SLEEPY TIME TALES.

The Deserted Crow.

Once upon a time two families of blackbirds built their homes close together on the limb of a tall tree. They had seen a farmer planting some corn and they thought they would not have to look very far for food to feed their children. Each morning the two Mrs. Blackbirds would call to each other while the two Mr. Blackbirds went to get some breakfast.

One day one of them called to the other and said, "We have five of the cutest and littlest blackbirds you ever saw," and the other answered and said, "Well, we have four blackbirds in our nest. Come over and see them." Each morning the two fathers would start out and hunt nice worms for their little birds and their mothers.

One day, when they came home, the two wives were very much excited and began to twitter at the same time. "What do you think," they said, "a family of crows have just built a nest on the branch above us. What shall we do?"

You know that blackbirds and crows are not very friendly toward each other and don't often build their homes near one another.

In a few days the birds were used to seeing the crows fly back and forth and didn't mind them very much and one day when they heard a faint caw in the nest above they even flew up to see how many little crows there were. After that, the birds were quite friendly and when the little blackbirds began to try and fly after their father, Mrs. Crow seemed quite interested.

One morning, as Mrs. Blackbird was just taking a fat worm from Mr. Blackbird, plump, down in the nest came one of the crows and landed close beside her. The bird wasn't hurst, but it was a little frightened and Mrs. Blackbird called and called to the nest above for the crows to come and get their child. But they didn't answer and as soon as she could, Mrs. Blackbird flew and looked in the nest to see why they didn't come.

When she looked she saw that the nest was empty and although she waited as long as she dared no one came nor did they ever come back for the little crow they had left behind. So Mr. and Mrs. Blackbird took the baby crow and brought it up with their family and when their children flew away the crow flew with them and lived with them ever after.

How Thurston Was Lost.

Once upon a time Thurston opened the front door and sat down on the steps with his elbows on his knees and his chubby face in his hands. Thurston was lonesome and didn't know what to do with himseld. His twin sister Anita was playing with her dolls and baby Grace was sound asleep. He knew that for he hal crept up very softly to her bed and given her, as he called it, a little love pinch to see if she really and truly was asleep. She had just moved the littlest bit and kept her eyes shut all of the time, so, of course, she was sound asleep.

So he went down and sat on the step a while and then hopped up and started down the street toward the city. After he had walked a little he came to a fountain and, as he was very thirsty, he climbed up and had a drink. A dog and a bird were drinking too and soon a team came along and the driver stopped to let the horses have a drink.

The horse stuck his nose way down in the cool water and when he was through he shook his head and the water came splashing all over Thurston's clean rompers and new shoes. Thurston thought this was a funny way to drink and wanted to see if he could drink that way too, sa he put his little face down, down in the water just as the horse had done but soon came up all out of breath and no water in his mouth.

He tried again and again until he was as wet as though he had been in bathing and a lot more uncomfortable. Thurston jumped down from the fountain and started away, off to see what else he could find. Soon he came to a fruit stand. Oh, how good the apples and oranges looked and Thurston wanted one so much that he just stood there looking as hard as he could at them with his big brown eyes. At last the man came out from the store and picked up an apple and handed it to him and said, "There, sonny, run along home now."

Thurston thought he would start for home for he was sure by this time Anita would want to play with him, of course, baby Grace had waked up long ago. So he started to walk back toward his house. He walked and walked until he was very tired and wished he had not come so far bue he knew he must get home, for it was getting dark and he wanted his supper.

All at once he heard some one say, "Hello Thurston, how did you get so far from home?" He looked up and saw his friend Gilbert and his father in an automobile. As he hopped beside Gilbert, he said, "I am glad you saw me, I guess I must have been lost."

Tiny Thistle's New Dress.

Once upon a time, as you know, Tiny Tim found a new friend in a little elf and he called her Tiny Thistle. The next day, after she came to live with the gnomes, Tiny Tim wanted to take her right away to see his friend Rollo, the dog, but Tiny Thistle said she didn't have anything nice to wear and asked her new friend to get her a new dress.

