



1923

Nº3

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We all love to own things, and many of us make ourselves miserable by our passion for ownership. Some own diamonds and are worried to death for fear they will be stolen. Some own so much land they are land-poor. Some own houses that are white elephants. And some even make collections of canes, snuff boxes, postage stamps and book plates. It is often a question as to whether ownership does not bring more trouble than pleasure.

But the one thing which it is a pure joy to own is a garden. Your own garden, where you have prepared the soil yourself, and dug it yourself, and planted yourself, and watched the green things grow with your own eyes, and fought off the insects pests, and hoed, and raked, and weeded, and watered and tended all the plants till you love them as if they were your own babies.

All those blessed radishes, and peas and beets came out of nothing, out of the nowhere into the here, and stand in their green rows like vigorous little soldiers of life.

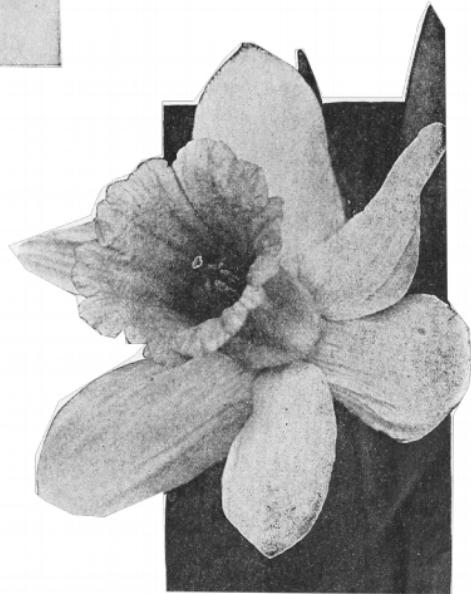
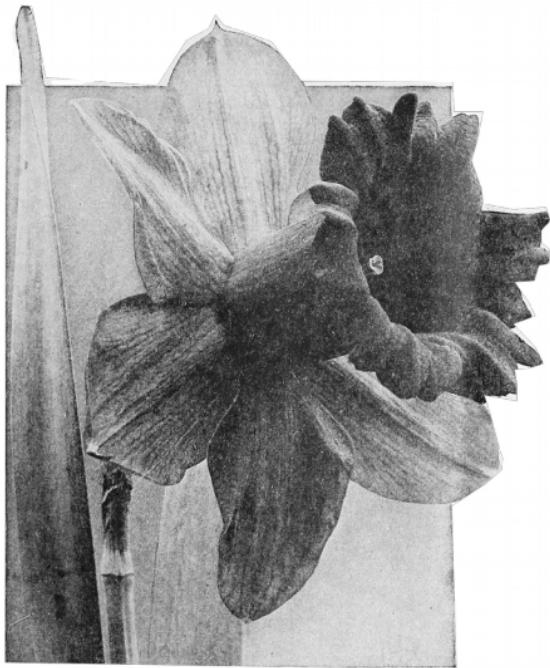
They are yours. You created them, at least you are a partner with God in creating them. And there is a pleasure which the gardener takes in growing something which is even keener than the pleasure of the craftsman in making something.

A garden of vegetables is the ideal combination of use and beauty.



