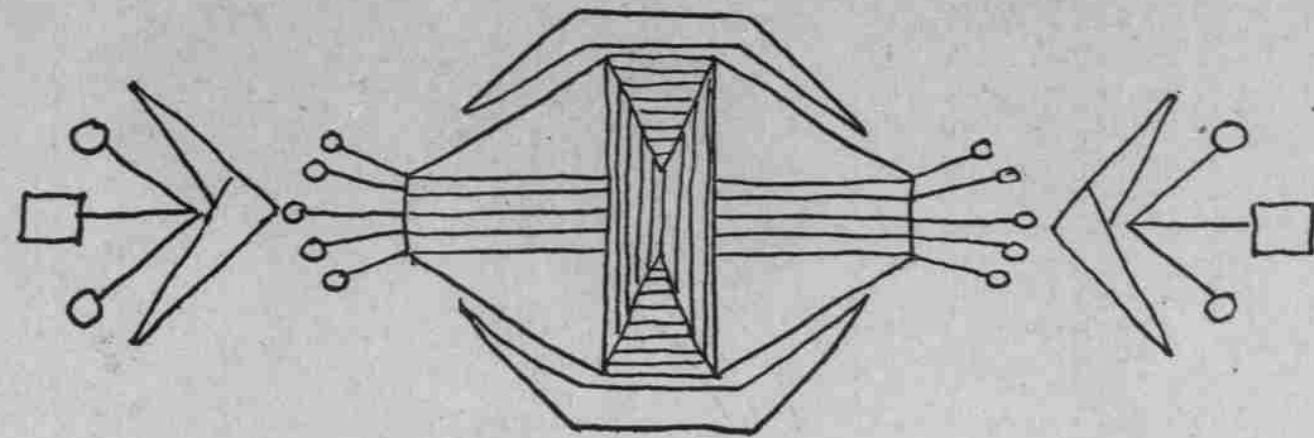
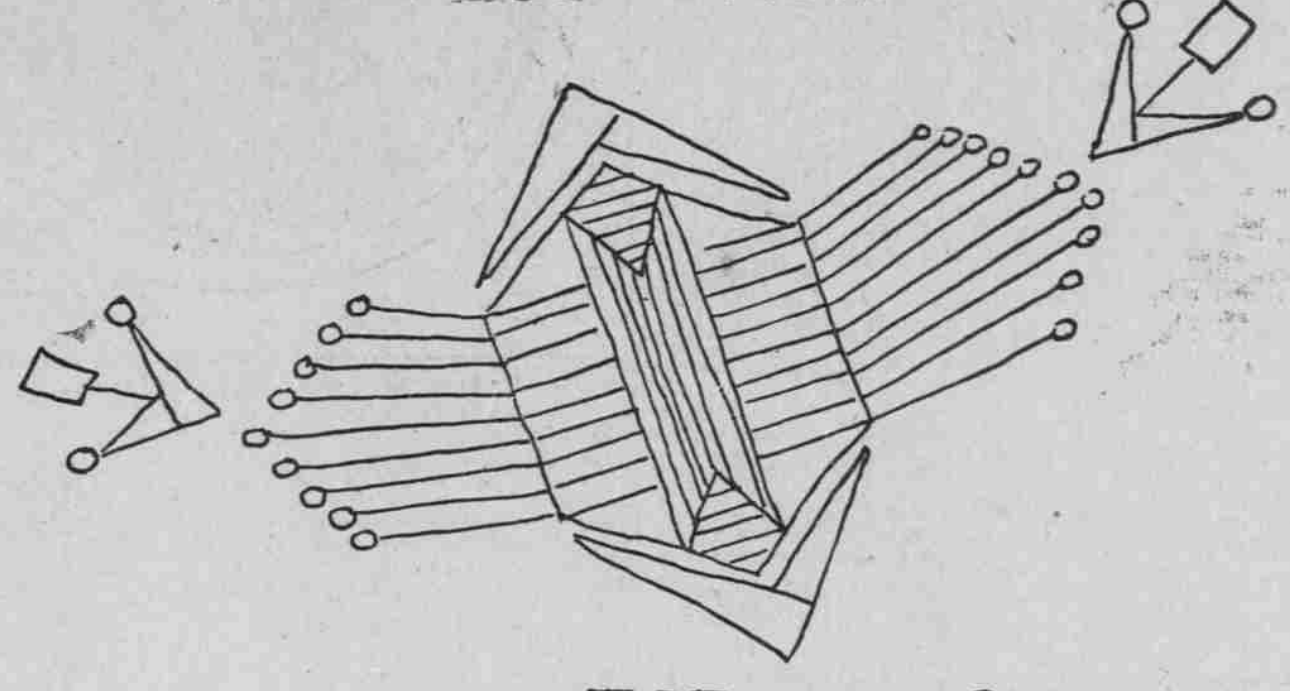


