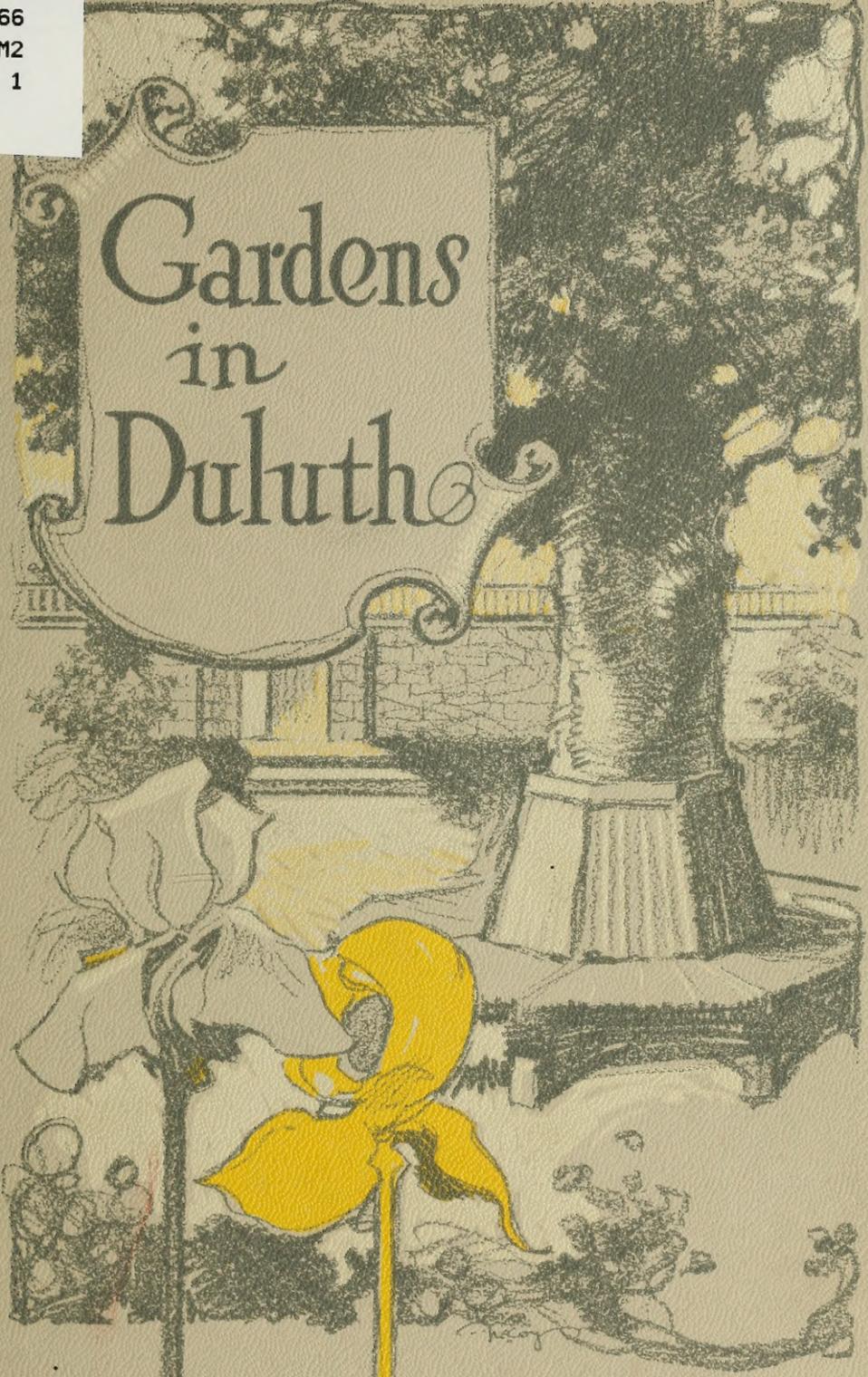


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# Gardens in Duluth







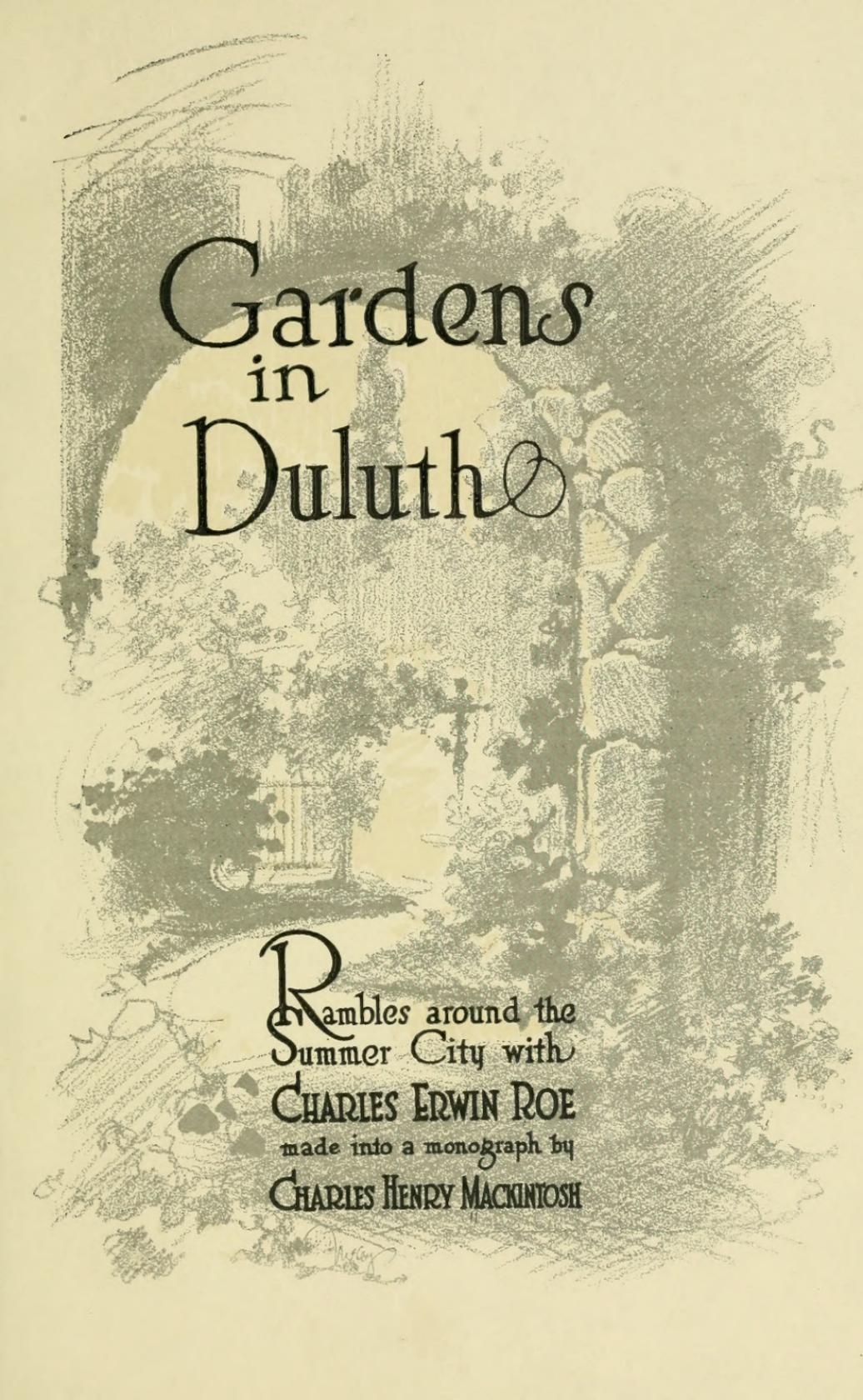








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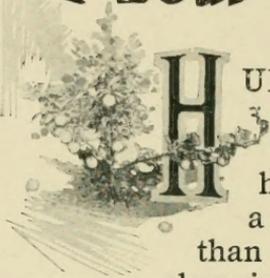


Gardens  
in  
Duluth

Rambles around the  
Summer City with  
CHARLES ERWIN ROE  
made into a monograph by  
CHARLES HENRY MACKINTOSH

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# About Gardens in General



**H**UMANITY was cradled in a Garden, and the heart of humanity has never ceased to hunger for his ancestral home. No sooner had man won back a little leisure from Time and Chance than he turned again to gardening. The hanging gardens of Babylon were the wonder of the world while ancient Egypt was yet in the throes of empire-birth.

