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The OREGON STATESMAN, Salem, Oregon, Sunday Morning, October 3, 1937

Vivid Picture of England Painted in Words by Salem Youth

Spanish Relief Among the New Books Work Outlined

Colorful Characters Met by Robert Read; Own **Experiences** Told

Editor's note: Robert Read of Salem, as of whose travel letters from England appeared in The Statesman early in the summer, has mailed another from Paris His correspondence was interrupted by emgloyment and by later trips to the continent. Read is now on his way home.

By ROBERT READ

May day morning found me walking down Southampton Rew in a London suddenly electric. I was strangely happy, and as I toyed with the sixpence in my pocket (the last of a borrowed half-crown) I felt, I knew-this was going to be a memorable day. I had just breakfasted with my saw, the young archaeologist, the four friends in the dark little self-cookers' kitchen of the Youth Hostel: we met only at mealtimes and in the evenings, but a very real spirit of camaraderie had grown among us.

There was something special about us; we were alike. We A called ourselves the lost ones.

Crowds of German students would come for a day or so, then go away singing their fierce songs: French school girls, guided by clucking maitresses would drop in for a noisy night; Americans by twos and threes would blow in, do everything wrong for a while, then leave with large gestures of perfect assurance; Danish boys and Swedish girls would appear for a night or two, joylessly sitting in corners, order-

ing meals in painful English, and then be noiselessly gone: but we \$2.50. five wore different.

International Group part of the place; there was we had no money.

First, there was Greta, the she worked-now wonderful bacon. How gracefully Greta stole! So magnanimously, so How gracefully Greta without malice!

There was Jan, the Dutchman, an avowed opportunist, and proud

T. E. LAWRENCE, BY HIS pity. And you might give "The FRIENDS: Arnold Walter Law- Case Against Women" to your reace, ed. Doubleday c1937. wife to read. It will probably make her mad, but maybe she'll \$4.00.

This book, edited by the only understand you, and men in gensurviving brother of the great and eral better. Maybe she won't by this time almost legendary though. On second thought, I Lawrence of Arabia, is not the wouldn't show it to her, if I story of his achievement in leadwere you.

Reviews and Literary News Notes

This Week's Reviews by Lela Bell Sanders

ing the desert revolt; that has THE GARDEN; A MANUAL OF been told incomparably by himself in "Revolt in the Desert" and CIFIC NORTHWEST. By Har-"Seven pillars of wisdom." Nor is riet Trumbull Parsons and

it a conventional biography, but Elizabeth Nowland Holmes. rather a series of vignettes, Lawrence as he appeared to those who c1933. \$1.50. were in contact with him at various times. We have pictures of book, it has just come to my athim as a boy as his mother knew tention, and garden books parhim, the boy his schoolfellows ticularly applicable to the northwest are rare enough to merit military leader, later the man with notice whenever found. The first a haunted mind, then the private half of this little book-it is only in the Air Service, on to his un-107 pages long-is called timely death. Some of the arti-"Around the Dial"-a month by cles are by the relatively few wommonth reminder of what to do in en who knew him with any dethe garden. There is also a secgree of intimacy, and their record of him is that of a man of great tion outlining the characteristics gentleness and almost feminine of the commoner western conifers

intuition. There is even a sketch of and the yew. The latter half of the book is him a young girl whom he taught crammed full of miscellaneous to drive a speed-boat. Out of all these little sketches we can make suggestions-color schemes, the our own composite portrait of him. herb garden, garden design, how Of quite special interest are the to catch earwigs (after catching fists of the books and phono- them "step on them if you enjoy graph records Lawrence owned at it" says the authors!), even a the time of his death. This is recipe for making one's own flagreally a fascinating book, and stones. The authors, at the end of throws much light on a very complex and frequently baffling char-

acter. LET YOUR MIND ALONE! by James Thurber. Harper c1937. a gardening friend.

