

ORNAMENT HAS CHARM

DAINTY JAPANESE GARDEN EASY TO MAKE.

As a Centerpiece for the Dinner Table There is Nothing More Effective—Its Construction Will Be Work of Pleasure.

The miniature Japanese garden is a delight.

Of course, if you are one of the few persons who sees no good in things Japanese you will not care for a tiny Japanese garden. If you dislike growing things, then you will dislike this sort of garden. And if you object to anything that is diminutive and that needs attention, then you will not care for this garden.

But if you like things Japanese, if you delight in tiny things that have all the charm of their huge prototypes, if you like to have something growing under your eyes—then you will soon become a devotee of the miniature Japanese garden or landscape.

You can buy one ready made, but half the fun of having one lies in making it. This is the way to go about it:

First buy something to hold it. For 35 cents you can buy a little Japanese dish six inches in diameter. For other prices you can buy larger dishes, of white porcelain, of gray or brown pottery.

Of course, it is easier to get a good effect with a larger dish. Here a word about the treatment of the dish, no matter what it may be. Never crowd it. If the dish is small, place in it only a few objects. If you desire more objects buy a larger dish.

A dish ten inches in diameter or of an oval shape, ten inches the longer way, is a good size.

After you have selected the dish, plan the garden. There may be an island of moss—the moss can be bought in the florist's shop or in a Japanese shop or you can get it in the woods. Or there can be several islands made of the tops of turnips or carrots, which, by the way, grow wonderful foliage after they have been put in the water for a week or so. Or there can be a sponge island, planted with grass seeds.

Then there should be some cracked marble or some pebbles in the bottom of the dish, and over this there should be water. So much for the background. Seeds can be bought for little plants that grow in a week or so, and tiny dwarfed trees can be bought. Bits of ground pine can be stuck into the ground for trees, and these keep green for weeks in the moist sand and moss. Then there are tiny artificial trees of various sorts that add to the landscape.

As for the buildings, there are little pagodas and shrines and houses made of clay that are delightful and that cost from fifteen cents to forty or fifty

there are little bridges of metal or of pottery.

For ten, fifteen or more cents each there are tiny Japanese figures made of clay porcelain, and there are fishes and deer and other animals, too. All these are fitted with a wire to thrust into the ground to hold them upright and all have a remarkably lifelike look. For a dollar you can buy enough fittings to make a simple garden; but if you spend one dollar you probably will be so fascinated you will wish to spend another dollar on your miniature Japanese garden.

MADE FROM PAISLEY SHAWL

Valuable Historic Relic Converted Into One of the Handsomest of Evening Wraps.

Miss Claire Whitney, granddaughter of Mrs. Anne Hutchins, a relative of the famous Hutchins family massacred by Indians in 1660 at Willet's Point on Long Island, N. Y., recalled that her grandmother had in her possession as a precious relic a Paisley shawl, brought here in 1620 by Mistress Patience Hutchins, bride of a refugee from the English restoration period, and great-great-great-grandmother of Miss Whitney. Miss Whitney,



who is seen here wearing one of the fashioned long-skirted "Polly Prim" gowns, secured the shawl and had it designed as the unique evening wrap shown. Before the novel cloak was "made-up" Miss Whitney had received offers for the wonderfully interesting specimens of old-time craftsmanship from the Metropolitan museum and the New York Historical society.

Scarfs to Match Hangings.

The scarfs for the furniture of your room may be made to match the hangings by cutting out single motifs of cretonne and applying them to the scarf ends. Place them on the material in an attractive way and baste. They can either be sewed with an over-and-over stitch around the edge or buttonholed in place. If, however, you wish a quicker method, machine stitch close to the edge around the entire motif.

A Neck Touch.

A most becoming innovation was the narrow linen turnover collar, which folded back from the high collared tailored coats. None of the high collars met in the front—they extended only slightly farther forward than the ears—so the turnover collar of this season was worn behind instead of in front, and the effect was deliciously chic. Every street gown shown, save those with high fur collars, has its tiny hemstitched turnover.

DICTATES OF FASHION

Massive necklaces of cut jet are worn. Some of the new skirts are startlingly full. The collar retires to the back of the neck.

Waistcoat fashions still remain in vogue. The short skirt is exceedingly modish. The circular skirt is rapidly finding friends.

