IF AND PERHAPS.

If every one were wise and sweet, And every one were jolly; If every heart with gladness beat And none were melancholy; If none should grumble or complain.

And nobody should labor In evil work, but each were fain To love and help his neighbor-Oh, what a happy world 'twould be For you and me, for you and me!

And if perchance we both should try That glorious time to hurry, If you and I-just you and I, Should laugh instead of worry; If we should grow-just you and I, Kinder and sweeter hearted-

Perhaps in some near by-and-by That good time might get started; Then what a happy world 'twould be For you and me-for you and me!

THE SINGER AT THE WINDOW.

(Concluded from last week).

Peggy's girl friends were back then co-operative dinners and dishwashing in the front flat were over. But she still went in every evening and played while Allan sang. He had been given a week's vacation in August; but of course he had spent it there with his mother. He was only twenty-three, and for five years he had been working at a book-keeper's desk all day and spending his evenings in a city flat. He had not known how tired he was until at the first lesson that autumn Lefferts had looked at him sharply and said:

"What's the matter? What have you been doing to yourself?"

"Nothing. What do you mean?"

"Take the last phrase over again."

Allan repeated it—with an effort of which he was suddenly conscious.

"What do you mean?" he said

"What do you mean?" he said again, but this time the wonder was

gone from his question.

"Never mind. Go on," said Lefferts, and made no further comment.

"You may have him for a year,"

"You may have him for a year," The next afternoon, however, when Peggy had run in to sit with Mrs. Harding until Allan should come home, the bell rang and Peggy opened the door to admit Lefferts himself. It was his first visit to the new flat and he looked sharply around him, as if he were trying to uncover a mystery. His glance lingered on the girl, appraising her. Then he turned to

Mrs. Harding.

"Good afternoon," he said more gently than was his wont. "How have you got through the summer? Humph! Don't need to ask. You're looking as if you'd found a new lease of life. This your daughter? I didn't know you had one."

"I haven't," smiling. "This is our little neighbor, Miss Manning. Our neighbor and Allan's accompanist."

"He took the letter and opened it without a world."

"He took the letter and opened it without a world." Mrs. Harding.

"His accompanist! Humph! Did not know he had one."

"How is he getting on, Mr. Lef-ferts?" demanded Mrs. Harding eagerly.
"So you're Allan's accompanist, are

you?" said Lefferts, ignoring the question. "He's gone into the concert business, has he?" "Not exactly," laughed Peggy.

have appeared before—yet." "Humph!" grunted Lefferts, and looked at her so long that she flushed uncomfortably. "So you play?" he demanded finally. "Got a piano in

'Yes.' "Guess I'll go in there and see what you can do.

"I—" Her face was so radiant he looked away.

gruffly to Mrs. Harding, and turned to the door. When Peggy had let him into the little rear apartment she sat down at

the piano and then turned to him impulsively: "How is Allan getting along?" Lefferts stood stock still and eyed

her steadily.

"Fine!" he said abruptly. "He's going along, backward, in great shape."
"Backward!" she repeated. "You

"I mean he's doubled on his track and is where he was a year ago. What's been happening to him? That's what I want to find out. I thought it was his mother and I came to see. She's all right; so it isn't that. What's he got on his mind?

You ought to know. Is he in love?"
"I—I don't know."
"Humph! Well—see here! I'm going to tell you a few things about a singer; at least about a man that's learning to be a singer, or learning to be anything else. He's got to have just one interest, one thought in life. Maybe you think a man sings with his soul, or his heart, or some tommy-rot of that sort. He doesn't. He sings with his lungs and his vocal cords and lips and tongue and-never mind the rest. But you take my word for it. Those are his tools in trade. He's got to keep his mind on them,

everlastingly on them.
"If a man was learning to drive a motor car, would you undertake to teach him if he was going to have one arm around a girl all the time? Well, I'd as soon do that as try to teach a man to sing when he had a love affair in his head. Love's young dream! He's got to cut out the dream stuff if he is going to get anywhere."

