All this from Five Cents Worth of Seed

ONE EAST SIDE HOME MAKER WHO BELIEVES IN MAKING PORTLAND THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

COSMOS AT MRS. R. H. MILLER'S, 1200 DENVER AVE., ST. JOHNS LINE.

THE cosmos shown in this picture is at the residence of Mrs. R. H. Miller, 1200 Denver avenue, and is a fair sample of what can be done in Oregon from land that has never been cultivated. A year ago this place was a mass of brush and fir trees, but by dint of hard work—and hard it was, for some roots were 10 and 20 feet underground—the earth was cleared and a small home built.

But the house looked bare and rough, and some plan must be made to hide its ugliness, and after careful thought cosmos was chosen. A trench was dug along the edge of the porch and the seeds planted the last of May, and now, the first week of November, they hide the porch completely and are a mass of white, red and pink blossoms, some of which are 2½ inches across. Standing ten feet high, they are a beautiful sight, and as there has been no frost, they are still growing. They have had no cultivation whatever and have been sprinkled very little during the Summer.

Can any other state show a picture like this on November 1? Roses, chrysanthemums, cosmos, dozens of others, all in blossom out in the yard. Oregon can't be beat.

Here is also an example of making the city beautiful. People going by Mrs. Miller's home pause, stare and admire. "What an effect—how beautiful!" and pass on, wondering how on earth they ever did it. Maybe they go to their own homes, where they have hundreds of feet of spare ground, and sigh and think it is no use trying to fix their house like that—it's too expensive, too hard work.

If they would only count the cost more accurately, would it pay? One package of cosmos, mixed, 5 cents. Does it pay? Can you spare 5 cents toward making your city beautiful? The work—yes, that's a big item—but better be doing that and have something for a reward than not plant flowers. Beautify your home and you will be doing something which will be a pleasure to yourself, to your neighbors, and make the city proud of such citizens.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller told an Oregonian reporter that they have set out over 200 rose bushes this year, and invited him to call with the camera man next June and see the effect then.

SMILING AROUND THE WORLD

BY MARSHALL P. WILDER.

IV.

IN HAWAII.

The city of Honolulu, looking from the harbor, does not seem large, though there is a population of 50,000. The houses are so embowered in luxuriant foliage it is only occasionally that a roof may be seen peeping out.

As soon as the gang-plank was out a friend welcomed us with the beautiful but rather embarrassing Hawaiian custom of throwing long wreaths about our necks. These are made of carnations, camellas or jasmine, with flossy green leaves. Women who make them, sit along the streets in Honolulu with baskets of flowers and completed wreaths beside them, their fingers busily engaged in weaving others. So universal is this custom of wearing these flowery adornments that every native one meets has neck and hat decorated with a fresh, dewy wreath. Time was, no doubt, when these were all of their adorning, but civilization has decreed a few additions to such an airy, though, no doubt, picturesque costume.

Our doubts as to the best method of seeing the sights were settled for us by our friend, who had an automobile waiting for us on the dock. The driver told us of his first trip in the machine through the outlying country. He came upon a Chinese coolie who had never seen anything of the kind before, and stood rooted with horror to the road until the driver tooted the horn. Then the Chinaman fled frantically to the fence, over which he plunged, shrieking, "Heap devil! heap devil!" When the driver had finished telling us of his first experience I told him of mine—not in Honolulu, but in the good old Empire state, U. S. A. As I remember it was a fine ride! The fine was a hundred and fifty. I said to my chauffeur (chauffeur is French for plumber) "Let her go!" and he let her go. We went so fast the milestones looked like a cemetery! We simply flew through the air. When the car stopped short I was still flying. I flew 80 feet through the air, shot through a church window, and lit in the middle of the congregation, just as the minister was saying: "And the angel of the Lord descended!"

I was a fine-looking angel, with a pair of goggles, a linen duster and a rubber tire 'round my head for a halo! I explained to the astonished congregation that I had just "dropped into meetin'!"

