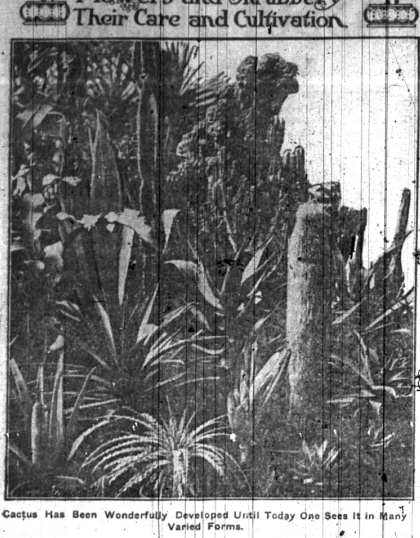
The HOME BEAUTIFUL
Flowers and Shrubbery — Their Care and Cultivation



Cactus Has Been Wonderfully Developed Until Today One Sees It in Many Varied Forms.

HOW FLORAL NOVELTIES ARE DEVELOPED

By E. VAN BENTHUYSEN.

Anyone can cultivate flowers who has the necessary earth and seed. At least, anyone can cultivate flowers of existing species, but the fact of the hour, the work of creating types, is very fascinating, and opens a new world to one who has been taught how nature works to make all things different. We who work with her find much delight in the new thoughts as well as the new creation.

The value of a novelty depends upon its popularity or use. It is a great delight to the grower to discover a blossom which shows a decided tendency to break away from established rules; to show the characteristics of new type. At once we feel a desire to help this development by selection or crossing. This consumes time. By selection the new flower must be allowed to develop and seed, and the other plants destroyed. The seeds, when planted, must be again selected and the rogues destroyed.

The rogues in the flower world are the plants that do not come true, and they must be destroyed. After the selection has been made sufficiently, the type is fixed and the flower established.

When crossing is done to develop novelties, two plants are selected for the parents of the new flower; two plants possessing qualities which, when blended, may produce desired results. These flowers are crossed and the seeds planted. The plant children are carefully watched until they develop and bloom; then selection is made of the best for further development. It may be something very beautiful will develop from the first cross; perhaps they are commonplace results only.

The secret in developing novelties lies in being quick to see possibilities and then to develop the tendencies displayed by the flower.

GARDEN NOTES

Sun and wind are apt to damage some evergreen trees during winter. These can be protected by building a triangular frame over them, made of light wood, boarded up on two sides.

Fill vacant window boxes with bulbs, ferns or small evergreens.

A few roots of mint taken up from the garden and planted in a shallow box, placed in the greenhouse, will give a supply of green mint all winter.

Mulching consists of spreading manure or litter on the ground under plants and over roots. Mulching does not mean to spade the manure or litter in, nor to put it under the ground.

Manure should be supplied occasionally as a surface dressing under evergreen and deciduous trees and shrubs. Apply several inches in the autumn and work it into the soil in the spring.

During the winter flowers and plants in window gardens and conservatories should be watered only in the forenoon. Aim to water the plants just enough and no more.

When the soil becomes hard in the pots in the greenhouse remove it and replace with fresh earth.

Give chrysanthemums under glass as much fresh air as possible.

Turn over the garden beds and apply manure. The manure will rot during the winter and be in condition for plant food by the time it is needed next spring.

Dahlias in an old-fashioned cellar will keep well without any covering, but in a cellar having a cement bottom, or heat, the boxes or barrels should be lined with paper and covered with paper or burlap. This covering preserves a more even temperature.

Crotons do not need a specially rich soil. Mix together three parts of leaf-mold, one of garden soil and one of thoroughly rotted manure. Heat and moist air are essential. Full sun shine is liked.

PLANT BULBS EARLY

Hardy bulbs must be in the ground before the middle of December. If planted later, while they may grow, they will not bloom satisfactorily. After the ground freezes the bed may be given a thick mulch of old manure.

WITH YOUR HOUSE PLANTS

If possible arrange some kind of curtain, to cut off the window garden from the rest of the room, when sweeping or dusting, or when airing the room during severe weather. Dust is very bad for the growing plants, and the cold air chills them, often being fatal to the life of a plant.

Keep water on the heating stove at all times, to supply the moisture. Once a week or oftener, when the weather is very cold, and the air of a room is, of necessity, dry and hot, put a horseshoe or other piece of iron in the fire, and get it red hot. Then drop it in a pail of water, set underneath the window garden.

Do not be discouraged if your young plants seem to be stunted, and are slow of growth, and neglect them. All at once they will change their ways, and surprise you with their growth and beauty.