He did not look at the girl now, just set his mouth in a hard line and went ahead brutally:

ture before him. I don't know what he's been up to, but something has come along that is pushing him back from that future. I don't care what from that future. I don't care what what future is the first floor. And in his

he began again.
"Of course, if you don't care about his future—"

She made a quick gesture. "I don't know what you want—me

"Is he in love with you?" "He hasn't said so."
"Hasn't said so? You're a woman. Is he in love with you?"

"Perhaps!" She lifted her head and looked at him defiantly.

"I thought so. Well, he mustn't be. Later—oh! I'm not saying that he can't ever think of anything but his work. But if he's to get anywhere he can't—he can't do it with one arm around a girl."

"I don't believe you."
"Of course!" Lefferts threw up
his hands in despair. "Of course you
care more about your little romance than you do about his future. I might

if you little taste of a man's heart even if you bleed him to death."

"You've no right to say that. I—
I have been trying to help him."

"Help him! with your um-te-tum accampaniments? Anybody can do that for him. I'll send him a young man that will play his accompaniments. that will play his accompaniments and won't take his mind off the only thing he has any business to be think-ing of. And that's his technique. Listen to me!"

Lefferts went up to her and spoke with desperate earnestness:

"I've got to do this. If I thought I could help that boy by turning him over to some other teacher, I'd wipe myself off his slate without a moment's hesitation. I'd do it, because I know that the world has a right to a great voice. That seems a cold kind of a reason to you. Well, can you make a sacrifice, too? Not because of my reason, which you think is cold, but because you care enough for him but because you care enough for him to give him the future he has a right

"If I believed-" "If you believed? Don't you think I know?"

Love never kept anyone from-"Love! Let me tell you. Love is a luxury. It is a competitor. It is all right when the time comes. But he has no business fooling with it now. It is spoling his work. Didn't I know something was wrong? Didn't I come here to find out? And I've found out," he added grimly. "I want that boy back for one year. You can have him then. Are you going to give him to me or not?"

She sat there so long, not speaking, her eyes on her hands that lay idly in her lap, that he picked up his hat and turned angrily away. As he

she said quietly. "I don't believe you —but I can't take any chance on your being right."

He turned back eagerly, but she

rose and held the door for him.
"Good afternoon!" she said.
"I—I— Good afternoon!" he finished gruffly and went out.

A week later Allan came home one day and found his mother holding in her hand a letter which she turned over and over nervously before she

mother. You understand how it is. I shall miss the concerts. But I shall know that the real ones are coming; and I shall know that you are working for them every and with every thought. "His mother is the only audience we thing that counts is to master absolutely your work. A man's life must be his work and his work must be his life, mustn't it? When it is a great work, then "the tools of his trade" are almost sacred. Your tools are what you sing with. Take care of them for the sake of all of us, and especially for the sake of

Your friend. PEGGY MANNING.

Of course he wrote to her. She had bked away.
"Glad to see you're better," he said told her that he loved her, that he needed her; told her, as he had told his mother, that his singing could not be only a matter of what she called "the tools of his trade," but that it must be from his heart and with his

heart. He read her answer, gay and chaffing, with a tightening of the lips. Then he wrote again. The answer Then he wrote again. was slow in coming this time. The next one was even more delayed. In the meantime, Lefferts had been busy, with the result that, somehow, Allan had another free afternoon a week, with time for a lesson, which Lefferts prolonged beyond all the demands of

ordinary teaching. As for Allan himself, Lefferts used to watch him with puzzled interest. He had grown older, more serious, more complex. There was a depth and a concentration of purpose which had not been there before. At first Lefferts used to rub his hands together with satisfaction and tell himself that he had done a great piece of work in getting "that foolishness" stopped. Later, he would sit thoughtfully at the piano when Allan had gone and ask himself if there were really things in life-

That summer he took Allan and Mrs. Harding into the country with

"Call it a loan if you want to!" he said. "You'll pay it back out of your first season, if you do as I tell you." Peggy's letter had slowed down to the stopping point by this time and Allan and his mother never spoke of her. Lefferts knew she had gone, for he had made a special call on Mrs. Harding and, apparently incidentally, had asked about "the little accompanist." But not one of them knew that late in the winter Peggy had returned to her work, though not to the flat next door.