Practical and Fancy Needle Work CLOTHÉ



FRONT OF DRESS



FOR THE CORNERS

Now that embroidery patterns are so popular in waists, belts, pockets, and dresses, the accompanying pattern has

been chosen both for its extreme smartness and its effective simplicity. In using the printed design from the

paper the directions are as follows: If your material is sheer, the easiest way is to lay it over the material, which will

show through plainly, and draw over each line with a hard, sharply pointed lead pencil. If your material is heavy,

buy a piece of impression paper—the kind that does not rub off—lay it over your material, place the design over it,

and trace with a sharp pencil. On removing the design and impression paper you will find the pattern neatly transferred.

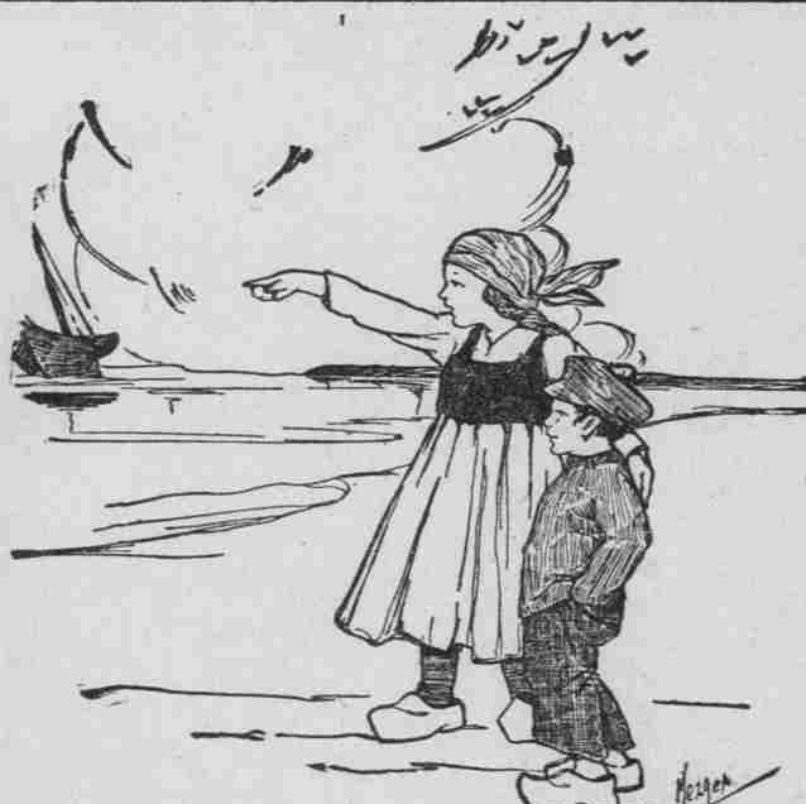
Beginning with next Sunday there will be a series of knitting articles in this page.



FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



A CALL FROM ACROSS THE SEA



"I SEE ONLY A SHIP, SISTER," JAN REPLIED.

"LOOK!" exclaimed Hulda, drawing her little brother close to her so that he might see the exact direction to which she pointed with her finger. "Look over there, Jan, and tell me what you see."

Jan strained his bright blue eyes. "I see only a ship, sister," he replied. "A dark, ugly ship like all the rest."

"Only a ship," repeated Hulda in disgusted tones. "Humph!"

"Well, what is it you want me to see?" was Jan's puzzled reply.

"Why, of course you see a ship—I know that—there's nothing else to see," said Hulda, who was apt to be a bit impatient with her little brother when he was slow in understanding her, "but doesn't that ship make you think of anything?"

"No-o," answered Jan slowly, opening his eyes wide in surprise and wrinkling his forehead as though uncertain of what to say to please his sister. "No, I never saw that ship before, honestly Hulda, I never have."

"Oh, baby, don't cry," was Hulda's response, "sit down here and I'll tell you what I mean."

So they squatted down on the turf—this little Dutch boy and girl who lived in far-away Holland. A glance at them would tell that they were brother and sister. Their whole lives had been spent near the sea. Their father was a fisherman; and when he was off on a voyage, the children were left in the care of their aunt. She taught them to work their little gardens and was most kind to them, granting them occasional afternoons for a holiday. This afternoon when we see them on the beach was such a holiday.