Until one has seen a really well grown, so-called papyrus, or umbrella plant, one cannot realize its decorating possibilities. Like the calla, it likes plenty of water to stand in.

The mealy bug, which resembles flour lodged in the axils of the leaves, can be dislodged with a strong spray of water. Tobacco tea, a weak solution of coal oil emulsion, whale oil, soapsuds, and equal parts of snuff and sulphur, applied with a powder gun, will clean the plants of this pest.

There are two methods by which you may decide if a plant needs water by sound and by touch. When you tap the pot, and hear a hollow sound, and when you touch the surface of the soil, and find it dusty, you may know your plants need watering.

Dust Is Bad for Growing Plants.

That Careless Throw

By T. R. BENNETT

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"It's love that makes the world go round," proclaimed the wife of the village minister.

"In the case of those two," replied the minister himself indulgently, "that is certainly the case."

"Those two" were manifestly a happy and well-harmonized pair. They little resembled conventional lovers, however. John Burnham was thirty-five and his studious face little suggested the ardent youth and sweetheart. Adria Newton was five years his junior, gentle-faced and with a sort of spiritual beauty that kept her eyes girlish through which the true soul of a pure, loyal woman showed clearly.

As they presented this lovely spring afternoon, so they had been in the public eye for over two years. Late in life love had come to glorify the ambitions of John Burnham. Adria had received his confession, proud and happy. There had been in his life the simple wholesomeness of a real man and she honored and respected him.

When Burnham had proposed to Adria it had been in the presence of her three spinster sisters. At that time it looked as though the question of getting along was solved for John. His uncle had died leaving all he possessed to this favorite nephew. When the lawyers finished settling up the estate, however, all that was left was the ramshackly old house with twenty acres of rocks and hills behind it.

Settled the Fate of the Disturbing Explosive.

Old Daniel Burnham had been a surveyor and John had been his assistant ever since boyhood. It was a dull life in a way, but John loved nature and he took great enjoyment in his varied outdoor duties. When he learned that a much mooted store of hoarded gold of his departed uncle had evaporated in moonshine and that all he had that was practical was a leaky roof over his head, he set at work to make the best of the situation.

"My prospects have turned out pretty bad, Adria," he had told his fiancee. "The surveying business is not what it used to be. It may be years before I can get on a settled basis. I want to release you from your promise—"

"No, John," Adria had replied, the true lovelight shining in her eyes, "we will simply wait for the 'settled basis.'"

There had been a year's waiting and business did not better with John Burnham. Like the current of an unruffled stream, however, their love went on, nothing marred its beauty or peacefulness. Twice a week evenings John called at the Newton home and spent a pleasant hour with the four sisters. Twice a week he and Adria attended some village entertainment, or took a quiet stroll.

And now, John was gravely detailing a new trouble to his sympathetic companion.

"It's about the dynamite, Adria," he was saying. "It's a reminder of my old foolishness. You know a year ago I got it into my head that there was something tangible to the theory of that scientific whose lecture we attended and who favored bombarding the clouds to bring on rain and break the drought."

"I remember, John," replied Adria, and there was rather a pitying expression on her gentle face.

All the town remembered, too, and smiled when they thought of it. Burnham had a mortar made and bought a prodigious lot of dynamite. He went at his experiment carefully and scientifically. All the countryside invaded his little farm the day he shot the clouds. Lo, and behold! a drenching shower followed the bombarding of the clouds and John was triumphant.

When, however, the signal service announced that the rain would have come anyway, there was a general change of opinion. And when, four times in succession later on, John tested his aerial artillery, it seemed to weaken up nature and the drought of a decade ensued.

"You see," John went on, "the town committeemen say that the dynamite which I have never been able to get rid of is a menace to the community at large. I've been ordered to remove it and destroy it."

"Why, what can you do with it?" questioned Adrh anxiously.

"Well, you know I have it in the old shed where uncle used to store tools, built right into the side of the hill. I've had danger signs up all around it and the door stoutly barricaded for over a year. Tomorrow I think I'll take the stuff, package by package, down to the ravine and sink it in a deep slough."

"Do be careful, John!" pleaded Adria "—it is such dangerous stuff, you know."

"Oh, I know how to handle it," declared John confidently. "I hate to see it wasted, though, when it cost money."

Next morning John proceeded to prepare to get rid of his troublesome explosives. He went to the little shed built into the hill and proceeded to remove its doors. Inside, wrapped in old clothes, was a heap of the stuff which he had once fondly hoped would make him a successful rainmaker. He uncovered some of it, planned out how many journeys it would take to land it in the ravine slough and started for the home of his nearest neighbor to borrow a wheelbarrow.

