

OUR MONGOLIAN GARDENS.



O say the least, the sight of vegetable gardens in the heart of a large city is a most novel one. Incongruous as it may seem to find turnips, beets and cabbages growing in luxuriance and profusion in the midst of palatial residences and

surrounded on all sides by property valued at the

prices choice urban homes always command, yet such a sight can be witnessed in Portland every day in the 365 that make up the yearly round. Through the very center of the choicest residence district, and but a few minutes' walk from the business streets, the curving channel of a deep canyon takes its way, and in the bottom of this runs a small stream of water. On the fertile alluvial flats along the stream, in some places several hundred feet in width, and extending well up the sides of the canyon, are gardens of vegetables, from which a large proportion of the city families derive their supplies of garden "truck" or "sask."

Perhaps the most striking contrast that can be found in the world between Caucasian and Mongolian is to be seen right here. On the high ground are the palatial residences of our wealthiest citizens, and in the gulch, often not more than 200 yards away, are the shan-

ties of these industrious Orientals. On the one side is beauty, ornament, luxury, refinement, on the other a bare physical existence, in which the faintest appreciation of all that goes to make up our higher civilization seems to be wanting. The Chinese gardener is intensely practical in his domestic arrangements. His house is a mere hut, constructed in the simplest possible manner from odds and ends of boards picked up wherever he can lay his hands on them. Its roof, and often its sides, is covered with tin cut from coal oil cans, and the furniture consists of a few boxes, rickety chairs, plain wooden table, and hard wooden bunks upon which to sleep for the few hours given to repose. He eats boiled rice as the chief article of diet, and but seldom indulges in meat, bread, or even the



THE MORNING START.

numerous vegetables upon which his labor is expended.

The Chinese gardener knows no such thing as an eight hour law, nor any law that restricts the hours of labor. He rises early and works almost continuously until late, and by patient toil accomplishes daily as much as two Caucasians would do in a day of ten hours. By utilizing every available inch, by cropping the same ground several times a year, and by constant use of the



A COMMERCIAL TRANSACTION.