necting these two pergolas makes a picture of line and color equally attractive from either pergola.

A hill garden, such as the one designed by Grosvenor Atterbury, is another picturesque idea that can be elaborated upon to any extent. By taking advantage of a natural group of trees on the slope of a hillside, a nook can be made that will be the heart of a garden's usefulness and beauty. Here one can take a book or a bit of sewing, can write letters or entertain friends, and no more delightful breakfast or tea room can be found.

This is also a good way to arrange a rose garden, for the climbers can twine around the pillars and arch the entrance. The rose trees, rivaling the fountains, will toss up their blossoms like a spray, scattering their fragrant petals as fountains their glittering water drops.

SANITATION AND DOORKNOBS: BY LOUISE RICE

THE twentieth century does not deny us beauty on a large scale. Seen from a distance, the skyline of New York is a thing to dazzle and thrill. Bridges have lines of pure beauty, and public and private buildings are well proportioned and gracious. It is when we look closely at our surroundings that we feel our poverty.

The man who walked the streets of the sixteenth century trod upon filth such as cannot be found anywhere in the twentieth, but the objects which were his familiars spoke a language to him which his children have almost forgotten. An intimate, pervasive, individual beauty lay about the world of yesterday, which we of today might well reflect upon in our moments of vanity and content at our much vaunted progress.

Our forebears treated all objects with respect, because they embodied thought, personal selection, careful and thorough work and individual beauty. They rode in carriages made especially for each individual family; they wore cloaks which were woven, colored and designed with special reference to individuals. Furniture, jewelry, implements, the ware of the table, the smallest articles of daily use, were all the products of special, unique ideas. Today, the tongue of beauty is dumb, save for vast utterances, and for professional expressions. We have good pictures, but ugly and trivial furniture; lovely jewels, set in vapid, insincere designs by workmen who do not know their business; well-built houses whose windows and doors would not have been tolerated four centuries ago; senseless and useless "objects of art" and hideous household utensils. The house and the bridge are still the exponent of individuality; but their fittings, together with much else, have fallen under the blight of standardization, a blight which removes the exquisite flavor of life.

We eat from plates whose duplicates lie upon a thousand tables, sleep in beds exactly similar to a thousand others, wear cloaks which could not be distinguished from dozens of our neighbors', sit in rooms, write at desks, ride in carriages, visit houses, all of which have the individuality of a row of pins.

Our reverend ancestors may have thrown the household slops out of the upper windows, to the great detriment of foot passengers and the general health, but they had compensations. They did, indeed.

Take the very insignificant detail of house hardware—doorknobs, door pulls, hinges and various small ornamentations which greet our eyes and hands in every building, from the church to the office. Are there any more uninspiring objects in our world of today? Is there anything to distinguish your front door from that of your neighbor? It was made, no doubt, along with a thousand others, upon an approved pattern, by machinery which left not the
least possible loophole for the smallest variation. You touch it a hundred times a week, but there is no regard in that grasp. Why should there be? Haven't X. Y. & Z. a million more just like it? Cannot you walk down your street, and, for aught you would know by the doorknobs, be walking in a nightmareish multiplication of your own front door?

But if John Strong, a neighbor of yours, and a worthy blacksmith, whose designs are much sought after, had made that doorknob—if it bore the beautifully conventionalized pattern of a rose, your favorite flower—or, if you were a Scot, and the thistle of your native land were quaintly twisted upon it—you would turn that knob with far different feelings. And if every edifice which sheltered your family or your business or your churchly interests was marked,

A HINGE THAT MIGHT BE ON THE DOOR OF ANY WORKMAN'S CABINET OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

amples of the daily, hourly beauty which lay beneath the hand and eye of the ordinary citizen of the sixteenth century. That good man knew nothing of "germs," so he disposed of his garbage in the most convenient manner, and paid his toll for such ignorance in strange maladies, but his inner man was daily freshened by something for the loss of which all the sanitation in the world cannot compensate.