Then the autumn came, and the ent ahead brutally:

"Here's a boy with a wonderful fure before him. I don't know what ye's been up to, but something has a boy with a worderful has been up to, but something has been up to, but something has a boy with a worderful fure before him. I don't know what you have on!" he muttered.

"Oc course not!" said Peggy, abashed. "No one will notice me."

into speech. But he did so now.

"Hell!" he observed in surprisingly stentorian tones. "Sounds more like the other place to me!"

When Allan went in to tell his mother, he laughed shortly.

"You have to know what the one place is like to make people feel the place."

singing; but Peggy's taught me things you couldn't teach. I'll show you tonight." mother, he laughed shortly.
"You have to know what the one other," he said, and went back to the

His first recital came in November. house; and as he stood back in the "We'll catch 'em early," Lefferts shadows, listening, a look that was had said, "before the critics get muhalf wistful, half bitter, stole into his sical indigestion from over-feeding." face. It was true! These people He was a shrewd man, was Lefferts, around him were being carried out of and a clever advertiser. The result was that the seating capacity of those "tools of trade" whose perfect Beethoven Hall was taxed to the ut- use he had taught to the young man

have known it. You women want your little taste of a man's heart even if you bleed him to death." around her almost resentfully. How casual they were! How complacent! To them it was only the debut of an unknown singer-nothing to get ex-

cited about. Lefferts went up to her and spoke

As she sat there, with the hubbub of a gathering audience around her, she ran over the list of songs he was to sing. She knew them all. Over and over again she had played them for him. And over and over again she had played them in the year since she had run away from him. They had seemed the one link between them.

And then, suddenly, she heard a dience called and clamored in a storm voice behind her that made her start of applause, Allan came out, leading and go back to that day, a year before, when Lefferts had grimly asked her what she was going to do about it. It was his voice, and it was speaking the very same words in the same grim tone: "What are you going to do about custom.

She turned slightly and saw that he was talking to Allan's manager. She knew the man well by sight; all girl in her seat. "Give us the one about the perfect day!"

"Yes!" called a lank dark man who was trying to hold a red-headed little girl in her seat. "Give us the perfect day."

manager began stammering.
"We—we'll have to get somebody "Somebody else! Who? Send

somebody on to play accompaniments for a man he's never seen! Haven't you any sense?"

"Well, you haven't! Do you want "I couldn't make real music just with my lips or with those little cords" Harding to go on and sing without in my throat."
any accompaniment? Play em yourAnd she, too

"I suppose I could," Lefferts began. Then he looked up into a pair of wonderful, clear gray eyes and heard a girl's voice, that thrilled with determination.

"Mr. Lefferts!" it said. "You remember me. I am Peggy Manning. I can play those accompaniments with my eyes shut. I believe our contract was for one year, wasn't it? Well,

without a word. After he had read it he handed it to his mother and went out of the room. It ran:

Dear "Caruso:" I must go home to my mother. You understand how it is. I "I have played for Mr. Harding." "I have played for Mr. Harding dozens of times," said Peggy.
"Do you know this young lady?" said the manager to Lefferts.

"Yes," slowly, "I know her." "Well," impatiently, "what about "Come back with me!" said Lef-

ferts, and when Peggy followed him to the office behind the stage, he demanded: "Does Harding know you're here?"

"No.

"Humph! What effect-" He stopped suddenly and looked

past her to the door. Allan was coming in hurriedly.
"What's this about an accident?" He stopped short as the girl turned quickly. "Peggy!" he said under his breath. "Peggy!"

She went straight to him and looked at him with questioning eyes. Then, as if satisfied by what she saw, she held out both hands, and with that little half laugh he knew and loved, she whispered:

"I've come back to play for you." He caught her in his arms, held her so close that she gasped a little, kiss-ed her, laughed, kissed her again, held her away from him and looked at her as if to make sure he was not dreaming. Lefferts watched them keenly. He had no compunctions, no delicacy. He cared about just one thing: What was this going to do to the singer? His eyes were cold and keen as Allan turned to him, still holding Peggy close in the curve of

lan. "She is— Well, you can see for yourself?" "Humph! Yes, I can see. What I don't see is how you're going to give a recital without any accompaniments. Do you?"

