

THE JOHNSON BI-CENTENARY

in the family, and their personal preferences. I want a big bed of strawberries in my garden, but am not so particular about raspberries. Your tastes may be different. It is impossible to give definite plans for the home fruit garden, because of these varying factors. In a fruit garden of one acre I would suggest the following fruit plants or their equivalent in other fruits that require the same amount of space: Eight apples, twelve pears, twelve cherries, sixteen plums, sixteen peaches, thirty grapes, seventy-five currants, twenty-five gooseberries, and two hundred strawberries. These fruits can be planted on an acre at a reasonable distance apart and without double planting.

How Far Apart to Plant

Both tree fruits and small fruits are commonly planted too close for the best results. This comes from a desire to get just as much as possible from the land, and a failure to look ahead and see what the trees or plants will be several years after planting. This is particularly true in the home orchard. Very often we see fruit trees planted ten or fifteen feet apart, when they ought to be thirty or forty feet apart. One tree that has room enough for a healthy growth of top and roots is more profitable than three half-starved trees occupying the same space. The distances that should be given vary greatly in different localities and on different soils. Apples in one locality may be more crowded at thirty-five feet apart than the same variety would be at twenty-five feet apart in another place. Some varieties are small growers. If the trees are pruned closely, they may be set closer. The home fruit-grower who has a limited space should consider all these things, because he wishes to get just as many plants on his land as will do well. As a general guide, the following distances are suggested: Apples and sweet cherries, thirty to forty feet; pears, apricots, plums, peaches and sour cherries, sixteen to twenty-four feet; quinces, sixteen feet; grapes, six by eight to eight by ten feet; currants and gooseberries, four by six to six by eight feet; raspberries, four by six to five by eight feet; blackberries, four by seven to six by nine feet; strawberries, one or one and a half by four feet.

In case dwarf apples or dwarf pears are used, the distances for these may be half those recommended for the standards; but dwarf trees are not usually satisfactory in the home orchard. They require special skill to be profitable.

There are many good methods for doing this. One of the best for very small areas is to stretch across the field a line or wire on which the proper distances have been measured and marked with a tie of white string or cloth. As soon as stakes for one row is set this line is moved to the next. In this case it will be necessary to align the trees carefully when planting. If a wire is used, it will be better to mark the distances on it by wrapping around it a smaller wire, the ends of which are twisted tightly, so that it cannot slip. In case the orchard is to be not more than twenty rods long, a very convenient and effective plan is to stretch a wire between two stout stakes which are driven on a line with the row to be planted first, one at each end. The wire should be stretched two feet from the ground. The holes can then be dug and the trees planted immediately, after which the wire is moved to the next row. No stakes are required in this method, and the only measuring that it is necessary to do is the distance between rows.

If several rows of one kind of fruit are to be planted, or of several kinds of fruit requiring the same distances, do not plant the trees in squares, but in hexagons. More trees can be grown on the land, and they are distributed more evenly. To plant in hexagons, get a hatchet and as many stakes twelve to eighteen inches long, and of uniform size, as there are trees to plant. Take two small wires and make a loop in each end of both large enough to slip over the tops of the stakes. The length of each wire from centre to centre of the rings should be exactly the distance that it is desired to have the trees apart—say, two rods. By measuring and sighting, place one row of stakes along one side of the orchard site, marking the exact position of the first row of trees. To lay out the second and succeeding rows, slip a loop of the other wire over the first stake and a loop of the other wire over the second stake. Pull the two wires taut until the other two loops are together, the whole forming the letter V. Drive a stake at the point of the V. This marks the position of the first tree in the second row. Place the wires over the second and third stakes in the first row, and locate the second tree likewise, and so on for an indefinite number of rows. The trees in the first and third rows will be opposite each other, while those in the second are midway and alternating. Fifteen per cent more trees can be put on an acre by this arrangement than by planting in squares, and every tree is equidistant from every other tree; in squares they are not.

Supplement all methods by careful sighting each way when planting. Make the rows straight. Crooked rows look slovenly.—S. W. Fletcher.

ON THE SAFE SIDE

"Doctor," said the caller, "I'm a victim of insomnia. Can you cure me?"

"I can," replied the physician. "But before I take the case, I want to ask you one question. Are you in business for yourself or do you work for others?"

"I'm employed as clerk in a grocery," answered the patient.

"Then you'll have to pay in advance," said the doctor. "I'm not doubting your honesty, but after I get through with you the chances are you will sleep so soundly you'll lose your job. Then you can't pay me."

