

FOOLISH QUESTIONS.

I saw a sweet young mother with
Her first-born at her breast;
"And what's the baby's name?" I asked
Of her so richly blessed.
She looked at me with pity, as
she proudly poked her head;
"We call him Dewey, sir, of course,"
In tender tones she said.
I met a dainty little girl
Who led a kitten by a string,
And as I stroked her head, I asked:
"What do you call the pretty thing?"
She looked at me with wide blue eyes,
And as she went her way,
"I call my kitten Dewey, sir,"
I heard her sweetly say.

I met a curly-headed boy
Who had a brindle pup,
"And what's your doggy's name?" I asked,
As I held the creature up.
He gazed at me in wonder, and
He proudly cocked his head;
"I call him Dewey, sir, of course,"
He pityingly said.
I stopped beside a rustic stile,
And heard a milkmaid sing a song;
"And what's your bossy's name?" I asked
The lassie as she came along.
She looked at me in mild surprise,
And as she strode away,
"Why, Dewey is her name, of course,"
I heard the maiden say.

THE RED BOOK.

BY RAYMOND JANDRETS.

"Poor dear man!" ejaculated Mrs. Money-penny, laying down the newspaper and looking at her small granddaughter. "I must put him into the Red Book." And she gave a gentle sigh as she spoke, for the names in the Red Book were already numerous. "What has he done, granny?" Doreen Golding dropped the much-hated sampler she was working and pushed back the golden curls that would fall into her eyes. "Has he killed somebody, or drunk poison, or—her blue eyes glowing large with sudden interest—"has he been shipwrecked, and was he starving, and did he eat up all the other peoples in the boat one by one?"

In Doreen's pocket with a string attached to its neck. When its small owner went for a walk the china hen went out as well and was bumped along every bit of grass that could be found; also, to give it a fondness for water, it was dipped in and out of every pond and puddle and was, in fact, such a companion that when one day the string was found to have lost its appendage in the course of a long walk, Doreen was heart-broken and agitated her old grandmother considerably.

"You really might put my own dear Snowflake into your Red Book, granny," she had sobbed. "You pray for nasty old bad men and women, and my china hen never did anything but get lost. You are a mean old granny, and I won't love you any more."

As it seemed well-nigh sacrilege to Mrs. Money-penny to even think of offering prayers for the recovery of a child's toy she tried her best to explain the same to Doreen, who refused to listen, refused to stop crying and gave her view of the case as follows:

"You said, granny—you said I was to tell God 'bout everything and ask Him for everything—I think—I think you are very unkind not to tell Him a little girl has lost her dear china hen. You can pray much better than I can, 'cos you are so old. Why can't you do what you told me to do, granny?"

The tears and the logic won the day. With an unspoken prayer that she might be forgiven, Mrs. Money-penny wrote down in her book: "My granddaughter, Doreen, has lost a toy and frets over the loss. Mem. . . . To pray that it may be found and restored to her keeping."

Since then nothing more had been seen or heard of the china hen. Every Sunday Doreen reminded Mrs. Money-penny that it had not come back, till the simple-hearted old lady grew anxious lest the child's faith should suffer and prayed as earnestly for the restoration of the toy as she did for the human woes that filled her book.

She need not have been anxious, however, for Doreen was a trusting little soul. She was quite content now that Snowflake was being prayed about properly and amused herself by imagining what sort of adventures the china hen was enjoying.

When dismissed from her grandmother's sitting room Doreen ran off to a shady corner of the garden overlooking the main road. The main road was neither very broad nor very important, for it merely led from the village of Hurst to the village of Finch. Mrs. Money-penny's cottage standing in rather an isolated position between the two. Doreen's favorite seat was on the top of the low wall that bounded the garden, and on the afternoon in question, after scrambling aloft, she deposited her disreputable array of dolls amidst the ivy with various slaps and bumps.

Unconscious that a tramp was watching from the other side of the road, Doreen played with her dolls for several minutes, until a harsh voice close to her said abruptly, "You've got a big family up there, little missy."

Doreen looked down into the road, studied the man's villainous face and tattered clothes a minute in silence. Then, with a friendliness born from the security of her position above him, she answered: "Yes, beggarman, I have a very large family, and every one of my children is desperate wicked."

"Wicked, be they?" and the tramp showed all his toothless gums in a grin. "I've a little gal at 'ome what has a family same as you, missy; but her family's powerful good, she allus tells me."

"Oh," remarked Doreen; then, anxious to be polite, she added, "Praps your little girl likes good children, I don't. I like them to be wicked; then I can punish them. They're all being punished now," waving her hand toward the forlorn group in front of her.

"They've all got their legs where there's most tickly things, earwigs and spiders and snails and beetles, and they are being tickled frightfully—they are screaming like I scream when granny combs my hair. It's dreadful anxious work having children to bring up properly."

