

THE ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT

YOU THAT ARE GONE



You that are gone—we know not where,
Save that your eyes were shut in sleep
And that your hands were waxen fair,
Hands whose warm touch we faint
would keep—
You that are gone, this is to say
The hours you left behind you yearn
And wait all patient, day and day,
For your return.

Who knows what pathway lured your
feet?
It may be that 'tis yours to fare
Out where the dawn and twilight meet,
Into a vast, unknown, somewhere—
But this is sure, the home hearts wait
While through the mist of worlds you
roam.
And sigh and say that soon or late
You will come home.

Your chair within the ingle nook
Holds still its comfortable space,
Upon its arm your open book
With ribbon left to mark the place;
Your roses burst anew to bloom
And drip their jewellings of dew;
The very air, hush with perfume,
Is awaiting you.

We know not, in the curtained night
Whose every shadow blurs and bars
The far-flung gleaming of the light
That comes from all the time-old stars—
We know not, but we faintly hear
Your step, and we hold silence then,
With faith that ever drawing near
You come again.

They say 'tis done; that we no more
May see you smile or hear you speak,
Or catch your footfall on the floor,
Or trace the roses in your cheek;
But still we blindly send this call
To you, that somewhere you may learn
That hearts and hearts are waiting—all—
For your return.



Strange Things.

(Compiled from the occasional remarks of Rebecca Mixgrammar.)

"I saw a little child on the street with his nurse about four years old. 'It seems positively cruel for that grocer boy to gallop down street in that wagon, with that bony horse piled high with packages.'"

"I was sleeping when he came upstairs like a log."

"Mrs. Brown bought the cutest hat to-day from that fat clerk with plumes and covered with spangles."

"I saw Mr. Hawkins in the car with his wife in a silk taking her to the matinee."

"We saw the mayor go by on a horse with his nose as red as a beet. I think it is an insult to the temperance people."

"Laura Mingle got a chair for her friend with arms bent in that new fangled way."

"They got the cutest dog from Mr. Hendricks with the ears chopped off."

"Did you notice the conductor of that trolley car with the celluloid collar?"

"The doctor came to give my husband some medicine in an automobile with a bottle of sirup of something tied up in a paper that he had to take through a glass tube."

A Wait.

Advice from folk who think they're wise

Comes nearly all the time unasked.

Why is it blessings in disguise

So suddenly should be unmasked?

Curve Thinking.

Miss Ivah de Somebody arises to tell women that she is in wrong on the cold cream and cosmetic proposition.

Ivah asserts that rubbing cucumber juice on freckles and saying, one, two, three, four, and swinging the arms and feet, isn't the real road to beauty.

Ivah declares that if woman will only think in curves she will have them.

Well, we hate to disagree with a woman—especially with one who is telling her sisters how to be pretty.

But we have seen, in our brief but tempestuous career, no fewer than ten lady baseball teams. And there you are! They think in curves. They've got to. And what has it profited them, though they thought in linothots and outshots, and drops and twisters? Not a profit. There is your curved thought right down to the last analysis—and if anybody ever saw a pretty woman on a lady ball team, let him hold up his right hand.

Ivah will have to produce affidavits before she pushes the talem and rouge off the shelf and substitutes bent thinking.

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

BOTANICAL GARDENS in BUENOS AIRES

E. B. COMBS



RESIDENCE AND OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT



ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL AVENUES

DRIVING out the beautiful avenue of Santa Fe, that practically begins at the Plaza San Martin, and after a due western extension of some 500 yards, bends to the north-west and follows roughly the course of the La Plata for a distance of three miles (40 squares), the entrance to the Botanical garden of Buenos Aires is reached. Beyond this lies the Zoological garden, and still farther on the far-famed Park of Palermo. From both of these the Botanical garden is distinct in spirit and style. It is the embodiment of a refined and artistic taste, a really marvelous blending of the beautiful and the useful.

In 1892 this land was granted to the director general of the public parks, M. Thays, for the establishment of the Botanical garden and the garden was opened to the public in September, 1898. One must know something of the soil and the seasons here to understand how, even with a masterly hand at the helm, such marvels have been accomplished in so short a time.

Certain students of medicine and pharmacy from the National college, and other schools of the city, frequent the garden and spend hours in interesting study. Indeed, they have a rich field from which to glean, as there are, in what is called the School of Botany, over 6,000 species, all perfectly classified according to the system of De Candolle.