Exactly two hundred years ago, or, in other words, on the 18th of September, 1709, there was born at the little town of Lichfield, in Staffordshire, a man who dominated the literary circles of his day as no other Englishman has ever done. (Samuel Johnson was a remarkable man in many ways; his memory is happy in that he had for his biographer his friend and pupil, James Boswell of Auchinleck, whose "Life" still remains the best book of its kind to be found in the English language. In its pages the manners of the eighteenth century London come to life again, and it is easy for us to reconstruct the circles in which Johnson moved and reigned. Though it is not the aim of this article to estimate his great literary gifts or his prodigious learning, it may be worth while at this time to recall some of his doings and sayings to enable us to understand the awe in which he was held in his day and generation.)

Any ascendancy that the great "doctor" acquired in that old-world society was certainly not due to personal attractiveness. Miss Porter, his daughter-in-law, told Boswell that when he was first introduced to her mother, "his appearance was very forbidding; he was then lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of the scrofula were deeply visible. He also wore his hair, which was straight and stiff, separated behind; and he often had, seemingly, convulsive starts and odd gesticulations, which tended to excite surprise and ridicule. Mrs. Porter was so much engaged by his conversation that she overlooked all these external disadvantages, and said to her daughter, 'This is the most sensible man that I ever saw in my life.' Many of his infirmities lasted in a marked degree to the end of his days, but like Mrs. Porter, most of his friends forgot them in admiration of his sound sense."

A Bit of a Glutton

His manners were at first as unimpressive as his appearance. His behaviour at table may be cited as a case in point. Boswell says: "I never knew any man who relished good eating more than he did. When at table, he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment; his looks seemed riveted to his plate; nor would he, unless in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said by others, till he had satisfied his appetite, which was so fierce, and indulged with such intemperance, that while in the act of eating, the veins of his forehead swelled, and generally a strong perspiration was visible. To those whose sensations were delicate, this could not but be disgusting, and it was doubtless not suitable to the character of a philosopher, who should be distinguished by self-command. But it must be owned that Johnson, though he could be rigidly abstemious, was not a temperate man either in eating or drinking. He could refrain, but he could not use moderately. He told me that he had fasted two days without inconvenience, and that he had never been hungry but once. They who beheld with wonder how much he ate upon all occasions when his dinner was to his taste could not easily conceive what he must have meant by hunger; and not only was he remarkable for the extraordinary quantity which he ate, but he was, or affected to be, a man of very nice discernment in the science of cookery. He used to descant critically on the dishes which had been at table where he had dined or supped, and to recollect very minutely what he had liked."

Johnson himself by no means considered his love of eating as discreditable, and with his usual candor did not hesitate to say so. "Some people," he declared on one occasion, "have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously and very carefully; for I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else."

Great Talent for Conversation

Although he did not talk much while he was eating, Johnson was inimitable as a talker at other times. We have been told that he was essentially a "clubbable" man, and it is as a brilliant conversationalist that many people know him best. He was never so interesting as when surrounded by a coterie of eager listeners, and he discoursed upon literature, politics, and the problems of life in general. His learning and the prodigious, and he also possessed phenomenal shrewdness. This combination, allied with an extraordinary facility of expression, enabled him at once to philosophize upon the most common affairs, and to clothe abstract conceptions in the language of everyday life. He touched nothing that he did not adorn. If he had no fresh idea about the actual matter in hand, he was sure to suggest some apt and original parallel. A few instances, taken at random, may be quoted.

He was a very religious man, and had little sympathy with the skeptical tendencies of certain philosophers of his day. "Hume and other skeptical innovators," he once said, "are vain men, and will gratify themselves at any expense. Truth will not afford sufficient food to their vanity; so they have betaken themselves to error. Truth, sir, is a cow which will yield such people no more milk, and so they are gone to milk the bull." "A woman's preaching," he declared on another occasion, "is like a dog walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

Johnson was himself a stout Tory, but that did not prevent his judgment from penetrating the sycophantic attitude which many of the lower social orders adopted towards the aristocracy. When Boswell confessed that he considered distinction and rank to be of so

much importance in civilized society, that if he were asked on the same day to dine with the first duke in England, and with the first man in Britain for genius, he should hesitate which to prefer, Johnson replied, "To be sure, sir, if you were to dine only once, and it was never to be known where you dined, you would choose rather to dine with the first man of genius, but to gain most respect you should dine with the first duke in England. For nine people in ten that you meet with, would have a higher opinion of you for having dined with a duke; and the great genius himself would receive you better, because you had been with the great duke."

