

The Gardens of Capri

By Lady Blanche Gordon-Lennox



The vast majority of people who year by year visit Capri, the island merely remains associated in their thoughts with an excursion to the Blue Grotto; but as I watch, from the Great Terrace at San Michele, the little steamer, fully a thousand feet beneath me, laden with tourists of all nationalities, plying her way back to Naples, a sense of peace once more descends upon the island. And surely nowhere can earth present a fairer scene. Far away on the western horizon, the dim outlines of the Ponza Islands are visible. Iachia, floating in the golden haze of the dying day, seems linked by Procida and Nisida to the mainland, and the eye travels slowly eastward over Posilippo and Naples to where Vesuvius, brooding and silent since the great catastrophe of five years ago, keeps watch over the city it has so often threatened with destruction. Still further east, the distant peaks of the great Apennine Range appear almost to fringe the sunlit waters of the Bay of Sorrento, whose cliffs, dotted with pink and white walled houses, are dominated by the rugged mass of Sant' Angelo and the hills which guard Ravello and Salerno's gulf.

Well-nigh two thousand years have come and gone since Augustus Caesar, wearied by the splendors of imperial Rome, first gazed on the matchless beauty of this scene; small wonder that the magic spell which Capri throughout the ages has cast upon the stranger within her gates should lose none of its potency till men's hearts shall cease to care for beauty. Since my garden first came into being, I have often analyzed how imperious is this love of beauty, for, from a purely gardening point of view, no one would select a spot exposed to all the winds of heaven and bereft of water on a springlike island. And yet Nature supplies the compensation in having provided such a background to the picture that she must continue to dominate it, making amends for the inevitable failures which the gardener is forever encountering. And if the "growing" period is short in this sun-baked land, yet again it is prodigious in result while it lasts. Gardening in Italy teaches one of many lessons; namely, to avoid the temptation arising from the desire for quick effect—that of planting trees and shrubs too large in size; the smaller ones establish themselves and go ahead in half the time, making compact and sturdy growth, and also avoiding the necessity for unsightly staking. Six years ago the hill of San Michele was little more than a barren rock, clothed in parts with vineyards and olives. Approaching Capri from Naples, it is easily discernible as it rises midway between the precipitous cliffs at the eastern end and Monte Solario, the highest summit of the island; this exposure to all points of the compass is being utilized to advantage, as the difference between the north and south aspect amounts to fully a fortnight in the flowering season.

The modest little house—originally the Colono's—lies at the base of the hill on the southern side. The vineyard which surrounded it was cleared and a terrace and parterre substituted; here in the spring months Darwin and Cottage tulips flaunt their painted faces in the sunshine; freesia, narcissi, ixias and sparaxis (for Capri is a bulb-soft par excellence); roses are rapidly covering the columns and wreathing the olive trees, all grafted on the Banksian rose, that boon to the gardener in the south. Beyond the parterre, in the lower garden, a long bank, flanked by cypresses on either side, holds the beautiful Nemubium—the Lotus of Old Nile—speciosum roseum, rubrum, Shiroman and Ostris—a feast for the eye denied to the gardens of the north.

Will you come with me on a pilgrimage up the hill through the old lemon garden, where the trees, once perishing from neglect, but now well screened from their cruel enemy, the south wind, are bearing thousands of yellow fruit, and the air is laden with the scent of blossom? As we ascend, each successive terrace holds its quota of bulbs and iris, under the silvery sheen of the olive trees, until we reach at length the rose garden, and here it is well to rest a while. The Southern Sea stretches below us, with the picturesque ruin of Castiglione in the middle distance. Against a background of tall bamboos, our feet bloom the roses for which Capri (as Paestum was of old) is famed. What would have been the feelings of Virgil, could he have looked on the goody array to which rosarians are now accustomed—Mme. A. Chatenay, the Lyon rose, Richmond, Betsy, Marquise de Ganay, Mme. Leon Pain, in addition to all the older favorites, such as Anna Olivier, Mme. Ravary, Caroline Testout, to say nothing of pillars wreathing themselves with Sinica Anemone, Tauenschenon, L'ideal and the Michuratskian! From the rose garden the circling of the hill commences; a broad path, planted on either side with flowering shrubs—wiegela, lilac, syringa, deutzias, pomegranates and guelder roses—leads to the vine-clad pergola, and as we leave it, at the farther end, the incomparable Bay of Naples greets the eye. All available ground on the hillside is being utilized for shrubs and plants, with wind breaks of Cupressus macrocarpa and Pinus halepensis, which grow at a surprising rate in this sandy soil. Here are to be found the flowering crabs, thorns and almonds, while Japanese maples and Rosa rugosa give a feast of color in the foreground, interspersed with tender shrubs, such as Fuchsia

