

PLANTS AS FURNITURE.

Go Wonderful Lengths Toward Furnishing a House.

One exception to the open grate fire is no one thing that adds more to the homely aspect of a room, either in winter or summer, than a thrifty, growing plant, and, of course, if one plant goes wonderful lengths toward furnishing a house, in homes where the furniture has grown old and where these and other shortcomings are not nearly as noticeable if the plants are pleasant green things growing in the windows.

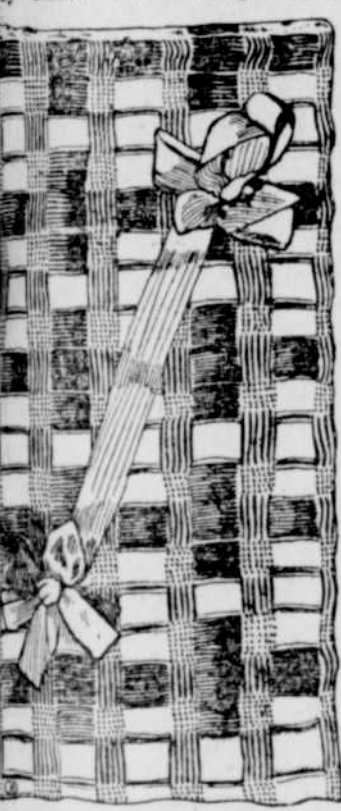
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NEW IDEA IN FANCY WORK.

Very Scheme For Pincushions, Table Covers and Scarfs.

A new idea in fancy work, suitable for sofa pillows, pincushions, table covers and centers and for the decoration of bureau scarfs or sideboard covers is here shown. The illustration is a pincushion top. The ribbon used is next width to the narrowest, or 1/2 inch ribbon. In the design shown



FANCY WORK PINCUSHION.

very cream canvas was used for a foundation. Beginning about seven threads from the edge, seven threads were pulled out, seven are left in, and seven alternately all through the length of the canvas. Then the work is turned around, and threads are pulled in exactly the same way, the width of the work. This leaves the canvas made up of holes, solid squares and squares with the threads running but one way, two shades of which were used in this illustration, a pale green and a pink. The first the ribbon goes over the holes and under the single thread squares. In the third it goes the same way, the solid squares making the second row. The ribbon is threaded in alternate rows all the way across and then the same way the length of the material. In threading the length the ribbons go under the ribbons of the preceding rows and over the squares of single threads.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Boiled Fish Sandwiches.

You may find it hard to believe that sandwiches made from boiled fish are good, but if when you have a bit of boiled halibut left from dinner you make a few for luncheon or tea you will find them very good. The fish should of course have the flavor that comes from boiling it in salted water with a bouquet of vegetables—say a stalk of onion, a stalk of celery or a sprig of parsley and half a dozen peppercorns. Break up the fish with a fork; then take a wooden spoon and rub it as fine as possible. Make it into a seasoned paste by adding a fourth of a pint of sweet cream, a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of white pepper or paprika and at the very last and gradually a tablespoonful of lemon juice. This amount of seasoning is for one pound and a half pounds of fish. Cut your bread very thin, spread the slices with a little butter and then with the fish. Lay between the slices before putting the two together a small, tender lettuce leaf.—New York Post.

HUMOR

IN A RESTAURANT.

Conversation That Precedes the Order For a Lone Egg.

Lizzie, a waiter.
Him, star boarder.
"Good morning, Lizzie! Got a morning paper handy?"

"Nope. The guy overta Jennie's table got it. Whajugingta have to eat?"
"Oh, don't hand it to me so early. When a real nice girl like you comes around I like to talk with her. It's better than a tonic to talk with you, Lizzie—it is, honest."

"Aw, you on your way with the con! I never seen anybody hand it out the way you do. You wanta understand that us girls is wiser than we look. You're certainly the real jollier. Say, whajugingta have to eat?"

"Speaking about jolly, you ain't got far to go yourself to get under the wire. Didn't I hear you hand a line of guff to the old gentleman with the side whiskers last night that would make the other girls feel like their education had been neglected? Who is he, Lizzie?"

"Oh, a certain party; friend of mine. He used to know my mother in Fond du Lac. He comes in here to eat 'cause he knows he'll allus get good service at my table. Say, hustle up with the order. The boss is pipin' us off. Yuknow it's against the rules to talk with our customers."

"Well, Lizzie, how are the eggs this morning. Nice and fresh?"