Peggy held her breath. She had been brave enough before Lefferts; but would Allan-

"Why," said Allan triumphantly, "Why," said Allan triumphantly,
"I'd rather sing with Miss Manning
than with the best harp player in the
heavenly choir! If she'll play for
me?" he added, looking down at her.
"And I'd rather play for you," said
Peggy, "than lead the heavenly choir!
Will my dress do?" she asked Lefforts with an anxious after-thought. ferts, with an anxious after-thought.
"Take off your hat!" he ordered.
When she had done so, he stared at

"They won't be likely to notice anything else! Not with that hair!" said it is"—he stopped a moment, then went on relentlessly—"I don't care what it is, it's got to stop. Maybe you can help to stop it. If you can—are you going to do it?"

The silence was so prolonged that he began again.

"Of course, if you don't care about "Hello, Caruso!" yelled the little man on the first floor. And in his usual politic language, he added, "They'll forget even Peggy's hair when they hear me sing—tonight."

The lank man with the little red-headed girl had never hitherto broken into speech. But he did so now.

"Hello, Caruso!" yelled the little man on the first floor. And in his usual politic language, he added, "They'll forget even Peggy's hair when they hear me sing—tonight."

He shook his fist laughingly at Lefferts. "I'll show you what singing is, now! I'll show you what living is! It's joy and grief, giving up and finding again, loving and losing and winning. It's hell and heaven—both of them. You've taught me a lot about

And he did. After the first number, Lefferts slipped down into the

themselves, not by the mastery of those "tools of trade" whose perfect most that night, and not such a lot of "paper" in the house either.

Peggy was trembling with excitement as she passed the ticket taker. She looked at the crowd swirling people's souls. He could almost visarously be a poole of the first taken to the young man the property of the poole of the poole of the young man the property of the young man the property of the poole of the young man the property of the young man the young man the property of the young man the young man the property of the young man the property of the young man the property of the young man the young m ualize these cords, incredibly fine, passing from the singer to the listen-

And when, at last, he went back

of the stage again, it was to go up to

Peggy with frankly outstretched She had a queer little feeling of resentment at the idea of being in a cheap seat when Allan sang, so she had paid her two dollars and sat in the back row. For the same reason, that desire to do him honor even though all unknown to him, she had put on her prettiest frock—nothing wonderful, of course—a cloudy gray thing that fell in simple lines about her slender young body.

Hands.

"It is true," he said. "You have transfer to what I could not. Why did you believe me and go away?"

"I didn't believe you," she said, very soberly. "But I did believe that if his love for me was real, he would learn something he had to learn—through pain. I thought you might be right about his having nothing else in his life just then but the learning to use his tools in trade. The pain to use his tools in trade. The pain-I gave him that, and hurt myself more cruelly in giving it. But," she smiled, "I meant to end it as soon as possible and make it all up to him. To-night"—she was very serious now— "tonight is just the beginning."

"Well, it's a very good start, I should say," remarked Lefferts. After the last number, while the audience called and clamored in a storm

then, the uproar was broken by a shout from the upper balcony. "Hi, there! Caruso!" yelled a little man, who was looking down now, instead of up an air shaft as was his custom. "Give us the one about the

his accompanist by the hand.

he was talking to Allan's manager. She knew the man well by sight; all the musical people, little and big, in New York did know him.

"Can't come," exclaimed the manager. "He's got to come!"

"Don't be a fool!" replied Lefferts. "I tell you he's smashed up—in a hospital!"

Peggy turned faint. The house swam around her. Allan was hurt! She half rose—then sank back as the manager began stammering.

was trying to hold a red-headed little girl in her seat. "Give us 'the perfect day."

