook,
It almost thought itself a brook.

—Cora A. Matson-Dolson, in the National Magazine.

THE ESCAPE.

By EVELYN ORCHARD.

The fine snow was drifting across the steppe before the first wind of winter. It began to come very softly and silently at daybreak, and quickly powdered the landscape, covering up all ugliness, making unsightly places even beautiful; but all the same it was cruel.

It struck the knell of the long silence: Sergius Konski, sometime student of Warsaw, and now supposed to be living peaceably on his father's lands at Erlensk on the Siberian frontier, stood still at the gateway of one of his father's fields and looked up the long bleak vista of the road which led away from Erlensk and towards Poland and life. Such was the thought in the lad's heart, for from his mother's side he was a Pole; and every heart-beat was in sympathy with his mother's people.

One brief year had he spent in Warsaw; twelve short months into which had been crowded the fierce experience of a lifetime; then suddenly and swiftly, he and his sister, who had been attending university classes at the same time, had been removed from Warsaw. They had not dared to ask a question; they knew too well the reason, though the matter had never been mentioned in the great house of Konski. The lines had simply deepened in the face of old Konski, and he had become more taciturn than ever.

"You have had your chance and made a fool of yourself, Serge, besides dragging Vera into danger. You can stay at home now and make a fool of yourself to some purpose."

That was nine months ago. The pair were not content—how could they be? Can the eagle, who has been accustomed to soar from height to height, to contemplate the inaccessible only as a spur to further achievement, sit down contentedly to preen his feathers in the homely dove-cot, however sheltered and safe? The thing is impossible. These two young, eager hearts, whom the love of freedom had consecrated, who had beheld great wrongs and burned to redress them, were fretting their hearts out now, and it was the beginning of the long silence.

Serge was expecting no one; he was simply contemplating the road which led to life, and wondering how long before the cords would become so strong that they would draw him away from every tie that bound him to the steppes. He had the thin, eager face of the enthusiast, the dreamer of dreams. He wore a loose blouse of frieze, cut low at the throat and revealing the strenuous muscles there; his eyes seemed to burn, to be full of deep thoughts. It was a singularly handsome, a winning, arresting face. But it was not the face of the man who could suffer the long silence.

Suddenly a remote sound smote upon his ear; and through the film of the flying snow he beheld in the far vista of the road an approaching vehicle. He drew himself up, an alertness seemed to spring to every muscle; he stepped out into the middle of the road. He was not aware of any expected arrival, yet none the less was he conscious of a sudden flutter of anticipation. Anything might happen any day; that was the only thing which made endurance possible. The vehicle, drawn by a pair of swift but now jaded horses, approached swiftly, until Serge could discern it held two persons. They were so wrapped up, however, so little of their faces visible, that no recognition was possible until they came within a few hundred yards. Then he gave a little cry and held up his hand. The plunging horses were instantly stopped, and one of the travelers alighted.

"Drive on to the stables, Ivan. Yes, the stables of Count Konski. How are you, Serge?"

The face of the youth in the frieze blouse was suffused with a light which touched like a live coal the warm heart of the Englishman. They shook hands in silence. Not until the horses had disappeared did a further word pass between them.

"What brings you here, Arthur?" asked Serge in a low voice. "That is a matter of urgency I can see."

The Englishman wiped the powder of the snow from his keen, clean-shaven face.

"It is a matter of life or death, Serge. I left St. Petersburg on Monday. On Sunday the Terror began, and when I left the soldiers were in the streets shooting down the defenceless citizens."

"But there is more, Arthur. You would not ride so many hundred miles to tell us that."

"There is more. You know Oresky? He is high in favor at the Winter Palace. He told me privately on Sunday evening that you and Vera are on the list. You must look after yourself. I have come to take her away."

"I question if she will go," said Serge, and his face began to burn slowly, as if the fire within consumed him.

"She is my promised wife, and I will take her," said the Englishman, and he set his face as he spoke, and looked as if he meant his words. "The man who was in St. Petersburg on Red Sunday will not stop at any half measures. For look you, Serge, it is no puny rising of a handful against the powers of hell; the greatest forces the world has ever seen pitted against one another, and no one can foresee the end. But Vera I will save. Take me to your father——"

Serge walked by his side, secretly glorying. Oh, this was a man worthy the name—one to whom no task was impossible.

