

FIFTY BLOCKS OF SOLID ROSE HEDGES IN SALEM, "THE CITY OF A THOUSAND BEAUTIES"

By Mrs. W. Everett Anderson.

That every foot of parking, every old barn, high board fence, telegraph pole or other necessary unsightly thing in Salem may not only be made to blossom like the rose, but with the rose is the dream of every beauty-loving Salemite—a dream that is not long to be realized if every one interested in the Capital City's fame and growth will do an individual part.

The rose is as old as history, and loved alike by rich and poor; it is the flower universal. There are roses for every station in life. Some grow as readily as morning glories, and some that are as delicate as spirit, requiring the love of the human heart to thrive upon before sunlight and water. The nameless charm and inspiration that comes to us from a single bud leaning over a vase is something more than product of soil and sun. It would not do to insist that the form and fragrance and texture of the rose has come from the loves and inspirations of the human heart, but one may think as one likes.

Roses speak eloquently of personalities and romance to those of an understanding heart and a listening ear. The crimson rambler brings memories of the Land of the Rising Sun, in which place some of our loveliest climbers had their origin, and there are roses that pile on petal after petal until one thinks of a maid of Holland with her multitudinous petticoats. Then there are the Clovellys that have made us deeper and wiser for their beauty, and the

golden teas that have brought to us the memories of south winds across waters or meadows after a rain.

The hardness of the climbing rambler roses places them within the reach of all, and through the use of them effects can be obtained in simple home gardens that are delightful and charming in the extreme.

These strains are unrivalled to grow on trellises, pergolas, arches and over gateways, and what imaginative soul ever passed under one of these rose-covered bowers without the suggestion of romance, and the waking of emotions as with the occurrence of something unexpected?

California is famed for its rose hedges and as any rose that grows there will thrive here there seems to be no logical reason why Oregon—Salem in particular—should not come to be known far and wide for its roses.

A commendable effort was begun some years ago to border the federal and state buildings with roses, many individual properties extending this graceful plan, until now Salem has fifty blocks of solid rose hedges.

In 1912 George Dunsford, head gardener at the State House, set out the first Caroline Testout rose hedge around that building; the following year Dr. R. E. Lee Steiner donating cuttings and furnishing labor for the parking of Willson Avenue, the Court House and the Post Office blocks.

The Salem Floral Society is instrumental in the plan to plant a rose hedge extending from the State

(Continued on page 4)



From the Tulip Farm of Dibble & Franklin, Near Salem.

STREAMS FLOWING THROUGH SALEM ARE WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS TO THE CAPITAL CITY

The city of Salem has an asset not as yet fully appreciated by its fortunate residents.

I allude to the many small streams which meander through our midst, usually spanned by bridges so hideously ugly one is apt to hasten across without a glance at the sylvan beauty of the rushing stream beneath. Here is quiet and peace—in answer to the murmuring stream a bird calls, a robin is taking a bath, a tree dips branches in a pool, the mock orange is white with flowers and the wild spirea, whose habitat is in the mountains, is covered with its foamy sprays of white. Just imagine the underbrush cleared away, a rustic bench to invite the weary, perhaps a rustic arbor covered with the wild cucumber or clematis. Would it not be worth while? Only wild plants and ferns should have place in such a beauty spot. Nature cannot be improved upon, but may be judiciously aided. Have you ever passed the stream flowing by the penitentiary, without unconsciously slowing up if your hand is on the wheel—to take in the charm of the stream in its graceful curves, which Mrs. John Minto made still more alluring by the touches of gardening on the brink? The spot is now loudly calling for a rescuer to save it from being only a memory.

Have you crossed the long bridge in South Salem and leaned over its whitewashed railing, to see the three brooks which join company there and sing in unison as they speed on to be lost in the big river?

I can remember when the small four-year-old, who accompanied his father to the bridge, came racing home all excited demanding a line and hook to "fish with the boys." Lots of fish. A school of grayling were passing under the bridge. The embryo Isak Walton was made happy with a long string securely fastened to a muffin ring. He came home supremely happy, with his first fish, securely wedged in, it had swam in and could not swim out.

Have you seen the same stream at the next street, where it takes on an entirely different setting, with a picturesque old oak standing sentinel on the bank? The commerce of a growing city claims the right of way of a river, for its banks must have wharves and landing places for boats. We can walk or ride over the beautiful new bridge, and revel in the lovely reflections in the mirrored stream; but the little streams wandering through our city bring the joy of the mountains and life in the wild home to all nature lovers.

An Eastern city would not take a million dollars for such streams.

There are many families who have not the time or the means to leave the town in the heat of the summer. Why not consider their needs? Give the tired housewife a spot where in the cool shade by a rippling stream she can rest with the babies and make life more worth while.

The Floral Society is considering all these beauty spots. Make it possible to improve them, by becoming a member.

HISTORY OF THE SALEM FLORAL SOCIETY

By Mrs. W. P. Lord.

A few congenial spirits chanced to meet at the floral pavilion of the State Fair, year 1915. The remark

ing greatly to floral knowledge of members of the society. The society, now reorganized, is fortunate in having Homer Smith for



A Corner of the Yard of Mrs. W. P. Lord, on South High Street.

was made, "What a pity to have an exhibition of flowers but once a year—we have soil and climate unsurpassed for floriculture, and we do not realize our good fortune. Some steps should be taken to bring flower lovers together for mutual benefit."

"Well," said another, "no time is like the present; here is the nucleus for a Floral Society?" Amongst those present, Mrs. Edyth-Tozier-Weathered, the only woman member of the State Fair board, gave invaluable aid in organizing, so that in October of 1915 we were duly launched—as the Salem Floral Society.

