Photographing Flowers That Bloom In The Spring

GOVERNMENT Photographer Whose Specialty Is Faring Forth in the Spring Months and Recording the Unfolding of Blooms—His Picture Records Are of Great Value—Queer Plants of the Floral World — Tribulations of the Photographer—Flowers That Flame and Flowers That Are Comedians.

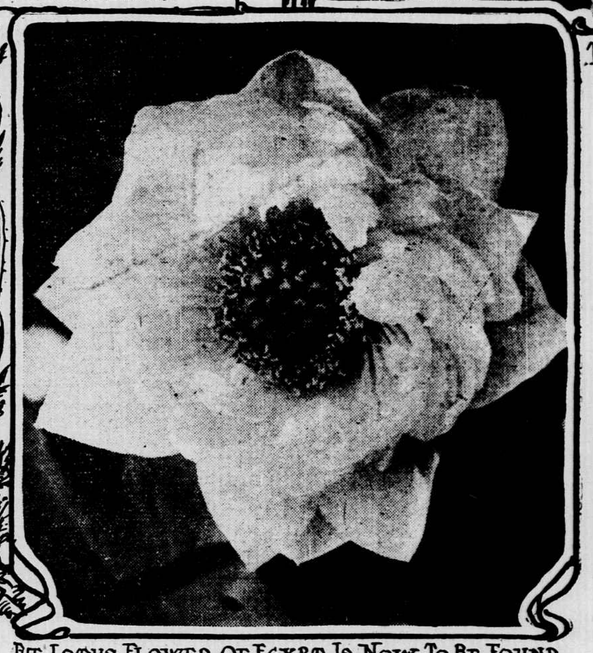
THE INDIAN PIPE APPEARS IN FOREST SOLITUDES.

E. L. CRANDALL, FLOWER PHOTOGRAPHER FOR UNCLE SAM

THE OPIUM POPPY HAS ESCAPED CAPTIVITY AND IS ABROAD IN THE LAND

THE DOGWOOD IS THE BELLE OF FLOWERING TREES.

THE LEOPARD ORCHID OF AMERICA IS GROWN IN THE WHITE HOUSE GARDENS



THE LOTUS FLOWER OF EGYPT IS NOW TO BE FOUND IN AMERICA

THE government has an official photographer to the flower world. The months of April and May comprise his busy period, for then all the wonderworld of nature is putting on its garlands. Today he is somewhere in the wilds seeking out rare blooms of beauty or better known flowers in new and striking guises. That he may know what he should picture and the value of the things he encounters he has, of necessity, become a man steeped in the lore of the woods and the fields. His story of the watch for the appearance of the flowers in their cycle of the springtime weeks is full of nature lore from a new angle.

This photographer is E. L. Crandall, and for years he has made pictures for the Department of Agriculture. In all those experiments of the government scientists in their hothouses, where they seek to breed flowers that the world never saw before, and in the gardens that grow a wealth of rare blooms to decorate the White House on festive occasions, E. L. Crandall is the photographer artist who records the beauties of those blooms. He has pictured many flowers that have bloomed in these hothouses for the first time since flowers began to bloom, for they were originated here. He has pictured rare orchids that have been sent to the White House gardens from the ends of the earth. He has pictured the first blossoms in America of plants, the seed for which agricultural explorers have sent home from the high Himalayas or the jungles of darkest Africa.

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Crandall, as the flower photographer of the government, makes the flower pictures that appear in all the government publications. But above and beyond this he is attempting to register a photograph of every flower that blooms in the wilds, that the government, the naturalist or the nature lover may have true material for illustration whenever these beauties of nature are being portrayed.

So Crandall knows the things in nature that first appear in the spring. He knows the procession of flowers as they follow, one after another. He knows the haunts in which they are found and the tricks of getting them on record.