They came, talking volubly of matters concerning their mutual interests, being friends of long standing, to the door of the house, where they were met by the Count himself, a haggard man, with a strong, forbidding face and deep eyes which no man had ever fathomed. The arrival of the spent horses in the stable-yard had already apprised him of the unexpected guest, whom he was ready to welcome, though he only knew him by repute. But hospitality was one of the traditions of the Castle of Konski, and besides, the Englishman bore a noble name.

"This is Arthur Beaulieu, father," said Serge. "He has ridden at peril of his life to us. I will leave him to explain his errand——"

He disappeared in search of his sister, and the old Count turned inquiringly to his guest, whose errand was quickly told. The old man listened, leaning slightly on the veranda door; and but for an added gravity he did not seem disturbed.

"The times are troubled, but we are remote here in the Castle of Konski, and there has been no surveillance since the children came from Warsaw."

"Count, it was but a lull before the storm. I tell you what will happen in Russia in the next week will be a world's wonder, and he who warned me did not lie. I took pains to verify his warning. And I am here. Unless you give Vera to me to-morrow, and let me take her away, she will be taken less gently, and to a harder prison than an Englishman's house."

"She has no mother," said the old man from behind the thickness of his beard. "I am afraid."

"Of what? Not of me, I hope. I am an honorable man, Count Konski, and I am able to give my wife the comfort she needs and should have."

A strange, shuddering sigh came up from the depths of the old man's heart, and he covered his eyes for a moment with his hand.

"Hark! they are coming. Vera shall decide," said the old man.

They came from within the house, the brother and sister together, and the Englishman's heart leaped as he saw the light in the girl's eyes. She was a radiant creature, with the blue eyes and the gold hair of her Polish mother, and such grace of figure as no rude garments could hide."

She gave her hand to Arthur, and he raised it to his lips.

"He has come, the Englishman, to take you away, Vera," said the old man, with a strange guttural note in his voice. "It seems you have but the two alternatives—to go with him or wait till they take you to the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul."

Her face scarcely blanched, but her steadfast eye was fixed on the Englishman's face.

"If Arthur says so, it is true, father, but it is you who will decide. I am your only girl, and here I stay."

"But——" began Arthur, until her hand on his lips stopped him. He pressed it passionately. The old man surveyed them with a mournful pathos, perceiving that the child's heart had gone into the Englishman's keeping, and that it mattered little how he should decide.

"May God deal with you as you deal with her," he said, and holding his hands a moment towards them as if in blessing, he passed within the house.

At daybreak, when there was a lull in the steady storm, the carriage stood ready in the courtyard. The Englishman came out first, not wishing to intrude upon the last farewells.

"Is all right, Ivan?" he asked the squat-faced driver, whom he had bound to his service by many kindnesses. The man nodded, and bent to tighten the girths as they came from the house. He smiled to himself, observing that to outward seeming there was no girl. Vera wore a suit of her brother's, and a long coat and a small cap with flaps tied about her ears.

She was very pale, and there was anguish in her eyes. But hope seemed to return to them as they fell upon the Englishman's steadfast face. Serge was behind, on his eager face a strange luminous uplifted look. The old man did not come until Vera was strapped in her place and Beaulieu stood ready to step in.

"We shall meet, Count, in happier circumstances when the Terror is over. Meanwhile your treasure will be safe, please God, in England."—British Weekly.

Buttons and Women's Clothes.

"Why does a woman button her garments on the left side?" The question is being discussed in the Tailor and Cutter by several correspondents, one of whom advances this theory: "For ladies to have the buttonholes in the right side of their garments has its origin in the times when it was necessary for a lady when going out at night to have a gentleman escort, who supported her upon his left arm, leaving his right or sword arm at liberty. Thus the lady's left hand would be free to fasten or unfasten her cloak at her own pleasure and without inconvenience."—London Telegraph.

Chapel For Naval Cadets.

