For the Boys and Girls

FEEDING PUPPIES.

Puppies should be weaned between the fourth and fifth weeks. When they are about three weeks old, get them round a shallow dish of milk, which has first been scalded, with a little sugar added. Allow them to have it when it is just warm. For the fun, dip their noses into it. That which adheres about the muzzles will be licked off by the little fellows, giving them a taste. After a few lessons they will soon lap eagerly.

At first each puppy should not be allowed more than a teaspoonful twice a day. At the beginning of the fourth week a tablespoonful of milk or soup thickened with stale bread or toast may be given twice daily for the next three days. During this time the mother must be allowed to visit them as often as she chooses. After the third day a tablespoonful more may be added to their meals at every second or third day, gradually substituting soup or broth for the milk.

Between the fifth and sixth weeks, the mother should not be allowed to return to the puppies more than two or three times a day. Between these visits, at regular periods, they should have their milk or broth. Five or six days later the mother should be allowed with the puppies only at night, and then they must be given two extra meals to make up for her absence. Three or four days later the mother may be removed altogether. The puppies must then be fed lightly every third hour, beginning the very first thing in the morning and giving the last feeding at about nine o'clock at night.

The meals may now be varied so as to contain toast, well-boiled rice, oatmeal and broth, gradually adding well-boiled meat and vegetables of all kinds, except potatoes—which are the hardest of all vegetables for the dog to digest. Remember that a mixed diet is the very best that can be fed during the life of the dog.

When the puppies are ten weeks old the number of meals may gradually be reduced to four, and when five months old to three a day. When one year old he should be fed twice a day, giving a light meal at morning, and the principal meal at night.

Feed puppies little and often, give a nutritious diet and plenty of exercise, and you will have strong healthy dogs.

Small bones, such as chicken bones, that are inclined to splinter, should never be given, as they are apt to cause trouble by lacerating the stomach or intestines.

The dog should have plenty of fresh water at all times, and the container must be kept in a shaded place, not left out where the sun will shine upon it.

WORKING AND WINNING.

The boy who works is the boy who wins. Nine times out of ten, all other things being equal, the follow who puts in the most hours in plain, hard work will in the end be the most successful. There is no substitute for getting down and digging a thing out. A boy may have any number of wishes and dreams, but the things he is looking for are not likely to be handed out to him on a silver platter.

FOODS THAT WARD OFF 'FLU.

In a world where all sorts and conditions of germs, known and unknown to medical science, are always "on the jump," the germproof human body has a distinct special hygienic, and commercial value.

Recent advances in our knowledge of dietetics have shown that a great deal can be done to render our bodies proof against the attacks of those germs, by the simple expedient of taking the right kinds of food.

Green stuff, for example, is one of those foods which contain valuable essences of the vitamin order, which are among the most powerful of the germ-fighting principles with which we can fortify the defences of our blood. The addition to our diet of watercress, even though taken only twice or four times a week, will also help very greatly in maintaining the body free from attack by germs. From the beginning of the year until April salads should form an essential part of the daily menu.

What Children Should Eat.

It has been observed that bronchitis and catarrh, or "colds," are of common occurrence in children whose food is relatively deficient in animal fat. The reason for this is that animal fat is very rich in a particular vitamin called vitamin A. Not all animal fats are enjoyed or easily digested by children. But most children like and are able to digest cream, because it possesses the essential quality of palatability.

It must, of course, be the best fresh cream, which has one of the essential qualities of cod-liver oil, in the shape of the accessory food factor vitamin A. It is this potent essence which assists in defending the body against coughs, colds, and influenza. There are some children who like cod-liver oil and flourish on it. For those who do not like it, however, full cream is the one thing needful.

It may be, of course, that when the child who dislikes cod-liver oil takes his cream with gusto, he is only drinking cod-liver oil which has passed through the magic laboratory of the cow's udder. The modern cow has developed a preference for fish oils as an article of diet, when administered in the form of oil cake, and the vital principles of the fish oil are first transmuted and then transmitted to its milk and thereby to the cream which finally appears on the nursery table.

