

Loganberry Industry Becoming More Stabilized in Northwest

Hill Districts Well Adapted

Planting Advised Only if Market Assured; Juice Outlet Promising

By C. GENEVIEVE MORGAN
Any farmer or fruit grower who is thinking of planting loganberries this spring should not do so blindly, but should give attention first to a market outlet, not only for the next year or two, but over a period of years.

That is the advice and warning of George Tate, berry grower east of Sublimity and one of Oregon's largest loganberry producers. He adds that persons who have never handled loganberries should make their start on a small scale, for the business of growing loganberries means more than just planting and picking.

Mr. Tate holds that the outlook for loganberries depends upon the future of the juice industry. Logan, being one of the most favored berries for juice, will naturally get a call with expansion and security of the juice deals.

Half in the County
At the present time, it is estimated there are 2700 acres of bearing loganberry in Oregon, with about half this acreage in Marion county and a great percentage of the Marion county plantings in the Sublimity section, which also has large strawberry plantings. And practically all the present growers, spurred on by the price revival the past two years, are making some additional plantings this spring, according to information from the berry control board.

With the new interest in logan plantings, Mr. Tate has been asked to supply for benefit of all growers data on the growing of loganberries. Here is what he says:

"The raising of small fruits is becoming more stabilized in the northwest each year and will continue so as farming becomes more intensified. Of the small fruits, the loganberry is one of the most important due to the fact that it goes to the consumer in many different forms.

Need Drainage
"This berry can be successfully grown on almost any type of soil, but preferably on reasonably well drained land, as the higher altitude gives it more drainage and better color. Soil rich in humus and nitrogen is not desirable as there will be too many canes and leaves and not a heavy yield of fruit.

"As the loganberry cannot stand winter cold, the soil should be below freezing, the soil rich in nitrogen and humus will make the canes too soft and keep them growing too late in the fall."

He describes the method of producing planting stock:

"Ties for planting are produced by planting the ends of the canes in earth about two inches deep in the fall. Then they are dug in the spring when the shoots are about six inches long. It is better to plant good plants late than undeveloped plants early.

"April 15 is a good time to plant and I have planted as late as June 1 with good results. Plant the canes at least 6 inches deep, press the dirt firmly about the roots, then place fine loose soil over the grafted area.

"Cultivate the soil to about 2 inches each year, preferably quite deep in fall but not late as the canes should be allowed to become dormant before cold weather. The soil may be worked deep early in the spring.

Disk Is Preferred
For cultivation, Mr. Tate feels a disk is better than a plow or spring tooth harrow as it will cut cleanly any roots it may hit, instead of tearing them. As soon as the season progresses, cultivation should be shallow. It is a good idea to cultivate and float once each week.

"The loganberry growers in my district who are covering the canes in the fall with straw are being well paid as it will protect them from severe weather and much the soil," Mr. Tate says. He follows this practice of course and finds that it is beginning to spread to other districts.

"The canes should be trained on the wires as soon as danger from freezing weather is over, as training will set them back two or three weeks and early spring is the best time for growing."

"If the soil is sour, apply lime until it is nearly neutral, just on the shady side of acid. If you don't mulch with straw or banyan grass, a cover crop of vetch or some other legume should be planted in the fall as the loganberry uses much plant food."

Test Soil, Advice
In the matter of timing, Mr. Tate advises all growers to have (Continued on Page 13)

Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

Why Not?
We think too much and dwell too long.
On the serious things of life,
Too oft we sacrifice the song
To the wailing discords of strife.

So much termed grief is not worth while,
And oft needlessly hard the day;
So many miles to go a mile,
And penalties ever to pay!

There's not much good in a verse like this,
For we go on, and give small heed;
The same old thing—a hit, a miss,
Wearing out or going to seed.

And in the end—ah, in the end!
Sure to come's the end of
Why not our efforts freely bend
To make the trip a pleasant one?

An interesting detail. In the Shanghai film, shown recently at the Grand theatre, a Chinese bartender informs an American customer that watermelon seeds are the best of digestion stimulants. Thus is an experiment suggested.