"Hello!" he observed quickly, as, passing his own house, he saw two frowsy tramps seated on the steps—"what's the occasion of guests, eh?"

"Just grub, mister," replied one of the men. "Sort of straighten us up for our long tramp ahead, will you?"

John was always kind to the needy. He went into the house and brought out a plateful of bread and meat.

"Fill yourselves, friends," he spoke. "I say, though, one thing—don't go near that open shed yonder. It's dangerous."

"Yes, we noticed the warning signs around, boss," replied one of the men.

But after John had gone and the men had finished their meal, as they were leaving the yard one of them picked up a rock.

"Bet the next dime I get that I hit that sign nigh the shed first shot out of the box!" bragged one of the tramps.

"Bet you don't."

"Here goes"—crash!

That careless throw, landing a missile among the dynamite stores, had settled the fate of the disturbing explosive. The fearful detonation brought John rushing back, a crowd following him in the wildest excitement.

"Fired it a-purpose?" panted the town constable, keeping up with him.

"Oh, no, and I can't imagine how the dynamite came to explode," replied John.

"Well, it's the last of your rainmaking experiment, hey?" submitted the official.

They passed the two tramps, rushing away in vivid affright. They neared the shed.

"Hi! Look there, and here—I say!" shouted the constable. "Rain—why there's been a golden rain here!"

John shared his amazement and halted and stared about them. Near by were the blasted remains of a small iron keg and the ground and paths were spangled with glittering gold pieces.

The hidden store of the "miser's gold" had come to light at last. Secreted in or near the old shed, it had gone aloft with the explosion to come down in an opulent shower.

They gathered it up and John took it over to Adria's home.

"Keep it till we get married—next week," he directed, with a happy smile.

LITTLE KNOWN OF THE RACE

History of the Letts and Lithuanians Cannot Be Traced to Satisfactory Conclusion.

The Letts and Lithuanians are two kindred peoples of Indo-European origin, which inhabit several western provinces of Russia and the northeastern parts of Poland and Prussia. The Letts are chiefly concentrated in Vitebsk, Courland and Livonia. The two races number about 3,500,000, of whom 1,300,000 are Letts. Little is known about their origin, and nothing about the time of their appearance in the land they now inhabit. Living in a forested, marshy country, they have been able to maintain their national character. Their ancient priests always worshiped in the forests, and even now the veneration of great oaks is a widely-spread custom in the village. The Lithuanian, Lettic or Lettish, and Borussian languages together constitutes a distinct linguistic group. Lettic is divided into high (the eastern dialects), low (spoken in northwestern Courland), and middle (the literary language). In the eighteenth century a great educational movement was started, and the society of the "Young Letts" has been prominent in an endeavor to free their language and thought from German influence. This movement has grown very much in intensity during the past thirty years. Large colonies of Lettic emigrants have been established in the United States.—Montreal Herald.

No Longer Menace to Humans.

Anthrax as an animal disease has been carefully studied of recent years, but its occasional appearance among human beings has never attracted any attention until recently. Although it is described in most medical text books many physicians are not familiar with its symptoms. This ignorance of the disease is the chief source of danger. With preventive measures and cures that have been perfected within the last few years there is no reason why it should be a menace to human life.

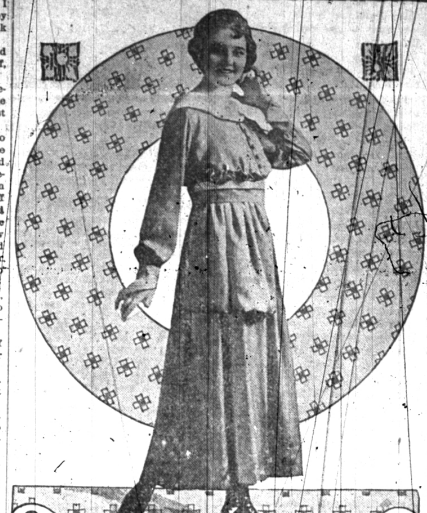
Growing Bodies Require Much Food.

Growing bodies have the most intimate heat, they therefore require the most food, for otherwise their bodies are wasted. In old persons the heart is feeble and therefore they require little fuel, as it were, to the flame, for it would be extinguished by much. On this account, also, fevers in old persons are not equally acute, because their bodies are cold.—Health Culture.

Rube Was Homesick.

Conductor—"Come out of it, mister. You got to change here—this car goes to the barn." Rube (seeing New York and half asleep)—"Go right ahead, sonny! I ain't fed a hog or milked a cow in over a week, b'gosh. I'll help you do the chores this evenin'."—Puck.

