

You will be delighted with this fragrant tea

# "SALADA" ORANGE PEKOE

## Riders for the Hoot-Owl Pool

By G. H. SHARP



CHAPTER FIVE

(Continued from last week)

"Take care of her, Ma," said the sheriff, his voice coming thickly through the bandages on his face. "I'll tend to Abbot and Joe Blake."

Abbot and Joe Blake were pushing their horses hard. They cursed one another as they rode.

"Ain't I told you not to monkey with that girl, Abbot?" snarled Joe Blake. "You think she was stuck on you. As if any party girl would be stuck on a big hunk of red talker like you. And you talked me out of her after you got drunk."

She leads you along, then busts out through the window," he chuckled.

Abbot cursed him back. "She was cain't on my hand when you hustled into the game. She set there, talkin' and flirtin' with her eyes. Chino taken care of that meddlin' Judge Anders when he tried to slip in the back way. You gummed the cards, you drunken fool. Say, who put Webb Winters on our wall anyhow? Tell me the answer to that."

"He's been wise for a long time. So has Hank Roberts. That's why I took that shot at Roberts tonight. Dropped him the first shot, and in a bad light, too. One sheriff less, and the Hoot-Owl Pool gits the blame. We'd be sittin' on the world if you hadn't made a fool of yourself over that girl. I bet you offered to marry her."

"Supposin' I did? She jumped at it like a trout after a fly. He was gone to sleep. She never liked Bob Anders. She likes Webb Winters. But she shore led like a ton of bricks for Abbot and the Triangle outfit. I ain't every hash slinger that gets the chance to marry a million. Then you horn in with your carry story about Winters."

"And your lovin' gal stampedes. Busts out a window and heads for home."

"When I've got Webb Winters planted, she'll be easy to handle. I acted like a parlor gentleman to'ds her. Never made a pass at her. I savvy how to play the game, Blake. How much is it worth to you to get Webb Winters?"

"Five hundred."

"Five thousand sounds better, Ab."

"You gone loco?"

"No. I'm just beginnin' to git wise. I don't like that Hoot-Owl Pool. I'm figgerin' on quittin' the country. South America bound. Five thousand does it. And I'll sell you my outfit cheap. I'll throw in the old woman and kids. She'll make you a good cook when you fetch home your bluish' bric. Five thousand for Webb Winters' hide. Ten thousand for my outfit, lock, stock and barrel."

Abbot laughed coarsely. He wanted Webb Winters killed. He wanted the Scissor-Bill Pool broken. He likewise wanted the Hoot-Owl Pool smashed.

"Put that dammed Tex where he belongs and I'll call the bet, Blake. That Hoot-Owl Pool has got to go. I'll make it fifteen thousand for Winters, Tex, and your outfit. Take your squaw and your breed beats with you to hell and gone. Take that or leave it."

"If I git caught?"

"That'll be your sorrow, Blake. You and me are supposed to be enemies."

"Fifteen thousand. Cash money?"

"Cash money, Blake, but it ain't laid on the line till Webb Winters and that Tex are planted."

A bottle passed between them. They rode to the Triangle ranch together in the starlight.

The agreement had been made. "Webb," said Tex as the two men rode through the night, "I reckon you know now that it wasn't my Hoot-Owl Pool man that shot the sheriff. It's boys ain't no bushwhackers."

"Hell, yes," said Abbot or Joe Blake that shot old Hank. That's a cinch."

planted, she'll be easy to handle. I acted like a parlor gentleman to'ds her. Never made a pass at her. I savvy how to play the game, Blake. How much is it worth to you to get Webb Winters?"

"Five hundred."

"Five thousand sounds better, Ab."

"You gone loco?"

"No. I'm just beginnin' to git wise. I don't like that Hoot-Owl Pool. I'm figgerin' on quittin' the country. South America bound. Five thousand does it. And I'll sell you my outfit cheap. I'll throw in the old woman and kids. She'll make you a good cook when you fetch home your bluish' bric. Five thousand for Webb Winters' hide. Ten thousand for my outfit, lock, stock and barrel."