A Meeting With James G. Blaine
I rather pity the hero-worshiper amongst the boys of today. The living heroes of 60 years ago, when I was a hero-worshiper, were seen in person, if at all, and the "punch" in the experience was considerably greater than that of voice issuing from a radio. One day during the presidential campaign of 1880—I was in the dad-toughing period then, not so much because I could not get around by myself as that I got closer to the band wagon and the big show by sticking close to dad.

I met James G. Blaine in the parlor of an Iowa hotel. I do not recall that Mr. Blaine was overcome to any extent whatsoever when he met me. Nor was I, although I made no mention of my meeting with him. As a matter of fact, he was somewhat of a disappointment to me. I do not know what I expected exactly, but it was certainly something more imposing and thrilling than an ordinary man, who might, as far as his appearance indicated, be the owner of a corner grocery up in the country where we lived. He wore a bored look upon his face, and he was plainly more than a little weary. I remember nothing that he said, then or in his speech that afternoon, with the exception of an order he left at the hotel desk as we, the committee (of course, I was not a member of the committee, but I was determined to stick around until such time as I was ordered to do otherwise) were passing through the lobby on our way to the carriage which were waiting to take us to the fair grounds where the meeting was to be held. What Mr. Blaine said to the clerk at the desk was only this: "I am staying here tonight, young man, and I want a good room, but not a room with thirteen, please remember."

As we passed into the street, I noticed that the clerk at the desk was erasing something from the register with a penknife. It may have been only a fly speck the clerk was erasing, but I have ever held to the belief that it was a "13" opposite the name of a man whom most of people would not have suspected of being subject to such weakness.

Rod Burney was being laughed at one morning down in the Split Second garage, because he had been observed in the act of passing around a ladder instead of under it. "Moby it's a ladder, as you say," said Rod, "but I reckon it's only a darn fool that ain't superstitious in one way or another. Anyway, it don't increase taxes none to do things or not to do 'em, and I reckon it makes us feel we're getting our money's worth of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Pretty eloquent, I thought.

It is possible that Mr. Blaine was snugged by a "13" somewhere in the course of his campaign for the presidency in 1884. Such a life!

We believe or we don't believe. Take of one thing, another leave. What we expect that we receive, Wisdom, so called, may self deceive.

A Clock and a Man
It has been a long time since

I last gave a thought to Cab Pulliver, the reason being, I suppose, that there was but one thing about him to inspire memory to make an effort—he was ever going to do things which he seldom did. I probably should not have thought of Cab at this time had it not been for a small nickel clock, which I make the center of a small ceremony each night at bedtime, placing it in such position after winding it that I may see it in the morning without displacing all the bedclothing, thus making it necessary to rearrange the bedclothing and resettling the bed on those mornings when it seems like six o'clock and is only three. It has been a very plain little clock, but it has a small and musical tick and a leisurely disposition, which disposition results in its getting somewhat behind in its work. This is in no way a serious matter to one who is acquainted with the situation.

However, several days ago I accidentally knocked the clock from the table to the floor. When I picked it up no damage seemed to have been done beyond a bent leg, which readily went back to normal under pressure. But it now appears that the effects of the fall were internal, its disposition has changed. Its pulse has been destroyed. It loses 10 minutes a day. It seems to have been possessed by some sort of galloping mania. It has about the gentleness of a spirit and taken on the characteristics of a Medford 5-acre tract salesman of 30 years ago or of a Kansas lightning rod salesman of the old school and it has stuttering spells.

It is reminding of Cab Pulliver, because Cab underwent much the same sort of change. Cab was placing shingles over a number of leaks on the woodshed roof one day, on account of he wasn't quite ready to put on an entire new roof just yet, although his goodness by the woodshed was badly in need of a new roof. It was a sunny afternoon, and it may be Cab went to sleep and it may be he did not. At any rate, he rolled off the woodshed to the ground and he was plainly more than a little weary. They picked him up unconscious. There was a bluish welt on his forehead, and the skin was unbroken. The doctor laughed when he saw it. But from that day Cab was a human dynamo. It is a strange story and a sad one, and the sooner it is brought to an end the better.

