fession of weakness. Such abdication of individual power can not be fruitful.

It is good, also, to note that in design the detail is of secondary importance, and that with purely Greek detail one can produce a work as little Greek as possible, and vice versa. I am well aware that this is not the common view of many art critics, who, unable to understand the significance of a whole scheme, are satisfied in labeling details. This is what the study of the product of Sèvres will have permitted us to see, as, in fact, every other branch of decorative art would have shown.

THE BEST FRUIT OF A GARDEN.
BY ALICE M. RATHBONE

LONG and serious discourses upon happiness have ended without a word for the value of gardening as one of the very simplest means to that end. The truly wise, however, know full well this happy secret, and rejoice accordingly in the best of all the fruits of garden labor.

To Emerson's "Give me health and a day," let us add a little garden. "The pomp of emperors" is indeed "ridiculous" compared with the bliss that comes from "a few and cheap elements" within reach of almost all of us. One condition only is to be met, if we would grow this fruit called happiness to perfection, and pluck it with unmingled joy. It must flourish in a garden not too large to be under its fortunate owner's personal care. No factotum, he never so well disposed really to help, should be allowed to invade the little garden after the turning of the earth is accomplished in the spring, lest opportunities for happiness escape us. The sowing of the seed, the tucking comfortably away of the wonderful bulbs in the fresh earth, the staking and training of plants, even the weeding of borders and the sweeping of walks, are all so many means of grace to the garden-lover.

Is a fit of the blues impending? Then sally forth well armed with trowel, rake, hoe—all the needful weapons—and the demons will fly before you, quite dismayed by the variety of fresh interests to be found even in a garden reduced to its simplest terms.

A neighbor, transplanted from her maiden home into new and somewhat uncongenial surroundings, found unfailing relief from homesickness, in her garden, through the summer, among her window-plants, in winter. Resolutely would she turn to Mother Earth for the comfort denied her elsewhere.

Equal to its efficacy as a mind cure, is its effect for good on physical ills. Yet gardening as a remedial proposition is, unfortunately, not half so popular among us as patent medicines.

"In half an hour," says Charles Dudley Warner in "My Summer in a Garden," "I can hoe myself right away from this world as we commonly see it, into a large place where there are no obstacles." That "large place" should be the inheritance of all who can compass the use of a bit of earth, and to this end a taste for gardening should be encouraged among children. Whoever succeeds in planting in a child's mind a love for "the green things growing," deep enough to reach a willingness to work for
THE BEST FRUIT OF A GARDEN

them, makes for the greater happiness of one life throughout all its stages.

Gifts of seeds, roots and tools will help the little Adams and the Eves to realize the delights of a Paradise which may lie, perchance, in some neglected corner of the back yard, and as the little folk cultivate, at the same time, their gardens and their tastes, they are providing themselves with a pleasant resource for their declining years. Lady Mary Wortley Montague tells us “Gardening is certainly the next amusement to reading, and as my sight will now permit me little of that, I am glad to form a taste that can give me so much employment, and be the plaything of my age, now that my pen and needle are almost useless to me.”

In a garden, if anywhere, “the little arts of happiness” do certainly abound. As one goes out of a morning, the opening of a long-watched-for blossom may change the aspect of a whole day, and it is precisely this simple, natural coming of the garden pleasures that makes them never-ending, while the happy garden hours last. Nowhere, however, does staid old Father Time allow himself to take on such flighty ways as in a garden—the pleasant hours are gone before one knows—and this trick of his is the nearest approach to a flaw in the joy of the summer-time.

Our good old Henry—factotum, philosopher and friend in one—summed up this question of the best fruit of a garden in his own wise way: “You don’t want a garden too large,” said he, “just large enough to make you happy. It’ll do that. I’ve tried it many a time. It makes you feel good when you feel bad.”

“Who loves his garden, still keeps his Eden.”

THE ROOF-TREE

THERE are classes of men to whom nothing is lacking of what goes to make up the external trappings of a residence. Civilization has heaped their hands with treasure, given them comfort, room, peace, everything necessary to the setting up of this material home. But they possess it only to desert it. Parents and children go each his own way, and the family dissolves.

Elsewhere the contrary happens. I know a bridge in Paris where every day you may find a woman selling soup at two sous a plate. Her stand consists of three or four planks and an umbrella-like awning, and it would be hard to imagine a less convenient place for a family reunion. No matter! Under this precarious shelter, open to all the winds of heaven, there gather every evening, round a smoky torch, all the children, some of them studying their lessons, and the father, resting after the toil of the day. These people have the spirit of family, and that is the essential thing. This spirit it is that must be saved, nourished, strengthened; and it is tenacious, strikes root in the most ungrateful soil.

—Charles Wagner, in “By the Fireside”