Now what is it that makes the cod-liver oil, this cream, this vitamin, so potent an agent for good? These things are, in the innermost electrons of their composition, "bottled sunlight." This was discovered years ago by a woman physician, when she found that the good results obtained with sunlight in the cure of rickets could be got equally well with cod-liver oil.

But, we may well ask, how does the sunlight get into the oil in the cod's liver? There are on the surface of the vast expanses of the seven seas vast multitudes of tiny living creatures known to zoologists as "plankton" whose chief business in life is to absorb every available atom of sunlight. These tiny creatures of light are eaten by small fish which fatten and flourish exceedingly on this light diet.

But these, in their turn, are eaten by bigger fish, and so the bottled sunlight is carried to the sunless depths of the ocean in the bodies of the big cod. Herein lies the supreme virtue of cod-liver oil and its quintessence, full cream.

Fear the Only Devil.

Fear is the only devil we have. We fear everything. We live in the thought of fear. Whenever we can eliminate fear from consciousness, it is banished from our world—we are masters. There are but two qualities of thought which are necessary to banish fear. One is consciousness of who you are; the other is consciousness of your power.

"If a man's religion brings him no fresh revelation, no sense of discovery, it is nigh passing away."

A Protective Periwig.

"Treat 'em rough!" seems to have been the motto that guided Mr. W. D. M. Bell in his dealings with the Karamojans of Africa. The way to be successful with the wild tribesmen, as he points out in the Country Life, is to get the upper hand at the first brush. Therefore when several insolent fellows tried to prevent him watering his animals he acted on that rule.

I seized a cutting-edged club from a by-stander, he says, sprung over to one of the obstructors and dealt him the hardest blow on the head I possibly could. To my astonishment the club flew to pieces, and the native turned on me and smiled. I had hit his shock-absorbing periwig of hair and plastered mud. I might as well have struck a fully inflated automobile tire!

It was rather a setback; the only good effect was that everyone except myself roared with laughter. But then when even I began to see the humor of it I spotted a mischievous fellow calmly jabbing his spear through our water-proof ground sheet. That would not do! I drew my pistol. Now those natives were then at a most dangerous stage of ignorance regarding firearms; they firmly believed that all they had to do to avoid being struck by the bullet was to duck when they saw the smoke. Therefore when I covered them no one moved; they were waiting for the smoke. When they heard the vicious bang of the little weapon and saw no smoke the laugh was on them and especially on the fellow who had been so busy on my ground sheet; for with a ridiculous air of surprised injury he now stood looking at a half-severed and completely spoilt spear in his hand. Then the natives began to edge nervously away.

At the Ship Repair Yard.

Here in this ship repair yard are they strung,
Craft from the misty main and inland flows,
Square riggers from the seas whose bells were rung
On romanced tideways where the trade wind blows.
A rusty freighter from the Tyne that shows
The scars and markings of the seven seas,
While here a harbor tug whose trailing tows
Are far forgotten in this lengthening ease.

And in this place there is no rank or caste,
Chack liners with drab lighters lie abreast;
While yacht aristocrats with gilded past
Consort with battered barges, tide caressed.
They seem to hint of graceful, slow decay,
At variance with the bustling seaboard day.

—Thomas J. Murray.

In Dry Times.

"Why did you break your engagement to marry?"

"What's the use, when you can't give the regulation bachelor dinner?"

What is success? It is achievement. How do we measure it? By the benefits that it confers. Wealth is not necessarily the measure of it, for a man may be successful and never rich, or he may be rich and full of success. True success is measured not by dollars but by service, and health, character, education and industry are the foundation stones upon which it rests.

Little Drift.

