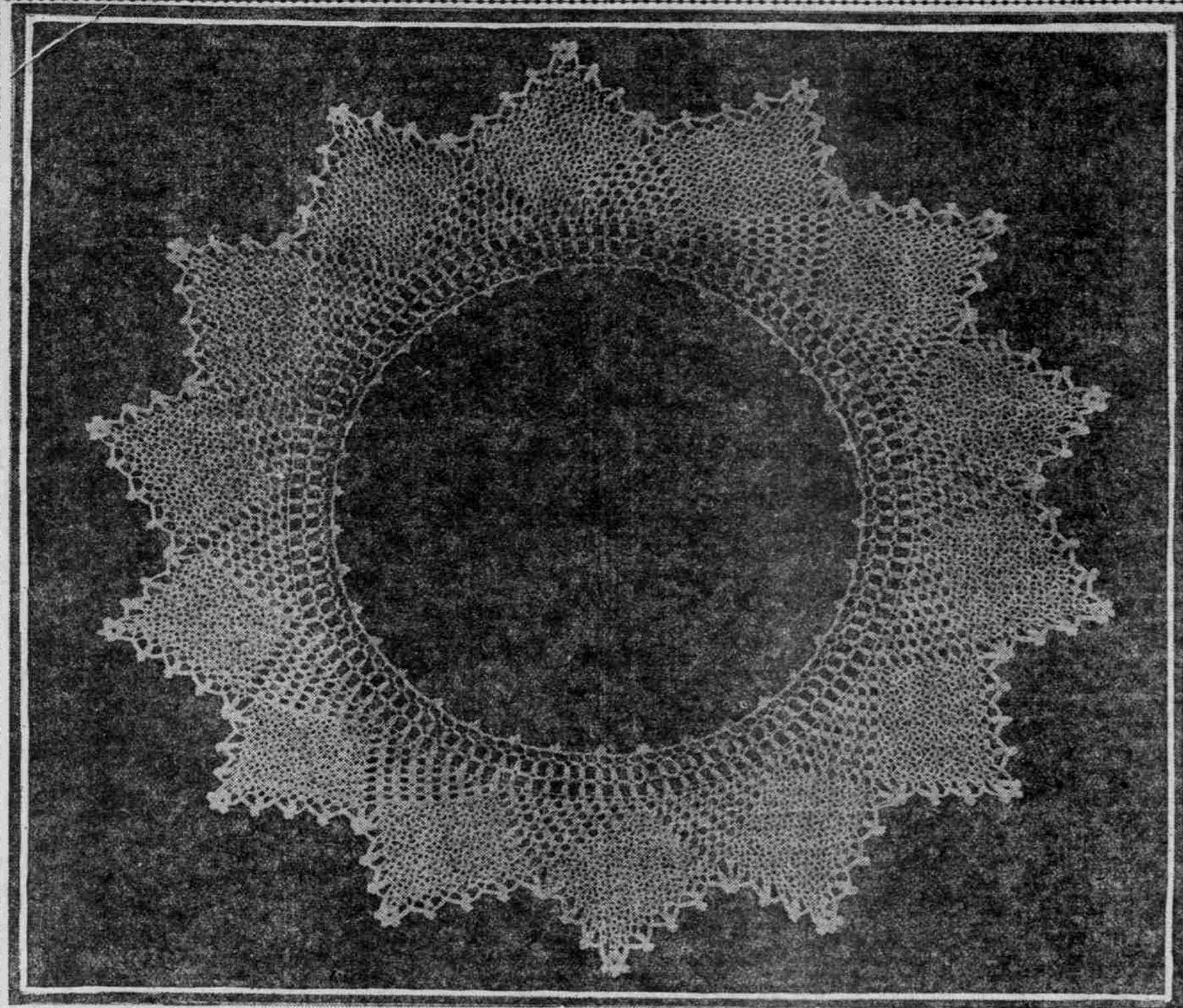


# BEAUTIFUL DESIGN FOR NIGHTGOWN OR CORSET COVER YOEK



This commences a series of lingerie with crochet and embroidery designs for the bride of summer. Linen thread No. 60. Make ch. 34.

First row—1 tr. in eighth ch. from needle, 1 tr. in each of next 2 ch., 3 ch., \*miss 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. 3 ch., and 1 tr., all into next ch. Repeat from \* five times.

Second row—Turn with 6 ch., 1 d. c. in first space of 3 ch., \*3 ch., 1 d. c. in next space, repeat from \* 10 times, then 3 ch., 4 d. c. in next space, 3 ch., 4 d. c. in end space, 3 ch., 1 tr. in same space.

