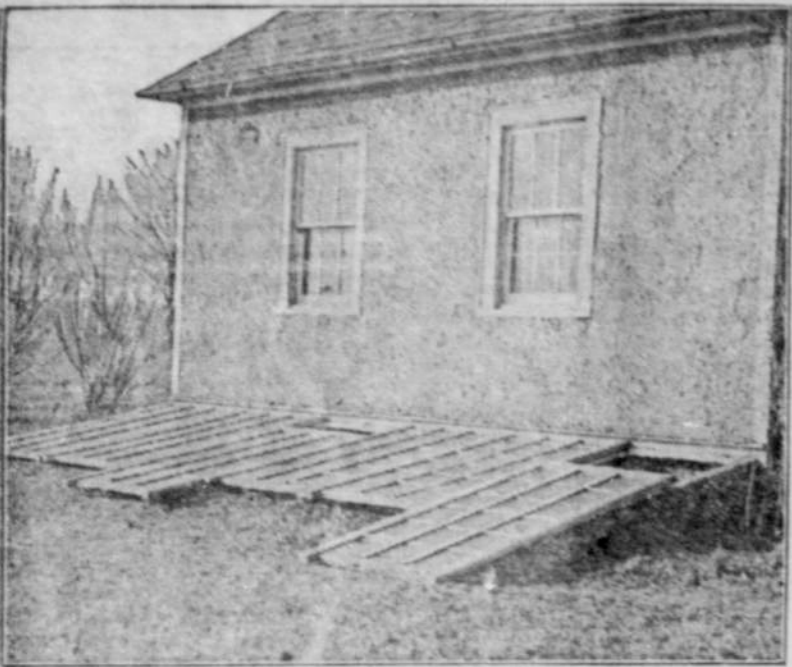


# THE COTTAGE GARDENER

GROWING EARLY PLANTS IN BACKYARD HOTBED



Proper selection of seeds with which to plant a garden is stressed by the United States Department of Agriculture. It should be the aim of every home gardener this year to grow a better garden by making the most intelligent use of the available space, not only by employing better methods, but by planting seeds of the highest quality. The first cost of seeds is comparatively small, but it is very important that the seeds planted should be the very best obtainable.

Gardeners are advised to secure the catalogues of reliable seed firms and spend a little time in going over and checking up the seeds that will be needed for planting.

Do not be misled by the highly colored and much-advertised novelties, but stick to the standard, well-known and proved varieties, advise the specialists. Good seeds should never be wasted, so choose carefully upon the amount required and place your order early before the best stocks are exhausted. Perhaps the seeds can be bought from local dealers. If not, orders should go to a seed house in some neighboring city, so the seeds may be received in ample time. When they are received, unpack and check them to see that no part of the order has been overlooked; then store the seeds in a mouseproof, ventilated container, such as a perforated tin box. They should be kept in a moderate temperature, and where they will not freeze or be exposed to moisture.

### Have Early Vegetables.

Half the pleasure and profit of a garden is derived from having something to use just as early in the spring as possible. In many cities and towns the local greenhouse men grow thousands of plants which are sold to home gardeners at reasonable prices. It often happens, however, that home gardeners do not have the opportunity to purchase well-grown plants, and must start their own supply of early plants in the house or in a hotbed if they desire to have their crops mature early. Among the garden crops that may be started to advantage in this manner are tomatoes, early cabbage, peppers, eggplant and lettuce; even cucumbers, melons, beans, snap beans, lima beans and sweet corn may be started indoors by using flower pots, paper bands, or berry boxes to hold the soil.

Where the required number of plants is too great for growing in window boxes, a hotbed or coldframe may be provided. The usual method of constructing a hotbed is first to dig a

shallow pit 8 to 12 inches deep, according to locality, and pack it full of fermenting stable manure. The manure, before being placed in the pit, should be turned over once or twice in a pile in order to insure even heating. It may then be packed into the hotbed pit and tramped uniformly. Standard hotbed sashes are 3 feet wide and 6 feet long, and the size of the bed should be made to suit the number of sashes employed. A framework of boards 18 to 24 inches high at the back and about 12 inches high in front is placed over the manure-filled pit to support the sash.

### Use for Thermometer.

About 3 or 4 inches of fine garden loam is spread evenly over the manure and the bed allowed to stand four or five days to warm up before any seed is sown. At first the temperature of the bed may run rather high, and it is best to delay planting the seeds in it until it begins to decline. This can best be determined by planting a thermometer with the bulb about three inches below the surface of the soil. The temperature should fall below 85 degrees before seeds are planted.

