The HOME BEAUTIFUL
Flowers and Shrubbery—Their Care and Cultivation

Here Is a Young Man Who Belongs to a New Type of Industry Made Possible by the Increase of America's Wealth. He Spends His Time Designing Bouquets for Brides.

MAKING THE BRIDE'S BOUQUET

By ELIZABETH VAN BENTHUYSEN

Many of my readers who live far from the big cities will be surprised to learn that in New York city some of the big florists employ men whose sole business in life is to make bouquets for brides.

There has been such an enormous increase in the national wealth and so much of it had gravitated toward the chief city of the land that it has to find expression in many ways that would never occur to the master of a western or a southern farm.

The underlying reason for the creation of the new occupation of making special arrangements for the bridal bouquet may probably be best explained by an incident that took place in one of the leading New York hotels. A woman of wealth and fashion had a gown designed in Paris. It was all her own. She was carefully arrayed for her appearance in the dining room. When she reached the table she glanced across the room and spied another woman wearing a gown of the same model.

The woman swept from the table in haste.

"Where are you going?" asked her escort.

"To change this uniform," indignantly replied the woman of money.

That idea is the underlying principle that makes the specialist in bridal bouquets possible. The rich and sophisticated people of society want something different. Whether it is a decoration for the table, the arrangement of a flower bed in the lawn, or the planning of a costume it wants to have some distinctive feature that others have not previously used.

That is where the maker of bridal bouquets shines. Men who have a head for such things study the shape, the composition and the design of each wedding bouquet and then set their heads to planning something of a different type for the next comer.

It is something like trying to eat a quail a day for thirty days. No man can undertake such a task and devote much thought to anything else in a town where the brides average at least one a day in the class where the cost of flowers is absolutely no consideration if something novel can be produced.

Woe betide the young man who sends out a bridal bouquet that one of the seasoned veterans of society can recognize as being like the one he saw at a previous wedding. It must have distinction. It must be in a class by itself, and this demand has created a field for men who can think and who devise novel arrangements of flowers to be carried by the procession of brides that marches each season through the society columns of New York.

CURRANTS ARE PROFITABLE

By ELIZABETH VAN BENTHUYSEN

While we are trying to get all of the Art out of the ground that is possible, it may not be out of place to take a little of the profit as well as the pleasure. In the line of commercial fruit-growing, currants offer many possibilities. It is one of the very easiest plants to propagate, and yet it is astonishing how few people will go to the trouble to raise their own stock.

One may buy good bushes for from three to five dollars a hundred, and if there is a bush that bears well about the place it will supply with advantage all of the basis needed without making any purchases.

According to the ancient method, cuttings were taken late in August or early in September, tied in bundles of 50 and then buried tips down in the earth, with the butts a couple of inches below the surface. The butts, callus and the cuttings are transplanted to the nursery row either late in the fall or early in the spring. If they are set in the fall, they must have protection throughout the winter.

But it is a much more common practice among nurserymen to take the cuttings and place them in the nursery row almost immediately after they are cut from the old bush. If they are thus handled, a good portion of the plants will develop roots before the winter comes and when the first warm days of spring arrive they are ready to start growth in earnest.

There remains another plan for the man or woman who hasn't had time to attend to the fall planting. It is to take the cuttings some time during the winter and bury them in sand in the cellar until spring. They are then set in the nursery row. They will do almost as well as the fall cuttings.

When it comes to setting currant cuttings the least costly way is to plow a furrow and then put the cuttings against the land side of the furrow. One or two buds are left above the ground. The buds below the surface of the ground should be taken off if the tree form is wanted. The earth should be packed firmly against the bases of all of the cuttings.

There is no difference in the manner of taking the cuttings, no matter what form of propagation is adopted. The new growth should always be used. Make a clean, square cut just below a bud for the base of the cutting. A slanting cut, some distance above a bud should be made for the top. The purpose of this is to shed water and to keep disease from getting a hold on the young plant.

Nurserymen generally let the young bushes grow a couple of years before selling them, but there is really no reason why a healthy plant should not be given its permanent home after it is a year old.

DRESSING THE TABLE

At all of the latest flower shows of the first magnitude prizes have been awarded for the best dressed tables. The idea is to impress upon the public the part that flowers and plants may play in adding some psychological effect to the routine matter of eating.

The most ordinary food, served with some garnishment of flowers, takes on an added zest and the big flower shows have sought to develop taste and interest in making the table something more than a place to put food. The first prize table at one of the most important shows had a centerpiece of flowers, with individual wands for each guest.

The harmony of the floral offerings undoubtedly wonthe prize for the successful exhibitor.

This Table Took the First Prize at One of the Recent Eastern Flower Shows.

