

MAKING DIXIE LAND OF BEAUTY

Making a Hill Country Farm Into a Bit of Eden

Mrs. Lindsay Patterson in Progressive Farmer.

In this letter I am going to write not about "Southern little gardens" but about a southern big garden—fifty acres big, fifty acres of blooming flowers and shrubs and trees with an adorable little creek running through and dropping from stone to stone, so that at night, when other sounds stop the little creek sings on and on until you begin to sing with it as every sensible person should do who is fortunate enough to have a bit of land to plant things in and a creek so there will be plenty of water.

It is just as well to explain right now that those thousands of blooming things exist mostly in my imagination, but that is the place for things to begin. I wouldn't change places with all the kings if I had to give up the beautiful time I am going to have the next two or three years turning my sage fields and barren hills into one of the beauty spots of the county, and I shall do it at comparatively small expense, for it will be my summer home up in the Tennessee mountains.

Isn't it strange how childish loves cling? That is part of my mother's plantation and I used to wade in the creek and hunt hickory nuts on this hill and I always loved the place. So you can see how much heart I am putting into it, and after all that is the only way to make a beautiful home. I don't mean a handsome home, I mean a beautiful one—one that you love and are happy in.

To begin at the beginning I built the house just as far from the road as it was possible to get. With all the noise and dust of cars getting worse all the time, I have no intention of spending the rest of my days doing any more cleaning than is absolutely necessary, nor having my nice draperies and curtains and bric-a-brac grimed with dust. The little creek has fallen enough to use a run for water so that big problem of country life is out of the way, not to mention a swimming pool from the same source which has been promised the younger members of the family. I don't know if the trees on the place were cut down in the old days or if they never grew there, but outside of a few hickories the growth seems to run entirely to cedar—thousands of them, mostly quite small. So I am using them for my background to give all the green I want, or rather all the evergreen.

Scattered all over the hill which has about twenty acres, I have just been transplanting dogwoods and Judas trees and white thorn. Of course for a few years even the birds will scorn them, but every year they will gain added loveliness and I shall soon sit on my hilltop and gaze down on the pink and white and green and rejoice over it.

I love sweet smilin' g things, so under my bedroom window are masses of white and purple lilac and tree arbutus or first breath-of-spring (it has both names and is so very fragrant it deserves a dozen, then mock orange sweet shrub and bulbs for early spring. Then for later in the year are magnonette, clove pinks, and these blessed old standbys that are not appreciated as they deserve, four o'clocks, or marvels of Peru. Do plant them near your porch where everyone can enjoy them in the evening when the day's work is over. They bloom and bloom and bloom, the colors are gorgeous and they come up year after year requiring no more care than an old polkweed. After I get a little bit further along I am going to set out a long row of the four o'clocks around the porch walk, so in the late afternoon I can swing in a hammock and think pleasant thoughts and purr over that row of flaming color.

Dwarf evergreens are naked against the house, which is the old timey white with touches of green and where the hot afternoon sun beats down I am using a lot of mimosas. They grow so quickly that they will soon give a dense shade and fill the house and grounds with their perfume during the long blossoming period when their masses of pink blossoms will look like giant bouquets. Then as they are not long lived, maples and oaks will be set out to take the place later of the mimosas, but the beautiful mimosas will last my day.

I am trying to do two things at once—set out plants that will make the hill beautiful to look at, so that everybody who passes will enjoy it, and also to make it beautiful to look down upon, so I will enjoy it. It's a very steep hill, so most of it will be a sort of "sunken garden" effect from the house. There is so much of it that it is necessary to use great masses of stuff to get any effect at all and for that reason trees and shrubs must be largely depended on though the flower garden can have its place. If it can be managed, I want to carry out a garden idea I saw at Blenheim when traveling in England. The Duchess of Marlboro loved roses and had a wonderful rose garden but instead of a fence around it, there were arches of heavy wire covered with climbing roses, white and yellow and red and pink it isn't necessary to spend a lot of money as she did. The color effect is all one wants, and any cheap support covered with climbing roses would give it.