Abbot laughed coarsely. He wanted Webb Winters killed. He wanted the Scissor-Bill Pool broken. He likewise wanted the Hoot-Owl Pool smashed.

"Put that dammed Tex where he belongs and I'll call the bet, Blake. That Hoot-Owl Pool has got to go. I'll make it fifteen thousand for Winters, Tex, and your outfit. Take your squaw and your breed beats with you to hell and gone. Take that or leave it."

"If I git caught?"

"That'll be your sorrow, Blake. You and me are supposed to be enemies."

"Fifteen thousand. Cash money?"

"Cash money, Blake, but it ain't laid on the line till Webb Winters and that Tex are planted."

A bottle passed between them. They rode to the Triangle ranch together in the starlight.

The agreement had been made. "Webb," said Tex as the two men rode through the night, "I reckon you know now that it wasn't my Hoot-Owl Pool man that shot the sheriff. It's boys ain't no bushwhackers."

"Hell, yes," said Abbot or Joe Blake that shot old Hank. That's a cinch."

Tex made Webb stop at a small ranch. There the lanky Texan bathed and bandaged Webb's wounds and poured the injured cowboy stiff drinks of whiskey. The delay lured Webb but he knew that he could not ride on without some sort of medical attention.

It was in the dark hour before dawn that they reached the Triangle.

There was no sign of life at the barn. They slipped inside. The interior of the big barn was pitch black. Webb risked lighting a match. By its bright light he saw two sweat-marked horses. One of the horses was Abbot's top circle horse. The other horse wore Joe Blake's brand. Tex was examining the saddles that lay near the front of the barn.

Needless to say this friend of mine has a gracious and kindly disposition—I have yet to hear of her speaking ill of anyone—and she also has a wonderful capacity for bringing people together—maybe just two people formerly strangers to one another, or perhaps a group of

planted, she'll be easy to handle. I acted like a parlor gentleman to'ds her. Never made a pass at her. I savvy how to play the game, Blake. How much is it worth to you to get Webb Winters?"

"Five hundred."

"Five thousand sounds better, Ab."

"You gone loco?"

"No. I'm just beginnin' to git wise. I don't like that Hoot-Owl Pool. I'm figgerin' on quittin' the country. South America bound. Five thousand does it. And I'll sell you my outfit cheap. I'll throw in the old woman and kids. She'll make you a good cook when you fetch home your bluish' bric. Five thousand for Webb Winters' hide. Ten thousand for my outfit, lock, stock and barrel."

Abbot laughed coarsely. He wanted Webb Winters killed. He wanted the Scissor-Bill Pool broken. He likewise wanted the Hoot-Owl Pool smashed.

"Put that dammed Tex where he belongs and I'll call the bet, Blake. That Hoot-Owl Pool has got to go. I'll make it fifteen thousand for Winters, Tex, and your outfit. Take your squaw and your breed beats with you to hell and gone. Take that or leave it."

"If I git caught?"

"That'll be your sorrow, Blake. You and me are supposed to be enemies."

"Fifteen thousand. Cash money?"

"Cash money, Blake, but it ain't laid on the line till Webb Winters and that Tex are planted."

A bottle passed between them. They rode to the Triangle ranch together in the starlight.

The agreement had been made. "Webb," said Tex as the two men rode through the night, "I reckon you know now that it wasn't my Hoot-Owl Pool man that shot the sheriff. It's boys ain't no bushwhackers."

"Hell, yes," said Abbot or Joe Blake that shot old Hank. That's a cinch."

Tex made Webb stop at a small ranch. There the lanky Texan bathed and bandaged Webb's wounds and poured the injured cowboy stiff drinks of whiskey. The delay lured Webb but he knew that he could not ride on without some sort of medical attention.

It was in the dark hour before dawn that they reached the Triangle.

