Plants Suited to Portland's Gardens

Practical Florist Tells About Old-Fashioned Flowers and Many New Varieties.

THIS class of plants lives from year to year. Their growth above the soil dies down every Autumn and comes up again in the Spring. They are easily cultivated and easily multiplied. These plants have come into public favor again with the revival of the fad for "old-fashioned flowers," but some of the late introductions in the way of beautiful new varieties will astonish even the most sanguine enthusiast.

A group of this class of plants, carefully arranged, will never be without flowers from early Spring until late Fall. Any ordinary soil will grow them well, but if enriched with a good fertilizer the results will be much more gratifying. Once the true merits of this class of plants are known, there will not be a garden, large or small, without some of them banked in the corners to furnish bright spots of bloom throughout the season.

Anemones.

Anemones, or Windflowers, should find a place in every garden, as they come in a great many beautiful varieties and are great bloomers. One of the best varieties possible to obtain is the Anemone Queen Charlotte, which is large and semi-double, and ranges in color from a peculiar pink to a clear rose. This shade is rare in perennials, but in this variety it is perfect and artistic in tone. Anemone Rosea Superba has flowers of medium size and of a silvery-rose color. This one is a remarkably free bloomer. A good white, semi-double free flowering variety is the Anemone Whirlwind. Anemone Japonica is a variety which begins to bloom in August and lasts until late Fall. It requires rich soil and grows from 2 to 4 feet high, and is considered a particularly desirable variety. Other good varieties are: Anemone Multifida Hudsonica; A. Virginica; A. Sylvestris; A. Japonica Gigantea; A. Narcissaflora; A. Apennina; A. Coronaria; A. Alpina; A. Pulsatilla; A. Vernalis; A. Alpina; A. Sulphurea; A. Montana, and A. Fulgens.

Aquilegia or Columbine.

The Columbine is an old favorite in the garden, but by culture and fertilization the newer varieties have quite lost the shape of the old-time friend we have known since we rambled in grandmother's garden. The four spurs at the lower part of the bloom have been so enlarged that the general appearance is now so much like an orchid that many people have been deceived by them. These plants flourish particularly well here, the climate being perfectly adapted to their culture, and some varieties being found wild in the woods.

One of the latest and most perfect varieties is the Aquilegia Helenae. The blooms are very large, of a deep blue, with white corolla and long spurs. The Aquilegia Hayiodgensis is of a beautiful deep lilac color with white corolla and very long spurs. One of the earliest to bloom is a pretty little white bloomer called the Aquilegia Flabellata nana alba. The Aquilegia Truncata is orange to yelow in color and very good. There is one Truncata growing wild here in Oregon, and this cultivated one very likely originated from our native species. Professor Thomas Howell has four varieties in his "Flora of Northwest America," so we may feel safe in introducing the offspring to their native land, where they will feel perfectly at home and flourish, as does the rose.

Physalis or Chinese Lantern Plant.

This is an ornamental variety of the Winter cherry and grows in small, clumpy bushes about two feet high. Its bright orange scarlet fruit of queer lantern shape is produced freely, and in Europe, where it is highly thought of, it is used extensively for cuttings, as the fruit will keep its shape and color until after Christmas.

Doronicum Causasicum (Leopard's Bane.)

This is one of the most effective and earliest of the Spring-flowering perennials. It begins to bloom in April and continues at intervals throughout the season. It succeeds everywhere, and is worthy of a place in any garden. It produces a most abundant crop of bright yellow blooms from 2 to 3 inches across and grows about one and one-half feet in height.

Asters, Michaelmas Daisies or Starworth.

These are among the showiest of our late flowering, hardy plants. They give a great wealth of bloom at a season when most of the hardy flowers are gone. The species are manifold. In Oregon alone there are 34 species to be found, but these are small and insignificant flowers and would scarcely make a good showing in a garden. The cultivated varieties, however, are certainly worth having, and there are few people who pay any attention to flowers at all, with whom they are not great favorites. As cut flowers they last longer than most any other variety, and their varied coloring is most artistic and pleasing to the eye.

