

them, then spray the shortened bushes with Bordeaux. . . . Always remember that if pains are taken to produce and maintain rapid and strong growth, disease is not so likely to occur.

#### Pruning.

Err on the side of too little pruning rather than too much. A butcher armed with a pruning knife, unless he knows his business thoroughly, is a dangerous animal in a rose garden, as, indeed, among shrubs or trees of any kind. If he happens not to do actual damage to the bearing of fruit or flowers, he is almost sure to spoil the shape of the flowering bushes, which usually look more graceful if left to grow pretty much according to their own sweet will. The amateur in gardening is safer to content himself with cutting out dead wood and long or ingrowing shoots that are ungainly. When cutting flowers for the house (they should be cut when partly open) long stems should be taken, close enough to the parent stock to leave one leaf. This in itself is a sort of pruning. All withered blooms, by the way, should be taken off at once.

W. C. Egan, in an article in Bailey's *Cyclopaedia of Horticulture*, gives the following directions for pruning the dwarf-growing hybrid perpetuals: The pruning may be commenced late in March and can be regulated by the quantity or quality of the blooms desired. If the effect of large masses be wanted, 4 or 5 canes may be left 3 ft. in height, and all old or weak growth entirely removed. This will give a large number of flowers, effective in the mass but small and with short, weak foot-stalks scarcely able to support the heads and not effective as cut flowers, as this sort of blooming is entirely for outside show. After the bloom is entirely over, the long shoots should be shortened back, that the plant may make good and vigorous wood for the next season of bloom. . . . But if quality be desired, all weak growth should be removed, every remaining healthy cane retained and cut back to 6 or 8 inches. Always cut just above an outside bud, to make an open head that will admit light and air freely. After the first season's growth, there may be about 3 canes retained, but with good care and cultivation the number will increase yearly until after 15 or 20 years there will be at least as many canes to be utilized. The writer has a bed over 20 years from planting, in which each plant, after close pruning, will measure from 15-18 inches in diameter, each cane throwing up from 4 to 6 shoots 1 or 2 ft. in length, and sufficiently vigorous in most varieties to hold up the largest flowers and to give magnificent specimen flowers for cutting. . . . Late in autumn, before the high gales of November arrive, they should be cut back to about 2 ft. to prevent their being whipped by the winds.

#### Summary.

Good drainage; good soil; sunshine; frequent cultivation; watering when necessary; liquid manure applied when ground is damp, at intervals; forceful spraying of foliage with water, in the evening, to help to check insect pests; removal of affected leaves or other parts at very first sign of disease; spraying at the proper season to prevent disease and insect depredations; cutting back in late fall to force growth of new wood to bear flowers;—all this is the price to pay for good roses. But it is worth while to the true flower lover, who is likely to prize the roses more than any other flower in the garden.

#### Rose Beads.

Rose beads, unlike these made of salt or paper, are always in fashion. An expert gives the following way to make them. Collect the petals (this may be done when the roses are almost ready to drop) and run through the chopper, using the finest cutter. Over each cup of pulp scatter 2 grains of copperas, mix well and put through the chopper 15 times. The pulp now should be nearly black, and any juice that runs out should be poured back over, to lose none of the perfume. Form into beads of uniform size, twice the size you want them to be when completed, and lay on a platter. Let dry all day, then roll again and string on copper wire as thick as a hatpin. If a bead cracks it must be done over again. Let dry in the sun until very hard. Next put the beads in a cloth bag and gently shake and rub to polish off inequalities. Have ready 1 teaspoonful of rose oil mixed with just enough alcohol to cut. Pour a few drops on the palm, take one or two beads and rub gently until the oil is

absorbed. Place again on the platter, and when thoroughly dry drop into pure olive oil. Leave several days, then wipe dry and string.

The beads may be made round or oblong, but should be made uniform in size by measuring the pulp in a thimble, a child's thimble, etc., according to the size wanted. They are pretty when strung with tiny gold or steel beads between; or the rose beads alone may be used, a large carved one being put on at intervals. You make the carved one by tracing the pattern on with a sharp pen while the bead is still in the putty stage. Tiny circles, spirals, etc., look well. As so many rose petals are needed, people often make the beads from the petals of the rose peony.

