

# THE JOYS OF GARDENING AT MINNETONKA

PHOTOS BY A. S. WILLIAMS.

GARDENING is not merely a local fad. It is hardly fair to call it a fad at all, although the active interest in this fascinating pursuit seems to attack many with all the symptoms of a fad. The marked increase of interest in gardening is in reality a part of the same movement that has resulted in so many men becoming gentlemen farmers, having their chief residences in the country and running a more or less extensive farm for pleasure.

The liking for country life and country pursuits is among outcroppings of the Anglo-Saxon and the multiplication of gardens and the great improvement of their quality is but an evidence of a common heritage with England for Britons are among those for whom life affords but little pleasure if they cannot surround themselves with growing things.

The love of plants and flowers and the general prevalence of gardening skill strikes the visitor among his very first impressions in England and its force is deepened as he progresses through the country and comes to know the people more. Growing plants, trees and flowers

are the only things which redeem London from hopeless ugliness. The open places and squares are numerous although not large and few of these belong to the public. They are communistic gardens and are surrounded by iron fences that exclude intruders, although without shutting off the view. Each owner who has shared in the creation of these beauty spots has keys for himself and his tenants and the actual use of these open spaces is restricted to the interested householders. Many of these private gardens are arranged as courts for long grim rows of houses whose fronts have not a mark to give them any individuality and are either entirely enclosed by the houses or are open on only one side. These garden courts are often beautiful and have not only a handsome general arrangement but plots for each householder, where he can exercise his own taste and skill in gardening. The court front is also very different from the plain, severe and forbidding exterior. Each house has its veranda with gay awnings, tasteful arrangement of window boxes and urns, and picturesque furnishings.

However, a great majority of the Lon-

don houses have not courts of any great extent that afford sufficient space to gratify the zeal for making things grow. The small courts are supplemented by window boxes, window gardens and choice house plants. Nearly all of the ugly fronts that range along the streets in interminable rows have one beautiful feature, the continuous rows of boxes marking the base of the second stories and filled with a profusion of blooming plants that always seem to be thrifty and are very effectively arranged.

The decorative gardening in and around Minneapolis has shown a marked improvement in the past five years and the number of people who take an interest in gardening has increased quite out of proportion with the number of those interested in other improvements. The general interest in gardening has created a healthful emulation and many excellent new plants have become a part of the floral wealth of the city through the experiments of enthusiastic amateurs. Perennials interest most of these experimenters and the list of those known to be hardy and effective in this climate is a

rapidly lengthening one.

As many of those people who have the leisure and the means to gratify their taste for gardening and farming for amusement are among those who spend their summers at the lake and as the conditions about Minnetonka are very favorable to gardening, it would be natural to expect that there the amateur gardener would flourish. And he does. Not to have a garden or at least a few beds of flowers and pretty vines is a plain mark of the bird of passage unaccustomed to the lake resident's ways. A good many confine themselves to a few safe things, but if these are well managed they prove very satisfactory and often make an effective show. The good decorative qualities of common plants are shown at one house at the beach. Some new trees had great bare spaces about them where they had been drained with fertilizers and kept soaked with water early in the spring. After they got started, the gardening mistress wished to conceal the big unsightly spots and sowed them very thickly with mixed portulaca seed. They came on with amazing rapidity and vigor

and their wealth of color has been enough to make a melancholy man cheerful in spite of himself—the fairly radiated sunshine. The same place had clusters of golden glow arranged in thick clumps quite widely separated whose great sheaves of glowing blossoms against the background of the house looked like great yellow rosettes.

Similarly a well cultivated, well arranged garden of bright-colored flowers consisting of the ordinary varieties, poppy, bachelor's button, marigold, sweet alyssum, California poppy and sweet peas in all their manifold color variations, has been a riot of brightness and in a small space has furnished an incredible amount of cut flowers.

The chief amateur gardener of Minnetonka Beach is Colonel F. B. Dodge, who not only studies good effects of arrangement in the commoner varieties of shrubs and flowers, but is fond of trying novelties. The distinctive feature of his garden is a basin filled with handsome aquatic plants. He has in this a large lotus lily, colored water lilies, water hyacinths, etc. Many of his beds are filled with perennials

that make the garden especially interesting early in the spring. He has also a large number and variety of rose trees.

