BULBS FOR THE WINDOW DISPLAY

Although winter and spring flowering bulbous plants, such as hyacinths, tulips and daffodils, are so easily grown in pots, yet their culture by the home gardener is not taken up to the extent they deserve.

The flowers are in the dry bulb when purchased, and all that is necessary is to place them in soil in pots and put away in a cool place until they are well rooted; then on bringing them into a heated room, preferably a sunny window, every bulb will in due course send forth its buds.

Neither greenhouse nor garden is required to assist us in growing these beautiful flowers in pots or bowls, and there is little risk of failure, provided that a few simple rules are observed. To get the best out of our winter-flowering bulbs it is well to make an early start and so obtain abundant root formation before attempting to force them into bloom. It cannot, indeed, be too strongly impressed upon the grower that to pot them up and then place the pots in a warm room is simply courting failure. The pots must be stored where it is dark and cool, thus following the bulbs' natural habit of growth as when planting them deeply in the open ground.

The hyacinth is the favorite and most dependable of our winter-flowering bulbous plants when grown in the house. The most suitable compost for potting is made by using two-thirds of good turfy loom, very old dry manure that can be rubbed through a fine sieve and a little sand. To this may be added charcoal broken up quite small. Instead of manure, leaf mold may be substituted, or good garden soil may be used instead.

The soil should be used in a somewhat dry state to make the work of potting pleasant, and herein lies the advantage of preparing the compost some time before it is required. If old pots are to be used, they should be washed, scrubbed quite clean and allowed to dry before potting begins. The size most suitable for a single hyacinth bulb is a pot five inches in diameter. A six-inch size will hold three bulbs.

Planting the Bulbs.

Place a good piece of crock—broken flower pot—over the hole at the bottom of the pot, then fill the same with the compost loosely. A hole is then made for the bulb, scooping it out with the fingers, but not so deep that the bulb is entirely covered. The top is left above the soil. When in position press the soil down, but not too firmly.

When potting is completed give them a thorough soaking with water before placing in the dark. If the compost was very dry, it may be necessary to repeat the watering two or three times to make sure that the soil is thoroughly wet in the bottom of the pot. The pots are now put away in the dark for six or eight weeks, when they are gone over and those in a forward state of growth are removed to a cool room and placed in subdued light.

As the pots are thoroughly watered when stored, no further moisture is needed until they are removed, when care must be taken that the soil never becomes dry. When in the warm living room it may be necessary to water them at least once a day. With two or three dozen pots of hyacinths to draw upon and by bringing two or more pots to the light at intervals of seven days the season of bloom may be extended for several weeks.

Daffodils or narcissuses are indispensable to our collection of spring-flowering window plants; their bright yellow, white or lemon-colored dainty blossoms are unrivaled by all other spring blossoms. The bulbs must be well rooted before attempting to force them, for if introduced to heat before a strong root system has been completed blind flowers will be the result.

A Fascinating Way of Growing.

A most fascinating way of growing bulbs is to plant them in fibre. All that is required is a dark cool room, a supply of good bulbs, fibre and some bowls in which to grow them, and later a light window.

The bowls and vases used must be non-porous and without holes in the bottom, so that they may be arranged in the home without fear of damage to tables or other furniture. The most suitable sizes are from four and one-half to twelve inches in diameter and from three to five inches deep.

The peat or moss fibre to use in the bowls is a mixture of fibre, charcoal and finely broken shell. No drainage is required, but place several pieces of charcoal at the bottom of each bowl to absorb excessive moisture, and also to sweeten the mixture. Over the charcoal spread two or three inches of the fibre. Moisten it if it is at all dry, but it must not be soaked.

The bulbs are now placed in position on the fibre, and more of the fibre is worked in between the bulbs with the fingers; it must be gently pressed, but beware of making it too firm. Small bulbs, such as crocuses, scillas and snowdrops, should be covered with the fibre, whereas hyacinths, tulips and daffodils are not quite covered; allow the tips of the bulbs to show above the surface. The bowl is filled to within half an inch of the top with fibre, thus allowing ample space for watering.

The bowls are first stored in a dark but perfectly cool place, but from which frost is excluded. Here they remain for from six to eight or even ten weeks, depending upon the growth and also the kind of bulb. Examine the bowls once a week; if the fibre appears dry water must be supplied, but excessive moisture at this stage may lead to decay. If the fibre appears to be too dry tilt the bowl to drain off the superfluous moisture. When growth is well advanced and the bulbs are brought to the light, water will be given more abundantly.

We laugh heartily to see a whole flock of sheep jump because one did so. Might not one imagine that superior beings do the same, and for exactly the same reason?—Greville.

Hercule Lummis of Wyebridge, Ontario, is the envy of the other boys of his town, because of his pet red deer, which he has tamed and cared for since the animal was very young.