Well, after working four days, with eight-hour night shifts, we get the car going; and all went well till I tried to steer. I turned out for a cow, and turned into a "dago" with a fruit stand. There was a free delivery of fruit. It was hard to tell which was the fruit and which was the "dago." We stopped long enough to remove a banana from my eye (you have to keep your eye peeled) and went on. Nothing happened until we got in the midst of a crowded thoroughfare, when the blamed thing had the blind staggers; tried to climb an electric light pole, and bit a policeman in the middle of his beat! That cost the city a copper, and me a pretty penny.

Since then, I've tried pretty nearly every kind of car, with results about the same—in the end I was a nervous wreck and the car a total wreck. So, when a friend of mine calls me up on the 'phone and says he's got the automobile fever," and wants to know what he'd better get," I tell him to get over it.

An interesting phase of life in Honolulu is the political speaker, who takes the stump—sometimes several stumps, in succession—at the noon hour. All Hawaiians take a keen interest in politics. The speech I heard was in the Hawaiian tongue, the only words I understood being "beef trust"; this the speaker said very plainly in English, there probably being no equivalent in Hawaiian. As he proceeded from stump to stump, his audience waned perceptibly—perhaps from a native indolence of temperament which could not cling very long to one thing. At any rate, when he reached the last stump his audience reminded me of what Peter Dailey said of an audience in a New York theater where business was poor. When asked how large the audience was, "Pete" answered, "I could lick all three of them!"

From politics to Pali—a marvelous transition. This high cliff, garlanded with the softest and most luxuriant verdure, overlooks a fertile valley where is spread, like a carpet, every varying shade of green that finally melts in the distance to the exquisite turquoise and beryl tints of the sea, making an enchanting panorama of transcendant loveliness.

Pali was the scene of the historic battle of the forces of Oahu, when they were driven up into the mountains by the army of King Kamehameih the Great, who had come over from Hawaii to conquer them. The Oahuans were pressed back until they were finally driven over the edge of the Pali, a living cataract of 2500 men. To stand upon the edge of this cliff and conjure up a vision of this historic event, which took place scarcely 107 years ago, must give even the least impressionable a thrill.

I was next taken to the aquarium, where the collection of native fish is something beyond the wildest imagination to picture, and quite baffles description. Little fishes striped in bright pink-and-white, like sticks of peppermint candy, jostle those that are of a silvery and blue brocade, others of a dark color, with spots of vivid red, and bridles of golden yellow going about their heads are in the next cage to transparent fish of a delicate pink or blue—or a family of devil fish. There are fish of a beautiful somber purple, and fish of white with black horizontal stripes, looking like a company of convicts from Sing Sing. There are many many others, those with trailing fringes, or floating wings; those with eyes on little pivots that turn easily in all directions like small, conning towers; all odd or unusual, seeming like dream fishes, or the phantoms of a disordered brain, rather than products of nature.

I spent considerable time on the architecture of the Hawaiian language, but never got much above the ground floor; but if I had stayed in the cellar, it would have been just the same, for I could make but one thnig out of it, and that was that the whole structure is built upon the letter K. They can't get along without that K. They must stick it into everything.

For instance, if you want to make a tour of the islands you take the little steamer Kilanea—that is to say, you could take it, once upon a time; but they saw fit to tire of the name, and changed it to Kinau; then when they wanted something more romantic and English, they called it—not Sea Bird, mind you! or Ocean Spray, or Flying Scud—but "Likelike." Can't get along without the K. So you sail around in little old "Likelike," and somewhere, or anywhere—it don't make any difference which, for it's sure to begin with a K—you make a landing, and lo! it is called Kalahui; just as good a name as any port of entry, if you don't mind koming in through the kustoms in that way. It's a breezy little port, with a kourthouse and a klub—good fellows, too—and a mercantile marine, and a railway, and a wreck in the harbor, and all of 'em belonging to Kalahui.

If you speak of the thriving plantations that back the harbor, they'll be sure to ask you if you've noticed the Kalo patches? Kalo may be French for Kabbages or karnations—you don't give a kontinental, either way—but you smile, and say, "Great! wouldn't mind having a korner in Kalo some day!"