imbricata, Medicago arborea, Loropetalum chinense and the rarer varieties of Pittosporum and acacias. But at length the long climb is ended and we emerge on the terrace, which is the glory of San Michele; hewn from the solid rock, on whose face the chisel-marks are everywhere visible, for centuries it has puzzled the archaeologist. For what purpose was this plateau, fifty feet in breadth, which encircles the hill, constructed? Can it have formed part of the Via Sacra leading to the summit where the foundations have been excavated of what presumably was the only temple on the island, or was it perchance the playground of the Caesars—for the chariot races of the Emperors Augustus and Tiberius that this colossal labor was undertaken? A balustrade, surmounted at intervals by bronze vases, clear cut against the vast expanse of azure sea, forms the foreground to the unfinished sketch, while on either side groups of cypresses are already giving promise of what the completed picture may be in years to come. Were we to continue on our way, the vineyard lies beyond and the vines are an important asset, for the good red wine of San Michele is famed throughout South Italy; these terraced vineyards, moreover, hide the secret which has made gardening on so large a scale possible; beneath them

are a series of immense vaulted chambers, hewn and cemented by Roman hands, and here the precious rainfall (the sole water supply of Capri) is stored, and gives color to the supposition that San Michele may in those long-ago days have been the reservoir of the island from which the twelve imperial villas drew their supply. The hand of Time is dealing tenderly with my garden, and, in dreaming dreams for its future development, I recognize that here, at least, it is not only for posterity that a garden need be created. Where Nature has given of her best with such a bounteous hand, the lapse of time is scarcely heeded as it would be in a less favored spot. Year follows year, bringing the planting more and more into harmony with the landscape, and emphasizing the glorious beauty of it: Exegi monumentum aere perennius Regalique situ pyramidum altius. Quid non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens Possit diruere aut innumerabilis Annorum series et fuga temporum Non omnia moriar. Grand lines and ambitious ones to serve as an inspiration in the planning of this garden scheme, but they are graven on the rock of San Michele. Peradventure the dream may be fulfilled. Chi lo sa?

THE OCEAN LINER

Imagine a building 11 stories in height, and nearly 200 feet longer than the capitol at Washington—four times as long as Bunker Hill monument is high. Nearly every metal has gone into its construction—steel, copper, brass, bronze, silver and some gold—and nearly every wood of strength or beauty—teak, oak, mahogany, birch and maple, the choicest and rarest growths of northern and southern forests. It stands on the banks of a river.

A cross-section of it would look like a gigantic honeycomb alive with bees the size of human beings. Piece by piece it has been put together by thousands of workmen and artists—steel-workers, electricians, engineers, carpenters and upholsters—during a period of about two years. The walls are of steel plates, many of them weighing four and one-half tons each, and secured by more than 3,000,000 rivets. As you life your eyes to it under the gantry—the vast frame under which it is built—it looks immovable. Only by demolition could it be shifted, you would say. If you were not familiar with shipyards and ship-builders. Under the gantry it slopes gently toward the water, and a ray comes when nearly complete, a palace in its fullest sense of the word, a habitation for between 3,000 and 4,000 tenants of every class, poor, moderately well-to-do and rich, it forsakes its foundations and floats into the stream without a tremor, as naturally as a duckling swims. . . . What would you say if you saw the capitol or "skyscraper" sliding off its base and rushing into space at the speed of an express train, not on smooth, shining rails, but over a surface full of hollows deeper than arroyos, rougher than the hogbacks of the western plains, dipping into them, climbing them, buffeting them,

splitting them, without being injured or retarded by them.

That is what, in the course of a few months, this building will be ready to do. It is an ocean liner of the very latest and highest class—an Olympic—and thereafter we must speak of it as "her."—William H. Rideing, in the Youth's Companion.

Superior Knowledge.

A Scottish boy of six years, who attended a school at which prizes were given on the slightest sort of provocation, one day proudly exhibited a reward of merit earned in the realm of natural history.