In Woman's Realm

Success of One-Piece Dress Well Established, and Now Begins Exercise of Ingenuity in Designing Variations So That This Frock Won't Become Monotonous—Chat on Sports Clothes, When to Wear and What Materials Should Go into Garments.

The success of the one-piece dress goes without saying—it is already a thing of history. And now begins the exercise of ingenuity in ringing changes on this one predominant theme, so that the one-piece dress may run no risk of becoming monotonous. This has already been done with so much cleverness that the one-piece dress is farther away from simplicity than any other and we are looking for further surprises.

WELL-TAILORED ONE-PIECE DRESS.

Here is a frock of serge, trimmed with silk braid, that scorns all intricacies in construction or decoration. It presents its straight lines, almost unbroken from shoulder to hem, and its even rows of braid, sure of compelling admiration. The devotee of the tailored suit will be easily reconciled to this austerest for favors, in place of the skirt and coat that have held first place so long.

The usual order of things is reversed in this skirt, for it is fulled into the waist at the front and back, while the panels at the sides are plain. The short bodice follows the lines of the natural figure, and a belt is simulated by parallel rows of braid stitched at the waistline. It fastens at the left side with snap fasteners and has an open throat that accommodates a plain white collar which may be of organdie or crepe. The sleeves are plain and are not narrowed or widened at the wrist. This is in keeping with their finish of clean-cut rows of braid. Large, flat pockets at each side of the skirt are covered with braid and bound with it, in the best manner of the tailor. "Well-tailored" is written on this straightforward, businesslike dress, in its fine adjustment to the figure, and in the precision and faultlessness of workmanship which commend it.

SPORTS SUITS IN SPECIAL WEAVES.

Sports clothes are a new dispensation and they have brought about a new order of things. Special goods are woven for them, special designs in these goods and in other goods are made for them, and these designs are made up in special ways. Sports clothes are spirited, ultra modern, expressive of the woman of today, and more or less elegant. They are becoming—like everything else—more and more luxurious. But their elegance is not measured by the richness of material used.

It seems that the term "sports clothes" is destined to cover attire for all outdoor life—or at least that sports clothes will hardly be considered out of place anywhere out of doors. They appear to have made for themselves a permanent place.

One of the new fabrics used for sports suits is shown above. It has a silky crepelike surface, substantial weight and durability. It is one of several new fabrics, each with a name of its own, that have made a place for themselves which promises to be enduring.

In the suit pictured, the skirt is made of a cross-barred pattern in the material in which bright colors are defined against a plain ground. The sweater coat has a wide shawl collar of the cross-bar. Very large pearl buttons fasten the overlapping ends of the belt. Just now suits of this kind are worn with plain blouses of crepe de chine or of linen or fine cotton. The vogue of sports clothes have given colors a wonderful impetus. On plain grounds, broad stripes, crossbars, disks and checks appear in bold but enchanting colors. This season stripes are broken with figures in contrasting colors and the introduction of Chinese and Japanese motifs has proved a valuable acquisition in working out color schemes.

Julia Bottomly

Finely Tucked Organdie Collars.

On the simpler frocks seen at Yvette Guilbert's recital there was an indication of a vogue for crisp collars of finely tucked organdie of dainty hand-worked design, either plain or combined with the finer laces, some high and doubled suggesting the coat collar, others quite wide, reaching the edges of the shoulders.

To Protect a Parasol.

If you have limited space to store things from one season to another you are probably guilty of having your white or light-colored parasol hanging uncovered in the closet. You realize that this is bad for the sunshade, but you have been too busy to make a cover. You will then be glad to learn that a white stocking makes a splendid cover for the purpose. If one is not long enough sew two together.

Wool 13 inches long has been shorn from a Merino sheep which had been lost for four years in the wilds of Australia.

Down the West Coast of Mexico

SAN BLAS, A TYPICAL WEST COAST TOWN

EVER since Cortez came, and wrote such graphic letters home to King Philip, the Mexican west coast has lured the restless pioneer. First it was the adventurer, scattering his bones over the trackless hills; then the gold hunter and miner—and finally the farmer and cowman, building up homes and fortunes. It is one of the world's garden spots, this rich west coast; a country of singular charm, of striking contrasts and varied opportunity. Nowhere on earth is life more easy. As one idler cleverly phrased it, "You can kick your breakfast off a tree, any morning in the year."

Here, with the advent of peace, far-reaching progress must inevitably dawn. Linked with California by rail and sail, and with two hundred American millions already invested, the future of the west coast is peculiarly tied up with that of the United States—a question of big trade and mutual human betterment, says a contributor to the Los Angeles Times.

It is a kaleidoscopic, colorful trip—the train ride from the border south, into West Mexico. Scenic, startling and full of bright, buoyant life it is, after you have passed Guaymas and plunged into the primitive Yaqui country.

