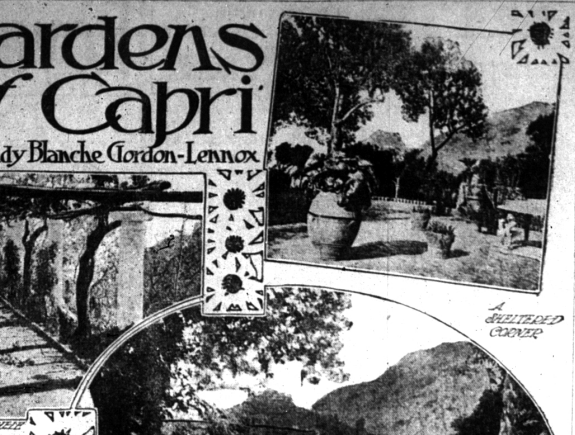
The Gardens of Capri

By Lady Blanche Gordon-Lennox



THE PERGOLA AT MONTE SAN MICHELE

TO 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. Ischia, 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 springless 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 Solaro, 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 has been 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-soil 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 tank, flanked by cypresses on either side, holds the beautiful Nelumbium—the Lotus of Old Nile—speciosum roseum, rubrum, Shiroman and Osiris—a feast for the eye denied to the gardens of the north.

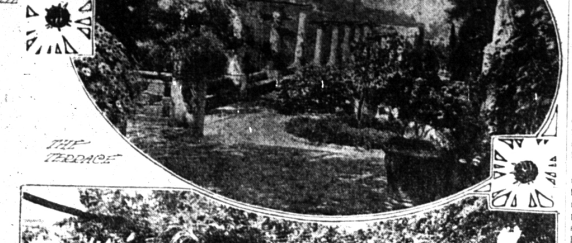
Will you come with me on a pilgrimage up the hill through the old lemon garden, where the trees, once perishing from neglect, but now well screened from their cruel enemy, the south wind, are bearing thousands of yellow fruit, and the air is laden with the scent of blossom? As we ascend, each successive 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, at 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 goodly array to which rosarians are now accustomed—Mme. A. Chatenay, the Lyon rose, Richmond, Betty, 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, Tausendschon, L'Ideal and the Michuralanas! From the rose garden the circling of the hill commences; a broad path, planted on either side with flowering shrubs—wigelia, lilac, syringa, deutzias, pomegranates and gueldar 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 tenderer shrubs, such as Fabiana imbricata, Medicago arborea, Loropetalum chinense and the rarer varieties of pittosporums 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.

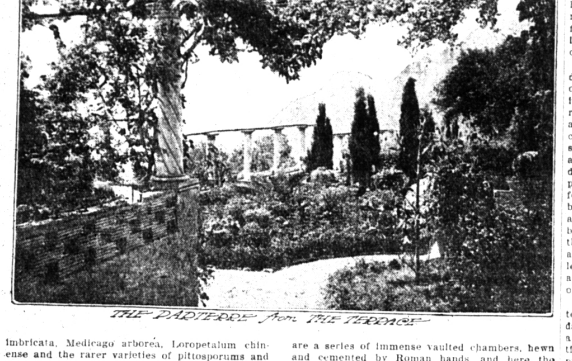
The hand of Time is dealing tenderly with my garden, and, in dreaming dreams for its future development, I recognize that here, at least, it is not only for posterity that a garden need be created. Where Nature has given of her best with such a bounteous hand, the lapse of time is scarcely heeded as 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,
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere aut innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum
Non omnis morlar.

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 PERGOLA



THE PARTERRE from THE TERRACE

Greater Farm Efficiency

Cows That Make Most Money

By PROF. G. C. HUMPHREY, Wisconsin College of Agriculture

The Dairy Cow Must Have a Tendency to Produce Milk Rather Than to Lay on Fat.

A dairy cow is one of the specific dairy type and breed capable of making a large and economical production of milk and butter fat. A careful study and analysis of this definition and its application to cows whenever one has opportunity to apply it will greatly aid in getting in mind the correct ideal of the dairy cow and in judging and buying cows.

"Type" refers to the conformation of an animal and is indicative of utility. "Specific dairy type" refers to an animal having a large, deep barrel, a prominent, well developed udder, and sharp, clean cut features about the head, neck, shoulders, back, hips and rump, due to the absence of thick flesh. Such a type indicates dairy utility and that she is of little value except for milk production.

The dairy cow must be of distinct dairy breed as well as of dairy type; otherwise she may convert her feed into flesh rather than milk and thus result in a beef animal. The National and International dairy shows of this country recognize the Holstein, Guernsey, Jersey, Ayrshire, Brown Swiss, and Dutch Belted breeds of cattle as distinct dairy breeds. High grade and pure bred animals of these breeds are found in this state and rank in number in the order named. Pure bred animals possess 100 per cent of the blood of their respective breeds while the grade animals have a predominance of the blood of a given breed but less than 100 per cent. Grade cows are generally by pure bred sires and out of native or grade dams.

