

PREVENTING THE PREVENTABLE.

It is, of course, worse than useless to worry about unpreventable misfortunes. It is worth while, however, to differentiate between the preventable and the unpreventable. It is equally worth while to work for the prevention of the preventable. And one is surprised to find how many of the losses and sufferings of mankind might be prevented if proper time and thought were given to them. Losses of human life through unnecessary diseases, destruction of food products through preventable causes, sacrifices of property through avoidable fires—they constitute an appalling chapter on social inefficiency. Only an approximate monetary value can be placed upon human life. The insurance companies make such estimates, but they are convincing only when considered impersonally. To say that millions are lost to the people of America through unnecessary dying, through the ravages of preventable diseases, is to state an economic fact unfeelingly. It is, none the less, a fact. The property loss by fire in the United States for 1911—the latest authentic figures obtainable—was \$225,000,000. And any expert will say a majority of those fires might have been prevented by precautions of quite an ordinary character.

Locomotive engineers sit for hours at the throttle in a cramped position, the mind is taxed to the full limit, the body at a terrible strain. The percentage of deaths from kidney disorder is very high among locomotive engineers and it is asserted that this is due in a large measure to the continual jar of the engine. With a view to ameliorating these conditions an inventor has contrived a portable back rest made of canvas, which is attached to the seat, while the upper end is secured to coil springs, which are hooked to the ceiling of the cab. The springs relieve the engineer of a great deal of jarring, permit him to occupy a more comfortable position, and consequently make him more efficient, particularly on long runs.

A lawyer in Utah wants condemned criminals, who in that state are now allowed to choose between hanging and shooting, to be permitted to commit suicide. The tender consideration for the feelings of criminals is one of the strange and not altogether healthy symptoms of the day.

A man in New Orleans who has led an exemplary life for 33 years was recently arrested for an offense committed in boyhood and for his escape from prison. These instances show that the strict letter of the law is not always in accord with its modern spirit.

A thirty-four-year old grocery bill was presented for payment when the estate of a Philadelphia woman was being audited. It is to be asked if the groceryman increased the price of his goods to meet the present scale of living.

A Washington girl refused \$30,000 and an auto bequeathed her by her fiancé. Probably felt the sum was not enough of an endowment to make it safe to accept the machine.

A western preacher says that baseball should be played in heaven. But how can it be arranged so that the home club will always win?

A California judge awarded a minister \$300 for the loss of twelve sermons. Comparing it with the average minister's salary, one is obliged to admit that no longer is talk cheap.

Though it will be possible to send flowers to your best girl by parcel post, it is, generally speaking, more fun to convey them by hand.

Now that the parcel post is in operation, one can confess, without mental qualms, that his overcoat is in the hands of his uncle.

A Paris court decided that a wife who killed her husband while he was trying to strangle her was not guilty, but lucky.

A great many citizens will be willing to pay the income tax if somebody furnishes the income.

How many of those various "perfect women" can prepare a flawless breakfast?

Yes, you can send flowers to your best girl by parcel post. But many acute woovers have found that it yields prompter results to take them there in your own person.

Tetrazini is said to have to deprive herself of pancakes to escape embonpoint. But if they are like some pancakes, it's no deprivation.

The whole country ought to resolve to cut down the acreage of wild oats.

An English educator has discovered that singing is a stimulus to the brain. He doesn't agree with Wilton Lackaye, who remarks that grand opera singers lack gray matter.

A Milwaukee landlord happily reverses the customary rule by announcing that his apartments will welcome babies, but not puppies.

No man believes the sign which reads, "This Means You," applies to him personally.