"Sure they's fresh—jest like some guys I know. You don't suppose we're givin' bad eggs with these fifteen cent meals, do you? How'll you have your aig cooked?"

"My what?"

"Your aig, I said."

"Just one poor lonely egg—is that all I get? Bring an encore with it, Lizzie. Tell the cook you've got an invalid boarder whose doctor says he must eat two eggs every morning. You'll do it for me, won't you, Lizzie?"

"Well, what else dose want?"

"Any bacon left over from yesterday?"

"Sure. We're allus long on bacon. Wanteny potatoes?"

"French fried, but not in axle grease, Lizzie. Say, Liz, I'll bet this joint would blow up if a piece of butter ever found its way in here."

"Aw, quit knockin'. You'll be wantin' us to print the mainroo in French next. If you don't like our butter bring along your own. That's the way some guys does, an' you hain't no better than them."

"My, what a long tail our cat's got! Well, Lizzie, bring me my egg—pardon me, my eggs—a little crisp bacon, some toast, and we'll call it square."

"Wanteny cawfee?"

"Yes, if you choose to call it that, Lizzie. It's a beautiful morning, isn't it?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

She Who Hesitates Is Lost.

A lawyer was talking about Ellhu Root's legal talent.

"He shone in a courtroom," said the lawyer. "From the beginning of his career he shone. He had a gift of humor too. One day he was cross examining a young woman."

"How old are you?" he said.

"The young woman hesitated."

"Don't hesitate," said Mr. Root.

"The longer you hesitate the older you'll grow."—New York Tribune.

Very Plain.

"I notice," said the carping critic, "that in this ode to liberty you say:

"The message came to the listening land, The winds of heaven bore on each word, And hill and valley and plain and strand Were glad for the marvel of what they heard."

"Yes, sir," replied the hopeful poet.

"But how in the name of sense can a land hear?"

"I—er—I suppose a land has frontiers, hasn't it?"—Judge.

His Cue.

Gunner—They say this book entitled "A Step Backward" was inspired. I wonder where the author ever got his inspiration?

Guy—Oh, I guess he watched a woman stepping off a street car.—Baltimore Sun.

Poker In Possumville.



"Ta-as, sur, when Ah skinned mah cards an' seen dem fo' aces Ah raised de opener."

"An' wot did he do?"

"Den he opened de razor!"—Philadelphia Press.

Cause For Joy.

Judge—What! Aren't you the man I let off yesterday on your promise to keep sober?

Prisoner—Yes, your honor. I celebrated the event.—New York Press.

WHIMS AND FANCIES.

Ostrich The Worn In Mourning.

Embroidered Sleeves on Blouses.

Ostrich feathers are now considered suitable for mourning. The desired touch is given by pasting crape over the stem and adding flecks of the same to the feather part. Another novelty for mourning wear is the quill of crape.

For morning wear smart little toques of fine straw or crepe are trimmed with a single stiff wing in front or to one side and a bunch of ribbon loops at the back.

Embroidered sleeves add one more touch of richness to the new blouses.



WHITE CHIP HAT.

The design of the front is repeated in a smaller way upon the back and broken up and scattered over the sleeves.

Smooth satin crowns are a feature on many of the spring hats.

The black velvet coat collars and cuffs which were introduced upon the tailored coat and skirt costumes of white panama, serge, mohair and linen last summer are once more in evidence upon white tailored frocks. Some models are supplemented by bands of black velvet on the skirt. The tendency toward plainness of skirts observed in winter frocks is running over into the spring styles. One sees some of the prettiest voiles, silks, cottons, etc., trimmed only in self tucks.

To take the place of the shirt waist dress a severe tailor suit of rajah is excellent. It should be of a color that will not easily soil and that can be readily washed or cleaned.

Satin, the traditional material for the wedding gown, has been in high favor this season, but it is the "chiffon" weight and not the "stand alone" fabric of past years that is used. Moire chiffon taffeta is the silk spring brides are selecting for their wedding gowns.

The spring hat seen in the illustration is a charming affair carried out in white chip. Around the crown are bands of woven malines in several shades of green with a thread of black. A choux of green velvet and panache of white plumes and an egret trim the smart little shape at one side.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

FASHION'S WHIRLIGIG.

Embroidery Designs For Summer Frocks—The Empire Skirt.

Lovely dresses of fine lawn have an embroidered design done in tall, flowered stalks, commencing at the hem and extending to the knees. Between these hand embroidered effects are inset motifs of swiss embroidery.

Circular skirts, although popular, are not quite so good for young girls' gowns as they are for those of older ones.