For perhaps six months, to him, Cab labored to improve the amusements of all who came to his family property and to acquire more. He labored feverishly, unceasingly. And then they took him away to a hospital for the insane, and that, so far as I have ever heard, was the end of him.

I am feeling somewhat apprehensive in regard to my clock.

Sure, 'tis almost St. Patrick's day come again. And some of us, maylike, will pin a green ribbon to the front of us and go into the streets with our chins up and our eyes blazing a bit just for to see if there be any one who thinks he knows a reason why we shouldn't do so if that's the way we're feeling about it. And the bands will be playing the Irish melodies, the sweetest music in the world, and it may be that some of us will take the worn old Tom Moore book from its place on the shelf and shuffle the pages of it a bit, just by way of flavoring our thoughts.

"O those blessed days of old, with their chivalry and state; I love to read the chronicles, which such brave deeds relate; I love to sing their ancient tales, to hear their legends told."

But, Heaven be thanked! I live not in those blessed times of old!

The Irish are to me, considered as a race, the most charming people I do not know what changes the years have made in the cities of the east coast in the matter of racial prejudice, but there was a time when the natives of New England possibly because they were being "moved in on," did not like the Irish. In the section of one of these cities where I lived I chanced to know an old lady from up in the granite hills who had a cottage to rent. Also I chanced to know a young Irishman, recently married, who wished to rent a cottage. So he, she and I went out by horsecar to see the old lady. I performed the necessary introduction, and the old lady's eyes took on a glimmer, and her voice crackled like the ice on a northern Vermont pump of a Christmas morning.

"Ish!" she said. "The place isn't for rent."

The door slammed, and we walked slowly to the corner to wait for another horsecar. We were all a little disappointed and more than a little disgusted. But suddenly the young woman laughed. "Tis the melting pot calling the kettle black!" she said. "Well, we had a nice ride, anyhow." Which was, of course, the best—and the Irish way of accepting the situation.

Highlights at Salem High

By Gene Huntley

It has recently been made known by the All-School council that it will be impossible to send the Salem high typing team to the state contest at Corvallis this year due to insufficient funds in the school treasury. The team has entered every previous year, winning state honors several times.

"Outstanding" is the word to describe the 14th annual semi-formal dance presented at the armory Friday night by the Chemeketa chapter of the DeMolay.

Jack Shepard's orchestra from Oregon State college played from the pit decorated with a large DeMolay emblem behind it. Brightly colored balloons were clustered around the lights and at other parts of the hall.

Billy Mudd was the general chairman and was assisted by a large group of DeMolay members.

Governor and Mrs. Charles H. Martin and Secretary of State, Mrs. Earl Fitch were among the patrons and patronesses.

"Our Place in the Modern World" was the theme for the Williams valley High School conference, held in the high school Saturday with the members of the Salem Home Economics club serving as hostesses. The conference, with its variety of interesting phases, lasted from 9 a. m. until 1:30 p. m. Speakers for the day included Principal Fred Wolf, Miss Kohlhaugen, Miss Alice Thornton, and Rex Putnam. The business activities were interspersed with an array of entertaining talent. Numbers were given by the girls' trio consisting of Maxine Holt, Virginia and Elizabeth Steed; the Salem Hot-Shots made up of Daryl Hasbrook, Elmer Scheeler, Victor Gibson, Charles Boyce and Loren Hicks; solos by Clarice Waring and Helen Smith; and a fine marimba interlude by Russell Beardsley. Luncheon was served in the school cafeteria.

The Salem high band, under the direction of Gordon A. Finley, presented a successful concert in the auditorium Thursday evening. Those attending were highly pleased with the program. The proceeds went to a worthy cause—the establishment of a Federal Art Center in Salem.

A debate team consisting of Virginia Martin and Loren Hicks journeyed to Corvallis Thursday to defeat the team there, led by Alan Smith and Chlo Anderson. The team was defeated by the excellent Dallas team here.

