

THE LITTLE DOG ANGEL.

High up in the courts of heaven today A little dog angel waits; With the other angels he will not play, But he sits alone at the gates.

PEARLS.

Father Brillings' natives were sweet-tempered and docile. They came willingly to the little church which they had built for him, and sang the responses and the hymns at the top of their lungs.

The natives neither quarreled nor stole. They traded like gentlemen. No man among them had a reputation for driving sharp bargains.

Even the dogs and cats were kind to each other. They often could be seen sleeping together in little masses.

For this state of affairs Father Brillings thanked nature a great deal and himself very little. As the natives were now, so they had been thirty years ago when he had first come among them.

But as a mechanic and doctor he had been of real help to them. And he had managed, at first with difficulty and in the face of furious temptation, to lead a blameless life.

"Well, Tuture," he said, "what is the trouble you are in?" Tuture pointed to the carving. "I had begun something altogether else," he said, and after hesitation, "A model it was to be for a sailing canoe. And now look!"

"But she is a Holy Virgin and Child!" exclaimed Father Brillings. "And you have made her as a surprise for me and the church, you being the good Christian man!"

He removed the Virgin reverently from the vise, and setting her on the bench, stepped backward, the better to admire her. But Tuture kept plucking at his sleeve. "When I am starting into the mountains," he said, "she is the beginning of a model for a sailing canoe. When I come back—she is this!"

"Are you telling me that you did not carve her yourself—the devout Christian man and famous carver that you are?" "How should I, who have never seen a white wahine, set about carving one?"

"I had never thought of that at all. And how in the world should you? And if not you, how, then, should another carver, there being no other carver in the island at all?" "Be on your knees, Tuture, and I'll be down on mine."

They knelt among the yellow shavings and bowed their heads before the image. "And now," said Father Brillings, "be giving thanks to God, or perhaps better it would be to Jesus, who, being himself a carpenter, has made a miracle before the grace of which we are down upon our knees in the dust."

So they knelt, and Father Brillings really prayed. But what thought was behind the praying words which Tuture had learned by heart and now uttered is unknown. It is reasonable to suppose that the belief which he had in his own gods was shaken. It must have seemed as if they gyped him.

Reverently carrying the little Virgin and her joyous baby, and followed by the entire population of the village, with the exception of the Chinese storekeeper and his family, Father Brillings led the way to and into his little church and placed the miraculous carving upon the altar.

He did not feel that he had done wrong in imposing upon the credulous Tuture, and the other villagers. Since his stories of the true miracles of Christ had failed to convince them, it was fair enough to convince them by a false miracle.

The main thing was to get them convinced. They would be of this mind themselves, when after death they came to see how barely they escaped the fires of hell.

"When are you going to the mountains, honest Tuture?" "And what would I be going to the mountains for, Holy Father?" "Some of the others do go."

"They will not be gone away long. Tomorrow they will be coming back with shrimps and with oranges and with fei."

"They used to be taking three days for the spearing and gathering of such-like things."

"They have their Mary and Jesus now, from whom it is not a good thing to be a long time gone away."

"I see where you have a fine block of pua wood in the vise, honest Tuture. Are you minded to be carving

daylight of two days he would be what God meant him to be—an artist.

In addition, he would give that loud-singing pillar of his church, Tuture, a sharp lesson.

He removed the roughed-in idol from the vise, and turning it this way and that, frowned and pursed his lips, seeking inspiration.

Tuture, as always, had laid out his work with knowledge and method. Anyone familiar with island idols must have guessed the end he had in view—a god narrow in the cranium, with piglike eyes under enormous and bulging eyebrows, a tremendous nose, long and hooked, immense ears, chicken-breasted, viciously male.

Among and beneath the blocking-in of these repellent features, Father Brillings began presently to see the possibilities of a sweet and melodious loveliness. He saw a heavenly Mary with a joyous little Jesus in her arms.

Forthwith he seized a gouge and began to reduce Tuture's inspiration to the rough shape of his own.

As a boy Father Brillings had been a maker and a carver-out of beag oak walking sticks with dogs' or horses' or stags' heads to swing them by. He had always been a great whittler with a knife. But he had never tackled a Mary or a Jesus, let alone the two of them in the one group.