In England there recently passed away to his heavenly reward Dr. MacGowan, the famous missionary to China. One of his favorite stories of his work was of a certain day when he was traveling down a river towards Amoy. In the brilliant sunshine he suddenly saw on the water a large Chinese jar such as housewives use for cooking. It was weighted with stones and was floating upright.

When the men brought it on board they found to their amazement that it held a little Chinese baby girl! Those were the days when the Chinese considered girl babies as extremely undesirable; the child doubtless had been put into the jug to die. Dr. MacGowan speedily wrapped the mite in one of his flannel shirts and brought it safe to Amoy. There he ordered a Chinese boatman to carry the baby to the mission house, and he and Mrs. MacGowan adopted it for their own.

The news soon spread; the Chinese were amazed that the missionary should take a cast-off baby into his house and care for it as if it were one of his own daughters.

The child flourished, and in a short time Mrs. MacGowan dressed it in a beautiful white frock that she had made specially for it, and she and her husband took it to church to be baptised. The whole city was interested; hundreds of persons strove to view the baptism. The missionaries had given much thought to finding a suitable name for the little "piece of China," and at last they hit upon the right one. They called her Little Drift.

As a result of the missionary's kindness a wealthy Chinese gentleman organized a group of rich merchants and raised a sum of money for a foundling home. When it was built notices were posted all over the city inviting parents to send unwanted baby girls to the care of the home. Soon its inmates numbered two thousand.

But after a while parents began to value their baby girls and were loath to part with them. To-day the foundling home is no more, because it is not needed in that district. Thus did Little Drift start a great reform and reverse the great drift of an ancient and cruel custom.

He Picked a Professor to Win the War.

General Foch was almost unknown in England before he became generalissimo of the allied forces. Not until after 1918 did the editors of Who's Who include him among the thousands of notable men and women. But there was one Englishman at least who years before the war understood his remarkable qualities. In Celebrities Mr. Coulson Kernahan pays tribute to the prescience of Lord Roberts, the "man who knew."

Lord Roberts, writes Mr. Kernahan, was not only a great soldier but also a keen observer and shrewd judge of character; he took a man's measure wholly uninfluenced by what was or was not written or said of the man. He had his own opinion of Foch. Speaking on July 29, 1908, he said:

"They refuse to believe me, and we sleep under a false security, for I do not hesitate to affirm that we shall have a frightful war in Europe, and that England and France will have the hardest experience of their existence. They will in fact see defeat very near, but the war will finally be won by the genius of a French general named Ferdinand Foch, professor at the military school at Paris."

Thus almost exactly six years before the war Lord Roberts predicted precisely what would happen in the war when it came. That in itself was a memorable fact. But that he should thus have marked out a professor and a lecturer in the schools, who was a second lieutenant in 1874, between which time and 1908 he had had no opportunity of proving his military abilities by commanding troops in actions of any importance, if indeed he had seen any action at all, and that he should have marked him as the man who was to lead the allied cause to victory, is surely one of the most remarkable examples of prescience in all history.

"Love and Hate both bear interest. The one you have in your heart will determine what will come to you."

Amazing Finds of Daring Fossil-Hunters

The news that an expedition, organized by the Natural History section of the British Museum, is to be sent to Tanganyika Territory, East Africa, to recover the remains of dinosaurs unearthed by the Germans just before the war, calls attention to the present-day work of the fossil-hunters.

Dinosaur is the name given to a species of huge prehistoric lizard that flourished millions of years ago. The remains of one in Tanganyika Territory are said to be 160ft. in length. Such an animal when alive must have weighed over a hundred tons.

Searching for the remains of these extinct animals may be described as a new vocation. A decade or so ago those engaged in this quaint calling could have been counted on the fingers of one's hand. To-day there are hundreds, and at the moment they are busy in the wilds of Mongolia, in China, Africa, South America, the United States, and Canada.

Discovered by Chance.

The explorer may remain in the field for a whole season and at the end be able to show nothing for his labor. On the other hand, he may startle the scientific world with a find that will upset the text-books and existing theories regarding the form and habits of certain prehistoric creatures.