The schoolmaster of Valencienno talked to young Antoine Watteau's father, a root seller, about letting the boy have instruction in drawing. Old Watteau thought it over and decided a painter had less chance of breaking his neck than a tiler. Besides, the boy was frail.

He consented and showed the boy's drawings to his friend, Guerin, head of the Painters' Guild of St. Luke's. Guerin accepted the 14-year-old Antoine as apprentice for three years.

In 1700 he was 16 and had completed his first original painting at the beginning of his second year of apprenticeship. The next year he had finished another. Guerin died and his pupil, remembering his master had spoken often of Paris and urged him to go there, set off on foot.

Drew Picture Postcards
He suffered hardships of cold and often of hunger. He obtained work but it was the drudgery of making endless copies of devotional banalities to be sold by picture postcard hawkers on the streets. His wages were 32 a month and a bowl of soup a day.

He displayed some originality in the designs and was raised to 320 a month but the slavery had become unbearable and he left.

He made friends slowly but he was Gilleot, a painter of the theatrical scenery. He was a warm friend and a wise instructor and to the boy's genius flowered.

In the five years that he worked with Gilleot, Watteau studied assiduously and with enthusiasm, and created designs without number of fanciful, delightful figures for fans, snuffboxes and decorative panels. And acquired a fine sense of color, besides.

He remained in England only a short time. The fog and the cold and the dreariness sank

Among the New Books

Reviews and Literary News Notes

By CAROLINE C. JURGEN

ACTION AT AQUILA. By Horvay Allen, Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50.

The new novel by the author of "Anthony Adverse" is, of course, the awaited event of the spring season. Whether or not it will be as widely read as "Anthony Adverse" is doubtful. The author is under a handicap as far as opinion is concerned to begin with, naturally. He cannot escape comparisons which never should be attempted, of books so widely different. Likely, one of the criticisms will be that the new novel is only half the length of the first one. To those who prefer quantity to quality this is very apt to spell something wrong with "Action at Aquila." But in spite of the comparisons, which will no doubt be the "odious" ones we are promised, a lot of people cannot but find Allen's new novel more to their taste.

If comparison must be made, "Action at Aquila" comes nearer to resembling the author's earlier work, Mackinley Kantor novel, "Long Remember." Both are concerned with the Civil war and its reactions. Only "Kantor's" novel there is a more detailed picture of the war, of the life of the well-known battles. As some critics said, at the time "Long Remember" was published, the Battle of Gettysburg "was fought in that book."

The "Action at Aquila" is the story of a little-known encounter of the war between the states in which a Union force stopped with inferior numbers a raid of Early's men. It is a story of personal relationships involving the soldiers of the California regiment, posted in the beautiful but devastated Shenandoah valley. The fierce little scrap which took place here, long after Gettysburg, represents the scene behind the curtain in all wars. It gives an idea of why the returned soldier is often of keel with his people at home, why he is restless on his furloughs. Just as Colonel Nat Franklin of the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry was restless when, in September, 1864, he came back to Philadelphia on his first leave since 1861. The colonel had been in service, but he had not learned to hate the men in gray, and he was totally unprepared for the virulent hatred of the enemy, the vocal in his home community.

Trying to explain his own lack of bitterness, the colonel said: "It's all very well to speak of reprisals and punishment and military necessity but it's quite another thing to have to carry them out personally. Did you ever burn a house while the family watched? Well, I have."

Although the murders passed the plural mark, the author still manages to keep the story less gruesome than most.

Clara E. Laughlin, who is famous for her "So-you're-youngers" has written "SO YOU'RE GOING TO TRAVEL," Houghton Mifflin, \$2.25. In lieu of any more definite place to go.

This new one is a handbook of recipes for happy and successful travel. It answers literally thousands of questions of the traveler who needs information and reservations and what sort of clothes to take along, how and when to tip (one of the most worrying problems), how and what to get as a guide, and a host of other things. Out of it all came the tragic story of love and sacrifice.

