

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Mrs. Mary O'Connor Newell, a writer by profession, declares in a magazine article that the professional woman has proved a failure. Official data show that woman has entered into competition in practically all the callings and occupations of men, and in industry, at any rate, her "emancipation" is now complete. Yet, according to Mrs. Newell, "she has not made good." She has disappointed her champions. It seems that she cannot "stand alone, successful, unaided, upon her own work." Almost nowhere in high places do we find women, and now, as in the pre-emancipation era, "men are the great financiers, cooks, teachers, managers." The indictment is sweeping and supported by few facts. What is the writer's test of success? Freedom from anxiety? In that case few men succeed. The occupation of high places? There are few such places in any calling and only few can reach them. The great majority of men must needs be satisfied with modest work and modest measures of success.

Have women failed as physicians and nurses, as managers of hospitals and clinics and sanitariums? Certainly not. In the medical profession women stand very high, though they have had nothing but indifference and opposition from most men and most women. In teaching men have almost been superseded by women, and the latter are not regarded as failures in education even by those who would like to see an increase in the number of men in that profession. In letters, in the fine arts, in the theatre, on the opera and concert stage women are succeeding marvelously. It is unnecessary to name the great women singers, the great actresses, the pianists and violinists of the fair sex. A list would be equally superfluous to make a list of women novelists, essayists, poets, critics, etc.

To say that the women have no Shakespeare or Beethoven or Michael Angelo among them is to repeat an overworked and hackneyed argument that proves nothing or too much. How many men of such genius have there been in history? Have women had sufficient time and opportunity to demonstrate that first-rate work is beyond their powers? Mrs. Newell herself says that "if brilliant women got half the mental assistance from husbands and brothers that many men get from wives and sisters," it is probable that she would be asked upon to dwell on their success. What, then, becomes of the assertion that the professional woman has failed to make good?

KEEPING EGGS FRESH IN CHINA.
A Traveller Tried the Process and Found It a Success.

There is a way to beat the storage commission merchant and the old hen herself. I have fresh eggs all the time in fact, as a recent traveller in China. "This method may be as old as the Chinese—at least I learned it in China when I made a trip through the East more than a year ago. I happened to run into a friend at Shanghai while over there, and when I left he presented me with what he said were eggs. "Although they didn't look like eggs at all—looked, indeed, more like elongated mud pies with a stone stuffed in them—I faithfully brought them home, and at last opened one.

"Sure enough, there was an egg inside, and when it was broken it proved to be entirely fresh, although it may have been in that mud for a year or more. Well with that knowledge of how the Chinamen keep eggs fresh I salted a whole barrel of them to see how they would do under our mud. "I bought them at the time of year when they were cheap, not caring much whether they kept or not, but willing to try the experiment. I buried them under more than a foot and a half of earth and left them for several months. "When winter came along and eggs went up to some enormous figure I just dug down into the earth and pulled out that barrel. Opened to the light of day the eggs looked as if they had just been laid. They tasted, too, as if they had never been put away in the earth for many weeks."

KITCHENER WAR MACHINE.
Success of the Expedition Against Zakka Rebels.

An official report on the recent Indian frontier expedition against the Zakka Khel emphasizes the brilliant success of Lord Kitchener's new army scheme, which was thoroughly tested for the first time in this campaign.

The report shows that the efficiency of Lord Kitchener's reorganization methods was demonstrated in the following ways:—
Cost of the Zakka Khel expedition will be the smallest on record.
Amount of baggage taken smaller than ever before.
A very large force could have been mobilized with secrecy and dispatch.
The expedition moved with such swiftness that the enemy did not have time to concentrate tribal levies.
Enemy so demoralized that the expedition withdrew without being harassed by the usual sniping operations.
Both field and headquarters organizations worked without a single hitch.
The effect produced by the decisive movements of Major-General Willocks' force was one of astonishment from end to end of the border.

When a man begins to make a fool of himself he is apt to work out time,

RELIGION AND MORALITY

No Man Can Live for Great Purposes Unless He Cherishes High Ideals.

"Faith apart from works is dead."—James ii., 26.
You will often hear some one say: "I am not a religious man at all. I am just a plain mortal man, trying to do what is right with all others." There is some implied distinction between religion and morality which makes the average person feel that while there can be no doubt as to the value of the latter to the world, the former is a separate matter and of doubtful usefulness. It is safe to say that every person is either more religious or less religious than he imagines himself to be. He who disclaims any religion, insisting the only thing he is concerned about is his duty to his fellow man and the good of society as a whole, may be cherishing profoundly religious ideals and following them in a deeply religious spirit. On the other hand, those who seek to discredit what they call "empty morality," who tell us there is no good in any man except the good that is formally, and not naturally, conferred in the name of religion, have only so much religion as they may be forced or by accident express in the morality they affect to despise. A man's religious professions are no guide to his moral character, but his moral practice is a safe guide to HIS RELIGIOUS SINCERITY.