If you want to go up a mountain, of course it must be Haleakala; it's only got one K in it, by the way, but it's got the biggest krater at the top of it you ever saw or heard of—20 miles in circumference, and 2000 feet deep. It's stone dead—entirely gone out of business; but in my opinion that's an advantage of two-to-one on any live crater. If you want to go up another mountain, try Kilanea—it's only another K, and the avenue that leads out to it is a magnificent boulevard set out on either side with bread-fruit trees, mangoes and alligator pears. Kilanea is the biggest thing in the live crater business in the world—a lake of fire 1200 feet long and 500 wide, with a surface measure of 12 acres. You hold your breath and say your prayers; and, when a gust of wind carries away the blinding steam and smoke, you look down, down 500 feet into a veritable hell-fire lake, whose waves of flame rise and fall in convulsive throes that shake the very heart out of your body—in other words, the thing has fits to beat the band, and you wish you hadn't come! But you get all over it by the next day, and if you want to calm your mind and restore your nerves, you take a nice, quiet stroll down Kukui place and kommune with nature.

Finally, if you've done anything you oughtn't to, and get arrested and taken to the lockup, you run up against the biggest bunch of ks in the whole business. The name of the "jug" is Kahleamakakaparakapili.

That got me! I was kompletely kerflummuxed—down and out. As far as studying the Hawaiian language goes, I'm a kwitter!

Oh, lovely island world! Where else in the universe is there a spot made up wholly of beauty and peace? Where man—and even woman—can cease worrying about stocks, franchises, new bonnets, real estate, society, insurance, politics, and all the rest that go to make up the pandemonium of existence, and settle down in the shade of a palm tree, royal, cocoa, wine, cabbage, screw, fan or native—he has a choice of seven—unbutton his shirt-collar and smoke the pipe of forgetfulness.

Oh, happy Hawaii! that hath no poisonous reptiles, no noxious plants, no pestiferous insects!

'Tis not I that can do you justice! Let my friend Charley Stoddard, with his prose—poem—paragraphs and his mellifluous periods do the job for me. When he sits down with his pen dipped in honey, and his mouth full of guava jelly, to reel off a few reams of ecstatic English in praise of his beloved islands, he makes the rest of us feel like 30 cents. And when he declares that he has traveled the wide world over, but never, never has he seen a spot to equal this—why, what can we do but say, "Same here, old man!"—(Copyright, 1907, by J. B. Bowles.)

(To be Continued.)

"AND THE ANGEL OF THE LORD DESCENDED!"

Heap Devil! Heap Devil!

To Stand Upon the Edge of This Cliff Must Give a Thrill!

THE HOTEL CLERK

ON THE SOCIETY MAN

BY IRVINE S. COBB.

THERE had been some confusion and shouting in the side street flanking the Hotel St. Reckless, and when it was over and the Head Bell Boy came back to his station he was considerably excited.

"What's doing?" asked the Hotel Clerk.

"Streetcar run down an old party," said the Head Bell Boy, "and——"

"And a truly desperate and determined mob immediately formed, and with cries of 'lynch him!' surged forward to hang the motorman to the nearest lamp-post," added the Hotel Clerk.

"Sure that's the way it was," said the puzzled Head Bell Boy; "but if you know all about it already, wotcher askin' me for?"

"I was merely doping it out from the past performances," said the Hotel Clerk. "So the mob formed and yelled 'lynch him;' and then when it seemed that no human power could save the doomed wretch from his fate, a policeman came along and told everybody to beat it. And then what happened?"

"Well, they beat it," admitted the Head Bell Boy. "Only there was two policemen, instidder one. I tell you what, Mr. McBean, things looked purty scary there fur a little w'ile."

"They'll look scarier in the late editions of the evening papers," said the Hotel Clerk. "The desperate mob is always good for half a column of adjectives, not to mention several nouns, and one of those headlines across the front page that looks like a cabinet-maker built it. What became of the venerable and estimable citizen who was crushed to earth by the insatiate modern Juggernaut?"