There is, for instance, the skunk cabbage, the first bloom of them all to appear in the spring. Often the snow is still on the ground when the skunk cabbage pushes its way through the fecund earth and bursts into bloom. The flower is protected by a shell-like covering that reveals it from only one side, the whole being something like a cabbage with a hollow interior, as a vase for a flower. The flower, to be sure, has a bad odor from which it takes its names. Its prime virtue of being the first of all to appear and the additional fact that it is an edible plant, largely redeem the skunk cabbage from the ignominy of its odor.

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Following closely on the heels of the skunk cabbage, according to the flower photographer, comes the bloom of the trailing arbutus. This well known plant that scrambles about the shady, rocky hillsides of the eastern half of the continent, puts forth its flowers in clusters at the ends of its vines. They are waxlike and pink, and have an odor much like that of the water lily.

The skunk cabbage of the low, wet places and the arbutus of the hillsides are closely followed in the spring by the pussy willow blooms that have long found a place in the springtime joy of the people of the outside. The pussy willows not uncommonly are seen in February. The red and yellow and green and brown of their soft and fuzzy cylinders delight the early farer abroad, while their fragrance fills the early spring air.

And there is the hepatica that crowds close on the heels of the skunk cabbage and often shows itself among the snows of early spring. When the men of Vermont go forth to tap the maple tree for its sap that begins to rise with the first touch of spring, they often find the delicate white and pink star-shaped flowers blossoming at their roots. The anemone is likewise a child of the early spring, a frail creature known also as the wind flower.

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By this time spring is a thing of reality. The gray poplar has burst into bloom overhead and the blue violets, says the photographer, are to be seen in the grass and a handful of them may be gathered for milady's corsage. The birdfoot violet is the largest of the blue violets, though not as early as some. They grow in the borders of fields and in thin woods, hiding modestly close to the ground. The common violet may shade into a purple, while the sweet, white violet, most fragrant of them all and the smallest, is of a modester color. The yellow violet is the tallest and proudest and chooses the dry hillsides, though it may often be found looking into the waters of a brook as though to get a view of the reflection of itself. The so-called dogtooth violet is not a violet at all and its other name of fawn lily is much more appropriate.

The lady's slippers come later in the spring, and may not be found as yet anywhere except in the far south. These lady's slippers are real aristocrats among the wild flowers. They are orchids and orchids are the fancy and pride of many a magnificent garden. Emissaries of flower fanciers travel the world around gathering orchids and single plants are often worth thousands of dollars. Yet the lady's slippers are royal orchids. They are things of beauty, but not so highly prized as those that are more difficult to procure. In the White House gardens there is the rarest of these flowers, the spotted leopard orchid of Africa, which Mr. Crandall has pictured.

To the nature student there is an eternal comedy enacted in the woods with the lady's slipper and the bumble bee as the principals. This plant may be fertilized and its seeds may grow in but one way, by the bumble bee carrying the pollen of one flower to another. Realizing this, the lady's slipper places the bait of great quantities of honey near its opening to induce the bumble bee to enter. The flower wants him inside that pollen may be smeared all over him. The door is so small that he may barely squeeze through. The bee does so, and eats his fill of the honey, and is ready to go. He finds the door so small that he may not back out of it. There is the light of a small aperture ahead of him, and he starts for it. He must crowd his way through by main force, and in so doing he gets all gummed up, and pollen galore sticks to him. When he enters other flowers he is prepared to thoroughly fertilize them.

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Dutchman's breeches is another of the comedians of the flower world. It is a delicate-stemmed, aristocratic flower, despite its plebeian name—a thing acquired from the shape of its petals. Jack-in-the-pulpit is another comedian who stands debonaire in his sheltered nook and goes out in a flame of glory in the form of the clusters of bright red berries that supersede him.

The great family of ferns is of perennial interest, says Mr. Crandall, to the individual who haunts the woods, and one of the early spring wonders is the unwinding of the great leaves of these plants. The long arms of what are to be fern leaves shoot out of the ground early in the spring, and the knotty fist that is on the end of them opens out most stealthily until it becomes a multi-leaf with every finger a rib.