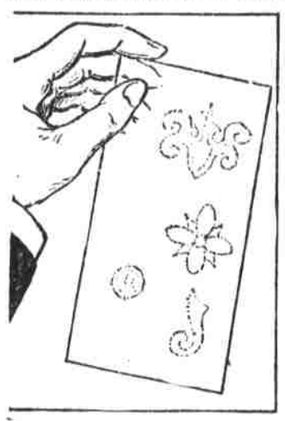
DESIGN OF THE NEW CHAPEL TO BE ERECTED AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS.

Ernest Flagg, Architect.

Breath Drawings.

Some curious experiments may be made with the breath. On a pane of glass, or a mirror that has not been polished just beforehand, trace a figure, or a letter, or a name, with your finger; nothing will be visible. But breathe on the glass, and the tracing will at once appear.

Now, on a freshly polished plate of metal or glass, place a coin. After a few moments remove the coin, and nothing will be seen on the surface, but breathe on it where the coin was lying, and an image of it will appear. If you polish the coin instead of the metal or glass, the same effect will be



Traceries on the Glass.

produced when you breathe on the surface.

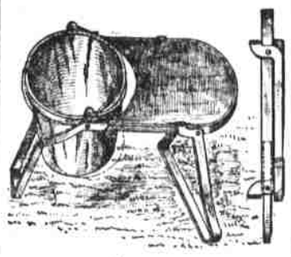
If you have a plate of glass that has been against an engraving for several years, breathe on that side of it, and the lines of the engraving will become visible. This may fail sometimes, but rarely.

Does all this sound like magic? The explanation is a natural one. On the surface of all solids a layer of gas, vapor and fine dust gathers. When you polish the object, the layer is removed, or it is altered by the contact of other solids. If the object is breathed upon, the breath condenses more easily on some parts than it does on others, according to the condition or state of this layer, and therefore any marks made on it will become visible.—New York Mail.

The percentage of improved land, that is, land under crops and grass, is in this country twenty-two; in England it is seventy-six; in Germany about sixty.

Foldable Milking Stool and Pail Holder.

A very convenient device for the farm has recently been invented by a resident of Iowa. It consists of a milking stool which can be folded when not in use, and a pail holder at-



tached to the stool, which can be adjusted to suit the convenience of the user. The frame for the pail consists of a spring clasp, which permits the pail to be inclined toward the cow, is desired, or moved to an upright position to prevent spilling the milk. The pail is held in the position at which it is set by the frictional contact of the clasp.—Scientific American.

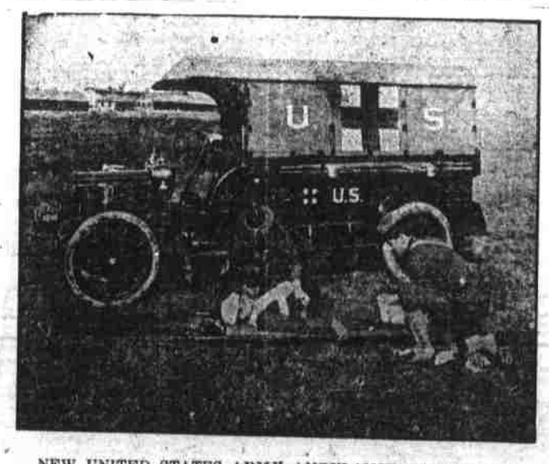
Puttees For Women.

Spiral puttees, shaped so as to wind from ankle to knee without any turns and twists, are an English novelty.

They are made in colors to match

the costume. Worn with spats, they are a valuable item in a woman's outing equipment.—New York Sun.

There are 17,000 daily papers published in the English language.



NEW UNITED STATES ARMY AMBULANCE IN ACTION.

Subduing Flying Fowls.

When fowls are kept confined they get uneasy and long for freedom; this is particularly the case with the smaller breeds. The common method of prevention is to clip the wings

of the birds, not a desirable thing to do if they happen to be high-class fowls. A better plan is to attach the little arrangement here described. Take a stout cord and tie around the points of the feathers on the wings mainly used in flying. Tie one wing in this manner, then pass the cord over the back and tie the other wing. Be careful not to draw the cord too tight, but leave it so that the fowl can carry the wings in a natural position and it will do no harm.—Indianapolis News.

Earth's Piecrust Surface.