Thousands of bulbs and iris have been planted over the hill and will among the rocks yucca and hardy plants will be left to work out their own salvation. I said I was going to set out a lot of purple ironweed and goldenrod and Jo Pye for autumn decoration, but later I found about two acres of them choking out everything else, so I take that back. The creek, which is the joy of my heart is bordered with wild mint, and forget-me-nots and buttercups and a lot of late summer blooming things that I don't know. I shall add quantities of iris and an occasional weeping willow and a rustic bridge for the driveway, covering that with white wild clematis and red trumpet vine. They bloom at the same time, are lovely together, and the clematis is very fragrant, particularly at night. Forget-me-nots grow wild, so I can't decide whether to border the walks with them or violets. The violets would hold the soil better but that long row of blue with an outside border of fragrant sweet alyssum would be lovely, wouldn't it?

The zinnias and marigolds will be tucked into all the odd corners so as to provide for late summer house decorations, for I know of no more faithful standbys. A lot of black walnuts and persimmons have been set out, and if it is humanly possible to find them these times, there will be half a dozen old fashioned Indian peaches which were the delight of my youth, but which now seem to have vanished from the world. A collection of grapes and small fruits will take up part of the hillside, for I want the place useful as well as ornamental, and a country home without a succession of fruits and nuts is just no home at all.

I shall be too busy this spring but in the autumn I want to go about 10 miles to the mountains and get a carload of rhododendron, maiden hair fern, and the real wild things that grow only in such places. I believe they would flourish on the northern side of the hill where there are so many rocks. At all events, they will be given a chance to flourish there.

I want the drive from the main road particularly lovely, but I haven't worked that out yet. If I could get enough dogwood and mimosa, I would like to border it with them but half a mile is a good long distance for that, so I may just use cedars and pink and white altheas. There are hundreds of altheas where there are any old gardens, as every seed seems to germinate, and even if they are quite small when set out, years have a fashion of passing rapidly and even if I pass with them beauty remains and I know of no more worth while thing to do with one's life than to take one's own bit of mother earth and fill it with beauty and growth. If the Lord God planted a garden can we do better than plant one too?

WHERE THE HURRICANE'S BORN

Natives of Virgin Islands Sing low on The Tropical Storms that Come in August and September Such as Caused Flood Here in July 1916.

Charlotte Observer, 31st. One subject the people of the tropics sing low on is that concerning hurricanes, "Storms" they call these disturbances which are interesting to the people of the Gulf and Atlantic coast states because they sweep inland just about the time the cotton crop is ripe for the pickers and upset calculations in the crop reporting bureau at Washington. It must be understood that since the United States became possessively interested in the West Indian islands, the people there have caught the Yankee spirit and are boosters from the word go. When they heard of the coming of the American editors their Chamber of Commerce—for they have established that system of the American boosting agency in nearly all the towns—made "entertainment" arrangements and took the party all about, same as if they were a gang of real estate prospectors. They talk about crops and soils, climate and health, and they will tell how the trade winds operate to nullify the torrid temperatures and make of the tropics a perpetual Blowing Rock. And for a fact, the climate is all right. It is a great place to sit in the shade and imbibe bay rum juleps. But

they are shy on the subject of the hurricane. People in this part of the country are familiar with the sight of bent over corn stalks after a summer storm, but down in the West Indies when the visitor begins inquiring as to why the coconut and palm trees are always bent over at various angles, instead of growing straight up as stately trees should grow, the native will divert attention to some other subject in the landscape. They have no literature on storms. If the visitor persists on information of some of the big blows of the past, he will be referred to DeBoye's history of the Virgin Islands—but nobody can tell where the history is to be obtained. Certainly, none of the natives have it at hand. They will admit, however, that history records somewhat of a hurricane away back in 1867 and a moderate zephyr along in 1916 and then they will swear that within a period of 397 years the Virgins have known only 140 hurricanes, or severe gales.

PNEUMONIA

Always call a physician. Until his arrival use "emergency" treatment with Vicks. This does not interfere with anything he may prescribe.

VICKS VAPORUB Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

The native historians insist that the West Indies hurricane moves more slowly than the American cyclone or tornado, and perhaps they are right in that contention, but the hurricane is vastly more far reaching. The West Indies people for example know nothing about a Kansas tornado or a Montana cyclone until they read of it in the papers but Texas and Louisiana, and all the states bordering the Atlantic to the northern line of North Carolina, know when there has been a hurricane in the West Indies. These storms have a regular track to move in. From the Windward Islands they start out westerly, sweeping a little to the Northwest, and then they begin their course in curvatures, swirling along in the direction of the Gulf of Mexico, then rolling northward up the Atlantic coast, invariably sending tracer bullets up the Mississippi alley way.