His Love of Argument

There is no doubt that at the bottom of all Johnson's conversation there was a real desire to find truth, but he also, as Boswell was forced to admit, "loved to display his ingenuity in argument; and, therefore, would sometimes in conversation maintain opinions which he was sensible were wrong, but in supporting which his reasoning and wit would be most conspicuous. He would begin thus: 'Why, sir, as to the good or evil of card playing—' 'Now,' said Garrick, 'he is thinking which side he shall take.' He appeared to have a pleasure in contradiction, especially when any opinion was delivered with an air of confidence; so that there was hardly any topic, if not one of the great truths of religion and morality, that he might not have been incited to argue either for or against. Lord Elibank had the highest admiration of his powers. He once observed, 'Whatever opinion Johnson maintains, I will not say that he convinces me; but he never fails to show me that he has good reasons for it.'"

Sometimes, however, this side of his nature asserted itself so much that he became aggressive and unsympathetic. Once when he was traveling with Boswell over night, the extreme cold made the latter shiver. Johnson, whose robust frame was not the least affected, turned towards him angrily, as if he were effeminate, and asked sharply, "Why do you shiver?" When Lord Stowell, a fellow-passenger in a postchaise, complained of a headache on another occasion, Johnson treated him in the same manner. "At your age, sir, I had no headache."

He treated Boswell with equal brusqueness, but more good humor in one of their discussions of music for which the "Doctor" had little taste. They were being entertained to a number of tunes on the violin. Johnson desired to have a certain piece, "Let Ambition Fire Thy Mind," played over again, and appeared to give it minute attention. When Boswell confessed that it affected him so much, and with such varied emotions that at one time he was ready to shed tears, and at another inclined to rush into the thickest part of the battle, Johnson replied, "Sir, I should never hear it, if it made me such a fool."

First Meeting with Wilkes

On certain questions Johnson was very touchy, and there were some men towards whom he had a profound antipathy. One of these was John Wilkes. Nothing could surpass the diplomacy with which Boswell arranged a meeting between these two men, but his difficulties were not over when he had them safe in the same house. He describes the scene as follows: "When we entered Mr. Dilly's drawing-room, he (i.e., Johnson) found himself in the midst of a company which he did not know. I observed him whispering to Mr. Dilly, 'Who is that gentleman, sir?' 'Mr. Arthur Lee,' 'Too, too, too,' said the great man under his breath. This was one of his habitual mutterings. Mr. Arthur Lee could not but be very obnoxious to Johnson, for he was not only a patriot but an American. 'And who is the gentleman in lace?' 'Mr. Wilkes, sir.' This information confounded him still more; he had some difficulty to restrain himself, and taking up a book, sat down upon a window-seat and read, or at least kept his eye upon it intently for some time, till he composed himself. His feelings, I dare say, were awkward enough. But he no doubt recollected his having rated me, for supposing that he could be at all disconcerted by any company—this was the bait with which the crafty Boswell had induced him to come—and he, therefore, resolutely set himself to behave quite as an easy man of the world, who could adapt himself at once to the disposition and manners of those whom he might chance to meet.

"The cheering sound, 'Dinner is upon the table,' dissolved his reverie, and we all sat down without any symptom of ill-humor. Mr. Wilkes placed himself next to Dr. Johnson, and behaved to him with so much attention and politeness that he gained upon him insensibly. No man ate more heartily than Johnson, or loved better what was nice and delicate. Mr. Wilkes was very assiduous in helping him to some fine veal. 'Pray give me leave, sir; it is better here—a little of the brown—some fat, sir—a little of the stuffing—some gravy—let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter—allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange—or the lemon, perhaps, may have some more zest.' 'Sir, sir, I am much obliged to you, sir,' cried Johnson, bowing and turning his head to him with a look for some time of 'silly virtue,' but in a short while of complacency. Merit of any kind was always sufficient to disarm his hostility.