How thick is the earth's crust? R. J. Strutt, son of Lord Rayleigh, after a long series of experiments, estimates it as forty-five miles. This deduction coincides more or less closely with that of Professor Milne, the seismologist. Mr. Strutt believes that at the depth of forty-five miles the internal heat of the earth reaches 2732 degrees Fahrenheit. The moon it not "dead," according to the same scientist, but continues to possess volcanic energy. He believes, too, that the internal heat of the moon is greater that that of the earth.—Kansas City Star.

An expert cigarette maker will roll 2500 cigarettes a day

OCEAN CAUGHT FRESH FISH

DEVELOPMENT OF THE TRADE---WONDERFULLY INTERESTING INDUSTRY---ONE HUNDRED MILLION POUNDS A YEAR LANDED IN BOSTON---By N. D. FREEMAN, OF BOSTON.

Those who see the products of the sea only when placed before them in the form of food little realize what the production of it by the hardy fishermen who go out upon our fishing banks at this season of the year means. What dangers they face and what risks they take to furnish for our enjoyment the fish which please our palate and add so much to our food supplies. The supply of ocean-caught fresh fish has been of continuous but slow growth, until now it has reached the enormous amount of one hundred million pounds a year landed in Boston alone direct from the fishing boats, to which may be added forty million pounds more landed at other points along the New England coast and transported by railroads and steamboats to Boston to be distributed all over the United States and the Dominion of Canada. This does not include the halibut caught in southeastern Alaska by Boston-owned steamers constructed expressly for fishing in those waters and transported by rail from Pacific ports by express trains landing the fish in Boston in perfect condition in ten days from the time they were caught and often in less time, of which there were landed here about ten million pounds, also one million pounds of fresh salmon from the rivers of Washington, Oregon and California. Our fishing boats and manner of fishing have changed very much during the growth and development of this business, which dates back about sixty years, when the business of bringing fresh fish to the Boston market first began. At that time there were only a few small boats, carrying four or five men which carried on their fishing in Massachusetts and Barnstable bays, fishing during the day and coming to market during the night to be here in the early morning with their catch, disposing of what they could, which was often a small portion of their catch, and taking those for which there was no sale outside of Boston light and tossing them overboard, and catching some more to go back to market with. At that time the market was purely a local one, and the fish were distributed from handcarts and pedlers' wagons in their immediate vicinity. It is no exaggeration to say more fresh fish are often landed now in Boston in one day than were landed then in a whole year, and it is a query often asked, where do they all go? There is hardly a railroad train leaves this city but what part of its capacity is filled with fresh fish. The facilities for distributing them has kept pace with the production and demand, and they are carried into every town and city of this country east of the Mississippi River and north of the Potomac and Ohio, some being distributed to still greater distances, but the territory mentioned is the principal territory over which they are distributed. With the custom of packing them in ice the business very much increased. When this innovation was first suggested the fishermen held up their hands in holy horror. What, pack our fish in ice!! Fresh water ice! It will spoil the fish. They will not be fit to eat. Whoever heard of such a ridiculous thing as trying to keep salt water fish with fresh-water ice? But some of the more progressive skippers thought the experiment worth trying, and of course in a short time proved the fallacy of the theory that fresh-water ice would spoil salt-water fish. This also improved the conditions for distributing the fish. The dealers found that fish packed in ice would keep in good condition for several days, and consequently could be transported farther. Fish markets sprang up all over New England, and the demand caught up with the supply, and no more fish were carried out past Boston light and thrown overboard for want of a market. The fish at that time were all caught by hand line, as it is called, the boats being anchored and the fishermen fishing with one or two lines to a man. Soon after the general use of ice in packing, the deman so increased the hand-line style of fishing found itself unable to supply the demand.

About this time the trawl came into use, being used by some Irish fishermen who had used them on the Irish coast. They were roundly cursed by the hand liners, who thought the business was doomed, but they soon found if they were going "to keep up with the procession" they must adopt the trawl, and as the fleet of boats was increasing they must look out for other fishing grounds, as the waters of Massachusetts and Barnstable bays did not afford grounds enough for the fleet to fish over, and they began to go farther out and have continued to extend the area of their fishing grounds until at the present time the entire coast of New England and Nova Scotia are covered by our fishing boats in pursuit of their business of catching fresh fish for the Boston market.