#### Rose Jars.

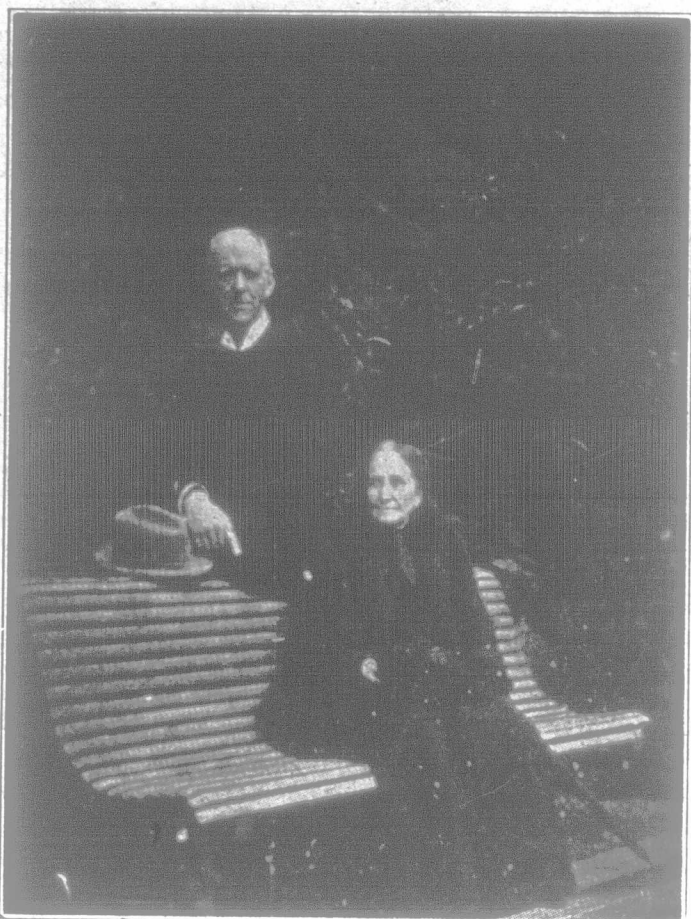
Rose jars filled with "potpourri," are very nice to keep on hand, the cover being removed whenever one wishes to make a guest-room or living-room smell sweet. As the jar must remain in the room a pretty one is advisable, and very pretty ones are made for the purpose.

To make the potpourri gather the petals before the dew is off and dry quickly in the sun, or, still better, on brown paper in a hot attic. In the meantime mix together 1 lb. orris root, ¼ lb. cloves, 4 sticks cinnamon, 4 oz. allspice, 2 oz. bergamot, 2 drs. musk. Pound and bruise all until in tiny bits. As soon as the rose petals are perfectly dry fill in

early part of 1914. It was greatly to Miss Cunningham's credit that Stevenson, when he was 23 years of age, should write to her: "Do not suppose, Cummy, that I shall ever forget those long bitter nights, when I coughed and coughed, and was so unhappy, and you were so patient and loving with a poor sick child. Indeed, Cummy, I wish I might become a man worth talking of, if it were only that you should not have thrown away your pains." . . . A second mother, indeed, was this excellent person to the young author, and a friend throughout his life, to whom he wrote perhaps the most delightful of his always delightful letters.

Mr. Clayton Hamilton, who wrote the interesting volume "On the Trail of Stevenson," (Hodder and Stoughton) met "Cummy" in the summer of 1910 and here is his description of her:

She was already at a great age, and the beauty of her face seemed to have been chiselled in eternal granite. She had become almost completely deaf, and her eyesight was fading rapidly; but the dimming of these senses seemed only to accentuate the expressiveness of her voice and of her gestures. She had a grand, hymn-singing voice, with a sort of sturdy gentleness of intonations. Her hands were the most eloquent I have ever known. She had a way of suddenly seizing both your hands in hers; and by that touch she knew you, and had no need of hearing or of sight. Louis has



"Cummy."

"Cummy," Miss Alison Cunningham, Stevenson's childhood nurse, with Lord Guthrie, in Swanston Rock Garden, August, 1907.

the jars with alternate layers of petals and spice mixture. Keep tightly closed except when wanted for "state occasions."

Another recipe calls for sprinklings of salt between the layers of petals, and the spice mixture is made as follows: Mix in a bowl ½ oz. coarsely ground cloves and allspice, ½ oz. cinnamon, 4 oz. powdered orris root, ½ nutmeg grated, ¼ oz. dried lavender flowers, all mixed with oils of orange flower, geranium, bitter almond, rose, or any other one likes. Leave the fresh petals and salt for 10 days, stirring every morning, then mix with the spice mixture and finally pour 1 oz. cologne water over the whole. The amount given will fill 2 quart jars, so may be reduced in proportion if one wants less.

