

FIELDS AND WOODS IN JUNE.

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A stroll through the fields and woods in June is a delight and recreation. Every pharmacist should take a day off and inhale new hope and confidence with the fragrant air of budding and flowering nature. It is true, the first messengers of spring have disappeared. The lovely sanguinaria with its snow-white dress greets us no more and the saucy jack-in-the-pulpit does not preach his silent but impressive sermon any longer. But there is ample cause for enjoyment and admiration. Over yonder through the woods we discover a cluster of white blossoms, not showy, but nevertheless attractive. If we only look at the leaves of the shrub we might think it is a young maple. But the blossoms tell us that it is the viburnum that welcomes us. It is a flowering shrub masquerading in the guise of a tree. We might call it the joker of the woods. There are other masqueraders of the June woods. At a distance we see a wild rose, at least we think so. And even when we approach we do not doubt its identity. It is big and rich in color. But the stem of the plant has no thorns, and almost bewildered we again examine the flower. And now we discover that it is the showy blossom of the flowering raspberry, having a striking resemblance to the wild rose, although entirely different from the ordinary raspberry flower that nearly everybody knows. In strolling further we rejoice at the splendor of a cluster of iris versicolor with their light blue petals. This beautiful flower loves company and never grows alone; there is always a whole family, a whole tribe together, kissing and gossiping with each other. The ground becomes moist and swampy and we are about to turn, when from behind an old half-decayed trunk of a tree a nodding leaf seems to invite us to come nearer. Our efforts are well rewarded, for there almost hidden in a fissure of the tree grows the lovely orchid, the cypripedium, the showy ladies slipper rather reluctant to show its beauty. Thus we stroll from bog to bog, from bush to bush, and inhale the sweet fragrance of the elderflower that early spring has coaxed to unfold before the time. A foolish June bug buzzes into our ear and almost frightens us. Of course, he could not harm any one, and he is all too gentle to do so if he could. And he has neither beauty nor song to atone for his clumsiness. It seems he is made to blunder and annoy.

In our enjoyment of the beautiful June air we do not notice that the sun is going down; the shadows of the trees grow longer and the enchanting charm of the forest twilight gradually surrounds us. We know that it is time to leave the woods, as we might lose our way if total darkness befalls us here; and yet we linger, drawn back by the hands of fairies and sylvan spirits. Here and there a sudden light flares up. Fireflies have lit their candles and show us our way. Before us a large meadow expands. We stop in order to inhale once more the refreshing air full of ozone and terpenes. But we cannot proceed, a new charm retards our steps. This time it is not the eye that is enraptured, it is the ear. We now know that the fireflies were only the first announcers of the concert

that is to come. They arranged the notes and instruments. Here and there a chirp, a rasp is heard, like the tuning of the string before the real performance begins. Full of expectation we lean against a tree or stretch out under a sweet-smelling elder bush. Everything is ready and full of inspiration drawn from the beautiful June night, the thousands of nocturnal choristers of the grass sing and play their notes. There is a buzzing and chirping and trilling and rasping without end; each in itself perhaps without account and not much to listen to, but the blending is restful and charming and almost overwhelming.

And now comes the soloist of the bug orchestra, a tree toad, that sings its note with a serious deep voice but full of enthusiasm. The chirping of the bugs is more than a summer's monotonous lullaby, it becomes the musical background of a more skilled performer and assumes a new higher quality. Suddenly the soloist ceases and it appears as if everybody was quiet; the solemnity and grandeur of a June night seems for a moment to overpower all the other charms. Then he begins again—perhaps he has only stopped for refreshments and eaten some of his musicians—and anew the little buzzers and chirpers intonate their songs.

As we listen in rapture we try to analyze the performance and identify the individual performer, the cricket, the grasshopper, the locust, the golden beetle and others. But we fail in our task and wearily close our eyes, not to sleep, but to relax into a sweet vagrant reverie. Dream pictures appear before us as from the embers of an open fireplace in midwinter. Sweet recollections of our childhood and scenes of days long past and almost forgotten rise in our minds, and the untiring song of nature recalls the harmonies of a Beethoven sonata or Liszt's rhapsody to our ears, when in the circle of a contented family we mused in the twilight while a beloved one, long departed, gently touched the keys with magic finger.

The commercial druggist who knows no music but the clang of coin, may laugh and sneer at our weird imagination that sees beauty in useless weeds and hears melody in the noise of bugs. Let him sneer, poor man. He knows not what he misses. The revelations of nature are for him a sealed book, and his heart never thrills in ecstasy of the wonderful pleasures that she willingly gives to those who understand her, pure and innocent, sweeter than music, richer than gold.

DYESTUFF SITUATION IN THE UNITED STATES.*

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If the plans of the officials of the Commerce Department shall materialize, the urgent suggestions made by the experts of that and other departments of the government, who are constantly examining into the situation with respect to dyestuffs, will be carried out by President Wilson's administration in urgent recommendations that Congress shall safeguard any developments of the dyestuffs industry in this country by effective legislation in the form of an anti-dumping clause, or such amendments to existing laws as will prevent the German dyestuffs manufacturers flooding this country with their products and putting the domestic industry out of business when the European war shall end. It is known that

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