If glass-filled sashes are not available for covering the hotbed, heavy muslin may be used instead; the glass, however, makes the most desirable form of covering. Care must be taken to give the bed sufficient ventilation to prevent overheating, as it is liable to heat up very rapidly when the sun shines full upon the glass. Watering should be done during the early part of the day and the bed given enough air so that the plants will dry off before night. The bed should be closed before evening, in order to conserve enough heat to carry it through the night in good condition. If the weather should turn severely cold, a covering of straw, blankets or canvas may be thrown over the bed to protect it.

### Coldframe Construction.

A coldframe is constructed in exactly the same manner as a hotbed, with the exception that no manure is placed beneath it to supply heat.

Before the plants are set in the garden, either from the hotbed or the coldframe, they should be gradually hardened to outside conditions by giving them more ventilation each day. Finally, remove the sashes entirely on bright days and replace them during the nights. The aim should be to produce strong, healthy plants that will make a quick start when placed in the garden.

## Souvenirs of Democracy

Portland, Feb. 20.—(To the Editor.)—The enclosed letter from the writer's mother in "Rebel Cork" throws some light upon Black and Tannism, the would-be terror let deliberately loose by British imperialism to break the heart of Ireland. Some nonsense has been written by a semi-subsidized press concerning the comradery displayed by the Irish people and the British Huns. The facts are: If the offer of an Irish Free State was made a few years ago, before England loosed the Fire and Sword, friendship between the stepisters was possible, even probable.

When the offer was made it was made with the threat of national destruction as an alternative. The Welshman was warned by decent British statesmen that his Black and Tan policy would estrange forever the Irish people. But what cared he for the dogs to whom Cromwell said: "To hell or Connaught." The end would justify the means; and when he laid the spoils of war at the feet of the British people, and dragged Irishmen bound to his chariot wheels throughout the streets of London, the profane crowd would cry with him, "vae victis."

But Mike Collins and his Republican army—and that alone—compelled him to change his paeon of triumph to that of entreaty: "To Egypt and India with you, my Black and Tan heroes, for the British lion is being shorn of his strength and your prey is the Blackmen for whom the world cares not a tinker's damn!" And they have slunk out of Ireland with nothing but the blood of women and babes on their jumpers and the treasures they have stolen from Irish homes in their pockets. But the jeers of their victors are ringing in their ears and the contempt of wholesome Englishmen is written on their foreheads.

From the child in arms to the aged adult there will be bitterness, that bitterness which is the mixture of that undying love for land that is innate and strong personal sorrow for the loss of their loved ones, Rachel mourning for her children because they are not. And that will be inbred in the next generation, when youngsters will be reading history written by Irish historians, uncensored by outside enemies. But Irish hearts are soft and loving and there will be a soft corner reserved for those of the race of their hereditary

enemies, who championed their cause when their cause seemed hopeless, who wept at the national desecration of democratic ideals, who beseechingly lifted their hands to heaven to turn the hearts of their imperialistic leaders and who cried "shame" on those men who were making the name of Britain stink in the nostrils of democracy. And perhaps the recollection of their alien friends may soften the harshness of the Irish p-man, for love remains when hatred is forgotten.

The writer's parents are in the eighties, his father being a retired naval officer; the son mentioned has a separate home, is a member of the city council and county council, whose residence up to a short time before Terence MacSwiney died was Wormwood Scrubbs prison outside of London, and who was released after a sixteen days hunger-strike. His mother writes, January 15:

"We have been anxiously waiting to see what the peace treaty would bring. All here are for it, for it means a good deal to get the Black and Tans and the other English mob out of the town. If we had another year like the last people would be driven insane. Joe did not sleep in his house for six months after little Mary was born, as his house, with a few others, was to be blown up. Our home was not forgotten either. One night during a supposed attack on the barracks the peelers fired into our lobby windows. There is a gaping hole in the bedroom door and another large one under the bed. Joe picked up some bullets next day in the room and on the stairs. The girl and I had just left the room when crack went the glass. God alone saved us. Dad went to the barracks the next day to see the meaning of the firing. They had to admit that the bullets came from them. After that I had to cover the windows with blankets every night. Even the night before the truce the machine guns were going. That night we spent crouched in a corner. A number of families left the street and were gone for months. So you see the treaty means a deal to us. The holes in my room will remain as souvenirs of English democracy. Another day your father was coming home with another old man. Firing was going on in the streets; the police were drunk crazed, and the soldiers were as bad. He had a narrow escape, as instead of shooting him they arrested him. His dignity will never get over it."

J. P. O'FLYNN.

### He Was Lost

The teacher was telling the class about the conquests of Alexander the Great. He made the tale a stirring one, and at last reached the conquest of India. Wishing to impress the children, he said:

"When Alexander had conquered India, what do you think he did? Do you think he gave a great feast to celebrate the triumph? No, he sat down and wept."

### The Little Child

A simple-hearted child was He,  
And He was nothing more;  
In summer days, like you and me,  
He played about the door;  
Or gathered, where the father toiled,  
The shavings from the floor.