The circular skirt is apt to sag much more noticeably upon short skirts than upon longer ones. There is a skirt which for no reason whatever is called "empire" that is immensely popular.

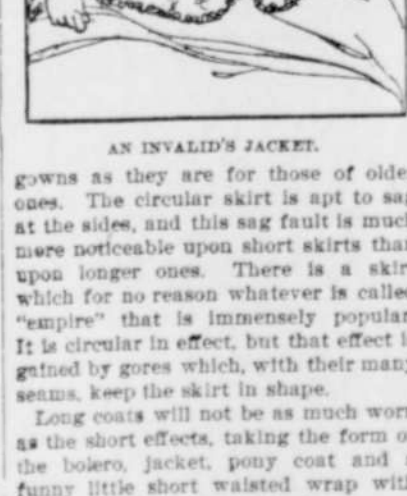
It is circular in effect, but that effect is gained by gores which, with their many seams, keep the skirt in shape.

Long coats will not be as much worn as the short effects, taking the form of the bolero, jacket, pony coat and a funny little short waisted wrap with sparrow-like tails in the back.

Not so much white is worn in Paris. For the moment Parisiennes are favoring very pale gray and bluish green.

The invalid's jacket seen in the sketch is made of pale blue chaille. It is cut from a straight piece of material, and the sleeve portions are tacked together a few inches from the wrist for protection against cold. The entire jacket is trimmed with a blue silk strip, or a ribbon binding is equally attractive.

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AN INVALID'S JACKET.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

The Game of Three Things.

Any number of boys and girls may play this game, the more the better, as a rule. The players choose a leader and then seat themselves in a row or in a circle. The leader then numbers them, beginning with himself as No. 1, the boy or girl next to him as No. 2, and so on.

He then gives to the player next to him the names of three things, aloud, which No. 2 must immediately use in some sentence, and the sentence must express a thought connectedly. Having spoken his sentence, No. 2 gives three names of things to No. 3, who in turn uses them in a sentence and then gives three other names of things to No. 4.

For instance, No. 1 says, "Door, boy, glass." Then No. 2 might say, "The boy banged the door after he broke the glass and ran away. I give egg, table, duty."

No. 3 then says, "The egg was left in the basket on the table, for Johnny had to perform another duty before he could have it cooked. I give slate, dog, honey."

No. 4 immediately takes up those words and says, "The slate was broken by being knocked over by the dog in his eagerness to get at the honey. I give light, island, watch."

Thus the game goes on as long as the players like.

Language of Flowers.

Acacia, friendship; American linden blossom, matrimony; American cowslip, divine beauty; four leaved clover, be mine; red clover, industry; white clover, think of me; cockscomb, affection; columbine, folly; daffodil, high esteem; dahlia, instability; daisy, innocence; dead leaves, sadness; nightshade, falsehood; thyme, buseness; foxglove, insincerity; garden anemone, forsaken; jasmine, separation; lady's slipper, capricious beauty; hawthorn, hope; heliotrope, devotion; hemp, fate, rose, love; ragged robin, wit; pansy, thoughts; orange blossoms, bridal festivities; sweet pea, lasting pleasure; ox eye, patience; palm, victory; oleander, beware; gardenia, refinement; rose geranium, preference; French marigold, jealousy; passion flower, religion; scarlet poppy, extravagance; white poppy, sleep; primrose, sadness; lilac, confidence.

Eve's Apple Tree.

In Ceylon grows a tree called Eve's apple tree. It is the fruit of this tree which makes it remarkable. It is a beautiful fruit to look at—deep red on the inside and orange on the outside, and out of each fruit a piece appears to have been bitten. The simulation of a fruit which has recently been bitten into is perfect. You can see the very marks of the teeth, and any one not knowing the facts would be deceived. For this reason and because the fruit is deadly poison the natives declare that the tree is that which grew in the garden of Eden and was called the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. After Eve ate of the fruit and thus brought death and sin into the world the fruit assumed the appearance it has now, as a perpetual reminder of her rash and disobedient act.

How Turtles Are Caught.

Turtles are always captured at night and usually on moonlight ones. This is the time they go on the shore to lay their eggs. They select a smooth sandy beach, dig holes in the sand, deposit their eggs there and leave them to be hatched by the heat of the sand. When the turtles are on shore for this purpose the hunters come upon them and they are easily overtaken, for turtles are slow movers. The hunters have not a very strenuous undertaking. All that is necessary to be done is to turn the turtles on their backs and leave them until the next day, when they are removed.