Flocks of screeching, squawking parrots flap noisily overhead. Skulking coyotes twist oddly away into the palo verde thickets. In smoky, scattered camps along the railway, Yaqui troops—patrolling the line against their wild brothers of the hills—are on duty. You see them making sandals from green cowhide, or cutting up a beef into shreds and hanging the meat on stunted mesquite trees to dry. From their outposts comes the dull rattle of the tomtom. "That Yaqui drum," one Mexican officer told me, "always gives the enemy an earache."

American Influence Grows.

Not so long ago the Spanish impress lay strong on the west coast—a survival of that romantic age when treasure-laden galleons sailed between Acapulco and Manila. But now the boats that drop anchor and unload at Acapulco, Mazatlan and Guaymas come from San Francisco—or Seattle. And the trains that crawl down the long coastline from the Arizona border are loaded with American machinery, and American miners, cattlemen and farmers. Only of late has this been true—the rail-head reaching Tepic less than ten years ago. But already Yankee customs, habits, influence and implements are making themselves felt; slowly, but hopefully.

Even certain reform waves, popular in the United States of America, have swept over the border and engulfed the Mexicans. Licensed gambling on the west coast is practically abolished. Bull fights are giving way to baseball.

One day in Hermosillo I saw soldiers carrying demijohns of tequila—the once universal alcoholic drink—carrying them into the street, and smashing them in the gutter. Pungent smells floated in the air. "What is it you do?" I asked a native sergeant. "El estado es seco" (the state is dry) he said, punching his bayonet into another demijohn. Prohibition had been decreed. Today you can't legally buy a drink from Nogales to Mazatlan (nor illegally, either, without risk of prison.) It is so in some other parts of the republic. Order is better, drinking brawls a thing of the past. Tequila, the old curse of the land, is effectively suppressed.

Daily life among foreign merchants and planters on this west coast is not unlike that of the colonials in India, China or the Philippines. Servants are numerous and cheap. Fruits and vegetables grow in abundance. Nobody hurries. Nervous breakdowns and "worry" headaches are unheard-of.

Some of the American-owned mine and plantation homes are models of tropical comfort, spacious and elegant. Motoring, tennis, golf, pleasure launches and the west coast's incomparable hunting grounds are enjoyed the year around.

For shooting and fishing, the Guaymas coast waters are unexcelled. Trolling for toro, skip-jacks, Spanish mackerel, yellowtail, Cabrilla, and other fighting fish affords unparalleled sport.

Ducks? By the thousand! For the west coast is right on one of the great wild fowl migration routes. Last March in the Yaqui valley, standing in a flooded rice field, I got 22 "redheads" in less than an hour, working my 16-gauge as the evening flight came in.

Here is this world's happy hunting ground for those who love the rod and gun. Some day—when its charms are known to tourists—Guaymas must become a famed winter resort, balmy, healthful and inviting, a garden spot of soft breezes, blue seas and ideal January outdoor days.

Singular Plant Life.

Even in vegetation this is a land of odd contrasts. Weird and sinister-looking plants there are, like the strange "creeping cactus" of the Magdalena bay country. Lying flat and oddly resembling giant caterpillars, this singular cactus grows forward and dies behind, thus actually travelling in the course of time a considerable distance. Mr. E. W. Nelson of the United States department of agriculture said after exploring the north section of the west coast: "Here is the most extraordinary desert flora in the world. The combinations of species were wonderfully picturesque, giving the landscape an individuality unlike anything to be found elsewhere. Many of these strange scenes seemed fit abiding places for the animal life of an earlier age."

From such inhospitable wastes, the descent into the green, fragrant, watered coastal plain is a welcome change.

Down this historic West coast from St. Xavier and Tucuncari in Arizona to Guadalajara, there stretches a string of picturesque massive old churches—churches built by adventurous Jesuits, churches standing in loop-holed compounds for Indian defense, inside cisterns stored water for use during sieges. The thrifty padres grew their own grain, vegetables and fruit, using Indian labor. Near some of these ruined churches—built 300 years ago—traces of old irrigation works are plainly discernible. As late as 1870, Apaches attacked the old church of San Ignacio, in Sonora; its scarred walls still show plainly where Indian bullets chipped angrily at the fervent defenders.

The women and girls of Mexico are deeply religious. Five masses a day are celebrated in some of the larger churches, and often the music is excellent. One bright moonlight night I sat in the palm-shaded Plaza before the old cathedral of Magdalena; inside a woman soloist lifted a voice—strong, clear and wonderfully sweet—such a voice as must have given pause to even a Melba or a Farrar, "undecovered" though this woman was.

