

Lim Jucklin on War and Prayer

By Opie Read

A traveling evangelist who had halted for the night at old Lim Jucklin's house had said that he hoped to see the time when there would be no more war, when the old man remarked:

"Yes, and I reckon King David hoped to see the same blessed day. In this life there are two sets of prayers that don't appear to have had much effect—prayer for rain and prayer for war to cease. But there never was but one time when there wasn't no war nowhere on earth and that was when rain wasn't needed. I noah to the time of the flood when Noah held his peace congress in the ark."

"But the time of universal peace will come," insisted the preacher.

"Yes," agreed the old man, "when all of the kinks have been straightened out of human nature. It's a mighty hard matter to correct a thing that has started off wrong, and man seemed to have set out with his worst foot foremost. He got hungry and he fought for something to eat. He fell in love and he fought for woman, and then he kept on fighting because he'd got his hand in. And ever since I can recollect they have been holdin' peace congresses every once in a while; and whenever they hold a right good one a war is sure to follow. One nation has always got somethin' that the other one wants. Statesmanship shows a nation what it needs and then the soldier goes out to get it. The statesman that has avoided war is nearly always put down as a failure. If he goes into war and gets the worst of it, then the people know that he wasn't a statesman after all."

"But I am inclined to believe," said the evangelist, "that with the passing of the war between Russia and Japan the great wars will have come to an end."

"Yes, a big war always has been the last one. When they got the machine gun the wise men said that the end of war had come, and it looked that way till another war came along and asserted itself, and then it was observed that the machine gun didn't cut any very big capers. Man has always shown sense enough to outwit the machine he invents. Whenever they find that to stand off five miles is effective, they'll stand off five and a half and go a little closer when they want to be desperate. The Japs have taught the world that war hadn't quite reached the top notch. Every age has thought that it had the best of everything, but compared with the time to come every age has been a dark age. Ever since time began the sun has been comin' up, and no man has lived in the noon of the world. He thought he did, but his clock was wrong. Unfortunately about all he can study with any degree of accuracy is the past, and you may know all the past and yet be a poor guesser as to the future. The college

is the storehouse of the past, but the little chap that can't talk yet is the future, and you may know all that has been said and not foreshadow what 'is goin' to say. There ain't nothin' that is more of a constant experiment than wisdom is. It keeps man on the dodge. The man that writ the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' could sit amid the ruins and look back a thousand years, but he couldn't look forward as far as his eyelash."

"The Lord is opposed to war," said the minister, "and in His own good time will bring it to an end."

"Yes, in His time, but not in ours. It was said that the Lord was sorry that He made man, and it ain't no record that He was ever glad again."

"Limuel Jucklin," said the old man's wife, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk that way, and in the presence of a preacher, too."

"Sister," remarked the preacher, smiling kindly, "he might as well say it as to think it, for what a man thinks he thinks in the presence of the Lord."

"There," said the old lady, "what do you think of that?"

"I think it's all right, Susan, because I don't see how he could have said anything else. But gettin' back to the subject of war: After we have printed an extra million or so of tracts and blowed particularly hard over the work of our furrin missions, we always like to think and believe that the world has been made kinder, that even war itself is more humane, that men are killed in a softer and gentler way than before. And then we read of barbed wire intrenchments full of spikes and secret mines ready to blow a whole division of an army into the clouds. But after all, war is war, and when a man's killed, no matter whether it's with one of these nice little bullets or a sportin' minnie ball, he's dead, and so far as he is concerned the whole earth has been split asunder. I recollect that while our civil war was a goin' on the folks over here at Ebenezer meetin' house used to assemble and pray for it to end. Old Lige Anderson was the principal prayer and sometimes it seemed that he would command the Lord. He never came into the house of prayer that he didn't have some special information for Providence. Yes, he was goin' to hold the Lord personally accountable if the war didn't end putty soon. The folks that had been conservative with Providence after a while turned radical, and I remember that we were all mightily astonished one night when Lige he suddenly flopped."