Legends of Easter Flowers

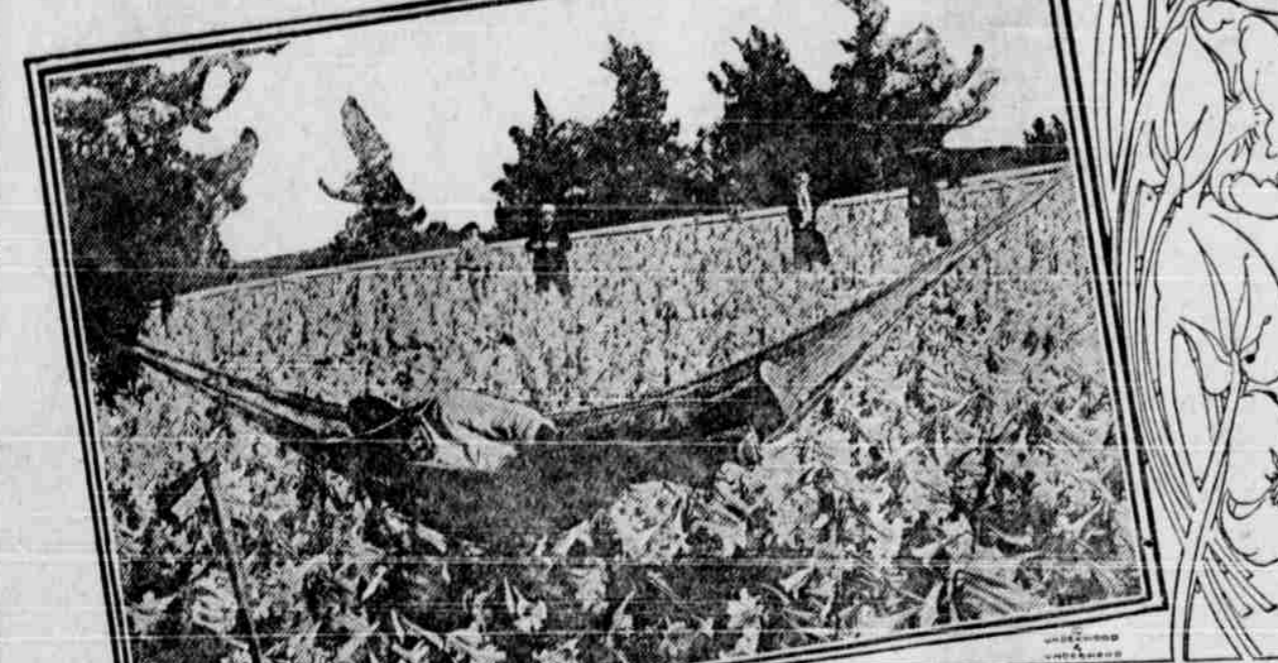


PRIMROSE by the river's brim, a yellow primrose was to him—and it was nothing more.

Thus wrote that great flower lover, Wordsworth, in telling about the lack of sentiment in one of his characters. But neither that man nor any of his kind were in Australia when the first English primroses emigrated to that new land. An enormous nugget of gold could not have created more excitement. Rugged, restless men wept over the plants with their pale, modest blossoms. They were fragrantly



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eloquent messages from home. But despite its unassuming manner the primrose has linked with its history a tale of political honors. It is an heraldic flower giving name to a noble Scottish house on whose shield it is grown with a motto that, translated, reads: "Early youth is charming." Besides this, it was taken as the symbol of a political career more bold, brilliant and strange than any other of its time. The statesman was Lord Beaconsfield, and in connection with him there was established in England a new festival called Primrose Day.

Mythology as well as history claims the humble little flower, and tells a tale of its origin. The story is that a beautiful youth named Parolides died of grief over the loss of his love, and was metamorphosed into the primrose, which in its early days bore his name.

The fair spring blossoms which Mother Earth sent forth to herald the coming of Easter have been gossiping about each other. The tales they tell about the tulip, that bright favorite of Oriental lands, besides being highly romantic, verge on the sensational. Its notorious career has been freely discussed among the less brilliant flowers, some of which, in spite of their sweet, gentle dispositions, resent the tulip's regal bearing and courtly airs. Few people have ever heard the stories they tell. In this busy, bustling age only poets and occasionally other unpractical folk find time to "trace the family trees" and history of flowers.

But the tulip, as well as the other blossoms that are talked about, will probably be welcomed even more cordially than of old into the churches and the homes of the best families after its strange and wonderful past becomes known. The gay-petaled blossom gets its name from a similarity to the Turkish headdress, and one of the chief national festivals in the Sultan's land is known as the feast of tulips. But the proud flower has done something more than please the Turks with its beauty.

Once upon a time it held just as great an influence over the financial affairs of some families as Wall street has had over those of others. This all happened something over 300 years ago, when the tulip was first taken to western Europe.