A large production of milk and butter fat is a necessary requisite for a dairy cow. The production for at least a year should be taken into consideration because some cows make a large production during the early part of their lactation and then dry off soon. It is characteristic of beef cows and of many poor cows of the dairy breeds to dry off soon. A strictly dairy cow tends to make a large and economical production of butter fat throughout her life time which means that she converts a comparatively large amount of the feed that she eats into milk and butter fat, and only a small portion of it into building up the tissues of her body. A dairy cow shows marks of dairy breeding and constitution; and not only produces milk and butter fat in large and economical quantities but also at regular intervals progeny which tends to be satisfactory for dairy purposes.

Means by Which Cows are Judged.

Judging cows is not easy in spite of the fact that there are three means of judging. The most common means is by the eye, directed by a knowledge that has been acquired by study and experience. The trained and practiced eye can judge the desirability of type and breed characteristics and estimate fairly accurately whether or not a cow is capable of producing a satisfactory quantity of milk and butter fat.

Essential Features of the Dairy Cow.

The dairy cow is a living machine which, when in perfect health and form, has four prominent features. These are: a body indicating a large, strong digestive capacity, a dairy temperament which is nervous and results in milk production rather than flesh production, a large well developed udder of healthy glind tissue, and a strong circulatory system that distributes the blood actively to all parts of the body and gives vigor, health, and activity. A cow usually fails in the production of milk as she fails in one or more of these essential features. Each part of the body bears some relationship to one or more of these essential features and enables one to judge of their prominence. Where one is able to consider all the parts of the body and judge these essential features he is not likely to err seriously in his judgment.

Digestive Capacity.—A large body, more especially the barrel in proportion to the size of the animal, is indicative of capacity. The body of the dairy cow should be wedge shaped as viewed from front, side and top. That is, wider at the hip points and between the fore legs than at the withers, and deeper from the hip points to the lower line of the rear flank than at the fore quarters. This character of the body has led to the term, triple-wedge-shaped conformation, and in giving consideration to the digestive capacity of the cow one should remember that it is the base ends of the wedges, rather than the sharp ends which indicate her capacity. Long, well sprung ribs, openness of chine, width of back over loins, size of barrel, depth and width between the hips, and fullness of rear flanks all combine to indicate large digestive capacity. A wide forehead and a comparatively long face are indicative of the size and feed capacity of the body and likewise the broad muzzle, good sized mouth and strong, sinewy jaw. The tail is often measured in judging the cow and should reach to or below the hocks and carry a good switch. This renders it most useful in brushing flies, which appears to be its chief purpose.

In judging the quality and condition of the muscular tissue of the body one should remember to take into consideration the size, age, and stage of lactation of the animal. The bone and muscular tissues in a large cow are naturally heavier than in a small one and there is not the apparent refinement and spareness of form in the large breeds that is noted in the smaller ones. Marked coarseness, however, in any animal is usually accompanied by a sluggish disposition which in a dairy cow prevents her from performing satisfactorily. Young heifers with first calf usually carry more flesh than cows of mature form. All properly fed cows usually show a higher condition of flesh development toward the close of their lactation and prior to freshening than they do when four or five months advanced in lactation.

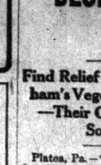
The Udder.—The udder is the milk secreting organ and its proper development is, therefore, essential. In many instances cows of large digestive capacity and of dairy breeding have failed in production apparently on account of poorly developed udders. The udder consists of two large glands, each of which is more or less distinctly divided to correspond with each of the four teats and form the quarters. The duct of each teat enters a small cavity termed the milk cistern. The milk cistern of each quarter is more or less surrounded by lobes of gland tissue held in position and closely together by connecting tissue. These lobes may be likened to thick bunches of grapes since each lobe has several lobules corresponding to the grapes. The lobules are made of small divisions called alveoli which correspond to the seeds of grapes. These alveoli are constructed of small cells surrounded by a fine network of blood vessels and nerves and it is by these cells that the milk is secreted.

The best cows have comparatively large udders with equally developed quarters extending well forward underneath the body and a good distance up behind and between the thighs. Poor attachment giving a swinging or pendant type of udder and deficiency and irregularity in the development of the quarters are criticisms to be offered on many cows. The quality of the udder when examined by handling should reveal gland tissue of fine, plastic texture rather than fatty tissue of a coarse texture that is loose and hard. The quality of the udder appears to be the most essential consideration, since a perfectly formed udder of meaty, coarse tissue does not produce like one of less desirable type having better quality.

The Circulatory System.—This system determines the activity of the cow with respect to all parts of the body. Only when in perfect health and all parts of the body are actively performing their respective functions can the dairy cow be expected to yield a large flow of milk. When the cow is sick or by virtue of her poor individuality is dull and morbid there is an inactivity of all the glands of the body resulting in a dry, harsh condition of the skin, a staring coat, and a low production of milk. The circulatory system includes the heart, lungs, arteries and veins since these organs respectively force, purify and carry blood to and from all parts of the body. When food becomes digested and assimilated the blood must carry it to the parts of the body demanding it and in the dairy cow the glands of the udder demand a large share of the nourishment of the blood for the secretion of milk. The size and character of the milk veins, more properly termed "mammary veins," and the milk wells on the underside of the body are the best indications of how much blood passes through the udder. These veins do not carry milk as some people believe, but carry a large portion of the blood away from the udder. The blood passes into the udder through arteries located deep on the inner side of the thighs. If one were standing below a mill propelled by a water wheel and noted the race filled with water from the mill he would have reason to believe that the mill was in operation and performing its work. Likewise when one observes large, branching mammary veins entering the body through wells of sufficient size to avoid a vein becoming gorged he has reason to believe that the udder is performing its work well.