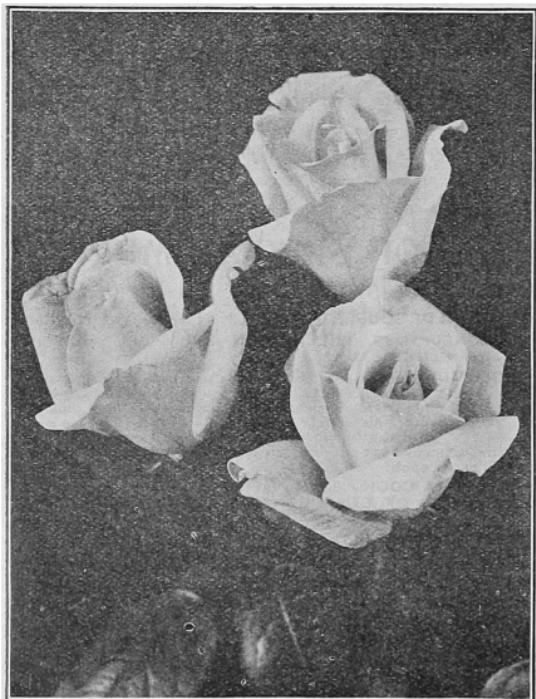


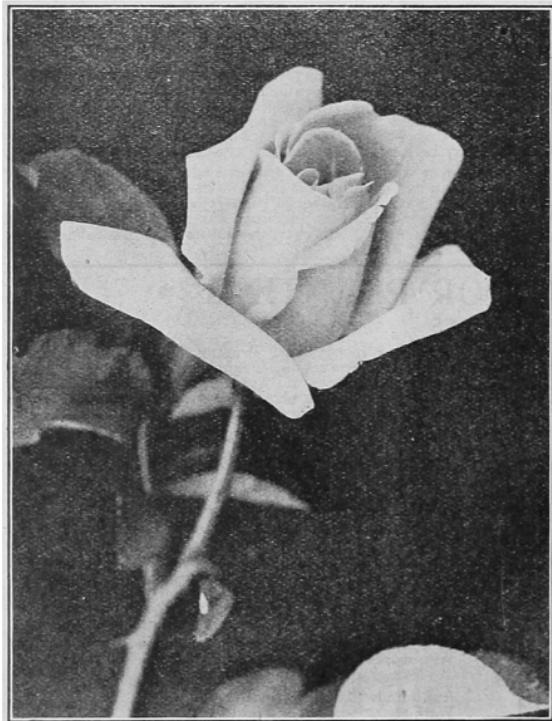




Roses in the future are going to be better understood by the people at large; they are becoming more and more common in family gardens and the uses to which they may be devoted in addition to their bloom, will bring a fuller realization of the glory and beauty of the rose to every lover of Nature. Too long we have labored under the impression that rose culture was not for the masses; that this queen of the florist's art was distinctly a creature of skill and intricate care. Too long our gardens have been bare of the queen of flowers and our vases empty.

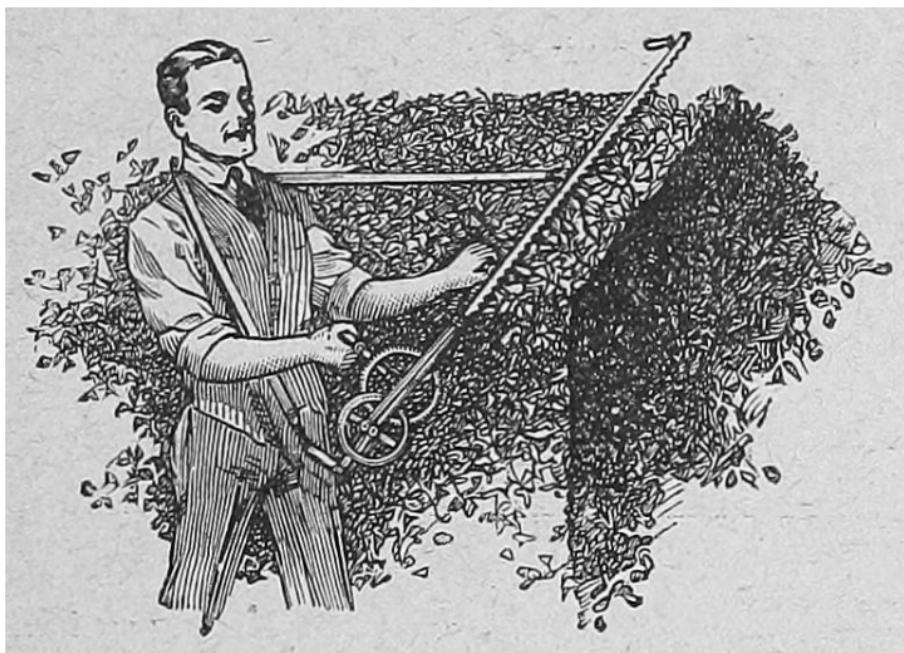
The rush of commercialism in the early days of the present industrial age seemed to sweep all sentiment, all love for the leisurely joy of growing things and enriching life and home with flowers, out of our lives. But the advent of universal prosperity, the coming of the thought that of all attainments the home is the most important, the settling down of America to enoble and to enrich herself in the worthier things, has swept back that old desire, that old longing, for the "vine over the door."