It was immediately enthroned as czar in the floral kingdom, and so great was the rage for it in Holland and France that many families famed for wealth were bankrupted by it. The newcomer's beauty made even the wise, staid Dutch florists mad, and speculation in costly bulbs became a terrible gambling mania among them. A rare specimen often won a prize as high as that paid for a high-stepping race horse or a fine diamond. Fortunes changed hands daily in bets over the final outcome of almost priceless seedling bulbs. The gambling reached such a height that the government finally had to issue a proclamation to suppress it. During three years tulips yielded to the city of Haarlem the snug little sum of \$50,000,000. The finest bulbs are still brought from that Holland town, and are descendants of those famous tulips.

While this financial career of the tulip is most interesting in speculating circles, the poets love best the tale that tells how the young Persian always makes it the emblem of his declaration of love. The turbaned swain sends to the lady of his dreams the most brilliant tulip he can find. The message it bears is that like the flower his countenance is all on fire and his heart has been reduced to a coal by the intense warmth of his love.

The well beloved violet is another gentle little flower that has been a prominent figure in history. When the first Napoleon was in exile it was adopted as his emblem by his followers. A

bunch of violets worn by a Frenchman, or seen in his home, was a secret message that he was loyal to the exiled chieftain's cause.

Ion was the name bestowed upon the violet by the imaginative Greek who loved to people the petals of every blossom and the ripples of every rill with fair creations of their fancy. According to mythology the name was derived from Ia, the daughter of Midas and the betrothed of Alys. The story runs that Diana, desiring to conceal the maid from Apollo, transformed her into a violet. Another myth about the birth of the flower says that Jupiter caused the first violets to spring from the earth as food for the persecuted Ia while she was hiding in the form of a white heifer from the fury of Juno.

The verse makers have a special fondness for the tiny flower, and love to translate the message it is trying to tell to the rest of creation.

It is a singular fact that some flowers suggest pensiveness and even melancholy, while in form, color and bearing others speak only of gladness. While the personality of the flower may be somewhat responsible for its effect on the human moods, more, perhaps, is due to the strain of poets' moods. Most of the Easter flowers seem to be message bearers of joy and hope, lifting their faces to the blue skies in happy worship rather than in sadness. It seems to be natural for poets to give names and human attributes to plants, but the beauty loving Greeks went farther along the path of fancy. They invented human originals for their favorite flowers, and made beautiful legends to account for the transformation. The lovely narcissus, according to their lore, was once a handsome young god who became so lost in admiration of his own shadow that he cruelly silted the affections of the fair Echo. As a punishment for this crime he was changed into a narcissus, the flower of self-love.

Shakespeare alludes to another romantic legend in his "Winter Tale." The narcissus was said to have been the flower that the daughter of Ceres was gathering when she was carried off by Pluto of infernal region fame. The night goddesses also chose it for their ancient coronet, and it was a highly important factor in the customs of Greek life. The Chinese, too, have a great fancy for this flower. They use it in many of their sacred ceremonies, and every family in the Mikado's realm takes great pride in having a plant in full bloom at the New Year.

Love and jealousy played leading parts in the story of the birth of the hyacinth, another Oriental favorite. There was a youth, Hyacinthus by name, who was much beloved by Apollo and Zephyr. He preferred the warm, steady affection of the sun to the fitful love of the wind. This made the passionate Zephyr wildly jealous and caused the plotting of a terrible revenge. While Apollo and Hyacinthus were playing quoits, which was a favorite game with the gods, Zephyr saw his awaited opportunity. He made his rival the slayer of Hyacinthus by blowing the god's quoit toward the head of the youth. But while the dying boy was held in the arms of Apollo he was transformed into the fair, fragrant hyacinth. The flower has always meant game or play because of this tale.

Every tradition associated with that Easter flower, the iris, makes it a beauty of richest promise. It signifies a message, and, because it grows in every part of the world, it is a universal message. The Greeks named it for the rainbow, but the Egyptians lay special claim to the flower.

It is the plant spoken of in Exodus as being the hiding place of the infant Moses when he lay in the cradle of the rushes on the river's bosom. It may be that the flowers whispered to him then that his destiny was to lead his people to the promised land. The ancient Egyptians placed the iris on the brow of the sphinx and on the scepters of their monarchs, and among all the eastern nations it has ever been the symbol of power. Another land that highly honors it is France, for it is the veritable fleur-de-lis that figures on the arms of this country. But there is a most beautiful legend that makes the iris a sacred flower as well as a national emblem. The story tells that it was a trembling, agonized witness of the crucifixion.