The preacher looked up in astonishment, and the old man explained:

"To flop, you know, means to make a quick break for the other side. Yes, Lige he flopped. And the cause of his sudden turning was this: He come into

possession of a beef contract for the army. I don't know whether the government got afraid that he might have an influence with the heavenly powers or not, but at any rate he got the contract. And the next meetin' afterward, when old Brother Haskill had poured forth the usual dose of lament because the war hadn't come to a close, why Lige he suddenly gets up and without stirkin' the usual attitude of prayer, snorts out: 'Lord, before any action is taken, I think it might be better to use your own judgment in this matter. Of course, we would all like to see the war close—when you feel that it ought to close—but—'

"The blasphemous old beast," said the evangelist.

"Well, yes," Limuel admitted, "but it didn't sound so then. And the war lasted till old Lige he was rich; and afterward I heard him say how thankful he was for what the Lord had done for him."

After a time the preacher said: "It does not appear, then, Brother Jucklin, that you believe in the effectiveness of prayer."

"Oh, bless your life, yes. But the greatest good it can do a man is to make him feel his dependence on the divine will—his humbleness. The man that prays for something he needs is simply selfish. I know an old fellow that was kneelin' beside a log in the woods prayin' to beat the—"

"Limuel," his wife broke in.

"To beat the Salvation Army band, and everybody that saw him was struck with his piety. But I happened to be lyin' off on the other side of the log, watchin' for a wild turkey, and I learn what the prayer was about. And it was simply a beggin' petition that he wanted the Lord to grant—wanted to make money on a certain venture that he had set on foot. Tryin' to set up a bucket shop in the new Jerusalem. That sort of prayer ain't half as honorable as cousin's. But don't understand me to say that prayer never does any good, for it does: It makes a man better able to stand misfortune. It doctors his mind and fortifies it against sufferin'. I know that prayer rightly employed is a good thing on the farm. The most religious man I ever saw raised the best crops. Prayed twice a day—night and morning."

"Yes, sir. Prayed night and morning, but between prayers he worked harder than any man in the neighborhood. His prayer was for strength so he could labor. I tell you that there is many an amen in good digestion and many a hymn in a muscle. Yes, sir; and I want to say to you that war will cease not when the world becomes more merciful, but when every nation is so well prepared that no other nation can afford to attack it. The big battleship is the plea for peace."

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I've Been Thinking

By Charles Battell Loomis

WHY is it that the importance of tags is so often undervalued? How are we to know whether a thing is good or not if we don't know who did it? How are we to know whether a man is to be treated with distinguished consideration and respect if he has no tag?

Let us put it in concrete form. Let us suppose a room full of men and women assembled for a musicale. They have come to be entertained by music which they presume is up to a certain standard, for they have some faith in the judgment of their hostess, whom we will call Mrs. Push-cl; but it happens that she does not understand human nature, and she carelessly neglects to place a label on the young man who sits down to play, and what is the result? Why, he is rewarded with half-hearted applause. And he himself neglects to say that the piece he is playing is a well-known thing of Greig's, and the audience is doubly handicapped. They see he plays well, but they do not wish to be led away by false enthusiasm.

Yet, as it happens, this young man is a great pianist, and not only that, but a man who in Dresden is beloved by the ladies—a second Paderewski. Imagine the chagrin of some of his auditors when they hear him the next evening at Mrs. Lionhunter's. She understands the value of tags. She buys them by the dozen at her stationer's. She goes around in her gushing, compelling way, and says: "Oh, I'm so glad you've come. Whom do you suppose I have captured for tonight? Albrecht Musikheim, the wonderful pianist from the Dresden conservatory. He has played but once in this country, and then it was more of a rehearsal than anything else; at that impossible Mrs. Bushel's, who would extinguish Etna if she came near it. I have asked him to play that adorable thing of Greig's that he composed for King Oscar. You have never heard piano-playing until to-night."

And then when the audience is assembled and quiet she leads Herr Musikheim in—on stilts—and all in the room are immediately swayed by his magnetism, and prepared to accept him before he touches the piano. Even you, who heard him last remember that you thought he was remarkable, although you forgot to say so.

He knows that his tag is on for tonight, and he plays better for the knowledge. And you know that the piece he is playing is famous, and by Greig at that, and you immediately predict his success in this country. But let me tell you, it will take plenty of tags and a good deal of ability too, for some of these newspaper critics are really discerning. I say some of them are really discerning, and one or two claim that they can dispense with tags. I wonder!

