

Practical and Fancy Needle Work CLOTHILDE



Jacket

Muffler - 58 inches long, not less than 10 inches wide.

This week the complete directions for a man's jacket and a man's muffler are given. These directions are being widely used by the Red Cross societies and will be found simple and satisfactory.

For the man's muffler material needed is one and one-half hanks of gray knitting worsted and one pair of amber needles No. 5. The muffler is 58 inches long and not less than 10 inches wide.

Directions: Five stitches equal one inch; eleven ridges equal two inches. Cast on 50 stitches and knit until work measures 58 inches.

For the man's jacket two and one-half hanks of gray knitting worsted and one pair of amber needles No. 5 will be needed. Eleven stitches equal two inches; eleven ridges equal two inches.

Cast on 80 stitches. Knit 2, purl 2 for 4 inches. Knit plain until jacket measures 25 inches. Knit 28 stitches. Bind off 24 stitches for neck. Knit 28 stitches. On these knit 5 ridges or 10 rows. Pick up first 28 stitches and knit shoulder same as the first. Cast on 24 stitches. Place all stitches on one needle. Knit 21 inches even. Knit 2, purl 2 for 4 inches. Sew up seams, leaving 9 inches for armhole. Make 2 rows of single crochet around opening for neck and 1 row around armholes.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

THE WORM IN JACK'S APPLE

"UNCLE BOB" cried Jack suddenly, at the table. "Look, Uncle Bob. Look at that!" He held out a rosy-cheeked apple and pointed to a hole in the side. "See! It's got a worm in it, I'll bet!" he said.

"Jackie," remonstrated his mother, "haven't I told you, dear, not to call attention to unpleasant things at the table? Uncle Bob isn't interested in your worm-hole."

"Yes, he is, Mother dear," protested Jack. "Uncle Bob just loves worms. Don't you Uncle Bob?"

Uncle Bob finished paring his apple and smiled.

"Well, yes," he replied. "I am kind of fond of worms. At college they called me the bugologist."

"Oh, Bob!" cried his sister, who was the children's mother. "How can you? And do you think that worms are a very nice subject for conversation at the table?" but she was laughing.

"Of course, there are worms and worms," said Uncle Bob. "Now this apple worm—the codling-moth caterpillar—is the neatest and cleanest little chap on earth!"

"I'll bite down and catch him!" said Jack.

"No cut the apple in two," said little Dorothy. "Here's my knife."

"Alas!" remarked Uncle Bob. "I'm afraid you'll find nobody at home."

"Well, here's the hole he went into," said Jack.

"He must be inside, all right, all right!"

"Not at all!" answered Uncle Bob. "Codling-moth caterpillars have doors to go out by, not doors to come in through."

"What do you mean, Uncle Bob?" asked both children. "How did he get in if he didn't get in through the hole?"

"Just like the apple got into the pie," said Uncle Bob. "He was put there and the apple grew around him. Speaking of our little friend being a disagreeable subject—can you think of any cradle being prettier, daintier or more fragrant than an apple blossom? Right in the calyx of the blossom the codling-moth lays an egg. In a week or so the egg hatches and tiny Mr. Codling appears. He is white with a black head, collar and tail—that is, the parts of him that would be his collar and tail if he had them are black—and he has a few black dots on his sides. Altogether, although he is almost too small for giants like us to see, he is a very handsome little worm."

"I've seen him!" said Dorothy.

"Yes, when he's larger," replied Uncle Bob. "When the codling caterpillar first hatches out, the apple is just changing from a blossom into fruit. You've seen that, haven't you? The petals all fall off and a round, green swelling beginning to show under the calyx. Well, Mr. Codling hatches out in all his glory of black dots and collar and at once he starts to burrow into the hard, little apple, his burrows and burrows right into the heart and there he lives and grows fat and comfortable. And the apple grows and grows and nobody knows that there is a little stranger in its heart eating and scooping out little halls and rooms! Indeed everybody might be fooled for a long time except for one thing. Guess what it is."

"The hole!" cried Jack.

"No, the hole scarcely shows because the apple has grown over it a good deal," replied Uncle Bob. "Of course, it is there but it wouldn't be noticed in the least by anyone. Guess again!"

"I give up!" said Jack.

"Sawdust!" said Uncle Bob. "Did you ever notice brownish powder sticking around the eye of an apple?"

"Yes, often!" he replied.

"Well, that is what Mr. Codling does. He sweeps his halls often and pushes the dust through the tiny opening at the end of the apple and that's how you can tell that he is there."

"But why does he go away?" asked Dorothy, for they had cut the apple in two now and were examining the halves very carefully, but no caterpillar could they find.

"He grows and grows and changes his complexion and looks," went on Uncle Bob. "His black dots turn brown and he turns pinkish in color. Then the apple very likely gets ripe and falls. Somehow the wormy apples always ripen early and fall. People think they blow off and call them 'wind-falls,' but the truth is that little Mr. Codling is to blame. He generally eats a door in the side of his prison and lets down a silken rope and creeps away."

