

ROSES

ROSES: BY WALTER A. DYER

I AM not a rose expert; I am not even an experienced grower of roses. But I can safely claim to be a rose lover.

I have a vivid mental picture of a backyard of long ago in which there was a huge bush of velvet Jacqueminot roses, higher than my head, and a still bigger Paul Neyron. I know this is not the approved way to grow roses; they should be cut back for the sake of larger and later blooms, but they were eminently satisfactory to us. In those days the Gen. Jack was to me the rose *par excellence*; I could fancy nothing finer. In between these two were a large white rose and a pink tea, whose names I have forgotten, and in other parts of the yard were three old-fashioned dull-red single roses.

Since then I have always wanted roses, and the first spring after we acquired a backyard of our own we set out a few choice varieties—Frau Karl Druschki, Killarney, Etoile de France, La France, Soleil d'Or, American Beauty, Caroline Testout, and Viscount Folkstone. It is only a little rose bed, and has not done altogether well. Caroline Testout died the first winter, and some of the others have had a hard struggle; but they have given us pleasure, and with more fertilizing and a little lime and continued care and cultivation I think we shall succeed.

I still love the "Jack," but have come to believe that the Killarney, with its heavenly pink blossoms and perfect buds, is the finest rose grown, though the sturdy white Karl Druschki presses it hard. The Soleil d'Or is a sort of interloper, being an Austrian briar that must not be pruned, but its clusters of golden flowers add piquancy to the garden.

Now if this were all I had to tell about roses there would be small gain in writing of them; but it has been my privilege to observe day by day a much larger rose garden and to make notes of those varieties that pleased me most. These notes I am preserving against the day when I shall have a larger backyard and greater opportunities for rose growing. Meantime it has occurred to me that they might be of service to other amateur gardeners who would be planting roses.

I claim nothing for this list except that it records a rose lover's personal preferences, whereas the catalogue lists seem to claim superior excellence for every variety in

them. I have arranged them according to color, which the catalogues seldom do, and, as is customary, I have let the letters H. P. stand for hardy perpetual, and H. T. for hybrid tea. Here, then, is my list:

DARK RED:—Etoile de France (H. T.). Free blooming, deep crimson, very hardy. Perhaps the best known of the dark reds.

Prince C. de Rohan, or Camille de Rohan (H. P.). Similar to Etoile de France in color.

Jubilee (H. P.). Very dark and velvety. Blooms hold their color when old.

MEDIUM RED:—General Jacqueminot (H. P.). The old, unsurpassed favorite. Very desirable.

Ulrich Brunner (H. P.). Brilliant red. Very fragrant.

Captain Hayward (H. P.). Similar to Ulrich Brunner.

John Keynes (H. P.). A free bloomer.

LIGHT RED:—Captain Christy (H. P.). Not common.

Hugh Dickson (H. P.). A new rose of high quality.

DEEP PINK:—Lady Ashtown (H. T.). Sometimes a lighter pink shading to salmon.

MEDIUM PINK:—La France (H. T.). A perfect pink. Perhaps the most popular rose in cultivation. Also red and white varieties.

Killarney (H. T.). A perfect bud opening to a semi-double bloom. Also a white form.

My Maryland (H. T.). Another beauty, with long, graceful buds.

Mme. Caroline Testout (H. T.). Similar to La France.

Mme. Gabriel Luizet. (H. P.). Large, full blooms.

Mrs. John Laing (H. P.). Fragrant, free flowering. Fairly deep pink. Very sturdy.

Souvenir du President Carnot (H. T.). Turns rather light.

LIGHT PINK:—Clio (H. P.). Large blooms.

Mrs. R. G. Sharman Crawford (H. P.). Similar.

WHITE:—Frau Karl Druschki (H. P.). One of the grandest, sturdiest roses grown.

Baroness Rothschild (H. P.). Turns pinkish.

Mabel Morrison (H. P.). Turns pinkish.

COPPERY AND SALMON SHADES:—Mme. Abel Chatenay (H. T.). Pink flushed with orange.

Prince of Bulgaria, or Prince de Bulgarie (H. T.). A new rose of fine quality.