The garden contains about 20 acres of ground, half of which is level, the other half very uneven and ending on the northern side in steep banks that overlook the street, Las Heras. This street is named in honor of the hero whose ashes were recently brought home from Chile, and received with such pomp and ceremony by his appreciative countrymen.

The entire area is triangular in form and is divided into 14 different sections, each plainly marked and devoted to the flora of a distinct region.

The three pronounced styles of gardening, which, in a comparatively small area might have produced an inharmonious effect, or at least a lack of unity, are so charmingly blended as to give, instead, the fine delight of variety.

The Garden Louis XIV. is, of course, the most pretentious bit; the "finished coquette," some one calls it, with its statues and fountains and its well-trimmed borders of box. It must not be inferred that the French garden is superficial (except as this is the usual characteristic of gardens), for there is, both in this and in the Roman garden, a whole history written for those who know how to read it.

To one not bent on special study and whose knowledge of the art of gardening, past and present, is limited, and who prefers a quiet walk to dress parade, the English garden, as it is called, appeals most strongly.

Not only are the two Americas royally represented, but Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia as well. These sections are separated by beautiful walks with exquisite curves and turns; here a magnificent tree, there a flowering shrub, everything in accordance with an artistic taste.

In the South American section, particularly of the Argentine Republic, the collection is wonderfully complete, and exceedingly varied and interesting, from the Anturium of the north to the Pagus Antarcticus of the south. The tips, a species of acacia, is chief of the ornamental trees; when properly cared for, it grows into a beautiful, shapely tree. The leaf is much like that of the locust, and the blossoms, though of the same form as the locust, are a brilliant yellow instead of white. The fame of this tree has gone abroad. One of Rio Janeiro's most beautiful avenues is, in part, adorned by tips. France, too, now boasts some fine specimens. It grows in any soil, and its bark contains an insect poison that renders it invulnerable to these enemies.

The quebracho (ax-breaker) is a leguminous tree also, and is the most valuable and costly of the Argentine woods. Its color is a dark, rich red, and it is so hard and heavy that it seems like iron. It is much used for all kinds of posts, also in tanning, and is highly prized by shipbuilders, as the water does not injure it.

Several varieties of the algarrobo grow here. In one province—San Luis—not only are the cattle fed on the long pods, but the poorer people find them a nourishing food.

The jacaranda is another ornamental tree much admired for its fern-like foliage and beautiful purple-blue flowers.

The mahogany tree is a native of the province of Buenos Aires, and there are several fine specimens in the garden, with the characteristic bifurcated leaf. The blossoms appear in December; they are white, and in form something like a small magnolia bloom.

The paracatia, from one of the northern provinces, attains great size and is of unusual service to the people. The pith is edible and



