

The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery
Their Care and Cultivation



White House Orchids—This Building Is Devoted to Prize Orchids for the President and Family.

TOO MUCH WATER KILLS PLANTS

By LIMA R. ROSE.

More plants in the window garden are killed every year by overwatering than in any other way. Some persons labor under the delusion that water must be applied daily, and the consequence is their plants are literally drowned out, unless they happen to have the best drainage.

Others go on the "little-and-often" plan—that is, they apply water in small quantities whenever they happen to think of it.

The result is the surface of the soil is kept moist and from this the owner takes it for granted that the soil beneath must be properly damp.

Nine times out of ten examination will show that an inch or two below the surface the soil is dry. Of course the roots of the plants cannot do their work under such conditions. The plant soon sickens and eventually dies and the owner wonders what caused the trouble.

Now, in watering plants several things have to be considered. First, the nature of the plant. Some like a good deal of water, others only a moderate amount.

Second, the soil. A close, loamy soil dries out slowly, therefore it will not require as frequent or as large applications as a light porous soil from which moisture evaporates rapidly.

Third, location and exposure must be taken into consideration. Plants in the sun or a very warm place, will need a good deal more water than those in full or partial shade or a low temperature.

Fourth, the size of the pot must be reckoned with. The soil in a large pot will not dry out for two or three days, but the soil in a small pot will become quite dry every day.

Fifth, a dormant plant requires but little water. It is not in a condition to make use of much water and an oversupply of it will surely result in harm. When the plant begins to grow then increase the quantity and proportion this to the development made.

All these things must receive due consideration by the amateur who would know how to care for his or her plants intelligently.

Study them. Experiment with them. In this way you soon become familiar with the individuality of each one and you will be able to give to each the care it needs.

We are often asked for some rules for watering plants. It is impossible to make any rule that can be followed strictly.

The only rule I have ever been able to give is this: When the surface of the soil looks dry, water. Use enough to thoroughly saturate all the soil in the pot.

You can tell about this by the es-

cape of some at the bottom of the pot. Then wait until the dry look appears on the surface again and apply water as before.

But, as I have said, one will have to modify this rule to fit the conditions. It is a general rule, subject to such change as may appear necessary to the intelligent plant grower, who does not believe in treating all the plants exactly alike.

Give fertilizers to growing plants only. A plant standing still needs none and will be injured by the applications of the food it is not in condition to make use of.

WORK ON THE LAWN

How are the lawn and home grounds in general? Are they all that should make summer home life enjoyable and a pleasing sight to the passer-by?

If the lawn is patchy and bare in spots, keep on seeding it the whole summer through; the seed will finally catch and fill up the bare places.

White clover is a fine lawn plant, but many find that it dies out after a few years. White clover, as all the clovers, is a biennial, completely dying after the second year. If the lawn is kept closely clipped, white clover seed should be sown each fall or spring to insure a permanent stand.

The same result may be secured by not mowing in the fall, allowing the plants to blossom and seed.

PLAN FOR BEAUTY

Plan for beauty, then work unceasingly for the plan.

Let your light shine in the back yard, that there shall be nothing hidden.

Have grass and shrubbery in the back, rather than rubbish.

Some of the prettiest things in the way of plants, vines and shrubs should be in sight of the kitchen window.

Hardy azaleas are among our most brilliant, hardy shrubs.

All the spreas, herbaceous or shrub, are beautiful and hardy.

Let your kitchen window be a picture frame. Let the picture frame be green things growing.

Let the green things be something beside burdock, jimson weeds or cockle burs.

Plant to screen the ugly views from the back door. Vines will do it.

Get a root of the trumpet-creeper from the woods and plant it in the back yard.

Set a strong stake beside it, and keep the vine cut back until the "shrub" habit is formed. It is beautiful.

The trumpet-creeper will not spread unless you cut its roots. When you do you won't have to import any more,



All the Spreas, Herbaceous and Shrub, Are Beautiful and Hardy.

ONLY NEED MAKE UP MIND

"Where There's a Will There's a Way" is True When It Comes to Owning a Home.