"Eats a door?" cried Jack, quite taken with the idea. "How jolly! How'd you like to have to eat a door in a prison all made of sponge cake?"

"It's green apple, though," smiled mother. "I'm afraid you wouldn't get fat in a green apple prison."

"He ate some and got a pain once," explained Dorothy.

"What does Mr. Codling do when he gets out?" asked Jack, who thought the talk was getting entirely too personal.

"He creeps into little crannies in the bark of the tree," replied Uncle Bob, "and there he gnaws a nice-shaped retreat for himself, wraps himself up in a white silk sheet which he spins and goes off to sleep. But first he hides his bed by covering it with bits of bark tied on with silk thread. He knows that birds are very fond of him—but not in a nice way—and he is very clever."

"Then what happens?" asked Dorothy.

"Then he changes into a pupa—that's the cocoon stage—and he sleeps for two weeks, while mother nature waves her wand over him. Then suddenly one day out he comes a nice, little Codling-moth!"

"Well, well!" said mother. "This is all very interesting, Bob."

"I hope you have not been disgusted," laughed Uncle Bob.

"Things aren't bad at all if you really know, are they?" replied mother. "It's pity we can't all be bugologists."

"That's what I think," chimed in Jack.

"Oh, but you can be!" exclaimed Uncle Bob. "I haven't told you anything unusual at all. All this goes on right before everybody. Thousands of interesting, little lives are being lived in the meadows and lanes and garden. All anybody needs to learn about them is to get a good, strong pair of Noticing Glasses."

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THE STORY OF SHOE BUTTONS

ONCE there was a little girl who didn't like to button her shoes. No, I didn't say it was you. What made you think so? This was just a very queer little girl who didn't like to button her shoes. Of course, you do. And every morning, and every morning, and every morning she buttoned her shoes, 11 buttons on one shoe and 11 buttons on the other shoe; and they never changed at all, and the little girl got so tired of it.

One morning she decided she would make her shoes more interesting by buttoning only every other button. So she tried that plan. She buttoned six buttons on one shoe and six buttons on the other shoe, and left every other button unbuttoned.

But do you think that scheme worked? No, indeed! She had hardly reached the foot of the stairs until her mother called to her. "Little girl, you have not buttoned all your shoe buttons!"

"I know that," said the little girl, "five buttons on one shoe, and five buttons on the other wanted a vacation, and so I told them they could rest today."

"But you will have to tell them differently," said her mother, laughing. "This is a day when every shoe button has to work."

So the little girl went slowly back upstairs and buttoned every button. That night, when she undressed for bed, she couldn't think of anything but those 22 shoe buttons that would have to be buttoned up the next morning.

"I wish something would happen to them in the night," she said, crossly, as she jerked off her shoes. "I am sick of shoe buttons and shoe buttons and shoe buttons."

And then she tumbled into bed and went to sleep. While she slept, a great big pair of scissors stalked up the front walk, stalked up the front stairs, down the hall and into the little girl's room.

"Where are those shoe buttons that want to come off?" cried the big scissors, threateningly.

"Here we are, right under the bed," answered the 22 buttons, all together. "I am going to cut you off," the big scissors announced, and they set to work and snipped every one of those 22 buttons.

Just when the last button had rolled off into the corner, a lovely fair Princess stood at the door of the little girl's room. "Come, little girl, put on your shoes," said the Princess. "I am going to take you to fairyland."

The little girl hopped out of bed, and she and the Princess went down the stairs and out the door. The little girl had no shoes on either shoe.

jerked on her shoes and grabbed for the button hook, but there weren't any buttons—not one button anywhere on either shoe.

"Oh, I am sorry," said the fairy Princess, in a disappointed voice. "I will have to get some other little girl to go with me, then."

And before the little girl could answer a word the princess was gone, and the little girl left all alone, climbed sadly into bed and slept the rest of the night.

Bright and early in the morning the little girl's mother called in at the door: "Time for breakfast!"

The little girl sleepily opened her eyes, and then she remembered about the buttons. "Oh, I am so sorry my shoes are all spoiled, and now I can't go to school," for she remembered about the big scissors and the fairy Princess. She climbed out of bed in a hurry.

"Maybe I can find the buttons where they rolled around the room, and maybe I can have them put on again." But before she had a chance to hunt very far, she spied her two little shoes standing firmly under the bed, and every one of those 22 buttons were on just as tight and as solid as ever.

"Oh," she cried, as she ran for the button hook. "I believe it was all a dream that my shoe buttons were gone, and I will never mind buttoning them again—Never—Never—never!"

A Famous Name for Americans.

WHAT American boy and girl does not know and honor the name of Francis Scott Key? July 29 will be the 138th anniversary of his birth and we cannot respect his memory better than by waving the Stars and Stripes, and singing the noble words he penned about our flag.

