The HOME BEAUTIFUL
Flowers and Shrubbery—Their Care and Cultivation.

Francis Scott Key Rose—the Flowers Are Unusually Large.

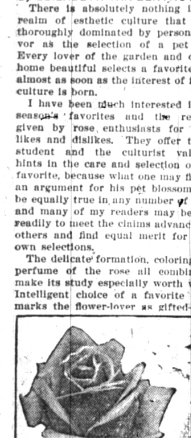
FAVORITE ROSES

By ELIZABETH VAN BENTHUYSEN.

There is absolutely nothing in the realm of esthetic culture that is so thoroughly dominated by personal favor as the selection of a pet rose. Every lover of the garden and of the home beautiful selects a favorite rose almost as soon as the interest of flower culture is born.

I have been much interested in the season's favorites and the reasons given by rose enthusiasts for their likes and dislikes. They offer to the student and the culturist valuable hints in the care and selection of any favorite, because what one may find as an argument for his pet blossom may be equally true in any number of cases and many of my readers may be able readily to meet the claims advanced by others and find equal merit for their own selections.

The delicate formation, coloring and perfume of the rose all combine to make its study especially worth while. Intelligent choice of a favorite often marks the flower-lover as gifted—and a selection that does not follow popular fancy always reveals an amateur who is not superficial. For instance, the enthusiasts are now experimenting with the Gruss aus Teplitz, a lovely hybrid tea, to find out how well it will stand the winter in northern climates. Personally, I think that the rose is sufficiently hardy to stand anything save an unusually cold zone. It has the advantage, too, of being a prolific producer of blooms. From May until November the raiser of the pretty tea rose is rarely without some sweet evidence of the possession.



Ophelia Roses.

It can be planted in the sunshine or in the shade, under hanging trees or in the open, and a little severe pruning in the early spring is about all that the delicate rose demands. There is something in the rose that binds the present to the past, and one feels like the owner of a rare old bit of period furniture when it forms part of the garden.

Those who do not believe the ancient adage that every rose must have its thorns are showing much partiality this year for the Paul Neyron. Every month it produces its flowers, with the blossoms on long stems and leaves of a beautiful dark green. If cut when in bud, the flowers have a remarkable lasting quality. As I said, it is almost thornless, and its flower develops nearly every shade of pink. It needs little save proper planting in soil free from weeds and fertilizing with old manure.

Harrison's Yellow, an Austrian brier, is also one of the favorite flowers of this season's culturists. It is a sturdy member of the rose family, possessing the hardiness that makes such an appeal to the rose lover. Harrison's Yellow is no pampered child of luxury. It "just grows up," like Topsy, if it has the least chance. The buds of clear, pure yellow begin to show in May. The foliage is fine and small, with a pleasing green. A lazy man or woman ought to adore this type, for it needs practically no pruning, unless one wishes to limit the growth. The flowers are put forth on wood of the previous season, so that if pruning is to be done at all it ought to be done only after flowering.

The Killarney rose is also being given a prominent place in the year's planting. Its freedom from disease and from insects commend it to many of the best growers, and the pink-and-white flowers have an odor of wonderful character. They should be set out in the spring as soon as the danger of frost is over. Dig a hole two feet square by two feet deep, place a few stones at the bottom for drainage, and then fill with good soil, mixed with well-rotted manure.

If large roses are wanted, cut the buds so that only a few remain. Cutting the long stems improves the plant. After thorough blooming, prune back freely, and the bush will remain healthy and will increase in size. They require covering before the frost appears.

THE BIGGEST GERMAN TREE

The German empire has produced many things that have held records for magnitude but none of them hold more interest than the empire's biggest tree. It is a huge linden located on the outskirts of the village of Staffelstein, in Bavaria. The folklore and history of the region say that the tree is five hundred years old.

The authorities have filled the hollow interior with cement to strengthen and preserve the landmark. It is 80 feet in circumference.