The Virgin Islands never admit the "center" of the hurricane. For the day, their skies may be filled with uprooted trees, flying fragments of houses, mixed in with bed clothes and household furnishings, children, pigs and chickens in indiscriminate manner, but it was just the edge of the storm. They had not gotten its full force.

The very first thing one sees as the ship sails into the harbor of Santo Domingo is a rusted steel ship lying broadside the storm washed shore line. It is what remains of the United States armored cruiser the Memphis which was torn from her anchorage in that harbor 12 years ago and which came within a few feet of being landed right down into the town square. The people of Santo Domingo would have removed the tell tale sight long ago, but the sands have packed tight around the old hulk and she is there to stay. But they have inviting opportunities for diverting attention from this reminder of the hurricane. Just around the point is the original city, a wall and gate and fort, built in the days of Columbus, when building material of the honest sort was used because wall and gateway and fort are intact to this day, even the ornamental carving in the stone showing no erosion through all its years of exposure to wind and weather. Thirty-three American lives were lost when the Memphis was blown ashore, six men were cooked to death by explosions in the boiler room and 27 were washed away. Usually when any vessel is stranded on the Virgin Island shores, some native family projects a gangway of a sort from the shore line to the deck and moves in with his family to take up residence. It makes a comfortable house, costs nothing and is not subject to the ster proceeding. The stranded Memphis however, developed several objectionable conditions, chief of which was that they could not drive nails in her walls and there could be no place for hanging so much as a dish-rag.

However the Virgin Island people may insist that there has not been a blow of any consequence since the hurricane they heard came along in 1867, they will at times incautiously point to a pile of crumbled stone that represents the work of a passing hurricane, which however, was merely local. They stand by the local historian who has coached them in the idea that a blizzard or a tornado that can sweep away half a city in the United States in a few minutes, is a more formidable visitant than the friendly West Indian hurricane. The American cyclone, they insist, "can beat the West Indies hurricane all hollow." And they make further claim that with modern scientific appliances the coming of a hurricane can be foretold and the people given ample warning. The barometer is as common in Virgin Island homes almost as the thermometer is on American porches, but the people do not bother much about watching its movements until the coming of August, for it is then that the storm period opens. Nearly all the hurricanes of consequence have originated during that month. The hurricane season extends from August to October with occasional follow-up blows in November. They have birth somewhere in the Windward Passage, the Trade Wind entering into the composition.

The sentence is quoted from a contemporary. We should perhaps, be journalistically polite, and say "esteemed contemporary," only we cannot esteem any paper which state as an axiom a concept not proved or of common knowledge.

Why has the Nation "no business helping States?" Why is road building for the state and county? Who ordained that the national government, which is all of us, should not help several groups of us, which are the states, to solve their problems? Who made the law that the Nation shouldn't build its own roads?

There is much question in many minds as to the advisability of Federal aid for road building; whether the policy of the nation aiding the states to build roads will work, in the long run, to any better advantage than that of the roads aiding the counties to build roads, is yet to be demonstrated. But we can see no reason for saying the nation has no business to do so if it is its best judgment that it should.

As for road building being properly a state or county function the government has already made rail and water transportation a matter of national concern. The nation, not the states, subsidized the first transcontinental railroads, to get them built.

WRIGLEYS After Every Meal It's the longest-lasting confection you can buy—and it's a help to digestion and a cleanser for the mouth and teeth. Wrigley's means benefit as well as pleasure. Sealed in its Purity Package. WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS

The nation, not the states, improves our waterways. The Nation, not the States, built the Panama Canal. The great beauty spots of the continent are national not state parks. Railroads, waterways, Panama Canal, parks, are for the nation, built by or with the assistance of the Nation Transportation and some of its objectives are national concerns. Why eliminate roads from the list? That this Nation will eventually build a national system of national highways is as inevitable as was the canal. It is merely a question of when and how—with "where" more easily determined than either of the others. But the "when" is not so hard to answer; the United States of America will build, own control and forever maintain its basic trunk line system of national highways, thus bringing good roads everywhere when and not until when the people of the United States demand it.



"The Nation indeed has no business helping states build roads; road building is for the state and county."

There is no industry, no occupation no man, woman or child in the country, not affected favorably by the increased mileage of good roads.