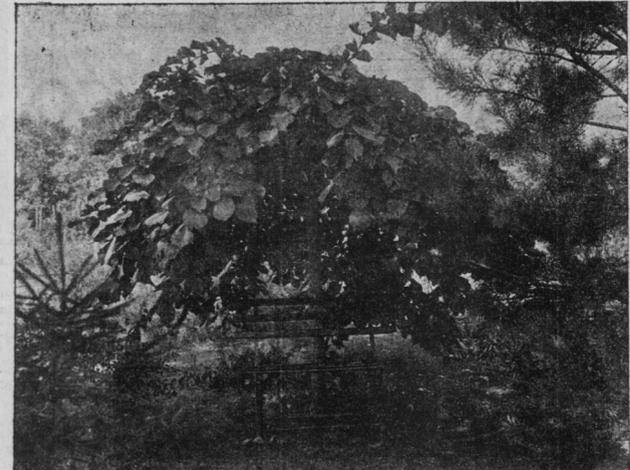
At Waukegan every lot has a great depth and was evidently intended by nature to be used for a garden. It has become quite a matter of course with all the residents to have a garden, although, if the truth must be told, not all of the gardens would entitle their owners to certificates of skill in husbandry. J. F. Wilcox at Old Orchard has an extensive garden, in which flowers have a place as well as fruits and vegetables. Another less extensive but well-kept garden which is his owner's pride, is that of Judge D. F. Simpson. The judge and his sons go out early in the spring to get it started, and many busy, happy hours during the summer are spent in the garden by all the members of the family, for Mrs. Simpson shares the family enthusiasm.

The pride of Minnetonka is the lawn, and while their care may not be strictly gardening, it is akin. It has been a favorite subject of speculation during this summer of dry weather and water scarcity, how many gallons of water it took daily

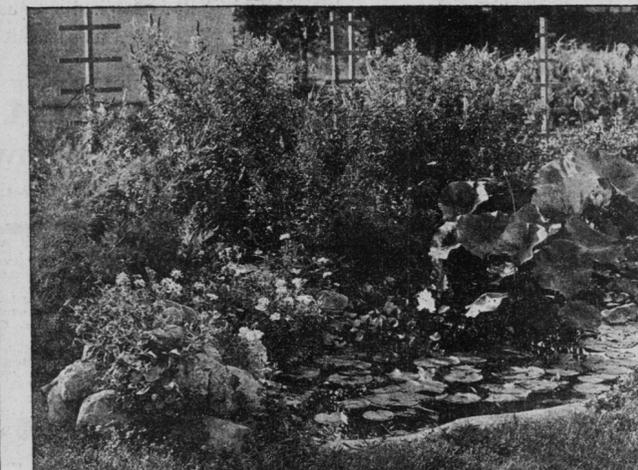
to keep these lawns in their velvety green conditions. Nearly all of the Ferndale residents have attractive gardens and the shrubbery is particularly fine. A sensible and interesting ambition of Sumner T. McKnight and his son-in-law, George C. Christian, has been to beautify their new places entirely with native shrubbery. The variety from which to select is large, and these shrubs possess the merit of being already perfectly adapted to the climate and their lake environment.

The tendency to use Minnesota shrubbery is especially marked at the lake, and a number of other interesting places have followed the same plan as the McKnights and Christians. Excellent illustrations of the use of native shrubbery may be seen at Lafayette Club, where the hedges are willow, and the effective big clumps of bushes, chiefly elder and sumac.