Years ago the magazines did not tag their articles unless they were by men who had been tagged for years, men like Anthony Trollope and Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins. What was the result? Why, people had no opinion of American literature, but read English books in preference to those written by Americans. Then some magazine started the fashion of tagging; literary journals sprang up to puff those tagged, and it acted as a direct stimulus on the writers, and also enabled the readers to express intelligent opinions.

To-day, if we read an essay by Howells we know it is good; we feel that we are right in liking it, and we say so. But if the same essay were signed X. X. Smith, while we might be pleased at it, we would not go around saying, "Oh, have you read the essay of a man named Smith in the 'Arona'?" because it is rather ridiculous to enthuse over an unknown man.

Now then the ordinary run of mortals enjoys the huge farce that is enacted when a number of art critics dispute as to whether a newly discovered picture is by one of the old Dutch masters or not. The picture has swallowed its tag, and they are all at sea. There are two sides to the question, and equally eminent critics take opposing sides.

Is it an old but hideous daub by some strolling Haarlem sign-painter, or is it one of the best examples extant by Ruysdael? The question is not an easy one, and experts have to be called in. If it is by an unknown and crude sign-painter it naturally possesses only such value as clings to an antique of any sort, but if it is one of the best examples extant of

the great Ruysdael there are a dozen millionaires who are willing to pay thousands for it.

It is a pretty question, and it furnishes employment for the experts. But it shows the necessity for tags, and I dare say that somewhere in the vast unknown Ruysdael and the itinerant painter are splitting their sides over the discussion. Only it is a little humiliating—to Ruysdael—that his picture is not its own tag.

DOES it worry you to have your husband bring some men home for dinner? I mean do you feel afraid that your guest will notice that you have a misfit set of tableware and that your maid is not well trained?

Recollect that if your guest notices those things to your detriment he is not worthy of you.

You are just as good as the best person who could possibly visit you.

If you're not it's your own fault.

Go the best you can with your service, be sure to have your food well cooked and palatably seasoned, and then treat your guest as simply as you know how.

If he acts as if he were better than you he surely is not as good as you. If he accepts your hospitality in the same spirit in which you offer it, he is all right and you'd better have him out again.

But it is not worth while for either you or your husband to bother with people who cannot accept your ways of living.

If the man who is coming out awes you because he is rich, try to remember some ancestor of yours who made the world better worth living in. If your guest awes you because of his culture, remember that you are trying to make life worth living to your husband and your children (perhaps you're not, but you really ought to be).

But if the man who is coming awes you because of his blue blood, remember that kind hearts are more than coronets and tell him his grandmother was a monkey. It'll break the ice.

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Dainty Neckwear for the Summer

Not every woman can expose her neck, but the majority can and will this summer. That is one respect in which woman can be more comfortable than man for it is a relief to the whole system to get away from the stiff-necked stock and the high turn-over starched collar, with a line like a saw under the chin.

They are both too hot for summer weather. They are both uncomfortable. True, they must be endured by the woman, who through nature or carelessness has allowed her neck to become scrawny or encircled with dark rings.

The girl of the day, however, has an exceedingly good neck. It is an American characteristic. It may be from daily baths, from exercise, from the erect way she is taught to hold her head—but, from whatever cause, the round, strong neck is hers.

The Dutch neck, the Byron collar and the rolling negligee collar have all come back into first style for this season. The wide soft white collar fastened to the neckband and starting at the base of the neck is usually called the Puritan collar, but it is doubtful if the Puritan of those days wore such dainty finery as these pieces of embroidery and lace. The thin linen, starched and plain, is also worn by young girls for morning. This is more Puritan-like. The variation from its severe style is the picturesque Bryonic collar of linen, with its wide roll from the neck and its loose cravat in front.

These are not only in pictures and in writing. They have appeared on the streets. They go very well indeed with the large sweeping sailor which has a large crown.

It is a little difficult to get the Byron collars, but they can easily be made. The Puritan collar can be bought at any counter where they sell clothes for young boys.

They are just such as are worn by the boy ten years old. They are put on dark frocks, especially worn with muslin and linen shirtwaists, and are widely used for separate shirtwaists under coat suits.