Naive and Pretty Crepe Frock



A naive and pretty frock of gray crepe de chine, such as that pictured above, will lend demureness and a touch of youth to its wearer, if she lacking in both. It has the charm of simplicity and of clever originality to commend it to those who know the value of these things that spell "class."

There are plenty of the widely flaring and quaint-looking skirts and the plain, drawn-in waists for those who would run after new gods (or a revival of old ones) in pursuit of fashion. But for those who remain loyal to the waist that blouses and the straight hanging full skirt that has youthfulness of line always to commend it, the frock shown here will make a strong appeal.

The skirt denies the demand of the mode for extreme shortness and takes to itself a little extra length, required by the impression the finished frock must make. There is a straight pellum at each side hanging from a moderately wide, plain girdle. This is edged at the top with a band of cross barred satin in white with dark gray bars, and above this a soft frill of the crepe meets the blouse.

The buttons are covered with crepe like the dress, and there is an odd and very youthful-looking collar of white crepe about the round neck. It fastens in the back.

The long, straight sleeves are gathered into a wide band at the wrist, and a flaring turnback cuff, of the cross-barred material, is set on to the band. In the management of the collar and cuffs and girdle the originality of the designer is most apparent, and the whole frock speaks for her sense of fitness and beauty.

Effective Schemes.

Fur is frequently introduced as a trimming detail, and several effective schemes are being carried out with a combination of crepe and skunk. A charming example is a blouse of the palest pale-pink chiffon with veiled fine ivory shadow lace arranged to fall in a little basque movement over a deep bell of black satine, tiny black dots trimming the V-shaped neck opening and sleeves, which are furthermore adorned by ruffles of fine net. The distinctive feature is a little bolero of old gold mousseline de soie, the edges bordered by a finger depth of skunk fur, the fronts just caught together by a cameo brooch.

New Neckband.

The newest thing in neckbands is the small black silk cord from which hangs a jeweled pendant. These may also be used as veil fasteners, placing the cord and pendant over the veil.

Dressing the Child's Hair

There are several pretty ways of trimming the hair of little boys and girls, and of managing that of larger girls in a way to take the best possible care of it. But none of them is quite so popular as the bobbed hair, which is equally pleasing on boys or girls that are little, or the braided hair for larger girls, as shown here. Those who trim the locks of the little ones make some variations in the bobbed haircut, to suit the individual. Sometimes the bang is longer, and sometimes the hair at the sides, naturally wavy or curly, is cut a little longer so that it curves about the ears. Occasionally a side part suits the style of the youngster's face particularly well, in which case the hair is trimmed and trained to this style for either boy or girl.

On little girls from three to eight, curls that hang almost to the shoulders and a fringe o ringlets about the face make out so good a case for themselves, on the score of becomingness, that they are always fashionable. Then the hair bow of ribbon begins to fill the horizon of the little miss, and the matter of fostering the growth of her hair claims the attention of her mother. The hair loosely braided and wrapped about the head is as practical and pretty as any arrangement for the girl of eight and upward, as can be found.

Unless the little miss has hair of more than average length it will be necessary to braid her ribbons in with it, toward the ends of the braids. This hairdress keeps the hair from being broken and roughened and allows it to be easily combed.

To the end of her school days hair ribbons are among the affairs of importance which engross the time of the young girl. Just how versatile she becomes anyone who observes will learn. All sorts of bows worn in all sorts of ways have their seasons of popularity, and it is interesting to note the amount of style which some gifted misses manage to achieve in making and wearing them.

Julia Bottomley

Reindeer Proved Their Value.

The first practical test of the endurance of reindeer and their ability to traverse any part of the country under the most unfavorable circumstances, with the temperature at times lower than that experienced by many of the Arctic expeditions, was made in 1898. The train, consisting of nine sledges and 17 head of deer, started from Teller station in the dead of winter, with the thermometer at 45 degrees below zero. Native trails and well-known sections of the country were purposely avoided. The trip of more than 2,000 miles was made in a little less than two weeks—with a loss of but two deer.

Need for Electric Rickshaws.

According to advices from India, there is no reason why small electric vehicles should not replace the rickshaw in hill stations, where these are now in general use. The over-all dimensions of the vehicle need not be over eleven feet by five feet.—Popular Science Monthly.

WOLVERINE News Brevities

Grand Rapids.—President H. H. Crowell of the Michigan Railway company, Monday said that plans are being made for the erection here of a $750,000 terminal for all interurban roads entering this city.

Grand Rapids.—Grand Rapids' new South high school, costing $450,000, was dedicated Monday. Governor Ferris and Superintendent of Public Instruction Fred L. Keeler were the principal speakers.

