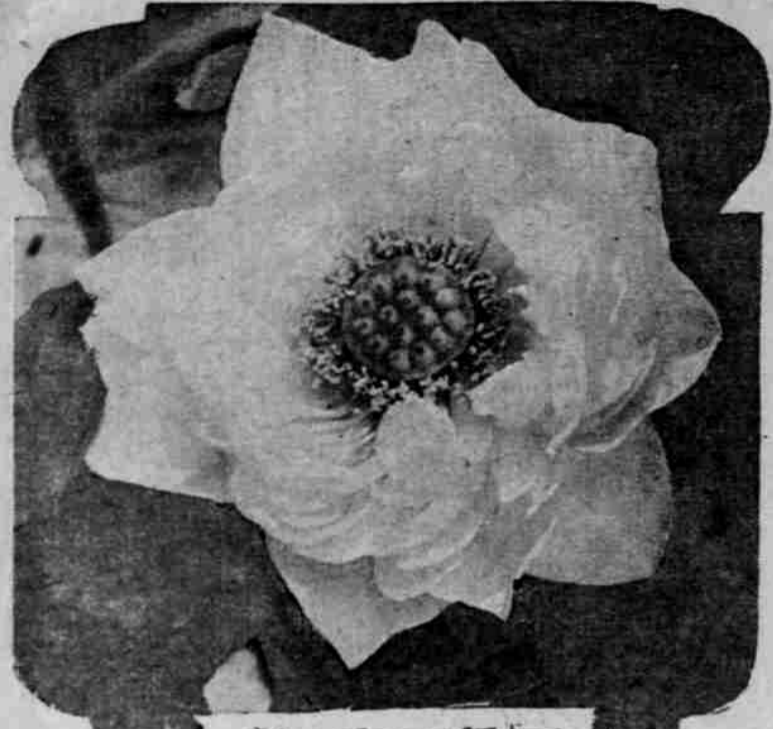


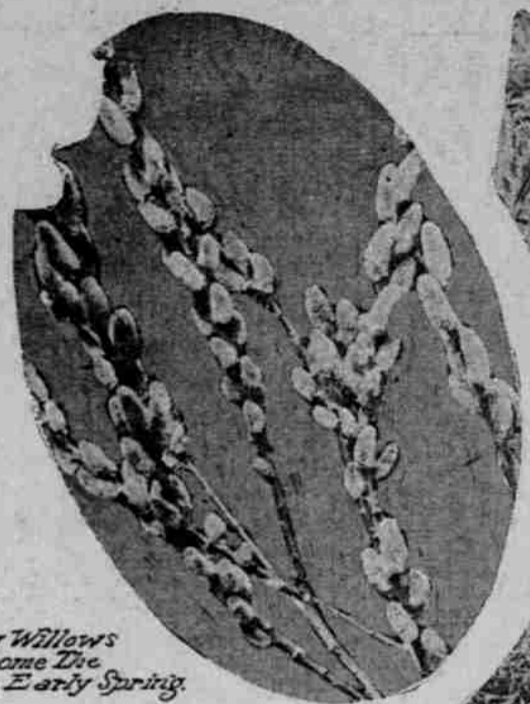
HOW THE FLOWERS BLOOM IN THE SPRING.

A Photographer Records Nature's Processes With An Amazing Series Of Photographs.

The Leopard Orchid of Africa Is Grown In The White House Gardens.



Lotus Flower of Egypt Is Now to Be Found In America.



Pussy Willows Welcome The Early Spring.



The Fern Shows Itself Like An Opening Eye.