Now, poor Tiny Tim wanted to do everything to please her, but he didn't know how to get his little friend a new dress. The Rose Fairy was sick and he didn't want to bother her anyway, and none of the others could help, so poor Tiny Tim was in great trouble.

Just then Jenny Wren came flying by, called out a cheery good morning and stopped to ask what was the matter. When Tim had told her about his friend and his trouble in getting her a dress Jenny Wren said, "Don't worry, I will help you. Just leave it to me and I will have a dress here by noon."

Just as soon as Jenny Wren reached home she flew to her friend, Mrs. Robin, and told her the news and what she had promised to do for their friend, the gnome. It didn't take long for Jenny Wren and Mrs. Robin to get the birds together and, when Jenny Wren told them what she wanted them to do, they were very glad to help, not only her, but the gnomes and their little friend.

Each one of the birds gave a feather and soon Jenny Wren had the loveliest dress all ready for Tiny Thistle. The bluebirds had given enough feathers to make a waist and Jenny Wren's friends had given brown feathers for the skirt with a beautiful border of red feathers from the robin's scarlet breasts, and Mrs. Robin and Jenny Wren had fastened them together so Tiny Thistle had a new and very lovely costume.

Just a little after noon Jenny came flying to the gnomes' home with the dress under her wing, all ready for Tiny. When Tiny Thistle saw it she was so delighted that she ran to Jenny Wren and thanked her as well as all of the other birds.

This pleased Jenny Wren very much and she promised that when Tiny Thistle wanted a dress she would make it for her, and the gnomes invited all of the birds to come and see Tiny Thistle and Tiny Tim whenever they wanted.

The Visit to Rollo.

Once upon a time Tiny Tim woke up one morning and saw that the sun was shining very brightly, so he hopped out of bed, put on his clothes and ran to wake Tiny Thistle to tell her that he was going to take her to visit Rollo as soon as they had eaten their breakfast. Tny Thistle was delighted and she put on her dress, took hold of Tiny Tim's haid, and soon they were trotting toward Rollo's house.

Rollo had never seen Tiny Tim's new friend, but he had heard a great deal about her, so, when he saw them coming, he began to bark and run around his yard so fast that Cook came out of the house to see what was the matter. Of course, she couldn't see Tiny Tim or the little elf who was running beside him and she thought Rollo was hungry, so she brought him a bone and went into the house.

"Good morning," said Tiny tim, and Rollo answered with a loud bark. Just at first, Tiny Thistle was a little afraid of such a big dog, but when Rollo lay down and Tiny Tim lifted her on to his back, she put her little hands into his curly haid and patted his head as though she had known him all of her life.

Rollo was so pleased at this that he was her friend for life, and told her he would give her a nice ride on his back if she would hold on tightly. Round and round the yard he trotted until Tiny Thistle was tired and asked her friend to help her off. Rollo showed her his house where he slept, the tin dish of water on which gnomes had skated last winter, and told her how they had rowed their tiny nut boats. Tiny Tim found one of the boats under some grass and put it into the water and then lifted Tiny Thistle in, while Rollo pushed it around the pan very gently with one of his paws. Tiny Thistle laughed and thought that was the nicest ride she had had.

It was almost dark before they started for home, after telling Rollo they would come again soon to see him. When they reached home, supper was all ready for them and after that Tiny Thistle went to bed and slept very soundly, for, you know, that was a great deal for anyone so tiny as she to do in one day. Just as she was going to sleep, Tiny Tim whispered and said: "Tomorrow, I am going to take you to see my friends, the green frogs." Tiny Thistle whispered back: "I like your friend Rollo, but I want to see the frogs, too."

Farmer Brown's Cherry Tree.

Once upon a time Farmer Brown had a large cherry orchard and in it were all kinds of juicy cherries. He used to pick them and send them in town to sell. They were such big ones that he used to get a great deal of money for them.

A great many of the trees were near the sidewalk and some of the boys would very often get on the high fence and take some of the cherries. Now Farmer Brown was not a stingy man with his fruit, only he did not think it was nice for boys to take what was not theirs, and so one day he crept out and hid in some bushes near the fence where the boys used to climb to get the cherries.