Is there any difference between the realities of religion and morality? Can one be moral without the religious spirit? What is religion but the inspiration of morality and morality but the vitalizing expression of religion? Morality is the art of the right conduct of life, especially in relation to one's fellow beings. The moral man sees before him standards and ideals of living, personal and social; his sense of duty is the obligation to do certain things and to avoid others because these are for the good or the ill of that ideal of person, righteousness and social good which he cherishes. Religion is the life of ideals, the life of goodness and truth and service because these seem to be the supremely desirable aims in life. It is the life that cherishes the great thoughts of the past.

THE S. S. LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, JULY 19.
Lesson III. Samuel Warns Saul and the People. Golden Text. I.
Sam. 12. 24.

THE LESSON WORD STUDIES.

(Based on the text of the Revised Version.)
Samuel's Lifework.—The last message of Samuel as he relinquished his role in Israel is one of great impressiveness and weight. His age and long, clear record commanded a respectful hearing, and his unique relation to Jehovah gave his words a peculiar solemnity. Other leaders had brought their public lives to a close in this manner. He followed in the steps of Moses and of Joshua, who on historic occasions gave their parting counsel and warning in the name of the Lord to the assembled people. A glance at the conditions of the time when Samuel took up his work serves to show his importance as the force which held together the old and the new, and safely bridged a most momentous period of transition. An organizer of the people was needed. There was scarcely such a thing as national life. To be sure, in times of danger the tribes immediately concerned joined together, bound by temporary common interests, and local leaders from time to time succeeded in maintaining a kind of confederacy of the tribes; but this was occasional and far from complete. Samuel in his travels from place to place as judge and by his wide influence paved the way for the unity of a national life under the early kings. The extension of territory was imperative. All the land from the Mediterranean to the desert and from Syria to the wilderness belonged to the twelve tribes in promise, but actually they did not possess it. The splendid victories of Joshua and his host had not been followed up, and the division of the land among the children of Israel while settling their internal claims to it still left the matter of conquest to the strength and powers of each tribe. For the most part the people were quite willing to make treaties with the original possessors of the land. The Ammonites, Moabites, Amalekites, and Philistines were still in the country their power varying with the coherence of Israel's strength under her different leaders. Many of the walled towns and cities were still in the hands of the Canaanites, and from these as centres they made constant raids upon the neighboring crops and vineyards and exacted a rough sort of tribute from the Hebrew settlers. Indeed, at this time the Philistines, a great people dwelling in the rich, maritime plain and the fertile foothills of Western Palestine, had reduced the neighboring Israelites to a condition of abject fear and obedience, and their wars of aggression form the background to the history of this time. Samuel loth in person and as the "maker of Israel's kings" brought deliverance to the oppressed people. A man of God was needed. The territorial and political difficulties were far from the most serious dangers of the time. Religious contamination had done much to degrade Israel's worship. Jehovah's pre-eminence was in the balance. The places made sacred as the shrines of Canaanite deities were appropriated to the use of the newcomers, and many of the religious customs and symbols of Israel's neighbors were adopted by her, with the result that the purity of her

FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

THEY FELL TWO MILES.

Thrilling Adventure of Two Lady Ballouists.
The terrible fall of two women parachuteists from a height of more than two miles was described by one of them to a London press representative a few days ago.
The women—Miss Daisy Shepard and Miss Louie May—who made an ascent from Longon (Staffordshire), came down at Feld Farm, four miles from Chtoseur, and Miss Shepard was seriously injured. Miss May escaped practically unhurt, and was able to go home at once. Miss Shepard is confined to bed at Feld Farm suffering from an injury to her spine, but she is in high spirits and confident of a speedy recovery.
"I love ballooning," she said, "and I am as much at home in the air as I am anywhere. You see I was all right. It was my companion, Miss May, who was in trouble."
"Her parachute refused to work, and we were not able to descend when we intended to at a height of a few hundred feet. We went up and up until we had reached a height of 11,000 feet. We passed through two clouds, and that made matters worse, as the clouds made the material of the parachute wet. "I hardly know what happened. I remember Miss May jumping on my knees. She must have leaped five feet through the air. It was a very risky thing to do, but she did it splendidly, and then we began to descend. "My parachute was built to carry only one passenger, and the extra weight made it descend with terrible rapidity. Miss May was on my knees all the way, and she was not uninjured much."
"We were using a new apparatus for freeing the parachute, which worked all right in the tests, but failed in actual practice."
The injury to Miss Shepard's spine is said to be serious, but not incurable.