During the Napoleonic invasion of Germany it is related that the French Marshal Berthier rode his horse into the hollow of the tree and turned the animal around there.

Huge Linden Located on the Outskirts of Staffelstein, Bavaria, Said to Be 500 Years Old.

In Woman's Realm

One of the most interesting gowns among those displayed at the season's initial style show tempered the airy frivolity of net skirts with a rich over garment of embroidery. This overgarment was a bodice and panel combined, and was sleeveless. The colorings were in the blues, greens, bronze and black of the peacock feather, which inspired the designer in a courageous effort to imitate the gorgeous achievement of nature. The effect was splendid, and a big peacock feather fan finished off the toilette. Comparison was therefore easy and the embroidery did not suffer.

DINNER GOWN IN PEACOCK COLORING.

Judging from this frock, skirts remain as full as they have been, but are not artificially distended. They are a little lengthened, and this feature of the new modes may be emphasized as the season advances. The bodice is in reality an extended girdle, and the fate of the evening bodice appears still to hang in the balance. A few daring models are displayed in which there is next to nothing at the back of the waist.

In the beautiful frock pictured the details of the toilette include a little silk variety bag. These small, brilliant necessities of life seem to be with us always in one form or another, and they are attached to fans, umbrella and parasol handles, walking sticks, etc. They are small, elaborate affairs, made of ribbon or silk in the richest weaves, and ornamented with tinsel lace, beads, embroidery, and needlework, with metallic threads. Even garters are required to support small cases made of ribbon to match them.

Those who are in touch with present styles need not be told that there is an immense variety in the designs in which practical coats are made. Certain style features are present in all of them. But to suit individual taste there is a wide choice in materials and in colors and especially in the construction of the garment.

As to the general style features of the new coat: First, they are long, in many cases quite covering the dress; they are made of heavy material, and the most interesting innovations in cut and decoration are to be found in the back of the garment. In colors, besides the staple, standard shades that are always correct, there are popular and stylish new colors. Among them the dark, purplish reds, mole, and certain peculiar greens are important.

Now that the time has come to make a choice, this wide variety in design promises a becoming coat for every type of figure, and the newer colorings may be experimented with, at least to test their effect upon the complexion.

Two very practical coats are shown in the illustration. Besides coats of this kind there are those that hang free from neck to hem, and cape coats, to be considered. The detachable cape is featured on some of the smart late models. Comfort to the wearers is assured in the large turnover collars and the ample pockets that are everywhere in evidence.

Except for buttons, there is very little in the way of ornament on the tasteful coats designed for everyday wear, and even these are sparingly used. But this is because ornaments are not needed. Attention is centered on new departures in the cut of collars, pockets, belts, and in the construction of the garment.

STYLE FEATURES OF THE NEW COATS.

Julia Bottomley

Accessories of Fashion.

Middy blouse shapes, carried out in lovely silken and velvet materials, have little of the "middy" left excepting the general form. They are really more like old Florentine tunics. They fall long and straight, till they are encircled by some lovely girdle of textal gauze, bead embroideries or metal belts inset with jeweled stones.

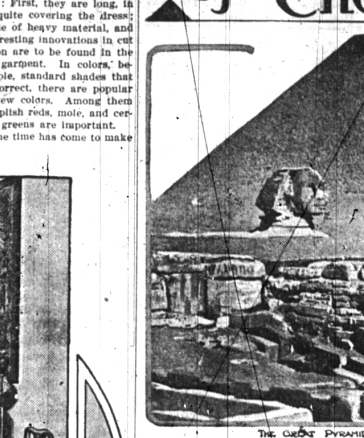
Homemade Motor Veils.