Third row—Turn with 7 ch., 3 tr. in first space, 3 ch., 3 tr. in next space, 3 ch., \*miss one space of 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., all in next space, repeat from \* five times.

Fourth row—Turn with 6 ch., 1 d. c. in first space of 3 ch., \*3 ch., 1 d. c. in next space, repeat from \* 10 times, then 3 ch., 4 d. c. in next space, 3 ch., 4 d. c. in end space, 3 ch., 1 tr. in same space.

Fifth row—Turn with 7 ch., 3 tr. in first space, then 3 ch. and 3 tr. in next space, which repeat once, 3 ch., \*miss one space of 3 ch., 1 tr. 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. all in next space, repeat from \* 5 times.

Sixth row—Turn with 6 ch., 1 d. c. in first space, \*3 ch., 1 d. c. in next space, repeat from \* 10 times, then 3 ch., 4 d. c. in next space, which repeat 3 times, 3 ch., 1 tr. in same space as last d. c.

Seventh row—Turn with 7 ch., 3 tr. in first space, then 3 ch., 3 tr. in next space, which repeat twice, 3 ch., \*miss one space, 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. in next space, repeat from \* 5 times.

Eighth row—Turn with 6 ch., 1 d. c. in first space, \*3 ch., 1 d. c. in next space, repeat from \* 10 times, then 3 ch., 4 d. c. in next space, which repeat 4 times, 3 ch., 1 tr. in same space as last d. c.

Ninth row—Turn with 7 ch., 3 tr. in first space, then 3 ch., 3 tr. in next space, which repeat 3 times, 3 ch., \*miss one space, 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. in next space, repeat from \* 5 times.

Tenth row—Turn with 6 ch., 1 d. c. in first space, \*3 ch., 1 d. c. in next space, repeat from \* 10 times, then 3 ch., 4 d. c. in next space, which repeat 5 times, 3 ch., 1 tr. in same space as last d. c.

Eleventh row—Turn with 7 ch., 3 tr. in first space, then 3 ch., 3 tr. in next space, which repeat 4 times, ch. 3, \*miss one space, 1 tr., 3



ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. in next space, repeat from \* 5 times.

Twelfth row—Turn with 6 ch., 1 d. c. in first space, \*6 ch., 1 d. c. in next space, 3 ch., 1 d. c. in next space, repeat from \* 4 times, 6 ch., 1 d. c. in next space, then 3 ch., 4 d. c. in next space, which repeat 6 times, 3 ch., 1 tr. in same space as last d. c. This completes the pattern.

To repeat, work the first row as follows: Turn with 7 ch., 3 tr. in first space, 3 ch., \*1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. all in next space, repeat from \* 5 times then 1 ch. and 1 d. c. in next 3 ch. loop of former row, to connect the scallops and continue to work from the second row.

Around neck of yoke fasten thread to loop and make a cluster, \*ch. 5, skip a loop, into next loop make a cluster, repeat from \* around and join.

S. c. over ch. 5 times, \*ch. 3, over next ch. 5 s. c. five times, repeat from \* around and join.

Slip back over ch. 3, make a cluster, ch. 5, over next ch. 3, repeat from \* around and join.

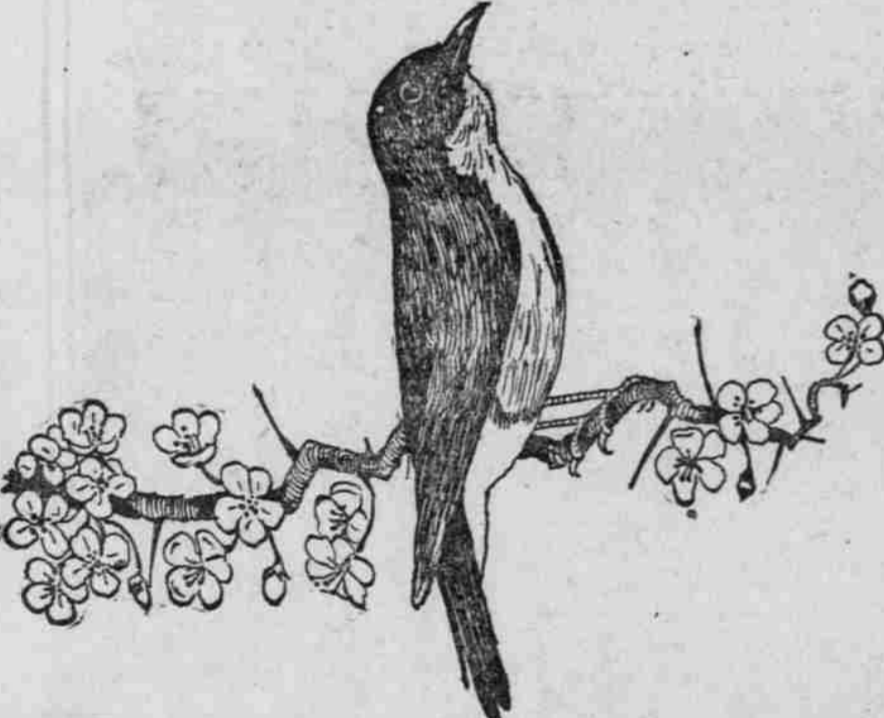
S. c. 3 times over ch. 5, \*ch. 3, over next ch. 5 s. c. 3 times, repeat from \* around and join.

