The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery—Their Care and Cultivation

Field Daisies Can Be Grown in the Garden and by Cultivation Become Much More Beautiful Than in Their Native State.

DAISIES ALL YEAR ROUND

In the mild climate of California and some of the southern states, daisies bloom all the year around. In California these flowers grow very much larger than those of the East, as do all Pacific coast flowers; but they seem to lack brilliancy, and to many persons are not as satisfactory.

In the colder climates, of course, it is impossible to keep daisies blooming every month; but by planting different varieties some of them may be kept blooming the entire summer. The daisy is really not a domesticated flower, as a great many low-growing wild flowers are called daisies. Many varieties are classed as weeds.

In fact, the ox-eyed daisy which is plentiful all through New England and some of the northern states, is called white-weed.

The chrysanthemum and wild asters are called daisies and really belong to the same family.

While it would not be possible perhaps to have a daisy hedge in bloom all the year, still by planting the various species of daisies, chrysanthemums and asters, some bloom could be had from April to November in all except the extreme northern states.

Rosa Rugosa—Japanese Rose.

The flowers are not the only beautiful part of this shrub, the leaves are handsome enough to be grown alone while large clusters of red fruit follow the bloom and persist till late in the fall.

HINTS FOR ALL SEASONS

Pot Easter lilies in good, rough, open soil fn clean pots.

Shower the potted plants daily and keep clean.

Stick to the standards unless you are experienced.

Do not try to grow ferns if you cannot give them moist atmosphere.

It is hard to keep flowers in a room or house where gas is used.

Get the hanging baskets and plants for them ready for use.

Put a box of good soil, sand and old manure under shelter for emergency work.

For early lilies pot by the first week in September. Get the lilies in the border as soon as possible now.

Pot some of the young plants, or nasturtium, get into bloom in the sunshine, and they will bloom a long time. Nice for a hall.

The grevillia is a very decorative, easily grown plant, and nothing is handsomer for a hall plant. Equal to a palm.

It is better to buy rooted carnation slips than risk them yourself, if you are inexperienced.

Turn all plunged pots to keep the roots from striking through the drainage hole.

Pot plants that have done service in the border the last of this month and give them small pots. Some kinds will bloom later.

Give water sparingly to all freshly potted plants until growth starts. Leave out of doors as long as possible, or until fear of frost.

Primroses should have a cool, but not cold room, with good light though not necessarily sunshine. Water carefully.

Repot all plants needing it. Many plants will do badly if potbound, while those that require it must be well fed with fertilizers.

Don't try to keep lousy plants. They are as bad as lousy chickens. Get rid of the insects, or throw the plant away.

For insects, sulpho-tobacco or fir tree, oil soap should be applied in solution once a week until clean, before bringing indoors.

A heliotrope will drop its leaves if given too much water, or too little. One must learn the happy medium. It needs a rich sandy soil.

Rake up the lawn clippings and fallen leaves, store them in boxes or barrels under shelter, to be used as protection for plants later on.

Do not have the potting soil too rich. House conditions tend to induce a weak, rapid growth, which rich soil only aggravates.

A soil with no manure in it is best, at first, with reliable fertilizers applied after the plant has become accustomed to its new quarters and begun a sturdy growth.

Two parts loam (garden soil), one part sharp sand, and one part leaf mold or 8brous loam is right for nearly all plants, without manure. Such compost is lacking in forcing qualities, which is desirable.

If you must buy plants get those especially grown for window garden culture.

Plants should take things easy during the autumn months, after being brought into the house, getting established for rapid work in the early months of the year.

BITS ABOUT THE GARDEN

Too much fertilizer developes a weak but rapid growth.

Save the tin cans and make holes in the bottoms; fill with water and set in the soil at the roots of the plants. Fill with water once or twice every day and this will keep the roots moist.

Carnations and pinks should be layered early this month and seeds of early perennials sown for early blooming next spring. For late blooming in border, sow seeds of calendula, alyssum, portulaca, gilia, verbena, etc.

Always stir the soil about plants before watering, water in the evening and next day rake the soil to prevent baking. For insects apply clear water, dashing with a syringe from different points, wetting both top and under side of the foliage.

The grevillia, or silk oak, is as decorative as a palm, and is readily grown from seed. Put the plants for window garden, and keep growing thriftily. It is always beautiful.

A HEDGE OF DAHLIAS

By F. L. RISLEY.

This lofty flower having such strong stalks is not at all ungraceful and when properly cultivated is a profuse bloomer.

