

VACATION TROPHIES Put to USE DECORATIVE

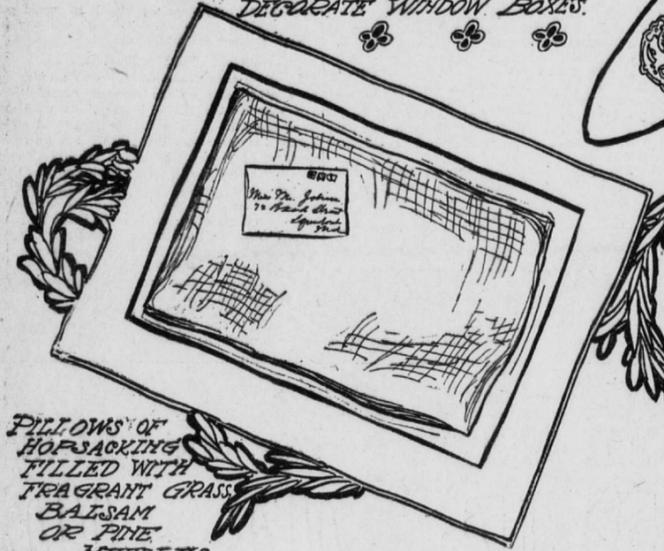


SOUVENIRS OF WOODLAND
STREAM AND BEACH
ADD CHEER TO
WINTER INTERIORS.

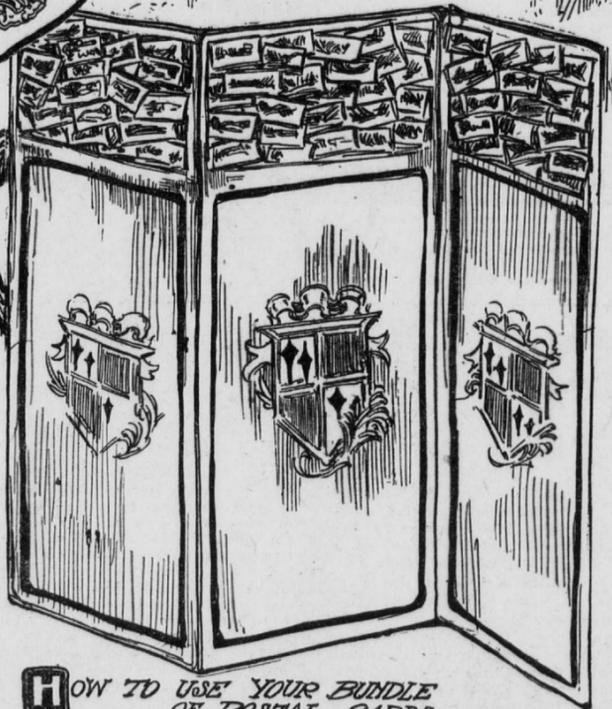


LICHENS, TREE BARK, MOSES
AND FUNGUS GROWTHS TO
DECORATE WINDOW BOXES.

PUT YOUR FERNS OR OTHER LEAF
PLANTS IN A DEEP JARDINIERE



PILLOWS OF
HOPSAKING
FILLED WITH
FRAGRANT GRASS,
BALSAM
OR PINE
NEEDLES



HOW TO USE YOUR BUNDLE
OF POSTAL CARDS

HOW many women, I wonder, took advantage of their summer holidays and travels to bring home a few choice souvenirs of Nature's own handiwork? Some creatures would as lief think of returning with a baby copperhead, as a memento of the open. But those of us who are real lovers of Nature, know how pleasantly reminiscent during the dull, drear days of winter are the souvenirs of field, stream and forest and the wholesome, optimistic influence they exert upon us.

Here, in their cool beds, are native flowers; some of delicate coloring and texture, others brilliant, many poisonous, but all indescribably beautiful. Close neighbors at home are marvelous lichens, their color tones running from faint yellow to deep, woody brown; pale greens to rich leaf shades. Some are touched with cameo pink, the color of the wee lazy lizards that slip around them, while others have minute dots of brilliant scarlet, that may be matched, too, by the tattooed backs of the snake family, a dread inhabitant.

