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THE GUARDIAN'S WEEKLY SHAKESPERIAN SERMON

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What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.

Hamlet, Act IV. Sc 4.

Shakespeare took pride in his manhood. His reasoning faculties, his self-consciousness, his knowledge of tributes. Man in his physical nature is the "paragon of animals." The highest tribute Shakespeare pays any of his creations is that bestowed on the dead Brutes of his enemy Marc Antony:

"The elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a man!"

In "Hamlet" he gives an epigrammatical discourse on man that has become part of every reader's mental equipment, and has done much to give dignity to human character. No man can read the following words without having noble aspirations: "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

Wherein is it that man holds such an important position in the created world? It is in his self-consciousness, in his power of "looking before and after." He has the experience of the ages to build on; from the past and the present he can forecast the future, and can be a force in building up that future. It seemed to Shakespeare a horrible thing that man, possessed of godlike reason, should allow his gifts to fust (grow stale) in him unused. There is sublime scorn in his designation of the drone in human hive as "a beast no more." Work, work toward some definite end, work for the betterment of human society, is what raises man above the beast of the field. No man stands alone. What we have, what we are, what we owe largely to society. If the reasoning faculty is finely developed it is because Job and Isaiah, Plato and Aristotle, Shakespeare and Milton, Emerson and Longfellow, have lived before us and left us the heritage of their intellectual productions. If we have comfortable homes and sanitary cities it is because architects and physicians have been active in the past in their endeavors to ameliorate conditions. Is man going to accept this generous heritage, enjoy it, and leave the world no better for having sojourned in it? Will he be content to eat and sleep, as do the cows knee-deep in the juicy meadow grasses?

No man can afford to forget that he is in society whose stability depends on the active co-operation of its members. If he has wealth it is not his own, it belongs to humanity. He has it merely in trust. He is guilty of crime if he squanders it solely to satisfy his own desires. He should be actively at work doing his own duty in the present and building for the future. It is the men who are stringing railways across the continents, erecting factories, opening up wheatfields, who are doing the work their Creator intended them to do. It is the poor man who dinner-pail in hand, goes forth with willing spirit to lay ties and rails, to turn the wheels of industry, to plough and to reap, who is entitled to be called, "The beauty of the world."

The highest attribute of the Divine is His creative power. Labor raises men to the Divine. In the thing a man moulds and fashions he has a creator's delight; but his highest pleasure is in the thought of the benefits his fellows will derive from the work of his brain and hands. When all men realize that their social position, their intellectual endowments, their wealth, belong to humanity, that they are only humanity's bankers and investors, the millenium will have arrived.

In this age there are signs that this point of view is gripping the race. The Carnegies, the Rockfellers, the Strathconas, are giving back to a man a good portion of the wealth that energy and accident has so lavishly bestowed on them. Their chief good is not to sleep and feed. They seek, rightly or wrongly, to make the world better. They have enriched the world with libraries, universities and hospitals. All men cannot do this, but all men can work. "It is work that gives flavor to life." It is work, work for eternity which raises man above the beast. It is work which shapes character. Idleness is the mother of extravagance and vice. An idle man is a curse to himself and a burden to humanity. In the human life there is no room for drones. Some say, "Let us eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die." We do not die. Our bodies pass into dust, but our deeds live on. Every man, no matter what humble position he may occupy, has it in his power to make the world better and brighter for his presence. Work, doing whatsoever the hand findeth to do, not merely for gain but as a pleasant duty, raises man to the Infinite. Idleness, sleeping and feeding, makes a man "a beast, no more": like the fruitless fig tree fit only to be cut down.

PICK-UPS.

One of the brave force of bike cops who ride about the city by night in quest of the erring says that he seldom rides home in the morning after his night's duties are ended without finding money.

He proceeded homeward each morning about sunrise. With his eyes carefully scouring a path two or three feet wide along the outside of the car tracks he rides along the deserted streets and sooner or later stops long enough to pick up a dime or a quarter that somebody has dropped from the car at some time during the busy rush hours of the preceding day while making change.