The majority of these collars are made of fine fabric.

They are quite wide, from four to six inches, and are shaped to a slight point in front where they open.

They can easily be made at home. Cut a good pattern out of brown paper, baste the strips of insertion and lace on it, and then finely whip together. Finish the edge with a ruffle of lace without many gathers.

There are surely many pieces of good all-over lace put away in boxes which are not large enough for anything but such collars. By using them up you can make smart additions to your summer gown.

The fine lace ones are especially pretty on soft white muslin blouse suits, but they should not be worn with shirtwaists. They are also good on frocks of veiling and foulard, but should not be worn on the guimpes of jumpers.

Long Coats Are a Fad of the Moment

The long coat is at its best this year, and utility is a minor point in its selection. It must be picturesque and eminently becoming, and it must harmonize with the costume worn with it. Long and loose and very slender in general effect, it has the modish empire waist, or else a snug-fitting back, and it is trimmed as long coats have never been trimmed before.

Ponage, rajah and tussor motoring coats are now planned with costumes of similar material, the trimming entering into the decoration of the underneath frock and being repeated on the cuffs, collar and waistcoat of the coat. Some of these harmonizing outer garments are made with waistcoat of contrasting fabric and color, and not a few have been displayed with waist coats of cretonne and chintz showing some charming color effects.

Apromos of waistcoats for the woman who does not wish to be bothered with a removable waistcoat, and who still clings to the feminine desire for variety, a happy compromise has been invented by one ingenious designer, whereby the separate waistcoat may be buttoned into the under arm seams of a semi-fitting or loose garment, and to all appearances become an integral part of it. But with hardly a moment's work a different waistcoat may be substituted and the entire effect of the garment changed. So much for ingenuity.

While many trimmings are debarred of necessity from entering into the decoration of the coat designed for motoring, one sees huge crochet buttons, brandurges of cords and braids, pendant ornaments, folds and pipings of color, as well as soutache tightly curled into solid rings for the decoration of bands of self material, or for the trimming of collars and cuffs. A somewhat novel arrangement is the placing of these disks of soutache the entire length of the sleeve and sometimes up the shoulder seam as a continuation of those on the sleeve. Occasionally a similar line of soutache ornaments outlines the large revers, and the decoration may also appear at the center back and form a heading for a plentiful shower of braid pendants. Fancy buttons, too, play an important part on these coats.

In most models of the dressy variety, here referred to, the sleeves are loose and roomy, giving ample space for the frock worn beneath. Many are of the wing or cape variety, and are cut in one with the body of the garment.

For rainy weather there are a number of firm materials only slightly rubberized, so as not to be uncomfortable in hot weather. They are to be had in almost all the desirable colors, such as gray, tan, blue, green and red, as well as in black and white. One of the most unusual of these models seen in New York is a tight-fitting redingote of scarlet waterproof serge, perfect fitting and plain. Modistes are copying it in firmly woven linen and a silky quality of mohair. Black and white checks are also used for very smart styles.

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



The sharp hoe shortens the row.

Shade must be provided for the hogs if they would thrive.

Sponge the horse off under the tail. It helps to cool and rest him.

Hens in the stable are like pigs in the door yard. Both are untidy and unclean.

The horse that gets well carried at night is in good temper for work in the morning.

Provide a dry place for the dairy salt so it will not gather dampness and get lumpy.

More machinery on the farm rusts out than wears out, and shame on the farmer that it is true, too.

The rattling wagon makes poor music for the good farmer. Tighten the bolts and save wear and tear.

Calves should be watered at least twice a day, and it goes without saying that the water should be clean and fresh.

Keep a sharp eye on the lambs. Give special care to the neglected ones. Help at the right time will save many a loss.

Well-fed and well-bred pigs of ordinary breed make a good appearance, in fact they look better than the neglected pigs of pedigree stock.

Hogging off corn pays under right conditions, as it has been shown by experiment that hogs thus fed gained nearly one-third more rapidly than did those fed in the yards.

The successful poultryman is the one who can distinguish the dividing line between the pure bred stock that is all for show, and the pure bred stock that is for the egg and flesh making business.

