

WHEN GARDENING, PLEASE MENTION

These Brief Observations by Serious and Frivolous People

WHITE winter cabbage is as desirable a garden product as you will find. It is fit for use quite early as a vegetable, and when properly cooked rivals cauliflower in flavour. The energy you saved by planting the winter onions in drills can now be expended in planting cabbage, as boring a fairly deep hole, filling it with water, and then carefully inserting a plant, and packing it in is the most successful method in vogue. You can place them a half yard apart, and dust from the road scattered on leaves

FROM OUR OWN GARDEN

By PORTIA

Concluded from May 12

and heart after a drenching is a good worm protective. You should leave your cabbage out till the last week in October, in mid-Ontario perhaps later. A heavy frost or a light snowfall will not damage them. Then pull up by the roots and drain upside down for a day or two before hanging away in a cool cellar.

Don't cut the heart from the root until about to use. I venture to say that the majority of dainty cooks who are thrifty housekeepers, in all the small towns, lay in a supply of cabbage for the winter if they cannot grow it themselves. Chopped raw, well salted and covered with mayonnaise it makes a delicious salad, and an extremely tasty accompaniment to plain bread and butter. Then, as you need it, you can chop raw heads, mix with boiled beets, salt, and cover with hot sweetened vinegar, and you have an emergency pickle that will keep in a crock for weeks.

Spinach is only a green, takes considerable growth to furnish a meal, and after two or three cuttings becomes less palatable. Beets do as well, dandelion leaves make a delicious and healthy substitute, whilst in small towns, lambs quarters and red root can be obtained for nothing and are unequalled. Spinach might be passed over as too transitory, and too cheaply replaced.

Melons and citrons are rather a luxury, and require too much nursing and coddling to commend themselves to profit seeking amateurs. Field turnips are eminently unsuitable. And don't bother with the table variety, wait and buy a bag or two from the farmers. Likewise buy your corn. It needs a lot of space to raise anything worth while. Its season is short, and it is too often a failure with the novice.

Mustard and cress are merely the green extras for peace time. Let plenty of lettuce constitute your indulgence this year. Peas require a lot of seed to yield a few messes, and do better with experts. They will do without stringing, but are susceptible to frost, hard to weed, and their season is short.

Sage and peppers are best left to the gardeners. They are no problem for the beginner. Likewise don't be beguiled into raising top onions, brussels sprouts, scullions, or any other supplementary luxuries. Aim at the biggest crop of essentials from a minimum outlay of toll and money. Sow and labour to nourish your body for the whole year, don't dabble with the palate tickling luxuries that adorn your board in peace time. Remember the BOYS at the FRONT go days without food when they fight a battle for you. And even on quiet days they thankfully gulp down bully beef and army biscuit.

WARNING: To the unsophisticated, unsuspecting and ingenuous reader who might unthinkingly start to read the following article, the author, conscious of a guilty conscience, utters a word of warning—utters, in fact, five words. The story contains a plot!

One word as regards this plot, to the faithful few who remain. Incredible as it may seem in these days, it is a real plot. Not a Shakespearean "Gad-zooks! and Ods Bodikins" plot, nor yet one of those gasoline rubber-tired plots beloved of the Williamson family, nor is it even one of those creepy, look-under-the-bed stories frequented by mild-eyed clergy-

men during the summer vacation. No, trusty ones, this is a real, thud and blunder plot, one of those jet-brown and green ones, deep-laid and slowly ripening to fruition under the author's loving touches. For it is a plot of ground.

"Patriotism and Production." The phrase attracted me. It seemed too long to wait for Spring before making a beginning. The fate of empires was being decided in the meanwhile, so I resolved to start my seeds in boxes in the house, thereby gaining time, and at the same time getting an opportunity of closely watching the little creatures' growth. I bought a very pretty envelope of seeds for five cents, and by prying up a board in the cellar floor, obtained earth enough to fill a box, with sufficient left over to decorate the knees, sleeves and front of my best office clothes. Then, at the traditionally lucky hour of half past nine on a full moon night, I sowed those seeds. Never again! Next time it will be mid-day, in bright sunlight, with a fifty horsepower tungsten light to help, and a glow-worm wrapped round each seed as a safety-first precaution. I watered that box regularly every day; I patted down the earth at night and loosened it in the morning; and it was only after two weeks, when I had dug up the seeds to see whether they were not planted upside-down that I found I had sown a lot of beads from my wife's hat trimming. And to judge from the flowery effect on Easter Sunday, my seeds must have been sown and taken root on her new spring hat. I resolved to wait until spring before making further efforts.

Discussing the thing with Jones and Simkins, whose back yards adjoin mine, I found they were quite in sympathy with the movement. "In fact, I am doing the same thing," said Jones. "What are you planting?" I enquired, but he adopted a look of superiority as he replied, "Oh, I don't require to plant anything. I have a hardy perennial in the shape of an annually increasing stock of tin cans and bricks in my yard. All I need to do is to import a couple of sweet-voiced tom-cats and the neighbours will do the rest. I shall then dispose of the extra crop of sheet metal and building material at enormous profit."