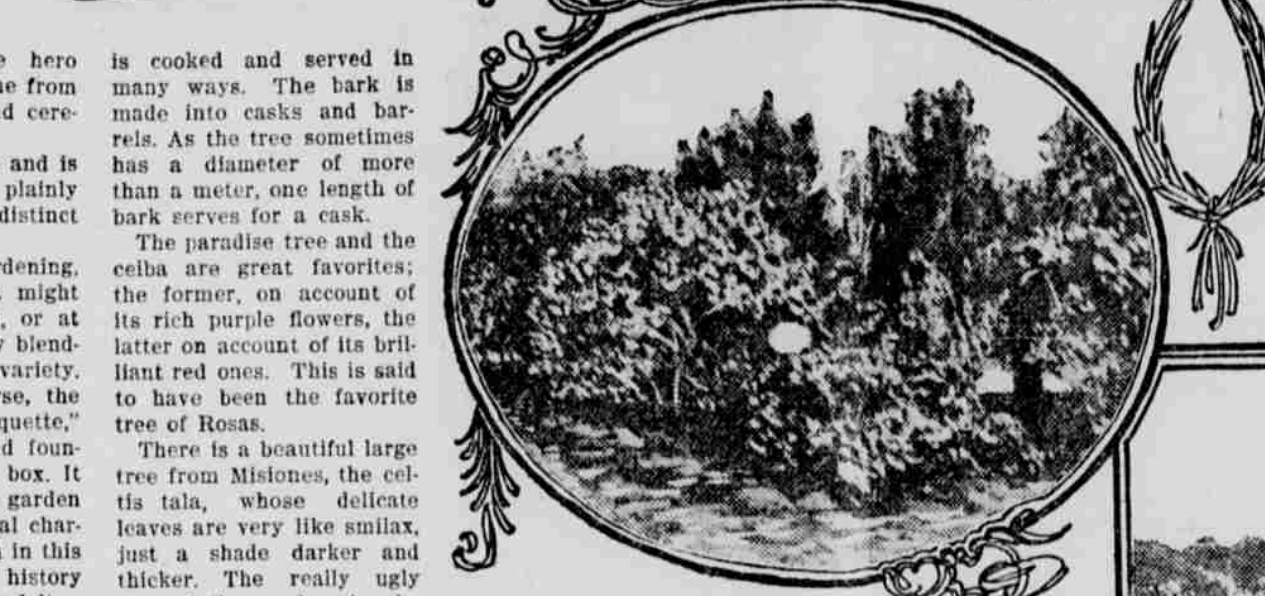
LILIES ON THE UPPER PARAGUAY



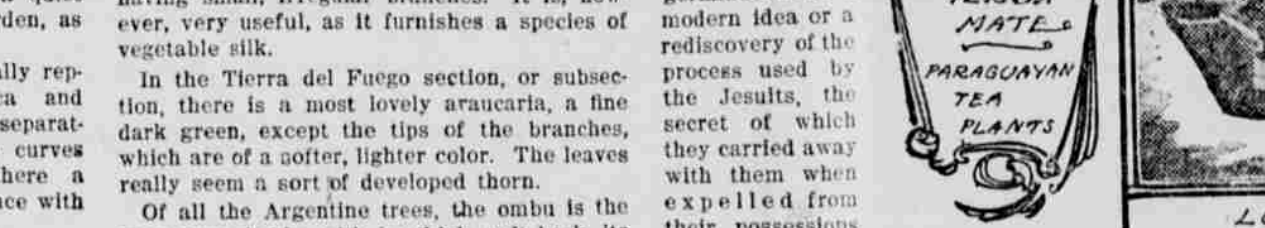
MEXICAN SECTION OF THE GARDEN



BOTANICAL SECTION



LOUIS XIV GARDEN



YERBA MATE PLANT PARAGUAYAN TEA PLANTS

is cooked and served in many ways. The bark is made into casks and barrels. As the tree sometimes has a diameter of more than a meter, one length of bark serves for a cask.

The paradise tree and the celba are great favorites; the former, on account of its rich purple flowers, the latter on account of its brilliant red ones. This is said to have been the favorite tree of Rosas.

There is a beautiful large tree from Misiones, the celtis tala, whose delicate leaves are very like smilax, just a shade darker and thicker. The really ugly tree of the garden is the palo borracho (drunken stick), with a snakeless swelled trunk, covered with thorns, and having small, irregular branches. It is, however, very useful, as it furnishes a species of vegetable silk.

In the Tierra del Fuego section, or subsection, there is a most lovely araucaria, a fine dark green, except the tips of the branches, which are of a softer, lighter color. The leaves really seem a sort of developed thorn.

Of all the Argentine trees, the ombu is the most remarkable, with its thick, soft bark, its spongy wood, its dense foliage, and long clusters of white blossoms. It is of rapid growth and attains an enormous size. The soil here is too rich for it; so, in self-defense, its immense roots, after a few years, seek the surface. The older trees have numerous little tender branches that spring directly from this surface root and grow straight up through the thick branches, trying to reach the light. There is one in the garden, eight years old, with a height of 50 feet and a diameter of three. At about two feet above the ground the trunk divides into two smaller trunks, each sending off long, straight branches. Its roots are just beginning to appear. It is an ideal tree for a children's playground, with possibilities for climbing about and even for keeping house among its hospitable branches.

The section of acclimatization is very interesting. Here may be seen the result of assiduous efforts to cultivate various exotic as well as indigenous plants. One very notable success has been that of the cultivation of the yerba mate of Paraguay. After a number of fruitless efforts M. Thays succeeded by the following method: The seeds were placed in water almost boiling hot; every six hours the hot water was renewed. This was kept up for four days; then the seeds, three in number, were pressed out of their little sheath and planted in a special soil, covered to a certain depth and kept constantly moist. Six months' time, and even a year in some instances, was needed for the sprouting. When the plants grew to be 2 1/2 inches high they were placed in separate pots; when 12 inches, they were planted in the garden, where some of them have now reached a height of 12 feet. What is particularly promising is that the seed from these plants will grow without any special preparation. There has been some discussion as to whether

this manner of germination is a modern idea or a rediscovery of the process used by the Jesuits, the secret of which they carried away with them when expelled from their possessions in Paraguay. The mate consumed in the country costs \$4,000,000 annually, so it is well worth while to develop its cultivation. As, however, the Argentine Republic becomes Anglicized, it demands tea instead of mate, regardless of the advice of physicians, who claim that mate is the more wholesome beverage.

