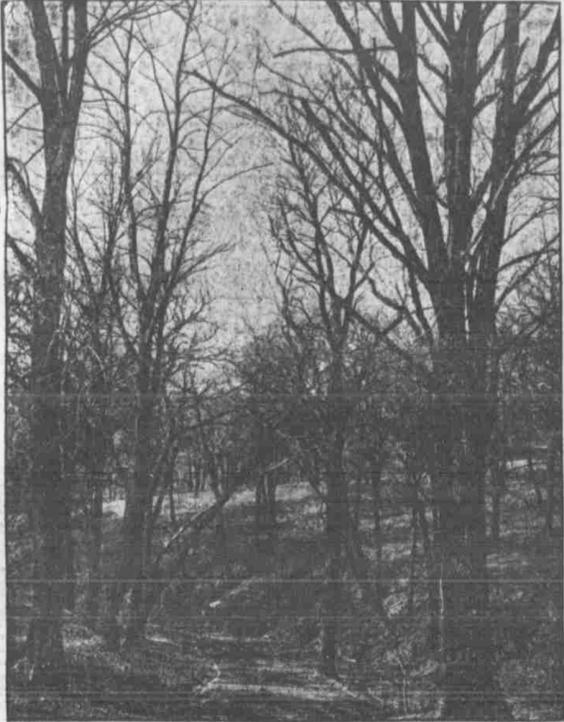


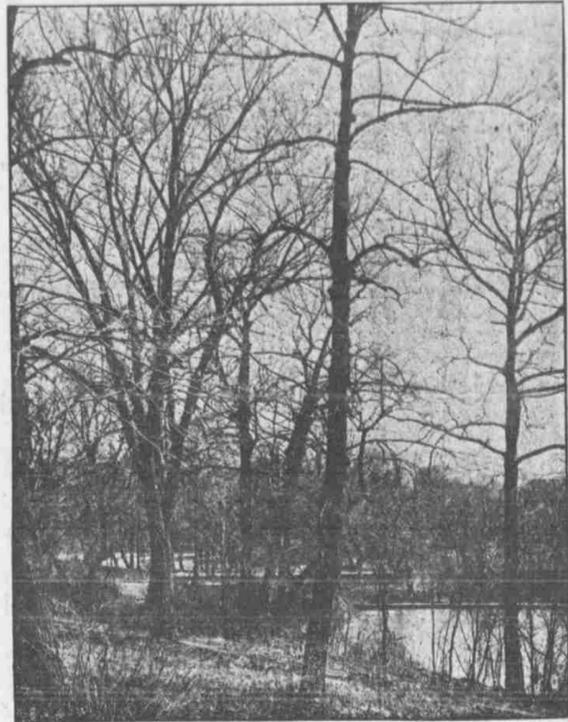
# What Sort of Trees Should Be Planted to Beautify Streets of a City



ONE OF THE WALKS IN HANSCOM PARK.



FORTY-NINTH AND FARNAM STREETS.



SOUTH OF THE LAKE IN HANSCOM PARK.

**T**HAT a thought that was when God thought of a tree," exclaimed John Ruskin in wonder as he looked upon those beautiful and useful ornaments of nature. And the heathen philosopher voiced the same thought when he said "A tree is the gift of heaven to man."

Some places in the world are said to be more favorable to the growth of trees than Nebraska, but man has demonstrated that even the "treeless plains" can be "peopled" with trees. In fact, a citizen of Nebraska first conceived the idea of Arbor day, which spread with remarkable rapidity throughout the United States and over a considerable portion of the civilized globe, until now one day in the year is set apart for the planting of trees in every state of the United States, in many European states, in Australia, Japan and other countries.

J. S. Morton, that great and practical minded man, broached the idea of Arbor day at the annual meeting of the Nebraska Board of Agriculture in Lincoln on January 4, 1872. He introduced a resolution providing that April 10 of that year be observed as "Arbor day," that a price of \$100 be given the county planting the greatest number of trees and \$25 worth of books to the person planting the greatest number. The resolution was unanimously adopted.

The newspapers gave the matter wide publicity and the people of the state were soon well and quickly adopted the idea. The first Arbor day the world had seen was a great success in Nebraska and more than a million trees were set to growing upon the treeless plains of the great American desert. The following year the day was observed with still greater enthusiasm. The trees set out the previous year were growing and the people were not slow to see the great practicality of the plan. Two million trees were set out the second year.

In 1874 the matter received the governor's attention and the first Arbor day proclamation was issued by Governor Furnas in that year. In 1885 the legislature set apart April 22 to be observed each year as Arbor day and it has been observed on that date ever since.

**What Do You Know About Trees?**  
How many of the people of Omaha can tell an elm from a poplar tree? Or a poplar from a sycamore?

How many people of Omaha know that there are forty different kinds of trees growing in the park system of this city?