Simkins' ideas were somewhat different. "If you ask for my advice," he said—which I had not done—"I should say that it is a simple matter of logic as to what you should plant. For Patriotism and Production, the obvious thing to plant would be Ps. Do not do so. Listen. You have at the back of your house a square yard. Now, a square yard contains nine square feet, and natural history teaches us that corn is the one thing to grow on a foot, in fact, I believe you can grow several corns on one foot."

"Marvellous," I said. "Marvellous," and then I repeated it. "But I would hardly call that intensive production, as I understand that for every corn one must have an acher."

That Spring I dug mud. I made front line, support and communication trenches, with traverses, saps, mine-craters and all modern improvements. And then I dug some more. I encountered enough wriggly worms to make me wear the blue ribbon for life. I dug out stones and I dug in fertilizer. I "borrowed" sand at night from a nearby contractor's pile—but that is another tale, as the worm said to me when both halves wriggled away independently. I worked in the garden—this was the backyard's new title—before breakfast every morning, and I also did a bit there after supper in the evening. And then I took a holiday on the Queen's Birthday, that is to say, Victoria Day, Empire Day, or whatever its name was that year, and I put in all my seeds.

Gentle reader, prepare here for a surprise. I can tell by the look in your eye that you are expecting to read now of the failure of my crops, and the consequent wasting of all my efforts. I hate to disappoint you, and were this a mere tale of fiction, I should not do so. But it is the strictest truth, and

truth is like fly-paper—no man can get on without sticking to it. So my garden was a howling success—even the cats howled over it, as they had howled over the howling wilderness before. For example, my radishes were wonderful—large and prolific. I never eat the indigestible things—simply grew them because it is the correct thing to do—every gardener grows radishes; so I sent them around to the neighbours. I know that Jones appreciated them, for he sent me in return three of his largest tin cans and half a red brick. I did enjoy the lettuce, though. I had it for lunch, fresh from the garden, every day

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WE have just weathered a siege of potato-planting—about as mean a job as there is. My part, of course, consisted in cutting the tubers, and that was plenty for me. We always cut them in the drivehouse, a commodious stone building full of draughts and implements. I also have a hen in there with twenty-one chickens, which add to the lively appearance of the place. I sat up in the old sleigh-box on a pile of empty sacks with a bag of potatoes emptied around me. As I cut them, I took the whiskers off them, and laid the cuts in a pail. At intervals the head floorwalker appeared and carried off what I had cut. On the start I cut fast and furiously, and everything went as merry as a wake until I happened to think of my bread—one inevitably mixes bread when there is anything else to do—so I ran to the house and lifted the cloth off the dish. Bread was all right, and would not be ready for mixing for half an hour. I was at the kitchen door, going out to the drivehouse again when a sudden extraordinary uproar sent my heart into my throat—the baby had fallen out of bed!

I raced upstairs and rescued a small and very indignant child from the far recess of the darkness under the bed and brought her downstairs. The afternoon nap was terminated for that day, which brought in a new complication. My experience of that child told me that if I cut potatoes, she would insist upon cutting them, too, and, much as I wanted help, I certainly did not yearn for her help. But they had to be cut, so after the bonnet and coat had been arranged to her satisfaction, we went out. I tried to hurry her past the hen with the chickens, but she broke from me delightedly and ran over to the coop flinging herself down upon her—ah—contour and gazing with great eagerness at the little ones. She knew where I kept the wheat tailings for them, and set about to feed them—so I had to put the wheat "far from the madding crowd," for I think there are some cases where prevention is better than cure.

Then I clambered into the sleigh-box once more and took up the knife. Baby comforted herself with some sprouts, which she endeavoured to eat, but finally fed them to the hen, though with rather indifferent results. She soon went over to the shelf where I had put the wheat and demanded some for her pets.

"Oh, no, Babe," I said, smoothly, "run out and get some pretty dandelions to play with!"

"Chicky," she said, firmly, but kindly, pointing a fat and dirty finger at the wheat.

"Might make chicky sick—too much wheat," I told her, endeavouring to convey by dumb show the awful agonies of a crop over-crowded with wheat at \$2-and-the-dear-knows-what a bushel.

"Chicky," she rejoined, patiently, disregarding my efforts as unworthy of a person of my years.

"Where's the doggie? Here Bob! Here Bob!" I called in vain. She was not a bit diverted from her purpose—for Bob was tied up in the stable and made no answer.

"Chicky," she reiterated, a little impatience creeping into her voice. I concluded that silence was my refuge, and cut potatoes at top speed.

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PRODUCTS OF A PATRIOT

By ED. C. JOSEPH

POTATOES AND A BABY

By Nina M. Jamison