Now this is a book which I LITTLE LION: MIEKE; by Brand We were there day after day think should be required reading Whitlock. Appleton-Century and week after week; we were with Dorothea Brande's "Wake up and live!", Mursell's "Streamline something quite special about us: your mind" and others of that ilk. ture are sure to welcome this With solemn gravity America's little volume, which in the preface

Number One funnyman tears their is compared not unjustly with exiled German girl, who was a pretty little plans for The More such a classic as "Rab and His perfect anarchist, bringing us Efficient Life into a thousand cra- Friends." As you doubtless reevery evening some plifered deli- zy fragments. It's insane, it's hilar- member, Brand Whitlock was our cacy from the great house where ious, and it's just about 99 and great minister to Belgium at the 44/100 percent true. You had bet- time of the World war, and it was brown bread, now a great sack ter go off by yourself when you then that Mrs. Whitlock was preof tea, now a beautiful chunk of read it, if you don't want your wife sented with a Pekingese puppy, to keep saying, "What on earth and it is pleasant to think that are you snorting at?" those dark days were made light-That is just the first half of er for them by the gay and

the book. The second part is charming life of Mieke, the little equally funny. I liked particular- dog. Her short and happy little of his cleverness: he borrowed ly well "Bateman Comes Home," money from everybody on the which is Mr. Ferber's version of Whitlock, briefly but eloquently. strength of a legendary job build- the now popular presentation of Get it and read it, if you love life in the deep south. "Tobacco

phin hotel to sit up with Mr. and Mrs. Sams, Dame Janet Campbell, Henry Brinton and Hope Vulliamy, talking until the small hours about Spanish food, army wait tents, and the probable consump-GARDENING FOR THE PA- tion of glucose upon the boat's arrival. wait. The next day, as supplies failed to arrive, we found little to do, and there was time for me to

Seattle, Lowman & Hanford visit the nearby Winchester, a sleepy cathedral town, horder of Although this is not a new the patient ghost of Alfred, who revives for the tourist season, when little boys come to thump their knuckles on the round table -a massive, smooth-edged actuality. Of all the English towns I have seen, Bath and Winchester. have appealed to me most-Bath, because it is un-English; Winchester, because it is soddenly English. The cathedral itself, so casually situated, retains the simplicity of a parish church in its splendid lines, and the left transsept, reputed to be the finest remaining Norman work, was impressive even to my inexperienced eye. I slept there in the old town mill, now a youth hostel, with

tion were spared me, however, as

a wire from Southampton awaited

me at the office. It was from one

Mr. Sams, who was to be admin-

istrator at the camp for 2000

refugee children from Bilbao. The

camp was to be got ready. My

services were required at South-

about midnight in the heart of

picture book England, where I

was whisked to the ancient Dol-

A 9 o'clock train landed me at

ampton.

the soft roar of the mill-race under my ear all night. The following morning found me early at the North Stoneham the book, give what they consider campsite, a huge rolling field. a comprehensive bibliography of banked by woods on two sides garden books. This little book is most attractive in form, and would make a charming gift for to be in charge of the preliminary At about 10 o'clock an immense

loaded with bell tents and from mind when he has a stomach ache. Dog'lovers and lovers of literathat moment my work began. Five days later I managed time off for a shave; five days after that I got into town for a bath. Many Assist

But I should not be unhappy to live again those chaotic two weeks. In the daytime (it was the Whitsuntide vacation) hordes of sympathetic workmen came to dig trenches, erect latrines and build fences; their wives to wash and alter the bundles of proffered clothing and to prepare the feeding utensils; their children, in the guise of three troops of Boy career is immortalized by Mr. Scouts, to erect the tents, fill straw paillasses and fetch beer

And there were the warm.

We were an ill-assorted crowd,

Reynolds, a Londoner, was per-

wrote books on India to earn his

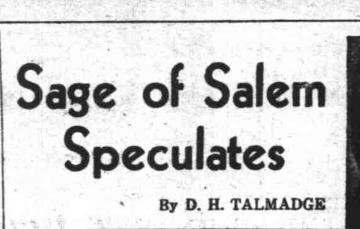
bread, was an intimate of Laur-

valuable to us for his marvelous

stories in Yorkshire dialect. A

strung horse, he looked the

bright nights when the horses



Waity but not Weighty upon buckwheat cakes for Mon-People who wait and wait and day morning breakfast. The

eaten without syrup or butter.

