

# June Vegetables How To Grow Them

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## YOUR DIFFICULTY SOLVED

If you are in any difficulty with your Garden and need an urgent reply, send stamped addressed envelope to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Garden Department.

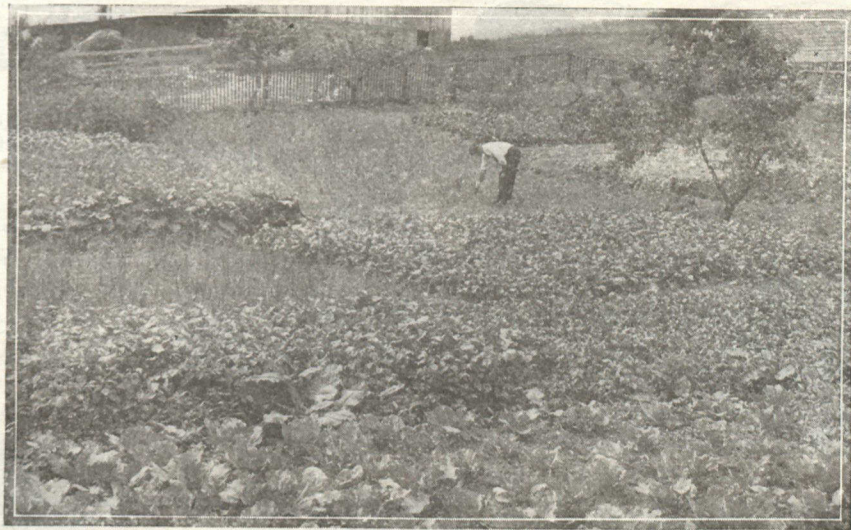


THE MONTH of June calls for unusual activity. No time should be lost in making the garden patch profitable. To reduce the weekly food expenditure and the high cost of vegetables prevailing. The home-garden and allotment can only be described as a small parcel of land. It is impossible to grow every vegetable that is required for home consumption, and for the annual winter store-house, but quick growing and early maturing varieties must command our attention. Very little lettuce for salad can be purchased for ten cents, yet a ten cent packet of seed will serve for three or four salads. Those readers who have a small garden, I am sure, fully appreciate the first freshly gathered vegetables taken from their own growing, so different to those that have been winter stored. Vegetables this past winter have been, to many, forbidden luxuries. Cabbages, fifty cents each, potatoes—the main food stay of some households—

At right is shown a cabbage patch and a profitable bed of onions which the grower is examining. Leave the strongest bulbs to mature for winter use. The weak cabbage plants make excellent salad; mixed with lettuce and pepper grass and beet. Don't plant your cabbages too thickly, so as to allow the free circulation of air to penetrate through the crop.

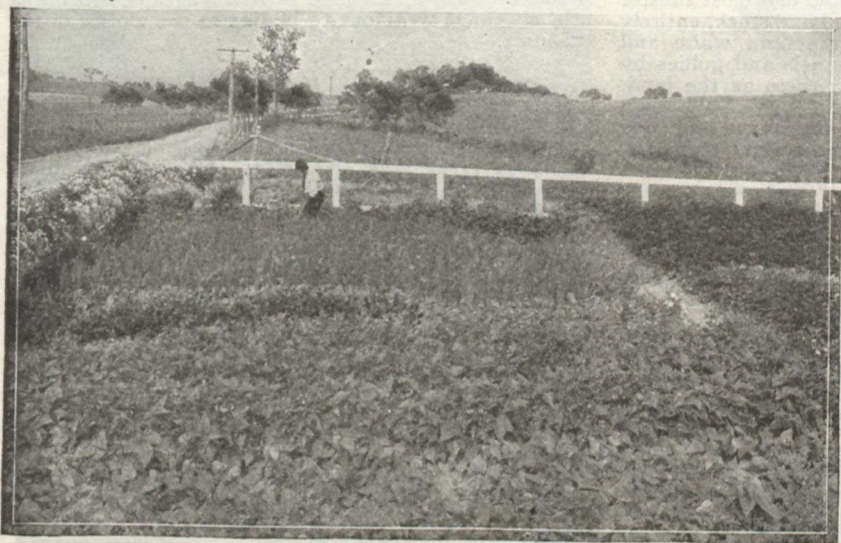
almost a thing of the past.

It is therefore up to the owner of the home-garden to make the soil produce its utmost limit, and carry out a rotation of crops and the system of Intensive Cultivation (making two crops grow where only one grew formerly). The month of June is an interesting one to watch the seeds germinate above the soil and the young vegetable plants grow up into fruition—the results of our early labour.



## Plants Above the Soil

IN MOST gardens the early peas are well above the soil. A slight earthing up should be afforded the growing peas to assist the plants to retain moisture and to encourage fibrous root (Continued on page 43)



Photograph above shows a healthy batch of dwarf beans in a vacant lot garden beside a highway. The owner apparently believes in the free use of the hoe to check weeds and to encourage his crop to produce their very utmost.