In a few minutes four boys were up in the trees eating and filling their pockets, when out came Farmer Brown from his hiding place and caught them. The boys were frightened and didn't want to get out of the tree when he told them to, but at last they came scrambling down very much ashamed.

Farmer Brown said he was sorry that they had taken the fruit without asking and he told them to get all of the boys they could find and come to his house after school. That night they all came and the farmer said he wanted them to have some of the cherries and asked them all if they would promise to help him and do just what he told them to do. Of course, they all promised and this is what he told them.

After school or before school, if they wanted, they could come to his house and he would give them each a basket. Then they must pick three baskets of cherries for him and after that they could pick one basket for themselves. They were all very glad to do this and every night as long as the cherries lasted, you could see the orchard full of busy boys every night.

Don't you think after all, Farmer Brown was pretty clever to get his cherries picked and still let the boys have all they wanted? I do.

Religion Coming Back.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

New York seems somewhat staggered by the discovery that it is getting religion. A count shows that the congregations of the churches are 25 per cent above the normal summer average, Trinity showing 20 cent increase, while the Fifth avenue churches, the various tent meetings and the noonday services in Madison Square show even larger figures. And New York only had a glimpse of Billy Sunday and an uncertain sort of a hope of really getting him some years hence.

Churchmen are quoted as saying that the phenomenon is due to the sobering effect of the war on mankind. Some nonbeliever and cynic declares that hard times are responsible and that men go to church when they can't go anywhere else without paying for the privilege. The fact is there, and also is elsewhere—in Philadelphia, where it would have been discoverable to some extent if the tabernacle never had been erected. Moreover, there were signs of it before the war made its impress, and it wasn't consequent upon financial distress.

There has been a sobering, steadying impulse, accentuated by these other factors, but having its place in the ordinary cycle of psychology rather than in extraordinary and external influences. It is the swing of pendulum. Men and women had run the gamut of excesses and had become tired and had come back to find quiet and relief. So conservatism of political thought follows the extreme of radicalism. So a period of agitation breeds a desire which is almost a demand for rest. Many things, no doubt, conspired to help on this natural trend, the Titanic having a notable effect. New York's very furore of crime, which had its culmination in the Becker case, made men think. And when any of the vicissitudes of life really make men think, the church is the natural spot to which they turn.

Brilliants, colored ribbon and flowered ornaments form a quaint and pretty finish for the coiffure.

THE WORKBAG.

Dainty bedroom accessories in the way of curtains, bedspreads, bureau and dresser scarfs, can be easily made at small cost of striped or checked gingham. Blue and white is a clean, cool color to select.

For the bedspread use coarse white lace insertion about an inch and a half wide to join the breadths together down the center and also to place at the heading of a ruffle eight inches wide that is placed on each side and across the bottom of the spread. Shams for pillows are edged with narrow insertion and a four-inch ruffle. For the bureau scarf use three 12-inch squares of gingham, joined and edged with insertion.

The window curtains are made perfectly plain, excepting for a ruffle across the end headed with insertion. A deep valance across the top is edged with a narrow ruffle also. With a blue and white cotton rug on the floor this makes a most attractive room for a young girl. Gingham is very inexpensive and launders beautifully.

Have you a little girl who you want to train in the domestic way she should go? And do the little fingers work clumsily over long seams and uninteresting centerpieces? Why not suggest some interesting embroidery for hot afternoons when it is much better for little ones to be quietly employed than running about in the scorching sunshine. There are so many cute little articles that a child may embroider which she can use afterward herself and which will make her doubly proud of her handiwork.

There is the little play apron in colored linen or chambray. Mother can run it up in no time on the machine, binding the edge with white bias binding, which she can buy all cut and pressed ready to stitch into place over the raw edgs. She may make one deep pocket across the front and print or write on it the words "Play Time" or draw if she can a group of scattered toys.

Play aprons turned up halfway and stitched into a series of deep pockets are most useful and admit of as much or as little handwork as mother sees fit to impose. Towels, of the small guest size variety, make excellent exercises for easy stitchery.

One of the most difficult things for the home dressmaker to accomplish is the proper cutting of striped materials. To be able to cut a striped dress well is proof that you are by no means a novice at the art of dresgmaking.

