EVERYBODY'S GARDEN: BY REBECCA J. LOSE

It is an axiom that variety of interest is a necessity for the successful pursuit of health, wealth and happiness. One of my neighbors, when overtaken by grief or perplexity, shuts herself up in the laundry and washes things—towels, napkins, sheets, tablecloths—anything she can find. A young fellow down street took his fishing rod and tackle and started for the creek the minute he returned from burying his bit of a wife. I do not presume to say that digging in the ground can rival the blue sky, the running water, the wind among the trees in healing and comforting, yet I protest that anxiety and foreboding can be better endured, that one sleeps better and eats better and is easier to be lived with if one grows some sort of a garden.

Further—this garden I should have everyone grow exactly to suit themselves. Last summer a year, my next-door neighbor—but-one announced that she had never had enough Sweet William in her life, and that once before she died she intended to have all she wanted. Her family laughed derisively. Spurred, no doubt, partly by this derision, she deliberately proceeded to have everything dug out of every flower bed on the place—every single thing. In their places she planted Sweet William, and nothing else.

I did not sympathize with this proceeding at all. I approved of her growing what she wanted to grow, of course. But now, really, her choice of flowers was almost absurd. Sweet William I like. I want it in my garden. I want, even, a good many patches of it here and there. But all Sweet William? Oh, no! Yet I assure you, when those hundreds and hundreds of young plants came at once into masses of gorgeous bloom, I was almost a convert.

Nor was I the only convert, for while they were in the height of their glory, a high-school girl who lives just back of me consulted me over the fence, confessing that sweet peas were the joy of her life, and saying that if my lady uptown could revel at will in Sweet William, why not sweet peas alone for her? And I encouraged her. Of course, I did. It was the first sign of individuality or initiative she has ever shown, and may change her whole life.

At any rate, she stuck to it, and this summer she has devoted herself to sweet peas. Rows and rows of them she has grown, of every variety she could hear of. Up and down each path she had them, around every tree, across every fence, and every other place where there was room. Such sweet peas I have never seen. The town turned out to see them, and I look for further developments next year.
DELPHINIUMS, the hardy larkspurs of all proper English country novels, Rebecca J. Lose declared she would like to plant all over her garden.

Her vision is to have them in a large bed by themselves with a spring sowing of ragged robins or cornflower in two shades, the light blue and the dark, in the foreground.

Shakespeare refers to the delphiniums as "larks' heels trim": It has many other quaint names of interest to students, the old English laverock being still a favorite.

MASSES OF SHADED BLUE below, with great waving plumes of the marvelous delphinium blue above, would surely be a rarely beautiful sight against the dark green of a distant tree or bordering a path.

Delphinium may be had in almost every shade of blue, in dwarf and in giant varieties.

Annuals are good border plants but cannot be depended upon to make the tall, vigorous stalks of the perennials.
SWEET PEAS were reveled in by "the high-school girl": They were the joy of her life so she planted them up and down each path, around each tree and by every fence.

No one who has not tried it can appreciate the bliss of a fully satisfied craving for a particular color or perfume: Backyards would blossom into glowing garden spots did more people have the courage to give free rein to such an innocent heart fancy.

"Sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings."

—John Keats.
SWEET WILLIAMS are favorites of many other people beside "the next-door-neighbor-but-one": Hundreds of these bonnie "country-lassie" blossoms in a border make a color effect seldom to be outdone by any other flowers: There is a childlike simple gaiety about them that calls smiles to the faces of observers: They are like little children in a frolicking game, full of innocence and harmless jollity.

Sweet William is the "bearded Jove's flower" of the botanists, and is also related to the carnation, as well as being the gilly-flower of old gardeners.

BORDERS OF SWEET WILLIAMS are the easiest of all things to grow: One or two packages would fill a backyard with color and supply flowers for the house during almost an entire summer.

These gay little flowers need a rich loamy or moist clay soil: They may be had in all the pastel colors.
BOUNCING BET, the beloved wild phlox of the countryside, is as great a favorite as any of the hybrid varieties furnished at costly prices by plant breeders. Soft pinkish lavenders and white furnish the honey table for humming birds and bees.

COLUMBINE, LIKE FAIRY LANTERNS ablaze with the glow-worm, hanging from the top of slender stems, look as though the plant were decked out for a carnival day.

Horticulturists now supply us with variation of the old-fashioned grandmother's favorite: Blue, black, yellow and white columbines can be had to carry out desired color plans.

These charming flowers may also be had in white, cream color and yellows, but the rare quality of their blue makes any hybrid color take second place.
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Now, I do not share this feeling of my neighbors. I could not be satisfied with just one brand of flowers. I must have variety. I want the early and the late. I want flowers blooming in my garden the minute spring comes, and all the summer long, and all the fall until the earth itself freezes, and the snow comes and provides a new heaven and a new earth to look at.