Slip back over ch. 3, ch. 6, \*d. c. over next ch. 3, ch. 4, repeat from \* around and join.

\*S. c. 3 times over ch. 4, repeat from \* over each of next 2 chs. of 4, \*3 picots in last s. c., s. c. 3 times over each of next 3 chs. of 4, repeat from \* around and join. Around points: First row—Fasten thread in loop, \*ch. 8, skip a short distance and over a loop make a cluster, ch. 8, skip a short distance and slip st. over a loop, repeat from \* around, at each point make 2 clusters separated by ch. 5 over loop.

## FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

### VIEWPOINT OF A BLUEBIRD



I AM JUST A LITTLE COMBINATION OF THE NATIONAL COLORS. I WOULD like to know what I have done that every cat, snake and not a few boys are always camping on my trail and trying to kill me. I attend to my own business, which is to eat all the cut-worms I can find, build a nest in some out-of-the-way place that nobody else could use, and raise my little yellow-throated babies, troubling no one. And when not busy with something else, I sing as loud as I can, and I am sure my voice is sweeter than some of the cracked phonographs I hear. And I know I am rather pretty to look at, with my back, wings and tail the color of the Summer sky, throat and breast all cinnamon red, and under parts a snowy white. Why, I am just a little combination of the National colors—red, white and blue! Looks as if that would be enough to green me in this country, at least. But let me tell you something: The other day I saw a boy come creeping around the corner of the house with a parlor rifle, and before I could call out and warn my little mate, in the cherry tree—bang! went the gun. A bunch of blue and white feathers fluttered away on the breeze, and down she fell to the ground, and I never saw her again. The lady who lived in the house ran out and asked the boy what in the world he meant by killing so beautiful and innocent a bird? He stammered and said he thought it was an English sparrow. The idea of such a thing—thinking a bird all blue and red and white was a common brown sparrow! And she was my little mate, so gentle and good, and the mother of the little babies in the hollow apple tree! The people who send the boys with sling-shots and rifles to shoot English sparrows should teach them the difference between bluebirds and sparrows. It does seem that a blind man could almost see the difference—when one is the color of the heavens and the other the color of the earth—the Winter earth, before Spring has changed it to green. But to some people a bird is just a bird, particularly if there is a rifle or sling-shot handy. At the very first appearance of Spring, I hop up on a gate post and sing. Truly, truly, truly! Just as loud as I can, and then people know that Spring has really come, and they get out the hoses, the rakes and the forks that have been resting all Win-

enter into the spirit of the day, and while Mr. Colquitt, of Texas, was Governor, he made it a practice to pardon a number of prisoners on Mothers' day. Let us all honor the name of Miss Anna Jarvis, who had the wonderful conception of such a holiday. She has allowed the second Sunday in May for all time. Miss Jarvis lives in Philadelphia, and is the active president of the Mothers' Day International Association. President Wilson and ex-President Taft and Roosevelt are among its honorary National officers. History is full of types of perfect motherhood, and most prominent among these is the Roman matron, Cornelia Gracchus. Cornelia had two sons who were very proud of their good and beautiful mother. No matter who called to see the family of the Gracchi the boys always compared the visitor to their mother, and the visitor was always found lacking. One brother would say: "She is beautiful, but her face is not so good and true as our mother's." And the other would answer: "No one can compare with our mother in all Rome. She is our mother." One day while Cornelia was walking in the garden with her sons a friend called and in the course of the conversation she said: "Is it true that you have no wealth, not even any jewels?" "Wealth I have none, but I have two very precious jewels," answered the proud Cornelia, and calling her boys to her side she lovingly placed an arm about each one's neck and said: "These are my jewels, more precious to me than the casket full of your gems, and more precious than anything all the wealth in the world can buy."