Plant the bulbs rather deep in the ground. They need the strongest fertilizers, also an abundance of water and sunshine.

It is better to tie them to strong stakes to guard against damage by wind and it is also better to plant them in a hedge row as they are not not so easily blown over by the wind

SOW SWEET PEAS

Sweet peas may be sown as late as the last of November or early December. Long before the ground is workable in the spring these late-planted peas will be up and doing, often giving bloom as early as the first of June, blooming continuously throughout the season. Do not forget that if bloom is your object not one pod must be allowed to "set" on the vines.

A little neglect in watering your sweet peas during the hot weather may cause them to turn yellow and cease to bloom.

The Doctor's Patient

By H. M. EGBERT

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

When Aunt Sally, the black servant, admitted a tiny boy into Doctor Carter's office, the old physician at first saw nobody. Then, looking down, he saw the dark hair and sunny eyes of his own wayward boy, Harold, as he had been at six, and as he always would be in his memory. For of Harold Carter at twenty he never consented to think.

"Hello! What's your name, sonny?" he asked.

"Harold, please, grandfather!"

"What!" cried the doctor, jumping out of his chair.

He had destined his son for his own profession, but folly had succeeded folly, and at last there had been a scene at the end of which the doctor ordered his son from his presence, never to enter it again. Harold had complied—twelve years ago.

Perhaps if his wife had been living the old man's heart would have yielded in the end. Indeed, it had softened, and often and often he had deplored the loss of his only child. But his professional cares absorbed all his time and left him little for mourning. He was the best loved doctor in a southern city, and the most sought after.

Now and again, at intervals of years, he had had news of Harold. He knew that, after roaming in the West, he had returned to dwell in an obscure part of the same town. He had heard that he had a position with a manufacturing company and was atoning for the wildness of his early years. But the old man was too proud to seek him, and his son was a replica of the father.

Now he looked down with an emotion which left him speechless at the little boy who claimed his name and, approaching, slipped his hand confidingly into his.

"Well, who sent you here?" Doctor Carter demanded.

"Nobody. I comed," answered the little fellow, climbing upon the doctor's knee. "You see, I always wanted a g'anfather," he continued, "and mother said everybody knowed where Doctor Carter lived, only she wouldn't let me some till father was sick, and then I—I runned away. And please come quick, because father's mighty sick," he ended, with quaint earnestness.

"I Tried to Keep My Promise."

Doctor Carter looked down at the little boy; then he removed him from his knee.

"Come along, Harold," he said, putting on his hat and going into the garage, where his high-power automobile stood waiting in readiness by night and day. Doctor Carter never knew when he would be summoned.

"What is the matter with your father?" he inquired, as he drove the machine through the suburban streets. It was five in the afternoon, and he made a detour to avoid the shopping crowds. It was only afterward that it occurred to him that he took his main direction from the child by telepathy, though the boy guided him along the last street and up to the cottage door.

"Is this your father's house?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, g'anfather," answered the child. But it was not. The young woman who hurried frantically along the street at that moment spied the boy and, snatching him from the automobile, held him to her breast and covered his face with kisses before she turned to thank the gentleman who had, as she supposed, brought him home.

"Mr. Carter and I have a room on the top floor," she said, looking at the doctor dubiously. The resemblance to some photograph that she had seen seemed to strike her.

"I am Doctor Carter, madam," said the old man gravely. "And you are, I presume, my daughter-in-law."

It was a beautiful face that looked into his, the eyes swam with tears and the voice was tremulous. "Oh, sir, I do hope you don't think I sent—sent Harold—" she began.

"To see me? No, I haven't dared to hope that," answered the doctor. "I have simply come to see a patient."

Silently the girl opened the house door and the doctor ascended the stairs until he came to the room in which his son was lying, racked with fever and delirious, upon a bed.

"He must be moved at once," said the doctor. "I am going to take away to the hospital in my automobile."

It was all he could nerve himself to do utter the words, for a son, even though lost for years, is still a son—at least, to most of us.

Wrapped in rugs the patient was transferred to the automobile, which made its way at a slow pace into the suburban district where the doctor lived.

The story that Mildred told was a painful one. For years her husband had been working for the company; he had started at the bottom and was just getting a fair salary when he was attacked by a mysterious disease. After a month's absence he had lost his position; that was two months ago, and the disease, which no doctor could diagnose, had made inroads upon the system until his life seemed about ended.