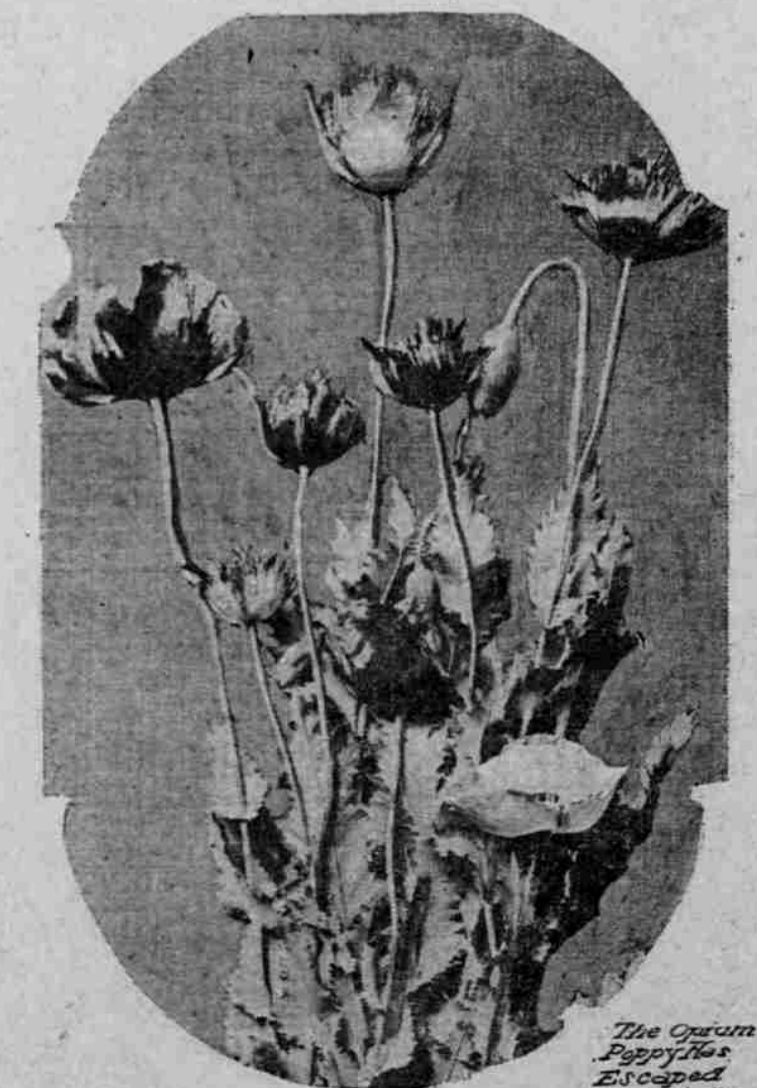
The Indian Pipe Appears In Forest Solitudes.



The Dogwood Is The Belle Of Flowering Trees.



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The Opium Poppies Escaped Captivity In The East.



E. L. Crandall, Flower Photographer For White House.

THE Government has an official photographer to the flower world. The months of April and May comprise his busy period, for then all the wonder-world of nature is putting on its garlands. Today he is somewhere in the wilds seeking out rare blooms of beauty or better known flowers in new and striking guises.

That he may know what he should picture and the value of the things he encounters, he has, of necessity, become a man steeped in the lore of the woods and the fields. His story of the watch for the appearance of the flowers in their cycle of the spring-time weeks is full of nature lore from a new angle.

This photographer is E. L. Crandall, and for years he has made pictures for the Department of Agriculture. In all those experiments of the government scientists in their hothouses, where they seek to breed flowers that the world never saw before, and in the gardens that grow a wealth of rare bloom to decorate the White House on festive occasions, E. L. Crandall is the photographer artist who records the beauties of those blooms.

He has pictured many flowers that have bloomed in these hothouses for the first time since flowers began to bloom, for they were originated here. He has pictured rare orchids that have been sent to the White House gardens from the ends of the earth. He has pictured the first blossoms in America of plants, the seed for which agricultural explorers have sent home from the high Himalayas or the jungles of darkest Africa.

For Crandall is the flower photographer of the Government. He makes the flower pictures that appear in all the Government publications. But above and beyond this he is attempting to register a photograph of every flower that blooms in the wilds, that the Government or the naturalist or the nature lover may have true material for illustration whenever these beauties of nature are being portrayed.

Prophets of Spring.
So Crandall knows the things in nature that first appear in the Spring. He knows the procession of flowers as they follow, one after another. He knows the haunts in which they are found and the tricks of getting them on record.

There is, for instance, the skunk cabbage, the first bloom of them all to appear in the Spring. Often the snow is still on the ground when the skunk cabbage pushes its way through the fecund earth and bursts into bloom. The flower is protected by a shell-like covering that reveals it from only one side, the whole being something like a cabbage with a hollow interior as a vase for a flower. The flower, to be sure, has a bad odor, from which it takes its name. Its prime virtue of being the first of them all to appear and the additional fact that it is an edible plant, largely redeem the skunk cabbage from the ignominy of its odor.

Following closely on the heels of the skunk cabbage, according to the flower photographer, comes the bloom of the trailing arbutus. This well-known plant that scrambles about the sandy, rocky hillsides of the eastern half of the continent, puts forth its flowers in clusters at the ends of its vines. They are waxlike and pink, and have an odor much like that of the water lily.

places and the arbutus of the hillsides are closely followed in the Spring by the pussy willow blooms that have long found a place in the Springtime joy of the people of the outside. The pussy willows, not uncommonly are seen in February. The red and yellow and green and brown of their soft and fuzzy cylinder change to early faves abroad while their fragrance fills the early Spring air.