There are other specimens of fungi, seemingly too rare and wonderful in their vellum-like texture, delicacy and immaculate beauty to leave behind in their native haunts for the frost to kill.

A LICHENS COVERED WINDOW BOX.
For a window box beautiful, nothing could be more harmonious or decorative than a wooden box covered with tree bark to which has been added the crowning touch—your woodland lichens.

Ordinary white pine makes a very good box; have a carpenter make this for you, then cover with tree bark, curly birch, or others, using small tacks. Then apply the lichens in a realistic fashion. A good glue must be employed for this purpose. Five cents' worth of gum arabic, over

which has been poured a sufficient amount of water, is excellent and stronger than many glues you buy.

Such a window box will not only give your apartment individual charm, but will be a constant source of pleasure and enjoyment to yourself and friends. Fill your box carefully, selecting those plants best adapted for its location.

OTHER GREEN THINGS A-GROWING

During your woodland tramps, doubtless you have fallen a victim to the charms of the wonderful ferns that grow so luxuriantly on every side. The delicate, lacy beauty of the tall fronds, or the dwarf varieties hold and reflect the sunshine that happens into your room, making a most witching picture, suggestive of tropical warmth that is sure to be appreciated when snow and sleet are in the air.

Ferns look best when a number are grouped together, and they thrive better, too, though they must be given ample space to spread. The temperature of the room must be kept even, cold draughts should be avoided and the ground occasionally loosened and always moist. The ventilation must be good, and the drainage of the box well regulated.

A large jardiniere of dull brass or the new green pottery make a better setting for ferns and leaf plants than figured wares. Miniature pots for dwarf varieties may be procured in Austrian brass or the new green pottery previously mentioned. The sun shining through a stained or leaded glass window just above your fernery will cast a weird, though fascinating reflection on the greens.

PILLOWS OF PINE AND BALSAM

Last week a girl in town was the recipient of a large bag of hopsacking filled with pine needles. This fragrant reminder of summer holidays came through the mail without being wrapped, the name and address being written on a stout piece of cardboard, which was neatly sewed to the hopsacking.

Wasn't that a clever idea?

Be sure to gather some of these needles and fill the pillow slips with them, they induce sleep and are very soothing to weary nerves. A few needles sprinkled on an open fire will fill the room with their pungent odor. Balsam and

dried sweet grass are similarly used. Small pillows of them placed within the drawers and closets where furs and woollens are kept are good preventives for moths.

Not every woman likes a pungent odor for a pillow rest, but those that do would surely appreciate such a pillow, especially when they have been stay-at-homes during the summer.

WHAT OF THE PICTORIAL POSTALS?

"And still they come," from the four points of the compass.

There is absolutely no abatement in the sale of these rural, sometimes sensational cards. Albums are filled so rapidly that the recipients scarcely know how to dispose of them.

One girl is making a frieze of them around her den, a very effective way of disposing of a great number. Another has completely bordered the top of a bedroom screen and is contemplating filling the sides, save the way of employing them, a very simple and easy way of employing them, they are easily within reach and may be replaced by newer ones at all times.

Narrow ribbon or gilt cord is stretched across the top, each side being individually treated.

SCHEME OF A BUNGALOW ENTHUSIAST

A friend of mine, who declares that she has the blood of a bygone Indian brave in her veins, has transformed her town library into an apartment that much resembles her Indian bungalow up on the Maine coast. The polished floor is overlaid with Indian rugs and those woven from the sweet grass of the plains. Numerous little furnishings, comprising a large lamp shade, baskets and plates, wood box, and besides other details are made of fragrant grass.

The most distinguishing feature of this bijou apartment is her birch bark canoe, which she helped to make, that is suspended from the ceiling by means of iron chains, and which is filled to overflowing with cushions, making a most unusual swinging seat. As a background looms up a grass rug, on which rests her paddles.