When it heard the anguished cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" it sobbed out the vow, "Henceforth I will perpetually mourn, and, lest man should ever lose sight of this solemn hour, above my golden chalice I will carry a veil of violet."

Ancient and important is the history of the lily, which was also high in favor with the old Egyptians, for it appears prominently in their hieroglyphics. According to a pretty legend, when lilies first grew on the earth they were none of them pure white, but all of a lovely yellow hue. Seaborn Aphrodite in her happy wanderings suddenly appeared before them wondrously fair and bright and white as the foam of the waves from which she sprang. The lilies trembled before her beauty, and grew so pale with jealousy that ever after they blossomed white. First the goddess Juno chose it as her favorite flower, and then passing to the Virgin Mary, it was dedicated to the early Christian church.

Besides being the chosen flower of the church, it is also an Imperial blossom. Away back in the days of 1048 Garciaus IV, king of Navarre, established the Order of the Knights of St. Mary of the Lily, and another Order of the Lily was founded by Ferdinand of Aragon. Dundee carries lilies argent on its arms and beautiful Florence claims the queenly flowers as its emblem.

"The sweet forget-me-not that blooms for happy lovers," has more beautiful legends clinging to its name than any other flower. According to one beautiful tale, the lord called the plants in the Garden of Eden before him to give them their names and color. As he spoke to one after another, a tiny flower thought itself unnoticed and fearful of being quite overlooked, it timidly pleaded, "Dear Lord, forget me not." The great Creator turned sternly toward the little plant that had dared to interrupt him, then seeing how sorely afraid it was, he gently smiled upon it, gave it for its color the heavens' own blue, and called it Forget-me-not, as a reminder that it had once been so foolish as to doubt him.

It is the Persians who have fashioned a beautiful legend to tell how it is that these flowers are scattered over the earth as the stars are spread over the sky. According to them, one morning of glory when the world was new, an angel stood weeping outside the closed gate of Paradise. He had fallen, in that he had loved a fair daughter of Earth. When his eyes had rested on her as she sat on a river's bank weaving forget-me-nots in her hair, heaven and his mission to earth were alike forgotten. Now he might no more enter until his beloved had sown all over the earth the forget-me-not. He returned to her and hand in hand they wandered, planting everywhere the sweet azure flowers. When at last there remained on earth no spot barren of these blossoms, they turned again to the gate and found it open. Together they entered in, for the angel's great love had lifted the woman to Paradise.

Some authorities there are who do not hark back to the days of the Garden of Eden, but tell a pathetic tale of the Danube as the origin of the forget-me-not's name. The blue waves of the river washed the foundation walls of a brave knight's ancestral castle. He had but just come home from the wars and laid his honors at the feet of his lady love. His bride and he were wandering along the river's bank when he exclaimed, "Look yonder; there, upon that islet; see those star-like blossoms blue as thine eyes." Instantly he sprang into the river and swam toward the flowers. In safety he reached the isle and grasped the fragile prize, but when he tried to return with them to the shore his heavy armor made him helpless in the current. Tossing the flowers to his frantic bride with the agonizing cry "Forget-me-not," he sank from sight.

LAST OF CLIFF DWELLERS

Pueblos a Composite Race Much Resembling in Customs the Original Hill Tribes.

The Pueblos, it is reasonably certain, are a composite race formed by the amalgamation of the ancient cliff dwellers with stronger nomadic tribes which conquered them, intermarried with them, and then, to a large extent, assimilated their culture. This opinion was expressed and

strongly supported with indirect evidence by Dr. Edgar L. Hewett several years ago. It has lately received confirmation that appears to remove it from the domain of conjecture into the realm of fact.

For years past Dr. Hewett has from time to time conducted excavations among the prehistoric ruins west of Santa Fe. By measurement of the skulls found in the course of these excavations he has proved that the cliff dwellers were a dolichocephalic (long-headed) race. The Pueblo In-

dians are predominantly brachycephalic (short-headed), with a noticeable percentage (from 15 to 25 per cent) of the other type. The difference between the two types is fundamental and proves conclusively that the Pueblos differ widely from the ancient people of the cliffs.

