

Miniature Farms (Allright Then, Gardens) Are Popular With Amateur Agriculturists

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that corn will be the tenderest in town though," he began, with the look of a fanatic in his eye.
Corn, it seems, is the main constituent of Birmingham's garden patches. Tomatoes are often attempted, but the mortality is tragically high, due to a prevalence of epicurean bugs. Lettuce is a favorite too, especially the leaf variety, which, the gardeners insist, almost grows itself. Incidentally, Dr. N. T. Shaw, on Reading road,

has quite a patch of lettuce and radishes which are highly recommended by all who have sampled them.
One of the most unusual ideas in gardens is that of the lady of foreign birth, whose pet recipes for lettuce are the couldn't buy the correct seasonings for them. Now she has a spice garden, which is as pretty as a flower bed and much more unusual. Of course very small patch of each spice is enough, so they are arranged in geometric figures, all within a large circle. Some of the colors are as ornamental as those in the leafy plants so widely employed in planting borders. And the aroma—mmm! Have you ever sniffed a breeze which has first blown over a pine tree, or a bed of mint? Then you have some idea of the fragrance that is wafted from two dozen different kinds of spicy plants simultaneously.
All of this is fresh proof that Birmingham is a unique community, for where else could you run the gamut in vegetable gardening from taragon to taters, and still not have room to mention all the amateur farmers, or all the good things they raise?

THIS AND THAT

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far runs to about four dollars in American money. You can get your Continental breakfast the next morning for about 40 cents per person. Dinner at such places costs an average of 80 cents per person. We seldom stop for noon luncheon, preferring to buy fruit and baked goods which we eat in the car while en route; this, too, saves both time and some money.
Lauterbrunnen means "clear fountains," and on every one of its deep valleys are pouring waterfalls, most of them rather narrow, and the mist and spray of snow and ice from the higher sur-

Vie for New York Mayoralty Post



Fighting off North Beach, Md., was a major part of Senator Royal S. Copeland's vacation as he took time off from his congressional duties in Washington. The senator, shown at left above with rod and reel and a canine companion known as "Chip," recently was named as Tammany's choice for mayor of New York City. At right above, is Grover Whalen, former police commissioner of New York, who also will seek the post now held by Fiorello LaGuardia, and who will contest Copeland for the Democratic candidacy.

faces of the rugged mountains all about. The Jungfrau, when we arrived early that evening at the Waples Kette, was enveloped in clouds, so we did not get a glimpse of it. An hour later, however, while we were eating, the sun burst out, and we did it. It is 11,400 feet high, and rises majestically above everything else in the vicinity. On a clear day, it can be seen for fifty miles. But the constantly shifting clouds of Switzerland obscure it very often. (In the Swiss Alps, we learned, both from experience and conversation, due to the running of the clouds often hang low enough to shroud the higher mountains, and more than once we have, and expect more such experiences, driven right through clouds as we would climb these mountains, and have to drive carefully, even putting on your automobile's headlights for safety's sake.)

The next night at Lauterbrunnen, in the twilight, there came upon Jungfrau's crest a beautiful golden glow—the result of one of nature's fanciful tricks from the spectrum of the setting sun. We were told that this glow came seldom—and considered ourselves fortunate for being there at the time. After dark, while walking about the narrow and interesting main street of Lauterbrunnen, one could see the clear whiteness of the Jungfrau and surrounding snow-capped peaks—just sight against the otherwise darkness of the valley itself. It was like looking down on a great, long and high dark curtain, seeing at its end the sheer black whiteness of snow that is perpetually making its temporary home above the cloud level. "Thought I at the time: 'Boy, if we had a few of these Jungfrau in the eastern United States, I suppose we'd play colored lights upon them, as is done at Niagara Falls, and we would see the scenery, some suggestions to the effect: 'Coca Cola' When Better Cars are Built, Buick will Build them. . . Pontiac, the Finest of Wheels. . . Try Lydia Pinkham's Compound. Woman's Greatest Friend. . . Vote for Roosevelt and Your Country Will Get No Higher Than This Mountain Peak. . . The Skin You Love to Touch. . . Smokey Cammer They'll Lift You High as the Jungfrau. . . Drink Peruna. . . Not a Car without a Cadillac. . . Ask the Man Who Owns One. . . The Milk from Cows Contented as These that Roam the Swiss Alps. . . Babies Cry for It. . . and I don't know but that my brother Paul would have one up there reading something about 'The Birmingham Eccentric'—Producers of Fine Printing."

Anyway, Lauterbrunnen, the Jungfrau and the whole Swiss setting of mountainous and valley-ous scenery is a grand arrangement made by that master of all stage production managers, Mother Nature, herself. (For further information, get yourself a trip to Europe and investigate personally.)

Since our next stop was to be Zurich, and because we wanted it to be as picturesque as possible, we chose one of two routes from Interlaken to get there, namely: over the famous Grindelwald and Furka Passes, thence to Andermatt, Schwyz, Zug, and right into Zurich. So, even though it was raining quite hard, we started for these high altitudes, having been told that we could get through.

Our course from Interlaken led us up into a fairly high mountain, overlooking for many miles a most beautiful valley; and in that valley, upon its steep sides, wherever human beings could get a living, there were clustered individual homesteads or small communities—perhaps a dozen such communities in 50 miles, perhaps five or six hundred homesteads; what seemed to be a dense farming and dairying territory; at best, a tough place to get rich, financially speaking. In fact, as perhaps to all tourists, it was beautiful to observe, maybe we would change our mind if we had to settle down to grub out a living there. (To date I have traveled through a lot of Swiss mountain territory, and as yet I haven't heard a word. Neither have I seen one of those huge Swiss cheeses being made—though I am told that every spring the poorer peasants send their cows

see. (Just a fifteen-minute "local atmosphere" in an evening, but one that you would find hard to duplicate in most places in the U. S. A.)

The next day, Thursday, July 2, brought warmth and plenty of sunlight, and investigation at Interlaken revealed that we could, that very day, start out and successfully travel over the route we had started on the day before. So, with tank full of gasoline—at 52 cents per gallon—and plenty of water in the radiator, we again ventured forth; although narrow, the road was dry and we made pretty good time. In less than two hours we were high above the

timber line, snow lying in great and small patches above and below us, the air a bit cold, the view clear, and our car parked at the highest point of the Grindelwald Pass, at an altitude of 8,525 feet. (This is a free advertisement for Buick: at no time on this trip have we experienced any difficulty with the car; in the mountains I have had to keep it in second gear for long periods at a stretch, and even in first, but the temperature never went above 150 degrees, and the brakes were always on the job when needed.)
Settled in our car on the top of the Grindelwald Pass, we all consumed a bit of food obtained from the

little restaurant there; it turned on the car radio and . . . well, there burst forth in clear tones the exhilarating strains of "Swiss Born to Dance," next, "Chasing the Wind," and then "Swiss High Swing Low." The experienced was, of course, fine; sitting in an American car on the top of a mountain in the Swiss Alps, listening to American music. (Incidentally, the American car on the top of a mountain, look when we got there. As Grindelwald, pictures of which I have seen, look when we got there. As these glaciers melt they make proportion to their own mass, small or great torrents of water that

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