

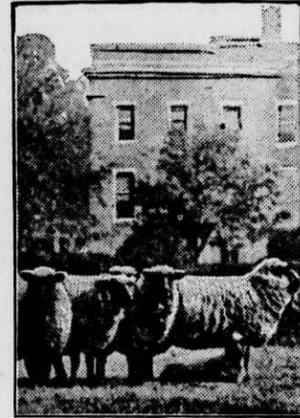
LIVE STOCK

GRAZING WHITE HOUSE LAWN

President Wilson Sets Example Which Might Be Followed by Owners of Large Grass Plots.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

When a flock of sheep appeared not long ago on the green sward of the White House grounds, a desire to "match the President" in helping to increase the country's mutton and wool supply was manifested by many persons whose responsibility covered big lawns, golf courses and city parks. Many public parks, golf courses, and private lawns in the country may be so situated that they can profitably be made to serve as grazing grounds for sheep. It is believed that their use for grazing sheep would have not only a sentimental value but a practical one. But owners and persons charged with the care of such property are advised to investigate the matter thoroughly before they embark in the enterprise of raising sheep. Sheep raising involves much more than placing the animals in good pasture. It has its technical side, and at present, when every pound of wool and every pound of meat is needed, it is felt that experience bought at the price of either wool



or meat would be too costly. The animal husbandry division of the department of agriculture will answer requests for information from persons who desire to raise sheep, and has a number of publications on the subject available for free distribution.

Sheep now cost approximately three times as much as in normal times. Good commercial sheep at present sell for from \$16 to \$20 a head.

In any sheep enterprise provision must be made for the guarding or fencing in of the flock, for not only are the animals prone to stray from home pastures, but they are favored prey for dogs, which annually inflict great losses on the industry. Winter care must be provided for, and feed and sheltered quarters must be available in cold weather. Persons who desire to raise sheep are advised to enter the industry with a view of staying for several years at least. The gross annual returns from the ewes of breeding age may be expected to range from \$8 to \$15 a head, depending upon the percentage of lambs raised, the weight of the fleece and the value of these products. The fleece from one sheep averages five to eight pounds and is now selling for from 50 to 65 cents a pound. The ewes with good management will each raise a lamb. The lambs at five months will weigh approximately 60 pounds and will be worth 15 cents a pound and over. The useful life of a sheep is about six years.

Flocks of sheep have been maintained in public parks in New York and Boston, and a flock once was grazed on the grounds around the Washington monument in the capital. The use of sheep in lawns and parks has been extensive in England. The labor-saving value of sheep is important, for they are neat and effective grass cutters. Sometimes, too, they eat shrubbery and flowers, but this danger can be met by a watchful shepherd or other safeguards.

CARE ABOUT WATER TROUGHS

Puddle Around Watering Place Is Disagreeable to Sight and Smell—Also Breeds Flies.

There is no need to run so much water into the watering trough that it slops over and forms a puddle all about the trough. Under the constant tramping of animals it is not long before the surroundings assume the consistency of thin porridge. This is not only disagreeable to sight and smell but it shows slight consideration for sanitation. Flies in large numbers are to be seen about such a place. A few hours later they may be inspecting the food on one's table. Be it remembered that liquid filth is always a source of more danger to human health than where it is bone dry.

Feed Little Pigs Separately. As soon as the pigs will eat, which is usually at four or five weeks of age, they should be fed separately from their dam.

Lace and Satin Dinner Gown



It always takes exceptions to prove the rule and to keep certain accepted styles from becoming monotonous. The handsome dinner gown which presents its brilliant accomplishment in black and white with such assurance here is an exception to the straight-line silhouette. It belongs to a small and exclusive company of exceptions to this feature of the styles for fall, for the straight-line figure grows more popular all the time and is destined to dominate in the styles of the coming season.

Allover lace and black satin join forces in the tunic skirt and bodice. There is an underskirt of white satin bordered with black. The tunic is set onto a body of black satin that forms a short yoke extending a few inches below the waistline, and has a border of black satin about its lower edge. The lace bodice is very simply draped over its satin foundation and the sleeves are of lace—rather full above the elbow and shaped to the arm below. They extend a little way over the hand and are finished with a narrow binding of satin. A bit of white georgette suggests an underbodice of this lovely fabric where it shows through the lace at the shoulders and above the satin at the square neck.

If this gown started out with a declaration of independence as to its outlines, it makes amends by making the most of the vogue for long silk tassels. There is a very long girde of the satin that is wrapped about the waist, crossed at the back and looped over at the left side. The ends, finished with long, handsome silk tassels, fall to the bottom of the tunic and a little below the bottom of the skirt.

This gown is becoming to almost any type of figure. It is dignified and quiet, but it is also brilliant. In the picture a big black satin poppy adds its fine silken sheen to the finish of an exquisite frock. It is in black also, but might be in some brilliant color if occasion seemed to demand it.