Be sure the box on your machine you are taking to the field has in it the tools you may need. A little forethought will save the time and trouble of going back after what is needed.

The good old farmer's prayer that the Lord would "preserve him from the itch, tight shoes, a cow that holds her milk, kicks and debt," was born of a wealth of experience and indicated that he desired to walk in the easy paths of peace and contentment.

Just take time from the rush of the work to make a mental resolve that you will attend your state fair this year. Those who have wisely acquired the habit of attending these annual exhibitions find in them a refreshing and broadening influence that is helpful all along the line. Don't miss your state fair.

In a series of experiments made by the Ontario experiment station it was found that sweet cream churned in less time than ripened cream, contained more fat than buttermilk from ripened cream, that the moisture content of the butter was fairly constant, averaging 13.79 per cent., and that butter made from gathered cream was as good as that from cream separated at the factory.

The successful horse trainer says that the breaking of the colt should begin when only a few weeks or months old. Why should not the same principle apply to the heifer calf. Get her used to being handled. Let her know what it is to run your hands over her flanks and underneath upon her udder. Such familiarity will prove invaluable at the time of her first calving. Try it and see.

The large ant hill can be effectively destroyed by the use of carbon bisulphide, used as follows: Make several holes in various parts of the hill and pour into each hole about a tablespoonful of carbon bisulphide, and cover the whole nest with a blanket. The heavy fumes of the insecticide will permeate the ant hill, killing all insect life. The operation may be made more effective by exploding the vapor under the blanket with the aid of a light on the end of a pole. The latter procedure drives the poisonous fumes throughout the nest, rendering them more fatal to the inmates. The best time for this treatment is in the evening, when most of the ants will be at home.

Carbonic acid gas has been found to delay the souring of milk. A series of tests were conducted by the New York Agricultural college, the gas being combined with the milk under varying pressures, using the ordinary soda water chargers and sealing the bottles to retain the gas and exclude the air. With the higher pressures of gas, souring of the milk was delayed indefinitely; as bottles charged under pressures of 175 pounds to the inch remained sweet for five months. The milk thus treated makes an agreeable drink; and it is believed that the process will be valuable for preserving milk for use on seagoing vessels, in hospitals and elsewhere. Full details of the tests are given in Bulletin No. 223 of the station, which may be obtained on application.

Trap the moles that are ruining your garden.

Lambs three or four months old should be weaned.

As a rule drilling in small grain is safer method than broadcasting.

Young stock of all kinds that is kept growing will prove unprofitable.

Hot weather hath its recompense, the increased corn growth, so do grow!

Rutabagas are good for sheep, but it's not to late to plant some, if you do it right away.

Some farmers there are to whom a hog is a hog if it only have a snout a tail and a squeal.

Don't let the overheated horse stand in a draught. Blanket him and let him cool off gradually.

The right time to churn is when the cream is ready. Don't permit other things interfering with the work.

More and more are the farmers coming to understand that it pays a pays big to raise their own dairy cows.

Unsheltered machinery will suffer more damage during one season than the wear of two seasons' use and careful handling.

Dust the sore place on the shoulder of the horse under the collar with starch, and be sure that the collar is smooth and clean. A little care and the place will soon heal.

The dairy is a manufactory for turning of the vegetation of the farm into a finished product. Remember that grain farming depletes the soil of fertility, but dairying is the sure agent of replenishing it.

The average weight of the average draft horse is 1,500 pounds. The farmer will find that the horse of lighter weight on the farm will not handle work easily or well. It is economy to have heavy horses, and it pays to raise that kind, too.

Good butter comes not by chance but by cleanliness, good feed, separating the cream and then aerating, cooling and ripening it, and lastly, churning the cream when it is ready. A good butter-maker is the one who serves carefully all these points.

Some horses have the trick of running in their stalls. This can be prevented by running a strap from a fastener to the overhead strap of the halter to a ring in the ceiling of the back of the manger. The strap is through the upper ring, a slight weight taking up the slack as the horse raises its head. The strap should be so adjusted that the horse can rest on the ground but not the top of its head.