NEW LIGHT ON MODERN ILLUMINATION

Mrs. Aaron Ward (H. T.). Long stems. Color varies.

Mme. Ravary (H. T.). Beautiful orange tint. Not always a strong grower.

YELLOW:—Lady Hillingden (H. T.). Rare.

Alfred Colomb (H. P.). More often red. Gloire Lyonnaise (H. P.). Very pale lemon yellow.

Soleil d'Or (Austrian briar). Perhaps the finest of the yellows except the climbers.

FOR LARGE BUSHES:—Paul Neyron (H. P.). Pink. Very hardy. Flowers as large as a peony.

Conrad F. Meyer. A rugosa hybrid. Yellowish pink. Very fragrant and hardy.

There are literally hundreds of others, and I know I have omitted somebody's favorite, but I can recommend this list for any one to begin on who has a backyard and wants roses in it.

LITTLE BACK GARDENS

NO gardens are more humanly cordial than little "back gardens." With friendly informality they run over their fences, visiting and entertaining in truly neighborly fashion. They are generous also, keeping nothing of worth entirely to themselves. If one small back garden has a tree, its neighbor has its shade! If one has a bush, the other has its blossoms. The fountain springing from one pool refreshes the air of its associates. Flowers thrust their color spikes through the pickets of the "next-door" fence dividing their fragrance with generous impartiality. The rose climbing up the wall for a wide view of the world scatters its largess of petals on owner and passer-by alike.

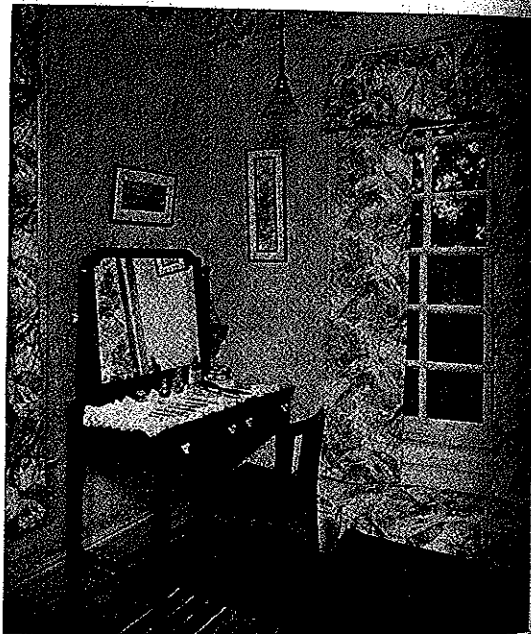
Back gardens are thus cheerfully sociable because they are always created by friendly people. No one ever calls in the services of a landscape architect to plan out how the flowers of the dooryard garden should be set, how its path or two should be laid. Every one plans their own small square of earth to suit themselves. They have flowers all in a row or jumbled together just as they like, with no expert to dampen their ardor with scorn of their humble favorites. They dig in them before going down to the office or while the bread is raising. They plant the seeds, tie up the vines and tuck their garden away for its winter's sleep with their own hands. Flowers seem to know whether they are thrust into the ground at so much a dozen or set in as honored guests of the owner.

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THE DISASTER OF BRILLIANT LIGHTING AND HOW TO AVOID IT: BY BERNIECE BOWSER

MOST home-builders appreciate the importance of planning their houses for ample daylight and sunshine. They consult the points of the compass before deciding in which direction the principal rooms shall face, and they design and locate the windows more or less in relation to the comfort and convenience of those within. They consider the furnishing of the rooms from an artistic as well as a practical standpoint and work for harmony in arrangement and color schemes. Yet the question of artificial lighting—which is one of the most important matters in the home—is usually given very little thought. *It is time to think about it*, not only because we spoil the beauty of our rooms by poor lighting, but because modern high illuminants are so brilliant that they are injurious unless the eyes are properly shielded from their glare.

Our children attend schools which have been termed by one thinking man "factories of bad eyes," so wrongly arranged are the light sources. They study at night under eye-torturing lamps until they have to put



CORNER OF A BEDROOM SHOWING CONVENIENT PLACING OF THE ELECTRIC DROP LIGHT ABOVE THE DRESSING TABLE.