The strap slipper has danced itself into fashion. Fur coats fastened with a single button are in evidence.

A purple red, like raspberry, is on the season's color card. The preference continues for black velvet neck bands fastened with some sort of decorative neck ornament.

Mats for the Table.

Very useful, inexpensive table mats may be made from thick brown corrugated packing paper. Cut out the size and shape required, and use two thicknesses, placing the smooth surfaces back to back. Sew them firmly together at the edges, and cover them with muslin or any other washable fabric. The covers may be removed and washed when they become soiled.

Glove Hint.

Do not draw gloves too tightly over the nails. There is a tendency for the hands to settle into the gloves, so that if the gloves fit loosely over the nails in the beginning the length of service is prolonged. Even then the nails persist in wearing through the finger tips before the rest of the gloves wear out.



A tiny Japanese garden with sand path, outlined by diminutive shells, ending in a little red and black gate. There is an artificial cherry tree in full and perpetual bloom, and from the tree hang little lanterns and a cockatoo in a ring. A garden ornament of stone, another little tree, a metal turtle and three little porcelain figures finish the dainty picture.

cents each. There are little lamp posts and garden lanterns and there are bird houses set on wicket gates and

GIVE "LONG-WAISTED" EFFECT

Girdles and Bodices Are Being Artistically Cut to Meet the Demands of Fashion.

Cut-in-one girdles and bodices are manifestly the solution of how to seem to possess the long waist which careless Mother Nature has not bestowed. A model which may owe its creative idea to the overworked and short-lived reincarnated 1880 basque is of darkest green satin and tulle. The bodice of satin, running high at the back of the neck, crosses at the bust over a "modesty" of folded white tulle, and diagonally dropped to several inches below the waist, is fold-washed about the hips upon a jet-palette hand-trimmed and monkey fur-fringed overskirt of green tulle. The pelt fringe ends almost at the ankles upon a plain cut and moderately wide satin skirt, and more of the fur falls over the tops of the tulle elbow sleeves. There the monkey fringe edges three-cornered epaulets of jet-palleted net, which, pointing over the arm tops, go squarely across the base of the neck and provide an apology for a collar. Anyhow, it is the only one to which the bodice of this dainty, simple little afternoon frock can lay claim.

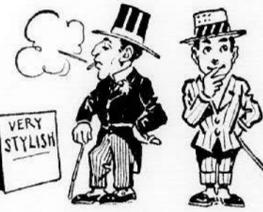
The Gate-Top Bag Again.

There is to be a revival of gate-top handbags in the spring. The prettiest models are in chiffon, velvet and other attractive fabrics. The collapsing tops are of gilt, nickel or gun metal, and the interiors are provided with shirred pockets and fittings.

TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

New York City Has Its Man Clothes Models

NEW YORK.—Not "Perfect 36's," but—"Fine collar type." "Excellent evening clothes pole." So athletic! And so on, and so on, is the way



the newest workers in our midst are spoken of. Meaning by that, the man clothes models.

Didn't know there were any, did you?

Well, there are. And what's more, there are a half dozen men at least right here in New York who do nothing else the year round but change from this suit of clothes to that; from this collar to another; from a nonchalant position at a motor wheel to an "all-quieter" stand at a tennis net, just so a camera man may take their picture first, and afterward an artist may turn the picture into a lithograph that advertises "Shoot-em Collars," "Knock-em-dead-in-a-minute Hats," "Neat and Natty Put-Me-Ons and Take-Me-Home Suits," and the like.

It was the head of the haberdashery department of one of our largest stores who gave away the secret of the model six—or six models, as you will.

"Are there man clothes models?" he repeated after his questioner. "Indeed there are, and they are a very valuable and important adjunct to the men's clothes shops. And particularly to the manufacturers of men's clothes."

"It has long since been found that real clothes shown on real people are the best advertisements for said clothes that can be found. Designers of women's costumes knew it all the time, but it is a comparatively new field for men."

"Being a man clothes model may be your idea of nothing at all to be, but don't imagine for a moment that it is the easiest job in the world to fill. We have found it far from easy to get the men who know exactly how to wear modish clothes in the way they should be worn."

Now, who says we men don't care a rap about what we wear?