It was pure luck that led to the discovery of what proved to be a vast graveyard of fossilized remains of extinct animals. Mr. Walter Granger, an American scientist, was crossing the "Bad Lands," or desert wastes, of Wyoming with a party of adventurers a few years ago, when a sudden storm came on. The party sought shelter in a disused sheep-herder's hut.

Mr. Granger thought the posts which held up the rickety roof looked strange, and on examination he was astonished to find they were the bones of some prehistoric beast. Believing they must have been taken from the ground near by, a shovel was obtained and the party started digging. It was not long before they alighted upon the remains of a brontosaurus.

The spot was christened Bone Cabin Quarry. From this single ancient graveyard the whole or partial remains of seventy-three different animals have been recovered, the majority of them being absolutely new to science.

The fossil-hunter's greatest enemy, perhaps, is water. In the parched lands, where the bones are mostly found, fresh water is scarce, and that which is obtainable is often tainted with alkali. Drinking this has much the same effect upon the body as a dose of Epsom salts, and if taken two or three times a day is very weakening to the system. Malarin fever is often the result.

It is disheartening, to an explorer, after he has discovered and worked, perhaps, for months upon a skeleton, to be obliged to return home broken in health and with the precious treasure only partly excavated from its rocky bed. True, he can return to the spot when he has regained his health, but he never knows what will happen to his prize in the meantime. He may find it damaged beyond repair by passing cattle-men ignorant of its scientific value, or a rival may have removed it.

The heaviest single specimen ever taken out of the rocks was the head of a triceratops which weighed, when boxed, over three tons. This is a prehistoric rhinoceros, a veritable giant compared with his brother of to-day. It had a length of 25ft., and carried three horns upon its head and a collar of spikes around its neck, while its body was encased in a thick coat of bony plates.

In the phosphate beds of South Carolina there was recently dug up the jaws of a prehistoric shark. It had 200 teeth, and the monster was estimated to have had a length of 80ft.

Mark Twain and the Maharaja.

Men, as every woman knows, are not a whit less vain than the sex commonly esteemed more frivolous; they are only less ready to plead guilty. Especially are they coy about admitting that they ever long for more gay and colorful attire than present custom permits.

Kate Douglas Wiggin, as she relates in her recent autobiography, had the good fortune to bring together two men, one of the Orient, the other of the Occident, each as superbly typical in appearance as in character and achievement. It was at Oxford at a luncheon given just after the presentation of degrees. Mark Twain had been one of the distinguished recipients of an honorary degree and was evidently adored by the undergraduates in the galleries, who, according to custom, bawled so incessantly and sometimes with so much humor that the American lady was sometimes nervous lest Mark Twain should be tempted to pay back the exuberant youths jest for jest. But he did not; he remained a miracle of dignity, "possibly because his daughter Clara had cabled him that morning, 'Remember the proprieties!'"

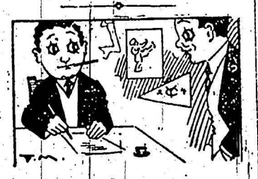
In the audience the chief object of her admiration was "a foreign personage in glittering dress, his brown skin and dark eyes heightened in effect by a magnificent turban from which hung a sapphire the size of a robin's egg." This gorgeous gentleman, who was later assigned as her escort to the luncheon, proved to be the Maharaja of Kikaner, notable as a soldier and sportsman as well as the ruler of an immense domain. He was so simple, sympathetic and delightful a companion that she wrote home that he could "appear at a barn dance in Hicksville and hypnotize the whole village."

"He asked me as an American and an author to present him to Mark Twain, whose work he knew and admired, and, feeling somewhat like Alice in Wonderland, I escorted the magnificent being through the quadrangle to Mark Twain's side. Mark, 'most amiable and charming sir,' as the Chancellor had called him in Latin, was in great form, the idol of the crowd, his wonderful white hair glistening in the sun, and the Oxford gown with its brilliant hood setting off his fine head and face."