The collection of ferns is very large, from the innumerable varieties of the dainty maiden-hair to the tree fern.

The cactus in number and variety almost equals the fern. One very rare variety from the region of the Andes is always shown to visitors. It is particularly ugly, with its long, stiff stalks in spiny ridges.

Among the water-lilies, the Victoria regia, with its enormous pads, is a great curiosity to foreigners, though it abounds in the northern provinces of the republic, and is called frupe by the Guarani Indians. It is also said to have a leaf so thick and strong that it will bear the weight of a baby several months old. There is only one large plant growing "al aire libre" in this garden, and it is the pride of the pond.

Of orchids there are some lovely specimens.

The representative flora of the Old World deserves extended space, Europe almost suggesting a World's fair, with here a bit of Spain or Italy, there of Norway, and still farther on a glimpse of Germany. Asia is not more interesting, but more unusual than Europe. There is, of course, the bamboo, with its suggestion of marvelous tales, and from the north a bush covered with lovely white flowers, a sort of spirea. Among the Japanese trees is the ginkgo, with its small and graceful fan-shaped leaves.

Africa is chiefly conspicuous for palms of

many kinds, with an occasional royal cedar towering above. Where a bit of the great Sahara is pointed out, it requires a stretch of the imagination to see more than the oases.

Australia is extensively represented. There are 60 different varieties of eucalyptus in this section and the saltbushes are no longer allowed in the main part of the garden; though the gardeners still seem proud of the ugly, scraggy bushes. They grow prodigiously in this soil, and thrive in any. The Australian variety has a thicker, more succulent leaf than the others.

Besides the sections mentioned, there is one for industrial and medicinal plants, the section of fruit trees, and still another section devoted to the various methods of reproduction, whether by seed, grafting, or budding.

There are also two conservatories. One of them is beautiful and almost new. The older one was awarded a premium in the Paris exposition of 1889, both for its artistic construction and for the excellent arrangement for heating and ventilating its three divisions, which are kept at a temperature of 25 deg., 18 deg., and 12 deg., respectively. The substantial building is an inheritance from the department of agriculture, which formerly occupied this plot of ground. It contains the residence of the director, various offices, and a small museum.

Agricultural explorers who have visited the most famous botanical gardens of both the Old and the New Worlds have written of this one in words of highest praise and appreciation.

Buenos Aires has reason to be proud of its botanical garden, not only because it is one of the richest and most varied in the world, but because of the persistent effort made here to cultivate to the utmost the plants and trees indigenous to the country.

The Last Man Ashore.

It was now nearly half a minute past this big steamboat's sailing time and she hadn't started yet. Usually she got away on the stroke of the minute. The cause of the trouble was clear.

Up the gangplank which had been held that half minute for him came a man, a tolerably big and stalwart sort of man, who had not heard or had not heeded the warning given

five minutes before in every part of the boat for all to go ashore that were going. But at last up the gangplank he came, a solitary figure in the plank's wide, long space, and with all the passengers lining that side of the boat looking down upon him with interest, while forward, with his hand on a bell pull at the side of the deck, stood the captain, ready to give the signal in the engine room the instant that man stepped off the gangplank and the plank was hauled ashore.

And so that last man to go ashore passed up the gangplank, not looking up, but not hurrying, walking calmly, while everybody on the boat looked down, and while at the same time there stood at either side of the plank and with their hands resting upon the top rails six stalwart and able-bodied longshoremen, ready to lift the plank and surge it shoreward about as soon as this gentleman stepped off it, which they did. They let him get about a foot clear of it and then they lifted it, and with the first surge they gave it brought up against his heels.

Whereupon the last man ashore turned with fire in his eye and with an evident desire to lick somebody, and he was an able-looking man. Undoubtedly he could have licked somebody, perhaps two, but the briefest reflection told him that he could not get away with the 12 longshoremen that he saw now smiling at him, whereupon again he turned, now smiling himself, and started on, while in the meantime the instant the gangplank was cleared the captain on the boat had yanked that bell pull and the last lieh had been cast off, and now the boat too, though fully 40 seconds late, was at last on her way.