"That dark, ugly ship, as you call it, is one you ought to know about," Hulda was saying. "Maybe when you grow up you will sail out on the ocean in a ship just like it."

Jan's eyes twinkled. "Tell me about it, Hulda," he said in a hushed tone, for Jan was eager to be a man and still more eager to sail out on the ocean.

"That is an ocean fishing vessel," Hulda began, "and men, like our father, sail away out in the ocean in it to catch fish. When they've caught a lot of fish they come home and take them to a place to be canned and shipped all over the world."

"Just think, Jan, how many little boys and girls in the world eat fish that are caught from ships like this one and which are canned here where we live."

"Aren't fish any other place in the world but in our ocean, Hulda?" questioned Jan, following every word of his sister's story with deep interest.

"Certainly, silly—" replied Hulda, "only people like our canned fish better than their own. Auntie says, and it is a good thing for our fishermen because they can make a living that way. They go far off in these ocean fishing vessels and see other countries sometimes, and have all kinds of things happen to them."

"My!" Jan breathed. "Do you think I will be a fisherman soon?"

"Soon—" sniffed Hulda. "Why, you are only a little fellow and you won't be big enough to be a fisherman for many years. I will be grown up long before you are." Hulda's glance sought the far distant surface of the ocean. She could see herself a young lady sailing away from home across these waters that she had looked upon every day of her young life. She was a roving fisherman's daughter and she was a rover too.

The children sat quietly for a few minutes. Suddenly Hulda saw something which surprised her. Catching hold of Jan, she skipped down to the water's edge.

"See those smaller boats making towards the ocean fishing ship—" she said to Jan. "That means that the fishermen are coming ashore, or that it's getting ready to sail away. Let's watch."

reached the ship. They lay still for a few minutes; then the children saw two men swing from the deck of the ship into them and begin to row towards the shore.

"Wonder who they are," said Jan. "It doesn't matter, let's go home for it, getting evening," and with this Hulda took Jan's hand and pulled him on. He kept looking backwards until the pier was out of sight. Those fishermen had a strong fascination for him.

They were eating their supper a short time afterwards, when the sound of footsteps on their garden path attracted their attention. "Sit still, children," said their aunt, "I'll see who it is."

Deep voices were soon heard in the front room—the voices of sturdy men used to big spaces; all that they said was loud enough to reach the children's ears.

"I'm Van Deeken," the voice said, "and I've come from your brother fisherman, Hans. He's in Iceland now and wants me to tell you that he has struck it rich. I am going back to Iceland from here, and he wants me to bring his little boy, Jan, with me."

Hulda looked at Jan. Jan slid off his chair and went into the front room. "I'm Jan," Hulda heard him say, "and I'm ready to go with you to my father."

"That's a man!" exclaimed the fisherman. The aunt went off to pack his few things. Hulda looked at him with tears in her eyes. Jan realized that he was going far, far away and would not have Hulda near to tell him about things. He really loved her, even if she did always make him feel like a baby.

"I didn't think you would go away sooner than I would," she whispered to him. "I always imagined that I would go off and leave you, while here you are going off and leaving me, and you are only a little chap, too."

"Will you miss me, Hulda?" Jan asked.

"Of course, I will," she answered. "I won't have anyone to play with now. I wish I could go."

The aunt appeared in the doorway with a bundle. It was Jan's clothes. She went into the kitchen and wrapped up a newly baked cake. It was for Jan's father.

Then they all walked down toward the store. The two fishermen went ahead with the aunt, telling her all about Iceland and the good luck of the father.

Jan and Hulda went behind; they jabbered about a million things—things to tell father; to send back home; to think about; to tell father to write about. It was indeed a sad moment for Hulda, even if it was good fortune for Jan. She kissed him many times good-bye. Her aunt kissed him, too, and he affectionately little chap, kissed them back, for at the last moment it did not seem as nice to go as he had thought it would be.

Then the men swung him into one of the little boats, and they followed with his bundles. Off they rowed to the big ship, for everyone was awaiting them before making out to sea.

Hulda stood watching. Her aunt was truly overcome. Silently the two figures turned about and went homeward. "You never can tell what a day will bring," murmured the aunt.

Hulda was quiet. She was thinking about this very thing her aunt just mentioned. Here, on this beach not more than an hour ago, she and Jan were sitting according to their lifelong habit, and she was announcing the events of their futures. Then, all of a sudden, in the flash of an eye, two strange men appeared to change their lives and set all her plans of the future upside down. She was trudging backward to her little home, and Jan, who was to have remained by his aunt's side for many a long year, was speeding across the ocean. How strange!

