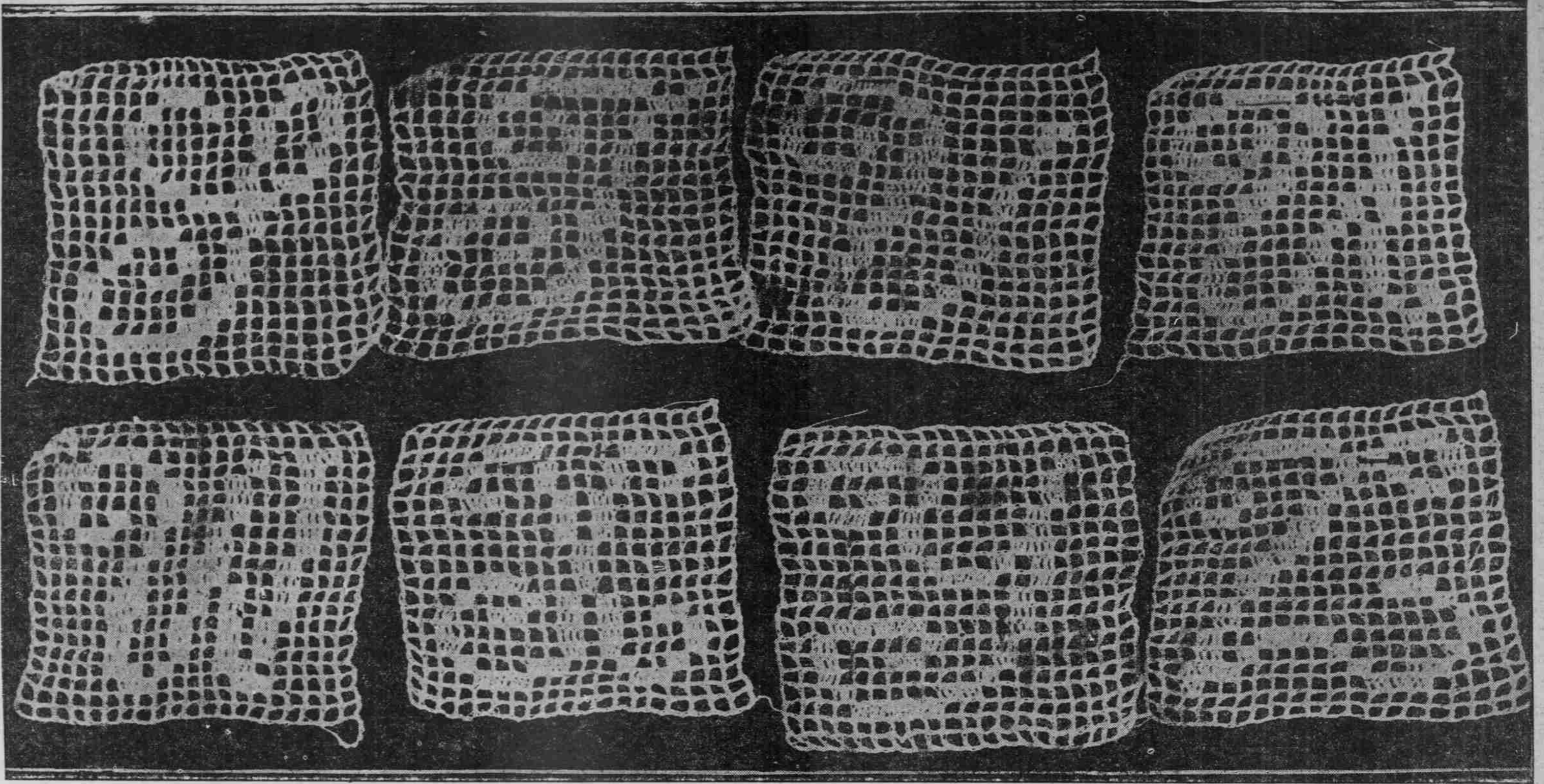


Practical and Fancy Needle Work CLOTHILDE



Herewith are given the last eight letters of the alphabet in filet crochet. This is made by crocheting as nearly in squares as possible and filling open

spaces with treble stitches, two stitches in each space and one treble over one treble. Four treble stitches make one solid space and seven trebles make two

solid spaces. Consider each letter a square 20x20. A space of two rows of open meshes is left all around each letter, and the let-

ter beginning in each third row is outlined as shown. By referring to illustrations each letter can be made by counting from solid to open spaces and

filling as shown. Begin with a chain of 45. Divide chain into 20 open meshes. The second row repeats the first, and is again repeated in rows 19 and 20. From row 3 to 16 fol-

low the illustration. Many uses have been found for these letters. A box containing the initial letters of friends will be quite a treasure at Christmas time.

ing a lace edge all around the letter. Many uses for the letters will be suggested and a box containing the initial letters of friends will be quite a treasure at Christmas time.



FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



KITTY'S FIRST DAY

IT WAS the first day of school, and it was Kitty's first day. Of course, Kitty was up with the sparrows and, as she was big and old now, she hustled and hustled herself into her own clothes. David, who was all of 8, said: "We have plenty of time." But, oh, dear! Kitty was so afraid she would be late. She could hardly make time to eat her oatmeal and cream or wait to pick out an extra nice apple from the barrel to eat at recess. Wise, could give Kitty much good advice. "You must sit real still in school," he said, "and if you want to get up or if you want to talk you ought to hold up your hand first. Then teacher will say: 'Very well, Kitty.' Then you can say what you need to say, or walk around. If you don't behave you'll have to sit up in front on a chair." Kitty listened very hard and nodded her curls. Off they started, while mother waved to them from the doorway. On the road they met Johnnie and Jennie, the twins, who lived next door. They were going to school for the first time, too. Kitty knew them well, as

she played with them every afternoon. It was nice to have friends in the new school. They stopped and asked Davy and Kitty to ride with them in their pony cart. Twin Johnnie nibbled his cinnamon cake which was meant for recess. When they reached school the yard was full of children. Brown heads and golden heads and red heads and black heads bobbing around! Kitty never saw so many children all together before. Twin Johnnie and Twin Jennie each took one of Kitty's hands and Davy went off on the boys' side to play. Twin Johnnie was little and always played with the girls—his twin was a girl, you see, so he had to. Soon the bell rang and the children all got into line. Such a scuffling and giggling and shuffling! Then they all marched in. Kitty often laughs now over her first day. You see, she has been to school so many times now that she feels quite used to it and everything. But she doesn't forget how strange she felt as she walked into the big, cool room that first time, and she says if ever any new little children come she will be nice to them. Teacher was Miss Alice. She was

pretty and had pinky cheeks, like roses. "Three, four, five, six, seven, eight!" she counted. "Eight new children! Dear me! Isn't this nice?" The twins sat together, because they were twins, and Kitty was given a place beside a strange little girl named Judy. Judy was a tease, Jim sure, because she slyly pulled Kitty's ribbon and undid her bow, and started Kitty's apple rolling off the desk. Kitty grew redder than her apple as she stooped and picked it up, but Judy was so innocent, she looked like a mischievous pussy-cat and looked around as if to say: "Mercy me! What was that?" And, dear, dear! how Judy did laugh when Kitty called Miss Alice "Mamma" by mistake. Miss Alice was almost as nice as Mother, but Kitty never meant to call her "Mamma" at all. It was quite embarrassing, and she nearly, almost cried, but Miss Alice said: "Well, well! I would like to have a nice little girl like you—really and truly!" And she laughed so gaily that Kitty laughed too. Everybody tried to be so good that first day. They sat up straight and only wigwagged a little, bit once every minute or so when they couldn't help it. Judy wigwagged more than Kitty. She wigwagged like a basket of coals. "At recess she said: 'Kitty, where's your apple?'" Kitty looked all around. "Oh, I believe you've got it, you badness!" Kitty cried at last. Judy did have it and she made Kitty choose which hand held the apple and when she chose wrong, Judy made her run for it all around the school yard. Well, Judy was biggest a little—but the twins came and helped Kitty get her apple. Kitty thought: "Well, this is only playing. I won't be mad or cross. Well, it was time to go back to school, and Kitty was so warm and tired!" Miss Alice has a soft, sweet voice and was telling the children a story—oh, about flowers that talked, and things like that—which reminded Kitty of the mother's bedtime stories. The children were very awfully quiet. You could have heard a pin drop, I'm sure. And the day was warm and quiet and a still old bee was humming at the window. Kitty felt drowsier and drowsier. Her eyelids grew so heavy that she had to prop them open with her hands. Then all of a sudden she heard a little: "Gr-r-r-r-r-r." She looked around and—why, makes alive, if it wasn't Miss Judy sound asleep a-snooring!

