

PLANT OBITUARIES.

Tenement House Children Write of Ill Luck in Growing Flowers.

This is the month which means a great deal for the several thousand tenement house children who have discovered the existence of the National Plant Guild, which has its headquarters at No. 70 Fifth-ave. To every child making proper application a plant and flower pot are given. The understanding is that the children try their best to make the plant grow and report on its fate next January. If the plants live they bring them to the annual plant exhibition of the guild. Those who are unlucky in their raising effort must write letters telling all about it.

The last plant exhibition which the guild held was a great success, and the number of flourishing plants exhibited was surprising. The letters telling why other plants had died were most interesting and furnish much insight to the lives and character of the children.

The family cat did the greatest plant execution according to the obituary letters. She ate the leaves, perhaps under the delusion that they were catnip; she pounced upon them playfully from convenient heights and with great destruction. The "mover man" was another source of disaster, and great is the indignation which the small mothers express. Falls from the fire es-



NICE NEPHEW!

Tommy—Talking of riddles, Uncle, do you know the difference between an apple and an elephant?  
Uncle (benignly)—No, my lad, I don't.  
Tommy—You'd be a smart chap to send out to buy apples, wouldn't you?—(Punch.)



"Do you keep a watch on your husband when he is drinking?"  
"I tried to—but couldn't afford it."  
"Why not?"  
"He used to either lose it or pawn it."—(Illustrated Bits.)

cape, from window ledges, and too much watering brought other plants to an untimely end. There is woe in every line of this letter from a little Italian boy:

My plant lived for three weeks, and then it could not live, because we lived under a baker shop, and the heat was too much. When I got it there were two buds and it got a few buds and it died.

A great many children seemed to think that the pot and plant were one, as these letters show:

The flower pot that I got is a Garamom. My cat knocked it down. It was a nice flower pot and it last two days—and it last two days.

The flower pot is liven yet.

My flower pot died in the month of October.

I am thankful for the flower pot. I fed it on sunshine and water and sometimes soapies water.

There will be a run on geraniums at this distribution, as last year's experience showed that they best withstood the hardships of tenement life. This original poem accompanied a plant so badly withered as to be unrecognizable, and is a tribute to the superiority of geraniums:

If any, born of kindlier blood,  
Should ask, "What flower lies here below?"  
Say only this, "A tender bud  
That tried to blossom in the snow  
Lies withered—the geraniums grow."

Many of the children invested their plants with personality and family names. They even had the plants write poems of biography, as this one, which was signed "Geranium Stewart":



WHAT COULD SHE DO?

DAUGHTER—HE SAID HE'D DIE IF I REFUSED HIM.  
FATHER—LET HIM DIE, THEN.  
DAUGHTER—WHY, PAPA! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT HE'S INSURED IN YOUR COMPANY?  
—(Illustrated Bits.)

When first I came to Minna  
To become her little daughter,  
I received my daily dinner—  
A good supply of sun and water.  
After that I grew and grew,  
Until the cat said: "I'll break you."  
Then he hit me with his paw,  
And part of me fell on the floor.  
He broke my best and largest branch,  
And was so glad he began to dance.  
But Minna came and shouted, "Scat!"  
So ended my trouble with that bad cat.

Then I resolved to try and grow,  
Before I was killed by frost and snow;  
And succeeded well, because I knew  
That there was work for me to do.  
By Hallowe'en my bright red flower  
Was fit to deck fair beauty's bower.  
Now I'm to grace an exposition;  
Come and see my first edition.  
Alternate bands of white and black were  
wrapped around a withered stock which the



THE HUMORIST IN PARIS—AN ELOPEMENT.

—(The Sketch.)

owner called a coffee plant. It probably had been a coleus. There was a black border around the letter, which was signed "Coffee Plant Moses," the latter being the name of its adopted mother. There was this poem:

The Coffee Plant is always brown,  
And always has its leaves turned down.  
It's neither black, it's neither white,  
But always does its little right.

Many of the children who were fortunate enough to go themselves took their plants to the country. One little girl took her plant out of the pot and set it in the garden, put it back in the pot, and again set it out. She wonders why it did not grow. Another little girl writes: "The reason I did not take my plant to the country was I thought the little pussy might have made a kind of sound that it might have got afraid, or it might have bit it."

Some of the reports were in diary form, one having daily reports and hours of watering. The watering record of one plant on successive days read: 6 a. m., 9 a. m., 1 p. m., 3 p. m., 6 p. m. Detail did not appeal to another little girl, whose report read:

June—I received a geranium.  
July—It bore flowers.  
August—The flowers faded.  
September—New buds came.  
October—Leaves and buds faded.



Elsie—How is your tale of the sea getting on, Bobby?  
Bobby—Well, just now there's a frightful storm I'm writin', and the passengers are afraid the boat'll go to the top.  
Elsie—To the bottom, you mean?  
Bobby—No, I don't, silly; this is a submarine boat!—(Comic Cuts.)



SNUB FOR A SNOB.

English Tourist—Aw—that buttermilk was very nice, my dear. What payment do you expect for it?  
Cottage Girl—We wouldn't be after asking any payment. Sure, we give it to the pigs!—(Punch.)

The following letters speak for themselves:  
My plant die and it die from water. I put too much water on my plant and it didn't have enough sun and this is why it die.  
My home was at the side of a running brook. I fell away from a pretty flower in the form of a seed. With the help of Mother Nature I soon sent forth a few leaves. One day an old gentleman came past the brook. He saw me and said: "I will send a man with a wagon to bring some of these baby plants to the children in the city."  
I will tell you a story of my Summer career. My abode was on a fire escape where t. sun shone copiously upon me, but one day the extreme cold played and tossed around me and I died.  
One day a wind came up rushing and broke one of my twigs, but I never closed my eyes that night until I repeated "Thank God!" five times.  
I am a little flower four months old, with laughing green eyes, red cheeks and black eyebrows.  
I wear a green dress and a little red bonnet. When one got old old Mother Nature gave me a new one.  
I had 12 blossoms at once and was proud of t. window sill; the other plants got jealous of me but I did not mind. I have eight buds now and a bower of leaves. The day I am going to the show I am going to dress up in my best and put a nice face on.  
When t. sun goes away I am very sorry for I have no one to play with. After awhile I see some bright faces, it is t. moon and starts, they play w. me until t. sun comes again.  
I took great care of this little plant when was

**Crani-Tonic Hair-Food The Best For Hair & Scalp**

FIVE SIZES  
10c, 50c, \$1, \$2 & \$5 the Bottle  
Physicians' size \$5.00.  
Bottle Holds Half Gallon  
CRANI-TONIC HAIR-FOOD CO.  
326 WEST BROADWAY, N. Y.