Although the murders passed the plural mark, the author still manages to keep the story less gruesome than most.

Clara E. Laughlin, who is famous for her "So-you're-youngers" has written "SO YOU'RE GOING TO TRAVEL," Houghton Mifflin, \$2.25. In lieu of any more definite place to go.

This new one is a handbook of recipes for happy and successful travel. It answers literally thousands of questions of the traveler who needs information and reservations and what sort of clothes to take along, how and when to tip (one of the most worrying problems), how and what to get as a guide, and a host of other things. Out of it all came the tragic story of love and sacrifice.

Although the murders passed the plural mark, the author still manages to keep the story less gruesome than most.

Clara E. Laughlin, who is famous for her "So-you're-youngers" has written "SO YOU'RE GOING TO TRAVEL," Houghton Mifflin, \$2.25. In lieu of any more definite place to go.

This new one is a handbook of recipes for happy and successful travel. It answers literally thousands of questions of the traveler who needs information and reservations and what sort of clothes to take along, how and when to tip (one of the most worrying problems), how and what to get as a guide, and a host of other things. Out of it all came the tragic story of love and sacrifice.

Although the murders passed the plural mark, the author still manages to keep the story less gruesome than most.

Clara E. Laughlin, who is famous for her "So-you're-youngers" has written "SO YOU'RE GOING TO TRAVEL," Houghton Mifflin, \$2.25. In lieu of any more definite place to go.

The burning of the house, to which the colonel refers is the actual beginning of the story. The body of Major Crittendon, whose house was burned, was also burned. He had been wounded in action at Cross Keys that afternoon, and before he died, Phil Sheridan, who had been the southern major's friend and classmate at West Point, had promised to bury him in the ashes of his home. He knew the house was doomed to go. There was also Mrs. Crittendon, some smaller children, and a beautiful 15-year-old daughter.

Before he returned to the southern battlefield Col. Franklin bought some toys for the Crittendon children. His friends didn't understand that anyone that they understood how a "genuine fighting man," like the colonel, could still feel that northerners and southerners were really one people.

This feeling that all people are one people beneath the face of their outward coating, the reader feels is continuously in back of the author's mind. It is difficult to say whether it is there consciously or unconsciously, so subtly is it brought out.

For those who must have it, there is also a love interest in the "Action at Aquila" (pronounced Ak-wy-la).

Perhaps this novel will not be as widely read in as short a time as was Horvay Allen's earlier book, but I am not sure it won't be read long after "Anthony Adverse" has gathered dust on attic shelves.

PLANTATION MURDERS. By Christine Noble Gowan. \$2.00—Houghton Mifflin Co.

It is nice to get away from the New York penthouses, the Chicago business offices, Hollywood's movie land or the "sinister marshes" of the South and for such a pleasant thing as a murder mystery.

In this recent one, so recent in fact that the ink is scarcely dry, we are given the murder in the stately white house of Beau Terra plantation in South Carolina. Above the shouts of maskers in the ballroom and the steady drumming of autumn rain—a perfect night for a murder—the shot was heard. Strange connections between the murdered "Veronica" and the head and every guest were heard at the inquest. Murder followed murder almost as rapidly as one popping kernel of corn follows the next in the corn popper. Suspicion hummed like swarms of bees. Out of it all came the tragic story of love and sacrifice.

Although the murders passed the plural mark, the author still manages to keep the story less gruesome than most.

Clara E. Laughlin, who is famous for her "So-you're-youngers" has written "SO YOU'RE GOING TO TRAVEL," Houghton Mifflin, \$2.25. In lieu of any more definite place to go.

This new one is a handbook of recipes for happy and successful travel. It answers literally thousands of questions of the traveler who needs information and reservations and what sort of clothes to take along, how and when to tip (one of the most worrying problems), how and what to get as a guide, and a host of other things. Out of it all came the tragic story of love and sacrifice.

Although the murders passed the plural mark, the author still manages to keep the story less gruesome than most.

