

Tailor-Made Men.

Any one who believes that all the foolishness (if it may be called by that term) concerning dress is concentrated in the female sex should study the tailor-made men of the present day. Fault is found and fun poked at women because they wear their clothes so tight that they dare not sneeze, for fear of partially disrobing, on the street. But look at the men; are they much better off? True, their trousers are wide, but only from the pockets down. Their vests are made as tight as a woman's corset in order that the coat may have the snug fit so much desired, the collar is so high that the head is kept as though in a vise and the varnished shoes are so tight that every time they step they talk to themselves in a manner that make the angels weep and would shock a prayer meeting worse than an electric battery. The beaver hat, too, is so heavy and warm that it causes the hair to sneak back into the pores of the head and leaves the tops of their craniums as bare of covering as the ancient Uncle Ned's. Oh, no! all the foolishness concerning dress can not be thrown on the shoulders of the women folks.

"An Anchor to the Soul."

A ship without an anchor would be poorly equipped for an ocean voyage. There are times and seasons where the anchor will save the ship from destruction. When, without it the ship would be dashed upon shoals or rocks and broken to pieces. Upon the ocean of life the soul needs an anchor, something to hold and steady it, something to prevent its being driven upon the shoals and quicksands of evil. The Christian hope of eternal life, and trust in God is that anchor, which insures him safety and peace. Man needs such an anchor; without it he is restive, he is in doubt, he is full of fears, he apprehends storms and tempests, he finds shoals, rocks and quicksands all along his voyage of life. His great need is "an anchor to the soul sure and steadfast."

The religion of Jesus Christ furnishes him with such an anchor. It gives him stability and solidity of character. It makes him reliable, trustworthy, firm and decided for the right. He is not driven about by philosophical theories and speculations.

An anchor is as valuable in a calm as in a storm. A ship in a calm is driven by the tides and needs an anchor to prevent its drifting, and so running upon shoals and rocks, so in our life voyage, there is danger in a calm, it is then we need the anchor, without it we drift with the tide, we are carried along with the popular current into dangers, we drift into sin. It is far better to stem the storm than drift with the tide. If we are active, "workers together with God," we shall find a return of

peace, security and comfort. If we do nothing Christians we need not expect a reward for our laziness. "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God," for the man without God in the world, without a belief in Him, and trust in His mercy and grace, is like a ship without an anchor or rudder, driven about by every wind and tide.

A Little Boy's Fun.

American Mother. "Where in the world have you been all this time? I've been worried to death."

Little Son. "Only down the street a little ways, down to the dock."

"Horrors! I told you not to go that dock." "Oh, I didn't go on the dock. I went down alongside of it to throw stones on the ice. It was great fun."

"Oh!" "Yes, and the stones didn't go through, the ice was so thick."

"It's been melting for some days." "Oh, there's plenty of ice there yet. It was so thick I walked out a little way, and it didn't crack hardly at all."

"Humph!" "And when I walked it didn't wave up and down scarcely any. So I put on my skates to see if it was further—"

"Skates! You told me your skates were at a shop being sharpened."

"Yes'm. I just got 'em. They're awfully nice and sharp. I skated all over the river with them."

"Merciful—"

"Oh, it was such fun! But I went through an air-hole."

"Horrors!" "It was real funny how it was. I went in one air hole and a man pulled me out of another one farther down. So I heard. I don't remember anything about it, but it was awfully jolly. Then they took me to the hospital."

"What?" "That's what they said. And the doctor did something, I don't know what, for two hours, they said. I was asleep. I guess I got sleepy 'cause I sat up so late las' night studyin'. Then the nurses dried my clothes, an' when I woke up they sent me home in a queer wagon all full of cushions. It was awful nice."

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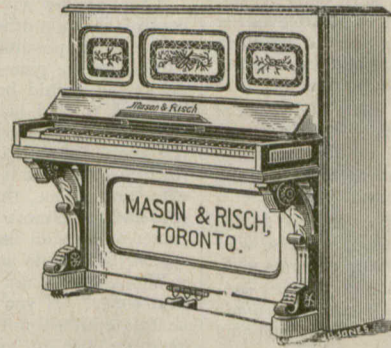
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