SKYSCRAPERS COST MUCH.

Modern Buildings is Much More Expensive Than Formerly.
Although the loss by the great fire which destroyed Chelsea, Mass., has been officially put at \$10,000,000, it is stated that the cost of rebuilding will be \$105,000,000 at least. There is nothing improbable about this. The figures merely serve to emphasize the vastly enhanced cost of modern buildings, as compared with those of a few years back.
Single steel skyscrapers, such as now figure in all American cities, cost ordinarily anywhere from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000, and occasionally a great deal more.
The famous Park Row Building in New York, for instance, which is twenty-five storeys high, is worth nearly \$15,000,000, while no less than \$23,500,000 has already been expended on the new six-story Metropolitan Life Insurance Office, which, when finished, will be the tallest permanent structure in the world, and more than twice the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, London's latest building.
When the erection of single edifices involves the outlay of such colossal sums, it is hardly a matter for wonder that the re-erection of an entire city, suddenly destroyed by fire, earthquake, or other calamitous catastrophe, should involve an expenditure that can only be counted in hundreds of millions.

BURGLAR PHONED FOR AID.

He Called the Police to His Assistance in Odessa.
A rascally burglar in which four policemen were unwittingly implicated took place at Odessa, Russia, a few days ago.
Just before midnight the police station in the Alexandrovsk district received a telephone message to send four detectives to the house of the Governor-General.
On their arrival they were met outside the door by a captain of the gendarmes, who informed them that the arrest of a dangerous revolutionary had to be effected, and that they must be prepared for an armed resistance.
He then drove off with them to the house of Dr. Buchstab, a prosperous young physician, which they entered in the name of the law.
Only the doctor's mother and the servants were in the house, and the captain asked the old lady to hand over all the money in her possession, informing her at the same time that she would be arrested in the morning. He then ordered the policemen to make a careful search for bombs. No bombs were found, and the captain ordered the four detectives back to their station. He then drove away, taking with him over \$500.
Next morning it was discovered that the whole affair was a fraud, and that the police had given assistance to a new Captain Koepenick.

LORE IN LITTLE.

Conceded people cannot see their own defects.
Besides gathering no moss, a rolling stone goes down hill.
It's hard work paying for a thing 'we've had the use of.
It's not until a man lives to learn that he learns to live.
Wisdom comes by ignorance.
Many a man's belief in his superior wisdom makes a fool of him.
If a girl is pretty, her knowledge of the fact is apt to spoil the effect.
Don't tell a man you are better than he is; prove to him that you are.
The road to success is strewn with the skeletons of other men's failures.
It's quite easy to forgive an enemy when he is in a position to do you a favor.
How often some people are forced to stretch the truth to make both ends meet.
Some men are anxious to earn money; while others are anxious merely to get it.
If you would get along, you must do well to-day; it's no good waiting till tomorrow.
Only a woman can graciously permit a man to apologize for some injury she has done him.

HAIR TELLS TALES.

Hands, feet, eyes, fingers—all have been used as delimiters of character. And now it is the turn of the hair. Dull black hair is said to denote a jealous disposition and a tendency to treachery. The lighter color of the hair, the more sensitive is the owner to criticism, and the more quick to feel real or fancied injuries. The possessor of brown hair is usually distinguished by good judgment, good reasoning power, and plenty of common-sense. Women with red hair, though sometimes too impulsive and outspoken, are, as a rule, truthful and honest, with fair common-sense. They are usually the brightest, sunniest, and gentlest of mortals. A woman with straight and "unyielding" hair, particularly if dark in color, has a firm and highly-principled nature. She is determined, perhaps even a little obstinate, but in the main extremely dependable.
Music isn't necessarily fragrantary because it comes in pieces.

SHE HAD ONE.

"Excuse me, madam," said the agent. "But have you a lawn mower?"
"Sure, I married one," replied the woman of the house, who was anxious to get back to the wash tub.
ANOTHER MONOPOLY.
Miss De Young—"Stella tells me she has an engagement for every night next week."
Miss De Playne—"I don't think that is right when there are so many girls that can't get engaged at all."

HE WAS PREPARED.

"Now, sir," shouted the cross examiner, "all the court bow far you were from the accused when he fired the shot."
"Thirteen feet, seven and three-quarter inches," answered the witness.
"Oh, come now," said the lawyer, "how can you tell the fraction of an inch?"
"I knew some fool would ask me," replied the other, "so I measured it."