Nevertheless, he seemed to know precisely what had to be done and precisely how to do it. Working lovingly through all the daylight hours of two days, he removed one last shaving from the side of a dear little uptilted nose and perceived at once that his masterpiece was finished. There was nothing more that he could do.

A general keyhole shape furnished Mary at once with a rayed halo and a broadly flared and pleated skirt. These were both, and designedly, too big for her. She resembled a child dressed as grown-up. Her hair waved back from a widow's peak. She looked downward at her baby; but he looked straight out with joyous roguishness at all the world.

Tuture, ordinarily the calmest and most self-possessed of natives, was badly rattled. A tupapu is a ghost. Tuture looked as if he had seen one. He could not speak. He could only jerk his thumb in the direction of the house in which he lived and increased his tribe, and the workshop in which he worked to support them.

Arrived at the shop door, Tuture stood back and gladly allowed Father Brillings to precede him. Father Brillings perceived at once that his carving had not been removed from the vise in which he had left it. But he pretended that he did not see anything.

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another model for a sailing canoe?" Father Brillings smiled in a secret way; but Tuture shook his head.

There was the fine block of yellow pua wood and there were the sharp tools. If during the night some divine carver chose to litter the floor of the shop with yellow chips and shavings, and to leave some other holy image in the jaws of the workbench vise, well and good. And if not, well and good. It would not be through any failure of hospitality from one artist to another.

It was not likely at all, Father Brillings believed, that they were to be favored with another miracle. The Lord had done His work of conversion upon them all at the one clip. They must be thankful with that, and satisfied.

But for the miraculous image which they actually did have there was much that could be done. She could, for instance, be studded with pearls.

Already the lagoon had been declared open for the season's diving, and already many worthy pearls had been winnowed from the mantles of oysters. And from among them Father Brillings had been allowed to choose the worthiest.

For what, the natives argued, did a little profit matter one way or another? Let the pearl buyers come later on in their many schooners, and take away with them the seed pearls and the baroque pearls, and the pearls that are off-shape and off-color. Let them sail away with these and their swallowed disappointment. There would be enough profit for the village to make up for the trouble of diving, and all of the worthy pearls would have been set aside to the illimitable profit of serving the Lord.

Season after season the lagoon was opened for diving, and closed, and the collection of pearls which Father Brillings kept hidden under the high altar of the little church became important.

Year after year came and went, and the ancestral burial caves in the mountains were neglected, and the old gods of wood and stone had to get along as best as they could without worship or sacrifice. There were no longer any orgies of eating and drinking. And the ancient and delicate art of dancing without moving anything but the eyes and the stomach was rapidly becoming a lost art.

Where so many missionaries had failed Father Brillings had succeeded. Arguments upon dogma had taken the place of laughter and the inhabitants of Arlitai ("Weeping Queen") could now definitely be numbered among the Christian nations.

It was in the very year of their definite numbering that most of the greater Christian nations, inspired no doubt by the Golden Rule, flew at one another's throats. And a number of Father Brillings' young men were presently drafted to serve with the French corps.

The only one of these young men who came back to Arlitai was Raihoa ("Friend of the Sky"). He had fought; he had improved his French; he had picked up a little English; he had an anchor tattooed on his right forearm; he had seen Bordeaux and Paris, New York and San Francisco.

Father Brillings questioned him upon his experience and travels. In Bordeaux and Paris the wine had been cheap and of good quality. In New York and San Francisco there was no wine except for the rich. Otherwise, these two American cities were very much alike. But in San Francisco a smile had a certain value. In New York it had none.

Yes, he had seen Notre Dame and the great churches. No, he did not wish to travel any more. He was going to look the village girls over and pick out a wife.

From an unusually loud-singing and Christian young boy Raihoa had been translated by his experiences into a skeptical and reserved young man.

He asked disquieting questions, to which Father Brillings had some difficulty returning suitable answers. "I alone of all the companions who fought in the war have returned. Is it true, then, that God was on our side?"

"He seems to have been on your side, Raihoa." "It is true, that I have returned alive. Nevertheless, my heart is heavy."

"What is the talk that I hear about you and the fifth daughter of Tuture?" "We are to be married, when the Chinese woman who sews very beautifully has made her some dresses."

"I often see you in conversation with the Chinese; they being heathens, what do you talk about?" "Miracles," said Raihoa. "Miracles," exclaimed Father Brillings, and he flushed. "What miracles?"