He Fools His Chickens Into Laying More Eggs

CHICAGO.—George G. Newell is an auditor. Figures and statistics and chickens are his hobbies. Efficiency is his watchword. Back of his residence in Congress Park there is an inclosure 40 feet square in which he keeps what he calls his "150 egg machines." The "machines" belong to the feathered tribe known as White Leghorns. He expects and obtains eggs from these "machines" with the same regularity and accuracy as he does figures from an adding machine.

He says he has obtained 18,000 eggs from his "machines" in the last year, or an average of an egg every third day for each fowl, and expects to bring this average up to an egg every other day for each hen during 1915. All the hens are laying now and he sells the eggs for 50 cents a dozen. Mr. Newell attributes his success to the fact that his chickens live in two electric lighted coops, go to roost by electricity, and get up at the beck of 100 candlepower.

"I estimated they get about sixteen hours of daylight in midsummer and only about seven hours in midwinter. I decided to strike an average."

"I figured the whole problem out in black and white," said Mr. Newell. "I found that my chickens were not laying much in winter. They'd go to roost earlier in the winter months and get up later. I figured they didn't have sufficient daylight in which to eat the necessary amount of food and to get the required amount of exercise for good laying. I installed a 100 candlepower incandescent lamp in one chicken house and two 60 candlepower tungstens and a two candlepower lamp in the other. These I connected with switches in the house."

"As soon as the alarm clock goes off at six or a little after in the morning I turn on the switch and the chickens get up, thinking it is daylight. The lights are turned off at eight or eight-thirty, when it is full daylight and the neighbors' fowls are just arising."

Little Japanese Woman Overcomes Eight Policemen

LOS ANGELES.—Eight policemen with braced legs and defensive attitudes were torn from their footing and tossed into a pile by a 112-pound woman, Mrs. Sessu Hayawakawa (Tsuru Aoki) in a demonstration at police headquarters to show the efficiency of the jiu-jitsu system. As a result of the startling efficiency shown by the small Japanese expert in contest with the burliest of policemen Chief Sebastian has employed Sessu Hayawakawa to coach the members of the department in jiu-jitsu.

In the assembly room at Central police station the demonstration of his prowess was given by Mr. Hayawakawa. He asked four of the largest policemen present to attack him.

"Use your billies," he shouted as the four men bore down on him. A tangle of legs and arms, sliding, scraping and flying figures, and Hayawakawa was at the other end of the room, four billies were lying on the floor, and the four policemen were looking in different directions for their man.

"A woman can do it just as easily," the wrestler explained, and introduced his wife. Sergeant O'Brien, considered one of the strongest and quickest men in the department, was selected to strike her with the club. The lean brown arm of the woman struck. It caught the burly policeman in a trick hold and the club flew from the grasp. A jerk of her No. 2 shoe and a twist of her back and Sergeant O'Brien spilled over her, alighting on his back.

Then she stood the squad of eight men in line, told them to prepare themselves against an attack, and then, apparently, she fluttered past them. Sixteen heels left the floor in startling succession. The eight were in a pile and Mrs. Hayawakawa was at the other end of the room.

Walls of Mobile House Are Interlined With Honey

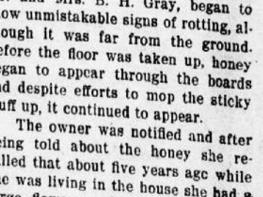
MOBILE, ALA.—This city has a real, sure-enough honey residence. It is at the corner of Kentucky and Marine streets, and carpenters say that the walls are practically interlined with honey.

Several weeks ago the flooring in the attic of the building, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Gray, began to show unmistakable signs of rotting, although it was far from the ground. Before the floor was taken up, honey began to appear through the boards and despite efforts to mop the sticky stuff up, it continued to appear.

The owner was notified and after being told about the honey she recalled that about five years ago while she was living in the house she had a large flower garden in the yard and that it attracted a colony of bees to the place. When the flowers were removed the bees also disappeared. The honey-makers had discovered an abandoned water spout and through this they gained access to the walls and beneath the weatherboarding, they proceeded to make pound after pound of honey.

A carpenter was summoned and on the orders of the owner he cut a hole in the side of the house and attempted to smoke the bees out. For his trouble he was stung several times. Between twenty-five and thirty pounds of honey was found near the hole and this was removed, but it is believed that several hundred pounds must be in other parts of the walls.

