

IN OUR COUNT

While I have been away in England and on the seas, my husband seems to have gotten loose in the pasture with his penwriter and a lot of person-comments. Of course he promised to write the garden in, but I neglected to specify what he was to write about—or not to write about.

I reckon experience is the best teacher. I'll know better next time. Apologies to my customers.

One of the dreams of my practical life has been to England in May, when the Englishmen go out of their heads about its beauty. I find the reports of the poets and the pastel prose people in sense overdrawn. Hawthorne hedges like white-veiled brides marching down endless aisles of mayflowers of pink and red, like bridesmaids standing round; the pink and white bridal cake, with candles in bloom, the canopied copse of beeches rearing like cathedrals, domes, and everywhere blossoms, the buds and blooms that the jolly English climate produces . . . I was quietly mad.

At Kew Gardens the blossoms were just going off, as they say over there, and so were the bluebells, but there were unforgettable clouds of