There was no sign of life at the barn. They slipped inside. The interior of the big barn was pitch black. Webb risked lighting a match. By its bright light he saw two sweat-marked horses. One of the horses was Abbot's top circle horse. The other horse wore Joe Blake's brand. Tex was examining the saddles that lay near the front of the barn.

Needless to say this friend of mine has a gracious and kindly disposition—I have yet to hear of her speaking ill of anyone—and she also has a wonderful capacity for bringing people together—maybe just two people formerly strangers to one another, or perhaps a group of

people all having a common interest and congenial to each other. If there were more folk like this friend of mine what a wonderful world this would be. In these days of stress and uncertainty she is a person one finds it restful to meet.

Another place I went to—to pick up strawberries for canning—was a fine old farmhouse. There I saw something that I thought was really unique. The original dwelling had been demolished—albeit except the old brick chimney which in years gone by had served its purpose in carrying away smoke from its old-fashioned fireplace—the kind one sees in so many old farmhouses, where great pine stumps were burnt to heat the rooms—we have one right here in our dining-room, boarded up of course. On this farm I visited, the fireplace and its tall chimney looked like a cairn in the distance—quite an arresting sight. At present it is more or less in a rough condition but the lady of the house told me they intend to fix it up and use it for corn roasts, picnics and winter roasts. So there you are, friends, if you have an old house that you intend tearing down think twice before you completely demolish the chimney—especially if there are children in your family, because children and picnics belong together. Incidentally such a relic could be fixed up into a fine barbecue.

Well, I haven't a doubt a good many folk have been following the recommendations for old age pensions—without a means test—which have been presented to the Federal House. This should be particularly interesting to farm people whose income has a way of dwindling in proportion to their ability to work. Under the existing laws a farmer must be practically destitute before he is eligible for a pension—if he owns a farm he cannot get it at all. And yet if a farmer is too old or infirm to keep up a productive farm then the very property he owns becomes a millstone around his neck. But if the means test is abolished then every aging farmer can look forward to a little something to eke out his income—and with that in view he can afford to take a chance by renting his farm or turning it over to the young folk. It, on the other hand, he has managed to accumulate a little capital over the years and still applies for the pension, no one need get the idea that he is "putting it over the government" because it would all go back to income tax. The same thing applies if those who have no need for it participate in the baby bonus. With any of these government schemes it generally works out that what you make on the roundabouts you lose on the swings.

But, oh dear, what a time the women will have! I wonder how many women will refuse to apply for the pension rather than admit they are old enough to be eligible? That is, if and when, it comes into being.

planted, she'll be easy to handle. I acted like a parlor gentleman to'ds her. Never made a pass at her. I savvy how to play the game, Blake. How much is it worth to you to get Webb Winters?"

"Five hundred."

"Five thousand sounds better, Ab."

"You gone loco?"

"No. I'm just beginnin' to git wise. I don't like that Hoot-Owl Pool. I'm figgerin' on quittin' the country. South America bound. Five thousand does it. And I'll sell you my outfit cheap. I'll throw in the old woman and kids. She'll make you a good cook when you fetch home your bluish' bric. Five thousand for Webb Winters' hide. Ten thousand for my outfit, lock, stock and barrel."

Abbot laughed coarsely. He wanted Webb Winters killed. He wanted the Scissor-Bill Pool broken. He likewise wanted the Hoot-Owl Pool smashed.

"Put that dammed Tex where he belongs and I'll call the bet, Blake. That Hoot-Owl Pool has got to go. I'll make it fifteen thousand for Winters, Tex, and your outfit. Take your squaw and your breed beats with you to hell and gone. Take that or leave it."

"If I git caught?"

"That'll be your sorrow, Blake. You and me are supposed to be enemies."

"Fifteen thousand. Cash money?"

"Cash money, Blake, but it ain't laid on the line till Webb Winters and that Tex are planted."

A bottle passed between them. They rode to the Triangle ranch together in the starlight.