The bike cop says he finds at least a dime nearly every day in the week. One morning he picked up 85 cents before he got home.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ROMANCE OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE LOVER

A romatic incident in the life of Florence Nightingale is mentioned in a recent telegram from Fox Lake (Wis.) It states that Miss Nightingale in her girlhood was the sweetheart of William Shore, her cousin. As the church canon of consanguinity forbade them to marry they parted with mutual vows of constancy. Shore left England for America and settled in Fox Lake (Wis.) He remained single there. He died in 1868 and was buried in Waushara cemetery, near the village. The Angel of the Crimea in her English home waited patiently for the messenger that has just taken her to her lover. —The Christian Herald.

FADS AND FASHIONS FROM ACROSS THE LINE.

Scarfs of Persian silk, lined with chiffon or the same shade as the strongest note of color in the Persian design are quaint and pretty.

White serge with a hairline of silk thread woven in it is especially smart for tennis suits. Black is a favorite color for the silk thread.

Some gowns with round necks have sleeves to the wrist, and sleeves in general show some fullness and are very ornate, reaching well below the elbow.

New coats are very chic; rather short—some hardly more than hip-length—and show straight lines giving the box effect rather than the fitted.

Hand-embroidered batiste frocks, chiffon veiled, are everywhere worn, while chiffon wraps and scarfs are fitting adjuncts to these perishable toilets.

Marvellously pretty turbans are made of draped Yedda straws, leghorn, tegaland hair straws so thin and suple that they yield to any desired shaping.

Collars of plaited maline are new and attractive. These are two shades of the material and extend to the shoulders. A silver cord fastens at the front.

Shot sheer silk voiles in the most delicate shades of mauve and rose, pink and blue, trimmed with pearly fringes will be very much to the fore in autumn fashions.

CAUGHT FLIES BY THE TON

When the Government of Mexico decided to drain Lake Texcoco, just east of the city, in order to lessen the danger of floods during the rainy season and also to get at the rich soda deposits in the bed of the lake it sounded the doom of one of the queerest and most ancient industries in the new world, that of catching flies for market, writes a Mexico City correspondent of the Sun.

Since the days of the Aztec lords of Mexico, a small band of natives has made a comfortable living out of the business of supplying the canarier and other pet birds and fine poultry of the United States and Mexico with the delicacy of dry, salted flies. Now the lake is drying up, the flies have disappeared, the birds are to go hungry and the fly catchers have abandoned their pleasant vocation for the drudgery of digging soda from the bottom of a smelly lake.

Catching flies for market on the shores of Lake Texcoco has been a profitable industry since the days of the Aztecs. Until recent years the annual production of dried insects was measured in tons, and until this year was sufficient to afford a means of livelihood to a small colony of native fly catchers.

These market flies are a little smaller than the ordinary house fly. Preserved in the natural salts they were found to be an excellent food for caged birds and chickens, and hundreds of sacks were shipped annually to bird dealers in the United States and Germany.

The insects are caught in nets as they swarm near the lake's surface, killed by drowning them in the water and immediately spread out on sheets to dry. After this simple curing process they are sacked up and are then ready for market.

Some are used in this city and the republic, but the excellent demand which has grown up for them in other countries within the last few years has greatly increased the price and lessened the local demand. During the year 1909 more than $10,000 worth were shipped to Europe alone.

The profession of fly catching and fly preserving has been handed down from father to son in a few families who have held a monopoly on the industry since the days of Netzahualcoyotl, when that monarch signed a treaty with the Cacique Cuitlahuapoca of Tenochtitlan whereby a number of Tencans received a concession to gather the flies in the former realm to feed the sacred gold fish in the great teocalli.