Nevertheless the similarity of their architecture, their industries, their culture and their religion unmistakably indicates that the Pueblos are the inheritors of the institutions of the vanished race. Some of the existing com-

munities even possess traditions to the effect that their ancestors dwell in the cliff homes. All these circumstances led to the conjecture that at some remote period in the past the people of the cliffs had been conquered by a more warlike people; and that the modern Pueblos represented the amalgamation of the victors and the vanquished—Christian Herald.

Every chronic bore imagines that he is the most fascinating man in town.

THE AMERICAN HOME W. A. RADFORD EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Most people like to be "a little different;" and if they can carry out this idea in their home establishment, just so much more satisfaction do they take out of life and its social relations.

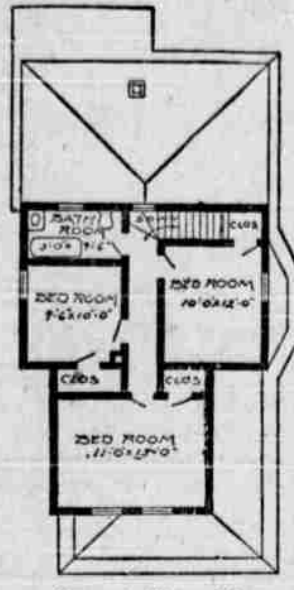
An eight-roomed house of a construction a little different from the ordinary is shown in the design here presented. This is really a combination of a cottage and a two-story house, the front and side gables being elevated sufficiently to make room for three bedrooms and a bathroom, with the necessary closets, on the second floor. There is also a chance to make a small storeroom in the peak of the house over the kitchen.

Storerooms are needed in every house. They are not especially important for newly married folks; but where thrift and economy receive the cultivation that these virtues deserve, there is a continual replenishing of the necessary, and sometimes the unnecessary, furnishings. At certain times in the year, there is a necessity for furniture and belongings that are not needed at other times. In summer, for example, porch furniture, such as hammocks and lawn chairs, are needed; but they are in the way all winter, unless some place is provided to hold them. The cellar is a bad place, because it is dusty where there is a furnace, and damp without one. The only way to take care of these summer things in the winter time is to have a good storeroom. Some families have several trunks, suit cases, and other traveling paraphernalia. It is a common practice, in a good many houses, to keep such traps in the bedrooms; but this is only a makeshift plan. Those who depend on makeshifts fail to get as much real enjoyment out of life as they would if they used their head and hands more in providing conveniences that are not exactly common.

The idea used to be that only large houses could be provided with comforts and conveniences, that small houses offered just room enough for actual necessities, and that folks only

carried up to the full height, and room made above for two more bedrooms, thus providing a ten-room house if the family should ever need that much room. There are very few houses that can be altered after they are built, without involving greater expense than the alterations are worth. It is not expected, as a rule, that a person wants to alter a house. They consult a good many plans, and decide in the beginning what they want, and build accordingly; but, on the other hand, it is impossible to look into the future.

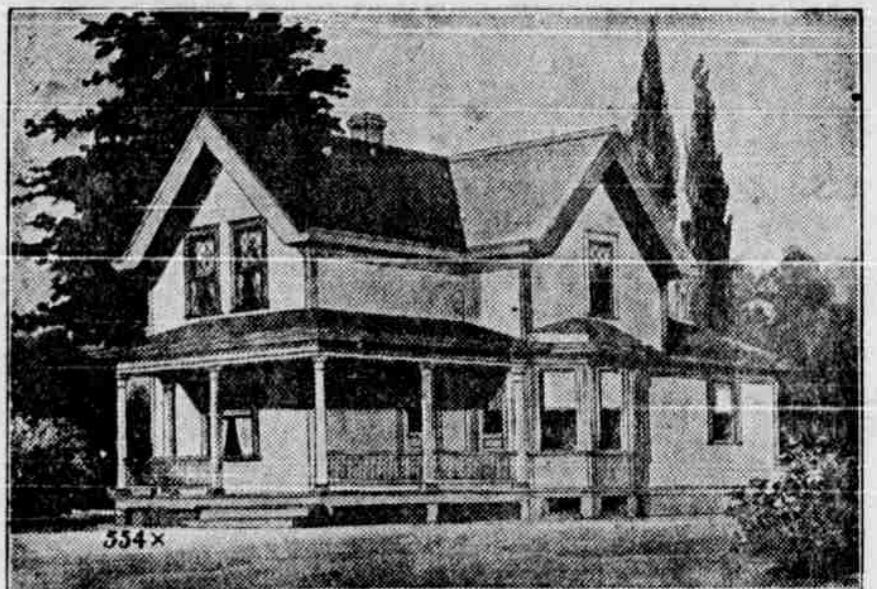
A house like this is easily furnished—another important consideration when building. It is possible to make a small, well-arranged house more cozy and comfortable than a larger and more expensive one. A house is



Second Floor Plan.