This seemed somewhat inconsist-

ent to my callow mind, and I ask-

ed grandmother about it. Grand-

buggy excursions, although he oc-

casionally unbent and permitted

In a cafe to be fed Sometimes wonder why waiters So anyway 'tis said. The reason's plain why waiters

walt, Ere they on waiters wait-They wait because they're paid wait,

Though not to wait to wait. Some waiters wait while other wait. One feeders, t'other fed.

rowth of hunger doth compensate All waiters, it is said.

And that is a beautiful thought for one who has just arisen from an overly heavy and alluringly appetizing Sunday dinner. I usually overeat on Sunday, and I gather from numerous indications manifested on Monday that I am far from being alone in the indiscretion. We shudder at the excesses of the early Britons and other races in existence prior to the Christian era. The history of the human race is one of extremes. We have ever gone too far or not far enough. Sunday, even so short

now. a time ago as when I was a child, was a day of cold victuals and not and by adjacent fields and a many of them. People overate, but You will pardon it, please. You roadway on the two others. I was not on Sunday. The general idea must come up and tell me about your grandfather some day. at that time was to remember the camp while the others dealt with Sabbath day to keep it holy, and local committees in Southampton. the elders entertained a theory, I It may as well be admitted,

presume, that the present era has suppose, that a person is less likelorry pulled onto the grounds ly to remain in a proper frame of many points of superiority over that of 60 years ago. Consider, for The mind on that day, they example, the matter of paste. A few of us remember when we used thought, should rest upon matters white of egg for paste, and then apart from physical indulgence. came mucilage,, which many of So we went to meeting four or us called gluton. Both of these five times during the day, and perwere out of the question, of course mitted our minds to rest in secret



rather a pretty bottle, and I car- Parent-Teachers ried it upstairs, having in mind its use as a vase for an occasional flower, and placed it on the floor behind the door. I was away from the office for an hour during the morning of Wednesday. When I returned and opened the door, fully expecting to be greeted by the convention, buzz I had left, I was given a pleasant surprise. Not a buzz was to be heard, and the floor about the whiskey bottle was covered with flies, their legs sticking up stiffly, and I gleefully gathered them into a newspaper and tossed them from the window. A few returned school building. change, when it came, was grad-

the following morning, but only a few. I reckon a spoonful or two ual. Our elders did not like very or the whiskey had been left in well to admit it, but cheerlessness the bottle. acts as a clog in the wheel of holi-

ness. Thus it came to pass presently that hot cakes appeared on the **Turner Sportsmen Have** Sunday breakfast table, but were

> **Good Luck in Hunting Trips; Four Get Kills**

Miss Glenna Hiltibrand, who moved to California. TURNER - Turner sportsmen

mother said, "Sh-h, butter and syrup give your grandfather indi had good luck this year on their gestion." So, grandfather being annual hunting trips. the official interpreter of holy or Fay Webb, Gene Schilling, M. ders at our house, and also being O. Pearson and Archie Rankin somewhat hard-boiled about it, we went to the Ochoco forest: Fay were required to wait. However Webb killed a bear and her cubs. so long as he lived vigorously options, Mrs. Claire Winegar; pub-E. E. and Elton Ball returned posed Sunday feasting, outdoor from their trip Monday each with games, theatres and horse-anda deer, and Elton killed three tions, Mrs. C. G. Irvine, and pro-

an hilarious trip to the cometery I am mentioning grandfather in Hunt Is Successful this connection, because I think he

bobcats.

HAZEL GREEN-Thursday Home" by Mrs. Cleve Robinson; was fairly typical of the spirit Mr. and Mrs. Allen Looney re- vocal solo, Miss Dora Hendy, and which prevailed at that time turned from a successful hunting an article, "The Place of the amongst what were spoken of as trip in the Blue mountains out Family in the Modern Commun-God-fearing people. It seems to from Prairie City. They went ity" by Mrs. Arthur Braum. The me there were many more of such with her parents, Captain and meeting will be known as "Let's people in that day than there are Mrs. A. R. Pearson, of Portland. Get Acquainted."