Some of the Metropolitan collection shows the work of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the so-called Baroque and Rococo periods. The stultification of beauty had already begun; the trail of the factory can be discerned. The individual artists who made, each with his own hand, the door and window hardware of the sixteenth century had begun to give place to shops employing "artisans," using estab-

A SIMPLE HINGE OF MEDIEVAL DAY, SHOWING EXCELLENT DESIGN AND FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP.

HINGE FOR A COMMON CHEST OF THE RENAISSANCE.
lished patterns, coming into close contact with builder and owner less frequently, working more and more without the reviving influence of aggressive individualism.

Sanitation and hygiene have been wonderful blessings to mankind, but is there any reason for accepting cleanliness as a substitute for beauty? The two should be harmonious, complementary. That we have sewerage, open plumbing and sterilized milk is no argument for stupidity and vapidity in our daily surroundings.

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A FEW KIND WORDS ABOUT THE BERMUDA ONION: BY HANNA RION

SOME of us ostentatiously, most of us surreptitiously, love the onion. When used as a subtext it is the pièce de résistance of chefs; as a casual prelude in salad-making, a fried grace note of steak, an old-fashioned panacea when baked, for colds and earache, the onion is, after all, a very important factor in our daily life.

When I'm inhabiting the rarefied upper strata of thought, and a desperate cook interrupts me with a query as to what we shall have for dinner, I invariably say "boiled onions" merely because the phrase slides easily off the tongue and requires neither mental nor physical effort.

When at boarding school, we half-fed girls often indulged in what we termed "midnight jags" of onions—probably Bermudian onions. We thought the reason we slept so soundly afterward was because we were becalmed by the bad-consciousness of having eluded cat-footed, cat-eared teachers, not knowing that onions are often prescribed by people who are not M.D.'s for insomnia.

The onion of ogre size, terrific poignancy of flavor, enthusiasm of fragrance and inebriate complexion, which I was brought up to respect as the Bermuda onion, is not the Bermuda product at all; it is an onion grown within smelling distance of the Sphinx, in the holed land of mummies, scarabs, flies, Rameses and Queen Hatsus—in short, the onion which you meekly accept from your grocer as the Bermuda onion is an Egyptian one.

The Bermuda onion is a rather small, pale-faced, mild and retiring vegetable. I am told that some governor in the 1830s first recommended onion-planting to the farmers of these islands, but I don't guarantee any date I ever use, I merely put in numerals to look wise. If that rumor is true, I think they at least might have named the onion after that governor; then his name would have passed down to posterity with more enduring fragrance than even an aroma of rosemary, thyme or rue could have given it.

I'm also told by old wives of the island that in those 1830-something days the inhabitants here were not permitted to raise or harbor more than twelve turkeys, and that the only fertilizer used for each farmer's pioneer onion crops was furnished by his limited edition of turkeys.

One of the charms of the onion industry here today is its element of gamble. Season before last, one of peculiar onion fecundity evidently marked a worldwide onion success, for when the Bermudian farmer carried his onion crates by the thousand to the wharf in Hamilton, news had come from the commission agents in New York telling of a flooded market. After the refused Bermudian onions were piled as high as the tower of Babel, blocking the Hamilton docks so that tourists could scarcely land, the poor farmers were forced to drive their sore-eyed, sore-legged, raw-boned Bucephaluses to town and haul their scorned onions back to the farms, and there dig a grave large enough to hold the Republican Party and bury the fruit of months of hard labor.

The consequence of this tragedy was that few onions were planted the past season—only planted by optimists, incurable gamblers and poets. Then perversely enough the failure of the crop in many of the Southern States caused the onion price to soar, and only the foolhardiest of Bermudian farmers reaped a harvest of gold.

It is a form of obloquy this year when one Bermudian farmer says to another, "I see you are trying onions again." They do not expect history to encore itself.

The American mode of onion-planting is very laborious; the general custom on farms I'm acquainted with is to sow the