ASHAMED OF THE CUT.

Mrs. Stubb reprovingly—"John, I think you show a disregard for etiquette by appearing in your shirt sleeves."
Mr. Stubb—"Bother etiquette! I'm thinking about comfort."
Mrs. Stubb—"Well, Mr. Brown is a man of culture. You don't see him appearing in his shirt sleeves."
Mr. Stubb—"Well, I guess not. Brown's wife makes his shirts."

ENGINEER'S WHITE LIE

HIS DREAM IN THE BUNK HOUSE, AND ITS EFFECT.

He Once Thought White Signalled a Clear Track, but Knows Better Now.

"Yes," said the fat engineer, "honesty is the best policy, though it sometimes has the deferred dividend clause attached."
"Now, when I first went running I wasn't against tellin' a little white lie. White is supposed to be the signal for a clear track, but, my young friend, whenever you see a white lie starin' you in the face, just put that air brake in the emergency notch 'n' plug her. If you run by many white ones there's danger ahead."
"I had a habit when I first got an engine of bein' a little careless, 'n' I ran by semaphore signals once or twice. I remember one time, after I'd discovered my mistake of signals, I'd discovered the water glass on the injector a sharp track with a hammer, breakin' the water glass 'n' flidin' the cab with steam, makin' it most impossible to see, but not lettin' enough of the vapor escape to scald you."
"When called upon for an explanation of my not stoppin' at the signal, I just said that the water glass bustin' 'n' I couldn't see till I put in a new glass. That served me in pretty good stead, once when I came within an ace of pluggin' the caboose of a train ahead. I hadn't swung the excuse round once or twice before I came to be dubbed

WATER GLASS BILL

by the boys on the road.
"One dreadful snowy night, as we lay in the bunk shanty at the other end of the division awfully 'our turn out, Charley Cobb got to tellin' fortunes from the tea leaves in the bottom of a cup from which he had been drinkin'. It got around to me.
"Well, Portly," said Charley when he had gone through the formula, "from the dope I get from these tea leaves I'm tipped off that there's a big smashup comin' your way. Can't you see the big piles of wreckage? It's due soon, too. Kind of a funny outlook, tubelike object off to one side which plays an important part in it. I can't seem to get the Marcel waves of the wireless as to just what it means."
"Humph!" puts in Ira Lewis, "you're a bum huncher. That's a water glass. That's what that is. Bill never got into the yet that the water glass didn't

They all joined in the laugh that followed this silly. Then I sank back on my bunk to take a little needed rest. "No soon the caller boy came after me, no less time that it takes to tell it. I was 'n my engine 'n' down in the yards looked only a fast freight. It sure was an outish night, the wind 'n' snow cuttin' into one's face like so many little needles.
"I got 'em away in good shape 'n' kept 'em goin' pretty perk, although the train pulled hard. All the while I kept thinkin' about Charley Cobb's steacup wireless of what lay in my path.
"I had the side cab window open in order to gaze out occasionally to keep a line on what was goin' on ahead. Just as we went over the patch of sludgers' hill a cold blast of air struck the water glass 'n' she went snap like a piece of clay pipestem.

FILL IN THE CAB WITH STEAM.

"It's happenin' just like it was laid out in the blueprint specifications. I said to myself, grabbin' the throttle to shut off the steam.
"But the vapor escapin' from the water glass got so dense I could see 'n it was fairly parabolin my flesh. I was unsuccessful also in tryin' to locate the air brake handle.
"Here we were flyin' down Miller's grade under full head of steam, me unable to see anything at all. Charley Cobb certainly had the correct dope. If I ever got safely out of that scrape I solemnly promised myself to be pretty careful in the future about semaphore signals 'n' tell no lies of any color, no matter what happened.
"A heavy gust of wind seemed to blow the steam clear of the cab for half a second. In that brief space dead ahead I saw the five tall lights of a caboose the red lamps flashin' at me like a sparklin' ruby necklace.
"Before I could wink an eyelash my locomotive struck her nose right through that red circle with a frightful crash. I was skil flyin' through space when I felt a poundin' on the soles of my feet 'n' heard a gruff voice sayin':
"Come, Portly, come out of it. You're called for your fast freight run now!"
"There I'd fallen asleep 'n' dreamed all that about running away down Miller's Hill with a cab full of steam. When I awoke I was all in a droopin' sweat."

"Now say, you can bet I kept a sharp lookout for things on that trip 'n' took the tip from a tea cup 'n' dream book. No more breakin' water glasses for mine. I've always told the strict truth since, 'n' I've never had any more trouble either."

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