

The NATIONAL
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OCTOBER . . . 1931

The American Horticultural Society

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July 1, 1931

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The American Iris Society

THE AMERICAN IRIS SOCIETY was organized January 29, 1920, as a forum wherein garden discussion might center upon Iris. It is now entering upon its twelfth year with a membership of over twelve hundred and a record that includes the publication of thirty-seven Bulletins devoted to various phases of Iris interest.

Although many of our members are growers, breeders or collectors, still more are just amateur gardeners—people with a bit of a garden in their back yard where they grow a few fine Peonies, a few Irises and other precious treasures which they have collected through their gardening years. Therefore, the members of the American Horticultural Society should be particularly interested in this kindred society. Our Bulletins in a special field have the same point of view as the National Horticultural Magazine has in the broader field of general horticulture.

To the isolated gardener our Bulletins have brought notes drawn from the experiences of our members in many parts of the world. To the gardener who is fortunate enough to share his interest with many neighbors, our society offers an opportunity to co-operate in some sort of community work. Each year many local exhibitions are held under our auspices and we owe much to the members who have aroused local interest. Gradually, also, it is becoming possible for our members to inaugurate display plantings of Irises, which are not only of interest to all gardeners, but, more important, do much to make public open spaces more sightly.

Thus both to the individual member and to the community, The American Iris Society offers something of value.

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The National Horticultural Magazine

B. Y. MORRISON, *Editor*

SHERMAN R. DUFFY, BERNARD H. LANE, J. MARION SHULL, HAMILTON TRAUB,
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P. H. Dorsett

U. S. Department of Agriculture

The White-barked Pine at the Jade Buddha Temple

Glimpses of the White-barked Pine in Peiping and Vicinity

(More Notes from an Explorer's Notebook—Dorsett & Morse)

By P. H. DORSETT

The white-barked pine, *Pinus bungeana*, a native of Chihli and Hupeh Provinces in China, often seen at temples, tombs and shrines, is perhaps one of the most spectacular and strikingly handsome ornamental trees of the Orient. In its own land renowned for its age, grandeur and beauty, it will surely find a place here and should be established in the United States wherever it will succeed, even if repeated trials must be made.

For the most part, the specimens seen branch low or comparatively low, forming broad spreading trees. One, the oldest, largest and finest, but not with the whitest bark, stands near a temple building on the side of the beautiful promenade at Chieh Tai Ssu temple in the Western Hills, some forty miles or so to the west of Peiping.

We were told while visiting this temple in the latter part of September, 1930, that this tree was planted about nine hundred years ago. It is low branched and has nine main stems or trunks and is therefore known as "The Nine Dragon Pine." The trunk below the branches and between two and three feet above the ground measures 228 inches in circumference, or something over six feet in diameter. The tree is spreading but we judge is not over fifty feet in height.

The next largest and also the next oldest specimen of the white barked pine that we have seen is at the Tuan Cheng, the Jade Buddha Temple, at the south entrance of the Winter Palace in Peiping. This tree is said to be over seven hundred years old. It,

too, is low branched and has three main trunks each 72 or more inches in circumference. This specimen is not quite so spreading as the Nine Dragon Tree but is about the same height, between forty and fifty feet.

Another specimen, while much younger than either of these, perhaps only three or four hundred years, but of similar habit, is to be found in the court of one of the Tan Chou Ssu temple buildings, also in the Western Hills. We regret not to have taken the measurements of this tree, which has the whitest bark of any seen. The specimen stood alone in the court and with its deep green leaves, slightly reddish brown cones, which were opening and shedding their seeds, and its strikingly white bark, was a tree greatly to be admired.

From each tree a small amount of seed was collected, and only a small amount, for the collection is not so easy as might appear. The reason for this is that the priests and attendants were almost continuously watching to pick up and eat the seeds, with the result that the foreign plant hunter found few for himself. There are a few specimens of this tree scattered over the United States from previous introductions but none of them have come into their maturity and none show the white bark that is so conspicuous a character in the adult life of the tree. Since it grows well at Peiping and in the country roundabout, it will probably do well here in rolling country with well-drained soil, in localities where neither winter nor summer is too severe.



P. H. Dorsett

At the Tan Chou Ssu Temple

U. S. Department of Agriculture



P. H. Dorsett

At the Chieh Tai Ssu Temple

U. S. Department of Agriculture

Lewisia

By FLORENS DE BEVOISE

If you have never had the pleasure of raising any members of the *Lewisia* family you have a rare treat in store for you.

Lewisias hail from our great Northwest. They are found among the mountains near the Pacific Coast and the Rockies, both British and American. They were named for Captain Meriwether Lewis, of the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

It is curious that these beautiful plants are so seldom seen in our eastern gardens. One rarely sees them even in rock gardens boasting of varied collections of European alpinists, which need more care and often give less reward in the way of beauty than many of our own mountain dwellers.

The majority of the *Lewisias* are true alpinists and with one or two exceptions have not only great beauty, but a long season of bloom as well. They are perfectly hardy in our climate and their requirements are few. Good drainage is of course a necessity, and the soil should consist of ordinary garden loam containing a little well-rotted manure; to this should be added some sand, leafmold and stone chips. I find that, as with most of my alpinists, they enjoy a little peat mixed with the stone chips around their roots. English books will tell you that these plants thrive best in full sun, but I have found that sun should be given with discretion, in other words a sunny situation with shade during the afternoon, or at least part of the day. I was glad to find that Mrs. McCully in her book "American Alpinists in the Garden" holds the same view that experience has taught me. To quote from this excellent book—"Probably those species from the Rockies and also the great plateau stretching from them to the Cascades and Sierras, can with-

stand the burning sun of the greater portion of our American climate. However, those that face toward the Pacific in the north know only what must seem a diluted sun to those farther east. While in a climate similar to their own these too will rejoice in full sun, this will need a little tempering through much of the United States. I have not seen this point stressed, but I believe it responsible for some of the trouble experienced in the first tryouts on the Atlantic coast."

About four times during the year my plants receive a top dressing of stone chips, or grit, with a little humus added. When planting, allow about six inches between the tips of the rosettes in order to have good specimen plants and to get the full effect of their radiating blooms. This does not hold true with *Lewisia rediviva*, which should be rather closely massed to give the best effect. They should not be watered very often, as if kept too moist they may rot. Those in gardens near the shore need rather less water than those in a drier atmosphere. In England, glass is used to protect these plants from winter wet. However, a few of mine shifted for themselves last winter and came through very well with no covering; others, under a covering of salt hay, did equally well. If their beds are sufficiently raised and the drainage good, a covering of salt hay should afford enough protection.

Unless they are in bloom the plants may be set out from spring until fall. The seed is rather slow to ripen and shakes off easily, so it is best to cut the stem when the pods are well dried and place in a warm dry place to finish off, in order to avoid losing the seed. When ripe, the seed should be planted at once in pans containing a light soil mixed with humus and sand. These should



J. Horace McFarland Co.

Lewisia howelli

not be allowed to dry out and will germinate the following spring.

Lewisia howelli comes from the mountains of Oregon. It forms a rather flat rosette with oblong to ovate leaves having a thin crinkled margin.

The flowers are a soft buff shade with a deep rose marking through the center of each petal. There are nine petals and I have counted thirty-seven blooms on one little plant, radiating from the center in all direc-

tions on stems from 4 to 7 inches long, a truly lovely sight. This variety also makes a fine house plant in the winter; it makes no objection to an over-heated, dry atmosphere, and those I brought in last winter kept in bloom for a little more than two months. The pot should be dipped into water about three times a week.

L. redeviva should be planted in groups and rather more closely together; also it needs more water during the blooming season. The soil for this should contain more peat and less sand and grit than other varieties. It also requires more sun. The leaves are densely clustered, smooth and glaucous. The flowers are rather like a water lily and vary in color from white to rose. It loses its leaves when the blooms arrive and after blooming disappears until the following spring.

This species was used by the North American Indians as a food. "The specific name, *redeviva*, was given by Pursh in consequence of the root, long preserved in the herbarium, and apparently dead, having been planted, revived in a garden in Philadelphia." As a matter of fact this root was immersed in boiling water, and prepared for the herbarium, and a year and a half later, as it still showed signs of life, it was planted and produced its beautiful blooms.

L. columbiana is found in the mountains of Oregon and British Columbia. There are two varieties. One has pink and white striped flowers and the other, which is a more recent find, has rosy lavender blooms. The type has dark green tightly clustered rosettes

and a very long period of bloom. These are easy to grow and, for me, have done well in full sun and in quite a shady spot.

L. cotyledon closely resembles *Saxifraga cotyledon*, though lacking the encrusted edge and being of a stronger shade of green than the *Saxifraga*. The flowers resemble *L. finchii*, though it is perhaps not so profuse a bloomer; however, to make up for this it increases very rapidly. The offshoots may be removed and planted in pans, where they soon become husky young plants.

L. finchii has a flat rosette, the leaves are broad and strap-shaped, and the flowers a soft pink with white margin. This species is a very profuse bloomer and one of the easiest to grow.

L. oppositifolia is a deciduous species from the mountains of California and Oregon. It needs half shade. Its dainty pale pink flowers are most attractive and it blooms from June until autumn.

L. leana is also found in Oregon and California. The leaves of its rosettes resemble pine needles and the flowers vary from red to white.

There are several other species which I have not tried as yet, and it would seem that many more may yet be discovered to add grace and charm to our gardens.

Since writing this article I find that one plant of *L. howellii* from which I cut three stems bearing thirty-two flowers the last part of May, has come into bloom again and looks very gay with thirty-six blooms to its credit.

Connecticut.



J. Horace McFarland Co.

Lewisia columbiana rosea



David Fairchild

A Baobab Tree in Florida

A Baobab Tree in Florida

By DAVID FAIRCHILD

In the early part of the eighteenth century, when the mariners of Europe still looked upon the coast of the Dark Continent as the great field of exploration, a French botanist of Scotch descent penetrated into the forests of Senegal and brought out descriptions and specimens of a tree so remarkable that for many years it was considered one of the wonders of the world. Even as acute an observer as Alexander von Humboldt was inclined to ascribe to this tree extreme age. He even called it "the oldest organic monument of our planet." Its discoverer himself, judging from certain measurements which he had made on a specimen thirty feet in diameter, expressed the opinion that it was 5,150 years old, but Livingstone did not follow him in this estimate and humorously remarked that he would back a true Baobab against a dozen floods "provided you do not boil it in salt water"; but he could not believe that any of those alive had a chance of being subjected to the experiment of even the Noachien deluge.

All this was before the arrival upon the stage of scientific knowledge of either the giant Sequoias¹ or the giant Eucalypts of Australia. With their appearance the Baobab subsided into its deserved place as merely one of the very ancient and very large trees of this planet.

The Baobab tree, *Adansonia digitata*, was named by Linnaeus after the distinguished French naturalist who discovered it in 1748. After a long life of great activity in the field of systematic botany, Adanson died in extreme poverty after having had the disappointment of a refusal on the part of the French Academy of Sciences

to publish his manuscript of 177 volumes in which he expounded and classified "all the then known beings and substances." He classified beings upon a consideration of each individual organ.

To the taxonomist Adanson's name is well known because of the large number of plant species he named and described for the first time, and to the layman because the Baobab which bears his name latinized has been one of those half-forgotten vague names which in the majority of cases has brought to the mind merely a big tree in Africa.

I must confess that although I had travelled rather extensively until 1926 I had never seen a Baobab tree in bloom, nor can I remember to have seen any tree of this species in botanic gardens save two small specimens in the small garden on Brickell Avenue in Miami. Doubtless there are such in many places in the West Indies and elsewhere.

While visiting the Sugar Experiment Station in Pasoeroean, Java, Dr. Backer called my attention to the flowers which were then hanging from a fine specimen of the Baobab tree that stood in the grounds in front of the station laboratories. The flower was such a strikingly beautiful one and so entirely different from anything I had ever seen before that I did not wonder at Dr. Backer's enthusiasm which had led him to take some fine photographs of the flowers. He presented me with copies of these flowers which I mounted in my collection.

I had no idea that I should be privileged later to stand under large trees of the Baobab in the very region where Adanson first saw them in Senegal, on the West Coast of Africa, but in the course of a year's time I found myself eating the arillus and photographing the dried ground leaves of this tree in

¹Archibald Menzies discovered the *Sequoia sempervirens* in 1793, but it was not given this name until 1847 by Endlicher.



The pendant flowers of the Baobab

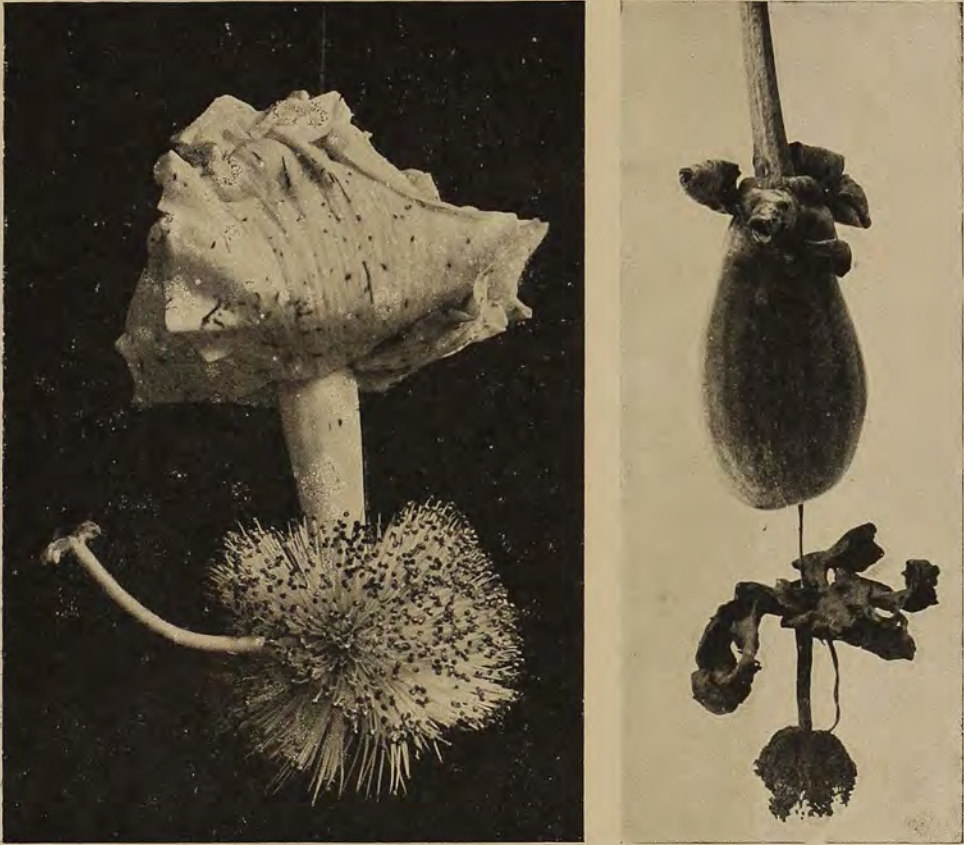
the markets of the Gambia and in Senegal.