AFRAID TO BE A SOLDIER

FRANK was Elizabeth's favorite among the boys she knew, and he was a fine little chap, who deserved the friendship of such a smart little girl. For Elizabeth was the smartest girl in the class and the one whom all the children, girls and boys, liked the most. She was the daughter of a Captain in the Army and the children admired her especially on this account, because she really seemed to be a part of the war that they were hearing so much about. So Elizabeth was the center of interest and Frank was very fortunate to be singled out as her particular chum. Frank knew it, and one day, when he and Elizabeth were walking home together, he said to her: "Elizabeth, what makes you like me better than the other boys?" "Well," replied this serious little miss, "I think when you grow up you will be like my father. I think you're a brave boy like the knights we read about in our reading books. And, oh, Frank, I could never like anyone who was a coward! Do you remember that day when our class gave a picnic?" Frank nodded his head. "You know you were homesick. Well, when we were walking through the woods we saw a big black snake. All the girls screamed and ran, and I was scared, too, but what do you think? The boys all got frightened and ran away as fast as the girls. George was as white as a sheet, and Jim was trembling. Teacher told them that the snake was not poisonous and would run away from them if they scared it enough. Then you should have seen the foolish way they looked at us girls!" "Now, Frank, I know what you



She Turned Him Round and Round, Admiring Him.

seen what a coward I am. Gee! I'd hate to kill anything. It would make me sick, I know." Elizabeth turned to the war. Every evening at dinner Frank's father discussed the war, so the little chap heard a great deal about it. He heard his mother say that she was glad her little baby wasn't old enough to go away to war, and he remembered that he felt glad, too; and he also remembered how frightened he got when his father said: "Pooh, pooh, I'd hate to think a son of mine would hold back from going if his country needed him." Frank had decided that he was glad he didn't have to be a soldier. And now Elizabeth tells him that she liked him because he was brave and because he was like her father! Frank began to whistle. He always whistled when he tried to get his mind off anything that worried him. This ruse usually worked, but today something kept whispering to him: "You're a coward, you're a coward, and you are the only one who knows it now, but everyone'll know it soon." He couldn't shake off the whisperings of the little voice. At last he came to his own house. He turned in at the gate with a sigh. Life didn't seem worth living. But a surprise awaited him. Inside the house his family was assembled. He wondered what the commotion was about, when he heard the merry voices of his burly uncle from abroad, Uncle Jack. Uncle Jack was in France, where the war was going on, and he was entertaining the family with thrilling tales. He tossed Frank onto his lap when he spied him and began to ask him questions. Frank was carried away with Uncle Jack's good humor. "See, I've got a present for you," said Uncle Jack, with a laugh. "I bet you'll like it. It ought to suit your style." Frank's imagination ran away with him. He thought of everything that his uncle might possibly have brought him, but his mind never hit on the real thing. Amid cries of delight Uncle Jack drew from his trunk a Boy Scout suit—the soldier suit that boys earn the right to wear. "I want you to join the Boy Scouts and be a boy soldier. Put this suit on and let us see how you look." Frank got into it. Surely he did look fine! It fit him to a "tee" and when he put the hat on, he couldn't help admiring himself. "Would you like to become one of these Boy Scouts?" was Uncle Jack's question to Frank. "You'll go into camp and train under a scout master, who is your captain, and learn all the fine things that a boy of your age ought to know." Frank looked a bit dubious. "Don't you want to be a soldier when you grow up?" asked Uncle Jack, as though he couldn't understand any normal boy who didn't. "I don't know," Frank managed to say. "I'd be afraid of the roar of the cannon and seeing all the wounded fellows, and I'd hate to stab anybody." Uncle Jack looked at him with a new interest. Finally he said, "You're a great kid, sonny. Why, every man in the world gets afraid when he thinks of war, but the men who are brave enough to acknowledge that they are afraid are usually the best soldiers. You'll have to join the Scouts, go out with the boys on tramps, learn their drills, and then you'll find out that there's a lot of pleasure to be gained from doing your duty the best you know how. You run along now and think it over." Frank walked out into the garden in a maze. Here his Uncle Jack had not

