THE IMAGINATIVE CRAFT WORK OF BLANCHE LOUISE HUTCHINSON: BY SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

IN Miss Hutchinson's work I find a rare sensitiveness to beauty, an art sense both subtle and vigorous, achieving expression in a small output of craft jewelry, of which every piece bears the dual stamp of art—inspiration and sincerity. She is young, somewhat inexperienced, even at times lacking a little in technical mastery, but distinctly apart from and above the majority of her craft by the force of native intelligence.

When I speak of inspiration in this connection I mean that the contemplation of the result might as well be achieved by machinery. Rather she has sought for each problem an individual solution dictated by nothing but the inspiration gleaned from her materials. I have a vision of the incalculable influence for good to be exerted on American national development by true craftsmen, and the jewelers may play no small part in it, since the appeal of our jewels is so intimate and seductive; but unfortunately the majority of workers trained in this craft seem either incapable of original concepts or cowed by the ogre of public bad taste. Now it seems to me that the golden rule of jewelry-making might be stated thus: consider your materials till you conceive a design which shall express what beauties and meanings you sense in them, and execute that design as best you can, to the end that each ornament may be a work of art self-warranted and self-sufficient.

Miss Hutchinson's most notable achievement to date has been the demonstration of some possibilities of the abalone pearl. The abalone, a large shell-fish culled by Chinese coolies from the rocks of California coast waters, yields an iridescent inner shell generally starred with large irregular pearls...
DECEMBER GARDENING: BY HANNA RION

T HE friend who had spent some time with us during the summer when the garden was in its poppied, rosy heyday wrote to me when December snows arrived: "Now that winter is here I suppose your friends may expect to hear from you once in a while, as you will certainly be forced willy nilly to lay down your rake and hoe."

It was the second of December when I smiled quizzically over this letter and wondered if this city moth would believe me if I told her I looked forward to one of my busiest months in the garden—that there would not be a day's cessation of the labor and joy in the out-of-doors.

This is a blessed provision of necessity, for with the first brittle taste of December and the crisping of energy, the very frost in the nostrils whets the muscles to toil, and with every breath of the ever-chilling air there is the message to hurry, to achieve, before the ice-bound days of January are upon us.

So on the second of December I tossed aside the gray artificially scented letter, and sallied forth with my garden partner, arms laden with our precious horde of freshly arrived Japanese lilies, making our way toward the Peony Kingdom. Then from the cellar was fetched the big box of sand which we had carefully stored away one warm scarlet-splashed autumn day, in expectation of this exciting December morning.

The few inches of snow were lifted with a spade and the earth proved to be frozen only a little over an inch. Holes twelve inches deep were dug, then the good old wheelbarrow was squeaked upon the scene laden with a rich compost of old manure and decayed sod and weeds. The holes were given two inches of compost in the bottom, then a heaping trowel of sand was thrown in to make a bed for the great luscious, burr, artichoke-like Auranthus bulbs to lie in, with a counterpane of the same sand to cover them. We then filled the hole with the mingled compost and original soil.

Leaves which we had also prudently saved in gunny sacks for this purpose, were then piled over the hole, while over them moderately fresh manure was laid for the triple purpose of holding the leaves in place, warmth and spring fertilization.