When a city is crowded by increasing population and when property valuations and taxation rates are rising, rents advance, not gradually, not always proportionately to either demand or to increasing expenses of the landlord, comments the Detroit Free Press. Presently the renter finds himself paying a sum in monthly rent entirely disproportionate to his total income. Usually this brings a domestic financial stringency, all the more felt when necessities in food and clothing are also advancing in price.

The renter in such circumstances finds himself on a three-pronged dilemma: He can go on paying high rents and expenses, thus using up his income and failing to lay anything for emergencies, sickness or old age. Or he can buy a home on the popular contract plan if he possesses enough in savings to make the first payment of 10 or 20 per cent of the purchase price. Or he can buy a cheap lot far out and begin building his home piecemeal, a room or two at a time.

Most persons prefer to buy the ready-made home. Building one's own home is labor and tribulation and expenses, seen and unforeseen. And modern folk are content to avoid tribulation by as wide a margin as may be possible. But the person without available funds to make a first payment of 10 or 20 per cent must be content to see income consumed by outgo or turn to the task of creating a home a bit at a time.

And this can be done. It is being done. Success is more frequent than failure in these attempts, too. The man without a nest-egg of money can get a lot, can build a kitchen, then a bedroom, then another room, until he at last possesses a home of his own if he will endure hardships with patience, if he will arouse the spirit slumbering within, the spirit which led his forefathers to wilderness conquests. "Where there's a will there's a way"—even though it sometimes is a way beset with thorns. And he who conquers hardships has something real on which to congratulate himself.

TOUCHED HEARTS OF SEAMEN

Sailor Tells of Deep Regret Felt When German Cruisers Were Forced to Sink a Ship.

Mucke's account of the manner of sinking a prize is exceedingly graphic, with all its Teutonic exactness. "It is a queer feeling for a seaman to see a ship sinking, and we who were used to helping each ship in need were always touched by it. The destroying was usually done in this way: We went down to the engine room and removed the covers of pipes leading outside. In rushed the water in jets as high as a man. The water-tight door of the boiler room was then opened, to allow that compartment to be flooded. If there was cause for haste, other holes were opened by explosives. For a time the ship would rock back and forth as if it did not know exactly how to behave. Always deeper and deeper it sank, until the upper deck touched the water.

"Then it acted like a body taking its last breath. The bow went down first, the masts struck the water and the screws were raised in the air. The funnels blew out the last smoke and coal dust; for an instant the ship stood on end, and then shot down to the depths like a heavy stone. After half a minute greetings from the depths would begin to arrive. Long pieces of wood came up vertically, like an arrow, jumping several yards in the air. In the end the place where the ship sank was marked by a large oil spot and a few smashed boats, beams, life preservers and the like. Then it was time for the Emden to make for the next mastop."—Lewis R. Freeman, in the Atlantic.

Burning Gas Through Ice.

An interesting scene was witnessed on a skating lake near a western city. White spruce resembling air bubbles were noticed in the ice, and one of the skaters bored a hole into such a bubble and applied a match to it, whereupon a flame burst out at the surface. Further experiments showed that when a small hole was bored down to the bubble a long, thin jet of flame could be obtained, which would last for a considerable time. The bubbles were due to accumulations of marsh gas, formed by the decomposition of vegetable matter at the bottom of the lake.

Russian Newspapers.

There are said to be about 300 daily newspapers in European Russia. The Russian press is fairly free on all but political subjects. On these it has to exercise considerable circumspection in regard to what it prints, but not to the degree generally supposed, however.

Spruce for Aeroplanes.

Great Britain and France have spent more than a million dollars for 18,000,000 feet of spruce wood from Washington and Oregon for making aeroplanes, according to Robert B. Allen of the West Coast Lumbermen's association in an address to the students in Journalism at the University of Washington.

Not He!

She—If you had a million dollars what would you do the first year?
He—I wouldn't live that long.

HISTORIC CRIMES and MYSTERIES



THE IRON JUDGE OF MALTA.

One night, 200 years ago, Judge Cambo of Malta sat by his bedroom window gazing out upon the sleeping town, which was bathed in brilliant moonlight. Had Judge Cambo not been sitting by his window that night, his name would never have been known outside the island of Malta, which is about eight miles wide and seventeen long; but he couldn't sleep well that night, for one reason or another, so he took his seat by the window, and eventually became known all over the world, or wherever lawyers congregate. Thus we see upon what a small peg destiny sometimes hangs.