### LITTLE MISS MUFFIT

IF there's anything I do despise," said little Dorothy, "it's plocky and crawly things—specially spiders!" "You must be like 'Little Miss Muffit' who sat on a tuft," remarked her young Uncle Bob, who was just back from college. "Want to see her run?" cried Brother Jack, teasingly. "Just wait a minute!" He took a stick and was just about to lift a big, fat spider out of its web—(what a mean thing he was, to be sure!)—When Uncle Bob stopped him. "Hold on, there!" he cried. "Don't you go to disturb my old friend, Mrs. Meadow Spider!" "He'd better not," cried Dorothy tearfully. "I'll tell mother!" "Good morning, Mrs. Meadow Spider!" said Uncle Bob, doffing his hat and making a deep bow, which made both children laugh. The spider, who had been hanging upside-down, suddenly began to shake her web, as hard as she could, faster and faster, until one could scarcely see her at all. "She's saying 'how-de-do,'" remarked Uncle Bob. "Now she's stopped. Come near, Dorothy; I want you to meet her." "Oh, I can't!" protested the little girl with a shudder. "It might jump down my back!" "No! No!" laughed Uncle Bob. "Of course not. She's not going to leave her comfortable little house. See her little winding stairs!" "Where?" asked Dorothy, for she'd heard the story of the "Spider and the Fly."

nest in the grass, just as Uncle Bob had said it would. "Don't you think Mrs. Meadow Spider feels worried about her babies?" asked Dorothy, who was a thoughtful little girl. "Oh, I don't think so," replied Uncle Bob. "You see, she depends a lot on Mother Nature. Mother Nature attends to most everything for little white folks. She provides nuts for the squirrels, and nice grubs for moles and leaves for caterpillars—"

"Ugh!" exclaimed Dorothy, with a shiver. "And cozy little brooks for tadpoles," went on Uncle Bob, paying no attention to Dorothy. "So Mrs. Meadow Spider depends on Mother Nature to take care of her babies." "Just like people depend on God," said Dorothy, reverently. "Just so," replied her Uncle. "Mrs. Meadow Spider just builds her nest the best she knows how and puts it in the safest place she can find, when she trusts Mother Nature to bring out her little spiderlings and take good care of them." "I guess maybe Mother Nature wouldn't like us to open Mrs. Meadow Spider's nest and see what it's like inside," said Jack, who was of an inquiring turn of mind, and once took the clock apart, to "see the wheels go round." "The eggs would die if we did," said Uncle Bob, "but to teach you how interesting and clever Mrs. Meadow Spider is, I could open this one." Uncle Bob then took the nest out of the grass and, sitting down on a stump, he gently cut it with his pen-knife, while the children looked on quite breathless with interest. "You see," explained Uncle Bob, "the nest is shiny and varnished on the outside to keep the rain out, so the eggs will be all dry and snug. Under the varnish is yellow velvet, see? Isn't that pretty?" "Where'd she get it?" asked Dorothy, breathlessly. "Not in a grocery store, you may be sure," replied Uncle Bob. "She got it—Guess!" "She spun it!" cried Jack. "That's right," Uncle Bob said. "Spun it herself!" "My gracious!" exclaimed Dorothy. "I wish I could spin velvet." "I'm glad you can't," said Jack. "We'd be having velvet all over the house and Mother'd make me wear a velvet suit, like a nut!" "Don't worry," laughed Uncle Bob. "Dorothy isn't going to spin velvet in a hurry. Now, look! Inside the yellow

### MRS. ROBIN'S QUEER NESTING PLACE

ONE morning Mary was sitting on the front porch playing with her dolls when suddenly she heard a funny little "Peep! Peep!" right over her head. "What in the world can that be?" she asked herself, and she just sat aside her dolls and began listening and looking to see if she could find out what that sound was and where it came from. It didn't take long to discover a nest, yes, sir, a bird's nest—a beautiful bird's nest, right in among the beams that supported the vine-covered roof of the porch. Of course, Mary couldn't see much of the nest, oh, no, but she could see enough to make her know that it was a very nice nest and to make her wish that she could see more. "I'm not going to play dolls any more today," she decided. "I'm just going to watch that nest and then maybe I'll see the other bird and find out what sort of a bird lives on my porch. So she put her dolls in their case and settled herself in a comfortable chair to watch and wait.



She Watched Them Every Day.

