



My job is mining lead

—but that tells me a lot about PAINT

ANYBODY who's ever worked with lead knows it's a grand metal.

If you could cover a house with lead, it would just about last forever.

And it's not far wrong to say that the next best thing to a metal coating when it comes to protection, is white lead.

Fact is, white lead is made from lead.

You can't use any other metal for making paint

and get the same result. What I mean is, white lead paint gives a tough, elastic coat—a coat that never brittles up or flakes away.

Don't take my say-so. Ask any painter who's been at his job long enough to time the life of white lead. Ask him what he'd paint his own house with.

Any way you look at it, you're money ahead when you paint with white lead.

You'll learn a lot of helpful facts about paint if you read, "What to expect from White Lead Paint." Write for your copy today.

LEAD INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION
420 Lexington Avenue
New York, N. Y.



A good painter is always a good investment. For example, pointing up open joints and cracks on wood trim—filling them properly with white lead putty so they will stay water-tight—is one of the dozens of things that a real painter knows how to do.



THE DIARY



of a Plain Dirt Gardener

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

By Harry R. O'Brien

Cartoonures by Tom Corliss

July 7 After breakfast, nothing special on my mind, I set forth to the back to catch up on weeds and pests and summer-propagation work. Now there be some folks who're all for show. When they set out to get the place all weeded and cultivated, they begin in front, with whatever is nearest the street. But my way is to begin at the back and work forward.

So that's why, at the far corner of the last vegetable row, I took up the job of getting over everything on the place, which will keep me busy about all month, what with the regular daily chores. First, I used a wheel

work over and reset most of them. Iris need division about every three to five years, depending on how they're doing.

After a bit, for variety, I began a second big summer chore—hoeing over carefully and deeply all the peonies. These like lots of cultivation, and the digging around them now makes for good blooms next year.

July 9 Rain last night, and the afternoon the ground is just right to be worked. Beyond the tomatoes and cabbage in the vegetable garden is a space left unplanted up to now. I've gone over this several times with wheel hoe and hand hoe to keep down weeds. Right now it's mellow, moist, and weedless. Here is to be my little nursery or propagation bed for this summer.

So here this afternoon I began to transplant the thrifty perennial seedlings I have growing in the window frame up by the toolshed—ones planted along in the spring. These I dug out carefully with a small trowel so that as much soil as possible would cling to the roots, then back to the them out. If you must know, the things I transplanted were the red pyrethrums or Painted Daisies.

Next after seedlings, I turned to dividing. A good many perennials can be divided and reset now, when blooming, just as well as in the spring. I began by digging two clumps of Memorial Daisies and pulled them apart to make little division plants. These I put back with the seedlings. Next, I divided a clump of armeria, or thrift, some alpine pinks, and so on.

In some years, when things are right, I get at this work about a month earlier. But it can be done anytime now, when the ground is moist enough. I prefer to do my planting toward evening and if possible on a cloudy day.

July 11 As we were eating supper tonight, a neighbor drove in with a nasturtium plant that was dying. Could I tell [Turn to page 12]



"... David pumped, Donald sprayed, I bossed. It was fun"

hoe. I rested from this by weeding beets and carrots on my knees. This evening I took it up again, this time hand-weeding an annual bed. I put David to work at hoeing weeds out of the sweet corn.

"Daddy, how long will I have to work?" he called after a bit. "Until dark," says I.

Shortly he called out again. "Daddy, the sun's down," he said, mournfully. But I told him to keep on. A little bit and he called out once more. "Daddy, don't you think we'd better quit when the fireflies begin to make light?" he asked. "All right, that's a good idea," I replied. Whereupon he grabbed his little hoe and beat it for the toolshed. He had just seen a firefly.

July 8 Now it befell that it was hotter today than yesterday, so I'm glad I managed to get out a half-hour earlier than usual before breakfast to begin on one of the big summer chores—dividing and resetting iris. With so much travel in recent summers, this has been neglected and my iris have become run down. It's high time I



"... I began in earnest to divide and reset the iris"

BETTER HOMES & GARDENS

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