THE LITTLE COMFORTERS

be written since so many new and ever-blooming varieties have been placed on the market. The Baltimore Belle and Queen of the Prairies are nevertheless hardly surpassed by any of the latter introductions, so excellent are they in habit and general attractiveness. Lady Gay, Dorothy Perkins and Hiawatha, one of the loveliest of single climbing roses, are also well-known and tested varieties among those that climb.

Rose vines are particularly desirable to grow on arches, pergolas and other objects that are in themselves artistically made and which do not require to be completely covered by a compact arrangement of foliage.

The vine-clad arbor, photographed to illustrate this point, shows a graceful construction of combined strength and lightness; its proportions are generous, an archway in truth possessing much comfort. Had it been built today it might have been dubbed a pergola. But it is many years old and built at an innocent sweet time before America had sinned so widely in misplacing her numerous pergolas. Veteran rose vines cover this archway and when in bloom scarcely a conception could be more beautiful.

THE LITTLE COMFORTERS

I HAVE my little thoughts for comforters;
   They run by me all day
Holding up perfumed memory that stirs
   My dull accustomed way:

They murmur of green lanes we used to go,
   (For here the Spring forgets
To set the roadways thick with grass, and sow
   The paths with violets!)

Here the hot city crashes, and all words
   Thunder or scream or cry,
Yet there were lake-sounds once (they tell), and birds
   Called from a twilight sky:

There still a night wind strokes the slumberers
   And the cool grass lies deep . . .
I have my little thoughts for comforters,
   Who whisper me to sleep.

MARGARET WIDDEMER.