

Fine Tropical Verdure In Hanscom Park

Appropriate to the season of singing birds and blooming flowers in this issue of The Illustrated Bee we print a photograph of the palm house in Hanscom park, the oldest and most popular of the outdoor resorts that make up the splendid system of parks owned and controlled by the city of Omaha. With hill's and dells and native trees nature has done much to make it an ideal park. Along the walks and drives the grounds have been beautified by the bedding of flowers which, with their delicious scent, impregnate the whole atmosphere with their sweetness.

To the lover of flowers—and the love of flowers is universal—the west entrance to the park is the most attractive and interesting. Near this entrance is the palm house beside two other houses, one for the propagation of plants and another for the keeping

gets any thicker at the bottom after it is set in the pots. Other roots come out higher up and reaching out start in the soil away from the trunk, thus bracing the plant. Old plants, when fully grown, seem to be standing on a cone of roots that the earth had been washed away from.

Tropical Climbers.

About a year ago the large Allamanda, a tropical climber with a fine, fragrant yellow flower that bloomed nine months every year, died. It was the finest specimen of the kind between New York and San Francisco. Mr. Ellsworth has a young Allamanda well started and it may bloom during this year.

He is also trying to get a fine collection of crotons, of which there are many varieties. They are among poison plants and the park Guinea pigs, that cause havoc



PALM HOUSE, HANSCOM PARK, OMAHA—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

of plants over for the decoration of the grounds in summer.

William H. Ellsworth, who came to Omaha from Philadelphia twenty-seven years ago to work for Herman Kountze, is the florist in charge of the work at Hanscom park. He has held this position about four years.

Famous Old Palm.

The Cycas-Revoluta, commonly called a go palm, which is so strikingly and realistically reproduced for this week's frontispiece, is a native of the Philippines and Japan. This plant is 45 years old and is as large as many of the plants are at 100 years of age. It is of the cynad family and is intermediate in character between the palms and the pines. This plant was bought by the Omaha park authorities just before the Transmississippi Exposition. It bloomed in 1898. The stems, which stand almost perpendicular and terminate in the crown of the plant, started after it bloomed and reached the present growth in six months. In the last two or three years there has been no growth. When the plant blooms again these branches will drop down, as the lower ones have done, and the blossom will appear in the center of the plant and another bunch of branches will grow up. These palms are imported to this country dry and sold by the pound. The frans or branches are stripped off and the trunk of the plant dried when it is ready for shipment. The fruit of the cycas is like an apricot.

Beautiful Fan Palms.

Next to the Cycas-Revoluta are two fine specimens of fan palms, or technically speaking, living stonia. These palms are fifteen years old and are natives of the East Indies. Mr. Ellsworth also has two Philodendron Pertusum Ceriman, fruit-bearing palms, from the island of Trinidad. The fruit is delicious and the plant bears abundantly, but the fruit cannot be shipped and only reaches the United States in the coast cities along the Gulf of Mexico. The fruit is about the size and shape of an ear of corn. When ripe the outer part scales off and the portion about the core is as mushy and soft as ice cream.

Mr. Ellsworth has been very successful in propagating the variegated screw pine, which are sometimes difficult to propagate. While the trunk of these pines sometimes grow to twelve inches in diameter the plant never

among all other kinds of pines, refuse to eat the crotons.

The work of gathering a fine collection of tropical plants and choice varieties of flowers for the city park is slow because of lack of funds. The greater part of the fine collection at Hanscom park has been gathered little by little in trading cuttings with wealthy men of Omaha who can afford to buy what they want.

Stories About Statesmen

Senator Chandler's omnipotence gives point to a story told by a Washington correspondent of a woman prominent in Washington society who, at the opera the other evening, leaned from her box and tapped Senator Chandler with her fan. As he looked up she said:

"Senator, I want you to do me a favor."
"What is that?" asked Mr. Chandler.
"You must take care of my particular friend, Mr. Clark of Montana. Don't let them expel him."

"That is a matter which rests wholly with the senate. I am only one member of the senate."

"But you are chairman of that horrid committee; you can do anything you want to, you know."

"My dear madam," exclaimed Chandler, now much aroused by her earnestness, "do you realize that the case against your friend, Mr. Clark, is one of bribery and corruption?"

"Ah, what does that matter?" pleaded the fair champion. "You know you all do just the same."

Growing tired of his chair, one afternoon, says a writer in the May number of Success, Speaker Reed surrendered it to another member and sat down beside a western democrat.

"My, what a large hand you have!" remarked Mr. Reed, looking intently at the enormous paw of his democratic friend, who was writing a letter.

"Yes, sir," said the member, "and I am proud of it. I worked on a farm for so many years that my hands grew large, as you see them."