Dramatic Adjectives.

One of the players leaves the room, those that are left choosing an adjective that may be suggested in some action. The player returns and asks questions of each one of the other players in turn. If the adjective "angry" is chosen each player answering must show some anger by his manner, tone of voice, etc., but the answers themselves must be as misleading as possible. The player who makes such an answer as enables the questioner to guess must take the next turn at leaving the room.

Riddles.

What is the oldest lunatic on record? Time out of mind.

What is a muff? Something that holds a lady's hand and doesn't squeeze it.

When is a clock on a stair dangerous? When it runs down and strikes one.

Why is a pig in the kitchen like a house on fire? The sooner it's out the better.

Why are troublesome visitors like trees in winter? Because it is a long time before they leave.

What Gothic Architecture Means.

It is quite natural for people to think that "Gothic architecture" means the architecture in vogue among the Goths, but it does not mean that at all. It is a term used by the architects of the sixteenth century to express their contempt for the architecture of the middle ages, which they thought rude and fit only for barbarians like the Goths.

"Ida Spied a Spider."

Ida spied a spider.
And she was sore dismayed.
She did not dare to kill the thing.
For that might rainy morrow bring.
Alive, she was afraid.
And while she stood considering
The spider crossed her plan.
He thought it wiser not to wait,
And so he ran away.—St. Nicholas.

CORSON'S COUGH CURE

By Suse Clements Willis

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It was not the first time that Corson had wished Grandma Bradley never had been born to leave a recipe book to her descendants. As a boy his earliest recollections were of vile tasting messes recommended in Grandma Bradley's book for various infantile ills, but even then he had never hated the time worn volume as he did now that he was asked to carry a whole quart of her infallible cough sirup to his mother.

It was very good of Aunt Betsy who was the custodian of the precious volume and compounder of its prescriptions, to send the gift, but a whiskey bottle done up in a newspaper does not match a brand new winter overcoat, and there was certain to be some one on the train to recognize him and pass the story on.

For a moment he contemplated sending the bottle by express, but the appearance of the train prevented that, and, assuming as much dignity as his burden would permit him, he clambered aboard.

There was no parlor car on the suburban train, and the smoker was filled with laborers returning from their day's work up the road. Corson hated the smell of a pipe, let alone a half hundred, and he beat a hasty retreat to the next car.

He started forward with a word of greeting as his glance took in Eunice Barbour; but, to his surprise, that young woman favored him with a glance so chilling that he was glad to sink into the nearest seat.

He could tell from her glance that it was the bottle which was responsible for the cut, but he could not imagine Eunice ignoring him because he carried a package done up in a newspaper. He wondered what sudden freak had induced her action.

He was still puzzling over the matter when a man across the way leaned forward.

"Let's have a swig, partner," he shouted hoarsely. "I ain't had one in an hour."

Corson tried to pretend he had not heard, but his bibulous traveling com-



"YOU QUIT YOUR MASHING OR OFF YOU GO."

panion was not to be denied. "Go ahead, be generous," he implored. "You know how it is yourself."

His voice rang through the car, and the contrast between Corson and the other was too much for the rest of the passengers. They shouted with glee, all except Eunice, who rose with white lips and made her way to the next car. Corson stood the chaff as long as he could, but at last the man's persistence won, and, with flaming face, he followed the girl.

There was a vacant seat beside her, and Corson took it. She moved over to be as far distant as possible, but it is not easy to be exclusive when sharing a narrow seat. Neither could she evade Corson's low spoken words.

"What have I done?" he pleaded.

There was no answer from the window, and he leaned a little closer.

"Surely I should have the right to defend myself," he pleaded. "I am ignorant of my offense."

This time she noticed him. With flashing eyes she turned to face him. "If you persist in speaking to me," she said firmly, "I shall appeal to the man in the car to rid me of your very unpleasant attentions."

In her intensity she spoke more distinctly than she knew, and a brave hand shot across the aisle and shook Corson's shoulder. "See here, young fellow," warned a hoarse voice. "You quit mashin' or off you go, and I won't be particular as to whether we are at a station when you get off, either."

Corson looked helplessly at the girl, but her face was adamant except when she thanked her companion with a smile. It is evident that there was no appeal to her, and Corson wisely concluded to let the argument wait until a better time.

It was hard, though, to sit quietly beside the girl—he had proposed to five days before and he had been denied even the right to make an appeal. He could imagine nothing except his appearance

with the bundle, but surely Grandma Bradley's cough medicine was innocent enough in appearance if not in taste.