Clara E. Laughlin, who is famous for her "So-you're-youngers" has written "SO YOU'RE GOING TO TRAVEL," Houghton Mifflin, \$2.25. In lieu of any more definite place to go.

This new one is a handbook of recipes for happy and successful travel. It answers literally thousands of questions of the traveler who needs information and reservations and what sort of clothes to take along, how and when to tip (one of the most worrying problems), how and what to get as a guide, and a host of other things. Out of it all came the tragic story of love and sacrifice.

Although the murders passed the plural mark, the author still manages to keep the story less gruesome than most.

Clara E. Laughlin, who is famous for her "So-you're-youngers" has written "SO YOU'RE GOING TO TRAVEL," Houghton Mifflin, \$2.25. In lieu of any more definite place to go.

This new one is a handbook of recipes for happy and successful travel. It answers literally thousands of questions of the traveler who needs information and reservations and what sort of clothes to take along, how and when to tip (one of the most worrying problems), how and what to get as a guide, and a host of other things. Out of it all came the tragic story of love and sacrifice.

Although the murders passed the plural mark, the author still manages to keep the story less gruesome than most.

Clara E. Laughlin, who is famous for her "So-you're-youngers" has written "SO YOU'RE GOING TO TRAVEL," Houghton Mifflin, \$2.25. In lieu of any more definite place to go.

How Does Your Garden Grow?

Charming Dwarf Shrubs Will Do Much to Make Small Homes Keep Natty Appearances

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

Before I go on to answer the multitude of questions before me, I must briefly tell you of a local commercial garden I visited during the week.

Literally hundreds of new plants had been brought in dozens of them new to this locality, or at least not generally known here. Dwarf evergreens predominated in the group. Some of them were almost suitably charming. Most of them were suitable to the strictly flowered garden, almost all of them were also suitable to the more "ruffly" garden.

The prices of some of these tremendous trifles were almost staggering. But the more one looked at them the more they seemed worth even that. I often wonder why owners of small homes and lawns don't often plant more dwarf shrubs. Too frequently they plant the large, rapid growing things and soon find their little home crowded in greenery and their small lawns look like miniature forests. Then everything has to be moved and there is a general upheaval. Some of these little Junipers, Cypresses, Veronicas would be much more suitable for a longer period than the large ones.

Small Veronica Suitable
Some of the little evergreen Veronicas are particularly suitable here. Many of these are a hangover from the Panama-Pacific Exposition as they were introduced from their native New Zealand at that time.

There were also some very old-fashioned ones, one which took on eye especially was C. Parneyi. This in growth resembles the better known C. Franchetti, but its foliage is darker and its berries grow in clusters. I am thinking that it will be quite extensively when it first gets about that we have it in the valley.

There were also some very attractive little of the valley shrubs (Pieris floribunda) in this collection. And an Abelia which flowers in a more profuse manner than the common Abelia.

All of these were nicely balled. March and April, but especially March, are good months in which to plant most of these shrubs.

Rock Salt Again
Now to the question of salt. I mentioned rock salt to be used on lawns. Some gardeners have put the salt on their plants with sad effects. Besides rock salt should not be used very heavily. I have used it for a number of years on the lawn with very good results. I have seen others use it on lawns with splendid results.

For other places in the garden I would suggest Blue Stone crystals. These may be scattered over flower beds and will control slugs to quite an extent.

WANDERING DOGIES by W. C. Tuttle, might sound like a junior novel, but it isn't at all. It is the story of a tenderfoot whose name was Orville, a Scotch-Irish cowboy who had just lost four thousand dollars worth of calves—the wandering dogies of the title. Orville was evidently a joke, but the joke wasn't always on Orville, and in the end Micky Davis, the cowboy, collected for his cowboy.

Mr. Tuttle is the author of "Bluffer's Luck" which came out a year ago.

BEN AMES WILLIAMS new novel, "THE STRUMPET SEA" the story of a young man, a missionary on his way to an island in the Pacific, and Mary Doncaster, whom he meets en route. Because George's personality makes adjustment to life among the natives impossible, the two return to the states on the whaler "Venturer." The boat is loaded with whale oil and pearls which are the cause of a mutiny. In the adventure which follows, George, with Mary's sympathy and understanding, finds himself.