There has been the same advance and perhaps even greater in the size and style of vessels used in fishing as along other lines of business. The crack American fishing vessel has at all times stood next only to the crack American yacht, than which there are no safer or faster sailing vessels afloat. From the fifteen or twenty tonner with its four or five men of sixty years ago, to the hundred and fifty ton fishing vessel of to-day, with its twenty-two men, is indeed a long reach, and they have been developed during that time to the finest specimens of marine architecture afloat. The present season has seen another innovation in the way of catching fish. The steam otter trawler, which as yet is only an experiment in this country, although used almost entirely in supplying the English market. They have proved an unqualified success on their fishing grounds and there seems to be no reason why they should not be here if our grounds are adapted to that kind of fishing. This requires a smooth bottom, as otherwise the trawl is damaged by the obstructions. She has been going about four months. At first she did not meet with very good success, but later has made good trips, and those interested in the venture are very much encouraged. Should this be demonstrated to be the more economical way of producing fish it means an entire revolution in our manner of fishing, and in time our markets will be supplied with fish caugth by steam fishermen instead of sailing vessels. This, however, may be a long way off, as it means large capital, a first-class steam trawler and equipment costing about five times as much as a first-class sailing vessel and equipment. The fishermen have also changed during the sixty years. At that time ninety-five out of every hundred were American-born. As their children grew up they aspired to something higher in life than to be a mere fisherman. As the demand for fish increased the skippers were obliged to look elsewhere than among Americans for their crews. The Irish and men from the Provinces came first. The same evolution took place with them as with the Americans. Their children aspired to something higher. Then came the Portuguese, with nearly the same result. And it looks now as if in the future perhaps not far distant they might be manned largely by Italians. They are just starting out in small, open boats, and the natural course of events will carry them eventually to the larger boats. The captains of our vessels deserve a word, for upon them depends very much the success of this industry. They are men well qualified for the business, with unquestioned courage and excellent judgment, and are drivers in their business in the fullest meaning of the word. They are weather wise to an extent which almost beats the weather bureau, and while oftentimes their actions to a novice would appear to be reckless, rarely make mistakes. This little incident, which the writer knows to be a fact, illustrates this trait in their character. One morning on Georges bank, when the weather looked rather threatening and the barometer indicated foul weather, one of our most enterprising captains gave the order to throw out the dories and set the trawls. One of his crew, being a little timid and not liking the looks of the weather, went aft and said to the skipper he was not feeling well and could not go out to fish, to which the skipper made this reply, "G'wan, git inter ye dory, this is no harspittle." The fellow knew there was nothing to do but "git inter the dory," with the result that they had a good day's catch and made a profitable trip, while some other boats whose captains were not so good judges of the weather lost the day's fishing altogether. There is no prettier sight to be seen anywhere than a fleet of fishermen racing to market, for they know the first one arriving is sure of getting the best prices for their catch, and with plenty of wind, if sails and spars stand, there is not much time wasted in sleep while making the passage to market, which they often reach so covered with ice that when the halliards are cast off the sails remain up until they have beaten off the ice from the ropes so they will pass through the blocks. It is a life full of danger, risk and excitement, but there is a fascination about it that, after a man once starts in in earnest, it seems as if he cannot be contented in any other business. No braver or better men live, and they earn every cent they receive, and if at times prices seem to be high for what they produce, just remember what it means to catch and bring their goods to us for our enjoyment. —Boston Grocer.

Timidity and Talent.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained obscure because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is that to do anything in this world worth doing we must not stand shivering on the brink and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. It did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended scheme for a hundred and fifty years and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward. But at present a man waits and doubts and hesitates and consults his brother and his uncle and his first cousins and particular friends till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no time left to follow their advice.—Sydney Smith, on "Courage In the Use of Talent."

Potentialities of Coal Tar.

The discoveries of the potentialities of coal tar have allowed of the production of the beautiful alizarine and aniline dyes of to-day, and it has made them far cheaper than the old pigments. It is characteristic that, while an Englishman made the discovery on which a great part of modern chemical industry is based, none of his countrymen could be induced to take advantage of it. It was too theoretic for the self-styled practical man of business, who preferred his old method of the vat and the tub; and the prophet of coal tar, being without honor in his own country, had to find a refuge among Germans, who were not so blind to a new invention.—London Globe.