Grand Rapids.—Safes in two offices of fuel dealers were opened and small amounts taken Sunday night. The police believe the same burglar attempted to rob the safe of another fuel dealer.

Ann Arbor.—After having been married 43 years, Mrs. Theresa Guffer of Augusta township has been granted a divorce from William Guffer, whom she charged with repeated cruelty. They have two children.

Fort Huron.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Jones on Monday observed the sixty-second anniversary of their marriage. Mr. Jones is a pioneer engineer of the state and was in the employ of the Grand Trunk for 30 years before retiring.

Jackson.—The body of the woman who was killed by a Michigan Central train Sunday afternoon, was later identified as being that of Mrs. Rose Mills of Jackson. She was thrown 100 feet and every bone was broken, according to the coroner.

Kalamazoo.—No inquest will be held into the suicide of Andrew McCalley, at the asylum, who killed himself by hanging. McCalley, before being admitted to the institution, was a wealthy St. Joseph county farmer. His body was found hanging to a tree.

Grand Rapids.—During services in the Third Presbyterian church a fire broke out in the building. The pastor, Rev. I. Wiase, was the first to see the flames. Stopping in the midst of his sermon, he cautioned his congregation not to create a panic. He led them out in an orderly manner. The building was damaged to the extent of $500.

Muskegon.—Alexander Fuller, aged ninety-five, reputed to be Muskegon's first white settler, died here. He came here in 1835 when a boy of fourteen and was engaged by a half-breed named Baddeaux as a teamster. He remained a teamster all his life and gave up this work only a few years ago, when advancing age made it impossible for him to continue.

Ann Arbor.—The student council of the university has elected the following officers for the second semester of the academic year: President, Henry Rummel, Laporte, Ind.; vice president, Francis T. Mack, Toledo; recording secretary, H. C. Allen, Independence, Ia.; corresponding secretary, Harold Henderson, Detroit; treasurer, Herbert Wilson, Springfield, Mass.; auditor, Grant L. Cook, Brunt, Mich.

Hillsdale.—Circuit Judge Chester handed down a decision against Chester H. Lyons, defendant, in a horse trading case brought by Edgar M. Himebaugh. Himebaugh alleged misrepresentation in a deal involving a stallion called Ohio Boy. The judge ruled that Lyons led Himebaugh to believe that the animal was a purebred Percheron, eligible for registry. Lyons was restrained from collecting notes for $200.

Iron Mountain.—The first annual meeting of the Upper Peninsula Dairymen's association, of which C. V. Ballard of Iron Mountain, county agricultural agent of Dickinson county, is secretary, will be held on Tuesday, February 15, in Menominee. A program of great interest to dairymen will be provided. State Senator Alton T. Roberts of Marquette is expected to be one of the speakers, as is Walter S. Prickett, the well-known dairyman and farmer of Shiawa. Professor Anderson of the Michigan Agricultural college has accepted an invitation to address the meeting.

Harbor Springs.—Joseph Kiljigobnesse, forty-four years old, one of the Indians who received a Carnegie medal and a comfortable home a little more than a year ago for assisting in saving the life of three fishermen near Goodheart, died here of pneumonia. He leaves a widow and several children in straitened circumstances. November 7, 1908, while a terrific gale was raging on Lake Michigan, the people of Goodhart noticed a fishing boat containing three men drifting about in distress a few hundred rods from shore. Help was telephoned for at Harbor Springs and Charlevoix, but did not arrive. The men in the boat were Amab Levake, William Prontt and Louis Sholmine of Epoufette, who had been fishing near Hog island. Kiljigobnesse and Joe Okonotego pushed out in a pond boat at the risk of their lives, and after four hours of battling with the waves brought the men safely ashore.

Holland.—Harold Reese, nine years old, owes his life to his presence of mind when he groped his way through smoke and flames, down stairs, and smashed a window and jumped through to safety while his father's house at West Olivet was burning. The elder Reese simultaneously rushed upstairs and carried his wife, who was asleep, from the burning building.

Jackson.—Mrs. Celina Hemmah, an inmate of the Friendly Home in this city, was stricken with apoplexy while on a street car and died before reaching the hospital. She was seventy years old.

Eaton Rapids.—Many farmers in this section are making provision early in the year against the farm help shortage that has given them a lot of trouble during recent years. Many are buying tractors.

Kalamazoo.—Not until the regular session of the Kalamazoo State hospital board in February will any steps be taken towards securing a successor to Dr. Alfred I. Noble, superintendent of the hospital, who died in Detroit. Temporarily Dr. Herman Ostrander, former president of the Michigan Antituberculosis society, is in charge.