Aster Bessarabicus is a beautiful dwarf blue. Aster Amellus elegans grandiflorus is a very large flowering light blue and grows about two feet high. A. Alpinno, or Alpine Star, is very pretty. It grows about two feet high and shows blooms in lavendar, white and yellow. A. Novae Angliae has very large bluish purple flowers with yellow centers, and this variety will reach a height of four or five feet. Other good varieties are Aster Bessarabicus; sagittifolius, floribundus, drumnodi, horizontalis, cassubicus, niveus, shortii, versicolor, cordifolius, elegans, and many more.

Papaver or Poppy.

Nothing can equal these plants in gorgeous effect, either planted in groups or singly. Their large flowers, rich brilliant coloring and freedom in bloom render them conspicuous in any position. The better varieties are Poppy Alpinumroseum; Bracteatum Livermere; Orientale, Prince of Orange; Orientale Brightness; Nudicaule Sulphureum (new and very good); Orientale Royal Scarlet. This last variety is certainly the best of all. It is of luxuriant growth and a free bloomer, having flowers of vivid scarlet. There are thousands of other good varieties also.

Would it not make a gorgeous display if one of the slopes back of the reservoirs in the City Park were planted with several thousands of these plants? The effect from a distance would be a hillside afire with bloom. The expense would be nominal and the result wonderful. These varieties mentioned here have to be set out, but the California poppy can be sown broadcast and also produce a very beautiful and brilliant effect.

Geum, Avens.

This plant is certainly worth having. It blooms practically the whole Summer and Fall, and, planted in groups, produces the most striking effects. Geum Atrosanguineum is probably the best. It blooms as the name indicated, dark red, and is pretty in flowers and foliage, too. Geum Heldreichi is orange and red and blooms much earlier than the former variety.

Delphinium (Hardy Larkspur.)

The hardy larkspur is one of the most important and most satisfactory plants in the herbaceous garden, and should not be missed in any collection. Their long spikes of flowers are produced continuously from June until late in the Fall if the precaution is taken to remove the flower stems before they produce seeds. The old-fashioned variety (D. Formosum) grows about 4 feet high and blooms continuously until frost kills it. It is of an indigo blue shade. There is also a very good new sulphur yellow variety (D. Sulphureum), which is just a brilliant a yellow as the former is a blue. It is perfectly hardy and is well worth having. There are also several other very good varieties to be had at the florists.

Gaillardia.

This is one of the showiest and most effective of the hardy plants. It begins to flower in June and continues one mass of bloom the entire season. These plants will thrive in any soil or position, but respond liberally to good treatment. The large flowers are of gorgeous coloring. The center is dark brown while the petals are marked with rings of brilliant scarlet, crimson, orange, vermillon, and often a combination of all these colors in one flower. They are excellent for cutting, and may be had in six distinct colors.

Heuchera (Alum Root.)

Heuchera sanguinea is a very desirable perennial of dwarf, compact, branching growth and robust constitution, growing from one and one-half to two feet high. The flowers are produced from June to August in loose, graceful spikes and come in greatest profusion. In color it varies from light coral red to crimson, and when seen in full perfection, dazzles the eye with its brilliancy. The State of Oregon has eight species of its own, but none as striking as this variety. Another cultivater variety is the Heuchera Alba, which is about the same as the above in white, but not blooming so profusely as the sanguinea.

Althea Rosea or Hollyhock.

Few plants combine as many good qualities as the hollyhock. For planting in rows or groups or interspersing among shrubbery the hollyhock is invaluable. The flowers form perfect rosettes of the most lovely shades of yellow, crimson, rose, pink, orange and white. They require a rich, deep soil well drained, and will repay in quantity and elegance of bloom any extra care. The best strains are the double English, the Alleghaney varieties and the Charters.

Chrysanthemum (Moonpenny Daisy.)