Tier upon tier, they rose above the great wall, overshadowing the loftiest pylon; billions of basketsful of earth brot up weary inclines upon the bowed backs of a nation of slaves.

Lordly Assyrians with black beards, close-curved and perfumed, strolled along the shady paths, pretending to enjoy the fragrance of the flowers, altho' it must have been quite impossible for their olfactory nerves to apperceive anything beyond the musk and ambergris beneath their own noses!

But perhaps among those who walked in the Hanging Gardens all did not wear curled and scented beards. Probably not. Most of the world's love-making has been done in gardens. And 'twould be a curious thing if there was no Assyrian Cupid concealed among the shrubbery somewhere!

—The whole world loves a lover, and every lover worthy of the name loves a garden. Take the tenderest romances since the period of the Mid-Victorian novel, rob them of their garden-scenes and what have you left? —Cook-books; essays on elegance; textbooks upon tribulation: simply this and a few deathbeds: nothing more!

Bereft of his garden, with flower-bordered walks, shady nooks and summer-houses, your amatory author is driven back upon horse-hair sofas and despair!

Now, even the sturdiest vine of romance must put out tendrils of truth or never can it twine about the human heart. Authors and poets always are swinging thru little gates or stepping thru French windows into gardens because they know that when they do they step straight into the hearts of their readers!

Breathes there man or maid who does not breathe the deeper in the rich, sweet scent of warm, brown earth underlying the fragrance of flowers! Childhood's memories are bright with posies. Youthful fingers tingle to the thrill of growing things. The breath of spring heralds the dawn of love because it brings color and perfume back into the world.

Our own nation was born in a garden, according to the stories told in the earliest chronicles.

"We smelt so sweet and strong a smell, as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden," wrote Barlow, one of Sir Walter Raleigh's commanders, describing his landing in America.

Later, when the band of Pilgrims drew near to the shores of the Promised Land, John Winthrop wrote in his Journal; "We had now fair sunshine weather and so pleasant a sweet air as did much refresh us, and there came a smell off the shore like the smell of a garden."

What a welcome to the new home! And what a welcome always and to any home is "the sweet scent of a delicate garden"!

Indeed, there may be a house without a garden, but scarcely a home. This last must wait upon velvet lawns and glowing green shrubbery and lacey foliage and banks of fragrant flowers.

Always, the city of homes is a city of gardens, too; as witness our own delightful Duluth.

—Who has not wandered east along Superior Street in spring, in summer and in fall, glorying in the gardens enshrining every home?

Go up the hill and along any of her streets and you

shall find garden after garden, until you come to where the very newest buildings burst thru the raw earth and blush brick-red for want of green growing things to cover their nakedness!

—These, too, shall have their gardens very soon; the plants and shrubs and tiny trees even now are dreaming of them, waiting patiently in their Greysolon nursery until their soon-to-be-adopted parents shall come to claim them!

I count it one of my choicest privileges to have known the presiding genius of this place of perfumes for so many years. And Charles Erwin Roe, godfather to half the gardens in Duluth, is indeed a genius.

It has been said, by someone whose name I refuse to remember, that genius is nothing more than the art of taking infinite pains with one's work: could there be a better definition of what genius precisely is not?

Who brings infinite pains to his creative effort may produce a wonderfully finished piece of work, surely; and those who come to gaze thereon will condemn it without malice and without that in their awestruck comments: "How beautifully finished it is!" "They say he workt ten years upon that!"

Who stand before the work of true genius do not worship so. They shall not see the brush-stroke nor hear the chisel chipping at the reluctant stone; they shall not note the finely formed phrase, nor mark the deep-laid and laborious plan to which the thing entire has been attuned.

But there shall surge across their souls a vast wave of glorious silence; overwhelming the shifting sands of speech; sweeping them away upon that same tidal wave of emotion in which the work was brot into being.

For true genius is love, concentrated upon and consecrated in labor; it is the art of bringing infinite pleasure to one's work, that others may find it there when they come.

And so, I think, works Charles Erwin Roe upon his little landscapes.

Hour after hour he and his helpers bend above the brown beds, digging and planting and watering; hour after hour and day after day.

But when you shall come to see, a little later in the spring, you shall note no trace of all that toil, nor shall you question who, nor what, nor why.

Nature knows her kindly servitors and comes quickly to aid them and to complete their tasks; and so the whole shall impress you with its perfect and natural beauty, never with that sense of striving after something which is the penalty of infinite pains.

—Come with me, if you care for such things, and we will wander with the godfather of gardens in Duluth thru colorful coverts and scented silences, which quite conceal the helping hand to nature!



Residence of CHARLES ERWIN ROE  
(After a Pencil Sketch by W. B. Roe)



THE NARCISSUS PATH

# Gardens in Duluth



AT FIRST SIGHT, it would seem that nature grew a little negligent as she worked northward across the state of Minnesota. Perhaps it was the end of the day, and the iron of labor had entered into her soul. At least, we have found the iron; and it does seem that the bones of the earth were left with too scanty covering just here above the Great Lake.

But second thoughts are best, they say; and we shall see that brown boulders rising half-round from rich soil, and red rock-ledges inlaid with a mosaic of leaf-mould, may become more beautiful than any formal garden in the lands where falls not any snow nor ever winds blow loudly.

It is early in May, and the spirit of springtime is astir even under the cold light of the Northern Star.

Come with us now to the rock-gardens of Mrs. John Millen, and you shall find the grey giants already deckt in pink and white; low, colorful masses of phlox subulata clinging to their stubborn sides, weaving a welcome to the season of youth and love.

Later in the year these same grey rocks shall be veiled beneath the golden moss-like blossoms of the sedum acre, and deckt with clumps of deep blue lobelia, and with the glowing greens of feathery rock-ferns.

Let us but follow this pebbly path a little further and we shall find a limped pool in which white birch and sugar maples, mountain ash and red-twigged dogwood make love to their own reflections, blood brothers to Narcissus of the ancient Grecian myth.

All these are just where nature placed them; but in among them, and accenting their colors, stand several beautiful blue spruce, brot from their distant homes in Colorado to complete the picture.

At the margin of the pool, and dipping down into its waters, are masses of marsh marigolds; while the white and purple of the graceful German iris carry the color over the intervening slope and in among the trees.

Were we alone, we would be tempted to take this tiny jeweled memory and flee with it swiftly down the Vermillion Road. But Charles Erwin will not have it so.

He will take us thru the gateway, with its pyramids of arbor vitae and of poplar bolleana standing there like sentinels of cultivation to guard the captured wildwoods beyond.

Indeed, it seems to be virgin forest thru which the driveway leads us; the naturalized shrubs and perennial plants which bring the forest to the borders of the way seem part of the primeval, so naturally have they been added to nature.

Here and there, among the shrubs; spruce, white pine and green trailing junipers break the low-lying masses of foliage, carrying the eye along to the more stately trees beyond.

As for the house itself, it is a jewel set in rare enamels.

The long lines of massive masonry descend into and are lost among curves of color; blended by the clinging greens of the *ampelopsis engelmanni*.

Over to the left, above a low wall, a riotous rose garden reaches up the slope; scattering perfumes with the prodigality of an Oriental court.