I was rather surprised to find the Baobab such an interesting tree. I had seen the name in print so many times that I had come to think unconsciously that I knew something about it, which was not the case.

I found it was a very important tree to the West African civilization. Its bark furnished the fibre from which extremely strong ropes are fabricated—ropes reported to be strong enough to hold an elephant. Its seeds are covered with a brilliant white arillus which looks and tastes for all the world like cream of tartar and which in a land where such things as refreshing drinks

are scarce, forms a delicacy of no small importance. Its leaves when dried and ground fine are used extensively in soups for the purpose it is said of “decreasing excessive perspiration” and “to keep the blood in a healthy state.” Their use reminds one of the use of sassafras leaves in the gumbo soups of our own Southern States.

Furthermore, I discovered that there was a strange and fascinating individuality about the Baobab tree which quite won me away from the first impression that it was merely another grotesque tree like the Dragon tree of Teneriffe, until finally I found myself eating the cream-tartar-like arillus and buying bits of the rope and taking



Close view of flower and young fruit

photographs of the great trees and packing seeds for shipment to Florida.

A year later I was delighted to find many of the small trees which came from these seeds growing well in the limestone soils of the southern part of the State. Then I bethought me of the two small trees in the Brickell Avenue garden which had been devastated by the hurricane of 1926 that poured three feet of salt water over their roots. I found them in good condition, which was I presume to be expected, since the tree grows down near the sea-shore on the West African Coast.

Later I visited the properties of the late W. J. Matheson on Biscayne Key, just opposite Coconut Grove, and to

my surprise found there a good-sized specimen of this interesting tree which had weathered the hurricane, having been merely tipped over and set back into its upright position where it was growing finely.

Since the soil conditions on Biscayne Key are those common to the sandy regions along the whole south coast of Florida, this success of the Baobab on Biscayne Key is worthy of the attention of those whose places front the Atlantic Ocean and where winters are not too severe for this strange and alien tree.

So often people are prevented from planting a tree because they have heard of its great size, that I forbear to pub-



In Java

lish here a photograph of one of those trees in Senegal which is reported to be 30 feet in diameter, for fear it may deter some one from trying this tree which, even in its youth, has a peculiar interest and charm about it—especially when it comes into bloom. I can not forget the giant Sequoias which are scattered in the gardens of Europe, some of which have crowded out buildings and others of which are now slated for destruction because they overtop and shade all the surrounding European trees. On the principle of choosing the tree suited to the size of

the garden, none of these would have been planted and I think the European landscapes would have been so much the less varied by their omission.

This Baobab tree was introduced as a seed. The seeds were sent to the Division of Foreign Plant Introduction in Washington, in March, 1912, and grown in pots and distributed in January, 1915. They came from the Oriente Province of Cuba where the Baobab was introduced from Haiti by French immigrants many years ago, and we are indebted for them to the initiative of Mr. Luis de Megret, the

editor of *El Agricultor Practico* of Guantanamo.

Two small plants were sent in January, 1915, to the late Mr. W. J. Matheson of Coconut Grove, Florida, and he planted them on his plantation on Biscayne Key, where the survivor shown in the plate is now growing.

South Florida owes much to the interest in tropical plants which Mr. Matheson always kept throughout the many years of his residence in Coconut Grove. He always placed his unusual facilities for the testing of all kinds of plants at the disposal of the Department and many are the foreign plants which first demonstrated their ability to grow on the sandy soil of his key.

It is with special pleasure that I publish this positive evidence of the adaptability of the Baobab tree to south Florida conditions.

I am particularly fortunate in having in the photograph, as a witness of its size, the presence of Mr. Hugh Matheson, for it is due to his fondness for all kinds of interesting plants that this Baobab is standing to-day, for one less enthusiastic about plants would have discarded this specimen after the hurri-

cane which blew it over and tore it to pieces.

Should Mr. Hugh Matheson continue to guard it and it should make the growth in the future that it has in the past, not many years will elapse before this tree will become one of the interesting plant sights of south Florida and attract the garden clubs to its shade. Its blooming should become a fact well known in the community and people will come to gaze on their beauty just as those visitors to the Experiment Station in East Java have done.

It is with special pleasure that I acknowledge here the courtesy for the cuts, showing the flowers of the Baobab, to the publishing firm of Visser and Co., Batavia-Centrum, Java, and especially to Mr. L. S. D. Merkus, the treasurer of the *Nederlandsch-Indische Natuurhistorische Vereniging* (Netherlands India Natural History Society), which society publishes one of the most fascinatingly interesting journals on natural history which is to be found anywhere in the world to-day. It is called "*De Tropische Natuur*" and is a beautifully illustrated journal filled with original observations on interesting tropical plants and animals.

Dwarf Iris

By KATHERINE FORDING FELLOWS

I have been interested in many things as discussed by the "Idealist," but particularly in regard to what he has said about dwarf irises, and in answer to his request for more information, I am moved to write about certain ones which impressed me most favorably as they bloomed in my garden this season. For the past twelve years I have been building up a collection of the dwarf and intermediate irises and have found them most delightful, coming early in the season when we are impatient for color and, if planted in mass, producing a

wonderful effect, the very dwarf ones being suitable as rock garden subjects.

The various plants differ in time of blooming enough to make it quite a continuous performance, coming on something like the popping of corn, at first occasional and becoming more and more frequent until you are almost confused in the attempt to know them individually and compare them as to merit. For this reason you can not say to the distant friend who is interested, come on such a day and see them, but rather you must live with the garden,

day by day, would you see the various ones as they make their appearance.

What I shall say about them may be considered from the standpoint of personal preference, or how they appeared to me and behaved in this garden. This should protect me from the wrath of those competent judges who may not agree with me. I am best pleased with flowers of pure color, good form and graceful poise, having a particular fondness for wee ones. As to form, I prefer that they do not curl their falls under, at least not very much, as that habit seems to give an impression of diffidence or an apologetic air, while those with flaring falls seem more confident and self-satisfied. However, I like Mr. Farrer's way of summing it up when he says: "Is there such a thing as an ugly iris? Less pretty ones there may be; but uglies—perish the thought." Because they all have more or less charm, it is difficult to name favorites, but certain ones do come to mind first.

From the standpoint of the first to bloom, we may name the bulbous iris *persica*, which opened its first flower on March 21st. Of three plants, all bloomed and one had three blossoms. Its coloring is difficult to describe,—the effect being a pale lavender-blue, and the tips of the falls a deep amethyst purple. We have had these since 1927 and they are increasing. *Reticulata* was secured two years earlier and bloomed each March up to last year, when the foliage appeared but no flowers, and the same was true this year. I would be interested to hear if any one else has had a similar experience and if they need transplanting. Both *persica* and *reticulata* are hardy here in northern Illinois.

The first dwarf bearded iris to bloom is *atroviolacea*, which merits praise for being early, and added to this are other graces, it being a most willing subject, increasing rapidly and flowering freely. In color it is wine-purple, the falls darker, showing some velvet and having a bluish beard. It is small, only three or four inches tall,

and is pleasing in form and poise. By placing it in various locations, it may be kept in bloom for some time. This season, owing to cool weather, we had it in bloom a day or two over a month. The first blossoms opened against a south wall on April 11th and the last one in a shaded place closed up May 13th.

Macrocarpa is similar in coloring but loses some of the former's charm in being a larger flower, less dainty in form. It bloomed from April 20th to May 12th, without any effort to prolong its blooming season.

Another early comer is *coerulea*—very dwarf—four or five inches, and described as sky blue. *Azurea* is said to be so nearly identical that only experts can distinguish a difference. Mrs. McKinney tells us that *coerulea* loses its foliage in the fall, while *azurea* does not. Until this season I did not doubt having *azurea*. The plants I have called by that name were collected in a Western State, and come into bloom a day or two later than *coerulea* and are deeper in color. The reason for suddenly doubting was that it is not difficult to recognize a difference.

While thinking of these lovely blue ones I would mention Blue Waif, said to be a seedling of Mrs. McKinney's, but I do not find it registered. This is a larger grey-blue flower, which began blooming here May 1st. It is similar to Sabrina which bloomed May 7th. These made lovely spots of soft blue color and were effective near some of the poet's narcissus.

Margaret is another pale blue flower, two blossoms to a stem and coming late for a dwarf,—about June first. Reflection and Moqueto are of this coloring but with me are slow to increase. Blue Jade, owing to its name, leads one to class it with the blue ones, but it opens a dark reddish purple and after being exposed to the light shows copper tints, especially in the falls. As yet, I fail to see a reason for its name.

Another one of unusual coloring is

Sea Gull. The general color effect is greenish-yellow, the falls being much darker than the standards and veined with purple-grey. It occurred to me that it might look well with Zwanenburg, but when compared, the smaller, Sea Gull, appeared faded beside the larger, deeper-toned flower, whose colors are so beautifully blended that I feel unequal to describing its beauty, having discovered amber, green, maroon, rich brown and violet in its make-up. Some do not think Zwanenburg beautiful, but I'm glad it is one that keeps blooming for some time so that I may enjoy its loveliness.

The intermediate Brunette comes to mind as one with greenish-yellow standards and yellow falls blended with olive and violet and having a bluish beard. It is fragrant and makes such a delicate color mass that I wonder we do not hear more about it. Blooming at the same time is one of the Sass intermediates, Doxa, a buff-colored self, blended with olive. It is remarkably lovely and free blooming. Two others of unusual value are Ivorine and Halfdan. The first an ivory white self and the other a creamy white or pale yellow. They are about fifteen inches tall and bloom about the middle of May.

Mr. Burchfield's enthusiastic description of Mon. Steichen made me anxious to possess it and I have found it charming, although it has increased slowly and bloomed but once for me. The standards are white, faintly flushed bluish-lavender, and the falls creamy white, with a yellow flush and a deep wine red blotch with veinings in the same color and having an unusually fine texture. It is listed with the Pogo-Cyclus group.

Still another in a class by itself is *Gracilis*, of *aphylla* parentage. It has three flowers on a stem about eight inches tall. The color is pale buff, mottled irregularly with smoky grey. The two upper flowers open together and with the many flower stems make a mass of color, the effect being a creamy buff. A friend in

Indiana wrote me this year that her "*Gracilis* somehow developed too much color in too wide a selection." The remedy might be to stand a little farther away and get only the general buff effect. Mr. Bowles in "*My Garden in Spring*" describes it in a very humorous way as "a strange dingy flowered thing about as lovely as a waistcoat of a defunct toad," but after he has had his fun he says: "But it flowers with such freedom that one can hardly see leaves for flowers and in the afternoon sunlight a length of it planted as an edging, lights up in such a charming way that I always enjoy the effect thus produced, especially when the flower stems fall out over the grass path. It is also good for cutting, for even the youngest buds will open in water and they are much lighter and more pleasing in color when opened in a room."

Cristata is one of the dainty dwarfs, native of this country. The small rhizomes creep over the ground, the foliage being about six inches tall. The flowers are pale lavender, although they vary in that some tend more toward a blue tone and there is also a white form. The flowers open up rather flat and on the falls are crests marked with white and orange. It blooms early in May and grows here best in shade, the soil being lightened by a mixture of sand, peat and gravel—the peat having been soaked in water before mixing.

The same treatment suits the wee *lacustris*, which is similar to *cristata* except that it is smaller and the flowers a deeper violet color. It is a treasure for some shady spot, the hot sun in July and August being hard on these plants. Mine were collected by a friend in the region of the Great Lakes.

Gracilipes is a charming small iris from Japan. Mr. Farrer says of it: "Of all my little Irises, *gracilipes* is queen—a grassy growing thing, forming a tuft but never spreading along the ground—with three or four flowers carried on airy stems five inches high,"

and he describes the flowers as "cut from the filmiest soft pale blue silk crumpled into half a dozen different lights and tones with a deeper eye surrounding the pale lined blotch, and following along the crest." It seems to like the same soil as *cristata*; however, I have had trouble in wintering new divisions because of their heaving out of the ground. This should be remedied by the placing of flat stones in a way to protect, and I plan to use more caution.

A larger-flowered species from Japan is *tectorum*. This flower is an outstanding beauty and gives especial pleasure as a cut flower, and if carefully placed, one who has the eye of an artist gets a real thrill the first time he sees it, and some of us have never outgrown this feeling. It does not object to sun although here it is growing in partial shade, in limestone soil. It is a medium sized plant, the flower stems being about ten inches long. The foliage is evergreen and should have some protection in winter. The flowers are a delicate lavender-blue, some having more of a blue tone than others. It is a greyish-blue dappled over with a deeper shade and there is a shaggy white crest along each fall. There is a white form which is exquisite but is a little more exacting, and while I have managed to keep it, some seasons it has not bloomed, for which reason I have resolved to be a better caretaker.

Early this spring I planted the very dwarf *ruthenica* and the somewhat taller fourteen-inch *forrestii*. We are advised to plant these in the spring and they seem to be getting established. I gave them partial shade.

To come back to the dwarf bearded, there is quite a choice of the claret-red ones, of which I will mention a few. Socrates is a long-time favorite, beautiful in its rich glowing color, slender of stem and graceful as to form, having much the same style as the pale yellow *Lutescens*, both possessing an elfin-like grace. It began blooming about the middle of May. Endymion

(Burch.) is first choice with many and it is certainly very fine. Mr. Burchfield described its color as dark ruby-red. It is about nine inches tall and began blooming May 5th. Meteor—a garnet self—bloomed with Socrates and is a little larger flower. It attracted favorable attention. Lady Bird is a red purple and maroon with a conspicuous yellow beard. It is eight inches tall and the flower seems a little large for the height, but is lovely. Wigan is a smaller flower of a brownish-red color, the buds are dark and very promising, but when open curl the falls under in a way to be disappointing. Graminea is very dark and remarkably good and should not be confused with the beardless species of the same name. One of this group which attracts marked attention is a seedling originated by one of the Sass brothers. It came marked "Black purple pumila." The dome-shaped standards are a wine-purple with veinings almost black. The falls reddish black and flaring with a heavy deep yellow beard. As it is unnamed I think of it as that "Spaniard." It is the only iris that has made me feel that it was looking at me.