#### "Cummy."

"It is interesting to read the story of people who, while having made no outstanding 'mark' in the world themselves, have yet influenced the lives of others who have become famous.

Among those whose light has burned—and very brightly—in this way, is "Cummy," Robert Louis Stevenson's childhood nurse, Miss Alison Cunningham, who died at an advanced age in the

sun of her "most comfortable hand," and there is no other adjective so fitting to describe a feeling that afforded you a sense of strong shelter and insuperable peace. There were times, too, when Cummy would grasp you by both shoulders and draw you eagerly to her bosom, and it was as if you were being taken to the heart of all womankind.

#### Is She Worth Her Keep?

BY "PUBLICUS."

NO; the school-teacher has not been of much account. In the rural districts she has, perhaps, been a leader, socially, but she has not been of very much account. If she had been, or, rather, if her office had been considered so, trustees would have "tumbled over themselves" trying, first to get the best woman available for the place, and then to give her a salary commensurate with the importance of the work she was expected to do.

Twenty years ago teachers in Ontario taught for \$300 or less a year, and the story is still handed down about one School Board who received an application from a young woman stating that she would teach for "five dollars a year

less than anyone else who applied."—*And the Board of Trustees engaged her!*

In those days schools went, as a rule, to the lowest bidder. It was taken for granted that anyone who had a certificate could teach "well enough." Personal characteristics, aptitude for teaching, interest in community welfare, went for naught. A teacher for so many dollars a year was the only consideration.

Things have improved, for the teacher, so far as salary goes, during the past few years. But has the public to be thanked for it? Did teachers' salaries advance beyond, as one teacher put it, "enough to pay one's board and buy a postage stamp" until, between scarcity of teachers upon the one hand, and action of the teachers themselves, the public found nothing else left to do but to push them up? A few years ago the teachers took matters into their own hands, decided that the years of hard work and expense incurred in getting a certificate merited at least a little more than a bare living wage, and formed an association of their own to claim their rights.

Then the Farmers' Government came in in Ontario. It was almost amusing to read the evident surprise expressed in some of the newspapers recently (when commenting on the work of the session) that the highest grant of all was appropriated for education—not agriculture. Worthy as agriculture is of all assistance that can be given to it, our law-makers have recognized the fact—true, although some may not see it—that education is the foundation of all advancement, agricultural and otherwise. The teachers' salaries must still depend, to a great extent, on the sections in which they may chance to teach, but the very fact that the largest appropriation in Ontario this year has been made for education augurs well for everything connected with progress in this way—establishment and equipment of schools, scientific research, and the payment of teachers according to their value to the community. As yet few "good" teachers receive all they really earn; the salary of the most highly paid may look large in figures, but the buying power of the dollar to-day is low.

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So much for the teacher's side. Now to the other:

It is a question whether the "section" always realizes to-day, much more keenly than it did twenty years ago, the real importance of the teacher outside of the actual work done in school. It takes real vision to see what she may mean, to the community, to the whole lives of the children, and, perhaps, the lives of the generations succeeding them. If the sections did realize that, one would not hear, even yet, of trustees engaging a girl from heaven-knows-where simply because her "handwriting is 'good'!"

"Handwriting good"! Save the mark! The girl may be "age seventeen," the merest little whippet of a butterfly, without common sense, without teaching ability, without any realization of her responsibility in dealing with human lives. Her "handwriting is good."—That settles the matter.

One hears, however, once in a blue moon, of a really efficient Board of Trustees, whose members feel their responsibility. These trustees insist upon talking with a girl before they engage her for the school. Or they send inquiries far and near and choose a real educator whose fame has gone abroad. Money is a secondary consideration. They recognize the fact that a "laborer is worthy of his hire," are willing to pay a good salary, but insist upon good work in return for it. The children are the first consideration. Nothing can be too good for them,—the best teacher, the best available equipment is the natural right of these little ones who will be men and women tomorrow, carrying on the work of the world for better or worse.

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And the sort of teacher these trustees choose? Perhaps they choose a "him"—a young man of life and ideals and vigor, suited to being a real leader for the boys. If a young girl is selected she is sure to be one mature for her years (some girls are as old at twenty as some women at fifty), alert, filled with ideals of what she owes to her work. But preference is usually given to a woman past the "flapper" age; she isn't so likely to go off the trolley over a love-affair.

The School Board keeps critical watch—not, perhaps, upon the teacher, but