

# THE GARDEN ANNUAL

"FLOWERS ARE THE SWEETEST THINGS GOD EVER MADE AND FORGOT TO PUT A SOUL INTO" — Henry Ward Beecher . . .

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**I**N THE BEGINNING the Lord created a garden Eastward, in Eden. Small wonder, then, that gardens have fascinated mankind all down the ages. One might almost trace the history of the race in its flowers. Flower-growing has been the recreation of civilized people in all lands, and it is our good fortune in this country and in this day to find assembled for us the choicest offerings of Europe, Asia and the islands of the sea. We can grow the stately iris of Japan in the same garden with the gay tulips of Holland and alongside the chaste lilies of Bermuda.

Plant hunters are searching the ends of the earth for strange new sorts, while the plant wizards are Burbankizing the modest, old-time favorites into wonderful new forms. Fortunes untold are being spent to bring to your door, Mr. Amateur, and into your gardens, the rarest creations of plant life. Never before was it possible to revel in floral luxury as today.

But there is small satisfaction in the mere multiplicity of amazing bloom. The only way really to enjoy a garden now, as of old, is to get on intimate terms with the denizens thereof—the birds, the flowers and the butterflies—to know them by name, to pet them and love them and make them a part of your life. Then the garden breathes its secrets, and you learn that plants and flowers and trees are living things—your boon companions and your friends.

"I love all things the seasons bring,  
All buds that start, all birds that sing,  
All leaves from white to jet."

## A GARDEN TO LIVE IN

**M**Y FACE MARKS the sunny hours; what can you say of yours?" This sun-dialed inscription is certain to evoke an appreciative smile. A sun dial with such a motto gives a garden character and charm. And a garden ought to be more than a place in which merely to dig. It ought to be an outdoor living room, nothing less.

A garden to live in may still be a very unpretentious garden. To fill it with bric-a-brac is to spoil it. And there is no sense in turning a tiny back yard into a shabby imitation of an Italian garden. Furniture there must be, of course, if the garden really is to be lived in. In many gardens, especially if some distance from the house, rustic pieces are appropriate. If cedar poles are available, these pieces may be made at home, but when purchased the cost is not great. Home-made garden furniture should be constructed of poles cut in the fall or winter, after the sap has stopped running, as the bark will cling to the wood better than if they are cut in summer. The part which is buried under ground should be stripped of its bark and treated with creosote to preserve the wood.

Garden furniture made of cypress and painted white is delightful. Cypress is the wood best adapted to the purpose; it has remarkable weather-resisting qualities. White paint is impressive against a foil of green foliage. A comfortable-looking seat at the end of a garden walk tempts one to "loaf and invite his soul" under the happiest of conditions. To eat a simple luncheon under a vine-covered arbor or pergola is to get a fresh appreciation of garden possibilities. There are very light folding tables that may be used to good advantage when dining out of doors, and to screen in a pergola or arbor where flies abound is not an expensive matter.

**S**OME sort of summer house is a welcome addition to a garden, if it is not too obtrusive. The country has been very effectively pergolarized in the past decade; but the offense in most cases is not so flagrant as some writers would have us believe. It is true that the pergola, as known in its native Italy, is a vine-covered passageway from one point to another, and that as found in this country it often begins nowhere and leads to the same place. Yet, it has a charm that warrants its adaptation to American gardens as a summer house substitute, provided it is used as a support for climbing

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## ROSES FOR THE AMATEUR



**I**F THERE ARE any flowers with which it pays to get on intimate terms, they are the roses. Many amateurs fail to get satisfaction, because they choose the wrong sorts. Some varieties are free bloomers; others are chary with their flowers; while some, excepting under the most favorable conditions, will fail to grow at all, or their growth is so weak that they will rarely produce a satisfactory flower. All of the varieties named here are standard, well-tried sorts, of strong, vigorous growth and free bloomers; and while it would be folly to call them indisputably the best, they are varieties that will give the average amateur an abundance of flowers the season through. Let us first consider the Hardy Everblooming Hybrid Tea Roses, selecting twelve varieties:



A garden gorgeous with Rose Paradise and Rose Lady Gay

**T**HE greatest efforts of the world's most noted rose specialists, during the past quarter of a century, have been devoted to this class of roses, and the results achieved have been really wonderful. They have been produced by crossing the tender, free-flowering Tea Roses with other varieties—principally of the June flowering or Hybrid Perpetual class; thus combining not only the free-flowering habit of the Tea Rose, with the rich, varied colors of the other classes, but also infusing much of the hardiness of the old-fashioned hardy sorts.

All the protection that it is necessary to provide, even in the northern states, is on the approach of cold weather, to draw the soil up around the base of the plants, making a mound, as it were, eight to ten inches high, then covering the entire bed with evergreen boughs, corn-stalks, leaves or any loose, strawy litter, to the depth of three or four inches. This should be removed in early spring when the plants should be pruned, cutting out entirely all weak, thin growth, and cutting the stronger, heavier shoots back to within six to ten inches of the roots, according to the strength of the wood; the stronger shoots being left longer; the weaker ones

being cut as short as your experience teaches you is necessary.

*Caroline Testout:* Rich, satiny-pink, deepening toward the center; very fragrant.

*General MacArthur:* A sweetly-scented, rich crimson-scarlet, of refined form.

*Grass on Teplitz:* Not a large flower, but a rose that will succeed