And never before has the great middle class been so favored, whether here or elsewhere. The modest backlot gardens in many cities outrank those of the aristocracy of yesterday. Many a busy housewife has a larger and better garden than that boasted by her Colonial grandmother.

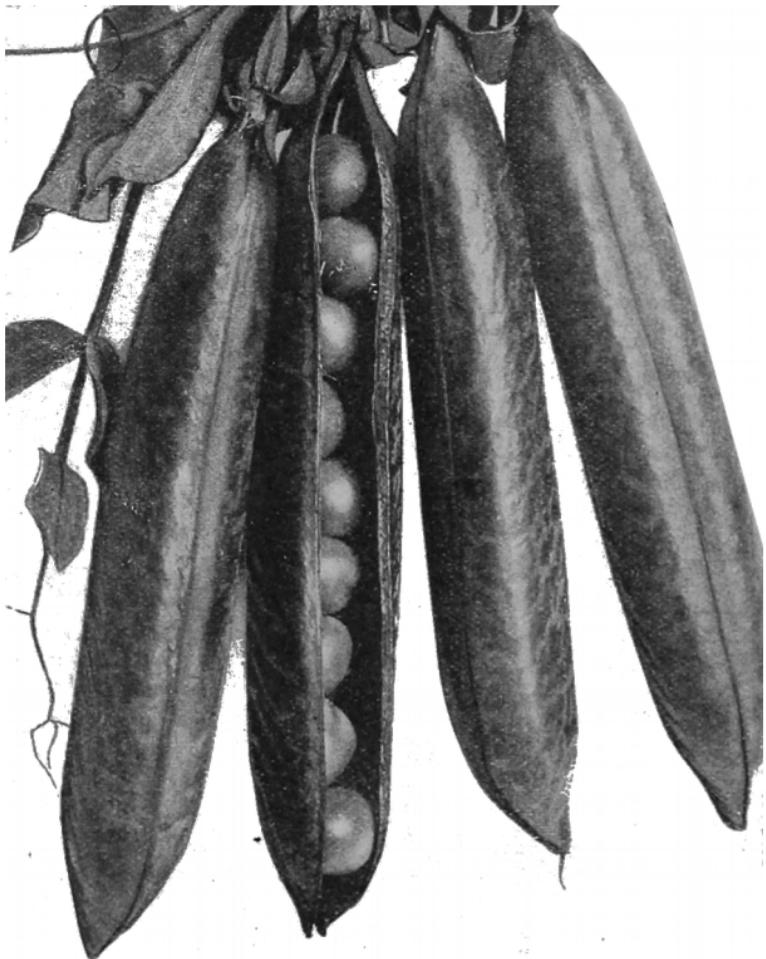
The natural love for the rose has had a great deal to do with this revival of interest in floriculture. Hardly has sod been turned before thoughts of roses blooming in the garden come to the garden lover. It assumes expression often before a shrub is planted or lawns established.