"Teacher asked us how many legs a horse had and I said five!" the lad triumphantly declaimed.

"Five!" rang the surprised adult chorus. "But of course you were wrong."

"Of course," was the proud admission. "But all the other boys said six."

In Donegal.

"I suppose you have an old age pension, Mr. Kelly?"

"Ould age pension? Faith an' O' wudn't touch wan, the bad lack they bring. Luk at the number of ould age pensioners bed dyin' ivery year!"—London Opinion.

Scientific Management.

Employer (angrily)—What are you throwing those handbills on the pavement for?

Bill Distributor—Well, guv'nor, that's what the people does as I gives 'em on; so it's only saving time!"—Comic Cuts.

Candid.

"I am very sorry, Captain Snob, that circumstances over which I have no control compel me to say no."

"May I ask what the circumstances are?"

"Yours."—Littell's.

His Business Propensity.

"I should think a garbage man's wife would have a hard time at home."

"Why so?"

"Because her husband is so often in the dumps."

PAPER BAG COOKING

WONDER-WORKING SYSTEM PERFECTED BY M. SOYER, WORLD'S GREATEST LIVING CHIEF

PAPER BAG LUNCHEON.

By Martha McCulloch Williams. The luncheon was its own reason for being—a paper bag luncheon pure and simple. This, however, is not saying that it would not answer for bridge; indeed, for any mild feminine festivity. This festivity was not strictly feminine. Like the moon, it had a man in it—a man who has eaten in the most famous places all round the world. Praise from him, therefore, was "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley." I meant the paper bag stuff to have it because I knew that it deserved it.

MENU

Cantaloupe à la Fivoile
Broiled Squab with Bacon
Jorn Pudding
Syrup
Stuffed Green Peppers
Relishes
Spiced Grapes
Peaches
Tomato Chutney
Salad
Romaine and Tomatoes, French Dressing
Pimento Cheese Sandwiches
Dessert
Cheesecake
Patties
Grapes
Oranges
Pears

After breakfast I put my sweet potatoes on to boil, choosing them smooth, of even size and neither too big nor too little. In thirty minutes they were done enough and, peeled under cold water to save discoloration, they were out of hand even before I was through making the sandwiches.

In the meantime the squab livers had been boiling tender in slightly salted water, with just a dash of tobacco in default of a small red pepper pod. When they were tender, they were washed fine, with a lump of butter and plenty of browned bread crumbs made ready the day before. The mixing done, I cut out the cores of my green peppers, poured boiling salt water upon them, let it stand just half a minute, then dropped them in cold water, took them out, drained them, and stuffed them with liver and crumbs, after which they were set to wait the hour of cooking.

Scraping corn for the pudding I found that half a dozen big ears yielded almost a pint of pulp. Then I beat up three eggs very light, with a big pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar and plenty of red and black pepper. Into the eggs went the corn pulp, after it had a cup of soft butter, last of all a big cup of top-milk, more than half cream. It would not hurt by standing, so it went on ice like the other things.

The cheesecakes had been baked the previous afternoon—hence, there remained only the salad, the squab and the cantaloupe to make ready. As soon as my bags were greased I lighted the oven, and by the time I had the corn pudding securely bagged the sweet potatoes smeared with butter, rolled in sugar, and put in their bag with more butter, sugar and lemon juice, the oven was ready for them. I gave them each a shelf, putting the potatoes on the lower one—being already nearly cooked they would take only twelve minutes. When they came out the stuffed peppers, in a thickly-buttered bag, with a lump of butter and a tablespoonful of water added, took their place. I turned on full heat for three minutes, then slacked it as I had done at first. Next I washed and wiped my squab—stuffed them lightly with soft bread crumb, seasoned with salt, pepper, a very little chopped celery and shreds

of tart apple, wrapped them in thin broad bacon slices, and put them in their bag. Since they needed no water, the bag could stand a little while unharmed. I improved the idle minute by slipping into my company frock. Safely buttoned up, I went back to work. The corn pudding was done—so were the peppers—they had been in the oven about eighteen minutes. All the bags were set in pans down under the oven, protected from the flame by the broiler pan, inverted.