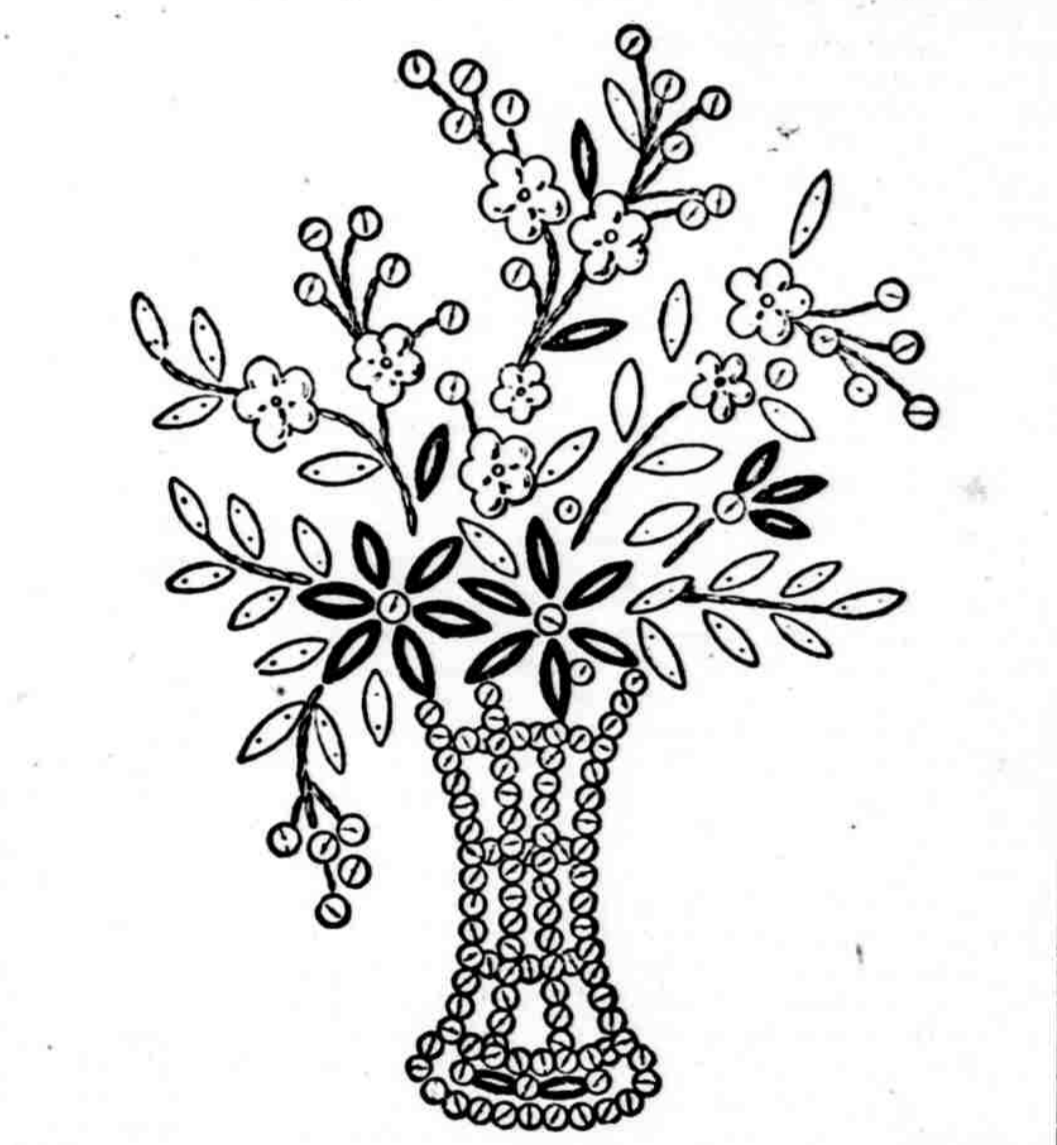
Keep the dog out of the cow lot. Its presence there worries the cows and anything that disturbs the cow retards the flow of milk. The story is told of a man who noticed his cows stand by the pasture gate, and thinking they should not be there at that time of day, set a dog on them. In their fear from the dog they went over a dam, one falling and splashing the udder. As one man expressed it, he has to be milked with a club. Something usually happens when you say "sic 'em."