Thinking of travel, perhaps by motor, reminds me of the nicest motor veil I know of—one that is easily made at home. Just a length of chiffon or similar weight veiling 27 inches or more wide and about one and one-half yards in length. Both ends are finished with a tiny hem. Insert a nine-inch length of round elastic and attach at each end of the elastic a narrow ribbon string. The veil is adjusted by placing the elastic edge well down over the hat in front and holding the veil in place over the hat by tying the ribbon strings at the nape of the neck. Many of the bordered motor veils, frequently sold so reasonable, are long enough to make two of these handy requisites.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Enterprising Eye.

"How did you get such a bruised eye, Rastus?" "Well, boss, I was out a-lookin' for trouble, an' dis yere eye was de fust to find it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In The Pyramid of Cheops



THE GREAT PYRAMID AND SPHINX

EVERYONE who goes to Egypt sees of the Pyramids more or less—chiefly less—to the accompaniment of the demand for "backsheesh" by the ignorant, lying Arabs. Thousands have written their experiences of such sightseeing, says a writer in the New York Herald. But I made the acquaintance of an American at the Mena house who had been everywhere and who knew everybody. When I told him I would like to learn something of Cheops without the usual nuisance of guides who knew nothing, telling you everything, he smiled the smile of the man who had been there and knew the ropes. "Did you notice," he said, "a small American flag fluttering over a neat, white tent at the north of the base of old Cheops? For many years that has been the headquarters of my American friend, Mr. Dow Covington. He knows Cheops, inside and out, as the mother knows the face of her first born. He could walk through it blindfolded and tell you its story backward. He's the only man who can help you, if you can get him."

I found Mr. Covington located in a large, comfortably furnished tent, neatly pitched in the very shadow of the Pyramid. "Come to my tent at eleven tonight," said Mr. Covington when, shortly after, I called upon him and made known my wish. "By that time the Arab guides will have gone and we will not be pestered by them. By the way, wear your worst suit of clothes and a pair of heelless, cloth or rubber-soled shoes, if you possess such a thing. The trip will test your nerve. I see you can stand it, and it will do you good; but don't count on keeping tomorrow's engagements," he added smilingly.

In the Pyramid at Midnight.

It was nearly midnight when, with lighted lanterns, we found ourselves at the entrance of Khufu's mausoleum, or, as it is more often called, owing to the fact that Herodotus, "the father of history," translated Khufu's name into Greek, the Pyramid of Cheops.

Opening an iron grill door, to which only Mr. Covington is authorized to carry the key, we entered a large, sloping passage some four feet high and three and a half wide, cut for the most part through solid natural limestone. Down this we crawled and slid for more than 300 feet, finally arriving at the lowest cavern of the pyramid, just 100 feet below the center of it. It is probably the chamber of which the Egyptian priests spoke to Herodotus, the one which they told him contained the mummy of Khufu, but which the first historian never had the pleasure of seeing. Near the center of the cavern, cut in solid rock, is a hole which resembles a deep grave. One wonders why. On the southern side is a long, narrow blind passage, also cut in the rock, and again one wonders why.

A short distance from the cavern is the lower end of an almost perpendicular well, some three feet by two, extending upward for 192 feet to the grand gallery. Through this deep well shaft Khufu's workmen made their egress after blocking with granite plugs the passage by which we entered. Again the question enters one's mind: Why this tremendous labor to construct an entrance and an egress for a tomb receptacle that apparently was never used?

Placing our feet and hands in the holes constructed by those workmen of the remote past and pressing our backs to the opposite wall of the narrow well, we slowly and laboriously began the 192-foot ascent. In 1902 Mr. Covington had removed some 34 feet of debris which clogged the lower end of the well. It was like Jean Valjean getting out of the cul-de-sac—a little like it. Using both hands and feet, back tightly pressed to the wall, my camera tied around my neck with a handkerchief, holding in my teeth the lantern, the heat of which, combined with that caused by intense physical exertion, made me feel as if I were in the hot room of a Turkish bath with all my clothes on, my patient companion in the lead unceremoniously kicking down upon my head the dust of more than fifty vanished centuries, while hundreds of bats, disturbed in their slumbers, flapped their wings in our faces as they passed between our limbs, we made that memorable ascent.

