My growing garden

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MY GROWING GARDEN
PLATE I. Excelsa rose: "A wonderful grower . . . it blooms late." (See page 93.)
MY GROWING GARDEN

BY

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"PHOTOGRAPHING FLOWERS AND TREES"
"PLANTING THE HOME GROUNDS"
ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND
ROBERT B. McFARLAND

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Dedication

TO THE OTHER THREE
OF THE "FAMILY FOUR" WHO LIVE IN
THIS GROWING GARDEN
PREFACE

FOR many gardenless years I had been reading of gardens, and not seldom seeing some of them. The reading was mostly of the greater gardens, the appearance of which more often reflected the personal taste of the designer or the gardener than the garden-love of the owner. Indeed, the very sight of some gardens was irritating, because of their expensive elaboration.

In one notable instance, the great formal garden I repeatedly visited contained no suggestion of its owner, and I came to think of it in the name of the soft-voiced Scotchman who kept it growing and glowing. In another garden, of which I kept for some time a photographic record, the owner was unsympathetic, unrelated; he was doing a garden as part of his spending job as a rich man.

But one garden that I saw told another story. It had been started lovingly more than a generation before by a fine-spirited clergyman. With his own hands he planted in it, and his daughter, who lived in it when I visited it, was adding her ideals to those of her father in that yet growing garden. This seemed altogether worth while.

When it came my time to have a garden, it
seemed right that my garden should grow in my way, mainly by my own endeavor. Incidentally, and fortunately, it also was necessary that it should so grow, if at all, for financial reasons!

This garden—my garden, our garden—has grown for a half-dozen years under these conditions. It has been my golf, in pleasurable exercise; it has been my open-air school, in what it has taught me; it has been my physical regeneration from the debility of overwork.

It is only proper to mention the unusual conditions surrounding the making of this book. I have written it, but my family have lived it with me, and the print-shop which bears my name and enjoys my garden has made of the book much more than a perfunctory item of work. The publishers, too, have let down all the bars, so that in a very special sense the book has been lived, written, designed, illustrated, printed, and bound as the work of one man and those about him. Whatever it is, therefore—and I am keenly conscious of its faults—it is mine, or ours; it is of the man, the family, and the shop.

J. H. McF.

September 28, 1915