The squab bag now went on the upper oven shelf because I knew they were better if cooked quickly. I left the heat on full for ten minutes, then slacked it a little more than half. As I sat, I had been preparing the cantaloupe, taking out the seed, making tiny cuts in the flesh and sprinkling lightly with sugar, then pouring gently around the inside of each a spoonful of yellow chutreuse. An experiment, this, but one that I shall repeat—it evoked such enthusiasm. People began coming before the last melon was finished. They trooped into the kitchen, sniffing cheerfully. The dishes sat ready—in a trice, I had out the bags of vegetables. Murmurs of admiration greeted what each of them revealed, and the murmurs swelled to a chorus triumphant when at last the squabs lay plump, juicy, most delicately browned in their allotted platter.

Luncheon speedily followed the usual course. We ate the fat, drank the sweet, and found all things good. This I say, not vainglorily, but in due meed to paper bag cookery. The only man said, looking up from his plate at last, "I never really tasted squab before."

And when the luncheon was over the washing up was greatly shortened by the fact of no pans.

ABOLISHES UNSIGHTLY HANDS.

In all the many and varied rewards of diligence none are better worth while than those that wait upon diligent paper bag cooking. Ease is one of them, deftness another, neatness in the kitchen still a third. It is quite impossible to make mere words convey all that this method of cookery means—still more impossible to set down all that its use will teach you.

For example, its use will teach you how little art can improve on nature in matter of flavors. Paper bag cooking keeps in the flavor, intensifies it, and makes it the sauce of appetite. Good digestion commonly waits on appetite.

But there are other things to take into account. Not the least of them is the saving to one's hands and one's temper in the matter of washing up after a meal.

Whether this falls to the cook to her mistress, or haply, to the gallant man of the house, who thrusts himself helpfully into the roughest part of the work, the fact remains indisputable that pan scrubbing is hard work, distasteful in the extreme and bound to leave unpleasant reminders. Pots and pans mean the use of strong alkalis. Without them the pots can not be kept sanitary. No sort of glove yet devised will permit the free use possible to the bare hand. The syllogism runs about thus wise: To cook in the old way, you must have pots, the pots must be kept clean, or else be a constant menace, and to keep them clean requires detergents so powerful they will destroy human cuticle the same as they "cut grease." Result, rough, reddened, painful hands, in spite of emollients, glove-wearing and so on. The most careful manuring will not undo the effect of steady pot-washing.

Baked Blue Fish.—Cut off head and tail, wash clean, wipe with a soft, damp cloth, stuff with soft bread crumb stuffing, also lay sliced oysters inside, with a seasoning of butter, pepper, salt and onion, and tie up securely. Rub all over outside with soft butter or dripping, sprinkle with salt, put in a greased bag, with a small lump of fat and a very little cold water. Seal bag and cook in a hot oven twenty to forty minutes, according to weight. Serve with sliced lemon and garnish with parsley. A squeeze of lemon juice in the bag is to many tastes an improvement. (Copyright, 1911, by the Associated Literary Press.)

Paul goes on to show that the resurrection of Jesus is the beginning of a plan whereby all the human race who are related to Christ shall likewise be resurrected. Even as through the transgression of one man sin came upon the whole human race, in like manner by the perfect life of obedience upon the part of one man we may all be made alive.

Paul makes a strong contrast between the death of the believer and that of the non-believer. "If I fight with beasts at Ephesus what advantage does that have? Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." Not so, however, with the Christian, hence he exhorts the Christians to be awake to righteousness and to sin not.

A suggested outline for the study of this subject would be as follows:

- I. Unprecedented. Well established. According to prophecy. Christ's crowning miracle.
- II. Its Significance. Proof of Christ's deity, Rom. 1:4. Type of our resurrection, Phil. 3:21. A victory over the devil, Heb. 2:14, 15. A fundamental basis of Christianity.
- III. Its Application. He is our risen, everlasting King. We shall recognize our dead. He left us to establish his kingdom.

Only Friends Saw Him. For the younger classes this story of the first Easter is a most fascinating one, dramatic, tender, inspiring. For the older pupils we may well discuss. How Easter would be observed. Have we fully realized that we are "risen with Christ"? Remember he showed himself only to his friends, not to Pilate nor to the Sanhedrin. Are you his friend? Have you seen the risen Lord? A description of "Holy Fire" of the Greek Christians who gathered each with his taper in the church at Jerusalem on Easter Sabbath, and how each passes the fire on to another or carries it secretly back to his home church, would be appropriate in order to illustrate the fact that each one of us must appropriate Christ in his resurrection power, and having appropriated his life we are in duty bound to pass on this knowledge to others. Paul showed his attitude by "laboring more abundantly."