In another corner reposes her rifle in its rack and game bag, beside her fishing poles and tackle. Above the mantelpiece is a victim of her bullets, a magnificent head of an Adirondack moose.

A pair of tame chipmunks are her constant companions. Indeed, so like her bungalow is this apartment that instinctively one's skirts are held aloft, especially after catching a glimpse of a moose's snaky coiled up alongside of the open grate. This repulsive creature measures six feet, and has been wonderfully well preserved. Even the bull pug dog looks at its sinuous curves distrustfully.

MARJORIE

Do Men Understand the Delicate Art of Proposing?

HONESTLY, now did you like the way in which your lover and husband proposed to you? Didn't it leave something to be desired in the way of electric thrills and a sudden blaze of rose-light?

Confess, honey, no one will know.

A woman who has been married three times certainly ought to know a few things about this auspicious moment, since she has had a fair sample, yet this thrice blessed woman declares that men have much to learn in this respect. Listen:

"An unconfessed grievance that every married woman has against her husband is the way he proposed to her," declares the wisely matron. "She was probably glad enough to get him on any terms, but there is a difference between having the thing you wanted tendered you on a silver salver and having it thrown at you.

"Women crowd the theatre to see the counterfeits of the romance they missed, yet how poorly even an actor generally does it!

"It is only once in a blue moon that you find a stage hero of the old stock company type who clothes the heroine to him in a way that loosens her back hair and makes every woman in the audience sit up with a gasp.

"Off the stage each man has his own individual system of love making, and reaches the critical point of proposing by his own route.

"One of the most popular is by way of the con-

fessional. When a man begins to get sentimental he yearns to tell a girl all about his past life. He confesses his own sins to her, and those of his friends.

"Then he tells her that she is the only person who ever really understood his intense nature, and that he only needs her angel influence to enable him to lead the higher life.

"The really bashful man who has made a study of the subject always proposes suddenly, and when you least expect it. He doesn't waste a word in preliminary compliments, because he has screwed his courage up to the sticking point, and he dares not let a turn of it go.

"There is a silence, and then he catches his breath and takes the plunge, as if he were jumping into a sea of ice and didn't know and didn't care whether he ever came up again or not.

"A disappointing lover, but an eminently satisfactory husband, is the business type. You have been good friends, and he has confided to you that he is getting on in the grocery trade, and last month's sales were double those of the month before.

"Then one Sunday afternoon he steers you round to some new flats or cottages, and, after pointing out that the plumbing is exposed and so forth, he says: 'I say, Mary, how would you like to live here and be my little housekeeper?' And if you have any sense you say 'Yes.'

"That night you may shed a few tears in the silence of your own room over the beauty of the romance you have missed, but you will never have to weep over bills you can't pay."

The Kiss Compulsory

THE charming country town of Hungerford, in Berkshire, has an annual kissing-day each April when it celebrates its Hocktide festival. Then certain duly-appointed officials hold a court, collect the tithes, and claim a kiss from the lady of each house they have to visit during the ceremony. The two fortunate officials thus appointed are known as "tutty-men" or tithe-men, and usually there is no small competition for the honor amongst the eligibles of Hungerford. The custom is hundreds of years old, and neither husband nor wife, as a rule, objects to the advent of the tutty-man, with the inevitable result.

Once every five years the good town of Newcastle-on-Tyne has been in the habit of holding a festival known as "Barge-Day," on which day the Mayor and Corporation go down to the river in a fine state-barge to claim the rights of the town to certain dues at an appointed spot. Then the procession returns up the river to a well-known stone, where the Mayor selects any lady he likes from the large crowd generally gathered there, and kisses her before the assembled company, and—let it be said softly—before the good Mayress herself! His Worship then gives the favored lady a sovereign as a present, whilst the Mayress, to show that there is no ill-feeling adds a gift of her own, such as a sachet, purse, or other appropriate article.