A fat woman near him, for Allan had sent the whole row of seats to his air shaft friends, got out her handker-chief in anticipation of the need she knew, by experience, was coming. And down in a box, where an invalid's chair was half hidden behind the curtains, Allan's mother smiled happily to herself as she saw Peggy's shining head bent over the keys and shining head bent over the keys and heard her boy's voice of gold begin the hackneyed lines. He looked up to her as he sang and she remembered what he had said to her six years be-

us all together inextricably, so that every harmony finds its echo in every other heart. And she knew that Joy and Pain and Love are the great teachers of these harmonies—and the greatest of these is Love.—By Mary B. Mullett, in American Magazine.

A Tragi-Comedy of No Man's Land.

In the effort to conceal military op-erations—camouflage as it is called in French—the talent of painters and sculptors is being put to a practical use in the battle lines of Europe. In Scribner's Magazine Mr. Ernest Peixotto writes that it is often necessary

observation purposes. the trenches at night, remove the carin its place with an observer inside so loop

ence in the morning.
Trees are of vital importance. An "Are you sure you can play those songs?"

"I've played them every day for a year," said the girl, and the slow color crept into her face.
"I've played them every day for a year," said the girl, and the slow color crept into her face.
"I've played them every day for a year," said the girl, and the slow color crept into her face.
"I've played them every day for a year," said the girl, and the slow color the sculptor models a duplicate of the tree, the stump is removed at night tree, the stump is removed at night and the duplicate erected in its place with the observer inside. He remains all day, peering down into the enemy lines, and after nightfall makes his way back to his own trenches.

Once, after an attack by the French, many German dead were left on the field. Among them was a large, fat, red-haired German who had fallen on a bit of rising ground in a good place for observation. It occurred to the colonel that a French observer might be useful at that The sculptor made a fat, redhaired German "corpse," and that night they crawled out with it where the fat German lay. They threw a rope round the dead man, dragged him away and left him behind a pile of rocks, and in the place where he had lain they placed the French observer inside the imitation "corpse." To the "corpse" they attached a rope so that they could pull the observer

back the next evening. The next morning to their horror, the Germans made a target of the "corpse" and shot bullet after bullet into it. Of course the French thought that their observer was dead. That night the Germans sent up flares every once in a while and continued shooting, and the French could do nothing. Later when the flares and the shooting ceased, the French dragged their observer back behind the lines; but when they came to examine him they found not their comrade, but an irate and very much alive German officer. They crawled back to the pile of rocks where they had left dead German the night before, and found only a Prussian uniform stuffed with straw and cotton and cap-

ped with a red wig!

The Germans had been doing a little "faking" of their own. The first "corpse" was not really a dead soldier at all. The observer inside had crept out and made his way back to the German lines. The Germans had then captured the French observer, shot up the imitation "corpse," and between flares the next night had one of their own observers in his place.

Melting Jewelry.

The Philadelphia mint, according to a recent report, has reduced jewel-ry and plate gathered in "melting pots" into bullion valued at \$7,000. Much more has been received and is to be assayed and valued. The gold was paid for by the government at melting the metal.

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT Absence diminishes little passions and increases great ones, as the wind extinguishes the candle and fans the fire.-Le Rochefoucauld.

Owing to the war the color season and sickness. is a conservative one. Except in the browns, there is a noticeable lack of "subtle" shades so plentiful the

last few seasons. Manufacturers of fabrics are put-ting forth cloths in the dependable colors only, which is a protection both for themselves and the public.

The popularity of brown in all its shades is doubtless due to the khaki uniforms of our fighting boys. sides the staple tones which have come to us from other seasons the shops are showing some altogether fascinating new shades, such as deer. Havana, rust, castor, brown toned taupe, bark tan, beaver, and last, but certainly not least, for it is the leading shade "henna." By itself henna is rather brilliant, so, with the exception of the woman who has many changes, henna is best used to trim, as, for example, embroidering a navy frock or collaring and cuffing it, or appearing as a shallow guimpe or a vestee. Henna gloveskin cloth and navy serge combined have much chic.