Chrysanthemum Maximum "Triumph" is a free-growing plant not exceeding two and one-half feet, forming bushy plants. They are in full bloom from early July until late Fall. The flowers are daisy or marguerite like in appearance, three inches or over in diameter, pure white with a golden center. These blooms will last a week or longer when cut and are very showy. The flower commonly known as "Shasta Daisy" belongs to this class and should not be missed in any garden.

The varieties of perennials are too great to name, so only a few of the most important ones are given.

GEORGE OTTEN.

Silhouettes - - - By Arthur A. Greene

IN THAT portion of the up-town residence district which lies south of Washington street he lives with his parents in a house, half hovel, half cottage, all quite out of company with their surroundings. Theirs is a hard way to meet the landlord, the butcher, baker, candlestick-maker and their work is an uphill struggle for their living and the boy.

The father and mother know the depths of bitter, bitter anguish for their boy will not grow up to be a stay to their steps or a pride to their hearts. Something in his brain has gone awry and so—he sings. Those who live thereabouts are long familiar with the story, but even they step to the windows when they hear a fresh, young voice at song. In the streets, as unwittingly as the birds, he sings the sweet old ballads the meaning of which he knows never a thing. Strangers hear him and ask questions. Then they tell them it is only the Singing Boy. His name? It does not matter. He is the Singing Boy and as such will grow to manhood, to child-manhood.

If these things must be, if the boy must needs be a lack-wit, Fate was kind to turn his simple fancies to song. If genius be a kind of insanity, who will say that the Boy may not some day, given the opportunity, lead us wise ones into the sacred realms of melody and teach us many things. Who will say? But if he does not. If he does no more than sing untaught along the highways and byways of life his folly were wisdom for it will lighten his heart and the hearts of those who love him. They will better be reconciled to say: "Thy will be done."

The tired, bitter, sordid world needs song. The simple, unskilled song of woodbirds and rustling leaves and running brooks, the song of naturals. So those of us who listen and pity the foolish Singing Boy are better for his having lived and from him may learn wisdom.

How "Dickie" Davis Was "Called."

WE WERE discussing the foibles of Richard Harding Davis who has just gone to "cover" the Russo-Japanese War for one of the illustrated weekly prints. Davis has done many things these recent years from the writing of novels and plays to the writing of war "specials." He has in a measure succeeded through some skill and more advertising. With his success he has taken to himself the affectations and insolence of a macroni of George III's court. These he seems to have mistaken for the signs and due-guards of Truly Great. Time was when he did the stunts of a very common-place sort of reporter on the Philadelphia Press. This was before his pouter-pigeon days. After that he wrote Gallagher and Other Things and his importance rested heavily upon him. Our talk covered these well-known historical facts when the reformed city editor, who left a big Chicago daily to become a Portland business man, volunteered this story: "In the first flush of his newly acquired fame Davis came to Chicago, where he was looked upon as something of a lion. The papers, of course, noticed him and sent reporters who should interview him and carry his message to the waiting people. In the party of interviewers was one whose name shall be Johnson, an old associate of Davis in the Philadelphia Press days. Davis received the boys in his room with all lordly airs of an oriental potentate. He did not come out of his shell of reserve during the entire meeting and never once by any sign intimated that he had ever seen Johnson before. Johnson had committed the folly of telling of his former association with the great man and was placed in a very embarrassing position. As Davis was in the act of permitting his visitors to depart Johnson suddenly remarked: 'You don't know me, do you, Dick?' The Prize Egotist was amazed at the fellow's temerity, but after a time stammered out an answer that he believed he did remember him. It was Mr. Johnson; at the same time extending his hand on a level with his chest. 'No,' said Johnson, declining the proffered hand, 'I didn't come here to shake hands with you. I simply came to tell you you are the blankety blankest cad I've ever seen and I'm blank sorry I ever knew you.' Davis narrowly escaped apoplexy but Johnson made a hit with the newspaper boys and to this day he is known in press club circles of Chicago as the only man who ever properly 'called' Richard Harding Davis."

An Incident of Small Import.