"Do you mind, Holy Father, how at the time of the miracle of the Virgin, there was in the village only yourself and the Chinese? Nothing ever happens, Holy Father, that these Chinese do not know. And often, you being at work in the shop of Tuture the carpenter, the little children of the Chinaman peeped in at you through the window."

"For thirty years, Raihoa, I had been preaching the true faith, and whereas my congregation nodded to my face and said, 'That is true; that is undoubtedly true,' and sang at the top of their lungs, nevertheless they shook their heads behind my back and went away into the mountains where the ancestral burying caves are, and the idols and the ancient ovens and the altars. Therefore, when I found myself alone with the pua wood and the keen tools, I was tempted both as a thwarted artist and as a thwarted priest."

"But Raihoa, without inspiration, which is the same as to say without a miracle, I could not have carved as there is proof that I did carve. How many are knowing what is known to you and the Chinese?"

"No Man, woman or child." "Now that the faith is in them it would be a shame to be shaking it out."

"If they had back the fine pearls that you kept out of the catch to make a robe for the Virgin, they would be rich. They could build waterworks, so that in each man's dooryard there would be a fine brass faucet. They could buy an engine for making ice."

"I have no excuse for doing with the pearls other than I have said I would do."

"Maybe if the Holy Father were to pray very hard an excuse would be found."

"To him who prays all things are possible."

"Do you pray, Holy Father, and when I am married I will take my wife into the mountains and think."

He was married presently to the fifth daughter of Tuture, and after a fine feast took her into the mountains, he climbing ahead, and was gone for a whole week.

Father Brillings went with them; because in the business of diving the quick services of a priest are sometimes needed. There are sharks to complicate matters, and the giant cod, and the savage barracuda. And there are depths even more dangerous, for when a diver, tempted by a clutch of fine shell, struggling downward even an extra half fathom, he comes to the surface paralyzed, and either dies then and there, or remains a helpless cripple on the hands of his family.

But that season there were no casualties. And in other ways it was an odd season, and would have been a failure but for the great and Raihoa made on the last day of the diving and in the very last oyster that he opened.

His shouts of triumph brought everybody on the men.

There were old men present, men who had traveled as far as Fiji and Tahiti, Karontonga, and the Tuamotus, but not one of them had ever seen such a pearl.

It was enormous, fine-grained and without blemish. It was perfectly spherical, as you could tell by rolling it about in the cardboard cover of a shoe box. No billiard ball ever rolled more truly. It was of marvelous orient, a living white with pinkish lights. At the mere sight of it men gloated, and Father Brillings thought:

"In exchange for that one I would give up all the others. If our Virgin had that one to wear, her fame would go forth into all the South Seas, like light itself."

Aloud, and when the excitement had somewhat died down, he said: "And what will you be doing with the great pearl, Raihoa, you being the happy married man and the fortunate diver?"

"At the war," said Raihoa, friend of the sky, "I learned that God was on both sides, because both sides said so. I therefore sought knowledge concerning matters which I was better able to understand, and I learned that money is a valuable thing."

"H'm!" said Father Brillings. "And will you be selling the great pearl, then, to the pearl buyers, they being the sharp, avaricious men?" "How much is it worth?" "More than ever they will give."

"But in France?" "On the Rue de la Paix in Paris—a king's ransom." "There are only a few kings left," said Raihoa; "some think it was for that we fought."

"That pearl," said Father Brillings, "is worth all the pearls that have been fished out of this lagoon in thirty years."

"I would exchange the great pearl," said Raihoa, "for all those lesser pearls which you have gathered in a secret place under the high altar. It would be easier, far easier, to sell the lesser pearls. When the water had been poured out, the great pearl would far better ornament the little virgin of pua wood."

He paused, and with great naivete added: "And if the exchange were made nobody would ever learn how the pua wood was changed into a virgin."

"What is actually doesn't matter," said Father Brillings. "It is what we believe that counts."

"That is true," said Raihoa. "And I shall always remember it. So if your many pearls are worth more or less than my one pearl is no matter, we two being satisfied."

And so the exchange was made. The collected pearls became community property and were sold to the pearl buyers, and in time the village had its waterworks, with a brass faucet in every dooryard, and an engine for making ice.