"But this isn't the way to the hospital!" she exclaimed, as the machine turned into a pretty lane and stopped before a comfortable-looking house.

"It is my house—my private hospital," answered the doctor.

And half an hour later Harold was comfortable in bed and feebly conscious.

He looked up and recognized the face of his father. Now, according to all rules of literature, father and son ought to have fallen into each other's arms. But, oddly enough, the moment his son recognized him the doctor felt the old pride tie his tongue and restrain the hands that were so anxious to enfold the young man's.

"You told me never to let you see me again," said Harold weakly, "and I tried to keep my promise."

"You are here as a patient, Mr. Carter," answered the doctor. "You owe me no gratitude; it is my duty to heal with all the means in my power."

The young man averted his face. He, too, had pride.

Nevertheless, in the days that followed the doctor found it difficult to conceal the love that came into his heart. Mildred was just the little daughter-in-law that he had always pictured to himself. And little Harold, blissfully unconscious of anything but loving kindness, was creeping into his heart daily more and more until it seemed impossible that he could ever let him go.

And, despite his years of practice, the doctor was unable to diagnose his son's disease until the famous physician for whom he had sent to New York came down and saw him.

It was a very rare disease, hardly known in America, and, until recently, incurable. There was a remedy now; it consisted in an extremely difficult operation. Only five cases were on record where the operation had been performed; three had died, two had recovered completely.

Mildred, standing dry-eyed beside the famous physician, listened to his explanation. Doctor Carter turned to her.

"My dear," he said softly—he had never called her that before—"the decision rests with you."

"Operate," said Mildred firmly.

And an hour later the house was filled with the fumes of the anesthetic. Doctor Carter could not bring himself to be present during the operation, but he had sent instead for an anesthetist from the city hospital.

Little Harold, dimly conscious that some terrible issue was at stake, clung to his mother, whimpering, in the doctor's office. Doctor Carter paced to and fro distractedly. An hour had passed since the operation began, and still the house was filled with those nauseating fumes. At last he entered the room softly. The operating physician looked at him and shook his head.

Doctor Carter, very grave, very white, went slowly downstairs and shut himself in a little room. He knew what that look meant, he who had seen it so often in the hospitals. His son's chances of recovery were hopeless. In that moment the remnants of his pride fell from him like a tattered garment. He went out into the office again.

"Mildred," he said, "if Harold lives I want him to come back to me. I want you all to be my children. I want my son to—to forgive."

Nobody knew the effort it cost him to utter that last word. Mildred looked at him speechlessly. She understood the meaning of his words.

Suddenly there was a fresh drift of ether fumes through the house as the door upstairs was opened. Carter heard the operating doctor come down the stairs. With one arm supporting Mildred he braced himself to bear the news he feared.

The doctor came up to him. "Well, Carter, it was touch and go more than once—but he will live now," he said.

"Live!" In an instant the old man had caught up little Harold upon his shoulder. And, as the child crooned joyfully, and Mildred wept tears of happiness, he knew that he, too, was just beginning to live.

The Indispensable Auto.

The great war has been demonstrating the peace value of the automobile in proving its military importance. It has been of vast and indispensable use in all the armies of the transport of supplies and the mobilizing and shifting of troops on the scale and with the rapidity which distinguish this war from all others. But for Paris' great supply of the machines the army for the defense of that city could never have been marshaled, says the New York World, as it was at the critical moment to strike Von Kluck on the flank and turn his swift advance eastward and backward.

The day of the automobile is evidently only at its beginning, and America is said to lead the world in making it an instrument of economic value.

Words and War.

"You Americans are always talking about dollars and cents," said the visitor from abroad.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "we do talk a great deal about them. But we try to draw the line at fighting over them."

The gold fields of western Australia are the largest known. They cover 224,400 square miles.

A woman never has much confidence in a grocer unless he belongs to the same church she does.

DRINK, CIGAR OR $50,000 HIS CHOICE

Wealthy Tobacco Dealer Places Conditions on Bequest to Nephew.

Watertown, N. Y.—On the condition that Charles Gordon Emery 11 neither drinks nor smokes until he is thirty years old he will receive $50,000 from the estate of his grandfather, Charles G. Emery, whose will was filed for probate here. Mr. Emery, a tobacco man, spent much of his time at his home on Calumet Island, in the St. Lawrence, near here. The estate is estimated at $4,000,000.