Mr. Maruny, first president. Miss Beattie Shinn secretary for the first year, followed by Mr. Wallace, superintendent of the state house grounds, with Ivan Martin secretary; Mrs. Tolman the third year, with Mr. Martin as secretary, then Mr. Maruny until the close of the year, when the decision was made to reorganize in order to do much more effective and comprehensive work.

The dues were only 25 cents a year, and with the increasing costs of living this small sum could not be made to cover expenses.

I doubt if any society ever accomplished so much with so small a sum as was at the command of the society: 12,000 rose cuttings were planted on a vacant lot, for which \$29 was paid by the society. Mr. Maruny and Mr. Wallace secured the cuttings, planted, watered and gave them unremitting care—with the result that the following year there were over 1000 fine rose bushes to give away.

These were distributed in sections where parkings had been neglected. The Poor Farm was well supplied with roses and other plants. The Soldiers' Home at Roseburg was not forgotten, and the Oregon boys at Camp Lewis had roses to surround their barracks. Then the balance were given to all who applied, many finding country homes.

Whoever has nursed a rose clipping to the flowering stage can appreciate the work of taking care of 12,000-rose babies. This work, given freely, without cost, has added much to the beauty of the city streets, and the pleasure of our old soldiers, and the unfortunate poor. There was also instituted a floral exchange, which proved very popular, surplus plants being brought to a central location and exchanged with other growers, thereby disseminating varieties. We had addresses from gentlemen famous in floriculture, add-

president, who is an enthusiast on the subject of flowers and fruit. We solicit the active co-operation of all home owners. The work of the society will not only add to the pleasures of life, but to property values. United effort will result in attracting desirable people to settle and cast their lot with us—and we shall be known far and wide as Salem the City Beautiful.

The Salem Floral society needs 5000 members at \$1 a year in order that there may be that much money annually to continue the work, well begun, of making Salem the most beautiful city in the world.

Minneapolis is the flour city; Salem is the flower city.

THE TULIP

Why the tulip—a Holland flower? Well, to begin with, the tulip is not a native of Holland. First seen in Turkey, it was introduced into Holland by the Dutch ambassador to Turkey in 1559. In Holland it underwent a boom, and the boom became a craze. Fabulous prices were paid for one bulb. Men traded in tulips that had no existence, as today we deal in fictitious wheat. Men were ruined, went hungry, suicided over a strange flower from the East. After this boom subsided Holland took up the growing of tulips in a

commercial way, and carried it on with such vigor and persistency, that now the name of the country and the name of the flower are linked as one.

But during the past few years there have arisen grave doubts as to whether Holland is the final home of the tulip, whether it has indeed the climate and soil most adapted to the nature of the flower, whether despite the skill, patience and business ability of the growers, some day it may not emigrate again.

To that end the government five

years ago established an experiment station at Bellingham bay; there have also been semi-private investigations, and there has been, of course the continual growing in the yards. This has resulted in the steadily increasing conviction that a better tulip can be grown here in the Pacific Northwest than in Holland. But this is a chapter from another story, in proper time well

worth the telling. This article is more concerned with the appearance and habits of the tulip, its care and culture.

At one time I stood at the portals of a tulip catalogue. There were divisions and divisions of tulips. Each division contained a long list of varieties. These ran the gamut of shades in a fascinating but hopelessly confusing manner. And I had hitherto thought that "tulips is tulips." And all I wanted was "a good red and yellow." Well, since then I have become older and a bit more tulip-sophisticated, perhaps, I hope to always retain an understanding of the person who shrinks from the ways of an encyclopedia, when he simply wants a good, dependable bulb.

There are for general planting purposes only four divisions of tulips. The first, Single and Double Early, is as its name indicates, the earliest of all. They are in height from seven to thirteen inches, and unsurpassed as bedders. The forcing varieties are extensively used by florists, who until recently have depended altogether on this class. They come in a wide range of colors and their brilliancy as a solid color, or in effective combinations, is heightened by the contrast with the coolness of the season. A bed of orange and red Kaiser Kroon, for instance, the latter part of April, is as daring as the first swallow, and a challenge to the lagging sun.

Then what more in tune with spring than dainty Cottage Maid, that creamy white with rose pink margin?

Or what greater richness than copper-red Prince of Austria on a carpet of green grass?

Often with White Swan, I have wished for a snowfall that I might see which is the chaster white.

The Cottage tulips were named for the old cottage gardens of England, Scotland and Ireland, where upon the renewal of interest in tulips they were found growing. They are tall-growing Mrs. Moon against a shrubby stems, the most have gracefully drooping ones. Grouped in some unexpected corner there is nothing more lovely, and their enticement is without alloy. The Blue Book says that "Among them are some of the most exquisitely beautiful flowers of all the royal race of tulips. From glittering reds to glistening yellows, dainty pinks and chaste whites, they run riot across the painter's palette." To mention only one combination, try pink and white Picotee and pure yellow Mrs. Moon against a shrubby background.

The Darwin tulips originated in France and were named in honor of the evolutionist Charles Darwin, and put on the market in 1889. They engaged the attention at once of the foremost originators of the new varieties, because of their soft yet clear colors, the substance of the petals, indicating their value as cut flowers, and the long, upright stems with their decorative possibilities. And the result is, that in no class of tulips has the improvement been so pronounced, and no class of

(Continued on page 4)



SALEM

The Way Salem and the Country East of the City Look From an Airplane.