The speaker held up his small and shapely

right hand, smooth and white as a woman's, and said:

"Well, I thank the Lord I never worked on a farm."

The member replied: "You are probably going to run for the presidency, sometime, Mr. Reed, and, if you do, I'll placard that statement all over the country—and what could you do about it?"

The big fellow mused awhile and said: "Nothing—except to brand you as an infernal liar!"

Not long ago the New York state newspaper men gave a banquet at Stanwix hall, in Albany, and among the guests of honor were the two governors, relates the Philadelphia Post. Colonel Roosevelt came first. He wore an evening suit and his brown sombrero made famous by the Rough Riders. It was a combination costume at once original and picturesque. Among the last of the guests to arrive was Mr. Hill, who was conventionally attired, even to his silk hat.

"Ah!" exclaimed Colonel Roosevelt in his peculiar staccato manner, as he grasped Mr. Hill's hand, "now we have with us a real Albany swell. Governor Hill is the only man here tonight with a silk hat."

"I've got a slouch hat myself," returned Mr. Hill softly, "but I left it at home. I've given up wearing it since I went out of the advertising business."

Then dinner was announced and the remainder of the evening passed pleasantly.

When the source of a Washington joke is unknown to its retailers it is invariably fastened upon John M. Allen of Tupelo, Miss., who is, indeed, the father of some of the best jokes ever sent out from the capital. The following is told by a New York Tribune correspondent, apropos of a silly excuse given by a man who failed to keep his promise. Although not a teetotaler himself, Mr. Allen engaged not long ago to help reform a man whose business was going to rack and ruin because of his fondness for the wine cup and whose family suffered through his neglect. The member from the First Mississippi district in his role of a philanthropist saw the man in question and exacted from him a promise that on a certain day he would take an oath not to touch whisky or any other intoxicant for a year at least. Several days after the date named Allen met his unfortunate friend in the leading saloon in Tupelo in a very unsteady condition.

"Why, John," demanded the spellbinder from Mississippi, "what do you mean by being in such a state when you promised me positively that you would swear off on the 10th?"

"Hic," replied John, "hic, you see, Mr. Allen, I couldn't swear off on the 10th, because I was out of town."

They are poking fun at Senator William E. Chandler because of a delightful muddle which fell from his lips the other day in the course of a protest which he was uttering against the absence of so many naval officers from their professional duties. "Why," said Chandler, "there are scores of them that never set foot on the sea."

This incident reminds the New York Mail and Express of one of the many good stories which they are fond of telling at Washington at the expense of the genial ex-Congressman "Tim" Campbell. One sweltering day late in the spring, so the tale is told, Tim sat down by his fellow congressman, Amos Cummings, and remarked, with a long-drawn sigh, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow:

"This is the sort of weather, Amos, that makes a man wish that he could retire to the shade of some primeval forest."

Cummings assented to this proposition and then casually inquired: "What's your idea of a 'primeval forest,' Tim?"

"Well," answered Tim, "I suppose it is a forest, Amos, in which the hand of man has never set foot."



READY FOR A VICTIM—INITIATION TEAM OF THE KNIGHTS OF AK-SAR-BEN, OMAHA—Photo by Rinehart.

About Noted People

The late Osman Pasha had a queer habit always, even in battle, of carrying a pencil behind his ear. Like the great Napoleon, he was distinguished by the plainness of his uniform. Among other characteristics were taciturnity, abruptness, disdain of etiquette and hate of foreigners, especially Russians, Germans and English.

Julius Fleischmann, who will become mayor of Cincinnati on July 1, is 28 years old. When only 20 he was made a colonel on the staff of President McKinley, who was then inaugurated as governor of Ohio. Cincinnati is normally democratic, and in the preceding election had returned a large democratic majority, but the city elected Mr. Fleischmann by a large majority.

