

More common is the chicory, which, alas! is another of the roadside that is listed in that rogues' gallery for plants, *The Bulletin of Weeds*. This bare-stemmed plant grows in the road up to the wheel-tracks; the heads, set at intervals on the stems, are composed only of ray-florets, brightly, vividly blue. The French use the chicory—or succory—in a salad, and Horace names it as part of that frugal fare which he did *not* eat. Emerson has given the refugee sanctuary in poetry as "Succory to Match the Skies," but the practical Virgil, who saw it as a farmer, says: "And spreading succory chokes the rising field."

This is, I am afraid, the more exact description. For my part, I confess I miserably vacillate between a liking for well-cultivated fields and sympathy for the plucky plants who have to suffer now for the misjudgment, not of their ancestors, but of ours. For one reason or another, we brought them here, and now we do not want them. But I make a cowardly compromise by the books which tell you how to get rid of weeds on your farm, for they say of most of these weeds: "Not troublesome in *cultivated* fields."

It is, then, to proceed.

Or let farmers lay this essay aside, for nearly all the flowers glorified here are weeds, *i.e.*, not properly "flowers" at all; and being called flowers are seriously misnamed. "Flowers of the Roadside"—for to roadsides and wild clearings they have beaten an orderly retreat, and being hardy and strong (see all the botanists, as well as the farmers), we have not the right to pour our contempt upon them, for bravely have they fought, and steadily do they await our next attack. And be sure,