"Seems as if I've got somethin' 'ere as yer might like to play with, missy," said the tramp after a moment's pause, fumbling in a dilapidated pocket. "It is a purty little thing wot I picks up in a ditch this morning," and he stood close to the wall, and held something up to Doreen, who took hold of it rather gingerly.

The next moment she cried: "Why, it's my Snowflake! My own dear little white hen that ran away from me years and years ago! Did God tell you to bring it back to me, beggarman? I love you just enormous, sir," and Doreen beamed down on the tramp, dodging her restored treasure close to her clean white dress, regardless that Snowflake was no longer white, but black, and had lost a wing during her wanderings.

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"Indeed!" replied Miss Cayenne.
"I shouldn't have judged by his pictures that he was even engaged to it."
—Washington Star.

The tramp scowled. "One good turn serves another, missy. What time do you and the servant girl go-a-walkin' on Sundays?"
"We go after dinner when it is fine, as soon as Sophie has washed up," answered Doreen, still gazing in admiration at the china hen. When she looked down into the road again the tramp had disappeared, and the rector of Finch was turning in at the garden gate.

The next afternoon about 3 o'clock this same tramp stood listening outside a half-opened door in the hall at Holly Lodge, and as he listened the expression on his face changed strangely. Fear was transformed into wonder, wonder into incredulity, incredulity into belief, belief into some emotion impossible to classify. With a bite up of his tatters, as if to make sure that they still clung together, he suddenly pushed open the door, entered the sitting room, set his arms akimbo, scowled at the old lady who gazed up at him in wonder from her knees and said harshly: "What's that yer been a-saying 'bout Sam Blake? Hurry up, missus—"

It was not a dignified position, perhaps, in which to be caught by a burglar, but Mrs. Money-penny maintained her self-possession, rose from her knees and faced the intruder boldly, still holding the red book.

"How dare you enter my house in this manner?" demanded the old lady after a slight pause, while she investigated him through her spectacles.

"Yer may thank yer stars, missus, as yer ain't a deader already," said the man, roughly, coming close to her; "but when a chap hears his own name and facts 'bout his own life, he'd maybe like to know what it means afore he sets to work."

"So—you are Sam Blake?" answered Mrs. Money-penny, understanding as people do sometimes in sudden emergencies. "You are the Sam Blake that nearly killed his wife, that starved his children and broke into a jeweler's shop 15 years ago. I know you very well, Sam Blake, for I have prayed for you and your miserable family every Sunday afternoon for 15 years. I am very glad you heard me, Sam Blake. Now what do you want?"

"Wot yer done it for?" asked Sam Blake, still scowling.

"Because you were wicked enough to require a good many prayers, and, my friend," Mrs. Money-penny smiled a quaint, shrewd smile, "unless you are going to murder me, which would be but a simple matter, as you see I am old and alone in the house, I shall continue to pray for you."

"You're a game 'un, you are!" growled Sam Blake, half-approvingly. "I've a mind to let yer off this time, blowed if I ain't. Look-a-here, missus, if I don't knock yer over the head as I had a mind, nor take that diamond ring o' your'n in charge for yer, yer must hand over what money yer has in the 'ouse and give us a feed afore yer little 'un comes back. Look sry, old 'un, and maybe us won't quarrel after-all."

Mrs. Money-penny measured the man with her eyes, recognized his strength and her weakness, realized there was nothing to do under the circumstances but obey, unlocked her dispatch box and handed its contents to Sam Blake, who was pleasantly surprised, the nearness of rent day not having entered into his calculations, and treated her unwelcome guest to as good a meal in the kitchen as the ladder could provide.

"Let's have a look at that book of your'n," said Sam Blake, as he made Mrs. Money-penny fill up his glass again with beer.

He studied the neat entries in silence and then banged his fist down on the table with such force that Mrs. Money-penny started. "Of all the rum 'uns yer 'ave about the rummest!" he exclaimed. "There, shake hands, missus—you needn't be afeared for your diamond, though it's a mighty fine 'un, as word was passed down to me, sure enough. I guess that yer book 'll be full afore you goes under, eh, missus?"

"I am afraid it will, Sam Blake!" began Mrs. Money-penny, racking her brain for a suitable word in season, but just at that moment a child's merry laugh sounded in the distance. Sam Blake shoved half a loaf into his pocket and made a bolt out of the kitchen, the door slammed, and Mrs. Money-penny was left alone to tidy her disordered kitchen with hands that suddenly trembled as she realized for the first time that the Red Book had saved her life, if not her money.

A Brave Revolutionary Woman.
Elizabeth Zane is one of the gentlewomen who played a part in one of the savage fights of 1777. A battle was in progress at Limestone, Ky., under the walls of Fort Henry, a large Indian force being concentrated on the Sandusky river banks under the leadership of the notorious white renegade and Tory, Simeon Girty.