"Meanin' the old kippered guy wot got biffered by the car, I s'pose," answered the Head Bell Boy. "Oh, they carried him into the drugstore acrost the street, and they was pourin' a lot of things down him and several of 'em was tearin' off his clothes to see where he was killed when he set up and cussed 'em somethin' scandalous. It seemed like he was crossin' the tracks with a bun on and the car bounced him up in the air a few yards and sort of stunned him."

"Wasn't he hurt at all?" asked the Hotel Clerk.

"Only where the crowd walked on him tryin' to get at the motorman," said the Head Bell Boy. "His face was all over footprints. He's locked up now. The motorman got away, so the cops taken him in, charged with interferin' with traffic or somethin' like that. Some of the mobbers they went along to the station-house to make the complaint against him. They was a mighty determined mob from first to last, I tell you that."

"The city mob is always determined," said the Hotel Clerk. "Determination is its strong point. Hops, I can shut my eye now and see the scene of mob law as it is enacted daily here on the teeming streets of this great city of New York. A prominent and influential longshoreman is en route to his place of residence. He is carrying one of those subtle interior parcels which leave the arms free but give the legs plenty to do. He is standing out in the middle of the street gently wavering in the evening breeze and waiting for his house to pass him, when he is suddenly and violently mussed up by the fender of a cross-town trolley. Thousands gather with loud cries. Sixteen volunteers pick up the victim by his respective limbs and bear him to the sidewalk and gently lay him down on a damp spot. If he had had more limbs there would be more volunteers. Two hundred gentlemen hover closely over him, begging everybody else to stand back and give him air. They'd give him some themselves, only they haven't any to spare.

"The report spreads through the excited throng a penny still clutched in his or her chubby fist; also that he is the aged Apple Mary from yonder corner; also that he is a lovely young heiress stricken down on her way to the tenement upon an errand of mercy; also that he is two handsome young clubmen, both very prominent in society.

"After that there's nothing to it except swinging up the motorman to the nearest lamp post. The next to the nearest won't do. This is a hurry job, and everybody'd better be on the hop or they'll miss the spectable of the wretched creature dangling in his death agony from the grim iron crossbar. There are cries for a rope. Every tenth gentleman reaches into the inner recesses of his wardrobe and produces a neat rope. Until you see a New York mob you'd never guess there were so many people in a great city that have swore a solemn oath never to wear suspenders until Alton B. Parker is elected President.

"Through the tense air the cobblestones begin to hurtle. Women cower in doorways, hiding the fearsome sight from their vision. The miserable object of the lynchers' wrath crouches against the door of his car. His pallid lips move in silent prayer or something. The greedy hands of the infuriated multitude reach forth to pluck him from his last refuge. And just then a policeman comes around the corner and the lynchers all have to hurry home to keep from being late for dinner. I used to know a motorman named Mulcahy that was lynched 38 times before he lost count. He quit the job, because he said the work was too monotonous.

"It's a strange thing, Hops, but I notice you never hear of a real lynching being pulled off in any large town that's on the regular souvenir-postal-card circuit. The place where they take somebody out of the county jail and affix him to a tree on the public square and then disperse in an orderly manner without disturbing the Sheriff, who at that moment is under a bed as far as he can get, and wishing it was farther, is nearly always the same inland village where the wife of the Methodist minister takes a drink out of a wayside well and discovers the next Spring that she is harboring a flock of sprightly green lizards. Or else it's the quiet hamlet in Jeff Davis County, 18 miles from the nearest railroad, where a prominent citizen is hit by a streak of lightning which removes his shoes and socks, takes off his trousers, folds them neatly over a limb, melts the rim off his spectacles, fills two of his teeth that have given him trouble for years, brands him on the back with the initials 'W. J. B.' and then passes into the earth with a loud roaring sound and a smell like somebody frying ham.

"As far as I have been able to observe, a North American lynching soiree is most successful when participated in by about 12 or 15 low-voiced gentlemen from down in the Mink Creek country. In the large centers of civilization, where the bleachers are open to the citizens generally, the crowd back of the foul lines gets so thick that no hit counts for more than two bases."