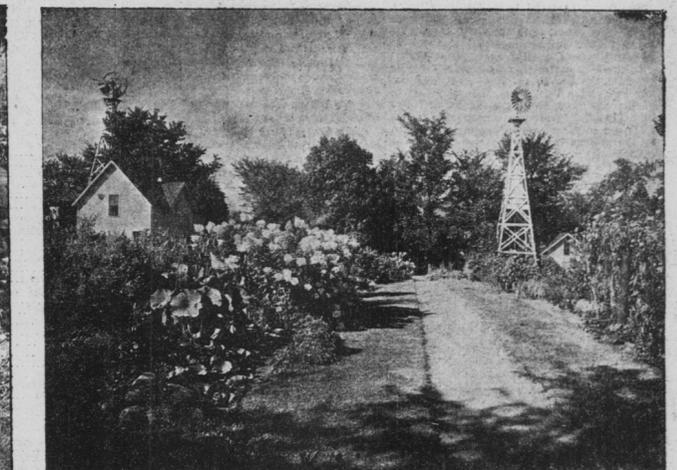
An interesting garden that is deliberately old-fashioned is that of Mrs. W. O. Winston at Tonka Bay, and its wealth of blossoms not only afford much pleasure to the family, but are the marvel of the vicinity.



DWARF ELM, OF WHICH MR. DODGE IS JUSTLY PROUD.



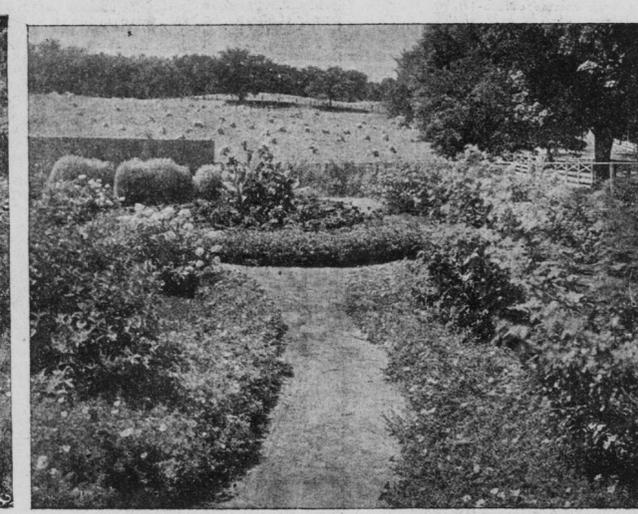
WATER PLANTS IN THE DODGE GARDEN AT MINNETONKA BEACH.



SOME OF MR. DODGE'S PEES.



A BIT OF THE WILCOX GARDEN AT WILDHURST.



A CORNER OF THE GILLETTE GARDEN AT EXCELSIOR.



HOLLYHOCKS IN THE WINSTON GARDEN ON GIBBONS BAY.

## THE OJIBWAYS PLAY "HIAWATHA" AGAIN

The Ancient Legend, Celebrated in Poetry by Longfellow, Is Enacted by Indian Players at Desbarats, Ont., for the Second Time—An Annual Affair Now.

As the evening sun cast a glow over land and water, 500 people stood on the rocky slope of Kensington Point, near Desbarats, Ont., and strained their eyes to follow an Indian as with uplifted hands he boated in a bark canoe out over the still waters of Lake Huron. Down on the shore crowded a group of Indians stretching out their arms in an endeavor to reach across the ever-widening distance and their mournful wail was full of longing.

And they said, "Farewell forever!"

Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

It was the closing scene in the annual presentation of the Ojibway play of "Hiawatha." A more dramatic climax could not be imagined. The sorrow and despair in the Indian chant dominated every thought and every eye was fastened on the canoe, moving by some invisible force, until it was lost in the golden glory of the setting sun.

The audience was a most democratic one and nearly every state was represented. Prominent business men from Chicago and Detroit shared shady spots with Canadian half-breeds; women in smart duck suits sat on the same benches with blanketed squaws. The bishop of Algoma in the conventional dress of a bishop of the English church, shovel hat, wide-brimmed coat, knickerbockers and gaiters talked to an old chief whose war bonnet ran from his head to his heels. Summer visitors from the islands which dot Lake Huron and residents from the small towns along the Canadian Pacific railroad stopped to chat with the Indian men and maidens or to admire the papoose swinging in the basswood cradle.

This is the second year that the play has been presented by the Ojibways and two performances were given, Friday and Saturday afternoons, Aug. 23 and 24. Saturday morning and evening were devoted to Indian sports and there were canoe and boat races, swimming races and other water games, which the Indians won easily, from the white men. Interesting as these Indian sports were, it was the play that had attracted so many strangers to this unfrequented corner of Canada.

