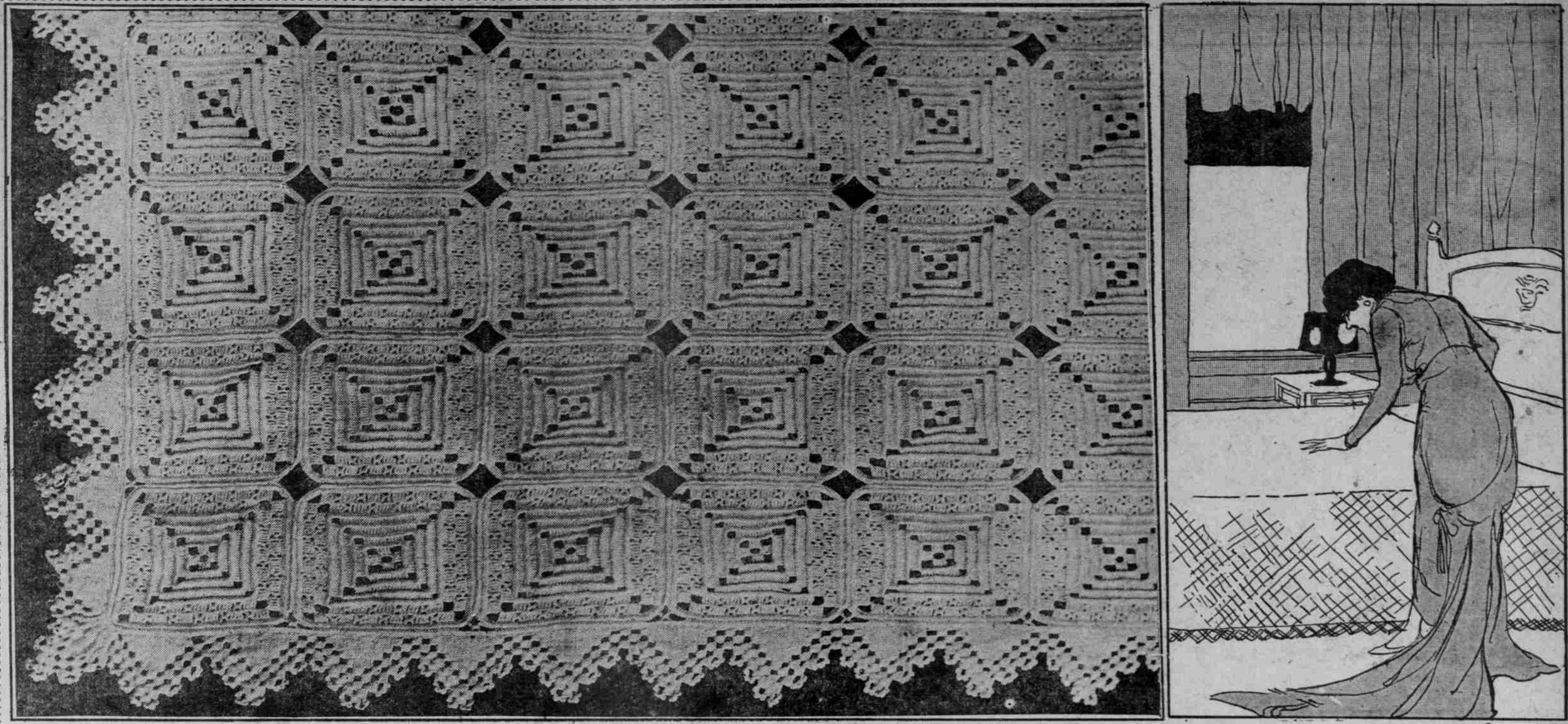


# PRETTY CHROCHETED SQUARE AND EDGE FOR BED SPREAD



This is one of the handsomest patterns to be found in solid crocheted for a bed spread. It has a substantial appearance that is quite preferable to the flimsy, stretchy patterns usually shown for a solid crocheted spread. This is given by the heavy ribbed stitch that is used in the square and in setting together the squares, as well as in joining the lace.