He glanced across the aisle. The giant appeared to be sleeping, but as Corson turned toward Eunice the man roused to sudden watchfulness, and Corson skillfully changed his notion to suggest that he was merely trying to look out of the window. The man was suspicious still, but not belligerent, and for the rest of the trip Corson kept his eyes fixed on the bell rope and betrayed no interest in his companion.

He was hoping there would be an opportunity at the station after the giant had gone his way, but the giant showed a very evident intention of squiring Miss Barbour to the car, and they moved down the station platform in single file, Eunice first, Corson following and the giant bringing up the rear, ready to pounce upon Corson at the slightest chance.

Corson boarded the same car as did the girl, and the giant swung himself on to the back platform. It was evident that he was thorough in whatever he undertook, and Corson was not anxious to give him an excuse. Corson was not a coward, but he knew how little chance he would have against a man who quite evidently was used to rough and tumble, so he sat on the edge of the seat and stared at the ceiling, while his busy brain worked at several problems, all looking toward an immediate understanding with Eunice. They had had a quarrel once before, and he had been made miserable for days. He was resolved to end this as quickly as possible and to that end followed her off the car when her street was reached.

If he had hoped to escape his escort he was mistaken, for the giant got off, too, and in the same order as at the station they proceeded down the street. Half a block along the Barbours' big Newfoundland came rushing up the street to welcome his mistress and, perceiving a friend in Corson, threw his huge bulk against that young man.

There was an exclamation as the brute dislodged the bottle in Corson's arms, and the dog went flying up the street alarmed at the noise.

At the sound Eunice turned, her face flaming with anger, in belief that Corson had struck the dog, but the bottle at his feet told its own story, and she glanced curiously at the dark, viscous fluid slowly creeping across the sidewalk. There was a familiar odor in her nostrils, and the expression in her face turned from anger to mirth as she came toward him.

"Why, Jimmie Corson," she cried, "was that really some of your grandmother's cough sirup?"

"It was," he confirmed. "I was out to visit Aunt Betsy, and she made me bring in the winter supply."

"I had forgotten she lived out of town," she laughed, "and I thought it was whiskey. Why didn't you tell me?"

"A lot of chances you gave me," he declared in an injured tone. "How could I tell you that I was more sinned against than sinning when you almost raised a riot when I tried to ask what the matter was?"

"Will you forgive me?" she asked softly, coming closer.

"On one condition," he bargained—"that you say 'Yes' to the question I asked you Wednesday."

"You said then you would give me a week," she pleaded.

"Circumstances alter cases," he decreed. "Is it 'Yes'?"

It must have been, for Corson said "Darling!" so impulsively that it reached the ears of the giant, who had drawn apart in the faint hope that there might yet be an excuse for breaking the little dude in pieces, and as he wandered back to the car his sentiments were anything but the "bless you, my children," appropriate to the circumstances.

The Welcome Guest.

Who is he? The man who calls on a woman when he is at his very best and who never stays too long. Oh, that masculine visitors knew the peril that lies in an extra half hour! Almost every woman likes to entertain men at her own home and to receive the delicate compliment of a personal call, but unless two people have the same hobby or are engaged to be married (or are about to be) any call that lasts over an hour is filled with dire threatenings.

"I know two men," sighed a young woman to her best friend, "who are both handsome, intelligent, courteous and altogether delightful. One comes at odd intervals and stays until 11 o'clock. Heigho! The other arrives periodically, chats, laughs, tells the news—and leaves in half an hour. I shudder when the first comes and sigh when the other goes."

There are more things than letters that should be just long enough to make the recipient "wish there was more of it," and a call is not least among them.

Mystery of Lost Handkerchiefs.

"Obviously there is a vast difference between the lost and found columns of the handkerchief market," said the woman shopper. "Everybody loses handkerchiefs, but who finds them?"

"I lose a handkerchief every time I go downtown," is the familiar plaint of women, but who ever heard of one saying, "I find a handkerchief every time I go downtown?" Nobody says it, because nobody does such a thing, and somewhere about town many yards of linen and lace done up in handkerchief form are blown about daily, seeking owners. Eventually they are picked up by the street sweeper, but by that time they are so tattered and soiled that he can scarcely recognize them as handkerchiefs. Anyway, not being a philosopher, he would not stop to wonder how they happened to be there. If he or somebody else would figure out why, in view of the many handkerchiefs that are lost, so few are found.—New York Press.