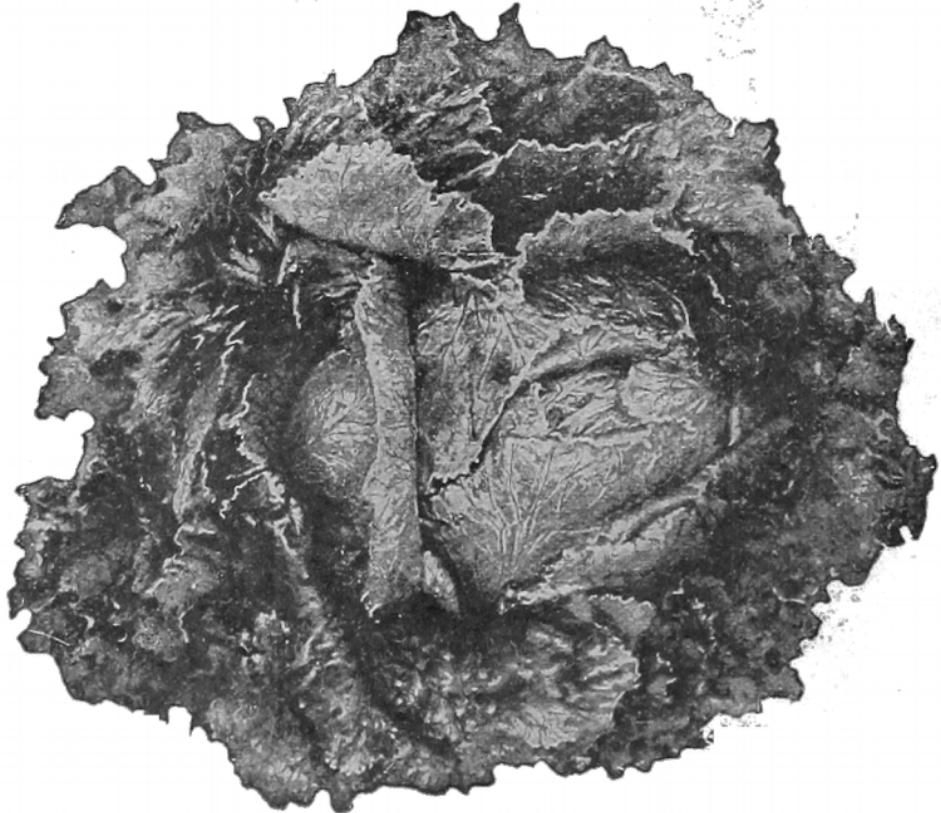


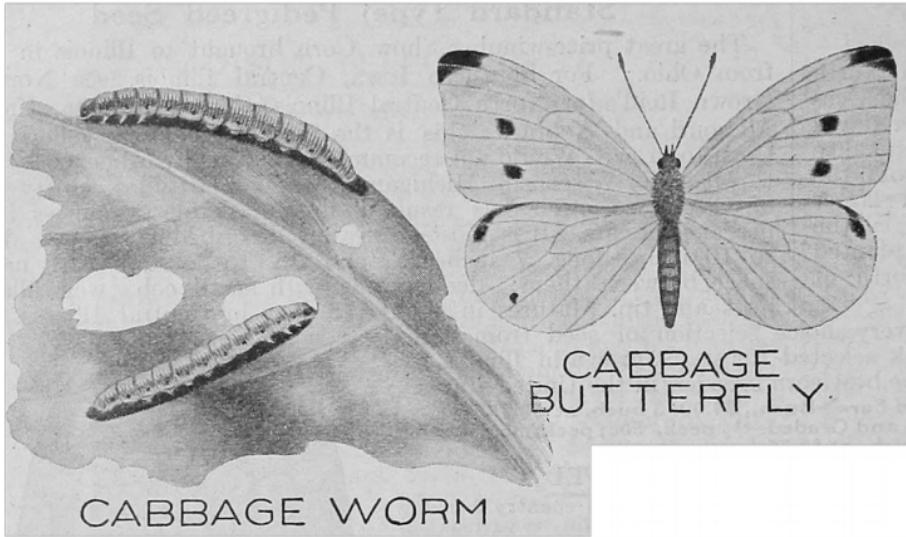




NEBRASKA.









The satisfaction derived from growing something better than is seen in the average garden more than compensates for a slight increase in cost.

This issue contains images and excerpts from items in the Henry G. Gilbert Nursery and Seed Trade Catalog Collection, a special collection of the USDA's National Agricultural Library made available through the Internet Archive. The cover image appears in *Dreer's Garden Book, 1923*.

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