The agreement had been made. "Webb," said Tex as the two men rode through the night, "I reckon you know now that it wasn't my Hoot-Owl Pool man that shot the sheriff. It's boys ain't no bushwhackers."

"Hell, yes," said Abbot or Joe Blake that shot old Hank. That's a cinch."

Tex made Webb stop at a small ranch. There the lanky Texan bathed and bandaged Webb's wounds and poured the injured cowboy stiff drinks of whiskey. The delay lured Webb but he knew that he could not ride on without some sort of medical attention.

It was in the dark hour before dawn that they reached the Triangle.

There was no sign of life at the barn. They slipped inside. The interior of the big barn was pitch black. Webb risked lighting a match. By its bright light he saw two sweat-marked horses. One of the horses was Abbot's top circle horse. The other horse wore Joe Blake's brand. Tex was examining the saddles that lay near the front of the barn.

Needless to say this friend of mine has a gracious and kindly disposition—I have yet to hear of her speaking ill of anyone—and she also has a wonderful capacity for bringing people together—maybe just two people formerly strangers to one another, or perhaps a group of

people all having a common interest and congenial to each other. If there were more folk like this friend of mine what a wonderful world this would be. In these days of stress and uncertainty she is a person one finds it restful to meet.

Another place I went to—to pick up strawberries for canning—was a fine old farmhouse. There I saw something that I thought was really unique. The original dwelling had been demolished—albeit except the old brick chimney which in years gone by had served its purpose in carrying away smoke from its old-fashioned fireplace—the kind one sees in so many old farmhouses, where great pine stumps were burnt to heat the rooms—we have one right here in our dining-room, boarded up of course. On this farm I visited, the fireplace and its tall chimney looked like a cairn in the distance—quite an arresting sight. At present it is more or less in a rough condition but the lady of the house told me they intend to fix it up and use it for corn roasts, picnics and winter roasts. So there you are, friends, if you have an old house that you intend tearing down think twice before you completely demolish the chimney—especially if there are children in your family, because children and picnics belong together. Incidentally such a relic could be fixed up into a fine barbecue.

Well, I haven't a doubt a good many folk have been following the recommendations for old age pensions—without a means test—which have been presented to the Federal House. This should be particularly interesting to farm people whose income has a way of dwindling in proportion to their ability to work. Under the existing laws a farmer must be practically destitute before he is eligible for a pension—if he owns a farm he cannot get it at all. And yet if a farmer is too old or infirm to keep up a productive farm then the very property he owns becomes a millstone around his neck. But if the means test is abolished then every aging farmer can look forward to a little something to eke out his income—and with that in view he can afford to take a chance by renting his farm or turning it over to the young folk. It, on the other hand, he has managed to accumulate a little capital over the years and still applies for the pension, no one need get the idea that he is "putting it over the government" because it would all go back to income tax. The same thing applies if those who have no need for it participate in the baby bonus. With any of these government schemes it generally works out that what you make on the roundabouts you lose on the swings.

But, oh dear, what a time the women will have! I wonder how many women will refuse to apply for the pension rather than admit they are old enough to be eligible? That is, if and when, it comes into being.

## ANNE HIRST Your Family Counselor

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: Right after our marriage six months ago my husband got out of work. He decided we might as well get out of this city. So here we are—

"A thousand miles from home!"

"I didn't want to come in the first place. I've never been this far from my mother. I'll only get to see her once or twice a year, and I'm already so homesick I don't know what to do."

"My husband told me if I didn't like it here, we would move back. But now he refuses to go home here. But I just don't like leaving my mother. Please tell me what to do."

"G. G. L."