Several squares must be joined with the ribbed stitch before the beauty of the pattern can be appreciated. If making a solid crocheted bed spread seems too stupendous a task no handsomer pattern could be found for baby's afghan or bed.

One mother whose children have grown tall is starting such a spread for the first grandchild.

Making a spread of solid crocheted is no so great a task after all, as the carpet warp thread usually used for this purpose is rather coarse and develops quickly. A No. 5 needle is used and the coarse thread offers no strain on the eyes. For this reason the coarser threads are always preferable. In this pattern the stitches are mostly in double trebles; this adds to the rapidity with which this work is done. The cross stitch requires some practice, also the heavy ribbed ef-

fect, which is made by taking the stitches well back, leaving the rows of double crocheted to stand out as if they had been added after the work was completed instead of row by row. Once mastered the work can be done almost without looking at it.

Directions for square:

Chain 10 and join.

Row one—4 double treble, thread over needle twice, taking off stitches two by two; 7 ch. 4 times.

Row two—1 double crocheted over each stitch all around.

Row three—With stitches taken well back of the row of double crocheted over the double trebles, 4 d. t. over

4 d. t. and increase row by adding 4 d. t. 7 ch. 4 d. t. at each corner of square, making 4 groups of 12 double treble each, divided at each corner by ch.

Row four—D. c. all around.

Row five—7 ch. at each corner, 4 d. t. on each side of 7 ch. d. t. over each d. t. of preceding row of d. t., being careful to place stitches directly over preceding stitches, counting the number carefully.

Row six—D. c. all around.

Row seven—7 ch., increasing with 4 d. t. on each side of chain and placing d. t. over preceding row.

Row eight—In this row the pattern increases on corners as before and over the row of double trebles on each side

of square, are three groups of 4 d. t. and each d. t. group is separated by a cross stitch. For the cross stitch crocheted 1 d. treble, 2 thread over needle, slip needle through center of double treble, stitch with 3 stitches on needle thread, put thread over and place needle in row, draw thread through and take off stitches two by two.

Row nine—Repeat row 8, remembering to increase at corners and 4 d. t. should be placed over cross stitch, and cross stitch over 4 d. t. The pattern is completed with six groups of d. t. and 5 cross stitches on each side of square, with the 7 ch. at each corner.

Row ten—D. c. all around.

Join blocks with the d. c. stitch, forming a heavy rib.

The lace shown on the Swedish square is here shown as a towel edge for a handsome bath towel. The thread used is rather coarse and is especially made for towel edgings. It is soft and except that it is a bit expensive would be excellent material for a baby's afghan.

Chain 13.

Row one—4 treble, ch. 2 4 t.

Row two—Ch. 5 4 t., 2 ch.

Row three—Ch. 3 3 t., ch. 2 4 t., ch. 5 4 t., ch. 5, picot 3 times.

Row four—4 t., 5 ch., 4 t., 2 ch., 8 t.

Row five—8 ch., 12 t., 2 ch., 4 t., 5 ch.

4 t., ch. 5, picot 3 times.

Row six—4 t., 2 ch., 4 t., 5 ch., 4 t.

Row seven—20 t., 2 ch., 4 t., 5 ch., 4 t. (last point), 5 ch., picot (3 times), 4 t., 2 ch., 4 t., 2 ch., 10 t. (opposite 10 t.).

Row nine—12 t., opposite 12 t., 2 ch., 4 t., 2 ch., 4 t.

Row ten—5 ch., picot (3 times), 4 t., 2 ch., 4 t., 2 ch., 8 t.

Row eleven—4 t., 2 ch., 4 t., 5 ch., picot (3 times), 4 t., 2 ch., 4 t., 2 ch. Repeat.

A picot is made by chaining 5 and catching 3 ch. to second stitch of ch. The picot in this pattern is repeated three times.



# For the Young People



## HOW JOE OUTWITTED THE INDIANS

WHEN Joe Russell awoke the sweet notes of a wood-thrush sounded a welcome to the light of dawn as it slowly penetrated the shadowed reaches of the flooded swamp. The boy sat up suddenly in the canoe, a prey to bitter regret.