When her father came home just as Mary had expected she would and Mary could see her just as plain as plain could be! And what kind of a bird, do you suppose she was? Of course, you've guessed from the name of this story—that mother bird was a beautiful robin and you may be sure Mary was glad she was living over her porch. As the mother bird came towards the nest five little robin babies reached out of the nest to greet her and to get the big fat worm she was bringing them. Such fun as it was to watch them! Mary was sorry to think of the morning she had played on the back porch and so had missed seeing the robin babies before.

But if she had missed the first part of the robin's stay, she certainly didn't miss much after she had once found them. She watched them every day—both morning and evening and all the between times that she could, and she learned to know just what the mother bird and the babies were likely to do. One day, when the robin babies were nearly old enough to fly, a man came out the grass in the front yard. And velvet bag what do we find? Purple silk!" "Oh, oh!" cried Dorothy. "Clever Mrs. Meadow Spider!" "That's a blanket," went on Uncle Bob. "Next is a cushion and next a white silk sheet wrapped around the little yellow eggs—hundreds of eggs." "Hundreds!" echoed the children in surprise. "Yes, hundreds," said Uncle Bob. "How would you like to have a hen like Mrs. Meadow Spider?" "I'd like it," cried Jack. "I'd soon be a millionaire." "Oh, I'm getting quite fond of the lady!" exclaimed Dorothy. "Will she sting?" "Not if you leave her alone," replied Uncle Bob. "She's an independent old body, minds her own business and doesn't like people to interfere." "I believe I see another Mrs. Meadow Spider," called Jack, for he was strolling around. "Yes, I see her little winding stairs!" "Oh, let me see her!" cried Dorothy, running forward. Uncle Bob smiled, saying to himself: "She isn't little Miss Muffit any more!"

When her father came home for lunch he put the little bird in its own little nest. And what of the mother bird? She was so happy when she found her baby was back in the nest safe and sound that she chirped and sang all day long. Mary thought she must be trying to say "Thank you!"

with the man-of-all-work, and asked if he went to church. "Yessuh, Ah goes to church every Sunday," he said. "Are you a member?" "Yessuh." "What church?" "Presbyterian." "Do you believe in the doctrine of election?" "Yessuh." "Do you believe I am elected to the saved?" "Law, judge, Ah didn't even know you was a candidate." What Historical Characters Are These? Strong and brave and hearty. A mighty statesman he. The leader of his party— He set the poor blacks free. A key he fastened to a string. And tied them to a litte. You know it's not an easy thing. To test the lightning's might. Someone out down a cherry tree. And made his father sigh. He went straight in and he confessed; This youngster could not lie. A maiden slight' who lived in France. Heard voices from above. She doffed her skirts, and put on pants. And led with strength and love. In England once there lived a maid. When Crimea's war was raging. She nursed with ease the lowly laid. In Red Cross work engaging. He went to shoot big African game. With naught was he affrighted. Throughout the world is known his fame. His favorite word: "De-lighted." (Lincoln, Franklin, Washington, Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, Roosevelt.)

## MOTHER'S DAY

OH JACKIE WILL WHISTLE AND MOLLY WILL SING AND WE'LL ALL BE MERRY AND GAY, WE'LL WEAVE A SWEET WREATH TO CROWN OUR DEAR QUEEN TO CELEBRATE MOTHER'S DAY!

### Mothers' Day

AMONG the many fine things that President Wilson has done for the United States was the issuing of the first Mothers' day proclamation in 1914, asking that Mothers' day be a National holiday, and that the second Sunday in May be set aside yearly for that purpose. This official recognition of a Mothers' day was the result of years of work to permanently establish a day on which sons and daughters in our land should honor their mothers in the home, and so help toward the moral uplift and religion of the home, for the government and in the humanity of the world. But President Wilson only made the day a legal holiday, while Miss Anna Jarvis was really the founder of the movement, and worked hard and long to accomplish her end. The aim of Mothers' day is to strengthen and deepen all family ties. It is to ennoble motherhood. It is observed through some act of kindness, visit, letter, gift or tribute to mother or father. The emblem is a white carnation and the slogan is in honor of "The best mother who ever lived," the mother of your heart. Since 1914 it has been the custom of the Governors of nearly all of the states in the Union to issue a Mothers' day proclamation asking citizens and churches, homes and organizations to

I'd like to tell a secret fact To mothers everywhere. So they would know just how to act About our clothes and hair. We like ourselves out on the lawn Without the lace and bows; With but a simple romper to do. And heaps of barefoot toes. So when our mothers quite decide To dress us up like elves— I think we'll all go and hide And let them dress themselves! Not in the Running. Selected. The judge stopped to have a word