To pass on to the blue purple tones—Marocain is deep in color, about nine inches tall and makes a mass of richest color. It increases well and keeps in bloom a comparatively long time, and has no fault that I know of. Fieberi blooms at the same time and is the same height, making a good companion for the former. It is redder in tone and has a white beard.

Niobe is a treasure, almost as dark as Marocain and only six inches tall, having a blue beard. Another wee one is Huron Imp, a self-color with a white beard. Compacta blooms at the same time and is very little different from these last two. Black Midget is a dark slender flower about ten inches tall and began blooming May 7th. Ditton Purple is a handsome plum-colored self. Although but nine inches tall, it has three flowers to a stem and two of these open together. As it is a



V. F. Edlmann

Dwarf Iris

free bloomer it has the appearance of a big bouquet, and it blooms for about two weeks. The beard is blue. Cyanea (the dark purple variety) is free blooming and of a rich color, but I agree with the "Idealist" that the flower is too large for the length of stem, and this season I noticed that some of the flowers rested on the foliage in a way to keep the falls spread out as there was no room to drop them.

Ultra (Sass) began blooming May 16th and was fifteen inches tall. The dome-like standards are a heavenly blue with deeper blue markings, the edges ruffled. At first I could scarcely credit its blueness and wondered if I imagined it, but the more one studies it the more satisfaction he has in calling

it blue without an adjective. The falls are bluish purple velvet, flaring in a horizontal manner as though poised for flight. In some ways it called to mind the less blue Black Prince which comes too late to compare.

Yellow has been described as "artificial sunshine" and flowers of this color do light up the garden. Yellow dwarf irises in mass with their dome-like tops touching, remind me of a cluster of electric light bulbs, and they have in their way an illuminating effect. If you do not believe it, cover such a planting with a dark cloth and see how you have dulled the picture. In case you are susceptible to color, and we all are, you will find a mass

planting of wine reds and yellows warming, while a white sheet of flowers like the Bride with pools of pale blue such as Blue Waif and Sabrina give a cool picture. For deep shadows we can use Marocain and Huron Imp and as high lights Ivory and Halfdan, and when this picture has been painted for us and the garden path is glorified, we can but stand and gaze, glad that we were permitted to arrange the canvas and do the minor parts, and as we note the beauty and the harmony in each individual flower we recall how "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

In selecting our yellows, we have many to choose from. Glee and Lutescens are delicate in color and pleasing in form, continuing in bloom for some time. Floribunda and Eburnea are also light yellows not much taller than the first two but having larger flowers. *Reichenbachii* (the yellow form) is of a soft corn color about eight inches tall. It began blooming April 30th, and continued to May 16th. There is an orange form and also a purple—the latter listed as Balcana. These last two are new in the garden and have not bloomed. Ylo and Sonny are deeper yellows, blooming at the same time.

Both increase well here and bloom over quite a period. Sonny is a little the taller but Ylo does not curl its falls under and carries itself proudly. Harbor Lights comes a little later than Sonny and is a softer color, altogether lovely. *Arenaria*—sometimes listed *flavissima*—is an adorable little species. It has not increased very certainly here but we always manage to keep it. As it thrives remarkably well in a friend's garden in Minnesota, where the soil is sandy, I am planning to give it more sand. The flower stem is but four or five inches, having two or three flowers to a stem. They are about the shade of *Hemerocallis flava* and have a fluffy yellow beard. The flowers last but a short time. Another yellow quite rare and precious is *minuta*. This wee plant began bloom-

ing May 4th. It has a surprising way of coming into bloom without much warning, as the buds are not conspicuous. Thus some morning you are thrilled to find it spangled over with small yellow blossoms, which open up quite flat, measuring about an inch across, a deep, soft yellow with brown markings in place of a beard. Another unusual one is *orchioides* which bloomed April 27th. The plant looks like a cross between corn and *hemerocallis*, not particularly pleasing. The flower is deep yellow and interesting.

Attractive dwarf whites are, as yet, not so plentiful and should any of us be so fortunate as to grow a good one it would be a matter of interest. Autumn Queen (H. P. Sass) is a beautiful white which bloomed here last year April 9th and again in the fall. Mr. Sass says "It is liable to bloom at any time throughout the season." Bride is a pleasing white, twelve inches tall, free blooming, and increases rapidly. John Foster is white, slightly tinted blue, with two flowers on an eight-inch stem. It is beautiful but has been a light bloomer thus far. Silver Elf has dome-like standards which are very white but the falls are grey and curl under decidedly.

In closing I am reproached by the memory of certain lovely ones that have not been mentioned through fear of boring the reader with too many favorites. Already, we are looking forward to another spring and making the acquaintance of newly planted ones which are highly recommended, some of these being: Princess Louise (Perry), Ladies of Peeling (Dykes), Judy (Burch.), Laddie Boy (Sass), and two of especial interest because they are reported as blooming continuously for three months—these being Jean Siret and S. D. L. Chavanac. Of unusual interest are a goodly number of Sass seedlings. These with others make a list to dream about.

An attractive and fitting name helps to decide for or against an iris when

making out a new list. Does not "Ladies of Peeling" sound alluring? Several years ago among a group of seedlings there was one, a very drab affair, sad looking. I hesitated as to keeping it but decided it was amusing, and named it the "Widow Who." Certain friends give the widow room,

not because of beauty, as it is one of the "less pretty" ones, but rather for her name. In thinking of what another spring may bring, I feel like the woman who gave as her testimony in class meeting—"I am living in hopes of glorious expectations."

Belvidere, Ill.

"Me"

Being the Story of the Pilgrimage of a Plant Immigrant

By B. T. GALLOWAY

My name is *Castanea mollissima*, meaning downy-leaved chestnut. I am a native of a very beautiful country called Yunnan in far Western China. I know our country is beautiful for my mother says so. My mother is wise and old. Only yesterday, speaking of trees, she told me that hundreds of moons had come and gone since she was a tiny sapling like those we see far below us. As a tree, my mother may well be proud for her head towers above all others and her straight, strong body and great spreading branches make her a veritable queen of the forest. I have a lovely home and as strong a cradle as one may wish. As yet, I see only through the aid of my mother, but I must be patient and one day, if all goes well, I shall see as she sees. Just now, I am only a tiny mite of life tucked away in a most wonderful house, the inner chamber of which is solidly packed with food all for my special benefit.

This house of mine not only provides me with food but it shelters me from heat and cold, from rain and from sunshine and, marvel of marvels, it protects me from enemies of many kinds. The outside of my house is a bristling mass of tiny spears and lo betide the creature who may try to break into my inner chamber. Through my mother, I must put down a word or two about our country, the grandeur of its distances, and the peace of its

silences. We are thousands of feet above the sea and mountain peaks are all about us, some covered with eternal snow. At times, when the skies are blue as the violets carpeting the ground, we can see distant streams of water, appearing for all the world like molten silver, cascading over the rocks.

I have thousands of sisters all about me, supported and nourished by my mother. And just to-day I learned of a dreadful thing that has befallen some of them. Their homes have been invaded by an insect, a weevil, and the food so carefully stored is being eaten by these horrible creatures. This weevil comes every year, I am told, searching out the young chestnuts soon after being formed. With a long snout the weevil bores through our protecting spines and the shell of our house into the very heart of our food supply. Then the creature withdraws the snout and deposits an egg at the bottom of the opening. The little wound soon heals, but the egg shortly hatches out a voracious grub or worm. It is a mystery why such things should be! Maybe nature knows best for if we all lived and grew into trees we would overrun the earth. So there must be just a few chosen ones; the rest will fulfill their mission, whatever that may be. Many of my relatives, I am told, serve as food for the live things of the forests—the birds, the

squirrels and other creatures. And even the creature who seems to dominate all others, the one we call man, is not averse to helping himself to the bounteous food we supply. I have been growing very fast lately and it will not be long before I must leave my mother.

A strange thing is occurring beneath us. Yesterday our silences were broken by the shouts and cries of a group of men who have a camp not far away. They are making fires and smoke, which are always very disturbing to a tree. My mother says that man with an ax is the most ruthless enemy of all trees and that fire is next. The two usually go together. The men in the camp, led by one who is white and who seems to be the master in everything, are evidently after chestnuts. We can see the brown men swarming up nearby trees and with long sticks and poles they are knocking our homes to the ground while other brown men gather them up in baskets. What can it all mean?

Dreadful things have happened since yesterday. I am still bewildered, stunned and shocked. First, the men climbed up where I live, then came yells and blows and a whirl through space and finally an awful jolt when I hit the ground. I was then picked up, none too gently, and thrown into a basket, carried to a bare spot of ground and beaten with sticks until I lost my spiny protecting bur. Now I find myself in a bag with hundreds of my sisters and surrounded by a mass of black dust which is not unpleasant and which men call charcoal. I gather that we are soon to take a long, long journey, but for what purpose I do not know. We must be off on our journey for I have been continuously jolted and shaken about for a long time. This motion is not like the gentle swaying of my cradle in the tree top, but it is not unpleasant. Days have come and gone and then more days. We are still in our charcoal bag and, for the most part, are very comfortable. We are dreadfully thirsty and I am

sure many of my sisters are on the point of perishing. And then some of the horrible grubs are crawling about. I suppose they have eaten their fill and now do not know what to do with themselves. Likely, they are hunting for some good earth in which to burrow and change their skins. They will find no earth here. We have had a long period of quietness; no jarring nor jolting. We must be on the sea for at times it has been very hot. Oh, for some of the cooling showers and dews of our far-away mountain home! And now we must have reached our journey's end. We have been horribly cold, but the cold does not hurt so much as heat. If water does not come soon, I shall perish.

This has been a great day of adventures. First, there was much shaking and then we came out into the light where everything was white. The room was white and all out-of-doors was white like the snow on our mountains. Even the men gathered around were clothed in white. They were not a bad-looking lot, these men. They appeared very wise, and became wildly excited over the worms. They pounced upon them and hustled a lot of them into little bottles. Some of the worms must have been in dreadful agony for they writhed and twisted horribly. The men seemed dreadfully afraid that even one worm might get away. I understand that every worm is to be killed for none of their kind is wanted here. Soon I was gathered up along with my relatives and then came a shock that was nearly my finish. We were thrown into water, and it was hot, terribly hot. Every moment I thought would be my last. I learned that this hot water bath was to kill any worms that might be hidden away in our shells. I had no worms but, of course, the men did not know this. They were wise enough to know that they could kill the worms and not kill me. I am alive, for which I am thankful, and am happier than I have ever been. I know I am coming to the great day when I shall be free and will

truly begin to grow into a great tree like my mother. After my hot bath, I was tenderly cared for by a kindly man who seemed more interested in me than he was in worms and bugs. He took me up tenderly and, after looking me over, he gave me a lovely little house all to myself. Next, I was completely covered with delicious moist and smelly earth. Right away, I began to experience a wonderful feeling of buoyancy. I know I must be growing for the walls about me are beginning to crack.

Things have been happening so fast that I am still a little bewildered. First, I began to grow a vigorous sprout which turned down into the earth and then a second sprout pushed up and up into the glorious sunlight. And then, right away, tiny leaves, for all the world like those my mother bore, began to form. To make a long and thrilling story short, I am now a baby tree, with leaves, a small trunk and roots. At the rate I am growing, I shall soon need a much larger house than this little three-inch pot the kind man gave me. But I have no fears for I know that my friend is caring for me and several thousand of my sister treelets I see on all sides. Outside, I glimpse a squirrel frisking about in the trees. I am not particularly fond of squirrels. Many of my relatives have found their way into the stomachs of these creatures.

At last I know something of my destiny and the destiny of my many sister treelets. It seems that for years a dreadful disease has been destroying a near cousin of ours in this new home we call America. Millions of grand old trees, for all the world resembling my mother, have been killed. The disease, called blight, came from my own country where it has prevailed, no doubt, for hundreds of years. Wise men in America studied the disease and came to the conclusion that the Chinese cousin of the American chestnut might be able to resist it. This started the search for blight-resistant chestnuts leading to the camp in far-away Yunnan and my being here. Soon we are to be planted in open country among other trees and our fervent hope is that we may prove our worth. Come to think of it, no light task has been assigned us. We are to go on the firing line and if we are able to fight our ancient enemy, the blight disease, we shall establish a new race here and repay in some small part what America has done for our own native land.

And now a few words more and my story is finished. Near by is a label which reads U. S. Dept. of Agr. F.P.I. 55983. This means that I am a sort of ward of the Government of these United States and that henceforth I am to be known as foreign plant introduction 55983.



In the section of the Maritime Alps, one sees the huge boulders with smaller stones tumbled about their feet; washed and worn by rain and snow

Notes from the Berlin Botanic Garden

By F. JOSEFSKI

[All photographs by the author.]

Through all the world, alpine flowers and their native mountains are beloved, and the man who can not have access to the mountains themselves can build for himself a special sort of alpine or mountain garden. Such a garden, well designed and planted, always makes a great impression on the beholder. Indeed almost every gardener might have such a garden if he only knew how to begin. In order to arrive at something lovely, he must have first the proper knowledge and the correct ideal. In the Berlin Botanic Garden, different alpine plantings from all the

alps of Europe and from mountain ranges in other countries have been laid out in typical fashion and planted with their proper floras. Here one may see the most different formations of the mountains on a small scale, but always correct and true to nature. Here every one may choose a model to his taste and create his own design after it.

If one has a little guidance, the construction of an alpine or mountain garden is indeed not so very difficult, except that one must copy only the main or essential features and study

rather carefully the nature and cultivation of alpine plants.

The following points are important:

We must choose a suitable location in the garden where the design can be developed. The site must be protected on the north by tall trees which must not stand too close. The alpine garden must lie free and open to the sun. The best exposure is to the east and southeast. It must not lie before a wall for that is unaesthetic, but should have somewhat wild, naturally unobstructed surroundings. The place should occupy the highest point in the garden for if it is low-lying it must be suitably built up. Whoever is so fortunate as to have a rocky place or knoll in his garden can use it for his scheme, but it must be suitably prepared. It is interesting to build an alpine or mountain group on the site and to plant it with its suitable flora or with various alpine plants as taste and means permit.