AN AMERICAN DIVINE ON "CHRISTIAN CONVERSATION"

In Calvary Episcopal Church Germantown, Philadelphia, the rector, the Rev Francis M. Wetherill, preached Sunday morning on "Christian Conversation." The text was from St John iii;II: "We speak that we do know and testify that we have seen." Mr Wetherill said:

St John, makes a very significant remark just before describing this conversation between our Saviour and Nicodemus. I presume the busy day of our Lord was then closing; evening shadows brought with them their response, and hid Nicodemus from inquiring or gossiping eyes on this all-important errand of his life. For St John's description of the scene in this:

The same (meaning Nicodemus) came to Jesus by night." In that remark you and I would take it that there was a reason for a conversation with our Lord. Was it, do you suppose, that Nicodemus wanted to be alone with Jesus, that he did not want others to see him there, or do you suppose that Nicodemus was wavering between earnestness and doubt? At any rate, he wanted to question the Master about eternal life. He had his honest doubts, like many another man, and he has enough in earnest to come to the Master and solve his life problems. From the answer which Jesus gave I am sure the man was doubtful and wavering.

Polite etiquette tells us it is rude to listen to other people talking, nevertheless, I should liked to have been present to hear the conversation between a good man like Nicodemus and Christ Himself.

In fact, we are all interested in one another's conversation. We love to hear other people talk to one another, and a conversation between friends when we are one of the group is one of the most pleasant things in life. Think, then, for a moment of this particular conversation. Or imagine ourselves present when Jesus was conversing with others. He spoke in tender gratitude to Mary and Martha and a gentleman who has recently seen the "Passion Play at Oberammergau tells me that that scene of Jesus in home life effected him most of all.

On the other hand, imagine the Lord in His Father's temple accusing with all vehemence and scorn those who make light of holy places. Or imagine how we should have felt if Jesus had for one moment left us, but He would come to the upper room at communion time: "Jesus entered, the door being shut, and stood in the midst and said. Peace, be still." Or on the cross He might say to one who loves Him and wants to go to Heaven with Him: "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

This leads me to speak to you this morning upon the subject of Christian conversation. And if we are naturally curious and interested in passing conversations, how much the more are you and I interested in the conversation between one who desires to know about Jesus, a man like many of us in the church and out of it, who sees that there is more in life than mere birth and life and gain and then the end. The striking thing about the text is that it is and would make an excellent motto for every Christian man and woman. Jesus said, "We speak that we do know and testify that we have seen."

Of course the force in this is the truth, Nicodemus comes to Jesus because He speaks the truth and is true. In any conversation the truth has an audience; so that it goes without saying that the Christian to remain a follower of Jesus Christ never deviates a hair's breadth from the truth. Other men do the same. We must do more. For it is a pity if we expect reward or praise for merely doing our duty. Jesus spoke the truth; but more than that, He spoke with conviction, and I shall show you what that led to. Do you not notice the ringing sound of conviction in those words: "We speak that we do know." It sounds more firm than some of the testimonies of the prophets which we have been reading these summer mornings. Elijah spoke with conviction and all Judah gave him a hearing on that account. Before he gave this message he would say: "As the Lord God liveth before whom I stand." When Moses spoke to Israel he did so with conviction saying: "The Lord God spake to me," and that would he fearlessly proclaim to the Israelites and the heathen Pharaoh. So do the angels of God speak. They speak the truth witn conviction: "I am Gabriel, who stand in the presence of God." Do you not see, men and women, that when serious or holy things are concerned half-heartedness does not stand in the presence of God any more than a lackdisical or indifferent, casual conversation impresses one in business or in society at large. What we need nowadays is to find out the principles for which we stand; to be anxious, like Nicodemus, to find out the better way, and then, proving all things, hold fast with unwavering faith; hold fast to that which is good.