Simple, Elegant Afternoon Gown



Magnificence is not a characteristic of any of the dressier gowns for afternoon and evening these days, but they rejoice in simplicity and elegance. These are the indispensable things in war time and the most satisfactory in any time. Ingenuity in the management of simple trimming takes the place of lavish work in elaborate embroideries. About all the chance left for millinery to be splendid in sumptuous clothes lies in the direction of furs. Among these there are some superb pieces, but they are bought for a lifetime and so their case and that of gowns are not parallel. They are allowable even when good taste forbids other extravagance.

An afternoon frock as presented in the picture seems almost too simple to need a description. It is of blue georgette over an underslip of satin and is made with a bodice and tunic skirt. The tunic is plaited onto the plain crepe bodice at the waistline, which is a little higher than the normal waistline of the underslip. Straight bands of satin are applied to the bodice. One of them at each side extends over the shoulder and down the back. The three bands on the front and back of the bodice between those at the sides, are pointed at the top. They all hang several inches below the waist and the end of each band is threaded through a bead. Two of these narrow silk bands are tacked about the waist and the bands that are applied to the bodice are threaded over and under them and then tacked to them. The ends hang free.

The same bands in five-over-lapping rows are stitched about the tunic just above its hem. This is all there is to tell of a pretty afternoon gown which one must acknowledge achieves distinction by the simplest means. The round neck has a picot edge and so have the sleeves at the wrist. They could not be plainer and they fit the arm from shoulder to hand.

Julia B. Bostwick

Camouflaging Moth Holes. Moth holes in garments can be disguised by scraping the fuzz or lint from the material, filling the hole with this and backing it with a piece of rubber cement.

"A Letter To Mr. Somebody"
By LOUISE OLIVER

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Phillip sat thoughtfully down on the fire step of the trench. The German musketry had ceased for the time and all was quiet along the line. Three of the men in his platoon had been wounded and taken back to the first-aid stations behind the lines. But he hadn't a scratch.

Beside him, crouching in a variety of attitudes, were five of the boys playing cards. Someone had produced a dog-eared, muddied pack, and now they were having a round of Jackpots. The entire crowd had an aggregate of less than a dollar, all told.

"Come on in, Pearson, the betting's fine," called Dorgan. "Sky's the limit."

But Phillip shook his head. "It hurts my finer feelings to see my fellow beings risking their immortal souls. I can't be a party to the outrage. Besides, I'm broke."

"Poor Phil!" Dorgan drew three cards. "Lonely again."

"Who's he got to be lonely for?" Kearney, new to the company, didn't know Phil's history.

"Nobody. That's the trouble. We cusses here think we're killed because we can't see our folks. But did you ever think what it meant not to have any folks to get homesick for? That's Phil's trouble. He just naturally hasn't got anybody. That's what he's thinking this minute. I'll bet a jitney. Never gets any mail—never hears from anyone. By George, here comes Bandy now with letters. Hurrah! The mail's in, Jimmy! All those for me, chaplain? Well, this is my day."

Phillip sat stolidly on the fire step without moving. He knew the chaplain had no mail for him. All the other boys were busily tearing open letters and papers and hungrily devouring every word.

Then the chaplain stopped in front of him and put a hand on his shoulder. "My boy, I wonder if—" He put his other hand in his pocket and drew out a letter. "I don't approve of this—much. I don't have any idea what's inside, but I'm going to leave it with you."

Phillip took the letter eagerly and scanned the address. It was written in a rather angular feminine hand on plain white paper and directed to:

MR. SOMEBODY,
American Expeditionary Forces,
France.

Puzzled, he slid his trench knife under the flap and drew out the closely written folded pages. The letter began: "Dear Mr. Somebody: Before you read my letter I'm going to ask whether or not you are getting mail from home and friends. If you are, will you please give this to someone who is not, for this is not your letter, then, but his. I am writing to a lonely man who has no one to care about him—not to you."

Phillip paused. Strange that the chaplain had followed the directions so closely without divulging the contents. He turned again to the letter. Surely the letter had reached its intended destination. Who else had a better right to it than he? Then suddenly a revulsion of feeling seized him. He didn't want sympathy, he didn't want to read a lot of Sunday school stuff about patiently bearing one's lot and being sustained by pride in what he was doing.

His eyes ran rebelliously over the next few words, then he read more eagerly, and before he knew it—but let us read the letter.

"First of all," it ran, "I'm going to wish a family unto you, Mr. Somebody—my family. And I'm going to tell you all about what we've been doing. Maybe you'll want to hear about them and maybe you won't, but I absolutely refuse to sympathize with your loneliness and write consoling things like that. And as I have to have something to put into a letter, you will just have to be patient. And I'm not going to introduce them. I will speak of them as though you'd known us all forever.