> How Does Your Garden Grow? Suggestions for Fall Plantings of Daffodils, Asters Hyacinths and Tulips Are Given

By LILLIE L. MADSEN Question: Would you please trees, if the trees are not too tell me some of the best daffodils to plant? They should go in this fall, shouldn't they-C. R.,

Salem. for mailing a newspaper subscrip-Answer: Yes, tion list, so every week we made daffodils should up a tomato can of flour paste. be planted this; This had an appetizing odor for a day or two, but later, more par- fall. Most comticularly in flytime, it took on an mercial growers aroma that was sourer than Cully tell us they Sharp's countenance a few days should be in by after he had traded horses with November 1. Emory Bright. But the flies liked There are many it. They gathered in great num-bers and got into the paste with all six legs and buzzed gleefully. few of the dif-Pride of Harlem, Scarlet Beauty; After the edition had been mailed ferent the paste can was removed to the editorial desk for use, in combinaeditorial desk for use, in combinawill not call at-Lillie Madsen tion with a pair of scissors, in tention to any Mass., is certainly to the point in preparing copy for the next issue error in classification; I am list- dian Chief; purple and gold Louis of the great family weekly. Since ing these according to their uses 14th; orange and bronze Sunthat day I have used many kinds rather than by botanical diviof paste. There are many sorts on sions. sale in the book and stationery Among the cluster-flowered shops. I think I am a fairly com-(those with more than one flower petent judge of paste. It is perto the stem) narcissus are: haps nothing to justify a sprink-Cheerfulness, bearing three or ling of much incense over oneself, four double creamy-white flowers but one must do the best he can with whatever justification he has. to a stem; helios, a primrose yel-I have by chance been using Car- low perianth (petals) and a deep ter's Cico of late, and I am as golden cup; Laurens Koster, pleased as those flies used to be large white perianth and deep in the old news shop when they orange cup; Stella Polaris, a had their bathing beauty parades large cluster variety, a sulphur about the sour paste on the edi- yellow perianth and a deep yeltorial desk. This is not an adver- low cup.

for naturalization beneath fir low-hanging.

of tulips to be planted this fall. -Newcomers. Suggests Tulip List

Answer: Single early pink and white, Pink Beauty and Lord Carnarvos. Cottage tulip-apricot and orange colors, Dido; the white Albine; yellow Moonlight and Mrs. Moon; pink and white Picotee. Darwins, pink and rose Princess Elizabeth and Venus: red. City of Harlem, Eclipse,

Question: Please send us a list

Slate First Meet

Freasurer to Be Elected

at Monday Afternoon

Gathering

INDEPENDENCE --- The Par-

ent-Teachers association will hold

its first meeting Monday, October

4, at 3:30 o'clock in the training

The new president is Mrs. El-

mer Barnhart. Associate officers

with Mrs. Barnhart will be: First

vice-president, Mrs. Kenneth L.

Williams: second vice-president,

Mrs. Orley Brown; secretary, Miss

Dora Hendy, and historian, Mrs.

Claude G. Skinner. A treasurer

will be elected Monday to succeed

Committees Named

by the president are: Member-

ship, Mrs. Ira D. Mix; finance,

Mrs. Glen Smith; hospitality,

Mrs. W. F. Campbell: publica-

licity, Mrs. Elsie Bolt; decora-

The program for Monday in-

cludes: Welcome by the presi-

dent; article, "The Child in the

gram, Mrs. Robert W. Craven.

Committee chairmen appointed

ing yachts for wealthy English men. There was Hans, the Austrian, who had a dark smile and a dark laugh and a way of saying "all

"ll's": later, he saw the coronation procession three times without paying a farthing, and he loved to tell how he had achieved this by saying "all right" to po-

And there was Rosalie, whose lover had been killed fighting for the government in Spain, who didn't talk much, who was herself waiting to go to Spain to work. There was myself, the American, who had a funny way of saying "water" and who went every morning to the American Express for a check that must surely have been lost.