NERVOUS DESPONDENT WOMEN

Find Relief in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound —Their Own Statements So Testify.



Plates, Pa.—"When I wrote to you first I was troubled with female weakness and backache, and was so nervous that I would cry at the least noise, it would startle me so. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies, and I don't have any more crying spells. I sleep sound and my nervousness is better. I will recommend your medicines to all suffering women." —Mrs. MARY HALSTEAD, Plates, Pa., Box 98.

Here is the report of another genuine case, which still further shows that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may be relied upon.

Walcott, N. Dakota.—"I had inflammation which caused pain in my side, and my back ached all the time. I was so blue that I felt like crying if any one even spoke to me. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I began to gain right away. I continued its use and now I am a well woman." —Mrs. AMELIA DAHL, Walcott, N. Dakota.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Discontents arise from our desires oftener than from our wants.—Krumacher.

There is nothing heavenly about war.—or Dyspepsia. The world is outgrowing the first, and Garfield Tea will conquer Dyspepsia.

Knew His Weakness.

Benham—I like to linger over a bath.

Mrs. Benham—Yes, an internal one.

Facetious Operator.

"I say, mister," said the cadaverous man, entering the telegraph office, "could you trust me for a telegram I want to send my wife? I'll pay you tomorrow."

"Sorry sir," said the operator, "but we are terribly rushed these days and there isn't a tick in the office that isn't working overtime as it is."—Harper's Weekly.

When to Call the Doctor.

When to summon the doctor is a point which has probably puzzled most people at one time or another, but in the case of throat and intestinal troubles there should be no uncertainty, says a medical authority. The doctor should be summoned at once, for the sore throat may be diphtheria, and the intestinal symptoms may mean peritonitis, appendicitis or any one of a dozen complaints of serious character. Valuable time and the golden opportunity may be wasted by waiting for symptoms that are severe enough to justify calling the doctor.

Sunshine.

Surround the children with every possible cheer. . . . . Smiles and laughter cost nothing. . . . Let the children have music, let them have pictures, let them have laughter; let them have a good time; not an idle time, but one full of cheerful occupation. Surround them with all the beautiful things you can. Plants should be given sun and air and the blue sky; they are like your boys and girls. I do not mean for a day or a month, but for all years. We cannot treat a plant tenderly one day and harshly the next day; they cannot stand it.—Luther Burbank, in "The Training of the Human Plant."

SHE QUIT COFFEE And Much Good Came From It.

It is hard to believe that coffee will put a person in such a condition as it did a woman of Apple Creek, O. She tells her own story:

"I did not believe coffee caused my trouble, and frequently said I liked it so well I would not quit drinking it, even if it took my life, but I was a miserable sufferer from heart trouble and nervous prostration for four years.

"I was scarcely able to go around at all. Had no energy, and did not care for anything. Was emaciated and had a constant pain around my heart until I thought I could not endure it. I felt as though I was liable to die any time.

"Frequently I had nervous chills and the least excitement would drive sleep away, and any little noise would upset me terribly. I was gradually getting worse until finally one day, it came over me, and I asked myself what is the use of being sick all the time and buying medicine so that I can indulge myself in coffee?

"So I thought I would see if I could quit drinking coffee, and got some Postum to help me quit. I made it strictly according to directions, and I want to tell you that change was the greatest step in my life. It was easy to quit coffee because I had the Postum which I like, better than I liked the old coffee. One by one the old troubles left, until now I am in splendid health, nerves steady, heart all right, and the pain all gone. Never have any more nervous chills. Don't take any medicine, can do all my housework, and have done a great deal besides.

"My sister-in-law, who visited me this summer had been an invalid for some time, much as I was. I got her to quit coffee and drink Postum. She gained five pounds in three weeks, and I never saw such a change in anyone's health."

"There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

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 of 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 upholsterers—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 shipbuilders. Under the gauntry it slopes gently toward the water, and a day comes when nearly complete, a palace in the 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 a "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 an' I said five!" the laddie 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' OI wuddn't touch wan, the bad lack they bring. Luk at the number of ould age pensioners bez dyin' every year!"—London Opinion.

Scientific Management.

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

Bill Distributor—Well, guv'ner, that's what the people does as I gives 'em to; so it's only saving time!"—Comic Cuts.

First Coal Baron

"It must be borne in mind that men amassed wealth in Pittsburg before steel became the dominant money producer," writes Isaac F. Marcosson in an article in The Munsey entitled "The Millionaire Field of Pittsburg."

"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 Pittsburg coal barons. He was born on a farm in Butler county, Pennsylvania, early in the last century. As a young man, he walked to Pittsburg 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 bookkeeper. 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.

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."—Lippincott'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."