**WHOSE PARTNER?**  
• When a girl marries, she becomes her husband's partner—in the greatest advantage of life.  
• His problems are her problems.  
• In accepting them, she must often relinquish some of her personal desires and inclinations, and adapt herself to the life which his career demands of him.  
• Most young wives accept their new responsibilities not only cheerfully, but gladly, never inditing by word or act that their new life is in any way distasteful.  
• That is one way of showing their loyalty.  
• The change in your husband's life has been especially hard on you. You and your husband are close, and you miss her sadly.  
• Some days you feel you cannot bear being so far away. But you are no longer a child. You are a married woman, and must con-

duct yourself with dignity and intelligence. That is marriage, my friend.  
• Your husband was probably loath to move away from his family and his friends, as well. But his first duty is to support his wife, and he must go where that opportunity lies. The very best he can expect is that his wife will understand the necessity, and help him make a good life where he must live.  
• You have too much life time on your hands. For your own sake (and his) you must change this. Stop being sorry for yourself, and make this new town your town.  
• If you haven't joined a church, do that immediately. Get to know the minister or priest. Make friends among the members. Be active in the work of the church work. And start right now being friendly with your nearest neighbors. Invite them in for a cup of tea, and ask their advice on community affairs, best places to shop, etc. Most people are eager enough to welcome newcomers—  
• If the newcomers show they want to be friendly, your husband must have some social life to divert him from his work, and responsibility.  
• You are not co-operating with this husband of yours, who has so many problems of his own. Show him, by your sympathy and eagerness to do your part and you know what is expected of a wife—and you are going to be the most loyal, the most staunch wife in the world.  
• After all, you are a big girl now.

When a girl marries, she gives up childish things. She becomes a person of responsibility, taking her proper place in her world. If these problems confuse you, write to Anne Hirst at Box 1, 123 Eighth St. New Toronto, Ont. She will help.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. B. Warren, B.A., B.D.  
Samuel, the Upright Judge  
I Samuel 7:3-6, 15-16; 12:1-5

**Golden Text:** And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and he did not come into his words fall to the ground.—I Samuel 1:19

A period of transition is always a time of testing. Samuel, the last of the judges of Israel, saw the people change from this type of government to a monarchy. They had no fault to find with Samuel. Said they, "Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken ought of any man's hand." Unfortunately, "his sons walked not in his ways, but turned aside after hore, and took bribes, and perverted judgment." The people said, "Behold, thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways: they make us a king to judge us like all the nations." God spoke to Samuel, "They have not rejected thee, but they have rejected Me, that I should not rule over them."

Samuel proceeded to establish a monarchy, though warning them of the increased taxes that would ensue. When he stepped aside from the leadership, he said, "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you; but I will teach you the good and right way." Not everyone steps down from leadership with such graciousness.

A nation is no greater than its leaders. Leaders ought to be devoted men who prize God's favor above the people's applause. They ought to be examples of godliness in their private lives. In public policy they ought to act upon those principles that will tend to the moral upbuilding of the nation. God will bless the nation which has such leaders.

But, oh dear, what a time the women will have! I wonder how many women will refuse to apply for the pension rather than admit they are old enough to be eligible? That is, if and when, it comes into being.

**WATCH REPAIRS**  
Don't take chances. Have your watch repaired by experts at reasonable prices. Send us your watch by mail or FREE Estimate. Absolute 1-year guarantee on all repairs.

**Proctors**  
282 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario  
—Jewellers since 1869—

**NO Doubt... THAT'S THE Way To Whiteness!**  
The new Nugget All-Purpose White Cleanser keeps the white parts white—Nugget Brown Black gets the colored parts brighter. Each is easy to use... economical... lasting. Of course, for all-white shoes, there's nothing better than NUGGET ALL-PURPOSE WHITE.

**DID YOU NUGGET YOUR SHOES THIS MORNING?**

## The GREEN THUMB

By Gordon Smith

From July onward, the various forms of iris are planted or transplanted. There are many different kinds, in lovely shades of blue, lavender, purple and yellow, which bloom at different times and suit different locations in the garden. Most of them also make attractive cut flowers.

Bearded Irises are the most familiar class. They can be planted either in spring or autumn, but July and August are good times, also. The "bearded" is because of a hairy tuft in the throat of the flower, on the "fall" or longer lower petal.