In our ordinary conversations, as well as our important affairs, are favored with conviction, what will that lead to? Nicodemus heard one speak who was convinced, and that led to his conversion. Positive conviction conquers every time! Look back upon some of the leaders of thought and action, and you find they were persons of conviction, every one. Joan of Arc was convinced that she was to be the victorious leader of French legions, and her convictions gave her the position she held. St Vincent de Paul or St Francis Assisi took Christ's words literally and were convinced that to feed His lambs and to sell all and give to the poor was their true life, and they regenerated the life of France and Italy. Or take the generals on both sides of the late Civil War. They were men of conviction. Had it not been so, the war would not have lasted a year. But do better still; look at the life of Jesus Christ as we see it in St John, third chapter. Did He not win the multitudes and bring them to the holy baptism and regenerate the stagnant morals of the East and give them the new birth by the power of the Spirit? He did! He persuaded Nicodemus, because in that conversation it was the conviction of the presence of God against doubt and distrustfulness in God's redeeming power. "We speak that we do know and testify that we have seen."

Can we Christian people speak that way? God help us each one to do so! I wish that always we could speak out the truth. Now every Christian has the truth and he can speak the truth in the presence of God as did Elijah and Moses and Gabriel. And that truth will win the day for us. Be not afraid to speak about religious things to friends. Have conviction that all that is said in God's presence wherever you are. That is the way Jesus spoke in the Temple, in the field, by day and by night. "We speak that we do know and testify that we have seen."

The word testify in the original text gives us an idea of how our conversations are carried out, how they may convert people to our way of thinking; how Jesus converted Nicodemus. The Greek word implies one who is willing to suffer for the truth, is so convinced that he will be a martyr. This is strong language, but it is true of Christ that He became the first martyr of the truth of Christianity. He testified before Pilate and Herod that He is the Son of God.

From these conversations, then, we have more than one model for our own way of talking and doing. Jesus spoke of earthly as well as heavenly things with conviction, and this is giving strength to many of us today. He testified that He had stood in the presence of God and this made the Jews hate Him; yet he testified. Shall not we do the same? It may be only a testimony within and to ourselves. Or it may be an open confession of Christ before your family, or your minister, or your other friends. We have conversations within ourselves, and that is what I am really concerned with most and have been in this little talk with you this morning. There is a small school within us. The Holy Spirit is guiding us to all truth. The conscience is a tired but eager scholar. The evil spirit has been expelled and shouts taunts through the door. But do not listen. There is another voice from the Holy Spirit speaking as Chrirt spake: "We testify that we have seen." May God grant that He will speak to each one of us! Say a prayer before you leave the sight of His altar and throne this morning that henceforth He will always speak to you and convince you like Jesus convinced Nicodemus one evening in Galilee.

Who knows, who knows but God and you, dear friend, that this very day a change which you long purposed will take place in your standing firm and testifying for Jesus Christ! The one next you in the pew, before you and behind you may not know; only God knows that you will be in every respect a christian. You will speak tenderly with love as Jesus spoke, giving up passion, receiving great joy and cheerfulness in your heart and voice. No one else may know when the change took place, but you may resolve here in the sight of God alone, and in this beautiful home His servants have built for us you may have God's help to resolve to let the Holy Spirit, your conscience, say "We testify that we have seen." And being exalted, dear friend, you have become another messenger, an angel of God, and may say: "I am Gabriel, who stands in the presence of God."

HER GUM HABIT.

Miss Marie, Hall, the English violinist, had many amusing experiences during her recent tour in America, but what impressed her most was the resourcefulness of the Yankee journalists.

One of these gentlemen inquired of her when she landed as to her views on the chewing gum habit. Miss Hall, never having chewed gum in her life, said she didn't know. Imagine her surprise, when the next morning his paper came out with the statement that Miss Hall had chewed gum all her life and thought it was the finest thing for the voice and throat.

As a result, she was bombarded at her hotel by men who wanted her to buy chewing gum. Sample packages flowed in upon her by every post, and firms from all over the continent sent offers of large quantities of chewing gum at half-price if she would announce from the platform that it was their particular brand that she patronized.

HELPS IN THE HOME.

Green blinds that have become faded may be renewed by rubbing them with a rag saturated with linseed oil.

To attain a good glaze on linen it is necessary for it to be damp, for the iron to be hot, and for great pressure to be used.

When washing glassware do not put it in hot water bottom first, as it will beliable to crack with sudden expansion. Even delicate glass can be safely washed in very hot water, if slipped in edge ways.