The line of the low wall is broken here and there with stately delphiniums, gorgeously attired in silken robes of blue and rose.

From a low balcony on the eastern facade, a mass of matrimony vine tumbles down into a border of barbery thumbergi.

Across the lawn, glistening plumes of French lilac flash from their green scabbards.

Southward, another woodland path decoys us to that place of perfumes whence come cut flowers for the home.

But wherever you may wander thruout these gracious grounds, you shall find none of that art which reveals itself as art.

Here nature is not improved upon but encouraged to do and be her best.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another perfect blending of the artistic with the natural is to be found in the garden of A. H. Crassweller.

We have borrowed it for the frontispiece to this volume.

Beside the tiny tiled path, narcissus poeticus have become naturalized in the sod, bursting into bloom just when the birches in the background unroll the tender green garments of spring.

It seems a shame to desert this picture for a back-fence; but then 'tis such a fence! — *Spirea van houttei* and Japanese barberry have transformed it into a fairy fence, fit to guard the slumbers of some petulant princess, who shall sleep a hundred years to breakfast on a kiss!

Early in June, myriads of fragrant panicles in purple and white lean and crowd and jostle each other over the topmost rail; probably looking for the prince, who certainly will never come attired in sober greys and browns like you and I!

And then there are the peonies; *Festiva Maxima*, *Fragrans*, *Marie Lemoine*, *Felix Crousse* and *Richardson's Grandiflora*: but these are in the garden's self, where there is room for their glory — and for their names!

Arthur Crassweller has a grand passion for peonies — as who would not, could he but own Crassweller peonies!

—Let us hurry away before the commandment against covetousness commences to crack!

\* \* \* \* \*

In addition to his inimitable faculty for tickling tiny landscapes until they laugh in curving line and color; Charles Erwin Roe has a brother.

And this brother, W. B. Roe, echoes with Charles Erwin: Let who will hoe corn and cultivate potatoes!

Brother WB will work patiently and for hours over a peony or a rose-bush, quite content to reap a harvest of beauty instead of a mess of garden-sass.

Garden-sass has its place; but Brother believes that, most assuredly, its place is not in his garden!

He shares in Charles Erwin's keen perception of color-values and has grouped his shrubs and plants in perfect harmony.

But — and this was told to me under the seal of secrecy and I must ask that you repeat it to none, least of all to Brother WB — he will pine to plant mountain laurel, rhododendrons, Chinese wisteria and tritomas; altho' he knows perfectly well that our climate will kill them all!

It is terribly hard to learn to want what we can have when we cannot have what we want, but Brother is learning, and his roses, peonies, columbines and delphiniums surely should satisfy his soul!



THE PATRICK LAWN

Among his conifers stand two Norway pines of unusual beauty, forming part of a definite plan following the Japanese idea of simplicity and individuality.

Some time, when you can slip away from among the thousands wandering with us thru these pages, go out and see it in the perfection of nineteen-seventeen!

\* \* \* \* \*

Not all nature-lovers spell corn with an initial S: some reach out two helping hands to nature, to bring one back brimmed with tender beauty and the other with tender of the republic.

If you will entrain with us and follow the banks of the St. Louis to East Fond du Lac, you shall see how art and commerce have set up light housekeeping together in the gardens of S. George Stevens.

We shall have to walk a little way, but you will not mind that with S. George Stevens as a companion.

For he is one of those who have learned the language of the birds. As we stroll towards an opening in the hills, you shall see him welcomed home by a flock of chick-a-dees.

One alights upon his shoulder, another on his hat; a third perches upon his outstretched hand.

Others will flutter around our own unworthy selves, but will not approach too near until our friend has given us of his magic.

He brings it up from a convenient pocket: it might have been wheat if it had not been born under a lucky star.

We take a little of it in our palms, pronounce the mystic word "Chick-a-chick-a-chick-a-dee!" and at once we are initiates.

The birds recognize us as friends and brothers and are quite careful of our fingers.

The wheat is gone: — but it wasn't wheat, because even after it is gone, the birds follow thru the widening valley instead of going home to their wives as they would if undetained by magic, would they not?

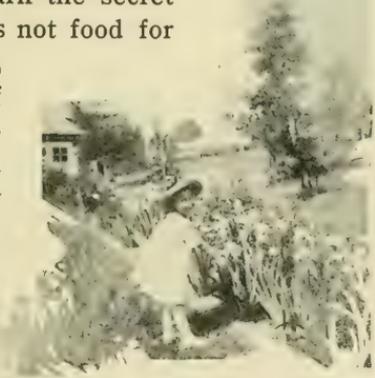
And so we come to a sylvan amphitheatre enclosed by forest-clad hills, at the base of which stands the picturesque little bungalow of our host.

Surrounded by birch, it looks out upon a charming vista of French marigolds, sweet williams, and other old-world flowers.

And on our left: — but you shall taste the product of this garden on the left at dinner, and never shall you spell corn with any but its own initial again!

Nor is corn the only product of this plot. Peas and beans and many and various vegetables crowd along its endless aisles.

On the right, a deep and silent pool, fed by many brawling streams bickering down the hillsides, mirrors the blue sky and pretends to know nothing of the luscious strawberry beds above. But you, if you know exactly how far to droop an eyelid at the headwaiters in Duluth's hotels, shall have a pile of ruddy ripeness brot to you in a great bowl crowned with snowy cream, and shall learn the secret of the Stevens Strawberry which is not food for common folk! Beside this pool, the air is heavy with the hum of bees; for the hillside above is terraced with their hives. Here you may stand to watch the busy workers, and to smoke your after-dinner cigar if you happen not to know that the bee is born with an antipathy to the nut-brown weed and with the





MRS. OLCOTT'S FORMAL GARDEN

means to lodge effective protest!—Personally, I prefer to smoke in the vegetable garden or on the homeward-bound car!

\* \* \* \* \*

Even a genius has human traits it seems; and those who lay their colors upon little landscapes are no exception.

Charles Erwin has just brot in a verbal blossom from one of the patrons of his art; and tho' he veils his emotions behind such expressions as "A kindly thot!", An inspiration!", and so on, the plain truth is that he is tickled all the way down to his toes!

I stole the tribute, without overmuch protest; because I know that you will wish to read it with me. And here it is:—

THE DULUTH HERALD

A. C. WEISS PUBLISHER  
STILLMAN H. BINGHAM EDITOR

Mr C. E. Roe,  
20 East Winona Street  
City

Dear Mr. Roe:

Once more I have to report complete satisfaction with the plants, shrubs, bulbs, etc., I had from you this year. The Rosa Rugosa hybrids, Conrad F Meyer, have been a show all summer long. Though I did not expect much of any bloom at all from the Peonies in their first year, fully three-fourths of them put out fine and characteristic blossoms. The hybrid Delphiniums included some of the finest shades and shapes I ever saw, and by cutting them back I have kept them blooming continuously all summer. Last year's Spireas and Hydrangeas have performed beautifully, and most of the roses, this year's and last's, are thoroughly satisfactory. If every customer has had as good results from your seeds and plants as I have had, each of them will be an advertiser for you next season.

Very truly,

*Stillman H. Bingham*

Charles Erwin says that a great deal of the credit must go to the skilful care with which Mr. and Mrs. Bingham have tended the children they have adopted from his nursery.

And so we will go to this garden, because we know that even the best-planned little landscape must live and grow under the hands of its owners, and we would see the effect of continued careful skill.

Framed in dark-green conifers, the house faces towards the east, with a wide lawn sweeping to the street.

The eye is caught instantly by a simple but beautiful treatment

of the verandah wall. Nothing but spirea van houttei has been used here, but no other thing could enhance the effect.

A hedge of this spirea forms the northern boundary of the little landscape; a billowy bank of beauty in early summer.

Beneath the hedge, and protected by it from vandal winds, grow gladioli and peonies, and, further up the street, a host of hardy roses.