Red seems to be gaining surprising headway, considering the dignity of the dress season, but that is more than likely due to the rusty browns which are but a short cry to the brighter, less conservative color. Nabrighter, less conservative color. Navy is particularly good for utility frocks and there is a lovely deep purple of subdued richness. "Overseas" blue is one of the new shades that has far achieved much popularity. Given warmth. If lambs are dropped than to the quiet navy. Oxford gray in very cold weather, a temporary is considered especially smart in top covering over the lambing panels will coats, and in both toppers and suits many shades of cloth are found silmany shades of cloth are found silver-toned. Dark green is good, especially when combined with beaver color. Black is emphatically smart for dinner and evening frocks of velvet, satin or tricolette. However, not a few gowns designed strictly for evening wear are in the very high shades and for this same purpose. edict of a conservative color season.

To join yarn instead of tying knot, untwist about three or four inches from both ends of yarn. Then overlap ends and rub briskly between palms of hands. This makes an almost imperceptible joining and is easily accomplished.

And she, too, seemed to see, as Lefferts had, the exquisitely fine of yarn is a 10-cent fish ball, as the threads that ran through life, tying smooth glass permits it to run smooth glass permits it to run around smoothly and the small neck prevents it from slipping out.

> To correct mistakes in knitting instead of raveling out the work, knit to the stitch that is wrong. Drop this stitch off the left-hand needle, insert a bone crochet hook in the first stitch below that to right and draw wool through (being careful to draw it in the right direction to make a purled or knitted stitch). When the error is corrected, slip the stitch back on the needle, and if the next stitch is wrong proceed in same way.

to writes that it is often necessary roll. Before winding the hank into a curing fresh air without creating model "fake" horses and trees for ball a loop is made in the end of yarn drafts. In a very large building with with which the winding is begun, then numerous doors and windows it is The work is extremely dangerous, for it is not easy, with the German's a stone's throw off, to crawl out of the trenches at right removes the corrections. Wool is wound loosely around the fingers of the left hand a few times as partitions from floor to ceiling to prevent drafts. Fresh air can be adthe yarn is wound about the middle of cass of a horse and put an imitation this portion a few times, then the that no one will know of the differ- is pulled out a little and is allowed to show during the rest of the winding. The ball should be wound closely and more as if on a spindle than like the

ball of yarn, as it is usually prepared.
Knitting is begun with loop thread sticking out of the ball, and as the work progresses the yarn comes easily and without causing that rolling motion so annoying to one who works with this material.

the end of wool over needle near the point, then slip needle out, leaving a sharp fold, held tightly between thumb and finger of left hand. With right hand push eye of the needle down over fold and draw the wool through.

Mud stains on a broadcloth skirt are removed by rubbing with a slice of raw potato. If an article has been scorched by ironing lay it where the bright sun will fall directly on it. It will take it entirely out.

Rub grass stains with molasses and they will come out easily in the ordi-

burning logs have made you sleepy by their dream suggestions, yet you hate to let their sparkling warmth be chilled by the dark night, cover the wood thickly with ashes.

It will smoulder gently and the room will be quite cozy in the morning. A few puffs from the bellows, a few scraps of paper, some kindling and the fire glows as before. This simple deed of thrift likewise dispels all fear of a conflagration from a sudden gust of wind during

the night. When packing glass or china use

swell and this swelling fills up the crevices, thus wedging the packing in between the breakable articles much tighter than it can be done by hand. Have tried this method and found it safe.

By putting a teaspoonful of olive oil in the water when washing chamois gloves it will be found that the gloves, when dried, are much softer and less liable to crack.

Women War Workers .-- Mme Melba, the opera singer, is now acting as a war work speaker instead of a singer.

Mrs. Ethel C. Blair has been elected a justice of the peace in Shasta, Cal. Girl workers in the shops of many of the Western railroads have proven so successful that it is the intention the rate of \$20.67 an ounce and the silver at the prevailing rate of \$1 an ounce. There is a slight charge for Alice Neilson, the noted prima donFARM NOTES.

-Sheep supply two very essential war needs-meat and wool. During the winter they need special care. Their heavy coat will keep them warm provided it is dry, but if it becomes wet the animals will suffer from chills

In any part of the United States the main essentials of sheep barns are dryness and freedom from drafts. Unless lambs are to be dropped in cold weather, no expense to provide warmth is necessary, as the buildings should seldom be closed. Protection from winter rains and heavy snowfalls is desirable, but the best results may be expected when ewes are allowed access to a dry bed in the open.