The play was first given last year in honor of the visit of Miss Alice Longfellow, the daughter of the poet, who came at the invitation of the Indians to the scene of the Hiawatha legends. As an entertainment for their distinguished guests the Indians planned to present a series of tableaux from "Hiawatha" and from this

verity they thoroughly believe. Until a year ago few of them had heard Longfellow's poem, and Minnehaha shyly confessed this summer that she had not read it all yet.

**Indians Much in Earnest.**

The actors so sunk their identity in the characters of the play that the slope often resounded with cries for Hiawatha's canoe, for Minnehaha to find a certain belt or for Nokomis to look after the papoose. There was no difficulty in recognizing the different characters. Each had his individuality.

"What do you know of Hiawatha?" was asked of a mite of a chief whose small shirt and leggings were as elaborately fringed as were those of the men.

The chief sucked his thumb and looked out over the lake where he obtained inspiration to lip: "Hiawatha was a great chief."

"We don't act; we live the legends of our people," explained George Kabaoska, who takes the part of Hiawatha with courtly grace. He is the hereditary chief of the tribe and carried the invitation to No attempt was made last summer to interest outside people and the audience consisted of Miss Longfellow and her friends from Boston and a small group of the summer residents from the near by islands. He made a careful study of the Indians before assigning the parts and so well was this done that no make-up is used in dressing the characters.

Not a Midway Show.

Early this year the Indians were invited to take the play to Buffalo, but Mr. Armstrong strongly objected. He did not want it to sink to the level of a Midway amusement, and with the Indians Mr. Armstrong's word is law. Circumstances were such that it was not deemed advisable to present the play this year and it was not until the middle of the month that the Indians planned to repeat it. That is why there were only 500 people on Kensington Point, for no advertising was done and those present heard of it in roundabout ways.

The actors are members of a small Ojibway tribe which has its home near Garden river. They come to Kensington Point every summer to hold an annual fair during the blueberry season. The majority of them speak English and speak it well. The men are farmers, fishermen, hunters and guides, according to the season. Life is not a complex affair on Garden river and the Indians spend the winter in preparation for the fair, mending bows of hawwood, bows and arrows, belts of bark and buckskin embroidered with porcupine quills and a certain rude pottery from the red clay.

The Minneapolis public schools have given the white boys and girls a thorough knowledge of Longfellow's beautiful poem, but the Indian children have learned it in a different way. They have heard the legends all their life, not as tableaux but as actual occurrences in whose

hideous with war paint, thread their way among the spectators to the platform where they throw down their weapons and rush to the lake to wash off the war paint.

Old Nokomis swings the infant Hiawatha in a linden cradle in her wigwam and croons an Ojibway lullaby and the wood carver shows Iago teaching the boy how to shoot. In the fourth scene Hiawatha bids farewell to Nokomis and goes over the hills to find his father, Mudjigkewis. With him he visits the tent of the Arrow Maker and sees Minnehaha. He returns with the message from Mudjigkewis to his people and tells Nokomis of Minnehaha.

One of the prettiest pictures presented is the wooing of Minnehaha when Hiawatha places at her feet the deer he has slain and taking her hand leads her home. The games and dances which were given in their honor were exceedingly interesting and were enjoyed several times. Old Nokomis guards her maidens with a jealous eye and when they are stolen from her and join the dancing warriors, she is indignant.

The snake dance was participated in by even little toddlers. Pau-Puk-Keewis, the beggar, danced and with Kwaisind, a war dance. The Indians presented a peaceful picture of village life of the Ojibways with their industries, broom-making, pottery, weaving and embroidery. Hiawatha showed something of the picture writing, drawing on birch bark. The gambling scene in which Pau-Puk-Keewis was so successful was enjoyed so much by the Indians that it was with difficulty that they left off.

Iago tells of the presence of the white man and the missionary arrives in his canoe. Hiawatha explains his presence, and announces his own departure and to the wall of his people he floats away in his bark canoe with hands uplifted in blessing.

**Mr. Armstrong as Chorus.**

During the play Mr. Armstrong acted the part of the Greek chorus and explained the scenes through a megaphone. The play is given in the Ojibway tongue, and, though the acting is so perfect that an understanding of the language is unnecessary, the megaphone was an assistance to those of little imagination.