THE Excelsior Hotel is a right bad eminence in the center of the Bad Lands. It is in three stories of weather-beatenboards which rattle when the wind blows strong. It blinks out upon the world through grimy, small-paned windows and shelters the flotsam and jetsam of the town which the tide of adversity carries. One may lodge there for 10 cents in a large room with many of one's fellows and sleep sometimes when the exhaustion of defeat or drunkenness has overtaken him. It is unlovely, perhaps, and not over clean, but a grateful refuge for those whose confession of faith comprehends these three: "Drink much, eat when you can, sleep when you must."

There is an "office," an ugly place, wherein its inhabitants may play with greasy packs of cards and regale each other with forbidden stories. A rusty stove in the center of the room supplies a modicum of heat and a target for expectoration. There are always many there, for they are unwelcome at saloons and must needs find a roof somewhere. The "management" does not discriminate closely so long as they can raise the price of a night's lodging. Its accommodations are for "gents" alone, in which respect it is better, if less attractive, than many others. So, every day and every night, shifting, lurking, sinister specters of manhood consort beneath its shelter. Panhandlers, yeggmen, footpads, porch climbers, plain hobos and mendicants, ship scuttlers and pirates born out of time, strong-arm artists, wolves, jackals, "bad actors," almost all of them, with here and there harmless unfortunates to raise the morale. This or something very like is the Excelsior Hotel and its merry crew.

There was a suicide there last week. It was a man yet young. Much hard living and the Excelsior Hotel had got on his nerves and he cut his throat with a dull razor. The going out of him was worth a "stick" or two, so Bill the police reporter went there, and I went with him. The story which made a record on the Captain's blotter at headquarters was upstairs, where the man lay dead, so the Coroner, the policeman and the police reporter went up, while I stopped below in the "office" among the "guests." I had seen the like before. It would not be a pretty sight, so I stopped below. Down there I saw no sign that an untoward thing had happened above stairs. The cardplayers looked up at my intrusion in open unfriendliness and returned to their game. Others with less ambition sat listlessly, some snoring in midday sleep. A boy with a not unhandsome face and the hair and eyes of Italy, sat in the corner tuning a violin. Against one side of the wall was a pine counter and against it leaned a hangdog person who put down the pink paper he was reading and told me he was the proprietor. "But don't you go and put no piece in your damned paper about this. His name? Why, his name was Cornish—been here about three weeks. Come from Seattle, he said. Paid up till a week ago. Owed me six bits. He win $2 playin' "21" night before last, but bought booze with it and stood me of. I wuz goin' to put him out today, but he beat me to it. Say! If you're goin' to make a item 'bout this say that Manager Deskins, that's me, Mike Deskins—D-E-S-K-I-N-S—found the party and called up the station. He was dead when he was found, understand, and the house had nothin' more to do with it, or somethin' like that, understand?"

I drank in the manager's words and made mental note of them. A wagon had backed up to the door without and there was the sound of men coming down the bare stairs carrying a burden. The Italian boy was playing something soft and undefined on his violin. One of the loafers who had "mooched" a dime on the street, came in with a can of beer. He shared it with a comrade and drank with much noise. The bearers of the dead passed out through the hall to the waiting wagon. One of the cardplayers cussed his luck and yelled at the boy to "cut out" his fiddlin.'" The "manager" and I looked through the grimy window where the burden was being loaded into the wagon. I buttoned up my overcoat to go. The manager returned to his pink paper. "Thank Gawd, he's gone," I heard him say.

ARTHUR A. GREENE.

FEWER IDLE GIRLS NOW.

Each Year Larger Number Unwilling to Stay at Home and Do Nothing.

From "Should a Girl Work Who Does Not Have To?" by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in Success.

Productive industry is woman's natural field of expression. She carried it on at home first, while the world was full of warfare; but, now that man has also become industrious she has as much place in the world as he.

Work is woman's own distinctive province, but the habit of doing it at home alone is merely a "left-over" from those old times when the home was the only safe place.

