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SIDE TALKS.
By Ruth Cameron.

WHEN MOTHER WAS RIGHT.

Margaret, my young neighbor at the beach, came by the porch with her mother the other day. She had on a new dress of canary yellow linen. Her mother came up to sit with me while Margaret went on to the store and I commented on the new dress.
'It does look pretty well' said Margaret's mother 'but I think rose would have been more becoming to her than yellow. She has rather a sallow complexion, you know, and green and yellow aren't her colors. But she was very anxious to have a yellow dress because they were showing so much yellow in the shops in New York when we were down there last month and so I let her have it. I'm just as willing that someone else should tell her that rose is more becoming.' she added with a smile. 'She'll be more likely to agree with me next time.'

Sham Heroes
at the Seaside

HOLIDAY-MAKERS FLEECE BY BOGUS THRILLS.

A sensation was caused at a certain seaside resort, when the holiday season was at its height, by a 'man and shark fight.' From the promenade could be seen a terrific struggle between a bather and some demon of the deep, and when the man swam ashore, towing after him his vanquished adversary, there was a salvo of applause. When, too, a benevolent-looking visitor started a collection, his lead was promptly followed by others.

Later it leaked out that the whole thing was a 'plant.' The 'shark' was a porpoise, and it was, moreover, definitely dead before it 'attacked' the man, having been caught two days previously and cast from a boat at the 'fight.'

Rewarding the 'Rescuer.'
Similar deeds are often staged for the purpose of exploiting holiday-makers. Usually a man falls off a jetty into a few feet of water, whereupon another plunges to the rescue and brings him ashore. A third starts a collection for the 'hero,' with the result that several pounds are extracted from visitors. Then—quick exit! Just as the police come up the trio vanishes, to find a 'pitch' elsewhere. At Brighton two or three years ago a woman was so impressed by cleverly stage-managed representation of this comedy that she contributed a wad of Treasury notes to the collection. This gave the cue to her male companion, who added to the notes all the money he had in his pockets.

There are, however, numerous forms of the trick. One may occasionally be witnessed in a quiet resort, where policemen are few and far between, and where almost any incident however trivial, goes as far as a joke goes in a court of law.

A solitary bather—generally a woman gives signs of distress, whereupon a man passing along the shore casts off boots, coat, and waistcoat; plunges into the sea, and strikes out for the bather, who eventually wriggles ashore in an apparently exhausted condition. That the inevitable big-hearted rescuer starts first the cheering, and the collection. If contributions make a reference to the loss, the rescuer has sustained through the damage to his clothes, usually causes them to burn more freely.

Some victims are not averse to this method of 'helping.' When a couple of them have a party, one usually is to his neighbor in a time and enough for all to hear that the

Just Folks.
By EDGAR A GUEST

GRIEF.
I could not utter it last night
Because the voice was dumb.
But now alone I try to write
The words which would not come.
When all the bitter tears are dried
Sometimes when you're alone.
You'll find a calm to those denied
Who never grief have known.

I know the hurt is keen to-day,
I know the loss is great.
But what if you should go away
With no one there to wait?
And oh how lonely heaven would be
If all you loved were here
And there was none you longed to see
To welcome you, my dear?

If God had spared you every blow
Which comes to us on earth,
Had shielded you from every woe
And filled your years with mirth
And then at last he bade you leave
Your place above to find?
Throughout eternity you'd grieve
For those you'd left behind.

Oh you have had a lovely child,
And you have lost a son
But soon you shall be reconciled
When life's brief time is done
For Heaven is made of those we love,
The beautiful and true.
And God has taken him above
To build a Heaven for you.

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Table with columns: MATERIALS, COLORS, STYLES, TRIMMINGS. Includes items like Satin, Black Wood, Large Hats, Peacock, etc.

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to be gained by Shopping Early.

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fashionably smooth arrangement
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THE newest hair arrangements—
whether for long or for bobbed
hair—are severely smooth. The
hair may be waved, but it must fol-
low closely the outlines of the head.
The difficulties of giving this fash-
ionably smooth appearance to un-
ruly hair are easily overcome with
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the-Fields is not the only memorial to
Edith Cavell, for the highest peak in
the Canadian Rockies, in the great na-
tional reservation called Jasper Park,
is called Mount Cavell; whilst David
Livingstone, the pioneer missionary
explorer, not only has his name and
name inscribed in Westminster Abbey,
but he also has his name bestowed up-
on a whole range of mountains and
upon a great waterfall on the River
Congo.

Oates, the "very gallant gentleman"
who went out to die in the blizzard
lest he should be a hindrance to Scott
and the others fighting their way back
to the base camp.
A very finely chopped chicken liver
gives a nice flavor to drawn butter
sauce.
As a cereal, rice is good served with
brown sugar and thin cream.

Gunners of the
Insect World
There are few animals better known
than the skunk. Every woman has
admired its handsome fur, and to-day
there is a skunk farm on Dartmoor,
where the animals are raised to sup-
ply the fur market.
In its wild state the skunk roams
the whole of North America from
had slumped dand fallen, with the dis-
walks about in broad daylight is rare-
ly molested. The reason is that, if
annoyed, it can discharge from a
special gland a spray, the odor of
which is extremely obnoxious.

The writer speaks from experience
when he says that there is nothing
else to compare with it, and that a
whiff of it will make any human be-
ing deadly sick. A sporting dog, if
"skunked," is useless for days, los-
ing all power of scenting game.
Acid Spray for Enemies.
There is a small beetle known as
the bombardier, which defends itself,
when attacked, by discharging an acid
fluid. But this beetle's ammunition
is not only offensive; it is also vola-
tile, and actually explodes with a
sharp little report when it meets the
air. A bombardier can fire a dozen
charges of this kind in succession.
There are other insects which have
this peculiar habit, one a kind of ant

tion of which a specimen can be seen
in the London Zoo. The spray is toxic
mic acid, and the range is about
twelve inches.
Another insect gunner is the per-
patus, which is something between a
scorpion and a worm. It is about
three inches long, and has legs and
powerful jaws. Crawling up to its
prey, it shoots out a pellet of intensely
sticky stuff which renders its victim
incapable of movement.