Desbarats is a small town, which will some day be larger, on the Canadian Pacific railroad, and visitors are dropped at a strange little station by the through train. The method of reaching Kensington Point is quite as primitive as the arrangements for the play. A tug towed three large sail boats and two row boats in a procession down the narrow waterway out into the open lake. An Indian in deer skins and with a red handkerchief bound around his head stood in the stern of the first boat holding the rudder and steering the stream of question marks which fell around him. At the dock were private launches, sailboats, an excursion steamer, canoes, the mongrel boats of the half-breeds, and tied back among the bushes were wagons and carriages. There was as much variety among the conveyances as among the people, and both proved that Longfellow's poem of "Hiawatha" and the Ojibway legends appeal neither to their intellect nor the purse, but to the heart.

—Francis R. Sterrett.

## Thrilling Rescue On the Great Lakes

Correspondence of The Journal.

Port Arthur, Ontario, Can., Aug. 30.—Seldom if ever has so thrilling a scene been enacted upon the great lakes as that which marked the rescue of the crew from the ship Preston in the midst of one of the worst storms which has swept over Lake Superior in recent years. I presume the mere statement of the rescue of the crew has already been noted in The Journal, but, so far as I know, no American newspaper has contained any adequate account of one of the most heroic rescues ever recorded.

It was three in the morning and the crew of the ship Preston of Toledo, lumber laden, bound for Port Arthur, from Manistee, Mich., discovered in the midst of a heavy sea that the ship had sprung a leak and the water was rapidly seeking the fires and the coal bunkers. The boat was heavily laden and was making slow headway in the midst of the tremendous sea that was running. All efforts to stay the flood were unavailing, and it soon became apparent that the ship must be abandoned if she could not find a tow. She was then in the middle of the lake to the east of Isle Royal.

The storm increased and at last when the fires were out and the waves were washing over her decks, a signal of distress was hoisted. At six in the morning, Captain McDougall of the steamer Athabasca sighted the distressed boat of Passage Island. Comparatively few boats, as regards the through traffic from Duluth to Buffalo, pass to the north, and had not Captain McDougall sighted the ship, she might easily have gone days without help, or what was far more likely in such a storm, be driven in shore and stove to pieces on the rocks.

He came alongside the boat but the sea was so heavy he could not bring the two together so that the crew of the Preston could be brought on board. Five or six men were on the deck, but the sea was so heavy that it was impossible to get a line to the ship to tow her by every time, so heavy was the sea, the hawser parted.

Finally he decided that the only way to save their lives was to ram the side of the wooden boat with his big steel prop. Drawing off in the sea, he went at a slanting angle upon the derelict, striking her a slanting blow with the hope of fixing the nose of his ship long enough in her side to enable him to haul on board the crew. One or two did get on, but the waves instantly parted the ships. Again he tried the same tactics from another angle, saving one or two more. Time after time he did this and all the time he was taking risks for his own ship, laden with cargo and passengers.

But, once upon a time, Captain George McDougall was wrecked, and the captain of another craft stood by in a storm and saved the lives of himself and crew, and the years had not blunted his memory.

Once, as the big ship swung around, one of the crew, the wheelman, William Eckert of Algonac, Mich., attempted to board the Athabasca at an unfortunate moment, and as the two boats came to-

gether by the tremendous power of the sea, those who were on deck saw half of the poor wheelman go one way and half the other. The coming together had cut him squarely in two.

One by one, as the hours went by, the crew was brought away until but a few were left. Two women were on board, but they utterly refused to jump for the deck of the Athabasca as she would swing up to the side. The men coaxed and threatened and pleaded, but they would not take what to them seemed a risk with death for the prize.

So, at last, the men seized the women, put lines around their bodies, tied on life preservers and threw them over the sides of the vessel into the sea. It was heroic treatment and might easily have been the death of both, but it was sure death to leave them. By great good fortune they were hauled aboard the Athabasca in safety. On the Athabasca were two physicians. One of them was on his wedding tour and his wife was the only woman on board the ship, who was not overcome by sea sickness. He told later with great pride of the help his new wife was to him in caring for the women. In order to get them quickly into a warm bed it was necessary to take a sharp knife and cut the shoes from their feet, so water soaked were their shoes and so swollen their limbs from the long exposure.