One should not use stones that will soon disintegrate, as they must be replaced by others and that requires much labor and costs much money. Bricks, also, should not be used as they are unnatural and not beautiful. Again, one should not use too many stones, for stones and plants should supplement one another. One will reach his aim best if he makes first a little sketch plan and then works toward this for he can then improve it in various ways during the work. First the site must be measured out and marked with short stakes. The surface should be neither symmetrical nor level. With its long axis from north to south or from east to west, it should be narrowed perhaps in the foreground and widened out in the back. A larger or

smaller path should go between the peaks so they may be seen from all sides. Before one builds up the mass with earth, he must take care that all deep-rooting herbs, like quack grass or horsetails (*equisetum*) are removed, because later they would become a great plague. The place for the design must then be built up 8 to 10 inches with builder's rubbish, cinders and the like in order to give the mass good drainage. For larger or very large designs, the site must be raised even more. Above this drainage layer we raise another layer of earth 12 to 20 inches higher. Then after several weeks, when the foundation has settled, we can begin the building of the stonework.

For a little garden that is not too expensive, all the stones that are found on the place or nearby can be used. Stones of moderate size are most to be desired for one can work most freely with them. The stones should not lie level on the surface but should be somewhat tipped, particularly those with blemishes, cracks or crevices in order that the water may run off of them and back into the earth, as otherwise it would cause rotting under the plants. Beautiful stones can be placed where they are best seen.

The alpine or rock garden must fit into the general plan of the whole garden and grow into it. If we create a free and a natural arrangement, resembling a real alpine situation, our feeling for natural beauty will be much more satisfied than by a rock garden laid out in the modern fashion, for the latter by its very constraint in arrangement is in opposition to the feeling of the wild plants of the mountain heights.



Typical of the limestone formation in the Alps near Salzburg. An eastern exposure. Notice the stratification of the large stones, the portions broken off and the smallest pieces, as well as the characteristically low planting



Typical of the limestone and iron bearing formations in Austria. This example is most suitable for large gardens on account of the size of the boulders which require a large area to give correct scale



The typical formation in the limestone alps from Allgau to western Switzerland, offer good examples for the small rock garden since it uses only stones of moderate size and often broken stones. Again the typical plant growth is dwarf



Typical formation and plant growth of the high Taurus and the Ziller valley make a great contrast with the last as the stones are of different character and arrangement and the plants present a different aspect in their habit and growth



The rock garden section typical of the Dolomites as seen from the north. This section is dominated by the stones, curiously worn, that glow in the evening light



The same section as viewed from the south. Notice again the different type of vegetation and the introduction of plants of larger growth and size



Representing the limestone alps of middle Bavaria and the northern Tyrol, this type of formation is most suitable for a large garden with bolder rocks and larger plants



Groups representing the mountain formation and plants of the Sierra Nevada in Spain. Here the background is of deciduous trees, the stones are typically small and the herbs and grasses low.



Typical of many alpine regions as of the alps near Verona, Trent, in Judicaria and the Bergamask ranges, this bit is open in plan with views toward the east



Representing the Karawank and Julian alps, this section shows the somewhat grotesque, often vertical stones, and the low masses of herbage and heather

Wintering Tender Succulents

By LOUIS D. AND HELEN N. ELLIOTT

Although summer weather in Washington, D. C., sometimes suggests the tropics, one does not ordinarily consider the climate in the vicinity of the Capital City conducive to outdoor wintering of tender succulents.

With the shortsighted abandon of the collector we have been accumulating for the last few years these intriguing plants until, in spite of the drought, we found ourselves in the fall of 1930 with vastly more of our plant friends than could be accommodated decently in pots indoors. A greenhouse being still a dream of the future we came to the conclusion on a balmy September day that the sunny side of the house with a cold frame as a compromise with the possibility of nasty weather ahead would make an ideal winter home. Fortunately for the future welfare of our unsuspecting plants, the final planning of our "cold frame" took place on a raw October day which served to arouse the suspicion that days were coming when there would be no sunny side of the house. Under the stimulus of winter's threat in the air there took form in our minds a sort of glorified cold frame or padded cell insulated to keep out underground frost, wired for electric heating, covered with window sash glass and equipped with a blanket covering.

The construction of these winter quarters, the inside dimensions of which were 10 feet 4 inches by 2 feet 6 inches, was carried out as follows: a plot of ground against the south side of the house 11 feet 6 inches by 3 feet 9 inches in size was excavated to a depth of 12 inches. Ordinary wooden cold frame walls were then constructed, the bottom of the walls resting on the bottom of the excavation. The top of the front wall projected 2 inches above the outside ground surface.

The end walls sloped upward from this level at the front to a height of 12 inches above the general ground level at the rear. The top of the rear wall was therefore 12 inches above the outside ground and 2 feet above the bottom of the excavation. An inner wooden frame was then built, the walls of which were parallel to and 6 inches inside the corresponding outer walls. At this stage the double walls resembled a form for concrete work, but the space between was filled not with concrete but with newspapers and excelsior with a top layer of dry earth. It was our purpose to cap this layer of earth with cement to keep the insulating materials dry. However, the improbability of ever having rain again caused us to postpone this important detail and it was never attended to. We now had a double walled cold frame with walls sunk a foot below the ground level to prevent lateral frost penetration. The interior of the frame was then filled to 2 or 3 inches of the outer ground level with sand in which to sink the potted plants.

Let it be confessed here and now that the only reason for potting the succulents instead of planting them out in soil in the cold frame bed was to facilitate hasty transfer of the plants to the house to escape icy death should our experiment prove an abject failure. Three window sashes hinged to the top of the back wall served to cover the bed. Conduit covered electric wires from the house were carried through the back wall of the frame.

The succulents seemed to grow and multiply even during the short period of construction of their winter home, and as soon as it was finished we wondered why we had not planned it twice as large. In order to accommodate all the plants it was necessary to place the pots in the bed as close

together as possible. To the finished bed were thus moved fifty varieties, amounting to perhaps a hundred individual plants of tender sedums, and in addition several varieties of each of the following: tender sempervivums, echeverias, cotyledons, mesembryanthemums, aloes, gasterias, haworthias, crassulas, kalanchoes and senecios.

The winter turned out to be mild and there never was any question of the success of the experiment. The blanket cover supplemented with a leaf-filled canvas bag and two 60-watt electric light bulbs controlled by a switch indoors enabled us to maintain safe temperatures. At no time did the thermometer in the bed register below 36 degrees Fahrenheit, even though the outside temperatures occasionally approached zero. During the many sunny days that fulfilled our initial visions the blankets were removed and when the weather was warm enough the sashes were raised a few inches. On such occasions the temperature under the glass rose to 60 or even 70 degrees even though the outside temperature might be in the thirties or forties. The approximate average daily range of temperature to which the plants were exposed in their home throughout the winter was from 40 degrees to 55 or 60 degrees. Only in a few instances was it necessary to burn the lights all night and never in the daytime. It was our intention in the event of a severe or protracted cold spell, such as did not materialize last winter, to plug in an electric radi-

ant heater if the two 60-watt bulbs or larger failed to supply sufficient heat. From our observations in connection with this bed we believe that such a frost-insulated cold frame properly located for sunny exposure and wired for heating would prove practicable in any ordinary Washington, D. C., winter.

Having had the thought in mind that the succulents would winter over in the bed in a dormant or comatose condition we were amazed at the astonishing growth made by all the plants during their sojourn in the "cold frame." Some of the more riotous ones shot upward and bruised their heads against the sash before Spring released them. Others spilled over the sides of their pots and rambled through the sand. One of the few non-succulent inhabitants was a little *hunnemania* plant the seed of which had been sown in the summer of 1929. Because of the drought of 1930, the plant had failed to flourish and bloom and all its brothers had succumbed. Under the stimulus of its new winter environment it grew apace and produced several blossoms.

The experiment was a source of great satisfaction. To go out on a snowy winter evening and peek under the covering blanket through the glass into this lighted luxuriant plant jungle or to lift the sash a crack and sniff the warm moist garden air is indeed a thrill that comes not once in a lifetime but all winter long.

Clarendon, Virginia.

The Idealist in the Garden

Of daffodils I can not have too many. There are few that I can not rave about; one only that I can not like, the old double "Von Zion," which is too unlike a daffodil in its greenish yellowy messiness to suit my taste. Of the new and expensive varieties I know little or nothing at first hand, but I lust after them as only a born daffodil crank

can. They are too expensive for me and I detest the profiteering that has developed in horticulture since the embargo went into effect. So in this garden there have been but few added since that last pre-embargo year when it was stocked to overflowing.

Some of the daffodils that were gathered in then are no longer listed

in general collections, probably because they are considered to have been superseded by newer introductions, but that does not detract from their beauty or their charm. Size cuts no figure with me in any flower, and least of all when it comes to the narcissus. "Van Waveren's Giant" is large enough; after that they begin to look artificial and become drawing room decorations, not garden ornaments. Some years ago I was shown some of these new titans, wonderful waxy flowers the size of dinner plates with trumpets that were almost as large as iced tea glasses. They were marvelous in color and shape and texture and, in short, everything; their only drawback was that they did not seem natural or made for a garden. Surely, I would like to have them; but where could I put them in a small garden! So I returned to my old-fashioned ones only a wee bit envious.

Among these older trumpets, "Cornelia" is still my favorite; a good sized well-shaped flower of uniform soft but deep canary yellow that looks well anywhere, especially so when under the pink glory of a *Prunus triloba*. While among the white trumpets, "Loveliness" reigns supreme. I shall never forget the first time I saw it. It was in the spring of 1919 and the place was the daffodil field of Barr's Nursery at Taplow. I picked it out from all the rest; it was a case of love at first sight and I have never recovered. "Glitter" and "Homespun" were there, and "Cossack" and "Seville," but even these could not detract my attention from the lovely white trumpet. I like "Loveliness" for its soft clear whiteness and its straight long trumpet, which seems to refrain from flaring out much at the end because it would not be quite a lady-like thing to do. "Duchess of Normandy" is another of the white trumpets that I am very fond of, though it does not have as pure white a trumpet as it should, but its shape is good and it has a grace that few others possess. Of course "Alice Knights" is among

those that every gardener should have, and when planted near blue grape hyacinths is extremely beautiful.

In contrast to these chaste whitenesses is the boldness of "Incognita" with its splendid snow-white perianth and large flat cup of glowing apricot, with a darker and brighter edge which so clearly shows its poeticus blood. "Cardinal" was an unknown to me in 1925 when it was grabbed up in a hurry with the fear of never being able to get another daffodil sitting cold upon my heart, but I have never regretted the impulse which made me take it. It has little to warrant its name, but then few hybrids have,—their sponsors having the glamour of their achievement across their eyes,—though in the light of the late afternoon and at a distance it does have an indescribable and indefinite faint rosininess. Its perianth is sulphur-white and the cup is of a soft primrose with an edge of orange which sometimes flushes the whole center. In the cooler spring of England it is perhaps much deeper in tone than it is ever here. Grown with "Lemondrop," which is one of those smaller incomparabilis types of which I shall never be able to have too many, a rather drooping flower of clean soft white and clear lemon yellow, Cardinal's cup does seem to be deeper—perhaps in shade it would develop a cup of "lovely orange-scarlet" for which the late Rev. Joseph Jacob valued it so highly. That was years ago, and now there are brighter and redder cups, but none of them have caused me to care less for my little churchman.

Then, too, I am still loyal to "Homespun" and "Gloria Mundi," and will continue to be so as long as I retain my reason, for they are as nearly perfect as I should care to have a garden daffodil. "Whitewell" and "Bernardino" are two others that will always be among my "must haves," no matter what the future may bring. For with a flower, when once it has definitely gotten into one's heart, there is no such thing as fickleness, unless it is on

the human side of the agreement—so my judgment be upon my own head. These daffodils are described in most catalogs, and so need not be dealt with here more than to mention their desirability in little gardens. "Glitter," "Lady Moore," and "Red Beacon" are three other easily obtained beauties that I could not do without.

When it comes to the Leedsii section I still prefer the type with its small chalice to the giants with cups so large that they might easily pass for white trumpets. Two that hold a high place in my regard are "Maid of Athens" and "Mermaid." The first is a lovely flower with a glistening pure white perianth and a cup of softest primrose that is narrowly, oh, very narrowly on this side of the Atlantic, edged with madder-red, which in cool seasons is really quite pronounced; it is a late bloomer and holds on well. The latter has a white perianth and a soft creamy primrose cup which pales slowly into almost white; the cup is nicely flanged at the mouth and altogether it is a most refined and charming flower. It is an early bloomer, but I have two clumps of it, one near the house which comes out a week or so before the other, which is unprotected and only starts to bloom when the first has just passed its prime. I am still old-fashioned enough to like "Mrs. Langtry" and "Minnie Hume" and wish that I could get hold of the old "Katherine Spurrell" which I was so fond of years ago.

Though I am not at all keen about using any of the named daffodils in the rock garden excepting those modern crosses with triandrus or cyclamineus blood in them,—providing they are not too high,—there are two that might be admitted in the larger rock-work and at the edges of the smaller ones to help make the transition from rocks to garden proper more gradual. In such a manner I do not hesitate to use "W. P. Milner" under a cover of maiden pinks, and *Veronica rupestris*. This pale trumpet is not too large to be in scale with its surroundings and

when it is in flower its distant kindred—minor, minimus and lobularis nanus—have bloomed and gone for the season and I am praying to all the garden gods that they may live and flower another season. On the other side of the rock work I am using the old jonquil *N. campbellii rugulosus*, which is rather too high for such a use except for the fact that it has *Iris spuria* var. *notha* and our own coppery *Iris fulva* for companions, and above it is a mass of *Corydalis lutea* and its near relative *C. ochroleuca*, which defy the full sun and are waxing larger in spite of the full exposure. I can not end this panegyric on old daffodils without a plea for help. Can any one who reads this tell me where *N. tenuior*, the old Silver Jonquil, may still be obtained?

Four years ago I could no longer resist a temptation to find out just how everblooming the late Rev. Joseph Pemberton's hybrid musk climbing roses were. Three were chosen and planted very late in the autumn of 1927—"Daybreak," "Pax," and "Vanity." Now after three years in the garden and with no special care I am wondering why they are not more highly praised than they are; in fact, I can not remember of ever having seen any mention of them in any of the modern rose books or in any gardening journal. They are very worth-while and are everblooming. "Vanity" is a charming single pink, deeper in color than a wild-rose pink, and looking very much like a very large one; it blooms in clusters and is slightly fragrant. It is almost continually in flower from the time it starts in late May until frost. It sends up vigorous canes to a height of about seven feet, but its growth is quite open and the foliage is not very heavy. While mine is planted against a low shed I have an idea that it would be especially fine as a pillar. It is very much worthwhile even in mid-summer, but is at its best in the spring and late autumn, for the autumn flowers are very large and much deeper in color.