And there is the hepatica that crowds close on the heels of the skunk cabbage and often shows itself among the snows of early Spring. When the men of Vermont go forth to tap the maple tree for its sap that begins to rise with the first, they often find the delicate white and pink star-shaped flowers blossoming at their roots. The anemone is likewise a child of the early Spring, its cresture known also as the wind flower.

When Spring Has Arrived.
By this time Spring is a thing of reality. The gray poplar has burst into bloom overhead and the blue violets, says the photographer, are to be seen in the grass and a handful of them may be gathered for milady's corsage. The first-foot violet is the largest of the blue violets, though not as early as some. They grow in the borders of fields and in thin woods, hiding modestly close to the ground. The common violet may shade into purple, while the sweet, white violet, most fragrant of them all and the smallest, is of a modest color. The yellow violet is the tallest and proudest and chooses the dry hillsides, though it may often be found looking into the waters of a brook, as though to get a view of the reflection of itself. The so-called dog-tooth violet is not a violet at all and its other name of lawn lily is much more appropriate.

The lady's slippers come later in the Spring and may not be found as yet anywhere except in the far South. These lady's slippers are real aristocrats among the wild flowers. They are orchids, and orchids are the fancy and pride of many a magnificent garden. Emissaries of flower fanciers travel the world around gathering orchids and single plants are often worth thousands of dollars. Yet the lady's slippers are royal orchids. They are things of beauty but not so highly prized as those that are more difficult to procure. In the White House gardens there is the rarest of these flowers, the spotted leopard orchid of Africa, which Mr. Crandall has here pictured.

Some Flower Comedians.
To the Nature student there is an eternal comedy enacted in the woods, with the lady's slipper and the humble bee as the principals. This plant may be fertilized and its seeds made to grow in but one way, by the bumblebee carrying the pollen of one flower to another. Realizing this, the lady's slipper places the bait of great quantities of honey near its opening to induce the bumblebee to enter. The flower wants him inside, that pollen may be smeared all over him. The door is so small that he may barely squeeze through.

The bee does so and eats his fill of the honey and is ready to go. He finds the door so small that he may not back out of it. There is the light of a small aperture ahead of him, and he starts for it. He must crowd his way through by main force, and in so doing he gets all rumpled up and pollen galore sticks to him. When he enters other flowers he is prepared thoroughly to fertilize them.

Dutchman's breeches is another of the comedians of the flower world. It is a delicate-stemmed, aristocratic flower, despite its plebeian name—a what are to be fern leaves shoot out of the ground in the early Spring and the knotty fist that is on the end of them opens out most stealthily until it becomes a multi-leaf with every finger a rib.

At about this period of the glory of the Spring there appears the dogwood blossom, one of the handsomest of the flowering trees. Later the flowers will give place to bright berries. Most of the berries of the woods are bright

red. They do it on purpose, and there is an economic reason. The berry wants to attract the attention of the birds. It wants to be eaten by the bird. As an additional inducement it puts on a layer of gummy substance that is good bird food. So the bird is attracted and actually eats the berry.

The gummy layer is digested off of the seed, but its germ is more resistant. This the bird drops at some place which the tree hopes will be favorable to its growth and perhaps another great tree results. So is the bird induced to scatter the seeds of trees.

The red bud or Judas tree also lights flame on the hillsides, a thing of glory when viewed from a distance, but dissolving into nothing when approached for close inspection, and because of this deception given the name of the man most scorned. Nearly all the trees, even to the pine, have blossoms, a fact not generally recognized.

Tribulations of Photographer.
The flower photographer recites the many tribulations that beset the path of him who would record the flowers in their happiest moods. Mr. Crandall, for instance, one day started out for some pictures of old-fashioned tansy, a plant that was familiar to most childhoods and which has a way of blooming around deserted farmsteads. With his thirty-pound outfit on his back he tramped 20 miles without ever a sight

of the plant, and never exposed a negative in a whole day. The next morning he stumbled upon a bed of it in a hundred yards of camp.

Again, he found that there was a gap in his picture collection with relation to black cohosh. He was camped beside Lake Bomoseen, in Vermont, and searched its shores for days. One afternoon he was crossing the lake in a boat and a squall drove him ashore and into the very arms of the long-sought cohosh. Again, there was a handsome blooming shrub that required just the right light for the proper effect. The sun was wrong, and the photographer sat and waited for six hours, until it had traversed the sky and shone in exactly the right way for the picture.

good to eat, quite satisfying and of such value as to be of importance as a food. There is the heart of the fern. Here is to be found a piece of plant food that may serve an important purpose and that has saved many a friend from hunger. Aside from these there are the well-known berries and nuts that may often be relied upon to furnish a wholesome meal.