At its eastern end, this hedge melts among a group of other shrubs which widen along the front to the south, where philadelphus or mock orange, forms a fitting background for prunus triloba, hardy hydrangeas and Japanese barberry.

Behind the house are masses of blue delphiniums, Shasta daisies, gorgeous Oriental poppies, gaillardias, and many other perennial favorites in perfumed profusion.

—Every tree and shrub and plant and flower bears witness that here has one labored who loved the labor and so succeeded.

For, at the last, one may get from a garden only that which one brings to it; for such is the law of all living things.

\* \* \* \* \*

Who has passt along East Superior Street with an eye open to adventure without noting the graceful Italian villa of the Dancers, with its walls of creamy stucco and its sweeping velvet lawns?

Here, among the first warm days of spring, Mrs. H. A. Dancer may be found digging at her perennial border, dividing her iris and michaelmas daisies, or making room for some new peony.

She preserves an intimacy with her plants and shrubs like that with which the ladies of Elizabethan England loved to direct the planting and the pruning of their graceful gardens in the days of Drake and Raleigh, of Bacon and Shakespeare, the renaissance of daring and of dreams.

When leisure permits, the Judge works with her; for he too loves to watch things grow into beauty beneath his hands, and is at home with trowel and pruning knife as with gavel and book.

There is an atmosphere of quiet harmony about this home, with its wide lawns and neat borders and dark green shrubs at the base of creamy walls.

The evergreens beside the entrance are Colorado blue and Black Hills spruce: — and you may take away with you, besides the

impression of a perfectly proportioned place, the knowledge that no other trees will thrive as well as these in our Duluth climate.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Come out to Kew in lilac-time,  
In lilac-time, in lilac-time,  
Come out to Kew in lilac-time:  
—It isn't far from London!”

—So sings Alfred Noyes, the laureate of England: but, tho' I like lilacs as well as Alfred or yourself; still I prefer to invite you out to Hunter's Park when the apple orchard is in bloom.

Hedgesful of fragrant flowers are beautiful too, but nothing can attain the supreme beauty of these great gnarled trees, their black branches heaped high with scented snow.

Who cannot find among the memories of childhood the vivid picture of an orchard in apple blossom time?

—If such there be, let him take his children to the home of R. M. Hunter early in the summer; that they, at least, may not be denied this memory of memories!

And you, who hold the memory, come you also and refresh it here.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now let us notify the chauffeur of our seventy-passenger Warren Electric that we wish to descend at Twenty-third Avenue East on Superior Street.

Here is the home of Mr. F. A. Patrick, a great manor of soft grey stone, framed in dark-green native spruce.

South and west a driveway rolls, bordered with Russian olive, high-bush cranberry, spirea billardi and snowberry.

The emerald lawn is set with coral masses of mallow, brilliant from June till late October.

Behind the house is a colorful court dedicated to the favorite flowers of Mrs. Patrick; and here, most often, you shall find many memories of old-world gardens.

At the base of a sheer wall, twelve feet below, another court sweeps down to meet another tiny two-foot wall upon its southern boundary.

Against the loftier wall grows a great bank of ampelopsis



THE DANCER VILLA

engelmanni, forming the background for a modest border of columbines and gladioli.

Masses of maroon and gold gaillardias rise above the crest of the little wall beyond.

The grounds slope southward from this wall, with occasional shade-trees, placed with nice care, and with a single clump of wild roses.

On the east, the garage glides back among a grove of native trees and shrubs; with here and there a mountain ash which, when the autumn comes again, will be brilliant with great clusters of bright crimson berries, glowing against the dark green foliage.

\* \* \* \* \*

Divided only by a driveway, the grounds of George C. Stone melt into those of Mr. Patrick.

On either side of the porte cochere you shall find specimens of this same mountain ash which claim the crown from all the mountain ash in all Duluth; while amongst a group of trees before the house, you may see a majestic white ash, symmetrical and beautiful, which may cause you to give this stately tree greater consideration than has yet been accorded to it in our city.

Behind the house lies a low wall covered with aristolochia siphon;

and, beyond, a gentle green slope widens out between irregular margins of shrubbery, the glowing greens of which throw into colorful relief borders of brilliant annual and perennial flowers.

—Here are hundreds of orange and gold calendulas; there a belt of blue flax pereune; beyond, a zone of salmon phlox.

Near the center of this slope, a ledge of native granite, gashed and seamed by glacial action and by frosts, breaks thru the sod.

Down into every fissure creep the tiny roots of the sedum acre, weaving a tapestry of green and gold across the whole.

Descending, we arrive among a natural grove of birch, wild cherry, maple, spruce, and balsam; thru which winds a pleasant path to lead us to a rocky glen with a tiny brook bubbling into a pool below.

The glen has been touched with the magic of old Japan.

Rough-hewn stepping-stones take you over to the further side; with here and there a dark-green mugho pine, and here and there a plummy juniper savin; intermingled with barbery thumbergi.

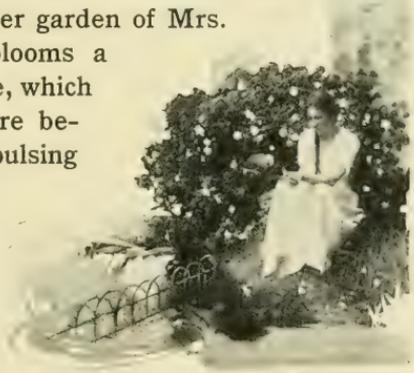
And so, in this Japanese garden, we will follow the Nippon art-motif and leave you to complete the picture for yourself.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not all gardens grow in the ground: there are gardens in the air — and some have castles in them — and we have seen the hanging gardens of Babylon the mighty and forgotten.

Now we shall see a water garden, with waxen lilies floating upon emerald boats above cool and silent depths where countless gold fish glint and glide among their trailing roots. This is the water garden of Mrs.

Marion Douglas. Above it blooms a great old-fashioned cabbage rose, which has well earned the loving care bestowed upon it in return for the pulsing perfumes of thirty scented summers. Overtopping the roses, like sentinels on guard beneath the wide-sweeping branches of a Norway maple, wave the peach-blossom-pink plumes of





THE WILLIAMS' WALLED  
COURT

ulmarina ruba. You will find few gardens more quietly beautiful than this of Mrs. Douglas', because you shall find none to which is given greater care.

Flowers are like children: they bloom best in the atmosphere of love.

\* \* \* \* \*

The home of T. D. Merrill on Greysolon Road rises among clusters of bittersweet and woodbine.

A hundred feet of velvet lawn sweep down from it to a low wall of native granite capped with red sandstone; while, thru the lawn runs an avenue of stately elms.

Wild roses clamber over the wall to throw a scented salutation to the passerby.

Across the road and sloping south, the Merrill grounds continue, to insure a constant vista of wide waters.

Charles Erwin has been called into consultation here to help the owner park the slope across the road. A hedge of white spruce coaxed away from its home among the Black Hills, promises much from its single summer's growth. Larger spruce are to be spaced within the enclosure with the coming of spring.

An atmosphere of simple dignity surrounds this Merrill manor: you shall go far to find its equal.

\* \* \* \* \*

Among the great and little-great of England, home and garden is as a single word; and, every day, the mistress of an English manor moves among her beds and borders, equippt with gardening basket, bright with cunning tools.

And so the English garden gains a graceful personality which may not be attained in any other way.

Such a garden, gained in such a way, surrounds the home of Mrs. John G. Williams.

—You shall glimpse a walled court, relieved by deep borders of perennial plants, where lilacs, hollyhocks and ampelopsis form the background for delphiniums, sweet williams, Shasta daisies and phlox. —A pleasant and a personal place of quiet perfume.

\* \* \* \* \*

Those who are fond of formal gardens may go far to find a finer example of the gentle art than may be seen at the home of W. J. Olcott.