"I like the degree well enough," he confided with his usual informality to the maharaja, "but I'm crazy about the clothes! I wish I could wear 'em all day and night. Think of the gloomy garb I have to walk the streets in at home, when my whole soul cries out for gold braid, yellow and scarlet sashes—and a turban! If there's a dearth of maharajas any time in India, just cable me, sir, and I'll take the next train."

A Newly Discovered Tune.

The saying about the little one half of the world knows of how the other half lives is as true in musical matters as in others, and an amusing confirmation of it occurred a few months ago. A famous foreign violinist and composer, who had been visiting the British Isles frequently, during a period of twenty years or so, was walking in the streets of Edinburgh when he heard a boy, who evidently was uncultured and unlearned, whistling a tune that was obviously a folksong. This, thought the artist, was a real discovery, and giving the boy a substantial tip, he made him repeat the tune till he himself had fixed it in his mind. Returning to his hotel he arranged it as a piece for violin or piano, and his press agent sent 'round to the papers the good news of his discovery. And then it turned out that the tune was the "Londonderry Air," which, for many years past had been one of the most popular both as a song and as a theme for bigger works! And the violinist did not know it!



Sarcasm.

First Student—"Are you writing to the old man for money?"

Second Student—"No; I am writing a love letter to my father."

THE PUSSY WILLOW

By Arthur G. Staples

Maybe you have seen children coming along the streets that lead homeward from the outlying brooks and ponds these spring days, with arms full of pussywillows, and you have felt suddenly tender toward life and considerate of how steadily the calm world of nature pursued her way, unvexed by all the ant-like scurrying to and fro of men and nations of men.

Out of the past rise memories of yourself as a child searching for the first signs of the little furry catkins and eagerly bringing them home, to tempt again the oldtime miracle of faith that if put where it was exactly warm enough—in the toe of a little shoe by the warm fireside—out of the night and all its wonders might emerge, by way of the conception of the pussy-willow, a roly-poly kitten, with very bright eyes and a spiky little tail firmly standing erect, waiting there or else rolling over (kitten, tail and all) before the fire when you arose in the morning. Disappointment never raised a doubt. There was ever a reason and ever a failure.

Spirit of Resurrection.

So we see, each recurring spring, the coming of the children, bearing the pussy-willow as a rite and religion of childhood, of the spirit of resurrection, in the very heart of the world. And the pussy-willow has a perfect right, of its own self, to have a place of distinction in the episode. For it is first on the spot; first of all vegetation to feel the kiss of the lovely sprite that tiptoes first to the brook-side and along the oozy borders of the ponds.

Here, screened from March gales and winter snows, in response to touch of spring, the pussy-willow puts off her grown winter coat and begins to glisten in the furry coat that is so soft, warm and beautiful. And it is odd that where spring first finds her way out, there she also departs, for along the borders of the pond the last glimpse of vegetation endures in autumn as it shows first in the spring.

Another thing that may interest us all about our little friend the pussy-willow is that childhood, everywhere the world over, has the same love for it. There is not a place in the world where the willow does not grow in some form. It is along the equator, in the far-off polar regions as far as any vegetation whatever of the tree type endures, and with many uses, from material for weaving baskets and reeds to making charcoal and bringing great returns to some people who have raised the willow commercially.

Church Festivals of Long Ago.

In olden days it was used instead of the palm in church festivals, and appropriately, as a symbol of the resurrection, for it has strange powers latent within it. You can hardly kill a willow twig. Put it away and allow it nearly to dry and desiccate and yet put it into the earth and give it moisture and from the bare twig will set out roots and buds and it will struggle into fresh green again in the bravest and most resolute way. It has a singular reserve in leaf buds. It keeps many of them against a day of need.