"Well, anyway, we have some purty good race riots ever now and then," said the Head Bell Boy, with a touch of pardonable pride.

"Nothing to brag about," said the Hotel Clerk, disparagingly. "San Francisco's anti-Japanese outbreaks have been practical failures. The Japs violated all the ground rules by fighting back, which was naturally a source of deep disappointment to the many patriots who had been calculating on transforming quite a lot of alien eyes from almond shape to the popular black walnut design.

"Anyway, the Northern populace never seems able to concentrate its attentions sufficiently to win success in the race rioting business. Down in the Sunny Southland, where grow the pine, the palmetto and other trees not so well known but equally well adapted for lynching purposes, a singleness of intent invariably animates the minds of those concerned. When they get through with the contract some dark-complected party has been converted into a set piece or an ornament for the railroad bridge, depending on the local conditions and whether the firewood is wet. The relatives of the deceased can go into half mourning by the simple expedient of putting on one white glove apiece and the Coroner's jury, after subjecting the remains to a rigorous cross-examination, returns a verdict to the effect that this colored puson aforesaid came to his death because he couldn't run fast enough.

"But how about it here in the liberty-loving East, where every man has an equal chance, only he don't get it? I'll tell you how it is. A leading dignitary of the Afro-American League of Perspicuity, going home from lodge, becomes involved in an argument with a white gentleman who's connected with a leading livery stable in a floor-walking capacity. In order to save his own features from cancellation, it devolves upon him to lay something on his Caucasian brother's head that he can't wipe off. As a result several thousand latter-day disciples of Garrison and Lovejoy spend the rest of the evening and the next morning rioting around enthusiastically altering the front-piece of every pronounced brunette they meet. Booker T. Washington or the Gold-Dust Twins, it's all the same to them. The Hon. Joe Gans is the only dusky immune you'll see anywhere. The entire performance is marked by zeal, but the power of discrimination seems lacking."

"Didn't you never hear of a New York mob really lynchin' anybody?" asked the Head Bell Boy.

"Well," said the Hotel Clerk, "I once knew of a frenzied mob of 800 indignant citizens on the East Side that made a most determined attack upon a chauffeur who'd run his automobile into a push cart man."

"Wot did they do to him?" asked the Head Bell Boy, with interest.

"They broke his umbrella," said the Hotel Clerk.—(Copyright, 1907, by H. H. McClure Co.)

Hieroglyphics.

This game, which is really a trick, is played with a confederate, and if cleverly done, a "goodlie companie" may be deceived.

A Showman, armed with a long, pointed stick, stays in the room and his confederate, the Guesser, is shut out, while the company thinks of a word. The Guesser is called in, and the Showman proceeds to spell out the word on the floor, with sundry taps and strokes of his stick.

The solution is simple enough. The taps represent the vowels; one tap for a, two taps for e, three for i, four for o, five for u, and the Gunesser need pay no attention to any other talking. Suppose, for instance, the company selects the word "book." The cue is given in the sentence which the Showman uses to call the guesser in. He would say, in this case, "Botter come in," and the Guesser would know at once that the first letter of the first word in that sentence will be the first letter of the word to be guessed. The Showman taps four times with his stick and makes a lot of misleading strokes and signs; then he taps four times more for the second a, then he says, in an off-hand way: "Kind of hard, isn't it?" or any other sentence introduced by the letter k. He finishes up with more signs and strokes, as if to puzzle the Guesser, who, of course, has already secured his word.

The Showman must be quick and clever in placing his consonants at the beginning of spicy sentences, otherwise the humor of the trick is lost.

French Law Controls Posters.

London Standard.

French law gives the authorities of every village and commune complete control over posters. No one is permitted in France to deface streets and public places with crude, ostentatious announcements of his business or other object. Billboards are infrequent in Paris and are generally built permanently into a wall, where they are taxed according to their superficial area. When a building is in construction and board screens are erected to shield the public from dust and other annoyance such temporary screen will soon be covered with posters, but each poster so displayed has been previously submitted to the authorities, a license obtained, and each sheet bears the canceled revenue stamp, according to its size.