Just below the little Virgin's throat, where her dress met, a hole was reverently bored. This hole was filled with many pearls. When the water had soaked into the pua wood, the pearl was pressed into the hole, and the wood, drying and shrinking, clasped it with a grip of iron, and in that primitive setting it remains to this day, a thing of wonder and beauty.

Many a pearl buyer has lain awake at night scheming ungodly schemes to get hold of that pearl. But the Virgin is jealously guarded. She has given the village fame, waterworks and an engine for making ice. And the village is grateful.

Raihoa, friend of the sky, is the great man of the village, and a pillar in the church. He believes that church is an excellent thing for the women and children, and not a bad thing for the men. Sometimes his wife asks him questions that are difficult to answer. "Was the Virgin actually made in a miracle?" "It is so believed."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

In case your lad Is a born poet Do not me sad, He may outgrow it.

The claim of the suit is too insistent to be set aside. Women who have scored all thought of being intrigued by a suit are fast abandoning their attitude in the face of the charming models now making their appearance. The type of suit that is not too formal or elaborate, nor yet too simple and indifferent, is not so easy to find, or has not been until this season.

Although genuine simplicity is the watchword of the suit, all sorts of clever touches and color contrasts have been employed to take away any hint of monotony or mediocrity from even the most utilitarian suit.

The most useful suit is one of fine woolen, quite ample in cut and design and relying on some bright, unexpected note to help it scale the heights of smartness. Such a suit can be worn through the season for informal town and country use and, if but one suit is to be purchased, a model of this kind should be selected in preference to either the classic tailored or the more elaborate furled model.

What is the most fashionable hour of the day for dinner? Between half past six and half past seven in the country, an hour later in the city.

Is it necessary for a man to rise when another man enters the room? Not unless the newcomer is elderly or distinguished.

Who precedes when ascending or descending stairs, the man or the woman? The woman always precedes, both ascending and descending.

When passing a plate for a second helping, is it correct to leave the knife and fork on the plate? Yes; under no circumstances should silver be placed on the table cover.

Is it impolite for a man to read his paper at breakfast? No. When callers arrive in succession, which should leave first? The first to arrive.

What is the correct way of introducing a man to a woman? The man is invariably presented to the woman. The only exceptions are when a woman is introduced to the President of the United States, to a cardinal, or to a reigning sovereign.

Should toothpicks be used at dinner? Never in the presence of others.

Is it considered good form to shake hands with gloves on? It is not correct to remove the glove before offering the hand, as this necessitates an awkward pause. Just shake hands and forget the glove.

How should a man refer to his wife when among non-intimates? As "Mrs."

The leafy vegetables are of special value in furnishing indigestible material which serves as an intestinal regulator and promotes elimination. And this problem of intestinal hygiene is especially important now when so many of our foods are highly refined and contain little or no cellulose.

Milk, meat or eggs are all so completely digestible that they leave little residues in the colon and hence are constipating.

As the first step, however, in the improvement of children's diet, the dining room wars must cease. They are quite as fruitless as any other wars. If a child is properly managed it will eventually acquire the dietary habits and likings normal to adults. It will appreciate the flavors of everything it should eat. And this ideal condition can never be reached through force, but only through tact and diplomacy.

In a sugar shaker, keep a mixture of sugar, well seasoned with cinnamon. This may be sprinkled on toast and makes a delicious variation from ordinary toast. It is acceptable, serving to the jaded appetite, with hot tea, and fresh fruit; and makes a nice supper or luncheon combination.

Cheese is a very valuable and inexpensive food. It also contains bacteria which destroys other harmful bacteria in the system.

Cheese may be utilized in escalloped dishes, by grating it over salad or soups, by spreading it in sandwiches, or simply by serving it plain. Cheese wafers may be made by grating cheese over crackers and placing them in an oven until the cheese melts. Do you know the deliciousness of cheese toast? Scour your fry-pan clean and put a little butter in it. Put a layer of cheese between two slices of bread and fry the bread, first on one side and then on the other, in the hot butter, watching it carefully and turning it to keep it from burning.

For an edging plant along the border the sweet allysum has no superior. For borders it is one of the finest, growing nine to 10 inches high and blooming constantly from early spring until frost, if the seed pods are kept cut. The small white flowers are fragrant.