It took nearly ten hours for the Athabasca to effect the rescue of the crew.

One of Captain Harlow's jets was a bright little Scotch terrier and another was a canary bird. He tried hard to hold the dog in his arms as he left the ship, but he did not dare to make the leap without both hands free, so he left the little friend on board. Away the big steamer went in the late afternoon, leaving the dog and the canary sole occupants of the abandoned derelict, fast beating up toward the rock-bound, treacherous north shore. But truth came in again, but to prove that it is stranger than fiction, and two or three days later when a tug master at Port Caldwell, a fishing point on the north shore, saw the derelict in the offing and the canary sole occupants of the abandoned derelict, fast beating up toward the rock-bound, treacherous north shore, he found both dog and canary alive and full ready for a square meal.

Strangely enough, the fact that they were alive may have a distinct bearing on a suit now in progress. The captain of the Preston put out for Port Arthur on the tug Inez as soon as possible in search of his ship. He found her a few hours after the Port Caldwell man did, though the latter had already gotten a line on her, establishing priority of occupancy.

But the claim of the Port Caldwell man, so it seems, is to be contested on the ground that, there being life on the ship, and life which could not under such circumstances maintain itself, was proof that the ship was capable of sustaining life and, therefore, was not in the strict sense an abandoned derelict subject to seizure and salvage.

The Port Caldwell tug master secured papers for the seizure of the ship as a derelict though the admiralty court at Toronto. The outfit was then towed to Port Arthur where the lumber which was to have been used in the construction of the new elevator of the Canadian Northern road at this place was unloaded. Next came a wrecking crew from Duluth—the Preston being an American ship—lighter the vessel and tow her to Duluth. According to the laws, however, no American crew has the right to do such service in Canadian waters but though there was a heavy penalty for failure to carry out various provisions of the law, the fine was remitted and the American crew permitted to go on with its work.

It would be a fitting thing if the government of the United States should unite with the Dominion of Canada in a testimonial to Captain George McDougall of the steamship Athabasca for one of the most heroic international episodes in the history of the great lakes. It is understood that the Dominion government has already taken steps to recognize officially on its own account what Captain McDougall has done.

—W. S. H.

**LITERARY CIRCUS**

Modern Authors Must Furnish Their Own "Paper."

Puck.

Washington Irving Smith has ceased writing any more novels. He is disgusted with what he terms the circus of his profession. His efforts have always been confined to the one-a-day factories, but for the sake of appearances he has haunted the swaggar publishing houses on Fifth avenue. He has just finished reading "Pumpkin Adams' Nausea" and "Edam Hold-em-up," two of the record-breaking books of the Squash school, and concluded that he could outdo anything they contained. He felt sure that Scribblers would accept without demur his latest manuscript, "Abner Applejack, the Hero of Wynocke, N. J."

When he called upon the reader of the great publishing house he was referred to the business office.

"What printing have you got?" he was asked.

"None," replied Smith, in surprise.

"Well, you know that unless you have at least \$5,000 worth of paper we can do nothing with your book," explained the manager. The title is just what you want, but you must have plenty of advertising matter, including good half-sheet and three-sheet posters. You must supply us with your own lithograph, showing yourself in a thoughtful mood, as the great author of the domestic story of "Abner Applejack," etc., the true type of native American, and all that sort of thing. If you do this and engage a first-class press agent, we may be able to push you up to the hundred-thousand mark, make it a dollar-and-a-half book and the success of the year."

And Washington Irving Smith is still grinding out seaside stories for the crop of 1902 in the Jumbo brogue, under the shadow of the Brooklyn bridge.

G. A. R. Comrades:

Remember your friends! The Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R. has made the cent a mile rate \$14.82 to Cleveland and return Sept. 7 & 8 and 9. Reserve your berth in tourist sleeper now. E. W. Mortimer, Tour Dept. Commander, No. 1 Washington avenue S.

**Don't Keep Things You Don't Use**

Somebody wants them. Advertise them in the Journal want columns and you'll get money for them.