At about this period of the glory of the spring there appears the dogwood blossom, one of the handsomest of the flowering trees. Later the flowers will give place to bright red berries. Most of the berries of the woods are bright red. They do it on purpose, and there is an economic reason. The berry wants to attract the attention of the birds. It wants to be eaten by the bird. As an additional inducement it puts on a layer of gummy substance that is good bird food. So the bird is attracted and actually eats the berry. The gummy layer is digested off of the seed, but its germ is more resistant. This the bird drops at some place which the tree hopes will be favorable to its growth, and perhaps another great tree results. So is the bird induced to scatter the seeds of trees.

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The red bud, or Judas tree, also lights a flame on the hillside, a thing of glory when viewed from a distance but dissolving into nothing when approached for close inspection, and because of this deception is given the name of the man most scorned. Nearly all the trees, even to the pine, have blossoms, a fact not generally recognized.

The flower photographer recited the many tribulations that beset the path of him who would record the flowers in their happiest moods. Mr. Crandall, for instance, one day started out for some pictures of old-fashioned tansy, a plant that was familiar to most childhoods and which has a way of blooming around deserted farmsteads. With his thirty-pound outfit on his back he tramped twenty miles without ever a sight of the plant and never exposed a negative in a whole day. The next morning he stumbled upon a bed of it in a hundred yards of camp.

Again he found that there was a gap in his picture collection with relation to black cohosh. He was camped beside Lake Bomoseen, in Vermont, and searched its shores for days. One afternoon he was crossing the lake in a boat and a squall drove him ashore and into the very arms of the long-sought cohosh. Again there was a handsome blooming shrub that required just the right light for the proper effect. The sun was wrong and the photographer sat and waited for six hours until it had traversed the sky and shone exactly the right way for the picture.

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These searches often keep the photographer in the open for longer periods than he had intended and at times the grip of hunger is upon him. Having grown wise to the ways of the woods he is usually able to find something that will sustain him. There is, for instance, the bud of the sweet flag, which is like okra in appearance, but smaller. It is good to eat and nourishing. There is also the heart of the water lily, the fairest of all flowers in its cool purity, its pleasing fragrance, its restful fitting into the scheme of things about a quiet pool. The heart of the water lily is a morsel that is good to eat, quite satisfying and of such size as to be of importance as a food. Then there is the heart of the fern. Here is to be found a piece of plant food that may serve an important purpose and that has saved many a friend from hunger. Aside from these there are the well known berries and nuts that may often be relied upon to furnish a wholesome meal.

The lilies of the field that "toil not, neither do they spin," are infinite in number and in variety. When myriads of them lift their heads above the grass of the meadow or wave a welcome to the mowers at haying time, they lay down a scene of beauty hard to surpass. Their orange or yellow or brick red flowers that last but for a day throw a deal of glory into that short span.

The poppy is not a native of the eastern states. Many gardens in many states have grown the opium poppy of China and India, however, and the introduced plant has taken to the woods until it has become no uncommon sight to find clusters of these purple blooms of unsurpassed beauty in almost any field. Then there is the yellow poppy of California and of many of the other Pacific coast states that lays down such a carpet of gold as is rarely revealed anywhere else in the world. It is the glory of the flower-loving tourist to climb a spur of the Rockies after abundant spring rains have awakened the dormant poppies that have seeded in the desert. If the time is ripe that tourist may look away as far as the eye can reach in this dry atmosphere and that carpet of yellow is spread out interminably for fifty or a hundred miles upon the desert. The sea of yellow billows without end before the breezes that sweep down from the mountains.

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Among the introduced flowers that the photographer may encounter is the great lotus from Egypt, that subtile flower that is reputed to steal into the veins of the eaters of it and breed strange fantasies. The lotus is a water lily that sometimes measures a foot or more across and that is an amazon of the flower world. In many American gardens it has been set to grow in cement tanks kept supplied with water. It has overrun these tanks and gained the American streams and may today be found growing in all its seductive glory in the streams tributary to the Potomac below Washington and in many other places.