If fire sweeps in willow, or it becomes parched by drought and, seemingly dies, the first touch of moisture will start out the reserve buds and again it is on its way as though nothing had happened. You have seen the willow tree cut off at its base and left in a condition that would discourage the ordinary tree; and yet, in a year or two, there it is again, all foliage, springing from the slender withes about the trunk.

The Miracle of Spring.

After the children have brought in the pussy-willow and the miracle of spring is on its way, the catkins become either silver or yellow. You find them swollen and fat. The golden ones are loaded with the stamens, the silver with pistils. And soon the bees are busy, flying from the silver to the gold, fertilizing the pollen on their feet, while they get the first honey of the new year. And then, by and by, much later in the year, the willows are again shining in the golden light with long waving burdens of the seeds that float away on land and river and are so prolific that, by nature's scheme, if one in a billion lodges happily and grows, the balance of nature is preserved so far as the pussy-willow is concerned.

So—here it is again, in the arms of childhood coming down the street, the pussy-willow. Wonder what is within the furry coat? What mystery of life; what casket of the Lord God's own placing! "Who knoweth the balancings of the clouds and how thy garments are warm when He quieteth the earth by the south wind? Hath the rain a father who hath forgotten the drop of dew?" How little we know—less even than Job! Little children know more than we—for they at least see miracles in the pussy-willows—while we often pass even the little children by and see no miracles, only things.

Things You Want to Know About Home Decoration

By DOROTHY ETHEL WALSH.

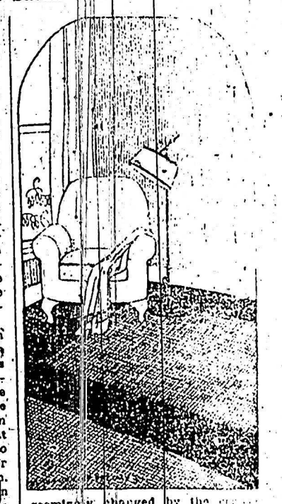
National Authority on Home Furnishings.

Rugs for the Small Room.

In the article preceding this one we spoke of the use of lines in interior decoration. We told of the small room in which the furniture was of low broad lines, and the window draperies looped back to give a greater impression of width to the window. To-day we are going to tell you how rugs may be made to enhance the size of a room.

The same rules for the use of lines of the upright portions of an interior hold good when they are applied to the floor space. Because the eye will travel the length of a line placed in front of it we can attract it with lines and cause a certain dimensions of a room to be emphasized on our consciousness. We have explained in a former article how our imagination carries the deception still further.

In to-day's sketch you are shown a small room on the floor of which are used two rugs with their lengths running across the narrow dimensions of the room. This creates five horizontal panels on the floor (the two rugs, the floor space between them and the border of floor at either end of the room). Opposed to this are but the two borders of floor running the length of the room. Five panels will hold our attention away from two, and so we are made only conscious of the horizontal lines displayed.



The size of a room can thus be seemingly changed by the use of lines and all the space be devoted to those that add most to beauty.

If you will send a self-addressed stamped envelope to the author, Ethel Walsh in care of this paper she will be happy to forward her "Ten Ideas for Lamp Shades."

Thrilling Fights for Life Beneath the Waves

In the whole history of submarine diving operations there is no more amazing episode than that which culminated in a fierce fight at the bottom of the sea between two divers, Girvan and Jones, who were engaged in salving the Royal George, which went down off Spithead.

The story of this astonishing encounter is told by Mr. R. H. Davies, head of a famous marine engineering firm, in the "Diving Manual."

"There had been keen rivalry between the two, and each was jealous of the other's achievements. It appears that Girvan, whilst trying to release a certain canzon which had become deeply embedded in the sand, was reminded by Jones that that particular gun was his (Jones's), he having been the first to find it. There is an unwritten law among divers by which, in certain circumstances, the first to find an article is entitled to salve it.

Attacked by a Shark.