Sometimes He lay upon the grass,  
The same as you and I,  
And saw the hawks upon Him pass,  
Like specks against the sky;  
Or, clinging to the gate, He watched  
The stranger passing by.

A simple child, and yet, I think  
The bird-folk must have known,  
The sparrow and the bobolink,  
And claimed him for their own;  
And gathered round Him fearlessly  
When He was all alone.

The lark, the linnet, and the dove  
The chaffinch and the wren,  
They must have known His watchful  
love,  
And given their worship then—  
They must have known and glorified  
The Child who died for men.

And when the sun at break of day  
Crept in upon His hair,  
I think it must have left a ray  
Of unseen glory there;  
A kiss of love on that little brow  
For the thorns that it must wear.

—Albert Bigelow Paine.

Patronize our advertisers.

## STIRRING LIFE IS CALLED 'HUM-DRUM'

Oregon Woman Fights Typhoid, Saves 1000 Children and Runs Special Trains.

"My life has been so hum-drum and as nothing has happened to me out of the ordinary I am sure there is nothing in what I have done the last two years in the Near East that would be of interest to my Oregon friends," stated Mrs. Amy Anthony Burt of Bend, Oregon, to J. J. Handsaker, State Director of the Near East Relief when he met her in Constantinople last summer.

"After much effort," says Mr. Handsaker, "I persuaded her to tell me some of the things of this hum-drum life of hers. Sitting in a Constantinople coffee-house she told me of some of the events of her life since March 1913, when she arrived in the Near East."

"Her first work was at Karaklis, where with her sister, Miss Gertrude Anthony, she had charge of a large orphanage and a territory 75 miles square for general relief. During the time she was there she nursed her sister through both typhoid and typhus. The two women were alone in this station.

"After going through this experience they went to Alexandropol and there one day received a message from the English that they were evacuating Baku, some 500 miles away. The British had been feeding about 1,000 children, and unless they were transferred immediately they would starve as soon as the British left. This Oregon woman whose life was so hum-drum quickly secured two special trains, putting a man in charge of one, and taking the other herself. On arriving at Baku, she began loading the children at 10 o'clock a. m. and had the children and their supplies all aboard by 6:30 p. m. She read the riot act to the Turkish captain in charge of the train and he compelled the guards to cease attempting to enter the cars where the older girls and women were. The round trip took nearly two weeks, but Mrs. Burt returned to Alexandropol with her two train loads of children without having lost a single child.

### LIFE OR DEATH?

Lives of 2500 Children at Stake in Question Asked Oregon Man Last Summer.

A question which is still haunting State Director J. J. Handsaker of the Near East Relief, was put to him by Mrs. Jeanette W. Emrich when he was in Constantinople late last summer. Mrs. Emrich is well known in Oregon through her talks on conditions in the Near East four years ago, when she spoke in the 1913 campaign. "Mrs. Emrich is now in charge of extensive Near East Relief work at Constantinople, her duties including the management of several industrial units, a number of soup-kitchens, and a feeding station for 5,000 children," said Mr. Handsaker. "She is one of the most energetic, efficient and devoted workers on the Near East staff, and has borne up wonderfully under a succession of heavy personal griefs. Her husband died when heading a relief expedition in Aleppo shortly



MRS. JEANETTE W. EMRICH

after the signing of the armistice, and one of her little boys died suddenly just one week after my first conversation with her. . . . When I saw her, her heart was heavy because of her inability to give the children under her care enough food to keep them in normal health and strength. In great agony of soul she discussed with me whether she should continue feeding her 5,000 children as she was doing, or whether it would be better for the future of the race to double the allowances of food for each child and cut the number of children in half. The latter plan, of course, would mean the abandonment of 2,500 helpless little boys and girls to the stark fate of starvation, and the giving of their food to the other 2,500 children, in order that the smaller group might be brought to normal maturity. With in a week after she asked me this question, her own little boy was stricken and died. One week after the lad was buried, I returned to Constantinople, from the interior, to find Mrs. Emrich again at her post, with the ante-room of her office filled with widows and orphans to whom she was giving careful sympathetic attention."

Patronize our advertisers.

## OREGON BRIDE MOTHERS 2,000

Ethel Long Newman Writes of Life in Armenia, Where She Manages Great Orphanage.

Some vivid pictures of life in Russian Armenia, where gaunt famine stalks in the wake of devastating war, are given by Mrs. Samuel Newman, formerly Miss Ethel Long, graduate of Oregon Agricultural College, class of 1920, in letters to friends in Oregon. Mrs. Newman and her husband, the latter a graduate of the Idaho Agricultural College, were married in Portland last spring, and soon after left for Armenia to join the staff of Near East Relief workers in charge of two large orphanages near Alexandropol, where an extensive agricultural reconstruction project is being inaugurated by the Near East Relief organization.