Francis Scott Key gained his fame for his immortal poem, "The Star-Spangled Banner," which he wrote under the following romantic circumstances: In 1814 the United States was at war with Great Britain and a British fleet entered the Chesapeake Bay and after doing much harm to the city of Washington, the land forces marched against Baltimore, while the warships in the bay bombarded the town from the water side. The city of Baltimore, then a mere town, was being protected by a handful of volunteer citizens who were doing their best. A few days previous, a well-known citizen, Dr. Beanes, was taken a prisoner by the British and conveyed to one of their ships. Near Washington was the little town of Georgetown and the young Francis Scott Key, who lived there, was selected to go, under a flag of truce, to ask for the release of Dr. Beanes. Mr. Key was received on the British ship and gained the release of the doctor, but the British Admiral deemed it advisable to keep both Americans on board until the fight was over.

At sunrise on September 13 the fleet moved up the bay and fired on Fort M'Henry. The battle was a fierce one and lasted until midnight and Dr. Beanes and Francis Scott Key, who heard and saw it all, could not make out through the awful darkness of the night which side was winning. Key paced the deck all through the weary hours, praying that the Stars and Stripes would still be waving at dawn over the fort. It was during this anxious waiting that he took an old envelope out of his pocket and scribbled the well-known lines:

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,

whose broad stripes and bright stars,
thro' the perilous fight,
O'er ramparts we watch'd were so
gallantly streaming?" etc.

Finally when the day dawned much to Key's delight the banner was still waving on high, and the city was saved. At his leisure, safe in his home, he wrote the remainder of this beautiful poem and a friend of his, recognizing the beauty and force of the words, had the whole of it printed and distributed among the population of Baltimore. Later the song was set to music and it became the dearest song to the hearts of all Americans.

Francis Scott Key died January 11, 1843, but his poem written under such extraordinary circumstances will always hold sway "O'er the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

Growing Figs in Flower Pots.

THE fig is one of the oldest fruits known, and since it has become known that figs can be grown in pots and fruited in the conservatory or in the open ground, where there is three months' warm Summer weather, there has been a great demand for the quick-bearing varieties by people anxious to grow fresh figs. These varieties begin to fruit by the time the young shoots are six inches long and form a fig at every leaf.

Unlike apples, peaches and other fruits of the kind, the fig is more like the raspberry or blackberry in the respect that the fruit does not ripen all at one time. Figs continue to develop and ripen fruit until checked by cold weather.

For pot culture the fig requires about the same treatment as a rubber plant, and if supplied with plenty of water the fruit will ripen. Vigorous plants will have fruit in all stages of development, from the smallest green fruit to the ripe figs ready for picking and eating.

Celeste bears rather small fruit of high quality, but is not very productive. Ischia has a green exterior, the inside of the fruit being blood red. Hirtu Japan is an abundant bearer and Magnolia bears large pear-shaped fruit.

One fig enthusiast writes that his figs stood zero weather last year, though when first set out freezing weather would kill them. As they became acclimated the plants stand colder weather. A gardener in Pennsylvania says her fig tree has withstood 20 Winters with protection. The tree is bent over to the ground in Winter and covered with straw and earth.

Not Story, but Argument.

London Star.

A khaki-clad warrior with a wounded arm entered the train and sat down opposite an inquisitive old gentleman. "Oh, Tommy, you're wounded," exclaimed the latter, pleasantly. "How did it happen?" "Well, it was this way," began Tommy, wearily. "I was told to get even with a German sniper. He was stuck up a tree, about a mile away. He was a sergeant, as I could see—old gentleman. 'At that distance,' 'Yes, I could see his stripes. Well, we fired at each other. He got one in at me that broke my bayonet and hit me in the arm. But I soon settled him. 'With a wounded arm?' 'Yes, easy. Suddenly I heard a yell, and a whole lot of them started to climb out of the trenches. I fired as quickly as I could and 50 of them went down. 'Fifty?' said the old gentleman, doubtfully. 'That's a lot, isn't it?' 'Yes, 50,' said Tommy, who was getting annoyed. 'Then I fixed my bayonet—' 'But you said your bayonet was broken.' 'This was the last straw. Look here,' said Tommy, angrily, you don't want a story, you want an argument."

CURLS

BIG SISTER'S HEAD IS FULL OF CURLS—

BUT WHEN SHE WAS A CHILD LIKE ME—

HER HAIR WAS STRAIGHT AND SHORT AS MINE

'CAUSE IN THE ALBUM I CAN SEE.

SHE SAYS WHEN I GROW BIG AND TALL

MY HAIR WILL GET QUITE CURLEY, TOO—

AND THEN SHE LAUGHS—

I DON'T SEE WHY

SHE THINKS THAT SUCH

A JOKE, DO YOU?



HE GENERALLY EATS A DOOR IN THE SIDE OF HIS PRISON AND LETS DOWN A SILKEN ROPE.