So, the lost ones had breakfasted and been witty, had contrived galety for half an hour. Hans was going to Scotland and Greta had fallen in love with a Trotzkyist in Hyde Park and Rosalie was going to march in the May day parade and Jan had found a wonderful cork hat which he would buy for his Kerla in Amsterdam when the first yacht was finished. And I had a six-

pence Past the Imperial hotel I walked, on into Russell square, meeting crowds of provincial leftwingers, come in for the parade; passing the blind, silent shops and a parked excursion bus with holiday folk mixing whiskey and soda in the aisle; reading the newsboards about the busmen's strike and avoiding the jammed entrance to the Underground. Yes, definitely, yes, something was going to happen.

The avenue widened, and, as I passed the St. Pancras parish church with its porch of stained and stolid Caryatids, a stiff wind came into my face. I felt very fit. The coin in my pocket was hard and cool.

Gets Big Idea

I think walking into wind had something to do with it, and the cool hardness of the sixpenny bit; but all at once, quite calmly, I knew what I had to do and where I was going. I had to wire Bill that I would not meet him in Copenhagen; I had to learn a language, and quickly; I had to find the names of committees and addresses of offices: I was no longer going to be the "touring student" who looks upon people and conditions, makes the apinte comment and passes on proud that he has not become involved, saying "their problems are not my problems," who goes home at the end with snapshots of ruins and anecdotes of peasantry, the cocky cosmopolite, the knowing one. I was going to

First I went to the Friends meeting house, because it was ie, and, after waiting a long

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was "Sanctuary"-more's the distinction. name-Miss Nike, that I said right" without pronouncing the "Oh, Victory," and that she ically. laughed marvelously and said "Yes, good luck." I walked back the way I had come, towards Oxford street, the

grand tragic sense of having chosen, among many rights, the right thing, and that it was also a wrong thing, the sense of hav- and invigorated from the lower ing, by an act of my own will, given direction to my life and significance to my existence, the sense of being/at last a consonant item of my own time-identifiable with striking busmen, exiled from leaner years. Germans, and the unloved, passionate orators in the park-of having at last cast ambiguity, the

expediency of compromise, the deceptive largesse of a narrow humanism, this complex, obscur emotion growing within me until I wanted to shout for sheer joy. When I passed the parked excursion bus, I did shout. The occupants, being by then quite drunk, understood. I write now with the objectivity of a four months' interlude,

rather wiser, the touch of glory put away with other defunct costumes. I did not get to Spain, but Spain came to me in England, which was almost better; and what I learned from her only

bolstered with argument what was done in rashness, so that] am still pursuing Spanish projects with something of the sober zeal of the veteran. But it is a long story to that. **Joins Spanish Relief**

When I returned to the hostel that evening, I was a thoroughly initiated volunteer of the national joint committee for Spanish relief, with my first day's work behind me. I had walked for hours in the immense parade, alongside the Oxford ambulances

for Spain, thrusting handbills of a public meeting into the hands of the crowd that lined the street. What a cross-section view of the English political temper I had seen! Fat hands of dowagers in parked limousines, who screeched and threw the paper out the window as though it were a burning thing: knobby, workers' hands that strained out of the crowd and demanded a copy of the bill; near the square, black-sleeved arms at ominously short intervals that struck down my hand and its proffered sheet. And, once inside Hyde park, where the distribution of bills is illegal, there was the thrill of slipping the sheet to covert hands without being detected by the bobbies, or by the blackshirts who would denounce us.

For the next two weeks I went every day to an office that lay in the shadow of Westminster Abbey, fighting my way through the Third, I recall settling for once

workmen. Water was ladogs; if you don't, read it any-Road" was never like this, nor | way because of its quality of fine boriously piped in from Eastleigh, the nearest hamlet. A telephone was miraculously installed.

office girls who appeared sporad-

c1937. \$1.00.

would get out of the field and From time to time nobility dehave to be chased back from the scended upon us and I learned road where the nightingales were to recognize the inverted defer- loud. At night, the "residents" of ence that is played between comthe camp would gather in my moner and lord when the peerage gypsy caravan (an ancient veis, like the British, an empirical hicle, settled at the gate and one, constantly being renewed painted a lurid white) to drink beer and spin yarns. classes. The formula of encounter is quite simple and comparable mote corners and unsimilar lives to the policy of the successful man who makes a point of not to work together for a time. losing touch with his friends

When a commoner meets with a lord, it is not the commoner ence Housman, and was chiefly who scrapes to pay homage. It is the peer who makes the figurative genuflexion, assuming, for a mostrange man, nervous as a highment, a calculated bonhommie which leaves the participants with the sense of having partaken of graceful ritual, and the spectator with a slight sense of nausea.