The Soviet government, unable to cope with the appalling conditions following the warfare waged in that region almost continuously since 1914, last year turned over to the Near East Relief three mammoth military posts which had been converted into orphanages, together with 118,000 acres of land to be put under cultivation.

"It is a staggering task the Near East Relief has undertaken," writes Mrs. Newman, "but we are working hard and making progress in the face of overwhelming odds. Sam has 20,000 acres of farm lands under his supervision, and is toiling early and late getting his farm units started. I am busy every hour of the day with my work in the orphanage here, which shelters 2,000 children and gives employment to the mothers and fathers of many hundreds more. The farms, you know, are operated in connection with the orphanages. Besides receiving instruction in manual training and other useful things, the larger boys are taught modern scientific methods of farming. The orphan girls are taught to weave rugs and to sew and cook. We are also operating several industrial units where cloth is woven and garments made for the children.

"It was all very discouraging at first," Mrs. Newman continues, "but now we are taking heart and working harder than ever. Sam had an awful time getting his first unit started. However, after scouring the whole country he got together a few plows and harrows and things; also, a little later, the modern machinery contributed by friends of the Near East Relief began to arrive, and Sam had the good fortune to round up 32 good reliable mules. He has sixteen teams now at work, and expects to have a tractor in the field soon. . . . The poor peasants here had never done any real farming, and it was very hard for them at first, but their eagerness to learn and to help is very pathetic. The great deep furrows Sam plows with his good American equipment are a never-ending marvel to them. When Sam gets one unit started with men trained to operate it, he begins another and the orphan boys take to the training with great zeal.

When the Newmans arrived at Djelaliglu, the orphanage there sheltered only 400 boys and girls, and Mrs. Newman writes of these: "There were 1,000 in this lot last spring, but because of

malnutrition and sickness, 600 of them died during the summer, so the Soviet officials had only 400 left to turn over to us. Enough have been brought down from the over-crowded orphanage at Alexandropol to make 2,000 here, and as you can imagine, I have my hands full, helping to mother them. It is wonderful to see how the wretched, dirty, starved little newcomers begin to blossom and grow as soon as they have been bathed, clothed and given a few rations of wholesome food."

Mrs. Newman says there are things the relief workers must think of as little as possible, and must turn away from when outside the orphanage gates. To attempt to aid all the starving people, or even children, would be utterly futile, she says, and would exhaust the Near East resources without permanently helping any. The orphanages take in just as many as can be managed safely.

"We simply must ignore the rest," she writes. "Just outside our gates there are scores of starving children lying or sitting about listlessly, shivering in filthy rags, with their little bones fairly protruding through their skins. Many of them are sick and in pain, and they all beg piteously to be taken in every time they can catch the attention of any of the workers. Many times we have taken in 'just one more' until it cannot be done again, else there would not be food enough for the ones we already have. Another awful thing one may see any day, are the little quiet bundles of rags lying on the sunny side of a wall or a hillside, just able to stir feebly now and then, or to lift up pleading little wistful arms in supplication, if anyone passes. They will lie in the same spot for days sometimes, before they become quite still. Then the Soviet cart with its daily load of the dead, comes and picks up the little bundle. Just picture any one of the many mothers in this tragic land—half-starved and despairing, clad in rags and tatters, with her naked babe in her arms, the little thing trying feebly to draw nourishment from her dried-up breasts. I must not write of it, nor think of it. We must all keep strong for the work that is before us, and think only of the great good that we are doing. But I beg of you, never believe that there can be any exaggeration in the stories you hear of the sufferings and horrors here in this unhappy land."

### The Family

The sacredness of the family has always been recognized by Christians. It is on it that the good not only of the individual, but of the State, depends. . . . as such are bound to stand four-square in

## P. L. Manderville & Wife

at the

## Mt. Hood Ice Cream Parlor

Serve SHORT ORDERS of ALL KINDS

## THE FORCE UNSEEN

Ready to toil at any task you set — the Unseen Force drawn down from the rain cloud and the perpetual mountain snows, stands ever alert to the sudden demands of the home, office, factory and transportation.

## Indispensable Service As Permanent As Civilization

Such are the useful and necessary facilities which this great public utility provides for the 330,000 people living in the territory in which this company operates.

Millions of dollars of physical property needed to produce this service stand back of the investment we are offering you—our 7 per cent Prior Preference Stock.

You may buy for cash or on easy terms to net you 7.3 per cent on your money.

You may become a profit-sharing stockholder in this company by paying \$10 down and \$10 a month, and your partial payments draw interest at 7 per cent till your contract is completed.

## Investigate This Fine Opportunity Today

No stock having preference over this issue will be created without the consent of the holders of a majority of this class of stock.



## Portland Railway Light & Power Co.

ELECTRIC BUILDING

PORTLAND, OREGON

SOLID AS THE STATE