said that he was a coward when he admitted he was afraid to be a soldier. He set his lips. "I guess I'll go and talk over this Boy Scout deal with Elizabeth, and show her my new suit." Elizabeth was playing in her yard when he arrived. She turned him round and round, and he says that a soldier must go on. Didn't I tell you that you were just like Papa? And I think it will do you good to be a Scout." Frank was delighted. He left shortly afterwards, and as he skipped down the hill homeward, he said to himself: "I guess I'd have killed that snake after all. I'll join the Scouts and on one of their trips may be we'll meet a snake and I'll prove to myself that I'm no coward."

POCKETS YOU NEVER HAD

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket, Lucy Fisher found it." HOW would you like to lose your pocket instead of just the marble out of it? Your pockets are all sewed in tight so they won't come loose. A long time ago, when George Washington was a little boy, pockets were very fashionable. But they were very odd for pockets because they were not sewed in the clothes at all. They were really bags made of linen or pretty cloth and were carried by all the stylish ladies and girls on the arm. Sometimes a girl had a pair of pockets that she wore fastened to her belt. The little girls were all very proud of their fancy pockets in which they carried gummies or neat handkerchiefs. Lucy must have cried when she lost her pocket and jumped with joy when Lucy Fisher brought it back to her. The Indian mother and the Eskimo mother both have large pockets in which they carry their babies. You know, I am sure, about the little Indian papoose in his board-and-sinew cradle that his mother fastens to her shoulders. The baby kangaroo is carried much the same way in a bag of sealskin lined with feathers, so he cannot get cold. These are just great pockets in which to carry tiny tads. The mother kangaroo has still a funnier pocket in which she carries

the baby kangaroos. Her pocket is of fur and is fastened right onto her body between her hind and front legs. When Mrs. Kangaroo wants to go out and take her children with her she tells them to jump in her pocket and away they go on Mrs. Kangaroo's strong legs that leap and bound from all danger. The children look out of the pocket with their cute little eyes and are not one bit afraid that Mrs. Kangaroo will skip. Mrs. Opossum also carries her children in a pocket on her breast. Soon the little opossums outgrow their pocket. Then Mrs. Opossum teaches them how to hold onto her back by curling their stout little tails around hers. Then the children take a delightful ride. When squirrels carry nuts they have pockets in which to put them. Do you know where these pockets are? They are in their cheeks, and each pocket will hold several nuts. The squirrels empty their pockets by pressing with their paws against the bottom of them and opening their mouths. Monkeys also have pockets in their cheeks in which they carry food. Many insects have pockets, and the spider has a very unusual one in which it carries material to make its fine silk web. The spider carries a pot of glue in its pocket. Wouldn't that be a funny thing for a boy to carry about in his trousers? Some pockets are queer, aren't they?

thought for his girl. The father of a certain charming girl is well known in his town as "a tight old man." When dad recently received a young man, who for some time had been "paying attention" to the daughter, it was the old man who made the first observation: "Huh! So you want to marry my daughter, eh?" "Yes, sir; very much, indeed." "Um—let me see. Can you support her in the style to which she has been accustomed?" "I can, sir," said the young man, "but I am not mean enough to do it."

Seven score and one years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new Nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. The most arrogant military power ever organized by man has been crushed. The proposition is true. We are confronted by the active hatred of a nation conceived in oppression and dedicated to the proposition that freedom may survive. To the desperate leaders of that nation we must fight a great war to test whether our Nation or any nation conceived in liberty can long endure. On the battlefields of Europe are the graves of millions of men who have given their lives that freedom may survive. To the peaceful homes of Europe have come gaunt starvation and the death of innocents. The time has come for men and women of America to carry speedy help to the brave souls of Belgium, of France, of Great Britain. For they have been fighting our battles. Let us now be dedicated to the unfinished work so bravely advanced by our fathers in 1776 and 1862. It is for us to take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion. Let us now highly resolve that the men who died at Valley Forge and Gettysburg and on all the torn battlefields of Belgium and France shall not have died in vain; that the free nations of the world, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."



IF IT WASN'T MISS JUDY SOUND ASLEEP A-SNOORING.