"The carpenters are of the opinion that a dozen or more colonies of bees inhabit the Gray home,



TO HIS SOUL-MATE AFFINITY

Traveling Man's Confession to His Wife Was of a Different Sort From the Ordinary.

Dear Girlie—Just in from Rochester and was a little disappointed at not finding a letter here from you. I know you are very busy dear, but this is a lonesome job at the best, and a line from a fellow's sweetheart brightens up the whole day.

Business is nothing exciting, owing to the season, and I find time to think of you once in a while, which is most of the while.

It gets kinder lonesome around here sometimes, and I sit by the window, stick up my feet, light my pipe and dream of you—and the kids and home, sweet home, and mighty pleasant dreams they are, too.

Say, I have been dreaming of an old sweetheart of mine today and was wishing I had her with me now.

She had a sweet, womanly face, deep blue eyes and wavy hair, a tall military girl, just the kind to make a fellow rave over.

Don't blame me for dreaming of this dear old sweetheart, for I can't help it. Confession is good for the soul, and I don't mind telling you I am dreaming of her all the time. I'm married now, but she is still my sweetheart and, what's more, she always will be, for to me there is nothing on earth half so precious.

I'm told it isn't wise to write to one's wife concerning old sweethearts, but I must confess that the one of my dreams is really the only one I ever had; the others were merely flames.

She is married now to a traveling man and every week I drop in at her home to see her. Don't be cross at me, dear. You see, she's my affinity.

Good-by, until Saturday.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FINED FOR GETTING MARRIED

Members of Many Organizations in the Old World Are Under Penalty to Defy Cupid.

There are certain sections and communities who penalize marriage and regard it in the light of a punishable offense.

It is the rule, for instance, at All Souls' college, Oxford, England, that a fellow forfeits his fellowship if when studying the classics he should take unto himself a wife. In such an event he must not only pay the penalty, but must also present his college with a memorial in the shape of a silver cup, with the further condition that on the cup shall be inscribed in Latin, "He backslid into matrimony."

Many readers have doubtless read of the Bachelors' club in London. When a member so far forgets the principles of the club as to marry he is promptly expelled.

There is a similar organization in Germany—the Jugessen club. Whenever there comes to the officials of this club any intimation that a member contemplates matrimony, he is immediately summoned for trial in the club court, with the president as judge. The culprit is allowed to plead in extenuation of his offense, and upon his skill in presenting such plea depends the amount of his fine, which ranges from £20 to £200.

Building the Kitchen Fire.

A good way to build a coal fire in a range is to crush paper and place it in the empty firebox, lightly placing on it finely split wood laid like lattice work. On this arrange a second layer of slightly larger kindling of hard wood. Replace the covers and light the paper from underneath. See that all dampers are open and checks closed.

When the wood begins to burn, which should be in about three minutes, add two shovelfuls of coal so placed as to rest on the burning wood. When this ignites add coal to fill the box to within one or two inches of the covers—never above the top of the oven, otherwise there will not be air space to cause a draft.

In a few minutes, usually about five, depending on the strength of the draft, close the smoke damper so as to send the heated air around the oven and up the chimney. Keep the lower draft open till the coal begins to look red in a few places, then close all drafts.

Dolls of Long Ago.

The prehistoric Peruvians, according to a writer in the Mothers' Magazine, had pieces of bone wrapped in cloth, a male doll being identified by the blanket over his shoulders, the female by a petticoat.

Horace makes mention of the stick horses of the Roman children. Missals of the middle ages picture little people still astride such makeshift steeds, and the ordinary riding horse of the ordinary child remained a stick with a horse head until late in the seventeenth century. One hundred years later we find horse forms with curtains around them, so that the child may run on his own legs beneath the sheltering drapery, just as clowns in the circus do today.

Knew All About It.

In a certain small town an old minister was in the habit of paying unexpected calls at the school, and putting the pupils through a little examination. On one such occasion he asked the class if there were any prophets nowadays. This was a poser to the majority, but one bright little fellow eagerly held up his hand. "Well, my boy, are there any prophets?" asked the minister. "Yes, sir," was the answer. "My father says that there are small profits and quick returns."