PATHWAYS TO HIGHWAY SAFELY OUTLINED

George M. Graham, vice president of the Chandler Motor Car Co. in an address before the tenth annual conference of highway engineers at Ann Arbor University, said that there were five things to be done to make highways safe for present-day traffic. These are:

- 1. Take away the cars of the careless drivers. Punish the reckless and intoxicated operators until they recognize the rights of the great majority of law-abiding and careful motorists. 2. Investigate accident causes which newspapers throughout the country are now helping to do, to point the way for proper remedies. 3. Give safety education in the schools. 4. Make thorough analysis of traffic movement, regulations and facilities are needed in each city. Beautiful Roads Impossible With Present Advertising Methods No matter how good the road sur-

face, the scenery cannot be considered enjoyable if interrupted and confused in the eye of the beholder by a succession of vividly painted advertising signs. The movement to beautify highways by elimination of sign advertising gathers force but meets strenuous resistance from the one who contend that a man has a right to rent the land he owns for the erection of a sign, the rent of which will pay his taxes.

Regulation, rather than elimination is the compromise favored by advertising companies which secure sign-rights to roadside property and resell the space to advertisers. They contend that the signs cannot be eliminated legally but can be regulated as to size, color distance and beauty.

In this connection it is interesting to observe that Kansas City, Mo. is preparing for the convention of a hundred thousand Shriners next June started an antisign movement sponsored by the Merchants' Association. Nearly all of its members signed the petition. Many other business men enlisted, and some of the largest and most offensive signs have already been taken down voluntarily. The proposed ordinance may include street clocks, barber poles, news and shoe shine stands and other side walk obstructions.

MOTOR CAR INCREASES CLOTHING SALES

The wail of the tailors that nobody bought clothes any more since they took to motoring, for which any old suit was good enough has been choked to a splutter by a bulletin from the International Association of Garment Manufacturers.

This organization finds that the motor car increases the sale of sport clothes, due to the increased use of country clubs, which comes from the motor; reports an increased use of camping clothes, due to the enormous number of "tin can tourists" and a greatly increased use of fine garments for social purposes, which before the motor, could not be indulged in for lack of time.

There is no industry, no occupation no man, woman or child in the country, not affected favorably by the increased mileage of good roads.

PATHWAYS TO HIGHWAY SAFELY OUTLINED

George M. Graham, vice president of the Chandler Motor Car Co. in an address before the tenth annual conference of highway engineers at Ann Arbor University, said that there were five things to be done to make highways safe for present-day traffic. These are:

- 1. Take away the cars of the careless drivers. Punish the reckless and intoxicated operators until they recognize the rights of the great majority of law-abiding and careful motorists. 2. Investigate accident causes which newspapers throughout the country are now helping to do, to point the way for proper remedies. 3. Give safety education in the schools. 4. Make thorough analysis of traffic movement, regulations and facilities are needed in each city. Beautiful Roads Impossible With Present Advertising Methods No matter how good the road sur-

Is a Bobber a Barber?—Court Holds In Negative

Seattle, Wash., April 7th.—Whether a bobber is a barber a question that has disturbed the state of Washington since the legislature a year ago enacted that barbers must have licenses evoked the classics when a case reached Judge J. T. Ronald, in Superior court here on appeal from the justice court.

"Beauty parlors, like baseball have become a national amusement," the Judge remarked in deciding that bobbers needn't be licensed barbers.

The lawyers having dealt with the case of Samson and Delilah, the judge brought out some lines from "Milton and other poets." Lamenting the modern spirit of woman which has robbed her of her chief charm, to make wigs and toupees for men" the court yet admonished her:

"Then cease bright nymph to mourn thy ravished hair, Which adds new glory to the shining sphere."

Perhaps mused the judicial mind as it made itself up, Anna Larson whose locks, William Hoffman, unlicensed bobbed in a beauty parlor, had "long loose hair flung deftly around her head," or perhaps,

"'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to her wrist, 'Twas a thing to be braided and jeweled and kissed."

After all, the court concluded beauty parlor workers oughtn't to have to learn the jokes to pass examinations as barbers

Subscribe For Your County Paper.

Ford An Exceptional Value! It requires no technical knowledge of automobiles to appreciate the outstanding value of the Ford Touring Car. Not only is it the lowest priced five-passenger car on the market, but it is also a car that costs little to operate, little to keep in condition and has an unusually high resale value after years of service. All Ford Cars are sold on convenient deferred terms, or may be purchased under the Ford Weekly Purchase Plan. Ford Motor Company Detroit, Michigan SEE THE NEAREST AUTHORIZED FORD DEALER Ford CARS · TRUCKS · TRACTORS