So is it becoming possible that the minds that dominate this, the most powerful civilization of modern times, may find at hand the mystic flower upon which the nobles of ancient Egypt fed until their faculties were drugged into inaction and the race dominance was gone. The material is being placed at hand that may convert the men of America into the lotus eaters of modern times.

So does the flower photographer encounter one after another of the flowers that bloom in the spring, about every one of which there is a romance, a poem or a flame of sentiment. Job's tears, purple and petite, appear for a few hours and are gone. The bellwort hangs for awhile on its delicate stem. There is the lily-of-the-valley which also hangs forth graceful bells. There is the family of flags and another of pinks, there are meadowsweets and wild roses, there are the laurels of the mountain side and the daisies of the fields, morning glories and forget-me-nots, there is black-eyed Susan and the sneeze weed, that large family of thistles, and the rattlesnake plant. The Indian pipes creep forth in the damp solitudes of the forest as the season advances and stand as solemn sentinels suggesting peace. There are flowers without end at this season of the year and the tales of them and the pictures might go on forever.

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WITH THE PRINCE OF POETS IN THE LAST OF PARISIAN LITERARY CAFES

Special Correspondence of The Star.

PARIS, April 31, 1913.

I HAVE seen the prince of poets and his Tuesday night crowd.

I have visited the center of cubism, futurism, unanimousism, orphism, simultaneousism, sensuousism and others.

Sensuousism, as a new kind of poetry, was born on the night of my visit, which coincided with the independents' vernissage. Things happen like that in the Closerie des Lilas.

It is the last of the literary and artistic cafes. An American magazine recently asked for an article on them, and the contributor, in his haste, wrote back that Ernest Lajeunesse and four disciples hold to themselves frigidly from 5 to 7 at the ice cream Neapolitan Cafe on the boulevard; that Georges Courteline and Gaston Leroux play bridge at the Grand Cafe from 6 to 8 also on the boulevard; that Rostand, when in Paris, takes tea with the ladies at the Majestic off the Champs Elysees, and that was all; the literary and artistic cafes had perished in boulevard bluff and self-advertising.

Now he knows another world, the real thing, ardent youth, virgin genius, battling for tomorrow, at the Closerie des Lilas.

It is the last stand of Bohemia.

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Philistines call them "cafe poets." Georges Bataulit, youthful philosopher in the style of Bergson, son-of-family who quits the Avenue du Bois for Paul Fort's Tuesday evenings, has explained it to me. So has Canudo, editor of Montjoie, the organ of artistic imperialism. So Paul Fort explained his younger brethren, replying to Jean Richepin's bitter-sweet, on the night of his election as prince of poets.

"If we hold forth in a cafe," said the prince, "it is because most of us have no salon."

I knew a man whose aunt's life ambition was to go to Paris and frequent the literary salon of Mme. Adam, which, she was convinced, as late as 1897, still created public opinion and guided taste very surely. So is the bourgeois ever. The salon, for him (or her)—who does not go, but reads about it, is a mysterious place of conversation, art and manners, whose kitchen he does not realize, or the backstairs, or servants' gossip, or the skeleton in the closet. But he knows the cafe, its plate washing and sweeping-out, its free entrance and window wide open.

Therefore he despises the cafe as he reveres the salon—just as we admire a theatrical piece where we see only the beautiful, the sentimental or the dramatic side of life and all the ugly and useless events are eliminated. But real life is not thus "arranged," and the ideas agitated in this last remaining literary cafe—once the cafes really did half make artistic and political opinion—are still the same as those agitated in her salon by the duchess, and, as may happen, a lot in advance of her at times.

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I saw charming things. For instance, I saw Paul Fort protect long-haired American boys and encourage soul-eyed American girl students, tense, tugging, trained down, sensitive, ardent, burning out their vitality with the midnight oil, flushed with timidity, daring and love of the beautiful, when they begin to ask themselves "Am I a poet? Am I a painter? Have I found something new in art?"