Mrs. Olcott loves flowers, and she spends no little part of her day among them. Her formal garden, with its fountain and pergola, is a fitting tribute to her taste and skill.

No less successful are her borders of annuals and perennials; the stately hollyhocks which peep thru the high-barred fence; the brilliant petunias bursting from banks of greenery; the rambler roses and *ampelopsis englemanni* which adorn the house and wide verandahs.

Between the walk and driveway runs a wall draped in woodbine.

On the further side of the walk a hedge of *spirea van houttei* leads along to the garden beyond.

\* \* \* \* \*

Few shrubs are more beautiful than our native red-twigged dogwood. In late winter and early spring its bright red branches afford a pleasing contrast to the greys and browns of other shrubs, or kindle a friendly fire of color against a background of snow.

In the summer, its broad leaves are lightly silvered; later its flat racemes of creamy flowers are succeeded by cool clusters of white berries.

A beautiful hedge of this shrub encloses the grounds of Mr. R. L. Griggs.

\* \* \* \* \*

A magnificent specimen of this same shrub fills an angle of the house in the grounds of Dr. A. H. Schildt.

Rising full ten feet beneath those walls of sombre brown, it curves in a fountain of foliage, its myriad silvery leaves flashing like green-tumbling water under a mysterious moon.

Beyond are banks of shrubbery and groups of cool conifers, their foliage fluttered by the swift flight of birds attracted by fairy fountains and tiny tables spread for them by the owner of these gracious grounds.

Behind the house lies a quadrangle, bordered upon the left and right and on the further side by beds of brilliant blossoms; masses of clear color, changing with the seasons.

Early in the year, *alyssum saxatile*, *arabis alpina*, Iceland poppies and German iris blend in blazing beauty along the borders.

Later, come the peonies and candytuft, delphiniums and Canterbury bells.

And then, until late in brown October, the borders are kept bright with the deep pinks and pure whites and delicate lavenders of hardy phlox.

\* \* \* \* \*

Who has not heard of Robin Hood, the beloved bandit of Sherwood Forest; who, with his band of green-garbed followers, shot the king's deer and robbed the rich and served the poor in the reign of Richard of the lion's heart.

We have our Sherwood Forest in Duluth; but both the owner and Chief Mc Kercher will combine to keep any successors to the restless Robin and his roystering band from invading its quiet solitude.

Proud pines pierce far into the clear air; looking down tolerantly upon all lesser trees: here you shall find some of the most splendid specimens of our native woodland wealth, perpetually preserved from ax and saw.

Here too is a garden, close-walled with evergreens and lilac, where roses bloom in perfumed profusion thruout the slow summer and the brilliant bergamot flaunts its cardinal flowers.

\* \* \* \* \*

Just below lies the home of Mr. Morterud, framed in cutleaf elder, spirea arguta and fern-leaf sumac, with here and there a group of evergreens, all widening out to the left and right to guard the wide-swept level lawn.

\* \* \* \* \*

Equally simple and dignified is the treatment of the grounds of Mr. Matter.

The lines of house and portico fall among masses of arguta and Japanese barberry, high-lighted by the blossomful spirea van houttei.

Japanese barberry borders the level lawn.

Behind the building, graceful groups of shrubbery frame the favorite flowers of the lady of the house.

Shade trees and orchard trees together climb the slope beyond.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fortune and good judgment (they go together often!) were with Mr. A. L. Warner when he chose a setting for his home.

Here he has hillside and valley, stream and lake; a countryside in miniature!



APPLE BLOSSOMS  
AT HUNTER'S PARK

—A brook winds thru his spacious grounds and widens at the lower end to form a little lake.

Beside the banks and up the hill, the native forest climbs to where the house surveys the whole.

A border of beautiful peonies guards the hill crest against the forest; while others of their kind border the driveway.

The lawn is made brilliant with gay perennials and its wide expanses relieved with shrubby groups.

—Many a pleasant hour might pass on silent wings while we lingered in this little landscape with the owner as our guide, or went with Mrs. Warner among her garden full of flowers, each one the favorite for awhile, in turn.

But the pages are few and the gardens many, and we must go.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now Charles Erwin leads us to a symphony in white and green and rose which he has painted against the soft grey background of the home of Mrs. John Pugh.

On either side of the entrance, lace-like Dorothy Perkins roses climb the cool grey walls; mingled with Japanese clematis, heavy with shell-pink blossoms in July and with panicles of creamy white in October.

Upon the porch stand dark green mugho pines.

Among the groups of greenery on either side, the double-flowering plum shakes masses of pink blossoms down among the trailing white garlands of spirea arguta, followed quickly by snowy fountains of spirea van houttei.

Plumes of pink hydrangeas and great white daisies carry the color thruout the year.

The borders are kept in a constant riot of color from early July until the ground freezes, with pink and white petunias.

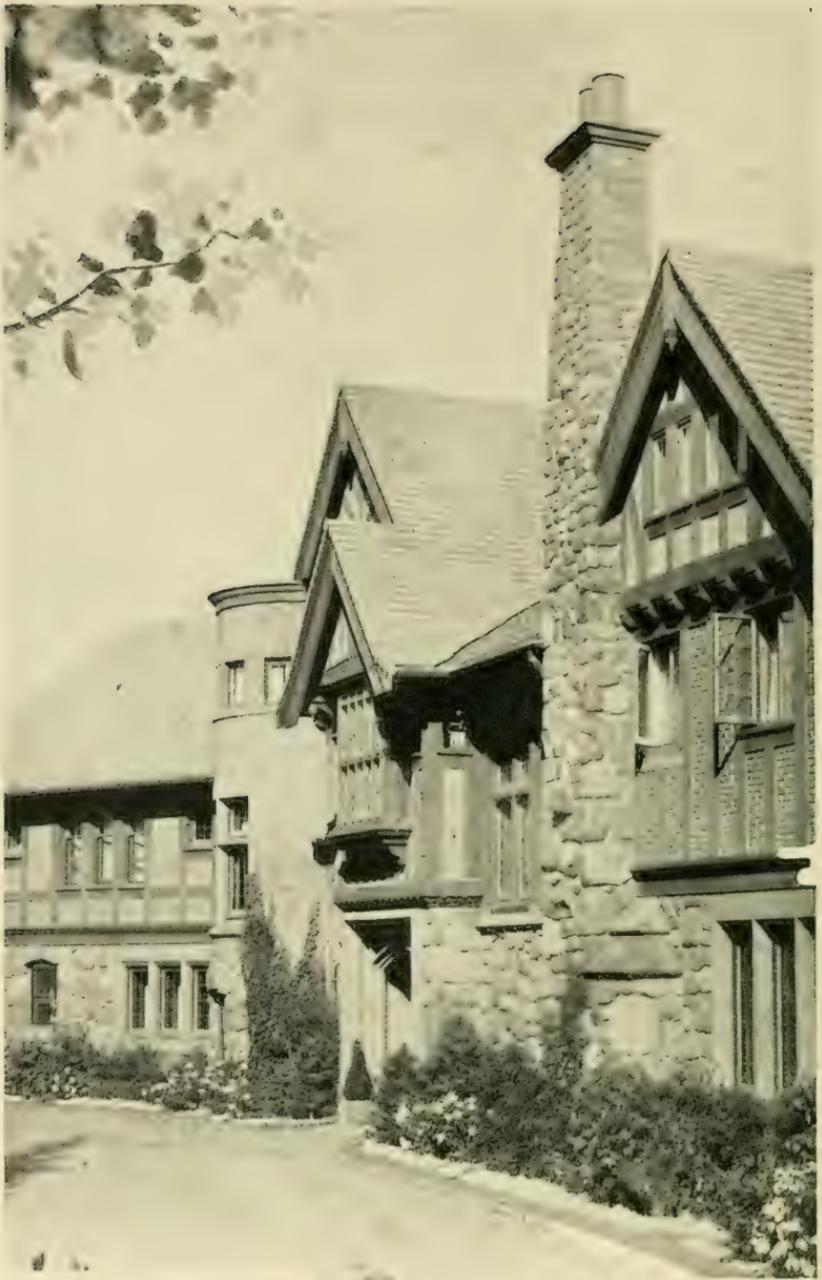
\* \* \* \* \*

There is an old story of one who sought the world over for the blue flowers of happiness and peace, returning at last to find them blossoming beside the doorstep of his home.