But I know something of how they feel, these others. I even know what I should plant, were I following in their footsteps, and it would not be Sweet William, nor yet sweet peas. It would be delphiniums that I should plant—the hardy larkspurs of all proper English country novels. They are more or less strangers to me, yet I know that ever since I first saw them, not so many years ago, there has been a spot somewhere within me that has longed for a whole garden full of the heavenly blue of this most heavenly of flowers.

But I should not plant them entirely alone, either. If I had those flowerbeds of my lady up street, and were free-foot to do as I pleased with them, I'd fill them all moderately full this fall of thrifty young delphiniums. I could furnish her with the plants, myself, if she would but have them. Then, in the spring, early, I'd sow the beds full of corn flower—ragged robin, we call it—in two shades, the light blue and the dark blue. Then I'd sit down and wait for results. I do not have to wait for results, myself. I can shut my eyes, this minute, and see it—the mass on mass of shaded blue below, the great waving plumes of marvelous blue above.

But my Sweet William lady will have none of my advice, and I, as I said, I cannot do without the others. How could I, for instance, turn out the long border that from year to year has been growing fuller of the flowers my grandmother loved in her day—columbine, hollyhock, foxglove, Canterbury bells, phlox and a dozen others, many, it is true, so changed by time that my blessed grandmother would scarce recognize them, but all grown, as were hers, from the seed to maturity right under my own eyes.

No, my grandmother's flowers are safe from me, and so are the tulips and daffodils, the snowdrops and the crocuses, whose early blossoming is the only thing that each year can quiet my ever recurring doubt as to the veracity of the almanac, and assure my soul that the long winter is really past.

Even for the flowers that have to be replanted each year I must save some place. There is salvia—"splendid sage," my mother called it; my garden would not be the same to me, lacking its brilliance. Each year I plant a box of it in my window on the afternoon of
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Washington's Birthday, having discovered that salvias so fathered present a far more gorgeous array in the last days of October than any sown on any other day of the year. No—I do not know why. I only know it is true.

Then, cosmos! I should miss that too. True, one grows cosmos on a sporting chance, the chance that it will not bloom. None the less there is something about it that always fires my imagination. It grows so straight, and never hurries, though it must know that unless it does hurry the frost will get it. Sometimes I feel like shaking it, to bring it to its senses. Then, if Nature is kind, and the frost holds off, and it does come into bloom it is so ethereally beautiful that I am always sure it more than repays itself for its steadfastness and patience.

All these and more, oh, many more, I must keep where they have always grown. Yet I shall find a place for my new blue loves. Indeed, I shall find so many places for them that it is already fairly evident to me that my whole garden next year will present a bluish cast—that will however represent neither erudition nor pessimism.

First, I shall plant a great many of the strangers in the bed of white lilies, under my dining-room window. They certainly will become each other, those two. Whether the stately delphiniums will mitigate the feeling stately lilies have given me, ever since they began looking into my dining room, remains to be seen. For those lilies always make me a trifle uncomfortable, especially when I am very hungry. They seem to expect me to live up to them, learn the minuet, say, or be led to the festal board by cavaliers in wigs and ruffles.

Then, I shall surely take my own advice to my lady up street, since she will have none of it, and plant me a large bed, moderately full now, of the delphiniums, and in the spring sow all about their feet the corn flower aforementioned. Also I'll scatter the new favorite here and there through the old flower bed, and quite fill a large bed, that is already growing with roses and white phlox—and perhaps in various other places, if the plants hold out.

And as for Sweet Williams—there are three hundred of the bonny little plants growing in my garden. I was out and counted them but now. They tempt me sorely. I know Sweet Williams are stiff, that
CARNATIONS

their remains are brown and unbeautiful, and that I have said many things against them. Yet those flowers up street were gorgeous. There is a large empty bed by the little porch. Perhaps, after all, I'll give in, and plant the whole three hundred right there.

CARNATIONS

And he was seventeen,
And I was only twelve years—a stately gulf between!
I broke them on the morning the school-dance was to be,
To pin among my ribbons in hopes that he might see.
And all the girls stood breathless to watch as he came through
With curly crest and grand air that swept the heart from you!
And why he paused at my side is more than I can know—
Shyest of the small girls who all adored him so—
I said it with my prayer-times: I walked with head held high:
"Carnations are your flower!" he said as he strode by.

Carnations and my first love! The years are passed a score,
And I recall his first name, and scarce an eyelash more.
And those were all the love-words that either of us said—
Perhaps he may be married—perhaps he may be dead.
And yet. . . . To smell carnations, their spicy, heavy sweet,
Perfuming all some sick-room, or passing on the street,
Then . . . still the school-lamps flicker, and still the Lancers play,
And still the girls hold breathless to watch him go his way,
And still my child-heart quivers with that first ecstasy—
"Carnations are your flower!" my first love says to me!

MARGARET WIDDEMER

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