"To begin, Mr. Peabody finally came across and gave Dad the position as department head that he should have had years ago. Oh, you don't know what it meant to us! Or, I forgot, you do know, of course. When Dad came home that night and told us, Buddy stood right up in the middle of the dining-room table and started to recite Webster's oration, knocking over my vase of clove shrub, the first out of the garden, and ruining a bran clean tablecloth that had taken me forty-seven minutes to iron. But I was in a forgiving humor, of course, and merely kissed him and ordered him down. Lotty gave Dad a hug that nearly strangled him and marched right upstairs and returned with everyone—everyone—mind you, of her old dresses over her arm."

"Now, Sis," she demanded, "can't I give these to the poor Harbisons right away, and get that pink-embroidered voile and the Peter Tom suit tomorrow?"

I was ready to promise anything, my dear sir, but all the while I was thinking how fine it would be to have the money for the gas and milk and butcher and grocery man without Dad's having to sit up till midnight figuring how to make the money stretch.

"Well, that's that. Already Dad

looks ten years younger, and last night when he was shaving I heard him whistling. Wasn't it wonderful!

"The Emerys next door are having their house painted with mahogany trimmings. It was a dear of a house before they bought it and looked so lovely white. But Mr. Emery had made a fortune in munitions and he's building a stone addition to it. Imagine! Some way I think houses are like people, don't you? I mean, they show what kind of people live in them. Our house looks like the home of poor genteel, as we're usually called. Vines and things growing up to hide places where we need a carpenter and painter. It's like shoe polish on an old pair of shoes. But I think if one's shoes are old, it's better to have them polished than not, don't you?"

"But talking of the house and vines brings me to my hobby. My garden—I don't know whether you like flowers or not—but I just have to tell you about it. Just now I'm writing out here in an old green swing under a pink heaven of blossoms. The trees are all out and the birds are fairly bursting their little throats for joy.

"And the bed of white and red tulips over the fence is blooming so bravely—it is as good as a sermon on courage. And over by the shed—but of course you can't see the shed for the bushes. I'll just have to tell you it's there—the lilacs are coming out. Can't you smell that exquisite deliciousness away over there in your trench? Surely heaven will have hedges of lilacs. And the shrubs are out—the snowballs a lovely tender greenish white. How I wish you could see it, Mr. Somebody.

"And now, I'm going to tell you a secret. I hadn't intended to, but some way I feel that you are sympathetic, that you'll understand.

"I have a soldier, a lonely soldier. He must be away over in France, and it is my fault he is lonely, for we quarreled and he went away, and now I can't find out where he is. So after all, this is his letter you are getting. Oh, I wish someone would write to him—for he is lonely, I know. He had nobody but me. And, oh, if I only knew, so I could ask him to forgive me.

"This is all for this time, Mr. Somebody. If you like my letter and send me your name and address, I'll write again.

"Faithfully yours,
"Elizabeth Downing,
"Somerset, Mass."

This was Phillip's answer:

"Dearest Little Betty.—Mr. Somebody got your letter, and what do you think? It was I. You see God must have guided it here. So you want me to forgive you, sweetheart. Dearest, I'm not fit to kiss the hem of your dainty little dress. I adore you and always will. But since I got your letter I determined to live and go back to you. Before, I resented every crack the other fellows got instead of me. There, the post's going out and I must send this, but I'll write every day. Good-bye, dearest girl.

"Forever yours, Phillip."

FINDS CALL STIRS HIM UP

City Conductor's Call, "Let 'Em Off First!" Acts Like a Tonic on This Writer.

That day does not start right when I do not go to work by public conveyance. I can motor to work, or I can walk, as I sometimes do, and hear all the sounds incident to busy streets—the honking of horns, the whistles of the traffic policemen and the shouting of newsboys. These all help in getting me in key for the day's work, but they do not take the place of the conductor's plea to the clamorous crowds on the railway platforms, "Let 'em off first!"

The command is given in a tone of authority that forces the people to stand back. You meditate upon what would happen but for the trainman's solicitude for his passengers. The little blond stenographer who sat beside you would without doubt be carried to the next station, or maybe a dozen stations beyond, and, being late, be fired. You yourself, for that matter, might be whisked on past your station and fall into a passion that would cause you to breakfast to sour and make you surly all day. And there is always tragedy in that frame of mind, since a man has to be placid these days or lose his nerves, his job, and everything.

"Let 'em off first!"—the command affects one in another way, too. It carries a suggestion that one wants to get off, and that suggestion presently works itself into a command to you to get off—a sort of challenge to stay on if you dare.

You battle the suggestion manfully from one station to another, until, by the time you reach your stop, your mind is keyed up to concert pitch; you are thoroughly awake, and attack your day's work with an energy that is unknown to the man who, immersed in his morning papers, is loth to what is going on around him.—T. C. O'Donnell in Cartoons Magazine.

