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he Algerian Iris

CULARIS, perhaps the loveliest of res, whether one sees it in its normally cory-white, has taken so kindly to is familiar to gardens all over even naturalised in some places, grow well enough there are not a it does not flower so freely as it me ases the trouble usually is: [1] insufficient sun, or (3) slugs.

this iris can scarcely be too poor, ot-run which gets very dry in summ of a south wall) suits it best, and all the sun it can get. As for she very frequently the direct cause ling the grassy tuft a highly desiral devour the buds before the latter he come flowers. A sprinkling of pometa, among the leaves about once a certain "cure".

iris for table decoration, Sir Arlus that it should never be cut. I pull the bud gently from its base; a greater length of "stalk," but blant to produce further buds at

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nter jasmine stood

but glad of mood,

lden flowers for sign

uld come, and cowslips shine.

NORA HOPPER

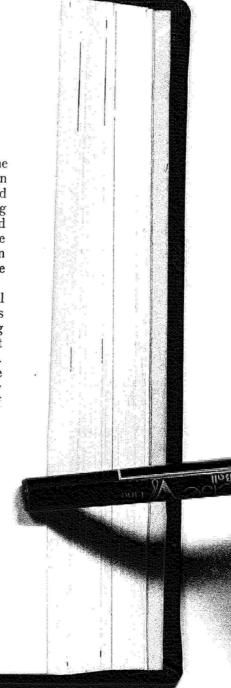
Lilies and Coal

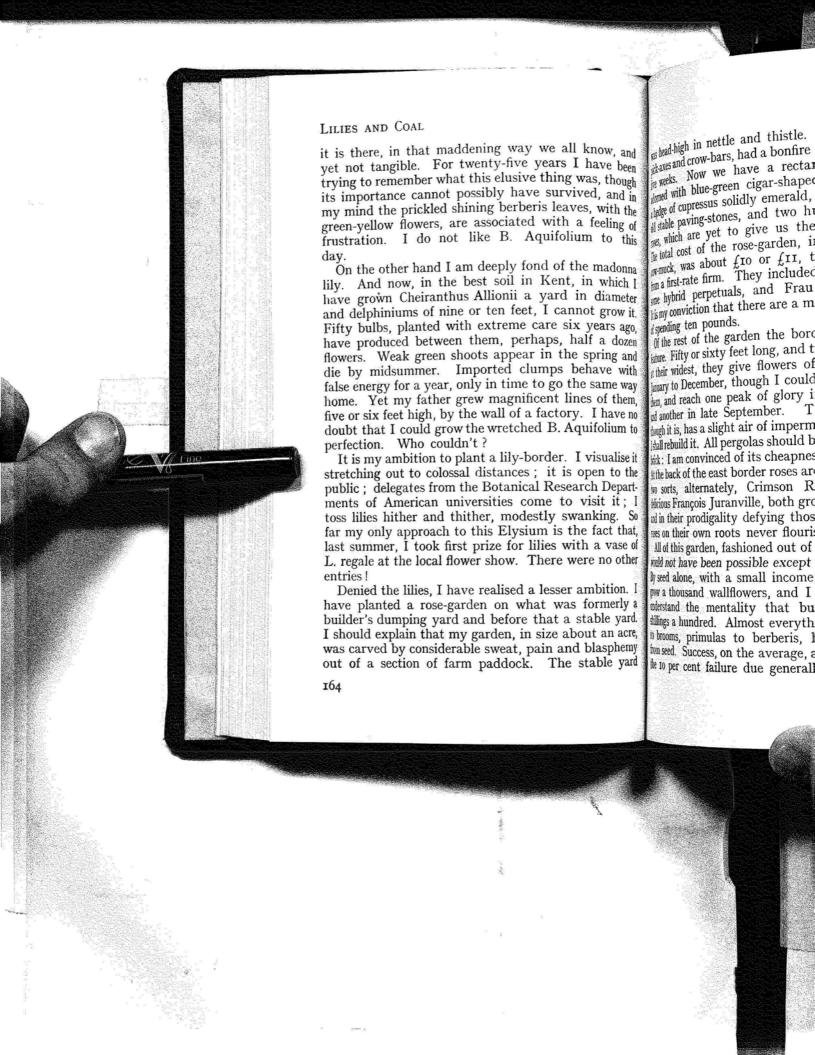
By H. E. Bates