There is no doubt that Judge Cambo was a man of integrity and ability. Some even hold that he had a conscience. In his youth he was considered sentimental and went so far, upon occasion, as to write poetry. But he took up the study of the law quite early, and the law became an infatuation with him. As the years went on he became saturated with it, so that it took full possession of his soul and mind. He judged everything in the earth and the waters under the earth by his Maltese law, which was somewhat different from that now prevailing, as the island then was under the dominion of the Knights of St. John. In the mind of Judge Cambo, though he perhaps wouldn't have confessed it, justice was a small thing as compared with the law. If justice and the law could be made to walk comfortably along the same road, well and good;



"Presently the Baker Beheld the Corpse, and Stood Looking at it, as Though Dazed."

otherwise, the law had the right of way, and justice must scratch for itself.

So Judge Cambo sat at his window, in the soft Mediterranean night, and as he looked into the street beneath him he saw one man stab another. The wounded man, who had been flying for his life, reeled and fell. At this moment the murderer's cap fell off, and his face was fully exposed to the judge. The judge and the assassin stared at each other for a moment, and then the latter replaced his cap, threw away the sheath of his knife and ran. The learned jurist sat at his window, gazing calmly at the dead man. An ordinary man might have raised an alarm, but the judge did nothing. It is possible that he was raking through his mind for a law that would fit the case.

The night wore on and morning was approaching, and the judge remained at his window. Then a baker came into the street, carrying his loaves for distribution. Presently the baker beheld the corpse, and stood looking at it, as though dazed. Then he saw the sheath of the knife, picked it up and examined it and put it in his pocket. Then panic overtook him and he ran, but just at that moment policemen came around the corner and seized him. The unfortunate baker was led away to prison and the judge, calm and serene, lay down for a few lines of slumber.

In due season the baker was brought up for trial in the criminal court, and the presiding judge at that court was Cambo. He had come to the conclusion, after ruminating over all the law he had absorbed in the course of his career, that he had no right to act from his own private knowledge in a matter brought before him in his official capacity. Learned writers, discussing the case, have said that he

acted conscientiously, and a few have expressed their belief that he acted properly. Such is the reverence for law.

The baker came up for trial, a wretched and terrified man. The police had a strong case against him. He was arrested just as he was leaving the corpse, and he had the sheath of a dagger or stiletto in his pocket. But as the case wore on it became apparent that the evidence wasn't conclusive enough, and there was a probability that the accused would be acquitted.

Then this marvelous Judge Cambo used every endeavor to make the baker confess the crime. He threatened and entreated, but the accused persisted in declaring his innocence. So Judge Cambo ordered him to the torture and he was stretched upon the rack. For a time he stuck to his claim of innocence, but when the agony became intolerable he confessed to the crime which he had never committed, and Judge Cambo looked on, calm and inscrutable, and wrote down the racker man's confession as it came from his blood-flecked lips. Surely there never was a more zealous public official than Judge Cambo!

The judge was now quite satisfied. The prisoner had been proved guilty according to the law, and there was nothing further to do except to sentence the man to death, which the judge did with much feeling, rebuking him mildly for trying to obstruct the course of justice by refusing to confess. So the unfortunate baker was taken forth from the jail upon a lowering day and done to death by the executioner.

He was buried down by the sea, near where St. Paul was shipwrecked once upon a time, and the grass grew over him, and his memory became dim in the haunts of men. The years passed on, and Judge Cambo often sat by his window and gazed at the sleeping town, and if ghosts troubled him he gave no sign. The whole island admired and revered him as a saint-like man, who respected the law above all things except religion. The judge was growing old among his honors and dignities when an untoward thing happened.

In another part of the island a man was tried and convicted of a capital crime, and when he saw that doom was written against his name he made full confession of various evil things he had done in his sinful career. Among other things, he confessed that he was the murderer of the man for whose death the baker was tortured and executed. He narrated all the circumstances of the murder, down to the smallest detail, and cited the judge as a witness. He knew that the judge had seen the murder, for, as he was



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plunging his knife into the victim's body, he happened to see the judge at the window, and the judge was looking straight at him.