Coronation Time

And then, to a London egged on to frenzy by the glaring headlines of the king's latest word to the queen, the queen's latest words to the princesses, and the queen mother's latest speech to everybody, to a London goaded by legend, pushed by a ponderous history, whipped by furious ban-

ners, came-Coronation day! My recollections of the event are not so solemn as they might be. I remember walking home from the office at five in the evening and speaking unfelt comfort to curb-sitters, some with babies, who had taken their places, not to budge, until five of the next evening. I recall my annoyance that the hostel was

so full I had to sleep on the floor, and that everybody sang "God Save the King" more times than was necessary. On the day itself I walked down into town and, of the several hundred thousand people I

met, carried away four most vivid observations. First, and chiefly, the marvelous antics of two drunken charwomen who somehow had managed to stray among the inert forms of swooners, laid out in neat rows on the curb by the V.A.D.'s. Their mock concern, their difficulty in maneuvering their own unstable limbs among the limbs treacherously concealed by blankets, the ineffable humiliation they suffered at the hands of the V.A.D.'s-these will always flash into my mind at the word 'coronation.'

Second. I remember a sea of heads, chins lifted at a strenuous angle, from the bridge of each nose a reared periscope-like a herd of toy elephants arrested in the act of tossing their snouts. the superiority or art to nature

PEOPLE. To the Editor.

The letter written by George W. Harrington of Mattapoisett. every respect. Particularly so in the fourth instance.

He 'says, "Something should be done (on a considerable scale and progressively) to compose the differences between various labor factions, and between capital and labor. The country needs such held and benefit and now."

Every sane person in this United States and the world for garnered by emergency from re- that matter realizes exactly that. Yes, something needs to be done, in fact, has to be done. The same thing applied back in haps the lion of our soirces-he the seventies and early eighties, when the formation of what is now called the American Federation of Labor began to be thought of by the same faccommercial nature. tion that today controls it.

Everyone then thought some-Parker Dribbs, when he was thing should be done. A few jamesgordonbenneting the old St. tried to do something, to stem Jo Palladium, included in his anthe tide that is now overrunning nouncement of advertising rates the nation with lawlessness. Yes this statement; "No unsolicited there were people then, who had advertisements published - not sense and foresight enough to see the day, through what the leaders of the

day,

After it has remained with a per-

.

old knights of labor had in mind when Powderly and his cohorts first suggested the forming of a federation of labor. How quickly I guess the world's all right. ture of power possible to develop Nothing is easier to conceive

carefully did he nurse the federation toward the placing of such men as he desired in such him out to appear one way or another. I don't know how it may be purpose. Follow back the effort personal prejudices. They don't money expended in effecting the endure for long, perhaps because passage of the Norris-LaGuardia list to be taken care of, and fur-How thoroughly did Gompers. thing that overstays its welcome.

ers. Yes, I-too will tell the world him to laugh long and humorous- there needs to be something done on a considerable and progressive Roosevelt is in Washington, D. C., or Calcutta would make the proceedings of his wonderful Federation of Labor in its control throughout its history from the NIRA to its present form. No it presence in Washington would make any difference. The only concerted action, of considerable scale and progressively that can be of effect, is that of the public.

did the prejudice become dislike. Still we all know it and are afraid Sometimes, for a discreetly to stick our neck out because we Thursday in these parts was a cannot get our individual piece day of soft rain and gentle south of pie unless Green, or his friend the camp cook. Never, not even if Lewis, says we can have it. We wind. Also it was a day which the flies had chosen for the holdpick up the paper, read of aning of a convention, and, perhaps other war, in Portland or San

tisement. It is only a deserved Jonquils for Small Bloom word of commendation for an The Jonquils are small-flowered article which chances to be of a narcissuses known especially well for their sweet scent. This group includes the Campernelle double, golden sceptre and the largest of the group, Campernelle giganteus.