So the Duluthian may wander wide across the continent, only to find the fair fame of his home on the lips of others in the places of his sojournings.

In every town and city he shall find at least one who has made the pilgrimage, and who — after the inevitable inuendos anent wintry weather and the pleasantries of Proctor Knott — will reveal a lasting memory of the Naples of the North. Among the cities of the plains there may be many which could contest for the crown with our own, could they but mobilize their beauty as nature has made possible in Duluth. The city set on a hill cannot be hid; and, whether it be approacht from the lake or viewed from the boulevard above, into even a single hour may be compresst such a vision of Duluth as shall live in memory forever. All who come to visit us have time to take the tiny trip around the boulevard and so acquire a mental picture more complete than could be painted by many days of devious wanderings





THE MILLEN MANOR

among other cities, far-flung over flat fields. The great beauty in that beauty which is ours consists in its accessibility and the secret of its accessibility lies along the boulevard drive.

A few minutes suffice to lift us up the incline from Superior Street to the Drive; but today we must not linger over the peerless panorama, because Charles Erwin wishes to guide us thru the garden of F. N. West.

Low pillars of native granite demark the street-line, between which soon shall race hedges of hansa roses to close the present gaps.

The rocky ledges on the left already have their screens of shrubs in many shades of green and of extended seasons of bloom.

Pink honeysuckle and white philadelphus mingle among yellow currant, spirea van houttei and Japanese barberry.

The fern-like foliage of the sumac and the cut-leaf elder stand revealed against the lighter green of the caragana.

Graceful groups of prunus triloba, spirea van houttei and the low-lying pink spirea bumalda, break the lines of the low porch wall.

Mrs. West's own garden of roses and peonies and perennials fronts upon a panorama of spires and roofs and gardens, descending to the curving bay.

\* \* \* \* \*

Among the hundreds whose gardens have drawn upon the inexhaustable stores of the Greysolon Nurseries, are many who love to labor upon their own little landscapes; and among these are some whose work attains unstinted admiration from our own genius of gardens in Duluth.

In some of these we have already lingered; now let us visit the home of Mrs. A. C. Gillette and add a glimpse of her garden to our collection.

Following the lines of avenue and street, a luxuriant hedge of dark green buckthorn gives the promise of two years' growth that soon it will be the most handsome hedge of its sort in Duluth.

While lilac, philadelphus, pink honeysuckle and Japanese barberry are grouped with skill in the far corners; while other graceful groups of prunus triloba and spirea van houttei adorn the gateway.

The rough-hewn foundation walls of the house lie half-hidden

half-revealed behind low shrubs and perennial plants. Here and there the clinging ampelopsis climbs above the rest.

Behind the house, beneath a sloping terrace and protected from the winds, annual and perennial blossoms bloom in graceful profusion.

Asters, pansies and sweet peas, iris, peonies and hardy phlox, all are found among the beautiful borders in this delightful garden.

\* \* \* \* \*

Look at that bank of white roses under the verandah of O. S. Andresen! —You shall not find another like it in all Duluth.

This is the Sir Thomas Lipton, a rugosa hybrid and wonderfully hardy.

These have never had any winter protection, yet see them in their summer splendor!

Mr. Andresen's flower-fame does not rest with his roses.

His dahlias and peonies also are of surpassing beauty.

—Last summer's big peony show was mainly due to his enthusiasm and he promises to aid the peony growers of Duluth to even a better one this year.

\* \* \* \* \*

Stepping just across the line, we find ourselves in the grounds of W. D. Bailey; where great groups of golden Persian roses, thrown into high relief against a green ground of clinging ampelopsis prove that Mrs. Bailey also is a lover of roses and possesses a keen sense of the fine art in horticulture.

\* \* \* \* \*

Skilful use of evergreens has been made upon the spacious grounds of W. J. McCabe.

Kosters, and Colorado blue, native white, and Black Hills spruce, and concolor fir, all are represented again and again in graceful groups or solitary specimens strikingly placed.

Even the spruce of Norway — despite its tendency to burn badly during our long snowy winters — wins a place by virtue of its plummy beauty.

A perfumed hedge of pink honeysuckle divides the driveway from garden and orchard.

Here, in the orchard, among his many varieties of apples and plums, Mr. McCabe is testing several varieties of dwarf apple

trees, which if successful, will prove a genuine acquisition to the man with a small garden.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the entrance to Crescent View Park, the home of William McBean stands out against a background of the natural forest.

Graceful groupings of perennials and shrubs surround the house and nestle under the verandah walls.

A hedge of fragrant honeysuckle borders the avenue, becoming a bank of pink petals in July and bearing clusters of bright red berries later in the season.

Graceful dahlias of brilliant red and giant white daisies peer above this beautiful barrier.

All reflect the skilful care of Miss Frances Nesbitt, Mrs. McBean's sister, whose chosen province is this place of perfumes.

\* \* \* \* \*

West of the Point of Rocks, the homes cluster so closely that there is less chance to find colorful coverts enclosed within scented walls.

Here and there a grassy slope is broken by a bed of blossoms, and here and there a clinging vine winds over a verandah.

But further away to the west, the home of Judge Lanners serves as a reminder again that the great glory of the home is in its garden.

A hedge of golden willow screens the northern border of his ample grounds.

Hedges of honeysuckle on the east and west hem in a wide expanse of lawn which slopes slowly to the street.

A winding walk leads to a portico banked with peonies and shrubs.

A few shade trees, placed with nice discrimination, stand upon the east of the house.

Along the sunny side of the garage, Mrs. Lanners has preempted a plot in which her favorite perennials will be planted with the coming of spring.

\* \* \* \* \*

This book has fluttered, like a butterfly upon the wings of words, to every part of our delightful city; hovering over gardens here, and there descending to sip a little nectar from among the flowers.



SPIREA VAN HOUTTEI  
at the BINGHAM HOME

And now, before we come to the grandest garden of them all, to which so many of these other gardens may trace their origin; let us wing out beyond the boundaries of the city for our last and furthest flight.

In addition to their city homes, an ever-increasing number of our successful business men are establishing summer pavilions in the heart of the wilderness, or on the margins of the many lakes within easy auto-stride of Duluth.

At Chub Lake down in Carlton county, Watson S. Moore has such a summer home.

It stands among a grove of native white pines, to which he has added some thirty evergreens, while forty graceful mountain ash fringe the grove.

The road running beside garden and orchard is lined with Lombardy poplars, whose graceful lines lend an ancient and architectural atmosphere to the landscape.

Hedges of lilac and caragana form harmonious boundaries and backgrounds.

Skirting the base of a wooded hill, and breaking the irregular

shoreline, is a planting of native trees and shrubs some six hundred feet in length.

The natural beauties of the spot have been wonderfully heightened by the further skilful use of tamarac and high-bush cranberry, red-twigged dogwood and sumac, Russian olive and spirea bilardi.

Larger than these other little landscapes among which we have lingered, here indeed is much to be learned by those who would hold out a helping hand to nature in her own kingdom of the wild.

\* \* \* \* \*

Descending in Duluth once more, let us lay aside the wings of metaphor — since a butterfly cannot use the telephone — and call Melrose six-seven-five-two.

—We are going out to the Greysolon Nursery now, and it will be as well to assure ourselves that the presiding genius will be presiding in person.