The Sepulchral Chambers.

I never fainted in my life, but the only reason that I did not do so on that occasion was the fear of adding still more unpleasant complications to those already on hand. Finally, after passing through the strange little grotto where Mr. Covington pointed out the mysterious granite block he discovered concealed there, we reached the grand gallery, where it was a heavenly pleasure to once more fill our lungs with good air.

We passed through the horizontal gallery and entered the Queen's chamber, the lower of the two sepulchral chambers in the Pyramid, although no sarcophagus was found there. We noticed the smooth, white, pointed roof, which distinguishes it from the granite King's chamber above. This Queen's chamber contains perhaps the finest masonry in the world, the joinings of the great white limestone blocks being almost invisible, yet they contain a thin, worklike film of white cement.

We returned once more to the grand gallery, leading upward to the large granite-lined room containing a sarcophagus, supposed to be Khufu's. This magnificent gallery, 155 feet long, 28 feet high and more than 7 feet wide, is built of white Mokattam limestone, so finely wrought and laid that into the joints between the blocks it is difficult to insert the point of a needle or even a hair.

Passing from the grand gallery through the small, mysterious granite antechamber, we found ourselves in the famous superb granite King's chamber, the walls of which are composed of just 100 blocks of red granite. We were alone, and standing by the side of the mutilated, lidless sarcophagus of that great Pharaoh who reigned more than 5,000 years ago. We had the Pyramid entirely to ourselves. It was long after midnight. There was a deadly silence, broken occasionally by the chirp of a distant bat. The sensation I experienced was one of eerie pleasure, not unmixed with awe. I was in the presence of a great manifestation of power—the living power of a man dead nearly six milleniums ago; a man who in the morning of the world had wrought his own immortality in this architectural wonder of the ages. No one could help feeling exalted at the majesty and mystery of the great structure; its defiance of time and defeat of inquiry; its strength and beauty; its geometrical perfection. Then came over the exaltation a feeling of depression as of the weight of all the superimposed masonry above me, and upon that the weight of centuries and of—death. We were in a structure of world-amazing grandeur, but for all that, a tomb.

One View of Living in the Past.

It is a sure sign of old age creeping on, say some folk, when the mind instinctively turns back and lives in the past. But is it? If that past is pleasant to dwell upon, is it the part of the mind to forget it? Is it not, after all, a pretty sure sign of a life well lived when in later years one likes to go back into the years past, to let the mind dwell on what has gone before, and when one finds that the friends of early years are still the friends of later life? All life is not lived in the present and future, as the young believe. It is natural that youth has this notion, since no background can exist except through experience. It is as we live in the present and future that later gives us a background to look upon, and it is something deep and fine and vital that turns the mind back upon the retrospect of a life well spent.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Century-Old Diary.

Henry Crabb Robinson in his diary repeats many stories of the judges, Lord Eldon and Lord Mansfield among the rest. The latter, struggling with a congested calendar, on one occasion announced that he would hold court on Good Friday. At once there was rebellion on the part of the barristers. Sergeant Davey, with some warmth and more humor, arose and said: "There has been no precedent since the days of Pontius Pilate." Nevertheless, Mansfield held court with the attorneys, and without the barristers.

Another one that deserves to be resurrected from the diary is as follows: "One day when someone remarked: 'Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land,' Hoffe said to me: 'Were you ever employed to draw an indictment against a man for not loving his neighbor as himself?'"—Case and Comment.

Father's Position.

One evening we were entertaining our guests. One of the men took my little brother on his lap. The man said, "What is your father, my little man?" He answered, "A man." The man asked him then what his father did, and he answered: "Just what mamma tells him to do."—Chicago Tribune.

CLEVELAND BRIDGE FALLS; TWO DEAD

TWO HEAVILY LOADED STREET CARS MEET HEAD ON WHILE ON BRIDGE.