DODGING DISEASE OF PLANTS

Shipping of Pollen From Washington to Japan. Regarded as an Extraordinary Achievement.

The novel feat of shipping the pollen of citrus fruits from Washington to Japan for use in hybridizing experiments has been recently achieved by the United States bureau of plant industry. Although pollen had previously been shipped in cold storage from Florida to California, new methods were necessary for the longer journey, and several plans were tried. One was to place the anthers in glass tubes from which the air was subsequently exhausted. Another was to pack them in similar tubes which, besides being exhausted of air, were dried with sulphuric acid. A large percentage of the pollen, which included that of grapefruit, tangelo, orange, etc., germinated promptly after arrival at its destination. The long-distance shipment of pollen in vacuum tubes offers a convenient substitute for the shipment of whole plants for use in breeding, in certain cases, and one which probably obviates the danger of carrying plant diseases and insect pests.

Optimistic View.

The Rising Young Artist—All that I have accomplished in art I owe to the struggle for the necessities of life.

The Cartoonist—That's the way to look at it—if the cost of living goes high enough you'll be greater than Michael Angelo—Art Young in the Masses.

Life's Poetic Time.

"Did your husband use to write you poetry before you were married?"

"No, but he used to write me what we both thought was poetry."

Facts in the Case.

The Widow—Is your husband a truthful man?

The Wife—Yes; except when I ask him for money.

Slightly Mixed.

"What did that little girl say she had knit for the school exhibition?"

"She said she had knit a hood, a skirt and a vaccinator."

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, the breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother. If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleaning" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

To Make Dirty Water Clean.

When we started for our trip to Mt. Kilimanjaro I had told Jeremiah, one of our African boys, to fix six barrels with water and have it clean. But when I opened the first barrel, it was covered with soapsuds. I asked the boy what was wrong with the water. He said: "Very clean water, master. I put soap in every barrel to make it clean." So we drank soapsuds all the way.—Peter MacQueen in World Outlook.

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.

A well known actress gives the following recipe for gray hair: To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

A Pertinent Query.

"Can't you spare me a dime, mister?"

"Nop today."

"I haven't had a bite since yesterday."

"Can't help it."

"Why can't yer do a little for me?"

"I haven't any change."

"No change?"

"That's what I said."

"Then why ther dickens don't yer go to work?"—Boston Evening Transcript.

OLD SORES, ULCERS AND ECZEMA VANISH

Good, Old, Reliable Peterson's Ointment a Favorite Remedy.

"Had 51 ulcers on my legs. Doctors wanted to cut off leg. Peterson's Ointment cured me."—Wm. J. Nichols, 40 Wilder St., Rochester, N. Y.

Get a large box for 25 cents at any druggist, says Peterson, and money back if it isn't the best you ever used. Always keep Peterson's Ointment in the house. Fine for burns, scalds, bruises, sunburn, and the surest remedy for itching eczema and piles the world has ever known.

"Peterson's Ointment is the best for bleeding and itching piles I have ever found."—Major Charles S. Whitney, Vineyard Haven, Mass.

"Peterson's Ointment has given great satisfaction for Salt-Rheum."—Mrs. J. L. Weiss, Cuylerville, N. Y.

All druggists sell it, recommend it. Adv.

"Proving His Mettle."

"The trouble with you, Gadspur, is that you are too easily discouraged," remarked his friend, Glithers.

"I don't think so," answered Gadspur. "For instance, yesterday I wanted to borrow the small sum of ten dollars."

"Yes?"

"I delivered a neat little speech to exactly twelve people before I got the money. That strikes me as extraordinary perseverance."

GAVE HIS CANE AWAY!

Mr. S. P. Benton, Kerrville, Texas, writes: "For several years prior to 1906 I suffered from kidney and rheumatic troubles. Was bent over and forced to use a cane. For these disorders I am glad to say I used Dodd's Kidney Pills, which proved to be the proper remedy. I am 64 years old, feel fine and once again stand as straight as an arrow. Dodd's Kidney Pills deserve great credit." Be sure and get "DODD'S," the name with the three D's for diseased, disordered, deranged kidneys; just as Mr. Benton did. No similarly named article will do.—Adv.

Second Choice.

"I'm writing a story for one of the leading magazines," remarked Scribson, with a lofty air.

"Indeed," replied his cynic friend. "And which one of the inferior magazines do you think will publish it?"

An Object of Pity.

Mrs. Homer—Our new cook can't read a word of English.

Mrs. Neighbors—What! Not even the bargain advertisements?

Constipation, indigestion, sick headache and bilious conditions are overcome by a course of Garfield Tea. Drink on retiring.—Adv.

Miss Dora Falkin, who is only twenty-one years of age, practices law in Washington, D. C.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

Coal miners in Georgia have received 10 per cent increase in pay.