OME of these pictures will show, in a feeble way, the beauty of a border of four o’clocks. Never having grown this flower before we were amazed at its beauty, as were our friends, neighbors and passersby. The border shown, has forty plants in it, eighteen inches apart, and there is another shorter row elsewhere in this garden, all of them having been grown from a five cent packet of seed. The seed was sown in the open ground in April; transplanted later the plants bloomed all of July and, near the end of August continue to be a mass of flowers. One neighbor flings open her bedroom window early every morning, to enjoy the beautiful mosaic of color on the green background. The fragrance is perhaps best of all as we enjoy it in the evening from our porch. It is not exaggerating to say that the exquisite perfume is wafted for half a block to our neighbors.

These particular four o’clocks have grown from twenty-seven to thirty-three inches high, two or three even grew to forty inches. In color we have wonderful shades of cream, white and yellow, white, pure yellow; pale pink, cerise and old red; nothing objectionable but entirely desirable. Next year we plan to have twice as many.

The lawn was acquired on the first of April, nineteen hundred and thirteen: the pictures show the quick results, these photographs having been taken in August of nineteen hundred and fourteen. Old buildings were torn down, and nearly two months were consumed in getting ready to plant. The arch was an old doorway with brick fireplaces on either side. This we left stand, shaping it into an arch for several reasons; it broke the flatness of the lawn and gave a reason for the necessary walk leading down to a low building used as laundry, woodhouse and the like. At the back of the arch is concealed a hydrant, a real necessity throughout the summer.

The wichuraiana, evergreen gem and gardenia roses, also an ampelopsis were planted over the arch, and it is now entirely covered. At the rear is a lattice above a solid fence, on the dividing line. That is almost covered with clematis paniculata, with a planting at base of the big mallows in white and pink shades. In front of the mallows are perennial phloxes in white and pink, rose pink and white with pink eye. In front of the phloxes are peonies, also in white and pink shades, with auratum and speciosum lilies between. This peony planting is carried out extensively on the north side which brings the whole plan in harmony.

A continuation of this white and pink planting is carried across the long, low building not shown in pictures. A row of bush peonies
A LOVELY INFORMAL GARDEN

is in line with the otherpeonies described, and in front of this planting is a row of white August or day lilies—between these, two rows of pink cannas were planted and the accidental and crowning touch was added by a falling mass of white self-sown cosmos; it came into bloom early in August, it softens the lines of the cannas and makes a dainty feathery background for the white day lilies. Its near neighbor on the south is a group of white hydrangea and looking another direction are pink and white dahlias, Augusta and America gladiolas, masses of Boltonia and starry white asters.

The value of annual planting is shown in the asters coming into bloom at the base of the white and green lattice. Back of the asters are more pink and white peonies and lilies, with the lovely rose, silver moon, already nearly covering the lattice. There are big peony plants at the base of the arch, and the bird-bath shown is set in a circular bed, edged with flat stones, from the old house; this bed is filled with German iris similar to the ones in the iris borders on the north side. This circle of iris is edged with sweet alyssum. The iris harmony is further carried out on the south side in a wide border not shown. At the base of the porch is a low planting of white azalea, which blooms in May and June with the peonies and iris.

In addition to the peony and iris planting on the north there are masses of white and pink cottage tulips, indescribably lovely. The pergola is covered with rambler roses and clematis paniculata. It will be seen that all planting was done to give a succession of bloom, with pink and white dominating. There are also pink Canterbury bells, blue larkspur and dozens of other charming things for cutting, and the shrubbery; well, that is another story.

The planting of the pergola was especially satisfactory, because it resulted in such a succession of delights. A constant procession of annual and perennial flowers like guests of the house arrived, passed a pleasant week or so, and departed leaving sweet memories of a most enchanting visit. If the names of the season’s flower visitors had been entered in a garden guest book, the book would have been a distinguished possession, for all the best families, all the garden favorites had passed a brief hour or so at the edge of the green lawn.

The pergola draped by the roses of spring and clematis of summer was sometimes a dainty pink-and-white airy bower and at others a grateful, dense canopy of green starred with white. At all times there was a choice of sunshine or shade. The training of the vines brought this about, giving variety of beauty as well as offering opportunities for the growing of sun and shade loving vines and plants. A pergola as long as ours must be broken in various ways to prevent
TWO VIEWS OF THE OLD STONE HOUSE with its border of four o’clocks, sown in April, blooming in August.
THE PERGOLA AT NORTH SIDE OF THE HOUSE
showing rambler roses at one end and clematis at the other.
In front of it is a planting of pink and white peonies.
THE BRICK DOORWAY may be seen just beyond the snow-ball bush in the upper photograph.

A HARDY BORDER OF LARKSPUR, Madonna lilies, Canterbury bells and foxgloves.
IRIS BORNERED PATHWAY leading to the side gate. Though the color scheme of this garden was for the most part pink and white, these lovely iris come and go before the main planting of this garden shows color.

BENEATH THE MAIN PERGOLA is a border of sweet William with a background of peonies and finkia.

These two pictures give some idea of the variety of planting possible in one informal garden.
monotony, so the vines were massed in one place and at others the pillars remained practically undraped. Beneath the pergola a border of flowers for cutting was devised, so thickly planted that the morning’s harvest of blossoms for the house left the garden apparently untouched. The dependable perennials are always there in their rich, green backgrounds, giving substance to the garden. The sweet perennials were the ones most often carried within doors.

The colors, pink and white, which formed the main plan of the garden, seemed especially wonderful against the color of the old house and as a contrast to the broad velvety sweep of lawn. The flat masses of gray and green were like curtains against which the flowers danced in gay procession.

Hewlett says “horticulture is, next to music, the most sensitive of the fine arts. Properly allied to architecture, garden making is as near as a man may get to divine functions.” Indeed, there is perhaps no occupation in life that brings one nearer to a sense of power and of individuality than the planting of a garden. Though mistakes occur, and each year is a long list of things left undone, still the effort expended is so small compared with the results that it seems nothing short of a succession of miracles, which the gardener accomplishes hand in hand with the hidden magician.

The planting of this small garden was an experiment in intensive gardening. As fast as one flower ceased to bloom the other took its place. From the time the pink and white tulips pushed back the earth, in March, no spot in the garden was ever without some astonishingly beautiful blossom.

The planning of even this small garden was a liberal education. Needless to say, an education gained in the most delightful of schoolrooms. The lessons learned from books of leaves and flowers stay longer in the memory than any culled from pages of a book. In reading about gardens from a book everything seems easy, and one feels possessed of deepest wisdom; but when this book wisdom is put in practice, then indeed its limitations are apparent. Gardening must be learned by gardening, with hoe and spade and seeds and bulb. It cannot be gained by reading of books, no matter how learned or fascinating they are.

We garden makers must remember that “in setting a garden we are painting a picture—a picture of hundreds of feet or yards, instead of so many inches, painted with living flowers, and seen by open daylight—so that to paint it rightly is a debt we owe to the beauty of the flowers and to the light of the sun, that the colours should be placed with careful forethought and deliberation, as a painter employs them on his picture, and not dropped down in lifeless dabs.”