It was Hulda's first lesson in the ways of life. A tear escaped from her eye and trickled down her cheek.

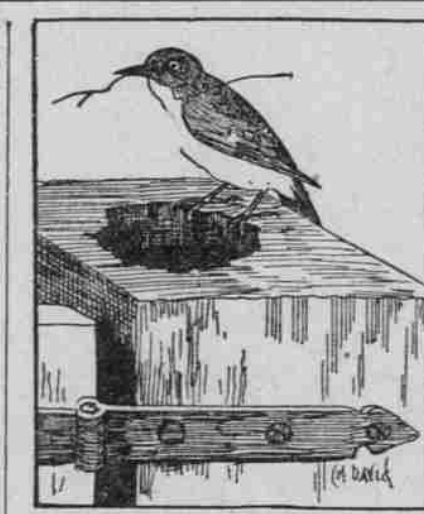
MRS. BLUEBIRD

IT was just a common, rotted out hole in the top of a gate post, about as unimpressive a looking place for a home as one could well imagine, but Mrs. Bluebird, after a whole morning's inspection, declared it "just dandy," and an ideal spot for bringing up a family. So she called Mr. Bluebird, and between puffing out his new red vest, and whistling "truly, truly!" he said if it suited her, it was all right with him. Then she flew away with her mate trailing along behind, to look for the right kind of grass for the building of the nest.

The mother bird worked from morning until night, and sometimes actually forgot to eat her dinner, so carried away was she with the idea of having a nest of her own. But Mr. Bluebird never forgot that he owned a stomach that was always craving worms and cherries, so very often when he was away pretending to be hunting for building material, he was in the cherry tree, or down in the vegetable garden where the worm family lived. One morning, a pale greenish-blue egg appeared in the nest, and each day a new egg, until there were five.

And there they lay, like so many emeralds that had slipped off the necklace of some Eastern princess. The mother bird sent word to her club that she would not be able to attend for at least a month, and promptly retired from society. Her mate stationed himself nearby, and cheered her with his newest songs, and many times during the day he would bring her choice bits from the orchard or garden, but he took mighty good care not to offer to take her place on the nest. In about 14 days, the eggs had disappeared, and in their place were five small squirming babies, as black as if their mother were a crow. But as ugly as they were, Mrs. Bluebird thought they were the prettiest babies in all the world.

Mr. Bluebird had mighty little time now for the cherry tree, for as fast as he could get one little stomach full, there were four other children begging for food, and by the time he had them satisfied, the first one was as hungry as ever. They grew very fast, and as they got bigger,



The Mother Bird Worked From Morning Until Night.

their complexions improved, the black was not quite so black, and some of the feathers in wings and tail began to take on the tint of summer skies, and they really looked as if they were some kin to their blue garbed parents. At first there was plenty of room down in the hollow post, but as they grew and grew, their home seemed awfully cramped. If one wanted a breath of fresh air, that one had to push all four brothers and sisters out of the way, and even then, had to stand right on top of the other children—and that did not suit the other children. The consequence was, that it was a continual scrouge and push for the best place; none seemed willing to stay at the bottom, but all wanted to be on top. As all could not be on top at the same time, there were many heart-burnings, and much hard feeling among the growing children in the old gate post. So one by one they scrambled out, and managed to gain the low hanging apple branches, and before long were lost among the blue-coated neighbors.

THE LITTLE GARDENERS

SUPPOSE we couldn't get any vegetables at all, Muddy-dear, what would we need most? We are going to raise something, we three, but we don't know just what."

Sammy Roop leaned on the edge of the kitchen table as he spoke, and sniffed the de-licious gingerbread dough Mother Roop was rolling. Tilly and little Pete stood holding hands.

"Well," said Mother Roop, thoughtfully, "suppose we could get along on potatoes, beans and tomatoes—and cabbage might be nice."

Then there were great doings in the Roops' back yard. Daddy Roop had a plot of ground plowed for the children, then the children raked and hoed and threw out stones and pebbles. The planting was done next, and for many long, anxious days they watched for signs of their vegetables.

One day, when the dear, little green shoots were all out, and the gardeners had been almost afraid to weed, they were so afraid they might pull up a vegetable plant instead of a weed—a big, black cloud came up, and Mother Roop ran all around the house, shutting all the windows. A storm was coming up.

"I hope the rain won't wash away your little garden, dears," remarked Mother Roop, as she gathered the tea-towels off the clothesline. "It is going to rain and storm hard."

"Would rain spoil the plants?" asked Tilly. "I thought it was good for them."

"Not too much, dear," replied Mother

Roop. "Too much rain would drown baby plants."