Earliest of this group are the little dwarf varieties, six to 12 inches in height, blooming in April, 1. pumila. They make attractive edging for the border, and are delightful in the rock garden.

An intermediate group of Bearded Iris flowers comes in mid-May, and the tall bearded kinds usually in late May and early June, comprising varieties like Gold Imperial called "Seminoles" (pink to reddish purple), Shasta (white) and the like.

In the Beardless Iris group are the Siberian and Japanese Irises. These are smoother flowers, very much resembling orchids. In fact, they are sometimes in England called "the poor man's orchid." They like heavier soil than the Bearded, and quite a little moisture.

Another division of this versatile Iris family is the dainty creeping Crested or Evansia group of Irises which require moist soil and some shade. They also make an excellent ground cover under trees, with blue flowers in May. August is the time to plant them.

Further kinds are in some ways more exciting and beautiful of all. These are Bulbous Iris, blooming in early summer—Spanish, Dutch, and English.

Bearded varieties grow from a root called a rhizome, from which rootlets spread like a set of fingers at each side. Spread these rootlets outward and downward in all directions and work the soil between and around them, with the rhizome lying on a bed of soil slightly slanting. Cover it two thirds of its upper surface, leaving one third, next the foliage, exposed to sun and air.

Prepare the soil to a depth of at least 10 inches, adding it deeply and thoroughly. For Bulbous Irises you want it pretty rich, but no irises like manure. Plant food at the rate of four pounds per 100 square feet, or one pound (quint) to 20 feet of row will be appreciated by all types, however. Work it in thoroughly at the bottom of your spaded area.

Your Irises usually come from the nursery with the foliage cut back to about six inches. If not cut back, cut them yourself before planting. Do the same if you are transplanting some of your own—which by the way, ought to be taken up and moved every three or four years.

Bearded varieties grow from a root called a rhizome, from which rootlets spread like a set of fingers at each side. Spread these rootlets outward and downward in all directions and work the soil between and around them, with the rhizome lying on a bed of soil slightly slanting. Cover it two thirds of its upper surface, leaving one third, next the foliage, exposed to sun and air.

Prepare the soil to a depth of at least 10 inches, adding it deeply and thoroughly. For Bulbous Irises you want it pretty rich, but no irises like manure. Plant food at the rate of four pounds per 100 square feet, or one pound (quint) to 20 feet of row will be appreciated by all types, however. Work it in thoroughly at the bottom of your spaded area.

Your Irises usually come from the nursery with the foliage cut back to about six inches. If not cut back, cut them yourself before planting. Do the same if you are transplanting some of your own—which by the way, ought to be taken up and moved every three or four years.

Bearded varieties grow from a root called a rhizome, from which rootlets spread like a set of fingers at each side. Spread these rootlets outward and downward in all directions and work the soil between and around them, with the rhizome lying on a bed of soil slightly slanting. Cover it two thirds of its upper surface, leaving one third, next the foliage, exposed to sun and air.

Prepare the soil to a depth of at least 10 inches, adding it deeply and thoroughly. For Bulbous Irises you want it pretty rich, but no irises like manure. Plant food at the rate of four pounds per 100 square feet, or one pound (quint) to 20 feet of row will be appreciated by all types, however. Work it in thoroughly at the bottom of your spaded area.

Your Irises usually come from the nursery with the foliage cut back to about six inches. If not cut back, cut them yourself before planting. Do the same if you are transplanting some of your own—which by the way, ought to be taken up and moved every three or four years.

Bearded varieties grow from a root called a rhizome, from which rootlets spread like a set of fingers at each side. Spread these rootlets outward and downward in all directions and work the soil between and around them, with the rhizome lying on a bed of soil slightly slanting. Cover it two thirds of its upper surface, leaving one third, next the foliage, exposed to sun and air.

Prepare the soil to a depth of at least 10 inches, adding it deeply and thoroughly. For Bulbous Irises you want it pretty rich, but no irises like manure. Plant food at the rate of four pounds per 100 square feet, or one pound (quint) to 20 feet of row will be appreciated by all types, however. Work it in thoroughly at the bottom of your spaded area.