"Pax" is planted at an old grape-

arbor post and tied loosely, so that it is more of a large bush than a pillar; but its six-foot canes would always need support. It blooms very heavily in the spring, and then its flowers are so double as to remind me of the old hybrid perpetual Gloire Lyonnaise. After a short resting period it begins to bloom again and continues to flower throughout the rest of the season, but its blossoms are semi-double then and very large and lovely. It is slower growing than the other two.

"Daybreak," planted against a four-foot wire fence, could easily be used as a six-foot pillar rose, for it covers fully ten feet of the fence with its many wiry canes. Its foliage is the best of the three, being denser and thick and glossy. The spray of bloom has the typical multiflora formation, but the flowers do not open at the same time, so that it lasts over a period of two weeks; the flowers themselves are yellow, especially deep in the bud and a light canary when open; in very hot weather they pale to a deep cream. They are more than semi-double, and each is about the size of a Harrison's Yellow. It blooms throughout the

entire season and it is particularly fine in combination with *Salvia azurea* and earlier in the year with that lovely lavender iris "Zelia."

I should have said that "Pax" is unlike the other two in that it does not flower in clusters, but singly or at most three to a stem. At its base is a goodly sized planting of the blue *Campanula persicifolia*, which goes very well with it throughout the early summer, and in the autumn *Chrysanthemum* "Red Dot" makes a splendid show with the rose. But the best picture in the garden is made by the tall blue, very dark and rich, and the shades of yellow of the columbines that grow below the rose "Vanity." Some dwarf lavender adds to this combination, and later in the year *Eryngium alpinum* adds its lacy metallic blue and makes another picture of great beauty. I have now some lusty seedlings of the yellow clematis, *Clematis tanutica*, descendants of those Farrer found in Thibet, and hope that they will find that corner of the garden to their liking and next year weave their yellow bells in among the wild rose blossoms of "Vanity."

From Our Affiliated Organizations

The annual flower show is perhaps the outstanding event of the year for the Lake Forest Garden Club and for the past five years has been held in the spring or early summer. A flower market is held every Saturday morning during the summer months and various ones of the finer gardens are opened to the public on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. With the proceeds from these three enterprises, the Lake Forest Garden Club has built a stone bridge over one of the larger ravines that would otherwise have been filled in; planted playgrounds, golf courses, and parkways, and contributed towards the support of schools of landscape architecture, scholarships, etc.

During the winter months, the junior members of the garden club organized a study class that met once a week. Each person attending the meetings selected some plant about which she was to gather as much information as possible, reporting to the class. As the meetings of the garden club are held in the summer, this class, held in the winter, proved a welcome opportunity for the less experienced members to acquire practice information and greatly facilitated the task of the perturbed Program Committee. The program for the summer includes the Institute of Garden Design, consisting of four lectures planned by Mr. Ralph Griswold, landscape architect and

Fellow of the American Academy of Rome. After the lecture and the luncheon, visits are paid to Lake Forest gardens which best illustrate the points brought out in the lecture. Three of the lectures, The Development of a Garden Scheme, Individuality in Landscape Character, and Ten Distinguished Small Gardens, are by Mr. Griswold, and the fourth, Planting the Garden Area, is by Miss Hannah Champlin, of Cleveland, a member of the American Society of Landscape Architects. The Institute has been organized with the idea of promoting a finer and more discriminating conception of garden design and is open to all garden lovers.

CLARICE W. HAMILL,
Lake Forest Garden Club.

The Glencoe Garden Club was organized in the spring of 1924, and now has 23 active members, 3 associate, and 2 non-resident. The number of active members has been limited to twenty-five to preserve the pleasant and informal atmosphere of our meetings held the first Monday of each month. Members take their turn in alphabetical order as hostesses for luncheon. Afterwards a program is given which has been arranged by the Program Committee, usually an instructive lecture, often with accompanying screen pictures. At our September meeting we will have an informal competition in flower arrangements for members only.

In the spring of 1930 a new group was organized and called the "Skokie Chapter." The same constitution and by-laws were used. The original unit was re-named the "Founders Chapter." Once a year we have a joint meeting with an interesting program

and refreshments, when guests of both Chapters are welcome.

As "The Glencoe Garden Club" both Chapters take an active part in the Annual Flower Show held in Chicago by "The Garden Clubs of Illinois" and our entries are usually rewarded with some of the prizes and honorable mentions.

Arden Shore, a large and beautiful open-air camp, supported by residents of the North Shore and given over during the summer to mothers and their children from Chicago's poorest districts, furnishes the opportunity for our most interesting work, being devoted during the winter months to the welfare of fifty under-nourished boys, selected by the Chicago Board of Education, and sent out to regain their health. Every year a different member of the Founders Chapter is responsible one day in each month for an interesting lecture, either travel or nature subjects, accompanied by screen pictures, which the boys enjoy and appreciate. Refreshments are always donated by different members of the Club.

Every year we give a pair of field glasses, each, to the boy and girl of the graduating class in our Grammar School who win in a nature contest, the subject of which is selected by the Nature Study Instructor.

This summer a tree was planted in the bird sanctuary here, with appropriate services in memory of a beloved member who passed away last winter.

We take great pleasure in sharing the products of our gardens and regularly a generous supply of flowers and fresh vegetables are sent into the city to the Chicago Plant, Flower and Fruit Guild.

IRMGARD T. ROBERTS,
Corresponding Secretary,
Glencoe Garden Club.

A Book or Two

Adventures in a Suburban Garden. By Louise Beebe Wilder. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1931. 250 pages, illustrated. \$3.50.

By this time there certainly can be no gardener who is not familiar with the work Mrs. Wilder has done and with the very pleasant ways in which she shares her experience with the reading public. The present volume does not differ from its predecessors in style or value and will immediately find an important place in all garden collections. Much of it is familiar ground, covered already in *House and Garden*, but not all of it, and its issue in book form is much to be commended.

Of old familiar friends there are many, enough to make one feel at home, but the paramount virtue of the work lies in the fact that there are many plants described that are not familiar. They are so engagingly described that one is inspired to adventures on his own account, having confidence in Mrs. Wilder's assurances and her directions as to how it should be done.

Rock gardens and smallish plants loom large in the total bulk of the book, which is proper, but there is enough reporting on the garden as a whole in the first eight chapters so that those who have not yet wholly succumbed to the rock garden will find their full share.

A Modern Herbal. By Mrs. Grieve, with an introduction by Mrs. C. F. Leyel. Two volumes, published by Jonathan Cape, London, 1931.

Here is a really new herbal with all the latest information upon the medicinal use of herbs as well as their history, and some of the superstitions and practices associated with them. Mrs. Leyel, who has done so much to revive the use of herbs, has written

the introduction and done the editing. One thousand herbs are described, although some of them are not truly herbs, but trees and bushes, included because of their medicinal uses. Where so much research has been done, it would have been more scholarly to have mentioned sources. Perhaps these were omitted for fear of making the text heavy, but surely that could have been solved in some way and would have made the book that much more valuable.

The book shows the increasing interest in the growing of herbs and the tendency to use them more in medicine instead of the chemical or animal products so much in favor the last fifty years. Perhaps in time we shall go back to drinking aromatic teas for indigestion and to using pleasantly smelling poultices of balm leaves or chamomile flowers, so that the sick room instead of smelling of carbolic acid will be a pleasant spicy-scented place.

Mrs. Grieve mentions the uses of the plants used in cooking and that opens vistas of dishes flavored with spice and poetry instead of the everlasting peppers and tomatoes of American cookery. Altogether it is a most intriguing subject to be approached from several pleasant points, not the least pleasant of which is the consideration of the use of herbs in our gardens either for their fragrance or their decorative qualities, their beautifully patterned leaves or their charming flowers.

HELEN M. FOX.

The Garden Club Manual. By Edith R. Fisher. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1931. 123 pages, illustrated, \$2.00.

The keynote of this book is organization. Every phase of the work of forming and running a garden club is

discussed with excellent clarity and no small sense of humor. The final judgments seem to have been born of experience, or if one dare say it, of experiences.

Types of garden clubs are discussed; various model constitutions are provided; outlines of business procedure, financing and program are suggested, with a final section given over to the grand annual orgy, the flower show. Everything is in the most simple and lucid form, so much so that the uninitiated could actually create and run a garden club with this book for guidance. Its study is recommended to all garden clubs, from those about to be born to those old and hardened in sin.

The Book of Bulbs. By F. F. Rockwell. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1931. 264 pages, illustrated, \$2.00.

Any reviewer finds himself at a loss to know what to say for any new book by Mr. Rockwell, so familiar are their presentations, their faults and their merits. The present volume differs chiefly in being twice as long as usual. It must be said at once that for the

author, any plant found in an autumn catalog is a bulb, a stand he defends at various points in the book but which is undoubtedly responsible for the length of the volume. Surely we might have been spared the chapters on Iris and Peonies, Dahlias (which are roots and not tubers) and even Gladiolus which, though within the scope of the book, like the others has already been thoroughly Rockwelled. Much of the information is so elementary as to be banal; little is included that could not be found in catalogs and some of the statements are amazing to say the least. One is astonished to discover that *Ornithogalum nutans* has orange-colored flowers, to see a picture of *Lilium regale* labelled Madonna lily, to read the astonishing remarks on the root habits of lilies, to find the pitifully inadequate remarks on species tulips and crocus, to find *Chionodoxa canadensis*, a new species, presumably discovered by the author, tucked in without comment on page 101, and so on. There are far too many misspellings to be pardoned and the most extraordinary use of capitals and italics. In spite of all the protests on the cover, one is very loath to believe that this book is the result of experience with plants.

The Gardener's Pocketbook

Prunus sargentii Rehder. Sargent cherry.

One of the handsomest and probably the hardiest of all the native cherries of eastern Asia is the pink-flowered Sargent cherry, the Yama-zakura or mountain cherry of northern Japan and southern Sakhalin. Its first successful introduction into cultivation appears to have been in 1890, when Dr. William S. Bigelow sent seeds from Japan to the Arnold Arboretum, Jamaica Plain, Mass. Three years

after its introduction into the United States this cherry found its way into the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, England.

Under favorable conditions the Sargent cherry becomes a very large tree, eventually 60 or 70 feet high, though it can not be said to be a rapid grower. There seem to be two general habits of growth, one a strictly upright, pyramidal form, and the other much more spreading, with a somewhat rounded crown. The bark is characteristically dark brown and

smooth except on the older branches and trunk, where it is gray and roughened.

The reddish-brown bud scales are narrowly obovate and viscid. The young foliage, which appears usually just after the flowers have opened, is reddish or coppery brown. The mature leaves are smooth, slender-stemmed, bright green above and gray-green below, and 3 to 5 inches long. In shape they are elliptic-ovate, with long tips, and the margins are sharply and coarsely, but not doubly serrate.

The deep pink flower buds open into clear pink single flowers, 1 to 2 inches across, borne in great profusion in sessile or nearly sessile few-flowered umbels subtended by reddish, glandular-toothed bracts. Toward the end of June the fruits ripen; these are ovoid-globose, black, and about 2/5 inch long. In early spring the Sargent cherry is a mass of lovely rose-pink broken here and there by occasional bits of coppery foliage and chestnut-brown twigs. The tree is a glorious sight for more than a week; a blooming period slightly longer than that of the double-flowered varieties.

With colors ranging from reddish orange to fiery crimson, the autumn foliage of the Sargent cherry presents a gorgeous spectacle. The general effect is improved also by the fact that the foliage like that of all of the Japanese cherries is remarkably free from the disfiguring effects of fungi or insect pests.

This cherry may be propagated by seed, provided one realizes the danger of foreign pollen if other early-flowering cherries are nearby. It is much safer in such a situation to bud or graft on Japanese cherry or mazzard stock. If planting in a severely cold climate is planned, Sargent cherry seedlings should be used as stock.

The large size which this cherry ultimately attains makes it particularly desirable for parks or large estates, or as an avenue tree, provided the pyramidal type is selected. It is of interest to note here also that this is

considered probably the finest timber tree of all the cherries. The wood was formerly much used in Japan for making printing blocks, which caused its wholesale felling. At the present time in the United States the Sargent cherry is not definitely known to be on the Pacific Coast, although it is offered by several nurseries in the East.

PAUL RUSSELL.

Washington, D. C.

Sir: Since your printing of my notes on *Sidalcea* "Rose Queen" in the April number, I have had some comments. One from a letter-friend in Indiana whom I met by seeing a letter of hers in the English "The Garden" and whom I persuaded to become a member of our ever-growing band of A.H.S.'s. She is an Englishwoman and writes she raised *Sidalceas* from seed from Toogood, Southampton, some years ago. Hers grow about two and a half feet high and are about the color of the Mary Wallace rose, which one of her plants is growing near—she thinks they are a pure rose color.

Mine are doing better this year as to height, if one wants that, nearly four and a half feet high, and stronger in damp heavy soil. Though the flowers are individually small and the color on the magenta, they are useful for cutting for big bold arrangements, with *hemerocallis* in pale yellow, white phlox, etc. Thus their tall lanky spikes look well.

Another comment came from Bob-bink and Atkins in a courteous letter saying they had several varieties and were sending me their catalog. I am not, however, buying anything this year in the way of plants, having so many (too many) perennial seedlings coming on and waiting to be transplanted. The weeds growing so fast, the small plants are safer in their open frames than consigned to a border that is overgrown whenever I turn my back.

Being a Fellow of the R. H. S. gives one the privilege of buying—for a small sum—their surplus seeds. So I sent in a modest list this year, among them a



Edgar T. Wherry

Sasa palmata

[See page 280]

Sidalcea in white, and they came up obligingly but are still infants. I want to compare them with my "mallow," so-called, that I spoke of, given me from Mt. Desert. Its snow-white flowers look like Godetia, an annual I have not been successful with. This year a lot of this "Sidalcea" or Mt. Desert mallow came up in pink, the same lavender pink of the Rose Queen aforesaid. I can not think where it secured its new color, unless it borrowed some from the Rosy Morn petunias that ramped all over that section of the garden last year. Rosy Morn is not a lavender pink, but then one never knows what the bees dip into for their palette.

Both these Sidalceas, the tall and the short, will go I think along the stream next year and naturalize themselves. The liatris is there, and the Japanese Iris there seem to like to fight the weeds and do much better than in the rows where I break my back weeding them. On hot July days, I say, "Away with it all, and go back to Nature, every plant child of you. Much more sensible, and I'll lie on a garden chair and watch you."

FRANCES EDGE MCILVAINE.

Downington, Pa.

Another Note on *Galanthus elwesii*.