The soldiers in the garrison lacked powder to carry on the fight and could spare no man to get it from the powder house. Then it was that Elizabeth Zane, a slight, slender girl, boldly volunteered to bring them powder, although it was almost certain death to attempt it.

She carried it in a tablecloth tied about her waist and had made two or three journeys when her object was realized by the Indians, who sent a hail of shot about her. The girl never faltered and passed into the fort uninjured. She had saved the day for the soldiers.—Collier's Weekly.

A Surprise.
"Young Mr. Dabster says that he is wedded to his art."
"Indeed!" replied Miss Cayenne.
"I shouldn't have judged by his pictures that he was even engaged to it."
—Washington Star.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS
Enemies of the Army Worm.
A number of birds feast upon the army worm when it is destructive. Among them are swallows, fly catchers, crows, blackbirds, robins, catbirds, thrushes, larks, bluebirds, sandpipers, screech owls and sparrow hawks.

Nests For Egg Eaters.
To help the hens forget the egg-eating habit, place the nest boxes just high enough so the fowls cannot look into them, fixing partitions between, and cover with a slanting board so they cannot walk along on top and look in, leaving only room enough for a hen to fly up and walk into each nest.

Composition of Sunflowers.
The composition of sunflower heads is as follows: Water, eighty-six per cent.; protein, two; fat, one and a half; starch, sugars, etc., five and a half; fiber, three and a half; ash, one. In the whole plant there is a smaller amount of protein and fat and more starches, sugars, etc., fiber and ash. The sunflower is not very desirable stock food in localities where Indian corn can be grown for this purpose. The yield is moderate, amounting to two and a half tons per acre.

Leaving Manure in Heaps.
The only advantage we could see from the practice of dumping manure in heaps was the ease with which it could be done and the wagon unloaded for another load. The manure thus dumped is never so evenly spread as it can be from the wagon. To unload quickly always have two men on the load, spreading from each end of the wagon. Then there will be no heaps to lie on the ground, perhaps for weeks, giving the fields a "patchy" appearance in the larger growth of straw where the manure heaps have lain. Often this extra large growth rusts and yields less grain than where the straw was smaller.—American Cultivator.

Avoid Raising Plugs.
Never in the history of horse raising was there a wider difference between plugs and good horses. Farmers must give as much thought to the selection of both dam and sire as they do in the breeding of cattle and other live stock. A coach horse that will bring \$300 is as easily raised as a plug that will bring but \$45. Such a horse is useful on the farm until the time when he is ready for the market, and can be used both to the plow and on the wagon. In case he lacks the style or action necessary to bring a fancy price, he is still a general purpose horse and will bring a price that will be profitable to the raiser.—American Agriculturist.

Wild Garlic in Lawns.
Wild garlic or wild onion, the botanical name of which is *Allium vineale*, is one of the most obstinate and injurious weeds in the Eastern States, as it is a perennial and its small underground bulbs defy most of the usual methods of eradicating other weeds. The most effective way of destroying this pest is to dig out each bunch of plants and bulbs and burn them, but as it is impossible to dig out every small bulb, new ones will start again, and the process has to be repeated. A few drops of crude carbolic acid applied to a plant will kill it in a short time, without injuring the grass to much extent, but of course great care has to be exercised in the handling of so corrosive a substance.

Clover For Fowls.
Clover is not only more suitable for summer food for poultry, owing to its bulky nature, compared with corn, but it is also more nutritious, as it contains a greater quantity of the substances required for the production of eggs. The time for the shells is produced when in a soluble form in the food, as it must pass through all the stages and processes of digestion, and the more soluble the mineral elements the easier and more completely they serve the purposes of the hens. Clover hay contains over thirty times more lime than does corn or wheat, and the green clover, though containing more water, is comparatively as rich in lime as the hay. Clover is also a nitrogenous food, and supplies the elements necessary for the albumen of the egg. When the hens have access to clover they will eat a large quantity during the day, and if insects are numerous their wants will be fully supplied.

Ventilating the Cow Stable.
The proper ventilation in a cow stable is hard to regulate, yet it is something every dairyman should look after, for on this hangs one of the keys to success. It may not be noticeable in affecting the quantity or quality of the milk, but diseases are often traced to impure air arising from air-tight stables.

Cattle that are being forced to their full capacity for milk production require a lower temperature than cows moderately kept. For instance, at the Michigan Agricultural College there is a cow that weighs something like 2050 or 2100 pounds that gives (so says Professor C. D. Smith) 100 pounds of milk each day. This cow (from the same authority) actually has to be kept in a cool place, for she consumes so much food that she is a good-sized furnace within herself, and would not consume food enough in a warm room to produce the 100 pounds per day.