Celosia plumosa is an excellent plant for the garden which may be used as a cut flower or grown as a pot plant. Being a hardy annual it has to be sown but once. There are three shades—yellow, crimson and scarlet.

If flowers are wanted in the crevice of the flag walk, one of the prettiest little plants to use is the violet cress or Ionopodium acule. It spreads freely and has sky-blue star-shaped flowers.

Another hardy annual for use in front of shrubbery is the delphinium, or larkspur. It is also suitable as a cut flower; is graceful and attractive when in bloom and may be had in rose, pink, blue, mauve and scarlet. Being hardy, it seeds itself regularly.

FARM NOTES.

The hatchability of eggs can be improved by giving the flock all the direct sunlight they can get during the winter.

It takes 21 days for hen eggs to hatch, about 28 days for duck eggs, from 30 to 34 for a goose egg, and 28 days for turkey eggs.

The production of good market eggs is perhaps the final objective of all poultry operations. Good market eggs must have a good shell.

The protein of corn and of wheat are each of inadequate growth-promoting value, but they supplement each other to some extent.

The best results from the use of soy beans may be expected when they are planted in connection with corn where both crops are to be hogged down.

Be sure and wear a dust mask or a damp cloth over the face when treating wheat with copper carbonate dust. Treat seed wheat outdoors and work on the windward side.

Sash greenhouses meet a real need for Pennsylvania vegetable growers who are not located in the intensive production areas. The type of sash house which has met with general approval is 10 by 18 feet in size and is heated by a coal or gas stove or by a small hot water system, according to State College specialists.

Litter for the brooder house should be light in weight so that the droppings will be kept covered. In addition, this type of litter makes cleaning the brooder house an easier task.

The source of baby chicks is important. Hatcheries that specialize in well-bred, strong, healthy, vigorous chicks may charge a little more for their chicks but they will prove cheaper than poor ones.

Vegetable varieties should be chosen which will give fresh food over as great a part of the growing season as possible. This may be accomplished by planting varieties which will mature at different times, and by making succession plantings.

Ewes and lambs need good feed and care. The ewe should have plenty of good clean corn silage, and as soon as the lambs are old enough to eat grain they should get a grain mixture.

One authority has stated that worms have very little chance of obtaining a foothold in chickens that have a gizzard well filled with insoluble grit. This authority claims that all eggs and cysts of the worms are ground and damaged so much by a gizzard full of grinding material that no worm infestation results. At any rate, it wouldn't hurt to see that the young growing stock is given plenty of coarse, insoluble grit and pure, fresh water.

The practice of cooping one male bird in a pen of six, twenty rows, and letting the alternate bird run with the flock day and night, is better perhaps than allowing the two birds to run together. It has been found, however, that the cooping of the male in the pen excites it so much that, instead of resting and gaining strength, the opposite effect is noted. The "resting" bird should be cooped out of sight of the pen. It will feed better.

The production of capons is a good practice for poultry owners, as capons usually bring higher prices than other classes of poultry.

Surplus cockerels should be caponized (1) when cockerels cannot be sold to good advantage as broilers, (2) when a supply of fresh killed chicken is desired later, (3) cockerels are sometimes caponized when natural means are used for brooding because most capons (Leghorns and such excepted) will brood chickens as well as a hen.

The unsexing of cockerels is simple and easy and losses in slips and birds that may be killed should be very small, 2 to 5 per cent, though, of course, this depends upon conditions such as light, age, whether or not the cockerels have been starved before the operation, the experience of the operator, etc.

Though the increases in size or weight of a capon over a cockerel is considerable it is not as great as is sometimes claimed and considered, it being about one-fifth. However, this increase weight is made on less feed than may be killed should be very small, 2 to 5 per cent, though, of course, this depends upon conditions such as light, age, whether or not the cockerels have been starved before the operation, the experience of the operator, etc.

Because the best market and demand for capons comes between Christmas and Easter and because it takes about 10 months to grow and finish a capon properly, cockerels should be caponized in June, July and August.

After information as to the time to caponize cockerels is given according to age or size, but it is more desirable that the stage of development be taken into consideration because some cockerels develop much faster than others of the same lot. Because of the limited time and space they cannot be given here, but details as to instrument, the operation, care and feeding of capons, may be obtained from Farmer's Bulletin 849. "Caponizing and Caponizing."