"Girvan was disinclined to give way, with the result that the two men came to blows. Jones, feeling that he would soon get the worst of it, thought it wise to retreat, and had already ascended the shot-rope a few feet on his way to the surface when Girvan seized him by the legs and tried to draw him down.

"A desperate struggle ensued, in the course of which one of the windows of Girvan's helmet was smashed in. The attendants at the surface, noticing a violent tugging at the life lines and air tubes and realizing that something unusual was happening below, hauled both men to the surface. Girvan was more dead than alive, and after a few days in hospital succumbed sufficiently to resume his two combatants afterwards the best of friends.

A day or two later, of a different kind, in which Alexander Lambert, the greatest of divers, was working in the Indian Ocean, was annoyed by the attacks of a shark, which molested him for days.

"After this sort of thing had gone on for nearly a week, Mr. Lambert, the determined, annoyance, Signalling an assistant for a large knife, a noose, which were passed down to him. Lambert held the knife in his hand as bait to the shark, and when the brute came in to turn on his bogeyman to attack he stabbed it.

"There ensued a struggle, which for some time had the appearance of a duel between the monster fish, being forced to face with the noose.

On another occasion, when engaged on harbour work, he had an experience with a shark.

"He was repairing a pier, when the head of a shark darted out from the wall, quite close to the working, and tried to snap at him, missing him by a few inches.

"Subsequent investigation showed that the fish was a long way by some means had got worn and sorry, and more than its head. Although it was never afterwards to seize the body was never seen."

DAHLIAS IN ALL THEIR GLORY

By M. E. Douglas

If I could have but one flower for a farm garden out of doors my choice would be the dahlia. Stupefaction is the only word to express my sensation upon seeing for the first time the marvelous colors and size of a bloom of the modern large-flowering types. It was on display in a city show window. People outside elbowed each other to gaze at it.

I grow dahlias because I want plenty of blooms, large and small, from July until frost. I don't want brush or chicken-wire supports. I don't aspire to breed aphis, slugs, beetles or chafers—young chicks that eat rose bugs usually die within twenty-four hours. Neither do I cherish mildew, black spot, blight or root rot.

Blooms from root, cutting, or seed come freely the first year—without longer waiting for plant development. No cold frame or greenhouse is necessary to bring to perfection for garden display, house decoration or exhibition:

I prefer the dahlia because of its unprecedented beauty and variety of colorings, both by day and artificial light. Only sky blue and shades close kin thereto are lacking.

You can obtain these varieties either of any solid color or almost unlimited combinations of colors to suit your taste: Princess Juliana in pearly wedding gown; Queen Alexandra, soft salmon pink; King of the Autumn, of pleasing shades; Countess of Lonsdale, a profuse bloomer of rich red salmon; and countless others in shades of glorious range and brilliancy, modest and bold, subdued and flamboyant, inconspicuous and bizarre—all the result of breeding and selection for color both by commercial hybridizers and by amateur devotees possessed of remarkable gifts of color appreciation.

I prefer the dahlia for its range of flower sizes among different varieties. In my 1923 garden, on each of twenty-five different varieties I had blooms seven inches across. I know no other flower suitable for cutting that can be grown in the open garden to such width and depth combined. Moreover, you can regulate the size of blooms of the better varieties, according to the way you cultivate, disbud and fertilize them.

Most varieties are rapid root multipliers. Each hill or clump usually yields many tubers when planted.

After a season of the pleasure of sharing stock with friends, form a pool to buy tubers. One of them is low in spring, after taking sand, peat in the shade, shoots increase by hundreds or hundreds of cuttings.

I prefer the dahlia of varieties with [illegible] to rarely supply [illegible] fifty varieties [illegible] year. It is possible to separate and dry [illegible] feeding year.

To One Who Plants

[illegible]

No Objection.

Lady: "Why do you [illegible]?"

Tramp: "I don't, [illegible] ways found so many [illegible] do."

"Oh, yes," said [illegible] proudly, "we can trace back to—to—well, I don't know who, but we've been [illegible] centuries."