"When I have a dress to make over," said the practical woman, "I always rip it completely, clean and press it out again and refashion it in the latest mode, I have a dress that few friends will recognize. If the material is of a very striking color, I often dye it a slightly darker shade."

Milk should not be covered tightly. Use muslin or cheese-cloth.

Water should never be used to clean gilt frames. Use a dry, soft cloth.

To remove rust, if hooks and eyes have rusted white goods, put the garment into water in which has been dissolved a little cream of tartar and boil for a few minutes.

ALL HIS BOARDERS.

The Israelites once made a calf,
Of gold and raised it up on high,
Quite high, but not so high by half
As modern calves are wont to fly.
The farmer winks the other eye,
When at the price we moan and groan.

We used to skin him, sell or buy—
Today he's come into his own.
The hen that laid the golden egg,
According as the fables say,
Just now is taken down a peg
By hens of ordinary lay.
The farmer smiles and takes away
Our money like a bold brigand.

We used to own him once—today,
Alas! we're eating from his hand.
The farmer has an eye for biz,
Full well he knows all flesh is grass,
Also that all the grass is his.
He used to be a docile ass.
To whom, in pity, we could pass
The straw when he had threshed the grain.
Today he's in another class:
He's come into his own again.
He's smiling at the price of wheat,
He's tickled at the price of hay.
He's laughing at the price of meat,
The cost of living makes him gay,
For things are coming fast his way,
He isn't buying gold bricks now
And mortgaging the farm to pay,
At last the farmer's learning how.
His ox, his ass, his swine, his sheep,
And all his stock are over par,
No more on sore backed mules he'll creep,
He's riding in a touring car,
His wagon's hitched onto a star,
His lean and fallow years are passed
He's going fast, he's going far,
He's laughing best, he's laughing last.

L'Envoi.

The farmer's garnering the dust
And adding shekels to his hoard,
For board with him the whole world must,
And he can fix the price of board.

—New York Sun.

COL. PELLETIER MAY GET COMMAND.

OTTAWA, Sept. 27.—It is thought here that Colonel Pelletier, of Quebec, will likely succeed Col. Gordon as commandant of the Montreal district.

LILLIAN RUSSELL TO DISROBE AND THEN "BUILD HERSELF UP."

The National Dressmakers' Association, of America, which is in annual convention at Chicago had as the feature of the meeting an address by Miss Lillian Russell on "What the actress owes to her dressmaker."

Miss Russell said that none of her sisters of the stage were alarmed, as she did not deal with some of the dressmakers' bills that a few of them probably owe, but devouted herself entirely to the discussion of the dressmakers' "art."

Miss Russell promised to appear in the almost altogether and then build herself up with the creations of the dressmaker. No men, of cohrse, were present.

In speaking of her lecture Lillian Russell said: "I appeared before the dressmakers in my street costume, which I took off. Then I dressed myself a piece at a time in a stunning gown, so that the dressmakers readily saw that much of the success that I have attained on the stage is due to their handiwork.

"Clothes have much to do with making the actress. Many women I know who have made hits on the American stage have been boosted into popularity by the elegance of their wardrobes.

"Women who are really dowdy can be made to appear stunning by the dressmakers" art. Many a big hit is due to the act that the men and women of the audience were attracted by the dazzling figures of those who took the leading parts. Many of these figures are not real."

Miss Russell was asked something about her own.

"Don't get personal," she laughed. "I am dealing in generalities now altogether. The men who love to be known as first nighters have a good deal to say about the success or failure of a show. This class of men love to view fine looking, well-formed and well dressed women. If the dressmaker has done her part, it follows that the show is a success."

A movement to institute a training school for dressmakers in connection with the New York and Chicago public schools may be the outcome of the convention.

GOVERNMENT AGENT TELLS OF PEACE RIVER FERTILITY

To see an Empire in the making was the pleasant lot of a party of writers, journalists and experienced observers during the month of August just past.