Antipathy to Scotsmen

Scotsmen formed another of his pet aversions, and he never missed an opportunity of passing sarcasms about them. This, of course, was a common characteristic of the Englishman of his day, but in Johnson it was exaggerated, though he came to recognize many of the nation's good points. Certainly the number of Scotsmen who flocked to London then as now gave him ample scope for his gibes. Their poverty was the object on which he liked to sharpen his wit. Once, in conversation, Arthur Lee mentioned some Scots who had taken possession of a barren part of America, and wondered why they should choose it. Hereupon, Johnson remarked, "Why, sir, all barrenness is comparative. The Scotch would not know it to be barren." "Some, come, now!" cried Boswell, "he is flatterer the English. You have now been in Scotland, sir, and say if you did not see meat and drink enough there?" Johnson had his reply ready: "Why yes, sir; meat and drink enough to give the inhabitants sufficient strength to run away from home." Talking of Lord Mansfield, the great judge, who was a Scotsman but who was educated in England, Johnson remarked that much might be made of a Scotsman "if he be caught young."

The most celebrated witicism in this connection, however, was a reply to a certain Mr. Ogilvie, who was "unlucky enough to choose for the topic of his conversation the praises of his native country. He began with saying that there was very rich land around Edinburgh. Goldsmith, who had studied physic there, contradicted this, very untruly, with a sneering laugh. Disconcerted a little by this, Mr. Ogilvie took new ground, where he thought himself perfectly safe; he observed that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects. 'I believe, sir,' interposed the dictator, 'you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious wild prospects. But, sir, let me tell you the noblest prospect which a Scotsman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England.'"

A Good Man at Heart

Boswell, however, points out that his master's animosity to Scotsmen was not unmingled with admiration, and that he treated them no worse than his friends. In the words of Sir Joshua Reynolds, "he was fond of discrimination, which he could not show without pointing out the bad as well as the good in every character; and as his friends were those whose best opportunity for showing the acuteness of his judgment." Even in the expression of his prejudices Johnson always had in mind the checking of some exaggerated notion of his opponent in argument for the time being. In all that he said or did there was a marked devotion to truth. That was why he strove to master the two arts of reading books and guiding conversation. He read the library and the club were the natural correctives of each other. In spite of his rough speech there are many proofs of his kindness of heart. Unlike many other wits, he had always a joke ready which twitted with his own change of opinion, as when in spite of Jacobite protestations, he accepted a pension from a Hanoverian King. Though he never spared a friend in argument, he was always ready to defend him when attacked. Garrick is a case in point. One of his best qualities was that he loved young acquaintances because "young men have more virtue than old men," and "more generous sentiments in every respect." Those who cavil at Johnson's rude exterior should study his conflict with Lord Chesterfield. There they will learn that in a real test of anything that is good honesty and strength of intellect count for more than all the fine manners of the polished courtier.

A MAORI LEGEND

It was long before the Old World dreamed of the New, long before Columbus sailed in his cock-boats into the vast Atlantic, that old tradition says the Maoris left Hawaiki, their original home, and crossed to New Zealand over the stormy Pacific. Twenty-seven generations ago it was that Ngahue of the Poutini tribe brought back to war-swept Hawaiki news of Aotea, a beautiful island, far away, where there was jasper to be found in abundance, and the gigantic moa was as yet lord of creation. To many of the great chiefs his words were good: tribal warfare, unceasing and ferocious, was decimating their peoples, and Ngahue's glowing description of the beauties of this peaceful island decided many of them to emigrate there and dare the perils of the open sea.

So they set to work to build themselves double-decked canoes, which they hewed from tree trunks with axes made from green jasper, that were preserved till recently. The most famous of all these canoes was the Arawa, made from the trunk of a great totara tree felled in Rarotonga. It belonged to Tama-te-kuapa, a mighty chief, whose stupendous strength and enormous size have been handed down in song and legend to this very day.

How They Left Hawaiki

All at last was ready; the canoes lay off the shore with their crews on board, and those who were staying behind clustered on the beach to bid farewell. Among the crowd were Ngatoro-i-rangi, the priestly chief of the Tainui, and his beautiful wife named Keaora. Now Tama at times, like other heroes of the classical mythology, was singularly careless of the laws of honour, and he thought that as he had no particularly good priest on the Arawa—no priest, that is, who could be sure of getting heaven to grant them a good voyage—he had better kidnap Ngatoro. So he requested the unsuspecting chief to come on board and perform the necessary religious rites, and to bring his wife with him that she

might make an offering. Ngatoro consented, and stepped on board with his wife, but as soon as they were safely in the house on the deck, where they could not see what was going on, Tama ordered his men to hoist sail and heave up the stones by which they were anchored.