DEATH WEARS A WHITE COAT. By Theodor DuBois. \$2.00. This is somewhat of a family affair. Dr. Cromer's wife died while he was a medical student, was operating on her. A Peggy Boyne, the doctor's laboratory assistant, is involved and an investigation follows.

Two good mystery stories published in the month should be sufficient for even the avid reader of the murderous novel.

Lee Shipper has given us another great American family in the novel of that name, "THE GREAT AMERICAN FAMILY," published by Houghton Mifflin since the first of the year.

Gregory Seymour and his wife buy a cabin overlooking a California valley, and there they hope that Gregory, whose output has been for the pulp magazines, will write the Great American novel. But inspiration fails. There are some desperate times. The family grows into five children. Finally, Gregory decides to write the story of his own family.

The story is amusing, filled as it is with the experiences of any ordinary American family.

Goes to Beaverton
STAYTON—Sister Martha, who injured her arm in a wringer Monday at the Sisters' home, has been taken to the Mother House at Beaverton where she will remain for a month.

tent. Sand as collars to the plants will also help discourage slugs. I usually wet the salt down at once on the lawn or put it on when it is raining. But sometimes it has lain about and slowly melted with seemingly no injury to the grass.

Fertilizer Suggestions
Most people who make a special study of lawn growing, suggest a complete fertilizer with the nitrate predominating for early use. However, I have seen pretty good results with the use of a rapid-growth producing chemical such as ammonium sulphate or phosphate. This will tend to do away with moss, and not so good results with something like a spring tonic. I am all for feeding the lawn rather heavily during the spring months—even if it does make a lot more work for the one who runs the mower. The dealer should have sprayers for the fertilizer. Usually the dealer will lend or rent these for very small sum. This is really the only way to fertilize the lawn successfully. Without the sprayers the fertilizer will be unevenly placed and the grass will grow accordingly.

Coral Bell Advice
I am not sure that the coral bell will grow unless the woody root is also planted, but I am of the opinion that should the heavy roots seem to be planted and covered to protect roots, they would soon develop roots of their own. It seems the coral bell does not do well unless the soil is very well drained.

Bailey, who is considered the last word in garden advice, seems to be of the opinion that the coral Bell wants an open space, not shade, although he does say it will live in shade. There are other authorities who are of the opinion that the plant does better in partial shade. In my own garden it has done best in full sun, in a well-drained spot. Leafmold, well decayed cow manure and sand are all welcome to the soil in which the Coral Bell is expected to grow and thrive.

Amariyllis Temperamental
Amariyllis often refuse to bloom if their culture is not just to their liking. The place chosen for them to grow must have perfect drainage. And if possible should be on the south side of the house or a wall, fully exposed to the sun the greater part of the day. A heavy loam, enriched with well-decayed cow manure and powdered bonemeal suits them best. Amariyllis seem to come into their own at Crescent City, in northern California. Never have I seen better ones than I once saw in that little coast town.

Peonies should be planted and transplanted in September. I doubt peonies planted now will bloom this spring although it has been known to happen. They should never be planted too deep. Two or three inches below the surface of the soil is sufficient. Two deep planting results in root-rot and little or no flowers. Peonies should not be given animal fertilizer. They require phosphorus and potash. Peonies like full sun.

Clematis Culture
Clematis, to grow successfully, should have a deep, loamy soil, with a fair supply of well-rotted manure spaded in and thoroughly distributed through the soil. During the season the plants should be thoroughly watered as they are apt to suffer seriously from drought.

Azaleas and other shrubs covered with moss should be sprayed with lime-sulphur. Lime-sulphur will remove the moss and be treated the same. Lilacs also benefit by a dressing of lime or bonemeal or both.

The hollyhocks that are reported covered by rust spores should be sprayed with lime-sulphur. Pick off and burn all leaves on which the rust shows.