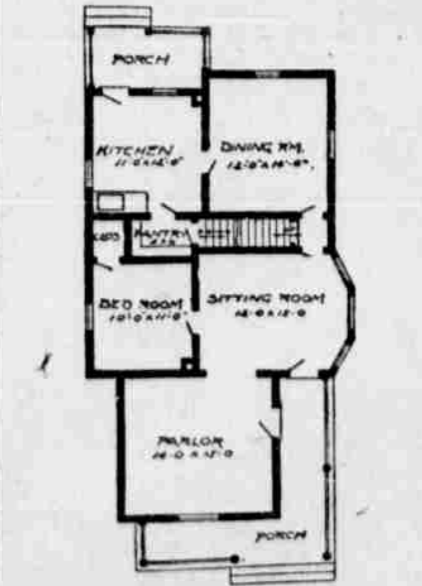
judged more from its furnishings and the way it is kept and arranged, than from anything else. A house may be very plain outside; but if it is clean, comfortable and cozy inside, it is sure to be attractive. There is nothing too good for the home. Sometimes things too expensive are found in homes, but they never fit well.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once said: "I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a king; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. Elegance fits a man; but we value these tools more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the sometimes



moderately well-to-do must get along as best they can. Modern improvements in house building are fast doing away with such notions. In large cities, three or four room flats have bath rooms, besides places to put things that are not needed every day. A flat in a respectable neighborhood in a city will not rent unless it has a bathroom; and every year brings more improvement and convenience for the family.

The only houses nowadays that are built without modern conveniences are country or village houses that are designed and built by that class of local carpenters who do not read the good building magazines and books,



First Floor Plan.

who never get away from home, and who consequently are living in the past. Every man who builds a house without consulting a thoroughly live, up-to-date modern architect regrets it afterwards. He finds out after a while that he might have had a great deal more comfort for less money by going about his business in a more thorough businesslike manner. These same carpenters could easily get in touch with progress, greatly to their financial benefit, if they would only write to those in the thick of the fight and get acquainted.

There is one other advantage in building a house like this, and that is that the one-story kitchen and dining room end may, at any future time, be

we bring into it. I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist, or sit on a block of wood." This gets down to the bottom of house furnishing. It is not the value of the furniture, but the manner in which it is used. If we own the little we have, and are contented, we have more happiness and enjoyment than we could have in a gorgeous house plastered with an encumbrance too heavy to carry easily.

I have for years advocated the building of comfortable low-cost houses—houses that persons in moderate circumstances can build, furnish, and enjoy. It is a great satisfaction to me to find that my efforts in this direction are appreciated. Letters received from different parts of the country are profuse in acknowledgment of benefits received.

The size of this house is 25 feet 6 inches in width, by 35 feet 6 inches in length, exclusive of porches. Under favorable circumstances it can be built for about \$1,500.

The parlor is so arranged that it can be shut off entirely from the rest of the house—a very good arrangement for two reasons: First, it is not necessary for young folks, in building this house, to furnish the parlor until they get ready; then, after it is furnished, they need not heat it every day all winter long if they do not want to. The parlor in a house designed like this is an extra room. It may be used when wanted, and shut off the rest of the time. I wish it distinctly understood, however, that it does not favor rooms in any house kept especially for company. No room is too good for the family to use.

Wolsey's Tower.

Wolsey's tower, in the grounds of Esher place, the residence of Sir Edgar Vincent, which derives its name from the fact that Cardinal Wolsey after his disgrace retired there, is to be repaired at the request and cost of Sir Edgar Vincent by the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments. During recent excavations made on part of the site of the old house the foundations were discovered of a long narrow building running from the right of the tower toward the River Mole, and it is thought that this was a bachelor's lodging.—London Evening Standard.