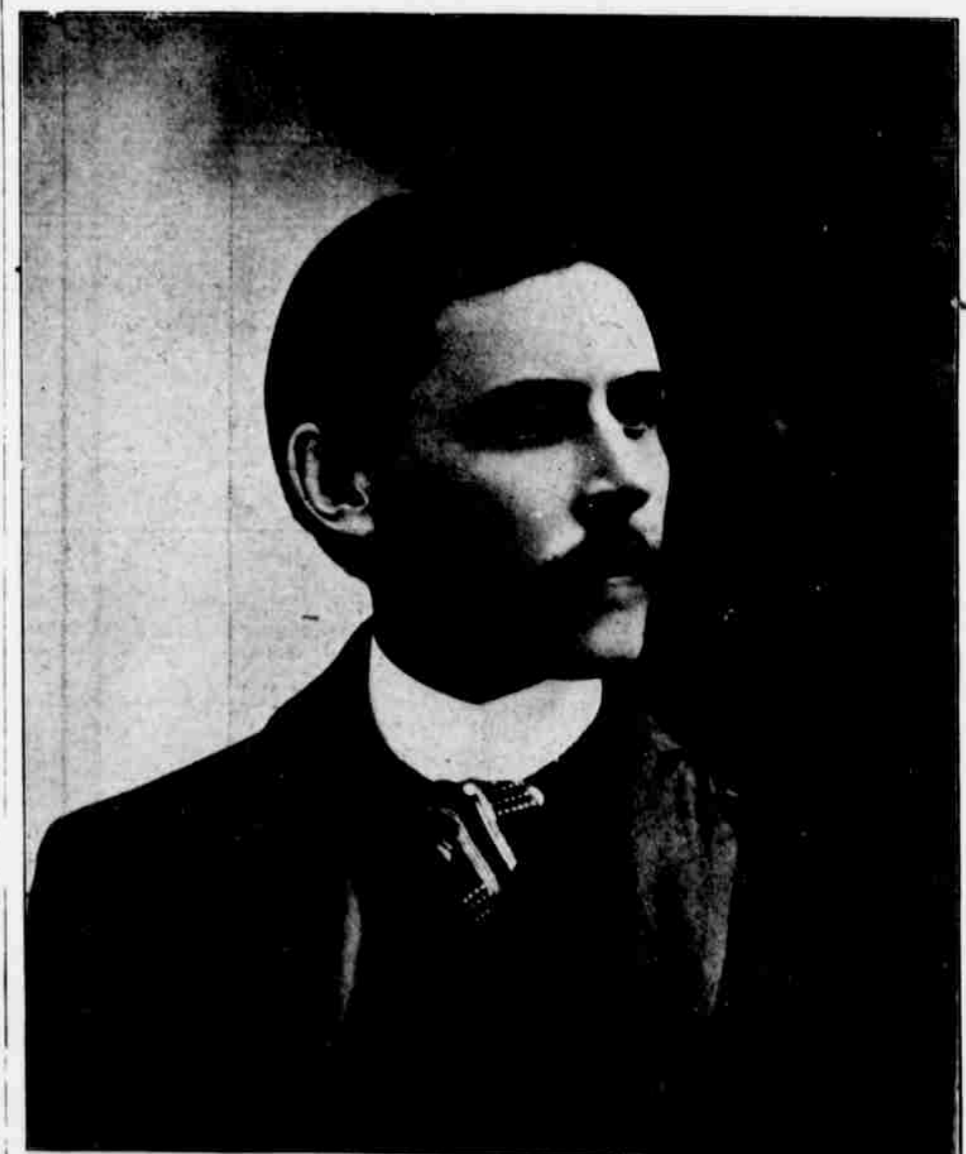
A friend of William M. Evarts reports him as being much amused by having read a recently published account of himself. "This says I am 'gradually fading away' like an old photograph," he remarked, "but I fancy you can still make out the features."

Richard Storrs Willis, who died in Detroit a few days ago at the age of 82, belonged to one of the most notable literary families of this country, and which has been represented in journalism for four generations. He was the brother of Nathaniel P. Willis and Sara Payson Willis, better known as "Fanny Fern." The

Youth's Companion was established by their father. N. P. Willis and George Morris started the Home Journal, and Richard Storrs Willis was at the head of the Musical Times, later the Musical World, and he started the magazine Once a Month. Fanny Fern's last husband was James Parton, so that the literary record of the Willises has scarcely a parallel in American annals.

By the death at Naples of the venerable Prince Colonna in his 91st year Ferdinand Colonna, who married the daughter of Mrs. John W. Mackay, succeeds to the titles of prince of Stigliano, prince of Aliano, Marquis Castlenova, lord of Illeello, of San Arcangelo, of Rocanova, of Mellio and of Gugliano. He becomes a patrician of Rome, Venice and Naples and succeeds to the headship of the Neapolitan branch of the Colonna family.

The War department has presented to J. Henry White of Philadelphia a bronze medal of honor for distinguished gallantry in action at Rappahannock Station, Va., on August 23, 1862. When hundreds of soldiers were suffering for want of water Private J. Henry White of Company A, Ninetieth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, crawled to a nearby spring, at the imminent risk of his life. The spot was within the enemy's range and under constant fire. White filled a large number of canteens and returned in safety to the relief of his suffering comrades.



DR. SEYMOUR.

Owing to the fact that there was not sufficient time during last week to see all who called Dr. Seymour will return Sunday afternoon and remain until Tuesday morning at the Her Grand Hotel. Those wishing to consult him about their eyes should call as early as possible Monday morning.