Skirts are always cut first. Lay the material out flat on the cutting table, and if there is no "up and down" to the material, you will be able to fit the gores into each other, cutting the material in an economical way. Remember to have the line of small perforations found in the center of each gore of the pattern run straight with a stripe. This will cause each cut edge to be slightly bias, and, when joined will look far better than if a bias edge was joined to the straight. The center of the front gore must, of course, be on a stripe. Double your material before cutting in order to have both sides exactly alike. When cutting sleeves, me sure the material is doubled, and save yourself the trouble of having one sleeve different from the other, thus ruining the garment. Stripes should be run straight from the shoulder to the waist in sleeves. Have the stripes run straight down the center of the front and straight down the center of the back when cutting the bodice. Always allow plenty of material for seams when striped material is used, and be sure that the stripes match in the joining of seams.

Preserving Old Manuscripts.

From the New York World.

There are not 50 persons in the United States who are skilled in the preservation and repairing of old manuscripts. One of them, says the University of Wisconsin Bulletin, may be found working on the third floor of the Wisconsin historical library building at Madison, one of the six or seven institutions in the country that carry on such work scientifically.

About a generation or two ago a priest in the vatican library at Rome originated and developed the process now in use in the taking care of old papers. Until last year there was none of this work which was high grade and scientific done in this country west of the Alleghanies. All work that the university had done was sent to Massachusetts. Last July the process was introduced to the state historical library.

The first thing done in the process of preserving the letters is to place them between wet newspapers under a weight and leave them for five or six hours. This removes the creases and the dirt. Then they are put between wood pulp boards and left 24 hours and then between blotters to complete the drying process. The next step is to repair the paper. The paper of some of these letters is so old when received that it fails to pieces if struck. This is strengthened by a layer of crepoline, a transparent cloth, on both sides of the piece of paper. Other letters need mending along the edges with parchment paper. To cover holes a piece of paper is glued over the edges and is left larger than the hole until dry. It is then cut down to the proper size and the edges are sandpapered until smooth. After all such repairs are made the letters are mounted on large white sheets and prepared for binding.

Flaw in a Tariff Argument.

From the Philadelphia Record.

In a morning paper of the high tariff school there is an editorial on "Knit Goods Men Score Redfield." I quote from this enlightening article: "It will be a long time before the impudence of this meddlesome theorist (Secretary Redfield) has been forgotten by men who have spent their whole lives in manufacturing and whose enterprise has enabled many of them to send their products to all parts of the world."

How unfortunate it is that the last statement crept in! Those manufacturers compete in the world's markets? Impossible!

Have we not their word that they must have a tariff to protect them against the foreign producer?

Oh, but, says the apologist, they sell only their surplus products. What of the organization, in which many prominent Philadelphians are interested, which has for its object the extension of American trade throughout the world? One of the chief officers is a man who has always advocated a high tariff, and yet he hopes to invade the world's markets with American made goods.

To anyone who does not believe that a tariff is the panacea for all our economic ills, the glaring inconsistencies of the tariff argument are quite evident.

No wonder the morning paper made such a blunder. It is hardly true to call Secretary Redfield a theorist. He has been a prominent and successful manufacturer for many years.

In England's Munition Factories.

Richmond News Leader.

The surest evidence that Great Britain has solved the munitions problem is that her public men are beginning to talk of last year's notorious shortage.

In doing so, they admit that the situation was even graver than Sir John French's historic dispatch indicated. "The spring and early summer of last year," declared the parliamentary secretary of the ministry of munitions, in a public address last week, "will rank among the blackest days of the war. * * * Our men failed because they were short of munitions. We know now that our armies and the nation were on the verge of a great disaster. * * * At that time our gunners were being limited in some cases to three or four rounds per gun per day. Today they tell us that they have an abundance and that its quality is equal to anything possessed by their enemies."

The story of the industrial transformation that made this change possible is undoubtedly the most remarkable chapter in the new romance of whirring wheels and leaping lathes.