My early recollections of anything to do with the soil are vivid. In the first I am a small boy in what seems to me to be a large ploughed field. Round my waist is tied a large sack apron, and I am walking with my legs wide apart, straddling a fresh-turned furrow. I am planting potatoes. A man with white hair is stitching in these potatoes with a plough drawn by a white horse. My hair is also white, and there are mountainous white April clouds in the sky.

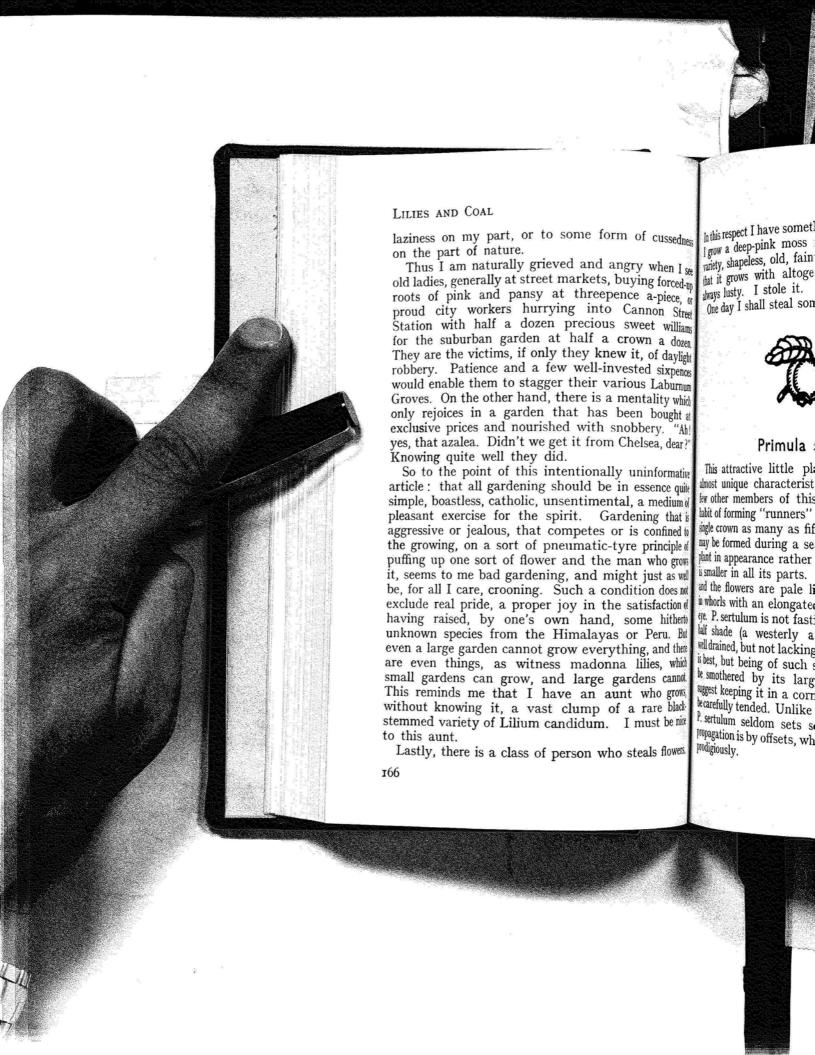
In the second I am also a small boy, but, I think, still smaller. I am kneeling down in a back-garden that is walled-in by a factory. This time I am not planting potatoes, but pieces of wood. It is my impression that these pieces of wood will, in due course, turn into coal. I am digging with a coal-shovel, as though to make sure, and I cannot dig very deeply. The next day these pieces of wood are, to my disgust, still pieces of wood, and my faith in miracles is shaken. Later, my father takes me into the coal barn and shows me, imprinted on the coal, the golden impressions of prehistoric trees. "You see," he says, "coal does come from wood." I remain unimpressed. In this scene there is also a yellow rose, and a white, which I believe to be Frau Karl Druschki, and a row of madonna lilies, more magnificent than anything I have ever seen since. The garden is about ten feet square.