Of nine varieties of galanthus that I have had in my garden, *G. elwesii* is in every way the finest. It surpasses the others in beauty, size, vigor, and the amazing generosity it shows in its seasons of bloom. The petals are enormous, the cup small in proportion. The green markings on the cup are most variable. I have never seen it lack the V found on all or most snowdrops, but sometimes there is a green spot in addition to the V and sometimes there is not. The most interesting things about this snowdrop to me, is its habit of frequent unpredictable blooming, and I think the following notes may be of interest.

1927. On September 10, I received from Holland and planted, 8 bulbs,

discarding 2 that were rotten. It bloomed from October 14 to November 4.

1928. A bud was nearly open on January 1, but bitterly cold weather held it sealed until January 31. Wide open often in mid-February and blooming continuously until April 1. Second blooming in late November, lasting until New Year's.

1929. One flower on February 10. More in March, lasting into April. One bud on November 5 was broken off before it opened, and another bud half open on New Year's Eve.

1930. The last mentioned bud opened on January 2. More bloom in mid-March, lasting into April. Again bloom in the second week of November.

1931. To the date of this writing, August, bloom on March 21, lasting about three weeks.

This record shows bloom in seven months of the year, October to April inclusive. I know of no plant so delightfully whimsical in this respect save the Christmas Rose, *Helleborus niger*, which also has difficulty in making up its mind as to whether it is a winter or a summer bloomer. I dare say the snowdrop's conduct has been influenced by the fact that occasionally it has had the protection of a small cold frame.

AGNES FALES HUNTINGTON.

New Jersey.

Sasa palmata, E. G. Camus. (See p. 279.)

Although bamboos are for the South and particularly for the regions that do not have severe frosts in winter, some of them will survive and even flourish in the North. Through the summer they may appear too grass-like to attract much attention, but as the leaves begin to fall from the deciduous trees and shrubs, their ever-green foliage assumes new importance.

The accompanying photograph was taken at Media, Pa., in the garden of Mr. Fairman R. Furness and shows very clearly the decorative quality of



Lilian A. Guernsey

Danæ racemosa, Alexandrian Laurel

[See page 282]

this particular species with its large leaves and the over-arching habit of its shoots similar to that of the Solomon's Seal. One can see, too, the spreading habit of the plant and be warned thereby that running bamboos should never be put into any garden areas where they must be checked in their spread, for every bit of root large enough to grow will recover and form a new plant. In the South this is more serious than here, for here the climate checks the spread of the plant sufficiently that it is not likely to become a nuisance.

The photograph shows also how closely the plant will grow about the base of a tree. This species and others, particularly those in the genus known as *Sasa*, are commonly used in Japan as ground covers in forests, forming in time almost impenetrable carpets of their slender shoots. This on the steeply sloping mountain sides is of great advantage, for the soil is held from washing, and should the trees need cutting, the bamboos can be mowed down and will then grow up again without damage, when the work of tree cutting is over.

Danæ racemosa Moench. (See p. 281.)

Every country has its own special customs with cut flowers. Here in America, *Asparagus plumosus* is the almost inevitable accompaniment of the florists' roses or carnations, just as one is offered oak leaves with dahlias and chrysanthemums, or stevia or gypsophila with other flowers.

In France, among the many shrubs and near shrubs that may be added to flowers for a bouquet, one finds quite commonly the poet's laurel, and if one goes about to nurseries that do a bit of cut-flower business on the side, he is likely to discover row after row of this plant in a bit of rich, moist, half-shaded soil, where it grows, and is harvested in much the same fashion as is asparagus, save that it is evergreen. This plant with its three-foot stalks is to be found in old gardens throughout the

South, particularly in Virginia, where it is often remarked by northern visitors. If the illustration is examined carefully, the fruits will be seen. These are of a brilliant red color and would be very showy if they were more freely produced and if they remained longer on the shoots. Usually they soon shrivel up and often drop, but even so the strong arching shoots with their glossy dark green leaves are a sufficient decoration for any flower that needs other foliage than its own.

Allium acuminatum Hook. (See p. 283.)

Among the many interesting things that have followed on the heels of the drought that overtook this country in 1930, is the conspicuous survival of plants from the Southern States and those from the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Although the bulbs of this particular onion came from Idaho, it has a wider range, extending from Oregon to Montana, and so comes within the generality. Unlike many of its fellow-species of that region, it is not a summer bloomer but sends up its leaves and flowers in the spring along with other familiar bulbs. The blooms do not actually open here until May, about the same time as when Kaempfer's azalea is at its height. As the photograph shows, the leaves are beginning to ripen off even then, and within a month of the flowering have withered away entirely, so that one should plant the bulbs where they will rise through some not too compact herbage. The flower stalks are about twelve inches high here and bear fair-sized umbels of clear pink flowers, of much the same color as those of *A. unifolium* that we have figured before. Like those of that species also, the flowers become papery as they age so that fading does not injure the appearance of the head. So far this species has shown little indications of increase and has seeded very sparingly, so that apparently the good



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Allium acuminatum

[See page 282]

gardener need have no fear to admit it into his borders.

Washington, D. C.

Aronia arbutifolia Spach. (See p. 285.)

Among native plants that are covered in season with charming fruits is the common red chokeberry of this region. As it grows naturally, it often makes too loose and straggling a plant, pushing up through mixed thickets of other shrubs, to show rather solitary heads of fruit or flowers. Given its place in the sun in the garden it is less inclined to sucker about and forms fine bushes of compact habit that are well provided with their share of berries, that color early in the fall and are not immediately eaten by the improvident birds.

The flowers are very charming when seen nearby with their beautiful circle of stamens above the ivory white petals, but they yield second place to the berries in the fall or even to the turning leaves that color vividly. If one cuts the sprays for the house, they should be taken before all the leaves have fully colored, as if the leaves have advanced too far in their turning they quickly drop off in the house.

Washington, D. C.

Brodiaea grandiflora Smith. (See p. 287.)

This is one of the more robust brodiaeas from the Pacific Coast with a fairly wide range extending from Oregon down into California, where it is known as the Harvest Brodiaea, a name that does not signify autumn flowering as it might to the Eastern reader, but merely late spring or early summer bloom. Here it flowers in May.

The foliage appears rather early in the season and makes fairly conspicuous clumps in the border. It should be planted where it will not be exposed to every late spring frost and where its place in the planting will be covered by

other foliage after the flowers and leaves have died away as they do in early summer. The flower stalks rise to fully eighteen or twenty inches and are crowned with eight to twelve large lily-shaped flowers of deep royal purple. The flowers are erect, as the illustration shows, and are more deeply colored on the inside of the perianth segments than the outside, which is paler and fades to white at the base of the tube.

Like all other brodiaeas tried here, this is excellent for cutting, as all of the flowers continue to develop and bloom after cutting. The outer blooms may be a little larger and more deeply colored than those that develop in the house, but the general effect is fine enough. Out-of-doors the first flowers are a little less tidy in their withering than some of the other species, but even so, dry up inconspicuously or can be snipped off.

Plant fairly deep in soil that is well drained and in a sunny location.

Washington, D. C.

Crinum longifolium Thunb. (See p. 289.)

There is always a greater degree of interest concerning any plant that belongs at the limit of hardiness than for species that are safe and sure. Gardeners who have been in the subtropics and have seen the gorgeous masses of crinum foliage through which rise the flower stalks crowned sometimes with magnificent flowers, sometimes with pitifully insignificant blooms for such wonderful foliage, have always a degree of interest in this plant and in its rose-colored form. Here, where it is subjected to frosts and loses its foliage regularly, it can not make so fine a mass as in the South, but even so, it forms a splendid clump of broad green leaves, through which rise, during the summer months, the three-foot stalks of blooms that show their habit well enough in the illustration. The flowers have a delicious scent that is difficult to name or to



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Aronia arbutifolia

[See page 284]

compare to any of the familiar fragrances.

Just how far north this species will live and thrive has never been reported perhaps, but probably, if it were planted where the ground would be kept from severe freezing by the heat of a cellar or greenhouse, and by a surface mulch after the tops had been frosted, it would grow much farther north than is commonly supposed.

Washington, D. C.

Lilium giganteum Wall. (See p. 291.)

The bulbs illustrated here flowered one year after they were imported at Mr. Havemeyer's place on Long Island. They are growing in open woods among dogwoods and rhododendrons, where they seem to do very well indeed. As soon as American gardeners come to recognize the part that shade plays in many gardening operations, the sooner these lilies will become more common.

If they are to be raised from seed, seven years must elapse from the time of germination to the time of flowering.

On account of the various difficulties in their cultivation, these lilies have been for years one of the *tours de force* of the gardener's skill.

One cold misty day in late July, I had an unforgettable experience in the Edinburgh Botanic Garden, that stronghold of gardening skill. Walking through the wooded area into a sort of clearing, I saw the snowy spires of the *giganteum* lilies and as I came closer, alongside the lilies, I saw great clumps of *Meconopsis baileyi* with its gray green foliage and blue flowers and in front of them, drifting out to the borders of the path, sheets of candelabra primroses, hybrids in various colors from soft yellow to deep salmon.

HELEN M. FOX.

it is in flower and choose the forms that show the best colors and flower shapes. The plants figured were gathered in Georgia some years ago when there was scarcely time to undertake field selection, but even in the few gathered there is considerable variation.

The plant of this note is the true species and not the garden hybrid grown and sold under this name, another excellent plant flowering early in the year and of quite different merits. Our plant makes constantly increasing tufts of upright shoots, that are crowned with bloom in late May, when the garden hybrid is left with only straggling late flowers. The color, like that of many phloxes, is not pleasing to some people, but with a little care, the purity of the rosy magenta can be enhanced by seeing that there are good neighbors, keeping away all flowers that tend toward the orange or scarlet part of the spectrum.

Like *Phlox divaricata* it is inclined to go shabby in the summer, when the flowering shoots die back, but if the tops are cut off after flowering, a second growth will come up that flowers sparingly and keeps a green top. In either case the crown of new shoots appears in late summer that rushes into growth in the early spring. Like *Phlox divaricata* also it throws its seeds about in all directions, so that one need not propagate by division, once he has learned their appearance. They are not to be confused with *divaricata* as the leaves are long and narrow and the entire plant is reddish and hairy. They begin to appear almost immediately and continue coming up through the fall and the following spring, so that they can be rescued and transplanted whenever they are of a suitable size.

Washington, D. C.

Phlox amoena Sims. (See p. 293.)

Some enterprising gardener who lives in the region where this species grows wild should make it his or her business to roam the open woods while

Sempervivum tissieri Lagg. (See p. 295.)

Plants of this species from M. Correvon have come to be one of the most surprising of the small colonies that



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Brodiaea grandiflora

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have developed in the last year. If it continues to be as prolific in years to come as it has been in the past, it should soon have as common an occurrence as old *tectorum* itself.

Although M. Correvon reports it as having rosettes of medium size, I should call them small, since they rarely exceed an inch in diameter. Essentially green in color, the only play of light that comes appears in the ciliation of the edges of the leaves and the tufts of white hairs on the tips. These, on the crowded young leaves, are so close together in the heart of the rosette that it appears almost as white and cottony as some of the forms related to *arachnoideum*, but closer examination always shows the hairs to be merely tufts and not long threads that run from tip to tip.

So far the plants have not flowered and perhaps do not need to do so while they are making such rapid increase in size.

Washington, D. C.

Narcissus, Pilgrimage. (See p. 297.)

In recent years many narcissus hybrids have come into the market that represent secondary crosses, made with existing hybrids in an effort to improve the quality of the first crosses. To gardeners who have been familiar with such old incomparabilis varieties as the ancient Sir Watkin, the newer varieties of incomparabilis are a revelation. In some cases they have been so much interbred with trumpets that it is difficult for the beginner to differentiate, to guess where the trumpet class begins and the incomparabilis leaves off.

Pilgrimage, the subject of this note, is not entirely new, having been raised by The Brodie some years ago (1923), but has not yet come into as common cultivation as it deserves. It makes a fine vigorous plant, as tall as King Alfred, with broad leaves and rapid increase. The color is almost a self-yellow of deep hue but the cup is a little darker as the photograph indi-

cates. To persons interested in breeding, it is well to know that it gives good seed to many pollens, chiefly of trumpet varieties here, since it is an early flower, opening when most of the trumpet varieties are at their height. Only one objection can be raised in my experience and that is that in some seasons the perianth segments do not lie flat but show a tendency to become channeled. This is not always, nor even often, true and so need not be considered too seriously.

Washington, D. C.

Tulips again.

In the October issue of this magazine for last year, under the caption of Some Species Tulips, I gave my experience with certain members of this charming genus and thought the matter was final until I had acquired other species and had given them time to adapt themselves to the garden. Further study of the family and observations made this last spring lead me to correct several statements I made and also to give some of my experiences with the more commonly planted strains we know as Darwin, Cottage, Breeder and the like.

I am more and more convinced that the tulip species will find American conditions to their liking and, given the right sort of treatment, will prove as permanent in our rock gardens and even in our borders, as crocus and narcissus. It is because of this conviction and of a desire to urge others to try them that I am broaching the subject again. When we remember that the great majority, indeed I might say all, of the wild tulips are natives of regions that have hot dry summers and cold winters, and that all of them are used to a hot baking during the summer months, it does not seem unreasonable to expect them to make themselves at home in our American gardens if we will only allow them to establish themselves. I am beginning to believe that we expect too much the first few seasons after planting such



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Crinum longifolium

[See page 284]

species as *T. sylvestris*. Again, I believe that the cause of the reported failures of many species, especially *T. clusiana*, is too shallow planting. Besides this they demand dry conditions during their resting period and demand it because of long centuries of life in such a climate. That we can find a suitable place for them I am sure, and that the tulip is adaptable enough to accept a reasonable compromise I am equally certain.

Last winter I discovered an article by the late W. R. Dykes, in the Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society for September, 1925, Some Wild Species of the Tulip, in which he stressed their needs, strong sunshine, lime in the soil, deep planting and a dry resting period. He suggested planting them within the "reach of the roots of some shrub that will suck the moisture out of the soil in summer and so produce warm dry conditions." While this was written for English gardeners who would have to contend with a damper and cooler summer, and with a less violent sun than we do here, the principle holds good for us. It is perfectly reasonable when we remember their habitat. This last spring I noticed that those which were doing best in my garden were planted near dwarf shrubs or evergreens or climbing roses. In such planting, the flowers gain a happy background, for they show to best advantage against the dark green or gray green of some evergreen or the fresh young green of some deciduous shrub.