He recalled that on the day before—June 27, 1836—the news had come to his uncle's frontier farm in Southwestern Georgia that a large band of marauding Creek Indians, on their way from Alabama to join the Seminoles in Florida, had established themselves temporarily on an island in the great Chickasawhatchee swamp; that, besides murdering several families of scattered settlers, they had captured his cousin, Mary, while she was riding alone, a negro slave having seen them carry her into the swamp; that the settlers were not strong enough to march to the rescue without awaiting help; and that John Merry, a young neighbor, and determined to go into the swamp alone at dead of night, sneak into the sleeping Indian encampment, and try to find the girl and bring her away.

Worst of all, Joe remembered that he himself had slipped out and followed the bold young man; that his aid was reluctantly accepted, and that when he was left to watch the canoe he had failed in his trust, fall-

ing asleep at last and drifting away with the current.

Joe almost wept as he realized what he had done. If Mary had been able to slip out from among the sleeping squaws in answer to John Merry's familiar whistle, they had already run for the canoe only to find it gone, and were now wandering the island shore where the Indians would soon get them both!

The agitated boy judged from indications that the canoe had not drifted far before it came to rest in a growth of rushes on the border of the creek. The island shore was still in view and a narrow tongue of land extended into the swamp to a point not more than 50 yards away. He might still be of service if it was not too late.

Before Joe had decided what to do a fallen branch broke harshly on the quiet shore, and he saw his Cousin Mary and John Merry run panting into an open and halt. Mary then hurrying on and John lingering as if to listen for sounds of pursuit. The delighted boy opened his mouth to call to them softly, but checked himself.

For Mary had hardly disappeared in the brush on the farther side of the island when, with yells of triumph, eight or ten armed Creek warriors, naked to the waist, leaped into view

## SEWING FOR DOLLY

"O H, she is such a trial with her clothes!" sighed little Jane as she propped Dolly upright on the end-point of a bookrack and looked at Mary, her little friend, for sympathy.

"Yes indeed," agreed Mary, seeing the game they were going to play and quickly falling in with it. "My Martha just wears out her clothes so fast—and as for shoes, why, mercy me, she runs through a pair before you could say Jack Robinson!"

"Dolly!" cried Jane. "Stand still! Don't you think that is a pretty petticoat Dolly is wearing?" asked Jane. "And doesn't it fit her well?"

"I have just a stitch or two more to take on this dress," Jane continued, "and then we can try it on Dolly and see if it fits. Now—there—there—now we'll try it on."

So the dress was let down into place over Dolly's flaxen curls—just as Jane had often seen the dressmaker try a new dress on her white mamma stood by and watched critically.

"Stand still! Stop that fidgeting! How can I ever tell if it fits you if you insist upon squirming and twisting about that way!"

"My little Martha does the very same thing," sighed Mary. "And she is such a trial to me. Why, I have such a time trying to see if a new dress is even all around."

Jane nodded and reached for her tape-measure. She measured the distance from the floor to the bottom of the dress, first in front, then on the side.

"Now, of course, being only a doll, Dolly didn't really move at all; but when you are playing 'mothers' you have to pretend all sorts of things, you know. And both Jane and Mary were certain that Dolly just fidgeted and squirmed and twisted in most shameful fashion."

And once, when Mary was pinning up the skirt in one place, Dolly twisted so suddenly that the pin stuck Mary in her chubby little finger and made it bleed.

Then, to cap the climax, just when both little girls were in bed, both little Mothers, I should have said—had everything fixed just so, why Dolly hid her eyes and sneezed. Of course it wasn't her fault—for the end of the bookrack slipped. But neither Jane nor Mary considered that at all. And they pretended to be very much provoked.

Dolly lay still on the floor, with her pretty new dress trailing around her and her toes pointed skyward.

"Oh!" cried Jane, presently. "I believe she's fainted! The poor, dear child!"

"Oh!" echoed Mary. "I believe she has! Quick, Jane, a glass of water!"

So Jane rushed for the water and her toes pointed skyward.