The farmer is judged largely by the appearance of his place. Be neat around the farm buildings and house. Keep the fences in good repair and the fence rows clean and set to good grass. Cleanliness is the thing to be good, and we all know we are called good. Others will say we are good farmers if our farms are neat and clean. Keep the barn surroundings clean for both beauty and health. The model farm makes the living place for the farmer keeps as sanitary as the feed in which he himself lives. And that is right from every point of view.

Clover hay if poorly made is stuff, but if made well it can be beaten as a winter feed. As the farmers allow clover to get too advanced before cutting, which is difficult to definitely fix a period cutting, it is safe to begin cutting when a few brown heads are among a mass of blue. Once once has been that the presence of external moisture, dampness and rains, have had a very much poor hay. Clover hay will make a large quantity of moisture, but stem and cure splendidly in the sun, but dew on the leaves and stems will cause dust and mold, a bad way to make hay if the age is not too great is to cut it now the same day.

The automobile is winning the favor among the farmers. The machines are coming to be a part of every agricultural fair, and the groups of farmers which attend round such exhibitions are a change of sentiment which place regarding the horse and it is interesting to note also the communities where the farmer is beginning to purchase automobiles. Growing interest in good roads in Kansas a traveler recently found a section where good roads were the rule, and noting that the climate were the same as in other sections where the roads were very bad he made inquiries and found that in the section where the roads were well kept there was a number of farmers who had automobiles and were interested in having good roads. The town fellow has the same opinion. The farmers are very strongly opposed against it. They say they don't want horses, endanger the lives of their wives and children; but when a farmer buys an automobile the wife ceases to scare, their wives and children are delighted with the new method of going to town. The drag is in evidence on every highway everybody is happy.

SEQUIN EMBROIDERY



Here is a very effective design, suitable for ornamenting a small theater bag; it may be worked entirely in sequins or in ribbon and sequins. A very dainty bag may be made of cream or pale tinted satin, lined with silk of the same color or white; and we have seen very charming little bags made from the tops of very long white kid or suede evening-gloves. These would form an excellent foundation on which to work the design.

Sequins of various shapes and sizes may now be obtained in gold, silver, steel, mother-of-pearl, and various colored metal, so that quite a pretty combination might be employed in working the design.

The stand or basket would in any case look well in small gold sequins. The flowers might be in silver, mother-of-pearl, bronze, pale blue, green, and gold sequins, and the stalks worked with gold tinsel thread.

Tether Your Baby.

When baby must be out of doors each day, and there is no one to take care of him, tether him. This method will give him fresh air, freedom of limb, and happiness without the fear that he will wander away too far into the hands of the EGYPS, the cistern, or other dangerous places. Take a belt, fit it comfortably to the baby's waist, so he cannot slip through. At the back tie a piece of clothesline, allowing him plenty of freedom. Fasten the other end in some shady spot near by, changing the location from time to time as he may grow tired of one place. Give him sand and toys, and watch the result, both to tired mother and runabout babe.

Flower-Trimmed Best Chapeaux.

Daisies and forget-me-nots seem to be nature's flower children, and certainly their millinery replicas are most suitable garnishings for little girls' hats. Some of the fine white straws in cap shapes are deliciously prim. Their brims are faced inside with several fine lace frills, and on the outer side, close to the joining with the round crown, are set wreaths of

small flowers matching the shade of the liberty satin strings. There are charming hats of embroidered pique or muslin with generous flopping brims and Tam crowns. These also are flower wreathed unless big bows and streamers of delicately hued ribbon are preferred.

Ribbon Ties.

A new tie to take the place of the black satin band which often encircles the throat just below the collar line is made by plaiting together three pieces of half-inch ribbon, and allowing them to fall into a sort of fringe depending from the knot in front. Nothing could be easier, for anybody can plait ribbon, and the three pieces may be in three shades or in one solid color, as preferred. The idea may be varied by plaiting eight pieces of baby ribbon or four pieces of one-quarter-inch ribbon. A tie which is finished with a fringe and which forms a band around the bottom of the collar is, for the moment, in style.

Take heed thou bless the day on which love took possession of thee, for thou oughtest so to do.—Dane.