Your Irises usually come from the nursery with the foliage cut back to about six inches. If not cut back, cut them yourself before planting. Do the same if you are transplanting some of your own—which by the way, ought to be taken up and moved every three or four years.

Bearded varieties grow from a root called a rhizome, from which rootlets spread like a set of fingers at each side. Spread these rootlets outward and downward in all directions and work the soil between and around them, with the rhizome lying on a bed of soil slightly slanting. Cover it two thirds of its upper surface, leaving one third, next the foliage, exposed to sun and air.

Prepare the soil to a depth of at least 10 inches, adding it deeply and thoroughly. For Bulbous Irises you want it pretty rich, but no irises like manure. Plant food at the rate of four pounds per 100 square feet, or one pound (quint) to 20 feet of row will be appreciated by all types, however. Work it in thoroughly at the bottom of your spaded area.



Shirley May at Wimbledon—Shirley May France, right, 17-year-old American schoolgirl in England for her second try at swimming the English Channel, chats with movie actor Cesar Romero and net star Nancy Choice at the Wimbledon tennis championship matches. Romero is in England on a picture assignment. Shirley, training hard at Dover, England, hopes to complete the channel swim before her 18th birthday, Aug. 11.

They like a sunny spot, fairly well drained, and must be protected from winter cold. The Dutch and Spanish flower first, then the English ones come along. They can be planted from September to November, if you live in the North.

Prepare the soil to a depth of at least 10 inches, adding it deeply and thoroughly. For Bulbous Irises you want it pretty rich, but no irises like manure. Plant food at the rate of four pounds per 100 square feet, or one pound (quint) to 20 feet of row will be appreciated by all types, however. Work it in thoroughly at the bottom of your spaded area.

Your Irises usually come from the nursery with the foliage cut back to about six inches. If not cut back, cut them yourself before planting. Do the same if you are transplanting some of your own—which by the way, ought to be taken up and moved every three or four years.

Bearded varieties grow from a root called a rhizome, from which rootlets spread like a set of fingers at each side. Spread these rootlets outward and downward in all directions and work the soil between and around them, with the rhizome lying on a bed of soil slightly slanting. Cover it two thirds of its upper surface, leaving one third, next the foliage, exposed to sun and air.

Prepare the soil to a depth of at least 10 inches, adding it deeply and thoroughly. For Bulbous Irises you want it pretty rich, but no irises like manure. Plant food at the rate of four pounds per 100 square feet, or one pound (quint) to 20 feet of row will be appreciated by all types, however. Work it in thoroughly at the bottom of your spaded area.

Your Irises usually come from the nursery with the foliage cut back to about six inches. If not cut back, cut them yourself before planting. Do the same if you are transplanting some of your own—which by the way, ought to be taken up and moved every three or four years.

Bearded varieties grow from a root called a rhizome, from which rootlets spread like a set of fingers at each side. Spread these rootlets outward and downward in all directions and work the soil between and around them, with the rhizome lying on a bed of soil slightly slanting. Cover it two thirds of its upper surface, leaving one third, next the foliage, exposed to sun and air.

Prepare the soil to a depth of at least 10 inches, adding it deeply and thoroughly. For Bulbous Irises you want it pretty rich, but no irises like manure. Plant food at the rate of four pounds per 100 square feet, or one pound (quint) to 20 feet of row will be appreciated by all types, however. Work it in thoroughly at the bottom of your spaded area.

Your Irises usually come from the nursery with the foliage cut back to about six inches. If not cut back, cut them yourself before planting. Do the same if you are transplanting some of your own—which by the way, ought to be taken up and moved every three or four years.

Bearded varieties grow from a root called a rhizome, from which rootlets spread like a set of fingers at each side. Spread these rootlets outward and downward in all directions and work the soil between and around them, with the rhizome lying on a bed of soil slightly slanting. Cover it two thirds of its upper surface, leaving one third