No sooner was Lloyd-George named minister of munitions than he took his industrial census; scarcely was the census completed before every manufacturer was urged to utilize his equipment for the army and navy. The results in some cases would have been amusing had they not been eloquent with a peculiar heroism. A glazier began to stamp out cartridge-chips; a manufacturer of music rolls used his equipment to make gauges; a concern engaged before the war in preparing infants' food is now delivering thousands of plugs for shell; an advertising agency is manufacturing shell adapters; watchmakers are adjusting fuses; a manufacturer of baking machinery has become an expert contractor for 6-inch high-explosive shell; a jewelry house is devoting itself exclusively to periscopes; a phonograph concern is sending millions of delicate shell parts to the assembling stations; a firm which made nothing but sheep-shearing machinery is turning out shell-cases; a cream separator is at work on shell-primers; the largest sewing machine company in the kingdom is manufacturing guns. Among other producers of finished shell are candlemakers, flour mills, tobacco manufacturers, syphon-makers and the manufacturers of sporting goods.

In some instances the adaptation of old plants to the making of munitions has been incredibly rapid. Thus the government prevailed on a firm making textile machinery to take an order for field kitchens. The firm was one of the largest in Great Britain and employed some 8,000 laborers; consequently, it made over only one of its shops to furnish the field kitchens. Its workers had probably never seen one of these until they went to work, but in an amazingly short time they completed the delivery of what quartermasters described as the finest field kitchens they had ever had. Thus encouraged, the ministry of munitions prevailed on the company to begin the manufacture of 4.5 shell. The whole plant was readjusted and is now reckoned one of the most reliable of all government contractors. Another new explosive factory took on 60 hands to fill bombs. The weekly output at first was 500 a week. Since that time, though multiplying its labor force by only four, the factory is filling 30 times as many bombs. Still another which began with six girls filling 270 shells a week is now handling 2,700 daily!

The credit for such achievements as these belongs not only to Lloyd-George and the manufacturers, but in a much larger degree, to the workers and especially to the women volunteers. Lloyd-George has mustered 195,000 women into the munitions industry and has had them taught some of the most intricate processes of shell making. One young dressmaker who volunteered was put at a machine which was supposed, in the hands of a good workman, to turn out 30 shell parts an hour. This woman's regular output is now 75 an hour. Another expert is a young typist, who had five brothers in the army. One was killed, another was disabled and the others still bear their part of the fighting. Not to be behind hand in patriotism, this girl deserted the office for the factory, and is now one of the most expert machinists in the empire. The only fault her employers find with her is that her passionate hatred of the enemy keeps her at her work bench during lunch time and after hours and makes her disobey every order to slow down.

Along with these heroic women work many men who have left unnecessary professions for the munitions plants. Lord Curzon's brother is a shell turner; several members of the house of lords are regular machinists; and in one city every lawyer and court official goes on Saturday afternoon to a factory and works steadily, with just enough time off for sleep, until the sessions are resumed Monday.

It is possible to measure, after a fashion, the effect of this industrial mobilization on the operations of the British army and navy. Movements are now feasible which, a year ago, would have been impossible. But who can measure the effect on British trade and manufactures of this new awakenment, this new cooperation, this new recruiting? Merely to imagine the possible results is to be staggered.

Need of a Budget System.

Theodore Burton In Chicago News.

The question of a proper and rational control of our national expenditures is rapidly assuming added importance now that the United States is embarking upon an expensive system of military and naval preparedness.

Except during the periods when it was engaged in actual war, the people of the United States are now for the first time in our history being subjected to direct taxes in order to raise revenue for the conduct of the national government. The enactment of the federal income tax as a feature of the Underwood-Simmons tariff act of 1913 and the enactment in 1914 of the emergency revenue act have brought home for the first time the importance of the question of our national finances.

In 1891 we had our first $1,000,000,000 congress. Today we have $1,000,000,000 sessions of congress. Our total appropriations for the current fiscal year, ending June 30, 1916, amount to $1,114,937,000. Each congress now appropriates at least $2,000,000,000. And to this enormous sum we of the United States are about to add the cost of proper military and naval programs.

The voters demand economy in the expenditures of state legislatures and city councils. But they have long cherished the delusion that money appropriated from the federal treasury costs nothing and they have therefore encouraged their congressmen in voting large and often unwarranted sums of money for purposes which are most unwise and even reprehensible.