Among the single trumpet group are the ever popular Golden Spur; Empress; Spring fall. Glory, which is a good bicolor; Steam in the pipes throughout Van Waveren's glant, Prince of Rain music through the night, creamy white trumpet and pure Things going on the same old way, white perianth; King Alfred, the large yellow daffodil everyone

wants. Those with the shorter trumthan a prejudice. We like or disets include Firebrand, with a like a person because of what he fluted red cup; Lucifer, with the does and because portraits make star-shaped white perianth and

scarlet; Sir Walkin, large flowwith you, but with me it is this way: I am continually conceiving ers with sulphur yellow perianth and orange tinted cup.

Flat Crown Varieties there is considerable of a waiting The poet's narcissus with flat trumpets or crowns: Thelma, ther because I don't enjoy having snow white petals and a light them outstay their welcome. In yellow cup margined in deep fact, I do not greatly care for anyscarlet; Horace, snow white

perianth and rich yellow shading

son for a reasonable length of crown. time a prejudice should, I think, Hyacinths should be planted at become either a definite like or this time, too. It really pays to dislike, somewhat as a polliwog get named varieties for when one becomes a frog-or does a polligets the mixed bulbs one is so wog become a mosquito? Well, it very apt to get an over-balance doesn't matter. The point is that prejudices are not healthful, and of one color and that color is the sooner we rid ourselves of any usually the one you like least. Good ones to buy for a mixed bed we may have the better it is for us. Of late-to let you in on a are the yellow City of Harlem, personal secret-I have relieved the white L'Innocence, the King myself of four pretty dangerous of Blues for a rich dark blue, specimens, and who would you and the Queen of Blues for an guess to have been responsible azure blue, Marconi for a rosefor them? Eleanor Roosevelt, Barpink, Victory for a brilliant rosy

bara Stanwyck, Bing Crosby and Clark Gable. And it is rather a The Roman hyacinths come in pleasant feeling, the more so beboth white and blue.

cause in none of the four instances · Other Bulbs to Plant Now We have also quite a group of what is known as the "lesser bulbs," many of which should be set out this autumn for early spring bloom. Such are the Arabian Star of Bethlehem which grows about one foot high and has racemes of white flowers; the well-known, but too infrequently planted snowdrops; the vellow winter Aconite, the hilyof-the-valley; the ranunculus, which comes in many brilliant

yellow giant; violet, Mrs. Mandel, the Bishon; white, Shot Silk Zwanenberg. Breeder tulips, orange-salmon Dillenberg; grapeblue Bachus; mahogany red Indance.

Amaryllis flowers are coming to the fore rapidly. Everyone is planting and admiring them. There are a few which are being particularly recommended by growers and include the Spekelia formosissimum-a terrible name but a lovely flower-which comes up unexpectedly in the spring and blooms before the foliage appears. It is a brilliant red. The foliage lives only a short time and then dies down. Lycoris Squamigera is a warm pink, blooming in September after the foliage is gong.

Popular Amaryllis Amaryllis belladonna is perhaps the hardiest of the Ama-

ryllises. It should be planted in a sheltered situation with a southern exposure. It establishes its foliage in the winter and early spring and blooms in the summer when the foliage is gone. It is pink and should be planted this

Hardy asters have seldom been as fine as they are this year. If Wales; the Mrs. Krelage, with its you will notice you will find many good named varieties which are a great improvement over the small, imperfect blooms we used to have.

The dwarf hardy asters, which rarely exceed 15 inches in height, include the very blue Bluebird, the light pink Constance, the a trumpet of brilliant orange clear pink Countess Dudley, the lavender Hebe.

Selections for Asters

One of the best of the larger groups is the lilac-blue Star of Wartburg. It is really hard to surpass. Then we have the rose pink Alderman Vokes, the new Blue Bonnett, the well-known Blue Eyes, the white Mt. Everest, and the rosy Red Rover.

A hardy aster which is excepto scarlet on the edge of the tionally vigorous in growth is Barr's pink, and a tall one (five feet) is Novi-belgi, sometimes called Climax.