The Kremlin.

Peter the Great hated Moscow, and above all, that stronghold of intrigue and crime, the Kremlin. He was raised there as a child, but he never lived there in his mature years. When the great Napoleon captured Moscow in 1812, or rather when the desperate Russians fired the city and left him to camp among its ruins, the Kremlin still stood, and the emperor, always a trifle theatrical, insisted on sleeping in the bed of Peter the Great. It was a boy's bed, in a small and stuffy room and very damp, but Napolelon curled up in it, looking anything but dignified. The next morning he was asked how he slept and what he dreamed. "I did not dream," he replied, gruffly, "but I caught a confounded cold."

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME

3,500 MILES IN THE ARCTIC

Three thousand five hundred miles on foot across frozen land and frozen sea, the discovery of two new lands, meals of boiled sealskin and ox-hide, wading for miles through icy lakes of water above a solid sea-top, and finally to be "marooned" on an Arctic island and dramatically rescued—with the thermometer sometimes down to 50 below zero, and blizzards blowing—such are some of the features of Harold Noice's "With Stefansson in the Arctic."

Noice joined Stefansson, and this relief expedition to Wrangel Island last year, was nineteen when he went in the whaler that discovered the "lost" Stefansson on Banks Island in 1915—Stefansson, the head of the Canadian Arctic Expedition, who, when his ship was crushed in the ice, calmly set off northward ho! with two companions across the frozen Beaufort Sea, intending to live on what he could find!

Sleeping in Snow Huts.

The world gave him up for dead, while he was in fact discovering Borden Island.

Noice joined Stefansson, tand this book is the record of two years' exploration with Stefansson hundreds of miles north of the Arctic Circle, living mainly on seal and caribou, and sleeping in snow huts.

By the time he was twenty-one Noice had done more than 2,200 miles by sledge and dog-team. He had been the first man to set foot on Meighen Island—away north of where Franklin and his crew perished.

Stefansson took possession of this land in the name of the King on behalf of the Dominion of Canada. This was on June 15th, 1916. There were three men on the trip.

The return from Meighen Island took them across an area previously reported as land, but this supposed land they found "buried under some hundred fathoms of salt water." They found themselves "out at sea on nearly impassable ice."

Next year—1917—Noice went with Stefansson still farther north across the frozen sea—about level with the top of Greenland—and the little party barely escaped disaster.

Encased in Ice for Seventy Years.

Later a wonderful thing happened. They came to Dealy Island, off Melville Island, and saw a pole sticking up from a pyramid of rocks. Near it was the depot left in 1853 by Captain Kellett, of the Franklin Search Expedition!

"Great oaken barrels, three tiers deep, stood cased in snow and ice. We opened some of the barrels. Some contained heavy wool sweaters; others fine brass-buttoned, scarlet-colored, and satin lined broadcloth pea-jackets; others had brightly-colored, fancifully-designed mittens. There were barrels of long leather sea-boots, felt shoes, knitted underwear."

Why is Lightning Forked?

Science recognizes several kinds of lightning, although authorities differ as to whether some types are not identical and merely appear different because of the peculiarities of human vision.

Forked lightning is the most common type. The irregular path of the discharge is believed to be due to the pressure of solid particles and electrical charges that make a jagged course along the path of least resistance. Sheet lightning, which illuminates large areas of the sky, is believed to be merely the reflection of forked lightning from a distance.

The majority of victims of lightning are not killed instantly. They are merely stunned, and can be revived by the application of artificial respiration and the other first-aid measures commonly employed in cases of drowning and asphyxiation.

Most of the exceptionally tall structures of the world have been struck by lightning more than once, but have escaped damage because the lightning has been carried harmlessly to the ground by lightning-rods. The Eiffel Tower in Paris has been struck many times without damage, despite the belief that lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

A single flash of lightning concentrates many times more energy than could be produced at one instant by all the power plants in the world.

In Line With Her Wish.

Fussy Patient—"I felt so ill that I wanted to die, doctor."

Doctor—"Ah, then you were perfectly right to send for me."

Many people claim that their corns warn them of weather changes. But probably the corn is merely registering change in the shoe leather. This varies with the amount of moisture in the air. A 2 per cent. change from normal either way is all the average foot can stand without discomfort.

Gold was probably the first metal to be used by man. Metallic gold was found in the beds of streams. It was used for ornaments before any other metal was discovered. The first metal put to practical use was copper, made into knives and other implements at least 6,000 years ago.

Stories About Well-Known People

The Home-Maker.

"The greatest work in the world," is how Miss Margaret Bondfield, M.P., describes home-making.

