qualities of endurance and fragrance, rich vivid or delicate coloring, is almost an equal. The greenhouse

rose and the rose of the American garden are almost two different flowers, however. Of course, in England, with its humidity that always veils even though it does not obscure

the sun's intensity, the outdoor conditions are more even and like those

of a greenhouse. There the roses, or a greening gardens, are perfect,

thick fleshed, and sturdy, while the climate allows Gloire de Dijon and

Marechal Neil to festoon secondstory windows unchecked, in company

with white jasmine; and Marie Van Houtte, a tea rose, grows to the

Those who plant their rose garden with the memory of English roses

blending with their dreams must be disappointed, as well as those who read the English garden papers tell-

ing of gathering La France buds out-

doors in January, and then start out

to do likewise by buying the latest offerings of the "Yellow Journal"

Of course, the new bushes that we

set out last fall will only show their

colors and yield a few tardy buds

this June, and it takes at least a two-years' trial of a bush to prove its hardiness, color, fragrance, and vigor of growth. But my present hope is in the old bushes that are

proven, and, as they bloom, I shall

make a list of them to give to my

friends who have small gardens and are always asking for the names of roses that are "not cranky."

Some of these bushes are old set-

tlers, like the white moss, Harrison's

yellow, the nameless wine-colored rose of many petals, and Madame

Plantier, the bush that Dan'l gave

me so long ago, now grown a huge

shrub, while its children, trained as

vines, are mingling on the rose arbor

with Baltimore Belle, climbing Victor

Verdier, and the shell-pink, thornless

blush rose, also an old-time favorite

in English gardens. Some of the

others are of later fame, though all

have borne the test of at least a

score of years—the original growth

renewing itself from the root-and

one and all are faithful, satisfactory bloomers, asking only deep, rich soil, a shelter of cedar boughs in

winter, a light April pruning, and

two sprayings with weak whale-oil

soapsuds before the buds show color;

while, in return, they will yield arms-

ful, apronsful, yes, clothesbasketsful,

direction of the wild walk.

of roses.

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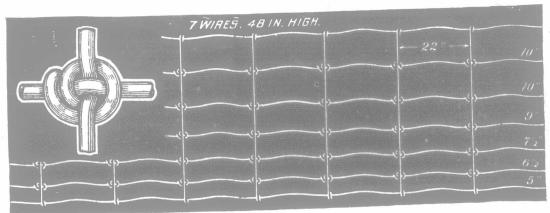
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size of a great lilac bush.

catalogues.

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ward to warn them away, I heard the voice of the chief say :

"Ladies, in that tree is the claylined nest of a wood thrush. mother-bird is now brooding. In a few moments, when you have observed her patient immobility, I will see whether the nest contains eggs or young birds; if the latter, we may hope to observe the method of feeding and home sanitation practiced by our feathered little sister in the bush.

"Not while Barbara and six dogs are on the premises," I thought. Then the whole thing flashed across my intelligence. The conspirators were doing a Cook's Tour in Birdland! For a moment I expected to see the group arise solemnly, take hands and dance around the chief, singing: "Follow the man from singing: "Follow the man from Cook's," then I took action, steadying my voice, and using father's pacific formula for such cases.

You are probably not aware that you are trespassing, but this is private ground," my voice becoming more emphatic as I saw that the thrush had left the nest, and was summoning assistance by means of her cluck of alarm, which was instantly answered by the near-by robins' "quick, quick," the veery's "whew" from the woods, the catbird's "miou" from the garden, as well as a chorus of others.

"Oh, not at all, not at all," said the chief, beaming upon me patroniz-ingly. "That is, I mean we are not in any way trespassing. We are studying birds—a Bird Class, you know. Of course, I was aware that this land belongs to the doctor, and that is the very reason why I have chosen it as a meeting-place for my class for the next two weeks, as I hear that he has protected birds for a long period, so that more species can be found nesting in a small radius than in any place conveniently near town. This fact guided my choice, for we've quite exhausted the city park; and later on we are going into the deep woods to observe the moulting, and to differentiate the plumage of young and adult birds. Ladies, look quickly! the female wood thrush is just above your heads, giving a tender maternal call to attract the attention of her young. Observe her smaller size, and the difference in the breast marks.

(To be continued.)

Youngwed-I always crack up my wife's biscuits.

Mr. Bachelor-Heavens! Are they as hard as that?

Tubular and keep right on losing. than to keep on using other machines that lose the price of a Tubular time after time.

June 14. Saturday. This morning, as I was pottering among the roses, making ready for the June festival now beginning, by tying up a branch here and there, and seeing that the bushes were well supported in case heavy showers should come the bloom was at its height, I heard a babel of voices that seemed

to come from the wood-lot in the I hastened down there because we have already transplanted many

ferns and wild plants to the edge of the path, and the trees and bushes are full of nesting birds that I knew of old used to attract unregenerate school children on egg hunts bent, so that either father or Tim had been frequently obliged to patrol the place on Saturdays in May and June. Guided by the voices, I soon came

upon a group of perhaps a dozen females standing about a stunted maple, gesticulating wildly. moment I appeared, as if obeying a signal, they sank to the ground in unison like a band of conspirators on the stage, and there remained squatting uncomfortably, the grass being deep and soaking wet, while

they gazed at the maple. For a moment I was nonplussed. The women ranged from youngish to middle aged, the chief conspirator (I judged her to be the chief because she up and pointed, though not dagger) was perhaps fifty; ean, thin in the legs and hair, earing an untrimmed sailor hat very short divided bicycle She carried a book and an lass, while a luncheon how was Then I ver one shoulder. all the others were equipped milar manner. As I went for-

