

away down into the plant's tender tissues, pumping at its life fluids. But common soapsuds will kill them, happily. It may take a lot of it and the task of spraying it onto them is by no means an easy one, for they tuck themselves craftily away underneath leaves, which then curl around them and make regular little tents, shedding soapsuds as well as rain.

All plants are liable to suffer from the depredations of these creatures. They are indeed the commonest of the minor insects, living alike on a willow tree sprig or a nasturtium flower, a rose bush or a lettuce head. Some things seem to be ever free from them, but I always have a haunting sense of "no telling"—they may be almost anywhere next time one looks. The main thing is just to look; getting rid of them is not really hard.

It should be done promptly, however, and thoroughly, for they soon take all the life from the thing they attack. Use white Castile or Ivory soap, pour on boiling water and work up a strong foam, then cool until the hands can be borne in it comfortably and use at once. Spray twice, on successive days and then watch and spray again after a day or two perhaps. A solitary individual remaining will mean a bush alive with them again within an unbelievably short time.

As a last word, let me caution all who buy plants to buy of only the recognized first-class nurserymen. Money is wasted when put into plants from any but the very best stock; care of the best stock is expensive and good plants cannot therefore be produced at cheap rates. It is better to buy less, if necessary—to extend the planting of a place over two or three years or more—than to buy inferior specimens, whether the inferiority is in size or quality. Make a point too of buying always from a nursery north, rather than south, of your own latitude.