Dykes also stressed deep planting and suggested that the bulbs might be placed as deep as twelve inches, for he had observed that those so planted had remained healthy the longest; in this his experience confirms my own. He dismisses the lime content of the soil by saying that there should be lime in the soil. As I neglected to mention my use of crushed oyster shell, when I spoke of soil preparation last autumn, I hope I shall be forgiven if I repeat myself. The ground should be

prepared to a depth of eighteen inches, preferably by removing the soil and mixing in a quantity of crushed shell. Old lime rubble, mortar from between old bricks or stones, or old plaster from a demolished building is excellent, and bonemeal. It is a good plan to collect such material and keep a supply constantly on hand for iris. Many rock plants and most of the daffodils love it. If your soil is a very heavy clay, some sand should be used to lighten it. In filling the hole be sure to fill in the soil gradually and tamp each layer solidly to make it firm and hard, for wild tulips grow naturally in a hard solid soil and abhor light spongy earth. It goes without saying that if the drainage is poor, it should be remedied before the soil mixture is returned to the hole.

Coming from lands where the winters are severe as these little fellows do, I can see no reason for giving them a protection against cold. Certainly, in southern Jersey, I have never used any winter protection for them, even the first year after planting. It is well, however, to give the early flowering ones some protection or shelter from the eastern sun so as to retard their precociousness lest their buds be nipped by late frosts. Protection from strong winds they must have, so that the foliage is not bruised or broken off—another good reason for planting near shrubs, especially if the lee side is also the sunny side. I have come almost to the conclusion that most of the failures with tulips of any kind follows damage to the leaves from strong winds, for with their leaves destroyed the plants can not make a healthy bulb for next year.

As an experiment to see how the flowers of newly planted bulbs of *T. clusiana* would compare with those flowering for their sixth year, I planted last autumn a few new bulbs near the old and was delighted this spring to find that there was absolutely no difference.

These old bulbs also illustrate the advantage of deep planting, for they



Lilium giganteum

[See page 286]

were put down ten to twelve inches deep and bonemeal and a little lime have been added every other year for the tulips and the dwarf iris planted nearby. Their sixth flowering belies the theory of their early death.

In the issue for last January, Miss Averett writes of her success with *T. greigi*. This tulip was new to my garden this spring but I have been watching it in the garden of a friend since the autumn of 1927, the same season Miss Averett planted hers. Like hers, they have flowered every season and have yielded no increase. Both Dykes and Hall call attention to this latter fact, and since the bulbs are very costly, one wonders how they are procured. One wonders, too, if this is another tulip that must be thoroughly established before it increases. Miss Averett describes the foliage and blossom perfectly but says nothing of the height, usually noted in books as nine inches. Those in my friend's garden are never quite that tall and my newly planted bulbs bloomed at four inches by actual measurement, due possibly to the abnormalities of last spring, a spring that, like all its fellows, did not please the gardener entirely.

Last autumn I was vehement in contradicting the catalogs that gave the heights of *T. hageri* as ten inches; now I must retract and hedge on the question. There seem to be two varieties of this charming species, for while the old treasures upheld my statement and bloomed at exactly six inches, the newly planted bulbs surprised me by running up the greater height and blooming earlier than my old ones. The flowers are slightly different, just a trifle, but enough to make me glad that I have both. The shape is the same, globular, and they are of a size, or with perhaps a little in the favor of the taller form. *T. hageri* is of a dark copper red—my co-gardener says it is a mahogany red—with a blackish center; the outside of the segments, I believe only the outer three, is shaded with olive green which

is more concentrated and deeper, more pronouncedly olive, on the midrib than on the rest of the petal. *T. hageri nitens*, which is the name of a variety now offered in American catalogs, is of a dull crimson shaded bronzy green, with the same effect of having a stripe down each petal as in the type, but within is a vivid dark crimson with a small really black base. It opens fully to the sun and so shows its gay interior. The foliage of both is long and narrow and lies flat on the ground. It is bright green and is waved on the margins. Not knowing that I had added to my small original group, the folks at home were delighted with the increase, for it is the best liked of my species tulips; but when two weeks later the original stock started to open and they saw that there were really two kinds of the same quiet splendor, it was hard to say who in that household was most delighted. I hope that after reading this, every one will go after this species and so exhaust the season's supply that dealers will feel sure they must have it and others next year.

I told last year how my *T. sylvestris* had spread into the lawn from its original location in the border. This tulip is one of the kinds which increase by sending out stolons at some distance from the mother bulbs, and so it grew under my rock edging to the border and out into the grass. Last autumn those in the border got a good dose of bonemeal and lime stirred into the soil over them and I had hoped to find a slightly better flowering from those that got the extra food. What was my surprise this spring to find a much heavier bloom on all of them. Perhaps it was because of the past hot summer, but I am beginning to think that this tulip is one which must be allowed to establish itself thoroughly before it will really amount to anything. With me it had bloomed better every year, especially after hot summers, hot and dry ones to be more exact, with one flower the first year and over a dozen stems last season.



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Phlox amoena

[See page 286]

Only two new tulips were added to the garden last year, for it seems harder to get these dwarf species here in America than almost any other plant. As both of them were reported tall, they were planted in the border rather than in the rock garden. As I was away from the garden when both of them were in their prime, I must give second-hand descriptions, written down at the time, with actual measurements. *T. micheliana* is supposed to be a form of *eichleri* or else a species very close to it. The true plant is over a foot in height with a blossom of "crimson scarlet and a blotch of deep purple that shows through to the back of the outer segments." Mine were "six inches high; color, pink, something like the shade of Clara Butt, with a well-marked blue base; it had the appearance of a wild tulip rather than a horticultural tulip. Foliage light gray green." That is one of the delights of growing species tulips, for bulbs are often collected nursery grown and most of the reputed species vary greatly both in color and height.

The other newcomer was *T. kushkensis* from the wilds of Turkestan, which, for those who must have a common name for their plants, is called the Cotton Tulip because its bulbs have a thick woolly covering, so thick that I wondered if it would not absorb so much water that the bulbs would rot. This tulip has flowers of vermilion red on fifteen-inch stems. The interiors of the blooms have very large black blotches that are thinly lined with yellow. The leaves are gray green and very long and narrow. Only one blossomed, "four inches high, a beautiful miniature, a rich red but not so penetrating a color as the other red species; foliage and habit like *T. micheliana*, only more dwarf; the flower lasted a very long time, longer than any others." While it is not safe to draw any conclusions from the way the bulbs act the first season of their flowering, I am rather inclined to place this species among those that require establishment be-

fore they show their normal growth or do their best in regard to normal bloom. Personally I should much prefer it to remain as small as it was this year.

So much for the species, unless you consider the lovely pale yellow *Vitellina* a species, which I am sure it is not, although most of our catalogs and some of our writers would have us believe. None of the English or continental authorities, as far as I know, consider it anything but a hybrid. There was a time when it was a fashion among hybridizers to name their products with Latinized names and this tulip came into existence during that period. The same explanation holds good for such names as *elegans*, *flava*, *retroflexa*, *cornuta*. Moreover, *Vitellina* does not behave like a species, for I have never known it to establish itself and go on blooming year after year as a wild tulip should. In addition, it is just as susceptible to fire and other tulip diseases as any other hybrid; while in my experience, wild tulips never suffer from anything save too much moisture in their resting period.

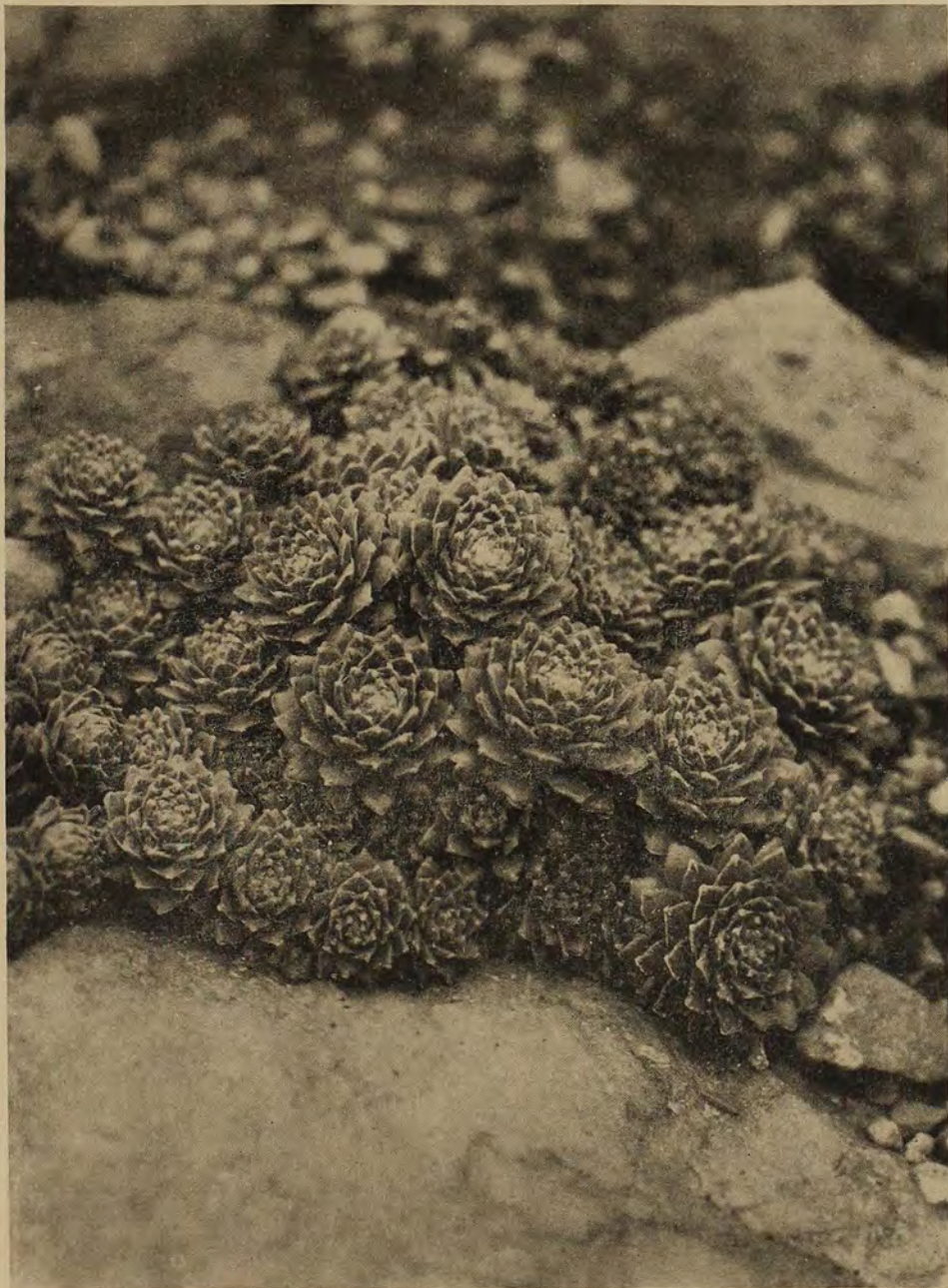
ALFRED BATES.

New Jersey.

SIR: In the January issue the Idealist complains about the damage that ants have done in his garden and asks for a safer remedy than carbon disulphide. I think I have found one.

Some weeks ago, some one coming into my garden and seeing a procession of ants going up a crinum told me to sprinkle soda bicarbonate on the plant and on the ants' nest. It was one of the nests that are so extensive—not the small circular nest that one sees in the north—and is the sort that is impossible to use Cyanogas on without killing grass and plants. I tried the soda and have found it to be entirely efficacious and absolutely harmless to the vegetation. I sprinkle it over the plants and the outlets of the nests and then wash it down with the hose.

I used to use Cyanogas, making a hole in the nest with a transplanting



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Sempervivum tissieri—natural size

[See page 286]

trowel and putting in half a teaspoon of it and then covering the hole and tamping it down firmly. It exterminates the ants but it can not be used too near a plant.

MRS. ROGER SHERMAN BALDWIN.

West Palm Beach, Florida.

SIR: The American Joint Committee on Horticultural Nomenclature is stirring itself into renewed activity preparatory to a revised and enlarged edition of Standardized Plant Names.

It may not be amiss, therefore, at this time, to question whether this book has thus far proven an effective instrument of standardization.

There has been, admittedly, since its publication a certain gain in the uniform use, in print, of the "standardized" names. This gain may perhaps be accounted for in part by the insistence of editors and publishers upon adherence to this avowed code, which lends to their respective publications so dignified an appearance of a policy of standardization.

This gain of outward, paper uniformity, however, does not appear to represent a true gain of standardization in the sense of a more orderly application of plant names to plant materials in gardens and in the trade.

One's estimate of the effectiveness of the book as a means of standardization must depend on whether one understands the standardization of horticultural nomenclature to be primarily a matter of spelling, hyphenating and such other usage in the serving up of plant names, or primarily a matter of the orderly application of plant names to plant materials.

Suppose one considers it primarily a matter of spelling, etc., and of uniform usage in the presentation of plant names in print,—would not any one of a number of excellent handbooks in use to-day answer this purpose fully as well as any revised edition of Standardized Plant Names? What advantages of this sort could such a new edition offer over *Hortus*?

My understanding of the term "the

standardization of horticultural nomenclature" is that it is a matter tending to remedy the most salient, the most grievous phase of the present confusion of plant names,—the misnaming of plants in the trade and in gardens. The most annoying aspect of this confusion of names is not the occasional misspelling of names but the habitual misapplication of names. Good spelling and proper usage are important, but, in the interest of orderly buying and selling, it would seem less serious an offense that *Campanula Thommasiniana* may be spelled *Thomassiniana* than that the name should be applied to the wrong *Campanula*. Shortcomings in spelling, hyphenating and such do not cause duplication of plants or useless expenditures, but the wrong application of plant names to plant materials does cause annoyance, waste of time and money and makes buying unsafe.

In this sense of the term I venture to say that Standardized Plant Names has not contributed anything in itself to the cause of standardization,—of order. It has created no new, demonstrable standards of plant identity over and above the sources of botanical information which were available previously to its publication,—sources which, while helpful, provided no sufficient basis for any definite, horticultural code of plant naming.

The study of our cultivated flora is not sufficiently organized to-day to furnish any basis as yet for a definite, workable horticultural code of nomenclature. Existing scientific data on natural plant forms have not been sufficiently clearly interpreted for the use of plantmen and there has been rather insufficient study of cultivated plant forms. A vast number of plants in commerce to-day can not be definitely determined with the aid of scientific references.

Under this condition neither Standardized Plant Names nor any other book to-day could be expected to furnish a means of the standardization of horticultural plant names. Stand-



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Narcissus Pilgrimage

[See page 288]

ardized Plant Names can do no more, and does no more, than concern itself with such comparatively trivial aspects of the prevailing confusion of names as spelling, hyphenating and capitalization. That is all that can be expected of it. It can not prevent the duplication of plant materials under various names. It can not make buying any easier or safer.