Dresden has just opened a bathing establishment for dogs. It is owned and governed by the municipality.

WOMAN'S REALM

For Looks Besides Use.

By-and-by belt pins will be taking the place of chatelaine watches in the "Lost" advertisement columns of the newspapers. A new kind of belt pin has "come in" and will be displayed conspicuously to the gaze of the envious throng. It is a three-bar safety pin, set with pearls. Imitation pearls will be barred as long as the fashion is young, but it won't be long before jewelers will be making up pins with imitation gems to supply what promises to be an extensive demand. The safety pin as an article of adornment rather than utility has been creeping in slowly—one might say apologetically. Now it makes no bones about it, and demands a prominent place in the show window.—New York Press.

When a Woman Travels.

A crumpled, grimy gown is becoming to no one at any time.

Of all the fabrics used for traveling get-ups, serge, mohair, and lightweight cheviots are the most useful.

Linen, the heavy pongees, and taffeta are still popular, but for long journeys they are not for women of short pocketbooks.

Tartans will be used for the fall in blouses and the trimmings of suits. The girls always like them at the season of the "turning leaf and rusting vine."

For the traveling coat pongee and taffeta are desirable, but not if wet weather is to be encountered in them.

Now that the tide of travel is turned toward the mountains, where already there are frosty nips in the morning air, tweed and the worsteds will soon be comfortable.

What Men Require in Wife.

A man requires in a woman he makes his wife a companion, a friend, and a home maker. She can be no one of these if she makes of herself a domestic drudge.

A servant can do the work of the home as well, probably much better, but no one can perform the duties of mistress but herself.

When a man's circumstances, however, do not allow of his keeping a servant, and the wife, of necessity, must attend to the household, her work is harder, but her requirements are practically the same.

And even if she works hard, she need not fall into the position of drudge, with no thought of other things, says Woman's Life.

Being a companion and friend does not imply that an intellectual equal is necessary. A man rather enjoys explaining things to his wife when the explanations do not have to come too often or too profusely; but a similarity of tastes and views on essential questions is imperative.

Girls Are Independents.

"To my mind there's nothing that so demonstrates that women are becoming more independent and men more dependent than that," said the man on the park bench, pointing to the children who were wandering by in charge of nurses or fond mamas. "Now, if you're observant you'll notice that almost every boy has hold of a grown-up's hand, while the girls strut and trip along, unguided by any adult hand. It looks as if all the little boys needed to be led, while the girls seem to know where they're going. I notice it everywhere; on the streets, in the cars, on the ferries, in the stores. The little boys are always clinging to grown-up petticoats, while the little girls go it alone.

"I don't know whether it's the grown-ups who are responsible for it, or the little boys themselves. I know when I was a boy that I would have resented the idea that I must take hold of some one's hand. I wanted to walk by myself and I did it. But to-day it seems to be only the little girls who are possessed with that spirit of independence."—New York Press.

Of Interest to Girls.

A use has been found for the little odds and ends of ribbon useless heretofore, yet too pretty to throw away. They are now used for tom-thumb sachets which are just the thing for birthday tokens, luncheons, favors and for pinning into one's gown to impart a delicate fragrance. The tiny pocket which contains the sachet powder (about an inch square) is sewed to the ribbon, the ends of which are brought forward to cover the bag and are shaped to form a dainty flower. Of course upon the morsel of ribbon in hand depends the kind of flower to be made. Thus pale pink makes a charming little wild rose, purple a pansy, yellow a buttercup, white a dogwood and so on. The shaping of the petals is most important as upon this as well as the coloring depends much of the naturalness of the flower. The centre of the blossom is added by means of a few stitches in floss of the appropriate color, yellow being used for the wild rose, etc. When employed as luncheon favors the little sachets may be sewed on to the place cards, or furnished with temporary stems of wire so as to hang up on the edge of the water tumblers.

The Outdoor Air Habit.

Girls are so splendidly sensible nowadays that few of them will indulge in such vagaries as not eating because they are afraid of getting fat or starving themselves in sulky silence because they cannot have their own way, but not all of them have learned that outdoor air is the watchword of beauty.