A majority is left in trust to relatives. Two servants, Pauline and Nashville Wanher of New York city, each

Must Not Drink or Smoke to Get $50,000.

receive $4,000. Frank W. Emery, son, receives $250,000 in trust, and similar amounts in trust are given to the two daughters of Mr. Emery. A nephew, William Francis Emery, received $20,000 in trust, and a niece, Mabel Tracy Emery, receives $10,000. At the termination of the trusts the estate is to be divided among the three children or their survivors. The sum of $1,000,000 is left in trust to keep and maintain the St. Lawrence property. A large amount of the estate consists of oil producing ranches in the West.

"GET DOWN OFF THAT SEAT!"

When Car Conductor Starts to Enforce His Command He Joins Passengers in Laugh.

Indianapolis—Car No. 907 on the East Washington street line was crowded to the doors, as usual, recently. It looked as if half the passengers were standing. But when the conductor looked back over the heads of the jammed-in crowd and saw one man's head far above the others he recalled that passengers are not permitted to stand on the seats and he decided that the man must get down.

"Hey, you, get down off that seat!" the conductor yelled.

But the passenger paid no attention to the order.

"Hey, you, I told you to get down off that seat," came again from the conductor. The passenger paid no more attention to the second order than he did to the first one.

"I'll make that guy get down," the conductor said, and he started through the crowd toward the rear of the car.

But the passenger did not get down from the seat. He was 6 feet 7½ inches tall and his head was far above the rest of the crowd. The crowd laughed. So did the conductor.

LOCKED IN JAIL VISITORS

Officer Broke Key and They Were in Cell Room for a Whole Night.

Sunbury, Pa.—When more than twenty residents of Shamokin, attending court here, procured passes and went to visit the Northumberland county jail, William Neary, the turnkey, took them in a cell room, and, according to custom, locked them in.

When they were ready to get out the turnkey found that his big key had broken off in the lock.

For hours local locksmiths tried to release the unwilling prisoners; but their skill was unequal to the resistance of the clogged mechanism.

At night Warden Wallace W. Barr passed their suppers between the bars, and then telephoned to Philadelphia for an expert, who opened the door the next morning.

DREAMS HE'S ROBBED; TRUE

Wakes Up to Find Fifty $20 Gold Pieces Gone From Fruit Jar Safe.

Hoxie, Ark.—A. A. Henry, aged fifty-five, who makes his living by doing odd jobs about town, had saved up fifty $20 gold pieces. For safe keeping he placed them in a fruit jar and buried the jar. One night he dreamed that the hiding place of his money had been discovered and that it had been stolen. Next morning he found that his dream had come true. The money and jar were gone. Henry says each piece had a cross scratched on it.

Rush to Water Wagon.

Gary, Ind.—Topers who looked at a two-headed rattlesnake owned by V. B. Austin hastily boarded the "water wagon." V. B. Austin of Kalamazoo, Mich., who is visiting his brother, Merrill Austin, of the Gary post office, brought the two-headed reptile to town and the temperance cause has been gaining ever since.

A Cinch.

"How did you find the roads down East, Mrs. Nurich?" "Oh, it was very simple. We had a guide book."

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now.

Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

Explicit.

"We're going to have a chicken show in our town."

"Musical comedy or poultry?"

Wash day is smile day if you use Red Cross Ball Blue, 2 American made, therefore the best made. Adv.

She Was Glad.

"Yes, I took out an accident insurance policy today. These slippery sidewalks got on my nerves."

"But the policy won't keep you from slipping?"

"No, but if I do slip and fall I'll get $25 a week as long as I'm disabled."

"I'm so glad you got the insurance, George. Because I gave your new rubbers today to a poor man who said his shoes leaked."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NEGLECT YOUR SCALP

And Lose Your Hair. Cuticura Prevents It. Trial Free.

Cuticura Soap shampoos cleanse and purify the scalp of dandruff while the Ointment soothes and heals the irritated scalp skin. Dandruff and itching are hair destroyers. Get acquainted with these supercreamy emollients for the skin and scalp.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Remembered Old Formula.

The late Mayor Gaynor of New York related a little anecdote while in hospital after an anarchist's attempt upon his life. "I know a man over my way," he said with a smile, "who had formerly been a bartender. Going into politics, he was elected police judge. Mary McMannis was up before him for drunkenness. The ex-bartender looked at her for a moment and then said sternly:

"Well, what are you here for?"

"If yer please, yer honor, the copper beyant puller me in, sayin' I was drunk. An' I don't drink, yer honor; I don't drink."