Soon big, fat drops of rain began to come down. Each drop seemed to dig a little hole in the soft earth of their garden. There was a peal of thunder and a flash of lightning.

"I know what to do!" cried Sammy to Tilly and Pete. "We'll each take two umbrellas, and we'll hold them over the garden. This rain won't last long, anyway."

"But the lightning!" cried Tilly. "Suppose we got struck?"

"Well, I know what to do!" replied Sammy, after a moment of deep thought. "Lightning won't ever strike anything with rubber on it. I learned that in school. We can put rubber shoes on top of our umbrellas and then we'll be perfectly safe!"

This sounded very wise indeed to Tilly and Sammy, so off they ran to find the umbrellas and rubber shoes. Soon they were squating in the garden over their precious vegetable plants, keeping the umbrellas over them as best they could. Mother Roop glanced out of the window and was much surprised at the sight.

"Darlings!" she called, poking out her head. "What are you doing out there?"

"We're keeping our garden dry!" replied Sammy.

"Lightning doesn't strike rubbers!" cried Pete. "Don't be worried, Muddy-dear."

"But my dears, you must come in!" called Mother Roop. "If the rain

washes away your garden, you can plant some more."

In came the three, but the storm had died down and the rain soon came pattering down gently.

"You'll have your garden so spoiled!" exclaimed Mother Roop, which made them all laugh.

Well, the warm summer sun soon brought out the little plants and they grew and grew. Sammy took special pride in his cabbages. He could not help playing a trick or two on the others, though.

One morning he came rushing into the nursery where Pete slept and cried:

"Oh, my!" You oughter see your bean stalks! They're that long!" and he spread his arms out as far as he could, but at the same time he was measuring about two inches with his thumb on his first finger. But Pete did not notice this little trick, but jumped out of bed and ran down to the garden, just as he was—in his nightgown. He set for this afternoon. Miss Irene "I didn't tell a fib," protested Sammy, when the little fellow came back upstairs looking very disappointed and provoked.

"I said that long, see?—on my finger, like that! You weren't paying attention, that's what was the matter with you!"

"Well yours are that long, then!" replied Pete, spreading out his arms wide, and measuring on his finger.

Well, the plants grew and grew. The cabbages grew in a neat row, and oh, how Sammy did weed and water them! One day Pete was in the kitchen and what did he spy on the kitchen table but a big head of cauliflower. He took it in both his hands and looked at it, thinking how neatly it grew, its flower so white and its leaves so green. Pete thought it was almost as handsome as a rose, and quite as handsome as a daisy. Just then Tilly came to the back door and looked in, and at the very moment Pete got an idea.

Mother Roop was sitting in the library. Off went Pete to the library, carrying the cauliflower in both hands. "Muddy-dear," he said, "may I borrow this cauliflower for a little while? I'll be very careful of it."

"Certainly, dear," replied his mother, "but remember we are to have it for dinner tomorrow."

Out to the garden ran Pete where Tilly was weeding.

"Let's play a joke on Sammy," said Pete. "Do you think his feelings would be hurt much?"

"What is the joke?" asked Tilly. "I don't think he would mind a joke."

"Well," said Pete, his eyes dancing, "let's put this cauliflower in his cabbage patch and make him think it grew."

"Oh, good!" cried Tilly. "That will be a fine joke!"

They put the cauliflower in one of the small cabbages, in the second row, then they went on digging, as if they didn't know it was there. Soon Sammy came with his water-pot and when he found the cauliflower he was so excited—that is, until he found out he'd been tricked.

"The seedman certainly said I had cabbages," he exclaimed. "I guess now we'll be having cauliflower every day!"

When he found that it was all a joke, he laughed quite as hard as the others, for that was one nice thing about Sammy, he could always laugh at a joke, even if it was on himself.

Later, when they really had their own vegetables on their own table, how good things did taste! Twice as good as the bought kind, I'm sure.

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A Suitable Rebuke.

Christian Herald.

Judge Gary, of Chicago, the story goes, while trying a case was disturbed by a young man who kept moving about in the rear of the courtroom, lifting chairs and looking under things.

"Young man," Judge Gary called out, "you are making a good deal of unnecessary noise. What are you about?"

"Your Honor," replied the young man, "I have lost my overcoat and am trying to find it."

"Well," replied the judge, "people often lose whole suits in here without making all that disturbance."

FARMER BILL

OH FARMER BILL IS PROUD TO-DAY
AS ANY BOY I'VE SEEN
HE FOUND THIS VERY
MORNING

THAT HE HAD
RAISED A BEAN!