Don't select a chair on the other side of the room.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. BELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR APRIL 7. EASTER LESSON.

LESSON TEXT—I Cor. 15:1-11. GOLDEN TEXT—"This Jesus did God raise up, whereof we all are witnesses."—Acts 2:22.

St. Paul may not make direct reference to the virgin birth of our Lord, though he certainly knew of the prophecy that "Virgin shall conceive," (Isa. 7:14), but what does it matter? It is not greater miracle to be born than to rise triumphant over death. That Paul assumes the fact is evident from this lesson. Literally he begins by saying, "Now I make known the gospel which I preached unto you at Corinth, whereby you are saved, and what you must always remember, that Christ, who came fulfilling all that was promised in the Scripture, died for our sins and rose again." Paul goes on to tell explicitly of many who had seen Jesus after the resurrection and, most important of all, how he, himself, had seen the Christ.

"Last of all he was seen of me also. Though I am least of all the saints in that I persecuted the church, yet I am what I am, and his grace was not bestowed upon me in vain." Paul was not such a "bad man" from the accepted moral standards of his time, yet he felt the truth of what Christ said, viz., that the essence of sin is that "they believe not on me," hence Paul, once he gave his life to Jesus, "labored more abundantly," yet he says, for fear someone would misunderstand him, "not that I did the work, but God was with me."

The fact of the resurrection of Jesus Christ is the best proven fact of history. In the first place the disciples themselves did not expect Jesus to die (John 12:34), hence, of course, they never even thought of the resurrection (Mark 9:10). In the third place when on that Easter morn Mary reported the empty tomb and of having seen the Lord, the apostles thought it "idle talk" (Luke 24:11). When the women reported having actually seen him, the men, and how many men like to take instruction from a woman, were unconvinced and rather doubted those who had conversed with him on the road to Emmaus.

Again, when seen by the ten, Thomas as would not accept the report till he had seen his hands and his feet. It would have been easy for the Jews to have disproved the story of the physical resurrection; all that would have been needed would be to have shown the body and said: "Here he is, see these hands and these feet, the pierced side and scarred brow, this is the body of the young prophet."

Arguments Based on Unbelief. All arguments to convince us that Jesus did not rise are based upon unbelief and the answer of countless millions throughout nearly twenty centuries has been the words of Paul (verse 20) but "Now is Christ risen from the dead." To deny is to be lost in the fog, our preaching vain, and we have no ground of faith. See verses 12-14. To accept is to place a firm foundation underneath our whole Christian scheme, to set the seal of authority and purity upon the life of him whom all men, Jew and Gentile alike, say was good, and opens a vista of hope for all who die in the Lord.

Paul goes on to show that the resurrection of Jesus is the beginning of a plan whereby all the human race who are related to Christ shall likewise be resurrected. Even as through the transgression of one man sin came upon the whole human race, in like manner by the perfect life of obedience upon the part of one man we may all be made alive.

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First Coal Baron

"It must be borne in mind that men amassed wealth in Pittsburgh before steel because the dominant money producer," writes Isaac F. Marcusson in an article in The Money entitled "The Millionaire Yield of Pittsburgh."

"Take coal, without which there would be no steel empire today. It created a dozen millionaires. None was more picturesque than William Henry Brown, the earliest of the Pitts-

burgh coal barons. He was born on a farm in Butler county, Pennsylvania, early in the last century. As a young man, he walked to Pittsburgh and began to dig coal. It lay under the sidewalks and lined the hills. When he had saved enough to buy a horse and wagon, he would dig his own coal early in the morning and then peddle it around town in the afternoon. His wife was his book-

keeper. From this humble start grew what was the largest individual coal business on the inland waters."

To Have Purpose is a Duty. Working to a purpose is everything as a key to life. When man consciously made the choice of civilization he imposed the duty of purpose on every individual and sharply differentiated himself from the other animals. From that time purpose and work have been absolute essentials to happiness.—The Economist.

"I am very sorry, Captain Snob, that circumstances over which I have no control compel me to say no."

"May I ask what the circumstances are?"

"Yours."—Littell's.