Now we have a peaceful, orderly industrial community, with scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions which give freedom and power to women as well as men. The education of boys and girls is sufficiently equal to allow the development of human faculties in women, and each step of increased opportunity they have followed with increased ability. Each year sees a large number of girls who are no more willing to stay at home and do nothing, or to stay at home and do housework, than their brothers are.

Why should they be? Why should an intelligent, able-bodied young woman be content not to take part in the great vital processes of society—in the world's work?

The opposition to her so doing has several grounds, and as many faces. One is this proposition that she should leave the work—that is, the wages—that strictly limited crop of benefits—to those who need it most.

Let us take a good grip on this thing, hold it tightly and apply it liberally to the general field of human labor, to see if it applies fairly and reasonably. As a principle it means this—that labor—all our great industrial processes, business, education, law, art—everything we call "work,"—is in truth a sort of beneficiary device to feed people. "We"—those who have that unaccountable possession of the precious work-crops—should give the work to those who need it—that is, to those who need the pay for it. When we say "work," in this connection, we always mean pay. We do not imagine that the needy person wants the work for exercise or for enjoyment—but he wants food and clothes, and work to obtain them.

If this is so we are singularly inconsistent in carrying out our idea. It would follow—if this were so, that we ought to promptly dispossess President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard University of his chair and put in—requiring some efficiency—the neediest scholar we can find.

Why should President Eliot be taking the bread and butter out of the mouth of the deserving poor man? All our rich people should give up business at once and play the rest of their lives, as some of them are piously doing now. Of our working classes we should keep close watch, and as soon as a man has more than others, take his job and give it to the one who "needs" it most.

London theater managers now make announcement to their audiences when the asbestos curtain is about to be lowered, according to law, lest the lowering of the curtain might cause a panic.

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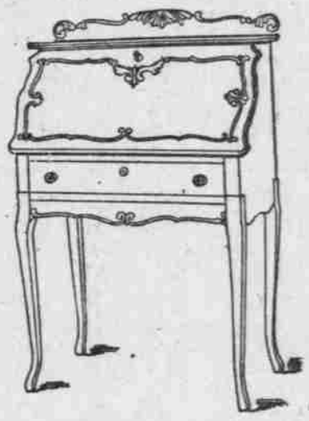

A $13.50 DESK FOR $7.00

It hardly seems reasonable to offer HANDSOME OAK WRITING DESKS at HALF PRICE. It really isn't reasonable from a standpoint of profit to us. But we do it just because we need the space they occupy. Tomorrow morning from 9 o'clock to noon we shall place at your disposal TWENTY-FOUR PRETTY GOLDEN OAK LADIES' WRITING DESKS. Half of them are similar to the picture shown herewith. The others are plainer in design, but just as full of quality. They are all made of fine selected Golden Oak, substantially made, well finished and highly polished. You can see them in our windows tomorrow. Only one to each customer.

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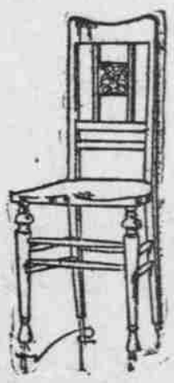

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REGULAR PRICE $4.50, SPECIAL PRICE $2.50

A WORD REGARDING CREDIT—'TWILL INTEREST YOU

Sometime ago we adopted the maxim, "YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD—MAKE YOUR OWN TERMS," as an exemplification of our liberal attitude towards the home-makers and home-furnishers of this city. At first intending purchasers could hardly credit that we could carry out such a liberal policy with all our customers. That's all over now, however. Our best friends are those who came doubtingly at first, but immediately became our patrons when they learned our offer was bona fide. And through them we've made many friends, for good news spreads apace.

For the sake of those who may desire house-furnishings of any sort we wish to reiterate that our big store is at your disposal. Furniture, Carpets, Draperies, Crockery, Stoves and Hardware we have in abundance. Our stock is well selected and up-to-date in every way. New goods are arriving every day now. Come and make your selection, then tell us how you want to pay for your purchases. Your wishes are ours.

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