Dolly recovered and opened her big blue eyes and asked: "Where am I?" And then they picked her up and put her in her crib and said nice things to her and told her how they didn't realize they had kept her standing so long while they fitted the dress on her.

Then, when Dolly was quite her old self again and didn't feel a bit dizzy or wobbly in the knees, they had a tea party to celebrate Dolly's recovery.

Jane brought out her very best china



## Polly in the Kitchen.

One day Sun said: "Come on, let's have some fun."

"What'll we do?" asked Moon. "I feel just like racing. What do you say to a run?"

"Pooh! pooh!" sneered Sun, "you're so weak you couldn't begin to catch up with me."

"Just try it," answered Moon; and they did!

Away Sun sped across the sky, with Moon following after. And what do you think? No matter how fast Sun ran, Moon always followed not far behind. Finally Sun stopped exhausted.

"Well, anyhow," he said, "you didn't catch me."

"You couldn't even follow so close after me," said Moon. "If I started first."

At that Sun laughed so hard that he became more dizzy than ever.

"Go on and we'll see," he said.

Then the Moon started off, and Sun came after, but would you believe it—Sun was so far behind that you couldn't see him in the sky at the same time with Moon at all!

And that is why you never see the Sun in the sky at night, but sometimes if you look, you can see the Moon following the Sun by day.

## Why You Can't See the Sun at Night.

WHEN all the world was new, and the plants and flowers quite fresh and green, there were two brothers who played together happily, as gay as the day was long. Now these brothers had very funny names—I shan't tell them to you for you would hurt your pretty mouths trying to say them over. One of these brothers was big and round and his bright hair stood out in long rags from his head. In the morning when he jumped out of bed his face was always clean and rosy and pink; but in the evening before he went to sleep you could see him flushed and hot and red—and oh, so much bigger—you never did see any one grow so quickly. Have you guessed who he was?

The other brother was paler and smaller, and his round face was always yellow and bright. Sometimes he was so thin that his face looked pinched like a silver crescent, and then his mother would feed him up until he'd be almost as fat as his brother, Sun.

These I've given his name away! Yes, Moon was the pale yellow brother, and many were the good times they had together in the sky.



MARY RAN OUT ON THE NARROW POINT OF LAND PURSUED BY TWO INDIANS.

About three minutes later the girl's two pursuers, after witnessing the dragging away of the white captive, advanced down the point of land, beating the bush as they came. When they reached the log where the girl had been, they suddenly ducked out of sight, evidently scenting danger.

Joe and Mary noted all this, watching breathless, from behind a bush-grown sassafras not far away. Joe knew the girl must be hurried toward safety with all speed. They discussed the matter in whispers.

As they entered the open creek, Joe determined and Mary still insisting, the discussion was interrupted by a significant sound. Looking toward the island shore, they saw that two Indians had leaped into the water and were swimming toward them. At this point they bent to their paddles until they were well started with the current, then Joe picked up the rifle, faced about and took aim.

The first shot went wild, but at the second report the foremost swimmer struggled violently, sank, then rose and battled feebly toward the island shore, aided by his comrade, who also seemed to regard retreat as wise.

Joe was so elated that he almost forgot to load his rifle. He was about to shoot at them. Though both he and his cousin felt confident that the Indians had no boats with which to chase them, they nevertheless made all haste down the creek toward the open country. The 15-year-old boy and 12-year-old girl made a record equal to that of two men, literally slaving at the paddles, and before nightfall they reached a place of safety.

## Go Back! Get Back in Your Cakes!

"Go Back! Get Back in Your Cakes!" cried Ellen.

(which was real china), and her nicest cake and tea (which weren't real at all), and they gave Dolly all the cake she wanted to eat (which wasn't so much as a single crumb), and all the tea she could drink (which wouldn't have filled a thimble), and they had just the loveliest party imaginable.

Then, after a while, Mary said she must hurry home to see how her own little Martha had been getting on in her absence. So they said: "Good afternoon" and "Do come and see me"—just like grown-ups do. So, you see, it was a most enjoyable afternoon.



I Have Just a Stitch or Two More to Take.