The outfit left Edmonton on July 27 last for Fort Vermillion and Grand Prairie, and in five weeks of strenuous travelling covered a total distance of 2,100 miles. How can that journey be described within the scope of a single article. It covered every class of country from open prairie and valley land to semi-mountainous country and heavy timber. Much of it was over rough timber trails, and 1,200 miles was along the rivers and lakes of the north, waterways second to none in Canada. The first leg of the journey, Edmonton to Athabasca Landing, 105 miles, was over a road which is a century old. Cut originally to accommodate the Hudson's Bay Company in their northern trade, it is now the main artery to the Peace River country.

We had spent two days in travelling over a large section of the three prairie Provinces, where a severe drought had given evidence of hard times for the farmers, but out from Edmonton there was a marked improvement. The land is a series of bottoms cut by sandy or gravel ridges, and about one-third of it is excellent farm land, where there were stands of oats which should produce up to 60 bushels to the acre this year. North of the Landing our real trip began, for a short distance out we passed 55 degrees north latitude, beyond which it was never supposed farming operations could be successfully carried on in Canada east of the Rockies. Nothing could be more incorrect.

For three days our sturdy little paddle-wheel steamer churned along up the Athabasca, and from there along the Lesser Slave River to Lesser Slave Lake, a fine sheet of water 90 miles in length. Grouard, at the head of the lake, is the largest and most important settlement in the north. It has trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, and of Revillon Brothers, their powerful rival; there are a sawmill, grist mill, two large missions for the Indian and halfbreed children, two churches, Mounted Police barracks and a permanent population of approximately 500 people. The day we arrived the Dominion Government telegraph line, which is being stretched to Peace River Crossing, reached there, and a general celebration was on.

Grouard is the centre of a fine piece of country, with several small but most fertile prairies which are just being settled up. There are a number of homesteaders now on the ground, and there is room for a couple of thousand more. North from there the trail leads through almost solid timber, poplar and spruce, for 86 miles, with a few stretches of bottom land and recently-drained beaver meadow. The latter are ready for settlers, and required but little clearing, and while the timber country carries a fine, deep soil with silt subsoil, it is only natural to suppose that it will not be opened until the greater part of the prairie has been settled. But it is cheering to know that there is so much timber available. The lack of trails has had a tendency to keep people out of this district, but we were informed that there is a strip of excellent land extending through the foothills, 200 miles west. Some of the farms seen here were a revelation, and it was here that we had our first look at the vegetable gardens which bid fair to be one of the great features of the north country.

Peace River, or Ouanjagi (Our Own Beautiful River), as the Crees call it, is one of the great rivers of Canada. Its bed is half a mile in width, it has a channel six feet in depth, a current of from two to four miles an hour, and it is navigable for stern wheelers for 600 miles. The banks in places are 900 feet in height, but the table or bench land behind is the choicest of park country. In fact, while driving over it, we experienced a constant series of disappointments. In many places it resembles the rolling country to the north of Toronto, where open hills and valleys are cut by patches of trees, and coming as we did from civilization, there was a constant expectation that just behind the next piece of forest or over the next hill we would come upon a village or at least a farm. But every hope was doomed to disappointment. A furrow has never been cut on it.

The section of the Peace River country which Mr Cornwall represents in the Alberta Legislature covers an area of 65,000,000 acres. Of that 10 per cent is untillable, being lake, river or cliff. One-third is open prarie where a steam plow can be operated without hindrance. The balance of forest or hay meadow, which must be cleared or drained before it can be farmed. The surface drainage is of the finest, and there are a hundred or more small lakes scattered through it. The surface soil is silt, rich in humus for a depth of from 12 to 20 inches, and the subsoil is silt or clay of light texture. Only a small section shows traces of alkali and the water of the lakes and rivers is pure and sweet. Good wells may be struck at depths of from 10 to 50 feet.

Great attention was paid to the

(Continued on Page Three.)

TO STOP GOLD COINAGE.

Certificates to Be Issued for Bullion and Foreign Coin.