-If the lambs are to be born strong and vigorous, a moderate amount of exercise is necessary for the ewes during the winter. This can be obtained by scattering their rough-age over a field and allowing them to work back and forth over it while eating, or by feeding some of the rough-age some distance away from their shelter. If winter pastures are used, no other arrangement for exercise is necessary. At no time should the pregnant ewes be forced to wade through deep mud or snow, neither should they be chased by dogs nor forced to jump over boards nor to pass through narrow doors, as such treatment is sure to cause loss of

If fleeces are allowed to become soaked with rain or wet snow, colds and pneumonia will surely result. Dry snow, on the other hand, has no

provide warmth, or a small space can be partitioned off in which to keep a

evening wear are in the very high sheep. Shade cannot always be furshades, and for this same purpose nished in pastures, and buildings that gorgeous metal brocades defy the are well located and constructed so as to render them cool in summer will often provide greater comfort to the sheep during hot days than would be possible for them out of doors.

Dryness and freedom from draft possibly thrive in quarters that are damp or dark. In fact, the flock should be shut in only during storms. Abundance of light in all parts of the building and at all times is necessary not only for the health of the light. not only for the health of the sheep but for convenience of the shepherds in caring for them. One square foot of window for each 20 square feet of floor space is necessary. Windows should be placed at a height to insure a good distribution of light, and particularly to receive direct sunlight for the lambing pens during the period the ewes are lambing.

-Close confinement in poorly ventilated pens is very injurious to breeding ewes. While they should seldom be shut indoors, a part of the flock will usually lie inside at night. At lambing and during storms, doors should be closed. For such times it should be closed. For such times it To wind yarn so the ball will not is necessary to provide means of semitted through muslin-screened windows opened on the side opposite to made in the end of the yarn, that from which the wind is blowing without causing drafts if all other sides of the buildings are tightly

In very cold sections, or where lambs are to arrive in the winter months, specially arranged outlets for foul air and inlets for fresh air will be necessary. Foul-air flues should extend from the ceiling with as few bends as possible to the roof. They should be of sufficient size and number to give 8 to 10 square inches To thread a needle with wool, fold for each sheep in the building. Fresh air may be admitted through arranged inlets near the floor line. Some attention is required to adjust such inlets to the variations in wind temperature, and the same is true where windows are depended upon. There is no efficient automatic system of ventilating sheep buildings, though some of the "wind baffles" which have been devised for poultry houses might be adapted.

-Level and well-drained clay-surfaced floors are satisfactory and economical. Sheep pack the surface very firmly, and if there is proper drainage the only objection to this floor is that it does not exclude rats. Con-Fuel Economy.—When the brightly crete floors for alleys and feed rooms are necessary, but will seldom be called for in the pens.

-The main features to be provided in the floor plan are minimum of waste space, convenience and ease in feeding and in cleaning the pens, and elimination of the need of moving or disturbing the sheep. Pen partitions should be movable. By using feed racks to make divisions in the pen space the size of the pens can be varied as needed, and in special cases the racks can be removed to permit the use of the space for other stock.

-The site for permanent buildings excelsior or straw that has been slightly dampened.

The water causes both materials to the water causes below the water causes below the water causes and the water causes below the water causes below the water causes are water causes and able adjacent to the main barn or shed. A southern slope with sandy soil is especially satisfactory for this

On most farms it will be advantageous to have the buildings and yards easily reached from the regular pastures or from fields used to grow forage crops for summer pasture. As the flock requires attention many times daily during part of the year, convenience of location in relation to the farm dwelling and to other buildings will effect an economy of time in the performance of routine labor.

-Many farmers make a practice of buying ewes in the fall, breeding them and selling the lambs the following summer. Such ewes can be carried through the winter on wheat and rye fields if not pastured too closely, or on clover hay with some roots and a lit-tle linseed meal. If the clover hay is Alice Neilson, the noted prima don- not available, corn fodder may be used na, is studying hog breeding at her as roughage, in which case it should summer home on the shores of Long always be supplemented with bran or always be supplemented with bran or linseed meal.