But this was not the only theft that this Polynesian Aeneas perpetrated; he also kidnapped Whakasti-rangi, the beautiful wife of Ruao. For as the canoe was being shoved off he had turned to Ruao and begged him to run as fast as he could to his house and fetch the jasper axe, which he had forgotten to bring with him. Not wishing to disobey the chief's command his comrade leaped into the shallow water, waded ashore, and ran to Tama's palace. Despite his fleetness, by the time he had returned to the beach the Arawa, under press of sail, was far out to sea and a mere speck on the great waste. And with her went his wife!

Charybdis

In this way Tama-te-Kuapa set forth on his journey to Aotea, and as evening came on the various canoes in the fleet separated and proceeded on their separate courses. The stars rose before Ngatoro discovered the trick that had been played on him. He had climbed to the roof of the house to see how far the canoe was from land, and whether his own vessel was much out-distanced. The moon had risen, but by her light he could discern no land, rising black against the sky in front or behind, neither was his canoe in sight. Then he saw that he had been duped, and that he and Keaora were at Tama's mercy. Just as he was preparing some enchantment with which to wreak his vengeance on the chief the night faded and the moon vanished, to be followed by the glaring noon-day sun. Swifter than telling night succeeded day, and again day night in one long rush across the heavens, sun and moon chased each other in their courses, and light and darkness alternately flickered across the ocean. For far away on the shores of Hawaiki the deserted Ruao had called aloud to the heavens to avenge him, and now Ngatoro joined in the curse. And he raised great winds which buffeted the canoe so that her crew could no longer manage her, and she darted hither and thither, heeled over, and drew on towards the terrible whirlpool the Maoris call "the steep Descent where the World ends." Irresistibly she was drawn into the vortex, and before those sleeping in the bows knew what had happened the waters were already seething over them. Gradually she was being engulfed; already the prow was under water, and the waves foamed in amidship. Tama awoke and cried to the priest, who stood silent on the roof, for help. Thrice he called, and in vain. The canoe was almost sunk by now. Arms and provisions and other goods were swept from the deck, and many of the crew were washed overboard and clung hopelessly to the floating wreckage. Women and children shrieked, while the warriors cursed and cried aloud, and Ngatoro was moved to pity by the scene, and he uttered incantations of such power that the winds ceased to blow, the sky to change in alternate day and night, and so that the canoe was drawn safely from out the whirlpool into calm seas.

Thus it was that about the year 1350 the Maoris set foot in New Zealand, but it must not be imagined that the migratory expedition of which Tama was so noteworthy a member was the only one; there were several others, the most famous of which were those of Turi and Mania. The reason for Turi's emigration is to be found in the cannibalistic customs of the day. Uenuku, a chief high priest, had some small fault killed and eaten Turi's little cousin, named Potikiroroa. In revenge Turi slew Uenuku's child and sent part of the flesh to his father, who only discovered, after he had eaten it, what it was. Consequently Turi thought it wise to put the broad seas between him and his tribe and the outraged father, Mania—who was the progenitor of the Ngatiawa tribes—was forced to fly to Hawaiki after a severe inter-tribal war. He signaled his departure for a new land by sacrificing his brother-in-law as an offering to the gods.

WOMEN AND TUNNELS

Father Knickerbocker is two hundred and eighty-three years old, but he is still learning things about women. His latest experience may be of value to younger and callow cities, so declares a writer in Success Magazine.

Some time ago William G. McAdoo, who has built up a thriving little business under the Hudson River, running trains between New York and the United States, set aside a special car for the exclusive use of women. The people hailed the innovation with joy. Here, at last, women could ride, safe from jostling, seat-grabbing, tobacco-scented men. True, some fun was poked at the "Jane Crow" cars, and there were sly suggestions about mirrors, and perfumery, and powder boxes, but nevertheless Mr. McAdoo was hailed as a public-spirited business man and a perfectly lovely gentleman. Polite uniformed attendants at the stations informed ladies of the special car and everything went beautifully.

There was only one drawback to the scheme. The women would not use the car. Giving the uniformed attendants, oh, such a look, the ladies crowded into the co-educational department, leaving their special car half empty. After three months' trial the gallant Mr. McAdoo has ordered the ladies' car discontinued.

THE BETTER WAY

"An aged Scot told his minister that he was going to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. 'And while I'm there,' said the pilgrim, 'I'll read the Ten Commandments aloud frae the top o' Mount Sinai.' 'Sanders,' said the minister, 'take my advice. Bide at hame and keep them.'"