“Hullo: is this the Greysolon Nursery Company? Is Charles Erwin Roe there? —All right, we’ll be right out.”

Arrived at Winona Street on the Woodland carline, we have but half-a-block to walk — and here comes Charles Erwin to meet us!

Good morning, Charles: let me present my friend, the Gentle Reader. Charles Erwin has a winning smile.

And so we come to number twenty East Winona Street, headquarters of the home of horticulture.

At once, Charles Erwin begins to show us hundreds of shapely evergreens (all selected under the keen eye of Luther S. Carver, whom we shall soon meet), expatiating upon the mode in which the roots of each are bedded in a ball of its original earth, bound about with burlap. —Three hundred fifty trees so treated were transplanted into gardens in Duluth last summer, and every tree has lived and grown! Just above the evergreens, we are taken thru row after row of perennial plants. Here are many kinds of hardy phlox, carefully tested for color value and habits of growth.





THE OLCOTT  
DRIVEWAY

There are delphiniums, scions of the sturdiest stock in America.

Opposite are five hundred hollyhocks, doubles and singles, in every shade and color.

All the old-fashioned favorites are here; with Shasta daisies, Oriental poppies, Iceland poppies, campanulas, primulas, and foxgloves in fragrant profusion.

Peonies, the pride of the garden, are here in so many varieties, with so many bewildering beauties of blossom, that we shall have a terrible time to restrict our choice to four or five or six!

The sun glints against a little greenhouse, attracting our attention to it.

Charles Erwin explains that it is used for the propagating of plants to be transplanted later to the nurseries and there grown to suitable size for sale.

The Greysolon gardens are devoted to the growth of hardy flowers and plants and shrubs which will meet with certain success in this peculiar climate of ours, and so the greenhouse is used only to steal a winter's march on time.

Above our heads are many boxes used for starting seedlings; and, since some plants will not propagate readily from seed, over there is a bench for cuttings, with four or five inches of fine sand.

These asters, calendulas, pansies and petunias are for summer bedding: later, most of them will be transferred to frames and hotbeds.

And here are a few potted tomato plants for particular patrons.

The greenhouse gets its heat from the hot-water plant in the Roe residence. Charles Erwin shows us the source of energy on the way to a cellarful of choice dahlia bulbs, stored in dry sawdust, which he handles as tho' they were precious gems — and, indeed, as many brilliant colors lie lockt within these little brown balls!

A hedge of shell-pink roses — the rambler Dorothy Perkins, lies along the lot-line above the greenhouse.

Charles Erwin tells us that this fragrant hedge is sheared at proper intervals, as tho' it were a sheep or a hedge of common boxwood!

"You see," he explains, "we are continually experimenting in new things for low ornamental hedges, and we have discovered several already."

And then he promises to show us a fine dense purple-twigged

willow, a beauty for this purpose, when we arrive over at the nursery proper.

No sooner have we learned that this is by no means all, than the footsteps of a Ford are heard on the driveway.

And so we are taken past the St. James Orphanage, over the bridge above Amity Creek, and then eastward for a mile to the crest of a long hill overlooking the lake.

Now the nursery lies before us, just south of the road.

Yon mass of splendid scarlet before the entrance is the *lilium elegans* in full bloom — a wonderful lily, as we may see; and wonderfully hardy, as Charles Erwin informs us from ripe experience.

Driving around a tiny toolhouse, we have our breaths taken away by a field of royal purple iris; *Iris Siberica*, with long slender stems to stand in our crystal vases.

These flowers will flourish for days in water, sending out new buds every morning. —Imagine a few of these purple beauties blended with some of those Snow Queens (the white Siberian iris) and disposed, in carven crystal, about the home!

Between the driveway and the main road, six hundred choice dahlias are just starting upon vigorous life. Early in September this will be a waving mass of brilliant bloom.

Charles Erwin points to all the newest types for group-planting or for cutting, assuring us that some of them will rival the peony in beauty.

Beyond lie rows of apple and plum trees, tested varieties all, which have won a well-earned place in many Duluth orchards.

A bank of white high-lights the crest of the hill before us. It consists of a thousand bushes of *spirea van houttei*, every one grown in the gardens.

The low rows of bright green on this side are Japanese barberry; and that tall green background east of the spireas is Carolina poplar, grown from cuttings.

These shapely shrubs with broad green leaves are the *hydrangea arborescens* or Hills of Snow. —You will appreciate the name if you have seen it in full bloom, with immense heads of creamy white contrasting with its greenery.

Those others are the *hydrangea paniculata* which blooms fully

a month later. Its panicles of pink will continue completely to hide the bushes until the first hard frost brings them to the ground in a scented snowfall.

Here is a bed in which sleep two thousand bushy little evergreens, from twelve to eighteen inches high.

They came from seedling beds two years ago, and then they were only a few inches high, so you see they are getting along famously.

They shall be transplanted next spring, and two years later they will be the pride of many gardens in Duluth.

Charles Erwin tells us that the Greysolon Nurseries are to devote even greater attention to evergreens in the future, and plan to set out at least ten thousand seedlings in the spring.

And now, as we promised you, we come upon the foster-parent of all these nurslings — Luther S. Carver.

He has devoted his life to the growing and propagating of plants and trees and shrubs; having spent years in one of America's greatest wholesale nurseries before centering upon a study of his art as applied to the climate and conditions of Duluth.

He tells us something of that untiring vigilance which is the price of success in guarding tiny, tender growing things until they attain maturity and are fit to go out alone in the great world of gardens.

As he tells us of the things that will do well among our soil and seasons; and of the thousand things foredoomed to failure here which may have seemed the greatest glory of gardens just a few score miles away from the influence of our cold lake; we realize how certain is the need for these great Greysolon nurseries to insure tested, acclimated stock to growers of gardens in Duluth.

Then, at parting, just before we fall back into our Ford, he gives us a list of all the plants and shrubs and trees which have been proven in the gardens and which may be found therein today.

And so we shall close with this list, anything in which may be taken from the Greysolon gardens to your own, and there planted either with your own hands or under the direction of Charles Erwin Roe and Luther S. Carver, with the unfailing certainty that it will grow and flourish and bring greater glory to your garden in Duluth!

HERE IS THE LIST of PROVEN PLANTS WHICH WAS GIVEN US at the GREYSOLON NURSERIES AND WHICH ARE GROWN and GUARANTEED and MAY BE PROCURED THERE BY ALL WHO SEEK SUCCESS for their GARDENS IN DULUTH:

**HARDY PERENNIALS FOR THE MIXED BORDER AND FOR ROCK GARDENS**

Achillea, The Pearl  
 Alyssum Saxatile (Basket of Gold)  
 Anchlussia (Dropmore Variety)  
 Anthemis Kelwayii (Yellow Daisy)  
 Aquilegia (Columbine)  
 Arabis Alpina (Rock Cross)  
 Asclepias Tuberosa (Butterfly Weed)  
 Artemisia Lactiflora (Creamy white plumes)  
 Baptisa (False Indigo)  
 Bellis Perennis (English Daisy)  
 Boltonia Asteroides  
 Campanula Media (Canterbury Bells)  
 Campanula Persicifolia (Peach Bells)  
 Campanula Punctata  
 Coreopsis Lanceolata  
 Delphinium (Hardy Larkspur)  
 Dianthus Barbatus (Sweet William)  
 Dianthus Plumarius (Pheasant's-Eye Pink)  
 Dianthus Deltoides (Maiden Pink)  
 Dictamnus or Gas Plant  
 Dielytra (Bleeding Heart)  
 Digitalis (Foxglove)  
 Eupatorium Ageratoides  
 Ferns for Shady Places  
 Funkia (Plantain Lily)  
 Gaillardia (Blanket Flower)  
 Geum, Mrs. Bradshaw  
 Gypsophila (Baby's Breath)