The grand master of the knights now called upon the judge for an explanation and Cambo quietly admitted that the man's story was strictly true. But he argued that he had only done his duty; that it was quite proper to send a man to an ignominious death rather than to violate the sacred law as he understood it. The judge was sentenced to the forfeiture of his office and to public degradation, and was ordered to turn over his worldly assets to the family of his victim. He lived a few years, shunned and hated as much as he formerly was admired and respected, and with the knowledge that his name was a hissing all over the world.

Decorations for Women.

Foreign countries are most prodigal of feminine decorations. There are in all some 20 foreign orders, and it is said that Spain was the first country to honor the gentler sex by including them in orders of chivalry. The Legion of Honor, which has been pinned to not a few feminine breasts in the present war, the Russian Order of St. Catherine, and the Austrian Star Cross are a few of the greater orders which can be accorded to women. In no country does the decoration bestowed on a woman carry any title, as in the case of a masculine knighthood, but in several countries certain female decorations bestow a sort of status equivalent to rank in the army.

Contrariness.

"When a girl promises to marry a man, Miss Ginger, isn't it a sure proof that she loves him?"
"Not at all. She might do it just to spite another man."

The DAIRY



UDDER DEVELOPMENT OF COW

Sufficient Importance Not Placed on Dairy Characteristics by Dairy Cattle Owners.

Many owners of dairy cattle do not place sufficient importance on the purely dairy characteristics of the animals they keep and breed. One of the points often overlooked is udder development, although it would seem that this would be the first thing an intelligent dairyman would look for in the selection of a cow. While an occasional cow with a small, ill-shaped udder will give a good quantity of milk, such animals are merely the exceptions which prove the rule that good dairy cows should show good development of the milk organs.

The good udder is large but does not display its size by hanging in a



Fine Type of Dairy Cow.

low inverted conical shape. Such an udder does not add to the beauty and symmetry of the animal and too often its dangling, swaying motion in travel is a source of irritation. It cannot possibly be expected to give as good results as a blocky compact udder of equal size in each quarter and extending well to the front and rear. The teats should be of sufficient size to be grasped firmly while milking. They should be set squarely on the quarter and be of cylindrical rather than conical shape. The cow with a low hanging bag and conical-shaped teats is not a choice animal to milk and it will usually be found that she does not do well at the pail.

Parentage has much to do with the conformity of the cow's udder, and while the sire will influence this characteristic to a certain extent the function of the udder is not after his nature and the dam will have to be depended upon largely to perpetuate proper form in this regard. Practical experience will prove that a heifer calf will ordinarily have in a marked degree the external milk organ characteristics of her dam. It is therefore doubly desirable that in the selection of breeding stock close attention be paid to the udder development.

VARIETY OF FEEDS FOR CALF

When Animal Is Four Weeks Old It Can Get Along Without Milk—Gruel Answers Purpose.

After a calf is four weeks old it can get along very well on little or no milk if you are short. Make a gruel out of a variety of feeds, say cornmeal, oil meal, middlings, bran, ground oats; mix them all together and cook a kettle of it, having about the consistency of gruel. At first feed a pint of this in three quarts of warm water, increase to a quart of the gruel.

In addition, give the calf clover hay and ensilage if you have it; in fact, any roughage you happen to have. Also begin to feed it cornmeal and ground oats as soon as it will eat.

SUMMER WORK IN THE DAIRY

Nothing More Unpleasant Than Pastures are Short and the Flies are Troublesome.

At no time of the year is dairying more unpleasant work than during the time when pastures are short and the flies are troublesome.

Now is the time when it pays to have supplemental forage crops and to darken the stables and keep the cows inside during the hottest part of the day. The cold weather during the winter is less difficult to contend with than the hot sun and flies during the summer.

COWS REQUIRE MUCH WATER

Animals Should Have Access to Supply at Least Twice Daily—Well Water Is Best.

Milking cows require a much larger quantity of water than is necessary for growing animals. They should have access to a good clean water supply at least twice a day. The best supply is well water pumped into a tank or trough, failing this a running stream is best.