Coinage of gold in the United States will be suspended for an indefinite period if plans now forming in the Treasury Department are adopted. The idea is to issue gold certicates for all gold bullion and foreign coin turned into the mints instead of coining them into eagles and double eagles. It is understood that Treasurer McClung in his annual report will indorse the plan, which was originated by A. Piatt Andrew, now Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, when he was director of the mint.

Two reasons for such a step are pointed out. The first is to save from $300,000 to $500,000 a year in mint expenses. The second is to stop coining gold at the expense of the United States for the convenience of foreign money markets, which use it for the settlement of commercial balances.

The rate at which American-coined gold is exported is well illustrated by the situation which now confronts the Treasury. In spite of the fact that more than $11,000,000 in gold coined during August the mint at Denver will be started up next week to turn out gold in October and the San Francisco mint is now making eagles at the rate of $500,000 a day.

SAVING ELECTRICITY.

Tungsten lamps are coming to the front because they save electricity. In appearance, their only difference from the ordinary carbon filament incandescent lamp is that the filament is constructed of tungsten instead of carbon. But in actual use, it has been proved that they use only about one-third as much current as a carbon lamp to produce a light of the same illuminating power. True, their first cost is greater (approximately three times as much), but this is counterbalanced by the saving in current effected. They have one weak point, however. That is the ease with which the delicate tungsten filament is broken. On this account, great care has to be exercised in installing them, and it is for this reason, too, that they cannot be economically used as portable lamps. Yet, when carefully handled, they have a long lease of life. In England, where they are used much more extensively than here, it is quite common for them to last 3,000 hours, and one instance is on record where a tungesten lamp burned continuously for over 15,000 hours. Even when allowance is made for more frequent breakage, the tungsten lamp shows a saving over the carbon of about fifty per cent. That is an economy not to be despised and points to the much greater use for stationary lighting purposes.

SALT WATER AND HAIR

(New York Times).

Salt water is deadly on the hair, so the girl who is summering at the seashore must take precautions if she is not to suffer by falling locks in the fall.

Do not be tempted to go into the ocean without a rubber cap closely girded over it, with any fetching silk or bandana that is becoming, but see that the rubber is well down to hide the roots of the hair.

If the cap is well placed there is no need for rinsing, but if it has slipped put the head under a shower as soon as leaving the bath. Remove the cap, loosen the hair and let the fresh water flow through until all stickness is gone.

Rub dry, air, and pull out the long hair from the head, and the hair is almost dry enough to put up by the time one is dressed. If there is not time before luncheon to wash the hair with fresh water, it should be done later in the day. Salt, left in, will eventually rot the hair.

Drying the hair on a public beach is not good form, but where there is a secluded sunny nook, it is good for the hair, provided it is not done often enough to bleach and streak it.

Where hair must be put up wet, especially with salt water, take it down at the first possible moment. Dry in a current of air or fan vigorously.

Rub a little good tonic in the hair when bathing daily. This should be done each night, and will tend to counteract the bad effect from constant wetting.

Do not pull and tug at the long hair when wet. Thread with the fingers and do not use a brush or comb until almost dry. Then brush hard, with even strokes and restore lustre.

An electrical treatment once a week when summering at the seashore will help to keep scalp in healthy condition.

Unless the hair is naturally curly, bathing and the dampness of the seashore is fatal to a good appearance. Often the hair is ruined by constant curling with hot iron in order to keep the coiffure fluffy during a season's campaign.

The sensible girl goes in for a simple coiffure. She will part her hair and brush it over a roll. Constant care will keep it soft.

Better go in for a transformation, ugly as they are on young girls, than chance ruining the gair by the incessant use of hot irons. If curl you must, use kid or patent bone curlers, though it demands greater seclusion than most girls like at a summer resort.

The hair can be kept at least fluffy by tying it with three ribbon fillets before retiring. The hair is first wet slightly, then pulled out loosely between the ribbons.

If with all your precautions the hair falls badly while at the seashore or on your return, have it treated professionally until it gets into condition again.