COLLISION WRECKS BRIDGE

Many People Were Injured. The Portion of the Bridge Which Fell Was 25 Years Old

Cleveland, O.—Two persons were killed and 20 others were injured when the north span of the West Third street bridge collapsed as a result of a collision of two heavily loaded street cars. The two cars dropped a distance of 25 feet onto the Baltimore & Ohio railroad tracks, which skirt the river edge. One street car fell in such manner as to land upside down and was splintered to bits. The other car remained right side up, but was wrecked by the heavy girders and beams of the bridge falling on it.

The dead are: Mrs. Clara Dille, a passenger, and Otto Borchert, a motorman.

A steep incline leads to the north end of the bridge, and just before the bridge is reached there is a sharp turn. While proceeding down the hill, the motorman of a south-bound car lost control and the car collided with a delivery wagon of the Buckeye Bag company, driven by Carl Nickels.

This threw the car off the track and it slid along the pavement and onto the bridge just in time to meet a northbound car. The two cars met head on and the force of the impact threw them to one side of the bridge span over the railroad tracks.

There was a rending crash and cars and span were hurled to the tracks below. When the dust cleared away the bridge span was bowed like a cradle, and the two cars, filled with injured and dead, were covered with the wreckage of the bridge.

Reports that the two cars had plunged into the river were circulated, and thousands of people rushed to the scene. All the available police reserves were called out and battled to force the crowd back so the work of rescue could continue.

Nickel's horse and wagon, which caused the accident, fell with the bridge and was buried under the wreckage, but Nickels, who jumped from his seat, was not injured.

The portion of the bridge which fell is just north of the river. It is 25 years old. The main part of the structure was washed away in the 1912 flood and was replaced the same year by another wooden bridge.

THE RELIEF FOR DEPENDENTS

There Will Be Nearly Two Hundred Application from Each of the Two Michigan Regiments.

El Paso, Tex.—A definite idea of the manner in which the government intends to disburse the appropriation for dependents of soldiers has been obtained by means of a circular letter which has been issued by the war department. If the family of a soldier who is drawing $15 a month needs $35 monthly, they will get that sum from the government. If he is a corporal or sergeant, drawing $30 a month, $15 of that amount will be deducted from his salary at his point of service, and the balance, $20 a month, will be added by the government and forwarded to his family. Approximately 200 applications for relief will be made in each of the Michigan regiments.

DRESS CAUGHT FIRE; DIES

Miss Foresman Clothes Caught Fire While Removing Stewing Peaches from Stove.

Three Rivers.—Miss Mary Foresman, 45 years old, saved the peaches which her landlady was stewing for canning, but lost her own life. She smelled the scorching fruit and went into the kitchen to care for them. As she removed them from the stove her dress caught fire. Mrs. W. J. Dunn, the landlady, and her husband heard Miss Foresman's screams and found her clothes ablaze. They put out the flames with rugs, but Miss Foresman was so badly burned she died six hours.

Nearly a score of cases are being considered by the federal grand jury which convened last week in district court, Grand Rapids.

Santiago, Chile.—Lieut. Sir Ernest Shackleton, the explorer, who is on his way to England, arrived here from Punta Arenas with the members of his party who were rescued from Elephant Island.

Washington.—Breadstuffs worth $285,101,191 were exported during the eight months ending Aug. 31, according to the department of commerce. Gasoline and naphta shipments for the last eight months more than doubled shipments for the same eight months a year ago.

Chicago.—The Indian race is no longer dying but is increasing and the Indian is becoming a producer of wealth instead of a mere consumer, according to Indian Commissioner Cato Sells, just back from a trip through western reservations.

Delaware, O.—Gov. Frank B. Willis, his wife and daughter Helen, received severe injuries when a heavy truck ran into a taxicab in which they were riding from the home of the governor's parents here to a railroad station, where they were to take a train to Columbus.