There is another impression. I am standing in this same garden, by a bush of Berberis Aquifolium, and I am on the point of saying something to someone. Suddenly what I am trying to say slips my memory;





H. E. BATES was head-high in nettle and thistle. We toiled with at maddening way we all know, pick-axes and crow-bars, had a bonfire which burned for For twenty-five years I have be five weeks. Now we have a rectangular lily-pond, er what this elusive thing was, the adorned with blue-green cigar-shaped Irish junipers, nnot possibly have survived, and a hedge of cupressus solidly emerald, a small court of kled shining berberis leaves, with old stable paving-stones, and two hundred and fifty ers, are associated with a feeling roses, which are yet to give us their first summer. o not like B. Aquifolium to The total cost of the rose-garden, including vintage cow-muck, was about flo or fil, the roses coming and I am deeply fond of the made from a first-rate firm. They included twenty species, in the best soil in Kent, in while franthus Allionii a yard in dian some hybrid perpetuals, and Frau Karl Druschki. of nine or ten feet, I cannot gove It is my conviction that there are a million worse ways ted with extreme care six years of spending ten pounds. etween them, perhaps, half at Of the rest of the garden the borders are the best reen shoots appear in the sping feature. Fifty or sixty feet long, and twenty feet across year, only in time to go the samer January to December, though I could not boast about ather grew magnificent lines of them, and reach one peak of glory in June and July them, and reach one peak of glory in June and July them well of a factory. The pergola, good th, by the wall of a factory. I have and another in late September. d grow the wretched B. Aquiloling though it is, has a slight air of impermanence. One day I shall rebuild it. All pergolas should be built of stone or couldn't? on to plant a lily-border. I visuals brick: I am convinced of its cheapness in the long run. colossal distances; it is open to At the back of the east border roses are grown on poles: s from the Botanical Research Der two sorts, alternately, Crimson Rambler and the can universities come to visit it; delicious François Juranville, both grown from cuttings and thither, modestly swanking and in their prodigality defying those who insist that oach to this Elysium is the fact roses on their own roots never flourish. ook first prize for lilies with a var All of this garden, fashioned out of virgin wilderness, ocal flower show. There were not would not have been possible except by faith in seeds. By seed alone, with a small income, it is possible to s, I have realised a lesser ambition grow a thousand wallflowers, and I confess I do not crose-garden on what was formed understand the mentality that buys them at five ្យាប់ឡូ Guijja g yard and before that a stable shillings a hundred. Almost everything from gentians that my garden, in size about and to brooms, primulas to berberis, has attracted me nsiderable sweat, pain and blaspin from seed. Success, on the average, about 90 per cent: of farm paddock. The stable the 10 per cent failure due generally to stupidity or 165



H. E. BATES

m of custoff in this respect I have something on my own conscience. I grow a deep-pink moss rose, a beautiful nameless variety, shapeless, old, faintly wine-scented. I notice buying formed that it grows with altogether improper luxuriance, always lusty. I stole it.

One day I shall steal some lilies.



Primula sertulum

This attractive little plant from China has one almost unique characteristic only to be found in a few other members of this huge genus. This is its habit of forming "runners" like a strawberry. From a single crown as many as fifteen to twenty new plants may be formed during a season by this method. The plant in appearance rather resembles P. capitata, but is smaller in all its parts. The leaves are pale green and the flowers are pale lilac, borne on short stalks in whorls with an elongated corrolla and small yellow eye. P. sertulum is not fastidious, a rich sandy loam in half shade (a westerly aspect suits it admirably), well drained, but not lacking in moisture in the summer, is best, but being of such small stature it may easily be smothered by its larger-growing compère, so I suggest keeping it in a corner by itself, where it may be carefully tended. Unlike most members of the genus, P. sertulum seldom sets seed, so the best means of propagation is by offsets, which, fortunately, it produces RALPH ALDERSEY. prodigiously.

I must be in who steals flow

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