VARIED DIET FOR CATTLE

In Several Parts of the World the Feeding of Fish and Mutton Has Proved of Benefit.

The use of fish and mutton as food for cattle is, it seems, not uncommon in certain parts of the world. Dry, salt fish is fed to cattle, sheep and horses in Shetland and Iceland. The cattle kept for displays of strength at the village festivals in certain sections of Madras are prepared for the show upon a diet of mutton. And in the same section bandicoots (the two-foot-long India rats) are also often ground up into stock food. Over sixty years ago experiments were carried out at Rothamsted, the great English agricultural experiment station, in raising pigs upon a diet of dried Newfoundland codfish.

The Madras fisheries bureau has recently conducted similar experiments upon heifers. In this case controls were maintained in the shape of an equal lot of heifers fed on a vegetable diet. At the end of six months it was found that the fish-fed heifers had increased 54 pounds in weight, whereas the controls on a normal diet showed a 70-pound increase. From which it seems to follow that, as a fattening ration for cattle, meat is not desirable. The director of the Madras station suggests, however, that in regions where fish are plentiful and low in price the surplus might to advantage be used as a stock food. It requires a little time and patience to educate the cattle to the new food, but once this is accomplished they consume it with apparent relish.

POETRY AT SLUMBER TIME

Right Kind of Reading Will Compose the Mind for Proper and Satisfying Rest.

An exchange recommends the reading of a fine soul-felt poem before retiring for the night's rest. It tends to compose the soul and put it in harmony with the truth and goodness of things. A novel will not do that, nor a newspaper, nor anything that sets the mind in a flutter. Reading a poem—one of the good old kind that goes into the heart and has a nice time there, is like floating down a quiet stream, past the fragrance of mowers and the song of the birds. Never had that experience, eh? Now, very shiftless, indeed!

Did you ever try reading "Snow-Bound" on an evening when the snow was piling up the "silent deep and white?" Well, try it, when the weather allows. Whittier will give one something for any evening, Tennyson's Idyls are a little more urgent, but they are as tranquillizing as a gentle arm around you. Wordsworth is great, but takes too much thought; Browning, too, and Lowell, but Longfellow not so much. But as easy as smiling is the humorous kind, like Riley. But there are hundreds of poems floating about as sweet as a bush of roses. Take them in and read them before going to bed.

Grow Trees in Bottles.

Run a stout piece of thread through the middle of an acorn and suspend it by the thread half way in a bottle. Drop in a few pieces of charcoal and fill the bottle with water until the water almost touches the acorn. Cover the mouth of the bottle with paper and stand it in a warm room. In time the acorn will sprout, producing roots that will feed upon the water, and finally a stem and leaves will appear. Replenish the water from time to time and change it occasionally. This is a splendid object lesson for children.

When well rooted the oak can be potted in a small pot and grown as a house plant. The leaves will drop in the autumn, when water should be withheld. Early in the spring knock the ball of earth from the pot, carefully removing the old soil, shorten the roots by cutting with a sharp knife and replot in a slightly larger pot. In this manner the oak can be grown as a miniature for years.

Birth of the Needle.

When the idea occurred to some prehistoric man of putting a hole through the butt end of a sharp bone bodkin, or stylet, such as we know that the Aurignacians were already accustomed to use, and of thrusting a string through the hole in order that it might be drawn into the perforations of the garment, the needle was born, from youthful human genius, and so well born that it has undergone no essential improvement in all the countless ages that have since rolled away. Look at one of these prehistoric bone needles in some archaeological collection and you will better appreciate the merit of that unknown but glorious Aurignacian Edison, whose highest thought, perhaps, was to please and delight his wife!

Way Out of Difficulty.

Alice was paying a visit to her grandfather, whom she dearly loved. The morning after her arrival she entered the dining room with a small rosebud in her hand, remembering her grandfather's habit of always wearing a buttonier. Beside her grandfather at the breakfast table was seated a young uncle of whom she stood in not a little awe because of his merciless teasing. "Good morning, Alice," said her grandfather as she appeared, "who is the rose for?" "She will give it to the one she loves the best," said her uncle in a shrug's voice. Just an instant the little girl hesitated, then looking from one to the other, she said, "Wait, I'll get another."