Unfortunately our system of making appropriations puts a premium on looseness and extravagance. In the United States the secretary of the treasury has none of the power which is vested, for example, in the British chancellor of the exchequer. The secretary of the treasury merely compiles and transmits to congress the estimates of the other departments of the government. These estimates are not under his control and they are prepared without reference to the demands of other branches of the public service or to the funds which may be available for their discharge.

In Great Britain the chancellor of the exchequer receives the estimates prepared by the ministry and, after carefully revising them, he forwards them to parliament for consideration. Indeed, the fact is that we are the only first class power in the world that attempts to operate without a public budget system.

Moreover, in our congress there is no correlation between the committee which prepares measures for raising revenues and the committees which frame the annual appropriation bills. All bills to raise revenues originate in the ways and means committee of the House of Representatives. On the other hand, the appropriation bills are prepared by eight different committees. One committee raises money and eight committees proceed to spend it.

Each committee is naturally the partisan of the department of the government which it represents and, of course, strives to secure for its branch of the service the largest possible funds. We have thus a powerful combination in favor of enormous expenditures with no real organization for economy.

Another defect in our system arises from the fact that two separate and coordinate bodies, the House and the Senate, have equal authority in the enactment of appropriation measures. Each body has its own standards and amendments defeated in the House are only too frequently adopted in the Senate. In England the house of lords has no power to amend appropriation bills. The burden of legislation is now so great that appropriation bills carrying hundreds of millions of dollars are of necessity rushed through congress without proper consideration or debate. This situation is intensified by grouping appropriations in omnibus bills, by which practice indefensible items are carried through into law by the force of the meritorious and necessary projects.

Several reforms should be adopted. In the first place, we should have greater cooperation between the different committees of congress, between the committee which raises revenue and those which expend it. A radical step would be the adoption of an amendment to the federal constitution giving the president the power to veto separate items of omnibus appropriation bills. Millions of dollars annually could thus be saved without endangering the conduct of the really essential operations of the government. This power is possessed by the governors of many of the states and it has been found to interpose a salutary check upon the natural tendency to extravagances that is so plainly in evidence in most legislative bodies.

One of the most effective reforms would be to adopt the budget system and confer upon the secretary of the treasury the power enjoyed by the English chancellor of the exchequer to revise and control the estimates of the different departments of the government. Such a system would establish responsibility and do much to standardize our expenditures. We are the only great power without a budget system and under our present methods we have the costliest system of government in the world.

The Devil Quotes Scriptures.

From the Winnipeg Free Press.

Speaking the other day in the city, Mayor Waugh changed the adverb in a widely known verse of scripture and made it read: "For you have the poor usually with you." It it had occurred to a mayor of Winnipeg 30 years ago, or 20 years ago, or, peradventure, even 10 years ago, to quote this text, there is very little likelihood that it would have been changed from the original, "For ye have the poor always with you."

Why, then, did Mayor Waugh make the change? He did so because the verse is no longer quotable, is no longer apt, among decent and intelligent people, as an excuse for poverty or upon occasions on which poverty is being discussed. It is safe to say that at no recent annual meeting of the associated charities, when the city's problems of poverty are reviewed, could this text have been quoted as either helpful or appropriate to the discussion.

And yet there are few middle aged people living today who can not remember this verse being constantly quoted as a kind of clinching argument wherever two or three were gathered together and the question of poverty cropped up. It is an old trick of special privilege to seize upon a solitary passage or part of a doctrine or an argument, or to exalt some incidental reference or allusion, to the neglect of the substance of the doctrine and the trend and weight of the argument.

So it has been pre-eminently with these words of the Nazarene. For years they constituted a fortress against the attacks of those who declared that poverty was not divinely ordained. Smug hypocrisy gorged its starved soul on this bit of evidence that poverty was heaven sent. Having made its own calling and election to material comfort secure, it assiduously used this verse to preach contentment to those whose lot in life left them with very little reason to be contented.

Colored clothes should never be soaked. They should never be sprinkled, rolled for ironing and put in the basket with white clothes, for in spite of "setting" the color may be a bit contagious.