Astilbis, which many of you asked me about last spring and early summer, really should go into the ground this autumn. They come in white, deep rose, pale pink and violet red colorings. When given proper care, they are showy plants, covered with feathered heads of flowers for fully two months of late spring and early summer. They succeed best in shady moist positions in any good garden soil.

Christmas Rose Misnomer

You might also set out a Christmas rose (Helleborous Niger) yet this autumn. This is not a rose at all and does not even slightly resemble one. But it is an interesting plant because it flowers in January, February and March once it is established.

Francisco or other place that is by invitation of the fly that lives In : sheltered, well-drained powhile, I was taken to a youngish dull hordes that stood in rain and all my ancient doubts as to bus, and when he spoke of the not in our door yard and say, it with me during the winter, they sition, it will often come into nan who was quiet and neat and shine at Victoria street to farm in Cumberland which he bloom at the Christmas seasonheld it in this office. It was some is too bad, something should be and wonderfully kind, who took catch a glimpse of rehearsing as I observed the venerable Aubought (and subsequently sold) my name and address and then done. Unless something is done what of a problem. The presence so that much of its name is aproyalty. My companions in the gustan cornices of London's old- or of his cousin Edgar, or of his and that pronto it won't be long plicable. The flowers measure of an unswattable number of d: "Of course, if we should writing of receipts and licking of est buildings supplanted by wife's antipathy for mice, it was until we are told to keep our hungry flies gives one pause, as fully two inches in diameter and want to send you into Franco stamps were two Spanish refugee sprawling, mobile friezes of flesh. as if a choir of colloquial angels mouths shut, that we are transterritory, you wouldn't mind that, women who knew English, a young Englishman inci adda Mr. Shakespeare was wont to say are single. The plants grow about colors; and the Scillas, the little Lastly, I remember pausing at hung on the air, lisping beati- gressing on the right of Lugreen, concerning moments of flabberflowers which are known to some a foot high and might remind young Englishman just returned the entrance to the Abbey on my tudes on the homely arts of stew- the name of the nation that will gastedness. But the problem as Spanish bluebells and to others one a trifle of peonies. The I must have looked very and from Chile, a woman in exile way to work next morning to ing potatoes and changing dia and heatingted a long while, be-cause before 1 could answer she aid, "I think, Mr. Read, you had best see . . ." and she gave some other addresses, I remember that as I went out she gave me har

with the next, his immense laughter. Marchant, a scoolmaster, was act and finally, but not least, by mad in a quiet sort of way and a lot, the iffamous Wagner act. prepared us for the stormier cases we were soon to experience. His directly followed by Green, effect only aberration was an exaggera- the purpose sought by their leadted blitheness which prompted

ly at any remark directed to him and to shake his head like a scale. It is doubtful whether Mr. dazed boxer whenever confronted with a hint of unhappiness in the world. Glaister, a physical train- any difference so far as he is ing instructor was a healthy ani- concerned in this respect. Follow mal with preposterous calves who never wore shoes, stockings, or labor relations board; you will long pants, who seemed to sniff find the hand of the American the air as he walked, and who chose his words as one draws for lots-illogically, but with extreme caution. But he played the is doubtful whether Roosevelt's guitar as well as any amateur,

and from about ten in the evening until one or two in the morning this strange crew would gather to forget the hectic day and escape the pall of isolation.

brief period, we would be joined by beautiful little Mr. Trollope, I get to be the Doge of Venice, shall I forget Mr. Trollope! Humility lay about him like a nim-

"dreamer," knew it, and loved to play the incongruity of contradicting his ephemeral quality by speaking and acting with flawless practicality. Jock was a grimgay Scotchman who, given a few months to live, was there because of the sun and because it made him feel useful. He had the youthful look that dying people some-did Samuel Gompers see the pictimes assure, as well as their peculiar peace. It was pleasant to through such a federation? How be with him Story Book Irishman Paddy, who liked to drive cars and was with us to perform that offices as would insure the forcfunction, was a kind of distilla- ing through our legislative halls tion of all the wild Irish in books. acts tending toward his ultimate We used to play upon him as one would upon an organ; invoking, and millions of working men's with one word, his colorful rage,