It is pitiful to think of the people to whom the country is a dull place without charm, attraction or pleasure; who have only one thought: "How can I get away from this dull place? How soon can I return to town?"

The country is so full of delicious scent and sounds, with its peaceful fields, and mild-eyed, ruminating cattle, its hedges sweet with honeysuckle, and its vines thick with the promise of fruit that it seems almost incredible that when people have a chance of leaving a great city for a little holiday they fly off to another town where there are brass bands, and dress parades.

It is when we spend our holiday out of doors that we take back with us the memory of sweet-smelling clover, and of singing birds.

It is then that our little holiday is for us a time of refreshment, a season of calm shining to cheer us.

It is a holiday that we are the better and stronger for. Fresh air, simple fare, plenty of exercise, will keep a woman young in looks, in figure and in temper.—New York Press.

Hours For Sleep.

Mothers know that the new-born infant must sleep about twenty-two hours, and that this amount is so slowly lessened that the child still demands twelve hours sleep when it is about twelve years old. It is quite likely that the normal amount is not reduced to ten hours until about eighteen years of age or perhaps until twenty-one years. Nine hours may be required until well along in years. To let boys of fourteen sit up until ten o'clock and then rout them at six is nothing short of criminal, but it is a long-established custom. Lower animals can be quickly killed by depriving them of sleep—the boy is not killed, but perhaps he is so exhausted that he loses resistance to disease. Medical students not infrequently make the same mistake, forgetting that a tired brain never absorbs anything. The midnight oil frequently represents wasted time and money and the student sleeps during the next day's lectures when he should be wide awake. A good test of exhaustion is the tendency to sleep during a dry lecture—and this is no joke. Experience has proved that those who retire in time to sleep at least nine hours, and occasionally ten, get far more out of their course than the "grinds." Some of the best men habitually take ten hours. Theoretically a student should be as fresh at the end of the term as at the beginning—the vacation is for another purpose than sleep. The whole subject, though very old, is so new to the laymen who do the damage to school boys, particularly in boarding schools, that there is urgent need of wider publicity and much discussion for enlightenment. Not only will proper sleep permit more to be gained for less effort, but it will prevent the exhaustions which so frequently follow courses. Physicians might teach mothers that it is harmful to waken children of any age—they should waken in the morning naturally. If they are not in time for school they do not retire early enough. If they are sleepy heads it is either the fault of the parent or the result of ocular defects. There is much comment upon the large number of midshipmen who fail at the naval academy in a course not worse than in many colleges. It is suspected that they would do better if they had ten hours' sleep daily. —American Medicine.

FRILLS OF FASHION

A fresh, crisp veil is all some hats need to carry them through the season.

Metal-rimmed cloth buttons will trim many handsome tailored costumes this winter.

The right place for the handkerchief plaided with color is with the morning and street frocks.

Soft leather collar, cuffs and pocket laps finish the new shower-proof coats of checked material.

A touch of soft old rose among the trimmings of the brown costume brighten the whole gown effectively.

The fancy bolero coat of one new suit closes on the shoulder and under the arm, leaving the braid ornamentation on the front undisturbed.

You already known that brown and gray are to be fashionable, but you may not know that they are going to be combined in a single suit.

Walking skirts are of a length most becoming to the wearer, anywhere from three inches above the pavement to a hair's breadth from touching it.

The beauty of many a charming hat is intensified by placing velvet folds in either harmonizing or contrasting tones upon the under face of the brim.

A touch of light blue upon the black costume appears in one layer of the rosette at the left side of the toque and as paillettes upon the tiny vestee and flat collar of the bolero.

The newest belts are made of pin seal and have silver gilt buckles studded delicately with jewels. These belts are slightly shaped and come in all the new tones, including grays.

A tasteful costume consists of black silk skirt and net waist with bandings of the silk. Cream net or allover lace is combined with strappings of Persian silk for evening bodices.

The lovers' knot is a design that one never tires of, and it is particularly pretty carried out in velvet or satin ribbon with a medallion centre. Sleeves, bodice front, and skirt panel may be fittingly embellished with this design.

Light weight ruches and stoles are a charming neck dressing that appear with the cool days and evenings. They are dainty affairs of mallne and its damp-proof successor, mallisette, chiffon, lace and ribbon, as well as the more expensive feathers.