Flowers That Flame.
The hills of the field that "toll not, neither do they spin" are infinite in number and in variety. When myriads of them lift their heads above the grass of the meadow or wave a welcome to the mower at haying time, they lay down a scene of beauty hard to surpass. Their orange or yellow or brick red flowers that last but for a day throw a deal of glory into that short span.

The poppy is not a native of the Eastern states. Many gardens in many states have grown the opium poppy of China and India, however, and the introduced plant has taken to the woods until it has become no uncommon sight to find clusters of these purple blossoms of unsurpassed beauty in almost any field. Then there is the yellow poppy of California and of many of the other Pacific Coast states, that lays down such a carpet of yellow as to reveal anywhere else in the world. It is the glory of the flower-loving tourist to climb a spur of the Rockies after abundant Spring rains, to see the meadows and the carpet of yellow is spread out interminably for 50 or 100 miles upon the desert. The sea of yellow billows without end before the breezes that sweep from the mountains.

Among the introduced flowers that the photographer may encounter is the great lotus from Egypt, that subtle flower that is reported to steal into the veins of the cater of it and breed strange fantasies. The lotus is a water lily that sometimes measures a foot or more across and that is the monarch of the flower world. In many American gardens it has been set to grow in cement tanks kept supplied with water. It has overrun these tanks and gained the American stream and may today be found growing in all its seductive glory in the streams tributary to the Potomac below Washington and in many other places.

So it is becoming possible that the minds that dominate this, the most powerful civilization of modern times, may find hands that steal into the veins of the nobles of ancient Egypt fed until their faculties were dragged into inaction and the race dominance was gone. The material being placed at hand that may convert the men of America into the lotus eaters of modern times.

So does the flower photographer encounter one after another of the flowers that bloom in the Spring, about every one of which there is a romance, a poem or a flame of sentiment. Job's tears, purple and white, appear for a few hours and are gone. The bellwort hangs for a while on its delicate stem. There is the lily of the valley which also hangs for a few hours and is gone. There is the family of flags and another of pinks, there are meadowweets and wild roses, there are the laurels of the mountains and the daisies of the fields, morning glories and forget-me-nots, there is Black-eyed-Susan and the sneeze weed, that large family of thistles, and the ragwort plant. There are flowers without end at this season of the year and the tales of them and the pictures might go on forever.

The 13 Superstitions

What is the foundation of the "thirteen" superstition? Why is it, now that we are fully started in the year 1913, that the delusion can really become more and more weighted down with the burden of their inexplicable fears? For they are unexplainable—no one can tell you just why they are in dread of the number if you press them for a reason.

Neither is it in English-speaking countries that the date is a fateful one. You can trace it in France, where the Minister postpones the publication of the names of a new Cabinet, that the list may not appear on the 13th of the month.

You meet with it in Germany, too, where even Bismarck would rather sacrifice a dinner than make one of 13 at a table. Again, you can come across the same superstitious terror in Switzerland, in Italy and in the Scandinavian countries. You find it on the Stock Exchange, and even in gay, cynical Paris. There are, of course, a holiday starts on the 13th and half the people stay shame-facedly at home.

An English expert along historical lines has recently compiled some valuable information on this queer but interesting subject. The superstition, traced back to antiquity, is thought to have its foundation in all Scandinavian countries in mythology. Their ancient gods and goddesses apparently loathed the number, but back of that none can say.

As for the reason in England, two explanations are offered, though probably not one person in 1000 who cherishes the delusion can really tell them. One authority ascribes the whole tradition to the ill-luck thought to be associated from the fact that 13 sat down to the last supper or perniculous influence should result in mankind from that solemn gathering no man or woman of any sane mind is able to do so. But there are scholars who explain the terror by pointing out that since Judas, who was the first to quit the table, betrayed Christ, the superstition has come down through the ages since then.

But there is another and more definite reason for its origin, which was only reached after a long and laborious search on the part of a number of learned men. "The superstition," they say, "that where a company of persons amounts to 13, one of them will die within the twelvemonth afterward, seems to be founded on the calculations adhered to by the insurance offices, which presume that out of 13 persons taken indiscriminately, one will die within the year."

Apparently the superstition comes from a ridiculous deduction from Biblical history, or from the chance calculations of some forgotten insurance man's computation, whose theory would probably be upset in five minutes by an modern authority upon life averages of healthy individuals.