"Some women," she said recently, seem to think that it is better to be an architect or a doctor than a home-maker. I hold entirely the contrary view. It is the duty of women to build up the life of the family around them. I have no patience with women who leave their husbands and children more or less to themselves while they seek outside work because it is more intellectual. Home and children need the greatest intellectual effort in the world."

Miss Bondfield is one of the most interesting women of the day. As Secretary to the Ministry of Labor she is the first woman to hold a Ministerial post in Britain. She was once a shop-assistant.

Painleve and His Trunk.

Paul Painleve, president of the French Chamber of Deputies, has a reputation for being absent-minded which would seem to be justified by a recent incident at the local railroad station.

M. Painleve came to Harve to attend the Franco-Belgian commemorative ceremonies. He was on the train, ready to return to Paris, when he announced that his trunk was missing. He had his several valises, but no trunk.

The train was held fifteen minutes, while all the station crew searched for the missing luggage. Then M. Painleve called the station-master aside:

"Don't wait any longer; I have just remembered that I did not bring a trunk."

Comparing Notes.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the famous journalist and parliamentarian, once wadered away from his native haunts, and, finding himself in a golfing country, looked up the local club secretary and asked for a game. The secretary obligingly discovered and introduced him to an old gentleman, and a game was arranged.

As they drew near the first tee the visitor remarked:

"I'm a four man. What are you?"

"I'm a grocer," replied the old gentleman.

Lying Down to Fly.

To lie luxuriously on soft cushions and thus pilot your own small air machine is the latest possibility in aerial flight.

Tiny air-cars are being designed and are to be tested in flight, in which the narrow body, with wings on either side, accommodates just one occupant, lying prone. This will enable the tiny engine to drive the machine more swiftly through the air than would be possible with th air-resistance set up if a body was provided big enough for the pilot to assume the ordinary sitting position.

Perfect comfort will, it is claimed, be assured by a sofa-like reclining frame. On this the pilot, enclosed in his miniature machine, will lie face-downward, looking outwards through a front window or sideways and downwards through other little windows.

Not What He Meant.

A man complained bitterly of the conduct of his son. He related at length to an old friend all the young man's escapades.

"You should speak to him with firmness and recall him to his duty," said the friend.

"But he pays not the least attention to what I say. He listens only to the advice of fools. I wish you would talk to him."

The window is shown in the church at York Factory which was presented by Lady Franklin as a memorial to her husband and a token of gratitude to those who took part in the search for him after his last fateful voyage.

Modest Mouth-Organ of Physical Benefit.

The little harmonica—or mouth-organ as it is known to most people in Canada—has been adding to its laurels of late. Newspaper dispatches and illustrations appearing in our papers have been telling of numerous celebrities who have recently fallen prey to the alluring tonal beauty of this modest little musical instrument.

But the reason for such popularity is not hard to seek. It can be summed up in fourteen words—"The mouth-organ is simple to play and is capable of giving forth wondrous music."

Those who are skeptical of the place played by the mouth-organ in health, need only read what Paul V. Winslow, M.D., the famous ear, nose and throat specialist, of Brooklyn, N.Y., has to say.

"Since my conversion to the cause of the harmonica," he states, "I have experimented very extensively with this instrument to establish its value as a therapeutic agent. I have ascertained that the harmonica is a most effective agent in developing the chest and respiratory organs, and in anaemic children and adults a programme of regular practice with the mouth organ, which develops breathing, results in aeration of the blood and tones the system generally. The development of the breathing power, which can be obtained most effectively through the harmonica, is an important factor in building up the body. In practically every form of exercise deep inhaling and exhaling are striven for, and this is exactly what you get in playing the harmonica. Therefore the hygienic results are most satisfactory.

"Another important point is that the patient does it along the lines of least resistance. He is interested in learning to play the harmonica. He is greatly encouraged in his playing because anyone can master this tiny instrument and become a proficient artist after just a few lessons."

Great Sportsmanship.

A sportsman with a wonderful power of imagination was telling how at one shot he had bagged two partridges and a rabbit. His explanation was that, though he had hit only one partridge, the bird in falling had clutched at another partridge and brought that to earth in its claws.

"But how about the rabbit?" he was asked.

"Oh," was the calm reply, "my gun kicked and knocked me over, and I fell on the rabbit as it ran past."

They Had a Road Map.

"I haven't got much faith in these newfangled doctors," said Jim Blivvers, the blacksmith.

"Why not?" asked the neighbor whose horse was being shod.

"Well, to-day," said Jim, "me doctor told me to take pills for me heart, tablets for me stomach, capsules for me kidneys and pellets for me liver—an' what puzzles me is, how do these durn things know where to go when they get inside."

The great herring season, with its wealth of picturesque detail, has opened in England and the fishing trawlers are working twenty-four hours a day harvesting their famous sea crop.