This leaves an opening for argument, as it would seem that if a cow could be made to consume a larger quantity of food by keeping her in a cold-storage building, and at the same time give larger returns in milk, that the warm stable would be of no avail, for the extra milk would or should pay for the extra feed. Of this each must form his own opinion, but for one, I will adhere to the warm stable in winter.—B. F. Brown, in Agricultural Epitomist.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

Graceful Morning Gown.
Blue and white striped percale made this pretty and graceful morning gown, embroidered edging and insertion decorating the collar and wrists. The



LADIES' MORNING GOWN.

stylish adjustment is made over fitted lining fronts that reach to the waist line only. The full-fronts are gathered at the neck edges at each side of the centre-front and arranged over the lining fronts. The closing is effected

just above the cuffs with single button and buttonhole, turn up link cuffs completing the natty shirt sleeves. Shirt waists in this style can be made of silk, wool, linen or cotton fabrics, the infinite variety now shown making a selection of material a comparatively easy matter.

To cut this waist for a lady of medium size three and one-quarter yards of material thirty-six inches wide will be required.

First Women's Club in Paris.
Paris will have its first women's club. Modelled in some respects along the same lines as the London Club, it will have unique features of its own as well. Not only will the proposed charges make membership in this club an expensive luxury, but the membership itself will be limited by other methods. It is reported that applying candidates are to be subjected to tests which only the most aristocratic women in France will be able to stand.

Trimming For Pique Gowns.
White pique gowns are braided with black, trimmed with bands of dark blue, or they may have three bias folds of the material for trimming around the skirt, to be an inch or an inch and a half wide with as much or more space between.

The Latest in Hatpins.
Hatpins headed with pretty enamelled flowers and leaves, insects of various kinds, and tiny birds with outspread wings add to the variety in this useful little necessity of dress. Irregular pearls set around with diamonds are also very fashionable.

The Slightly Bloused Waist Popular.
In spite of all prediction the slightly bloused waist continues to hold its



LADIES' SHIRT WAIST WITH REMOVABLE COLLAR AND STOCK BAND.

at the centre with buttons and button-holes and the fulness at the waist is held to position by a girde of blue taffeta ribbon that is inserted at the under-arm seams and carried forward to the centre, finishing with stylish bow and long ends. Under-arm gores give to the gown a smooth effect over the hips, the back being fitted with curved side and centre-back seams. The wattleau is closely gathered at the neck and below this point, falls in graceful fulness to the lower edge of the skirt, all seams being sprung below the waist to give the required fulness. A neat rolling collar completes the neck.

The one-seamed sleeves are but moderately full and are gathered at the top and again at the wrists where they are confined by a band of insertion finished with a frill of embroidery. The mode is adapted to cotton or wash fabrics or to soft woolen, flannel, challois, etc.

To make this gown for a lady in the medium size will require nine yards of forty-four-inch material.

An Attractive Shirt Waist.
Roman striped foulard makes the attractive May Manton shirt waist shown in the large engraving, the fronts of which are cut bias and arranged so as to meet in V shape under the straight, narrow box plait in the center. The yoke presented the ever-popular double points in back, reaching further forward on the shoulders, a feature that marks the '98 styles. The fronts are gathered at the top onto the straight yoke edges, the gathers at the waist being arranged to give a modified pouch effect. The under or lining portion of the yoke is cut with a straight back edge, onto which the gathers are arranged, the pointed yoke being then laid over and stitched firmly down on its edges, thus holding the gathers in position and giving a neat and firm finish. Over the standing linen collar is worn a bias stock of material, a narrow string tie finishing the neck. The use of this stock is optional as the linen collar may be worn alone, but the pattern provides for both. The up-to-date shirt sleeves that differ materially from those of a season ago are shaped by inside seams and gathered slightly at upper and lower edges. The usual slashes at the back are finished by under and over laps that are closed

place and is chic in the extreme. The model given is singularly well adapted both to silk and light weight wools, but as shown is in the popular black and white, the foundation material being checked taffeta, the trimming black velvet ribbon combined with white satin. With it is worn a sailor hat with a scarf of Liberty silk and quills.

The foundation for the waist is a fitted lining which includes the usual pieces and seams and closes at the centre front. But the blouse is fitted by shoulder and under-arm seams only, the closing being invisible beneath the frills which edge the fronts below the revers. Above the closing each front is extended to form a big pointed rever which is faced with satin and banded with ribbon, a frill of the ribbon finishing the edge. As illustrated the slight opening is concealed by the big chiffon scarf, but a full plastron of white Liberty is arranged upon the lining to the necessary depth. At the neck is a high flaring collar of the white banded with black. The sleeves are snug fitting

finished with puffs at the shoulders and frills that fall over the hands.

To cut this waist for a lady of medium size three and one-half yards of material twenty-two inches wide will be required.



LADIES' BLOUSE WAIST.