Once a flower garden, now furnished with attractive and profitable vegetables to combat with the high cost of living. Note the fine crop of Swiss chard, a cut-and-come-again vegetable which should be represented in every garden, with its silver foliage standing out so well against the dark red foliage of the beets.

## Is It or Isn't It---Art?

The folks who perpetrated it call themselves "Independants." We confess it is far too advanced for us.

By DORIS HEMMING

Our Correspondent in Paris

THESE are days of enigmas, of originality and *choses bizarres*. Time was when the cult of the beautiful and the expression thereof was the aim and object of art and literature. Ten years ago an artist was a man of especial talent, possessing a technique with his brush and pencil acquired by many years of study.

But this love of the beautiful, *ça n'existe plus*. It has gone the way of woollen stockings, hackney cabs and Dundreary whiskers. We have out-

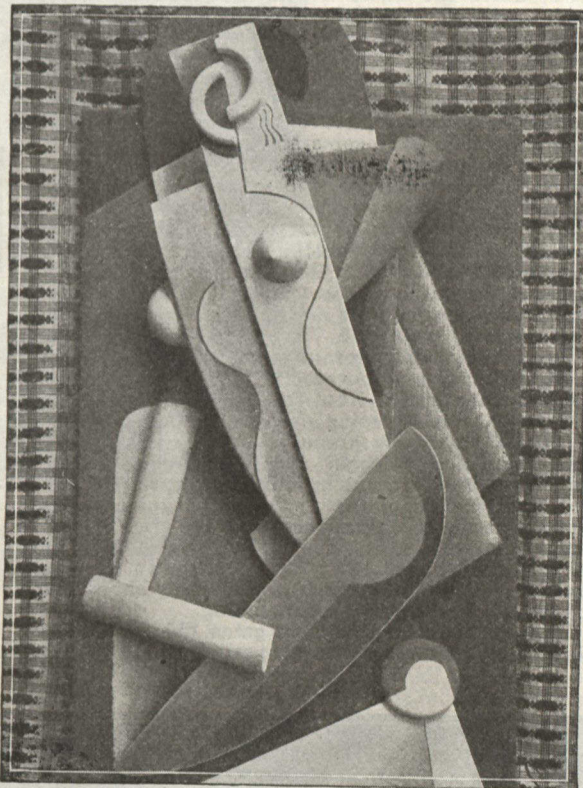
grown the sentimental stage of our development, it would seem. So, in the year of grace, 1920, our cubists and impressionists and other seekers after "eternal verity" lead us into the paths of primitive ugliness. We must admire, if you please, the large feet, heavy hips, narrow chest and senseless head of the lowest possible type of woman cast in bronze. We must rave over the "movement" we pretend to find in a patch quilt canvas that sets itself up against a wall and declares itself a picture. A work of art is no longer a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." According to the canons of to-morrow it is a riddle, the more crazy the more desirable, the more hideous the more successful.

And so all Paris goes to see the exhibition of the *Artistes Independants*, the would-be elite, to gaze, admire and comment in studio jargon, the Philistines to titter and exclaim. One must confess a preference for the ingenuous Philistines who crowd the Grand Palais on Sundays and do not hesitate to

enjoy themselves enormously at the expense of their unfortunate brethren who have been so seriously covering their canvasses with stripes of red and yellow. It is wonderful how lavishly they daub on their colours, considering the high cost of purples!

Stripped of its trappings the truth is that your independent artist, not possessing the genius of a Rodin or a Whistler, must needs turn to other methods to make his little stir. He cannot draw and he cannot paint, he knows nothing of anatomy and still less of composition. How, then, can he create a sensation? By the ugly and the mysterious, *bien entendu*, and the result is representation of the coarsest women imaginable and zig-zags that defy description.

"Rhythm, the poetry of motion," says our modern eccentric with enthusiasm, and forthwith he makes four sinuous arms, a snaky formless body, an indication or two for the heads, and underneath this polished wooden statue he carves the legend, "Two Dancers." Four little knobs for breasts, and one understands that these graceful creatures are women. The extraordinary thing is that the wood is polished to perfection and the whole statue appears to be the result of solicitous



care. Poor souls, when there is so much else to do and draw!

In saner days we painted the Virgin and Child. To-day we call a spade a spade and what horrors we sculpt in thy name, Maternity! The Infant usually looks as imbecile as its shapeless mother, whose head may or may not be chopped off at the eyebrows!

PORTRAITS still persist, but the tendency is to reduce the features to their lowest terms and then subtract. Why draw two eyes when one will do? Everyone has two eyes, so there is no object in emphasizing anything so trite. Why carve a mouth when the line of the chin tells the story? The result is apt to be two large curves representing eyebrows, meeting in the middle to indicate a nose, a few sweeping lines for hair and a chin!

But to return to our wild-eyed cubist, whose ravings roll up in greater numbers in each succeeding salon. He can work in wood or in oils, and he is equally at home in marble and plaster. What is mere medium to a seeker after eternal truth! Now sometimes the playful artist leaves you thoroughly out in the cold and paints on, rejoicing, without giving the slightest inkling (Continued on page 53)