Paul Fort tells them yes, or partly so, or respects them as seekers. For fear of discouraging one single obscure genius of tomorrow the prince of poets is willing to discuss, examine, show forth, protect and withhold condemnation from almost anything, even, for instance, poetry which might be like this:

> The slimmy glim of her opper ton
> Slaned on the opper sen.

Certainly they are (although my own) a weak example of sensuousism, but you can see from them what a world may lie hidden in them when you are permitted to repeat the lines to yourself gently, not as verse, but as music. A piece of music may stir up as many different reveries, emotions and pictures before the eyes as there are listeners. So sensuousism in poetry—beautiful words in rhythm purposely free from sense or meaning—ought to stir up sentiments, pictures and reveries different and very specially soothing in each soul that repeats them in the twilight. I hope I make it clear.

Paul Fort's own poetry is nothing like this. Like Walt Whitman, he has freed himself from the slavery of rhyme and prosody. Often he writes rhymed prose, whose soul is poetry and where rhymes abound. How can I give you a taste of his style? I am sure to do him injustice. Thus:

> Pearl of silver, my pearl in the wild wood's heart, oh little shady clearing . . . beside whose laughing rill, each morn I leave my little basket of oranges . . . stretching on the grass to forget my loves, I come, oh, little clearing in the silver shadow, to learn to dream alone.

But I give up. You try. He has published fifteen big volumes, half with the "Mercure de France," half with Eugene Figuire, wonderful hymns, songs, ballads, lieds, elegies, antique poems, heroic poems, idylls, "panic chants," marine poems, odes and odettes, romances, little iliads, gaulish fancies, complaints and sayings, madrigals and epigrams—and the cream of them has just been collected in "The Choice," published recently.

Here is baggage—and it sells handsomely, to swell up a man, yet he leaves the "ivory tower" and pink teas and the boulevard press to Rostand.

See the Closeries des Lilas of a Tuesday night. Middle-aged Bulgarian poets with four volumes seeking a publisher; American girls who have translated Swinburne into French; epigramists from Bremen—with diagram—and Belgian troubadours stick their heads in the door: "Has he come yet?" They wander about: "Has he gone?"

He comes, the prince of poets, surrounded by his bodyguard in felt hats and long hair. Yet in Babel, where five school boy at the College Louis le Grand. Along with Andre de Lorde—who later was to make Paris and America tremble with "The System of Prof. Goudron and Dr. Plume"—he rented a stage, engaged actors and trained them to play a piece of Maeterlinck's when Maeterlinck's name was unknown. For which the two boys were expelled from Louis le Grand, on the ground that they could not be scholars and theater managers. Nowadays he says: "I owe more to Maeterlinck than he owes to me!"

"In France," said Paul Fort, "we love art!" He welcomed a smiling man with short gray beard. "Allow me to present you to the poet, Victor Emile Michelet." A solemn-looking party eats hard-boiled eggs at the next table. "Come," he says, "meet the prince of story tellers, Hans Ryner." And, "Ah, Aeschemann!" A friendly wave. "Charming French poet," he whispers.

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Is Paul Fort really the prince of poets? Or does he owe his election partly to his kindness, his goodness, his solemnity, his perennial youthfulness, and because he welcomes and prints slathers of youthful poets in his review?

You cannot divide him up.

If poetry is a thing of pure imagination, if poetry is a thing in which the soul should show itself such as it is, naked, palpitating and so often beautiful, then Paul Fort is a prince of poets.

Certainly he shows life as it is, and he is the true Bohemian of the Latin Quarter, such as there were, such as we were at twenty years of age. When he sings his loves and aspirations of the quarter we recognize the same dear things we felt as youthful students, fresh, ardent, sincere. Unhappily, we have lost them with the passing years—and Paul Fort hasn't.

Evidently he is prince of literary and youthful Bohemia, singing to a golden harp, freely, easily, beautifully, the bursting emotions of the mute, and encouraging youthful birds to chirp. This or that one may turn out a nightingale. He hopes so, because he is a great soul.