Particularly Cruel Murder.

An atrocious murder took place the other night in the village Bagundi in Bishrhat, India. It is reported that a married Mahomedan woman was ill for three days and her husband after obtaining all the available assistance without any effect sat by the side of his wife on the veranda when some unknown persons got over the boundary wall and one of them fired a gun toward the couple. The husband was shot in the chest and died on the spot and a bullet passed through the arm of his wife. Vigorous inquiry is proceeding but no trace of the culprits has yet been found nor the motive of the murder ascertained.

IDAHO BUDGET

The paving of the streets at Burley was completed last week, and that town can now boast of eight blocks of good paving. The good work will be continued next spring should conditions permit.

Immediate attention will be given the Idaho car situation by the car service section of the United States railroad administration, O. O. Haga, state director of commercial economy, has been advised.

Monthly report of the police judges at Boise for August to the mayor and city council shows the city richer to the amount of \$308, which represents the fines and forfeitures paid into the police court during the month.

State War Savings Stamps headquarters has been informed that Idaho City has, out of a population of about 100, signed 42 pledges, the total raised being \$5300. This is an average per capita of \$128 for each person who subscribed.

While Charles Baxter of Boise was speeding to Caldwell to bring his wife's mother, Mrs. H. H. Nolan, to the bedside of her dying daughter, his car turned turtle, two miles from Meridian, and injured him and a man named Peter C. Daman.

Ira Gardner had a narrow escape near Nampa when a bank of sand he was near caved in on him and a team of horses. Mr. Gardner was covered except for his head. His cries for help reached a party of travelers on the road who came to his rescue.

Two new school buildings are nearing completion in Cassia county and will be ready for the fall term. At Sublett a pressed brick building is being built 25x76 feet at the cost of \$5000, and at Malta a brick building 25x45 feet at cost of \$3000.

Efforts are being made by the Boise Commercial club to retain Sergeant Charles F. Clark, organizer and in charge of the Boise Military reserve. Clark has received word to send in all the recruiting equipment, and expects a call to Fort Logan, Colo.

A large number of members of the Seventh Day Adventists of the southern Idaho conference were assembled at Caldwell Monday of last week to witness the laying of the cornerstone of the new Seventh Day Adventist college, which is being erected in that city.

The annual report of the Middleton school filed with the county superintendent shows a splendid record for the year. The number of pupils enrolled was, boys 112 and girls 122, while the school census shows boys 114 and girls 122, with the average daily attendance of 96 per cent.

The Idaho Christian Endeavor union closed its twenty-sixth annual convention at Mountain Home with a larger registration than in any year since 1908. Debts of the organization were cleared up and a sufficient balance left in the treasury, with the amounts pledged, to provide for a series of Christian Endeavor institutes, probably in January.

Misappropriation of \$425,000 worth of securities is one of the allegations made by D. B. Moorman of Twin Falls, secretary and treasurer of the Milner-Twin Falls Land and Water company and president of the Milner-Twin Falls Canal company, in an action filed in district court at Twin Falls against the Milner-Twin Falls Land and Water company.

M. L. Mueller, of Seattle, who has charge of all dry kilns installed for the aircraft production bureau with offices at Washington, was in Boise last week checking up on the aircraft production at the Boise Payette mill at Barber, where he supervised the installation of kiln dryers a short time ago.

An order for a complaint against the Alder Creek railway was issued by the public utilities commission to T. A. Walters, attorney general, last week as a means of instituting action to compel the railway to furnish facilities to serve the public, complaints having been made that the railway refuses to provide for acceptance of lumber material.

Railroad valuations this year total \$85,335,473, an increase of \$1,892,391. Other utilities increased as follows: Telephone lines, \$2,284,584 to \$2,681,848; telegraph lines, \$1,019,219 to \$1,143,157; electric lines, \$14,000,500 to \$15,897,250.

S. L. Davenport, charged with the murdering of Henry W. Stricker, was bound over to the fall term of the district court without bail at the preliminary hearing held in Nampa. Davenport shot Stricker during a quarrel over a dice game.

The physicians of Idaho, both men and women, are about to be mobilized into the Volunteer Medical Service corps at the request of the National Council of Defense, this new plan having the hearty indorsement of President Wilson.

Smith Rasmusson was fined \$25 in Justice Moore's court at Nampa for violating the state game laws by killing a wild duck during the closed season.

Grammar school graduates as well as high school graduates may enter higher educational institutions this fall for the purpose of enlisting in the students' army training corps, according to information received by Dr. E. A. Bryan, commissioner of education.

Immediate cancellation of the Blaine County Investment company's Little Lost river project unless settlement is made by Maney Brothers & Co., project contractors, for \$6000 alleged due laborers whom they employed on the project, has been demanded of the state land board.