**HARDY PHLOX—12 Choice Varieties**  
 Hemerocallis (Day Lily)  
 Heuchera (Coral Bells)

Hollyhocks, double  
 Hollyhocks, single  
 Iris, German, in variety  
 Iris, Siberian, blue and white  
 Liliun Elegans, red  
 Liliun Tigrinum (Tiger Lily)  
 Lily of the Valley, clumps  
 Lobelia Cardinalis, red  
 Lupinus, blue, pink and white  
 Lychnis Chalcedonia (Jerusalem Cross)  
 Lythrum Rosem (Loose Strife)  
 Malva Moschata (Musk Mallow)  
 Mysotis (Forget-me-not)  
 Michaelmas Daisies (Hardy Asters)  
 Papaver Nudicaule (Iceland Poppy)  
 Papaver Orientale (Oriental Poppy)  
**PEONIES—25 Choice Varieties**  
 Phlox Subulata, white (Creeping Phlox)  
 Phlox Subulata, pink (Creeping Phlox)  
 Primula (English Primroses)  
 Pyrethrum Roseum (Pink Daisy)  
 Pyrethrum Uliginosum (Giant Daisy)  
 Platycodon, blue (Chinese Bell Flower)  
 Platycodon, white (Chinese Bell Flower)  
 Rock Ferns  
 Rudbeckia (Golden Glow)  
 Rudbeckia (Purple Cone Flower)  
 Salvia Uliginosum (Hardy Salvia)  
 Sedum Acre (Golden Moss)  
 Sedum Spectabile (Showy Sedum)  
 Shasta Daisy  
 Valerian (Garden Heliotrope)  
 Veronica Spicata

**ANNUAL BEDDING PLANTS**

Asters, best varieties  
 Calendulas (Pot Marigolds)

Delphinium, Blue Butterfly  
 Everlasting Flowers, for winter  
 bouquets  
 Pansies, best giant strain  
 Petunia, Rosy Morn  
 Petunia, Bedding White  
 Petunia, Mammoth Fringed  
 Snapdragon in separate colors  
 Verbenas

#### DAHLIAS—25 Varieties

Cactus Dahlias  
 Century Dahlias  
 Decorative Dahlias  
 Peony Dahlias

#### HARDY ROSES

Frau Karl Druschki, finest white  
 Gen. Jacqueminot, velvety red  
 Grus an Teplitz, beautiful crimson  
 Mrs. John Laing, soft pink  
 Mad. Plantier, white  
 Paul Neyron, mammoth pink  
 Prince Camille de Rohan, velvety  
 maroon  
 Persian Yellow  
 Soliel d'Or, yellow  
 Ulrich Brunner, cherry red

#### HYBRID TEAS

Killarney, pink  
 Killarney, white

#### DOUBLE RUGOSA HYBRIDS

Conrad F. Meyer, silvery pink  
 Hansa, deep red  
 Sir Thomas Lipton, double white  
 Blanche de Coubert, semi-double  
 white

#### MOSS ROSES

Blanche Moreau, white  
 Gloire de Mousseux, pink

#### RAMBLER ROSES

Aviateur Bleriot, yellow  
 Dorothy Perkins, pink  
 Excelsa, best red  
 White Dorothy, white

#### ORNAMENTAL SHRUBS

Althea (Rose of Sharon)  
 Barberry, common  
 Barberry, purple leaf  
 Barberry, Japanese  
 Buckthorn  
 Calycanthus (Sweet Shrub)  
 Caragana (Siberian Pea)  
 Crandall's Flowering Currant  
 Coral Berry (Indian Currant)

Dogwood, native red-twigged  
 Dogwood, Siberian  
 Dogwood, Alternifolia  
 Dogwood, variegated or silver leaf  
 Elder, cut leaf  
 Elder, golden  
 Elder, native red-berried  
 High Bush Cranberry  
 Honeysuckle, Coerulea  
 Honeysuckle, Tartarica pink  
 Honeysuckle, Tartarica white  
 Honeysuckle, Tartarica discolor  
 Honeysuckle, Morrowi  
 Hydrangea Arborescens (Hills of  
 Snow)

Hydrangea Paniculata Grandiflora

Lilac, common purple  
 Lilac, common white  
 Lilac, Persian  
 Lilac, Rothomagensis  
 Lilac, Dr. Bretschneider  
 Lilac, Villosa  
 Lilac, double white  
 Lilac, Japan Tree  
 Maple, Tartarian  
 Philadelphus Coronarius (Mock  
 Orange)

Philadelphus Grandiflorus  
 Philadelphus Zeyheri  
 Privet, Polish  
 Prunus Triloba (Double Flowering  
 Plum)

Rosa Rugosa, red  
 Rosa Rugosa, white  
 Russian Olive  
 Snowball  
 Snowberry  
 Spirea Arguta  
 Spirea Anthony Waterer  
 Spirea Billardi, pink  
 Spirea Billardi, white  
 Spirea Bumalda  
 Spirea Sorbifolia  
 Spirea Van Houttei  
 Sumac, Staghorn  
 Sumac, Fernleaf  
 Weigelia  
 Willow, Ural (purple twigged)

#### SHRUBS FOR HEDGES

Barbery, three varieties  
 Buckthorn  
 Bush Honeysuckle  
 Caragana  
 Dogwood  
 Lilac  
 Philadelphus  
 Polish Privet  
 Rosa Rugosa

Russian Olive  
Spirea Van Houttei  
Ural Willow

#### EVERGREENS FOR HEDGES

American Arbor Vitae  
Black Hills Spruce

#### HARDY VINES

Ampelopsis Engelmanni  
Aristolochia Siphon (Dutchman's  
Pipe)  
Beta Grape  
Bitter Sweet  
Clematis Paniculata  
Clematis Jackmanni  
Matrimony Vine  
Woodbine (Virginia Creeper)

#### SHADE AND ORIENTAL TREES

Ash, green or white  
Ash, Mountain  
Elm, American White  
Honey Locust  
Horse Chestnut  
Linden, American  
Maple, Sugar  
Maple, Norway  
Maple, Schwedleri, purple leaf  
Maple, Reitenbachi, red leaf  
Poplar, Bolleana  
Poplar, Carolina  
Poplar, Lombardy  
Poplar, Norway  
Willow, Golden  
Willow, Laurel Leaf  
Willow, Niobe Weeping

#### ORNAMENTAL EVERGREENS

Spruce, Colorado Blue  
Spruce, Black Hills  
Spruce, Native White  
Arbor Vitae, American  
Arbor Vitae, Globosa  
Arbor Vitae, Pyramidalis  
Arbor Vitae, Rosenthalii  
Arbor Vitae, Siberian

Juniper, Pfitzeriana  
Juniper, Sabina  
Juniper, Virginiana Glauca  
Pine, Dwarf Mugho  
Pine, Native White  
Pine, Norway

#### APPLE TREES

Anisim  
Duchess  
McIntosh Red  
Patten's Greening  
Wealthy  
Yellow Transparent

#### CRABS

Transcendent  
Virginia  
Whitney

#### PLUMS

De soto  
Terry  
Wolf

#### PLUMS—HANSEN HYBRIDS

Hanska  
Opata  
Sapa  
Compass Cherry Plum

#### SMALL FRUITS

Currant, North Star  
Currant, Perfection  
Currant, Red Dutch  
Currant, Victoria  
Currant, Lee's Prolific, black  
Gooseberry, Carrie  
Gooseberry, Houghton  
Gooseberry, Pearl  
Raspberry, King  
Raspberry, Marlborough  
Raspberry, St. Regis  
Raspberry, Plum Farmer, black

#### GARDEN ROOTS

Asparagus, Palmetto  
Rhubarb, Linnaeus

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### GREYSOLON NURSERY COMPANY

20 EAST WINONA STREET

(MELROSE 6752)

DULUTH, MINNESOTA

U. S. A.















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