It has American roots—much of this astonishing new art and poetry. Paul Fort, for instance, though not forty years old, lived and sung beside Viele-Griffin (an American), Henri de Regnier and Stuart Merrill (another American).

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More Bohemian than these, he continued sitting in the cafe, with Moreas and Mallarme. Long ago he began gathering adventurous youth around him, so powerfully that they became international, not only French, but Danish poets, Russian poets, Greek painters, Finnish painters. And, continuing, he unites the youth of today with that of yesterday, reconciles all—the "elder brother." He draws equally socialists and royalists. He unites the tail-end of symbolism with the stretched-out finger-nails (if I may say) of animatism. You know these animate chappies want to animate everything, give an entity for the street, the house, the umbrella, or the cream puff. They say "The house thinks" and "The sidewalk wishes" or "The huckelberry pie regretted."

In all this they develop from Walt Whitman, whom many call their master. Take the simultaneous boys. They are painters, sprung from a chance speculation of Edgar Poe. May we seek for beauty in itself? Can we figure beauty apart from the delectation which man gives himself in it—a beauty which is an expression, not of vain man, but of the universe, in the measure in which it humanizes itself in light? With this key you can understand equally cubism and obliquelism—which is not yet invented, but will be.

I am happy to explain these things to you. One should pass along the lighted torch.

Torchons.

The Closerie des Lilas is a big cafe, with two wings and two floors. Downstairs it is packed. This is not a banal Paris cafe, like the others. Whom do you meet in them? The shopkeepers of the quarter, clerks, flirting youth, retired old fellows playing dominoes, all commercial, mixed with sports, and, but for the tourists, perhaps, none with a spark of conversation above the daily news, bridge whist, the stock market and personal palaver.

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What society for a young painter!

What society for a youth yearning for poetry and beauty! For the man who has ideas and wants to air them! Or for a battleground of wit! The ordinary Paris cafe kills all aspirations, all originality that is not business.

Here only in the Closerie des Lilas can the lone boy with brains be sure of a hurrahing welcome from his peers. Elder men will take him by the hand. He is in no danger of dissipation. These are intelligences, even when cubical. He listens. He talks. He plunges. Swelled with happiness, he even invents, discovers, initiates. What if his cubism have rounded corners?

"Here we care only for ideas, wit, art, poetry. High ideals sweeten us from the blighting bluff of the boulevard," said a very sane young poet with no hair on his face. He is a rich boy, son of a millionaire manufacturer, and he takes a taxi, in the rain, to come four miles across Paris. "Never mind their simultaneousism—it will develop into something else, or else, who knows, perfect itself in beauty! The charm of this place is sincerity. Rostand, Richepin! Bah! We are miles away from the gilded and iced cake-baking boulevard and its systematic self-advertising!"

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I beckoned to Ellis to get ready. He began to joint the flashlight tripod.

"Can't we take a photograph of Paul Fort and his friends here?" I asked.

The word "photograph" went like a whirlwind. There was a pandemonium. Mobbing the central tables, packing the aisles, massing behind the prince of poets and his court, pawing his shoulders like a compact bunch of grapes, they hauled, mauled, struggled and clung, to keep in the focus of the camera. They hid Paul Fort; they hid Zweig, the German literary critic on a visit; they upset the tripods and almost smashed the plates.

Flash! Pf-f-f! Is that all? Is it over? I had my head turned. Won't you take another?

We smiled, but the prince of poets did not.

"We were peace and modesty," he said. "You brought a disturbing element."

STERLING HEILIG.

THE PRINCE OF POETS, MARKED WITH AN "X," AND HIS CROWD.

The Home of Truth.

"UNCLE JOE" CANNON, at a republican luncheon in Danville, tilted a little higher the cigar in the corner of his mouth and said grimly:

"These muckraking writers call me names. Well, gentlemen, truth lies at the bottom of a well, but that doesn't necessarily mean an inkwell."