Not only is it the duty of the Mayor to do the kissing in this fashion, but the appointed sheriff, not willing to be left out in the cold on such occasions, also duly carries out a similar privilege. He chooses another lady, and after saluting her gravely—or otherwise—he also hands

to her a useful present. This curious ceremony, which is supposed to take place quinquennially, was last performed in the year 1901. But, of course, it always rests with the Mayor for the time being as to whether it shall be carried out or not.

When the pretty Thames town of Maidenhead takes it into its head to have a "beating of the bounds" the steward appointed for that purpose is always accompanied by a large crowd of curious people. These help him, or think they do, when he has to climb over houses which stand in his path, or to get through windows under the which the bounds pass. Also, when the party meets any man by chance during its progress it proceeds gravely to "bump" that individual; but, if the person met should be a lady, she is given the choice as to whether she will be "bumped" or kissed.

Nor is England the only country with such compulsory kissing ceremonies. Halmagen, in Austria, has an annual fair on St. Theodore's Day, at which every man present has the right to claim one lady and to kiss her, without her having any right to object. This strange custom is the outcome of a raid which was once made on the town by Turkish brigands, who carried off all the women as captives. But a band of men traveling in the district chanced to meet the captors and forced them to give up their victims, who were then kindly escorted to their homes and friends. In grateful remembrance of the day the maidens of Halmagen annually offer their lips modestly and freely to the strangers who frequent the town during the fair of St. Theodore.

Some of the Summer Vacationists Many Trials

THIS is the way the women confess now that their vacations are over:

"What was the most memorable of all my summer mishaps?" repeated the jolly little woman. "I declare the daily struggles with my belongings stick more in my mind than all things else. In the first place, the wretched old trunks were either lockless or strapless when we came to make our flying start for the fitting. A frenzied call for a blacksmith resulted in making one ready just in the nick of time and a visit from a bareheaded cobbler with wax end and an apology for a strap made the other secure, if scarcely presentable. While the blacksmithing and cobbling were going forward an expressman, on time for once, worried me into fidgets by telling me every few minutes he was sure the trunks would never reach the train.

"And, my dear, that was only the beginning of the trunk trouble. When I arrived at the hotel in the little mountain town that night and prepared to wash away the heat, soft coal dust and weariness of the long journey I found I had left my soap at home. Fancy the predicament! Not a drug store within miles and only an old-fashioned country shop half a mile away. Of course, I managed somehow. Had to, you know. Then came the mad dash for the tooth brush. Did you ever observe the cleverness of the tooth brush in a trunk? I declare it seems that it enlists the sympathy of all the thousand things a woman packs into a trunk and begs them to hide it against its owner. You were sure you put it in the tray with the hair brush and comb. Certainly, you can get it with your eyes shut,

What not there? Ah, you remember. You wrapped it in the linen roll that holds the scissors, thimble and needles. No! Where on earth did you leave it?

"Then you get down on your knees beside that blessed old trunk and take everything out. At first, the process is orderly. You unfold skirts and ribbons carefully, and as carefully refold them. As time and patience wear on, you slap the things around carelessly and ruffle them sadly. You get to the bottom of the trunk that had the broken lock. Still no tooth brush. 'Another case like that of the soap,' you groan. Then you think of the cobbler trunk and rummage that desperately. Just as you have given up all hope and have reached into the mocking depths for the last handful of vacation furnishings, you feel the bristles of the delinquent in your palm.

"I've had the tooth brush experience," said the tall, girlish woman who had been at an isolated seashore resort, "but an even more annoying trial was mine when I forgot to bring alcohol for the little lamp that I carry with me. The village had electricity for everything. There wasn't a gas jet in the place and no alcohol at either of the two stores. You should see this hair of mine for the two days that I was waiting for the alcohol I ordered sent from town."

"Don't you know," said the little woman, "I think it's part of the female nature to forget things until they are actually needed. We never mend gloves till we are about to put them on, and there are a thousand other similar things that should be attended to in time."

"Better stop these confessions," said the tall one, laughing. "Here comes John"