No statement of adherence to this avowed code of standardization, appearing as a motto on catalog covers, can offer to the purchaser of plants any assurance of the proper or consistent application of plant names or of the genuineness of materials.

Standardized plant names therefore, as it is or can conceivably be revised, should be looked upon as no more than a spelling aid. It is valuable mainly for stenographers and printers of labels and catalogs.

It must be evident to all who have more or less experience in the purchasing of plants from catalogs that the most important cause of confusion and annoyance is the misnaming of plants. To them the concept of standardized names must be inseparable from the creation of tangible, demonstrable standards of plant identity. To them, the standardization of plant names must mean primarily a matter of plant identity. In this light, *Standardized Plant Names*, dealing with other, comparatively trivial matters of usage, must fall utterly beyond the pale of consideration from my standpoint of standardization in this more weighty sense.

Surely, so long as the application, the meaning of a plant name is in doubt, its spelling and the manner in which the name is dished up, are of trivial importance.

For a book which deals exclusively with matters of such secondary, comparatively trivial importance, the title of "*Standardized Plant Names*," which presents the idea of standardization in a past tense,—as an accomplished fact, would seem most presumptive.

No workable code of horticultural nomenclature can be arrived at by proclamation,—by the adoption of so happy a trade slogan as "*Standardized Plant Names*."

There is no other thinkable way to arrive at any workable code than through the creation of a more tangible, complete record of the relation of current plant names to plant materials in cultivation.

No such record, sufficient for the purpose, exists today and we are a long way from having it. Its creation would take a very long period of specially directed study. And yet, so long as we do not have it, we can not think of the standardization of horticultural nomenclature in any serious sense. Nothing matters much about plant names in commerce, so long as their proper meaning in terms of living plants is in doubt.

For the present, then, the title of the book is a boastful and presumptive one. It tends to present to the public mind as an accomplished fact that which is yet far-off and to distract attention from those preparatory studies that must of necessity precede the publication of any effective code of standardization. I express the hope that, in the event of a revision, a more modest and accurate title may be found for it.

P. J. VAN MELLE,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

SIR: The striking point of the great Atlantic City Flower Show on September 4, 1931, was its striking situation in the great solid concrete structure of its Convention Hall, reared on sand, and but a few hundred yards from the Atlantic Ocean.

Whether entered from the subterranean automobile driveway beneath, where, after leaving one's car, one ascended a gently inclined ramp to the main floor, feeling meanwhile one was below the level of the ocean, or turning in from the vastly wide Boardwalk, glaring in the sun by day and by night in electricity, one has the same

sensation. "This is strikingly different from any other place in the world."

The Convention Hall is truly enormous, and though one has read the advance notices of "gardens of 5000 square feet" this means nothing until one walks and visualizes them.

The next striking point after that of situation is the use of the native Jersey Junipers as masses for backgrounds. Evergreens are always used lavishly in flower shows, but here these tall stiffish native Junipers of great height are grouped at the ends and corners of gardens so as to effectually shield one from the other, so the effects are kept quite separately. The central space is kept open for a great water garden done by the Henry A. Dreer Company, and very well done. Never have the aquatics had the stage to themselves as they have here. Oblong ponds set in turf bordered by narrow beds in the middle of this turf banking, of double fringed petunias on the outside and marvellous tuberous begonias and gloxinias on the inner side where the paths cross. In the center of the ponds rise tall cat-tails and arrow head. Two enormous leaves of the *Victoria Regia* flank two of the ponds and tropical pink and rose-colored water lilies rise from the water as if they had grown and flowered there all summer. The great blue and purple varieties look even more exotic. The simple, deliciously fragrant native water lily floating on the surface is not seen amidst these marvels.

Dreer also has a very good rose garden, with long half-moon paths against a background of white fence and dark conifers with an herbaceous border planted with some very fine regal and Sargent lilies.

One garden of a rather too much of a muchness of reds, yellows and purples is enhanced by two live parrots of the same hues, only better done in blend, one may remark, Nature knowing how, so much more often than man in these matters. The pergola and archway is unfortunately white, and as usual

gives a glaring contrast that is never restful and never satisfying.

A great deal of Princes feather, that variety of coxcomb in pale yellows, is used, and most effectively with various foliage plants, one firm daringly becoming "gay ninetyish" and suggesting one's initials may now be made on the lawn, by planting these tiny plants of various colors. They thereupon make "Atlantic City Flower Show" in small red and amaranth coleus. Truly Progression seems but Retrogression as fashion turns its wheel.

Gladioli, which have always seemed to be the ideal hotel and restaurant flower, should here, in this city of hotels, come into their own, and they do. Sheaves and sheaves, the upper parts of their spikes still green with their unopened buds, for one whole exhibit has been sent from Burlington, Vermont, at the upper end of the great Lake Champlain, and cut on Wednesday were shipped that night to be displayed by Friday evening. Gorgeous shades, the new *Veilchenblau* being an especially fine purple one, and another called *Picardy* seems an exquisite pink as seen under the unreliable electric glare. Mrs. Leon Douglas is flaming, a most wonderful color. The old favorites, such as Mrs. Norton, and *Pendleton*, are ever lovely. In another exhibit, this time a firm near home, namely W. Atlee Burpee, two more good gladioli are noted; *David Airdrie*, a magenta-like tone with a white heart, a very fine flower, *Captain Boynton*, a cream white with a lavender edge. Burpee also shows a jar of a fine perennial, *Liatris scariosa*, small thistle-like purple flowers studding a two to three foot stalk, very effective.

One high light of the show, not only because it was much advertised beforehand, but also for its intrinsic merit and originality for us in America, was the Suttons and Sons vegetable exhibit from Reading, England. Here were vegetables de luxe, and arrangement de luxe also, for the arrangement

had the charm of novelty to American eyes, few probably of the onlookers having attended shows of the Royal Horticultural Society or the great Midland and Scotland Shows. Tall stands resembling those used here to hold fancy bird cages or bridge lamps were used, the standards wreathed in smilax and crowned with a marvellous arrangement of peas in pods, four or five rows of them, the top crowned again with tufts of parsley, the floor and other box-like stands all covered with black velvet that had evidently seen much service, but gave still a fine background. Snowy cauliflowers in baskets, they call all their cauliflowers broccoli, and label what we call by this name "Italian broccoli." Nothing could be finer than the onions which had been well advertised beforehand by enthusiastic reporters as large as foot balls. Small cannon balls would be nearer the truth, yet none of them were ball-like in shape as all had a long neck, especially the variety Ailsa Craig, and all the necks were craned in one direction, that of England supposedly, homesick already for their usual accompaniment of roast beef and yorkshire pudding. The Runner Beans were some two feet long, but did not inspire envy in the heart of the American who was gazing at them. "Should not you think they would be tough," said she, with an experienced air. "And did you see the corn over in the New Jersey State Agricultural Exhibit?" We hope the Sutton and Son's representative did not overhear this, for of course he had brought no corn. Why should he, with all these marvels of shiny exquisitely finished products of the soil; one wondered if they had ever come out of mere dirt.

The Kohlrabi, for instance, was of a purple and a vivid green top that ours never attains, and the color of their carrots was as fresh as if from a painter's palette. Altogether a marvellous exhibit, and a lesson in neatness and care of detail for us. And a daring sporting thing to do too, to come to New Jersey with such a show, here to

the State that is the biggest grower of vegetables that we have among the States, the "Market basket of New York." Their men were so courteous and so interested, it was a pleasure to talk with them and to watch them.

One exhibit of New Jersey fruit could well compare itself to this English one of vegetables, as regards finish and quality. It was from Locust Grove, Westville, baskets of apples, unbelievably perfect. One called "Opalescent" one hoped was as good as it looked, while the peaches carelessly yet gracefully arranged in the center with an electric light pouring on their unblemished velvet skins made one long for a taste.

There was a large garden that had its entrance gate of wrought iron half closed and across from post to post was a more than life-sized cob-web cleverly woven of silver cord, and a huge jewelled spider hung in the center. It was quite a pretty idea but within the garden the imagination of the maker had gone too far, and giant toadstools of pottery reared themselves here and there, a gnome or two walked the paths, and though quaint enough there, one felt a shudder to think soon these would accompany the gazing balls, the imitation stone benches and jars that fill our suburbs to the exclusion of the rare and interesting plants the owners might far better spend their money upon. We may be rapidly getting back to the days of the iron stag on the lawn, and the faithful Fido guarding the fountain.

"Who gets the prizes?" is always an interesting question at Flower Shows. The grand award, a \$1,000 prize for best garden, went to a very good one, and properly enough from the State of New Jersey, one unknown to me before, but from the quality of its plants and their more or less unusualness in the ordinary desert of sameness of our shrubs and trees in nurseries generally.

Here were fine *Cryptomerias*, *Retinosporas* and the quite rare blue grey "Meyers Juniper" sent back from China by the plant explorer, Frank

Meyer, who later lost his life by drowning in the great Yangste. Good box-wood edging, fine forced azaleas and small rhododendron look very odd at this time of year, for though we are accustomed to the display of them in the spring flower shows, that is nearer their normal time of bloom than now in September, when Autumn and the death of the year are approaching. A tall sculptured figure, the Scherzo by Harriet Frishmuth, stood gracefully in the pool's center, its bronze taking on blue and green tones from the colored lights, thus harmonizing with the conifers of which the entire garden seemed to be composed.

There were also wonderful dahlias. They seem to be getting larger and larger, so unreal often in their hugeness that some artificial one across the hall quite deceived one. Orchids, too, were there in numbers and the rare *Espiritu Santo*, or Holy Ghost orchid, which has not been shown in the United States for more than twenty years. Marvel after marvel in the floral world surrounded one on every side, while out-of-doors but a stone's throw moved the greatest marvel of all, the wide Atlantic Ocean with its ceaseless roll and curling breaking wave, on the white sands.

F. E. MC ILVAINE.

Downington, Pa.

The Oriental Persimmon.

Comparatively few of the persons who read this article will have had an opportunity to see the orchards of oriental persimmons, perhaps more commonly known as Japanese persimmons, in our Southern States and in California, and yet there probably will be some who have seen them in their native countries, China and Japan.

One's first sight of an orchard of oriental persimmon trees heavily laden with their golden fruit will be long remembered. During the fall when the fruit is ripening, the leaves gradually drop until by the time the fruit is

sufficiently matured to be well colored, a large portion will have fallen and many of those remaining will have changed from green to yellow or in many cases to a brilliant scarlet or deep, rich maroon. Hundreds of fruits will be seen attached to the smaller branches throughout the trees, at first sight like many golden balls. As one approaches more closely, he sees that the fruits vary in shape and color, depending upon the variety and the degree of maturity.

While it is almost 75 years since the oriental persimmon was first introduced into this country, it is only in recent years that it has been grown in sufficient quantities to reach the larger markets, although it has been grown extensively in China and Japan for centuries and is regarded by the peoples of those countries as a staple fruit as we consider the apple in this country.

Strangely enough, the Navy must be credited with the first introduction of this fruit into America. When Commodore Perry, in 1856, visited Japan and opened her doors to the world, he evidently was very much impressed with the beauty and value of this striking fruit, which he undoubtedly must have observed as conspicuous and abundant in the native markets. Seeds were sent back by his expedition to Lieutenant Maury at Washington. These were subsequently planted at the Naval Observatory in that city. Some of the trees produced by these seeds fruited in 1860 but apparently the trees died in a few years without leading to other distribution.

The first importation of grafted trees was made in 1870 by the United States Department of Agriculture, and while the most of these trees died because of the long journey, two of our best known varieties, Hachiya and Tanenashi, were among those that survived. Later plants were propagated from this importation and distributed in the Southern States and California. To-day these varieties are the two most important ones commercially, Hachiya representing 90 or

95 per cent of the plantings in California while Tanenashi is the most important single variety in the Southern States. They are both of high quality and seedless. The fruits are conical in outline and of large size, 3 to 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches in both equatorial and longitudinal dimensions.

The color varies from the darker shades of yellow through various shades of orange to deep tomato red, lending a distinctly oriental touch and dash of color to our fall and winter fruits. The flesh when sufficiently mature to be eaten is of a rich golden color, soft and juicy. One should remember that like our native persimmons, the large fruited persimmon must be soft before it is eaten as otherwise the astringency present in the earlier stages will produce the familiar and disagreeable puckery feeling in the mouth. The oriental persimmons sold in the market are with few exceptions seedless, in contrast to our very seedy native fruit.

A new variety, Fuyu, is occasionally found in the market and is quite distinct from all others. It is tomato-shaped and the flesh is never astringent. It can be eaten while it is firm and hard like an apple, becoming sweeter as it ages and the color changes from lemon to orange and finally red.

While our native persimmon is distributed from Connecticut to Florida and westward to Oklahoma and Texas, this oriental relative is confined to the cotton region and California, with occasional trees grown as far north as New Jersey. In the North, however, they rarely survive more than a few years.

In China and Japan, enormous quantities of this fruit are consumed both fresh and dried. A few years ago, Mr. P. H. Dorsett, who at that time was plant hunting for the United States Department of Agriculture in northeastern China, was greatly surprised to find that the Chinese store

millions of persimmons for four or five months in outdoor beds where they are frozen solid. During the winter months, the frozen fruits are taken from these out-door storage beds and transported by donkey and camel trains to the city markets, where they are delivered in the frozen condition to be used immediately.

Recent investigations in this country have shown that the natural processes of ripening the fruit during which the flesh softens and the astringency disappears can be greatly hastened by freezing. If well-colored hard fruits are frozen solid and then thawed, the flesh will soften and the astringency disappear. It is necessary to allow a period of three or four hours to pass after the fruit has completely thawed before it is to be eaten to be sure that all the astringency has disappeared.

The persimmon is primarily a fruit for consumption while fresh. It can be purchased in our markets either soft or hard. If taken as a soft fruit it is ready for immediate consumption; if obtained as a hard fruit it must be kept until it softens. It is most commonly served as a dessert, the pulp being taken out with a spoon and eaten with or without cream. A delicious salad can be prepared by peeling the fruit, especially of such varieties as the Fuyu, placing it on lettuce and serving with French, cream, or mayonnaise dressing. A very attractive and delicious ice cream can be made by adding one part of soft persimmon pulp to three or four parts of ordinary ice cream mixture before freezing.

If you do not know the oriental persimmon, discover it for yourself this fall. Be sure that the fruits are really ripe before you eat them and try the new flavor several times until you have learned to relish the full flavor. An interesting new experience is before you.

C. C. THOMAS.

Washington, D. C.

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