"All right," said the justice absentmindedly, "all right; have a cigar."

Mick's Pipe.

The Irish Guards were holding a position at Ypres, and flying bullets were the order of the day. The Germans endeavored to break through, and after a particularly brisk volley Private Flynn was heard to shout:

"Murder of wars, I'm done now altogether!"

"Why, have you been hit?" shouts Captain P——

"Not entoirely hit, sir," shouts Flynn; "but I've been waiting this ten minutes for a smoke from Murtagh's pipe, and by the powers they've just shot it out iv his mouth."

The Result.

"That man arrested as a fence has political influence."

"Then he'll be whitewashed."

Life is never monotonous to the woman who can afford a cook.

Salzer's White Bonanza Oats.

Made C. J. Johnson of Lincoln, Otter Tail Co., Minn., famous in growing 243 bushels from 2½ bushels sown last spring. Can you beat that in 1915? Want some try?

This great Oat has taken on an extra price and given bigger yields throughout the United States than any Oats known. It's enormously prolific. Just ask the men in Iowa, Minn., N. D., Ill., Ind., Mich., Ohio, Neb., Pa., N. Y., Kansas and Missouri.

We are America's headquarters for Alfalfa and Potatoes

Timothy, Clovers and Farm Seeds.

For 10c in Postage

We gladly mail our Catalog and sample package of Ten Famous Farm Seeds, including Spelta, "The Cereal Wonder," Rejuvenated White Bonanza Oats, "The Prize Winner," Billion Dollar Grass, Teosinte, the Silo Filler, etc., etc.

Or, Send 12c

And we will mail you one big Catalog and six generous packages of Early Cabbage, Carrot, Cucumber, Lettuce, Radish, Onion—furnishing lots and lots of fine delicious Vegetables during the early Spring and Summer.

Or send to John A. Salzer Seed Co., Box 702, La Crosse, Wis., twenty cents and receive both above collections and their big catalog.

WORTHY A PLACE IN HISTORY

Cadets of Chapultepec Made for Themselves a Record Which Will Long Endure.

The defense of Chapultepec, during the war between the United States and Mexico in 1847, was almost as gallant as was the attack. In this attack forty-eight Mexican cadets, among others, lost their lives. The story is a stirring one.

For many years the celebrated Castle of Chapultepec, where Montezuma held his barbaric court in the surrounding groves of cypress, where, during nearly three centuries, lived the successive viceroys of Spain, and where Maximilian made his imperial home, has been the West Point of Mexico.

When General Scott had taken the place by storm and General Bravo had surrendered, a Mexican cadet, only fifteen years old, seeing the fall of his country in peril, most of his comrades being already slain, climbed the flag staff, tore the banner from its place, wound it around his body and slid down, intending to plunge over the precipice, in order to save the colors from falling into the hands of the enemy.

The act of heroism being frustrated, the brave boy, with the banner still wrapped about him, fought until he was cut in pieces. Forty-eight of these schoolboys, ranging from fourteen to twenty years, lie buried in one grave at the foot of the hill. Year after year the cadets of Chapultepec strew flowers upon the grave.—Lewiston Journal.

A Leading Question.

In the blue days between Christmas and New Year's, when a printing order would have caused either of them to start an inquest to determine the sanity of the customer, two printers met in the corridor, says Associated Advertising.

"Just transacted some business," quoth one.

"Naw!" said the other, in a tone to tease a further response.

"Yes, I did—I just mailed a letter," said the first.

"To which the other responded, breathlessly, "Tip me off—where'd you get the two cents."

Light Enough.

Flatbush—I see artificial flowers for millinery are being made to inclose tiny incandescent lamps, which can be supplied with current from storage batteries hidden inside their wearers' hats.

Mensonhurst—Can it be possible that fashionable women want their heads to be any lighter?

Do You Face the Day's Work With Vim and Energy?

Morning is the time when workers need food that will not overload the stomach, but give strength and mental vigor for the day.

Much depends on the start. For one can't be keen and alert on a heavy, indigestible breakfast.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

is not only easy of digestion (digests in about one hour), but it aids in the assimilation of other foods. Made of whole wheat and malted barley, the malting of the barley awakens the digestive ferment, diastase, one of the essentials in the assimilation of all food.

Grape-Nuts comes ready to eat from the package with cream or milk; delicious, economical, and a powerful energizer for folks who "do things."

"There's a Reason"

—sold by Grocers everywhere.