The number who know these things is small for the simple reason that the citizens are not a tree-studying people. The city is too new to have come to the stage where civic beauty becomes a study, a science. The city government recognized the importance of arboriculture in the city's plan of improvement when the park commission was created nearly twenty years ago. The result of this is that in the parks today may be found a beautiful variety of trees and shrubs and flowers flourishing in Nebraska wind and rain and sunshine and forming a picture of greenery and color not surpassed in any city of the size of Omaha.

So far so well, but the yards surrounding Omaha residences and the streets running in front of the same offer a wide field for the cultivation of trees. They offer a big home waiting to be filled by trees, thirty-five or forty varieties of them only waiting to be planted.

**Great Knows Them All.**  
When it comes to trees, James Y. Craig, president of the Omaha park commission and superintendent of Forest Lawn cemetery, knows as much as any man in the west. He was a landscape gardener in the employ of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad for years and came to Omaha in 1886. He laid out Forest Lawn cemetery and there has planted a great variety of trees and carried on experiments regarding the hardiness of foreign trees in this climate. Nearly fifty kinds of trees are growing and flourishing there today.

The elm and the maple are each admirably suited for street trees. This is the statement of both Mr. Craig and William R. Adams, superintendent of the park system. The elm is of three varieties, the red, the white, and the slippery elm. The white elm is particularly recommended. It is a tree of noble proportions and grows somewhat umbrella shaped. It flourishes best in a deep clayey loam and in sheltered places.

The maple is admirably suited to Nebraska, of which state it is a native. In fact, according to the geologist, maple trees were growing here long before Adam and Eve were in the Garden of Eden. Their remains are found fossilized among rocks in immeasurable antiquity. They do not attain a great height, but are of rapid growth.

The sturdy oak family was among the early settlers in Nebraska and still flourishes in this climate. Hills to the south of Omaha are literally covered with this tree. They are mostly the burr and the red oak. There are also specimens of the plain oak, which is very highly thought of in some parts of the east, particularly in Philadelphia.

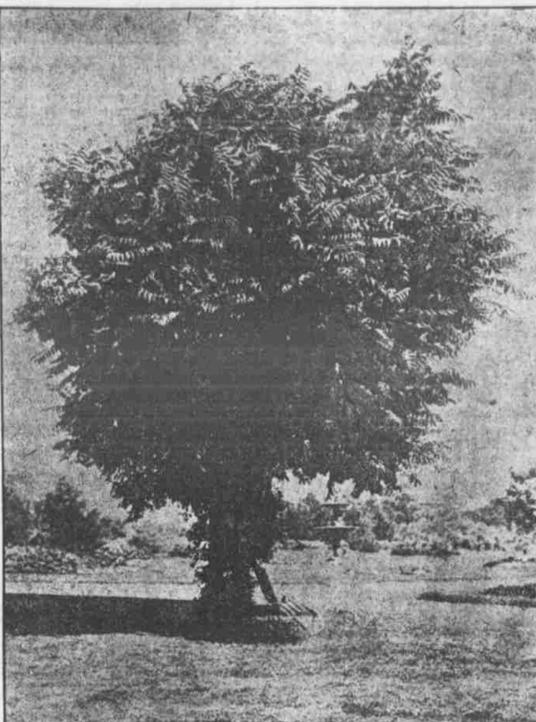
beauty and hardiness. It is essentially a mountain tree and Mr. Craig imported his specimens from Scotland, where they attain a magnificent height and are extensively used in ship building. He planted them in the bleakest and most unpromising soils he could find. The trees took root and every one of them grew and is now in fine condition. They are conical in shape, with a light green foliage. They are very hardy and make pretty ornaments for yards. They look like evergreen trees, but drop their leaves in the fall.

The Austrian pine and dwarf mountain pine are evergreen trees which flourish in this climate and are considered by Mr. Craig ideal for yards in Omaha. Neither attains a height of more than ten feet and the mountain pine rarely reaches that height.

The Scotch pine is a beautiful tree of larger size, but well adapted to yards. The white pine is a native of this part of Nebraska and is also a pretty tree.

The blue, white and Douglas spruces, natives of the Rocky mountains, have been planted here and are flourishing. The concolor, a handsome spruce from Alaska, also finds the climate of Nebraska very congenial and healthful.

Few specimens of the golden arbor vita are found here, but they grow with great success and make a pretty ornamental tree.



CHINESE "TREE OF HEAVEN" IN HANSCOM PARK.

**Willows in Plenty.**  
Willows grow successfully here, though they are better suited to the country where they flourish by the banks of streams or in lowlands where they "dip their pendant boughs, stooping as if to drink." The weeping willow with its limbs like the "disheveled hair of a sculptured mourner over a supernal urn," are also plentiful. The branch of a willow cut off and stuck in the ground where it can get plenty of water will sprout roots and grow into a tree.

Catalpa trees are plentiful here. Their large leaves make excellent shade, but they lack the symmetry of some of the other trees and the beauty of leaf and flower. Some of the other foreign trees, of which specimens are growing in the parks, are the Kentucky coffee tree, the eucalyptus, the Russian olive. The first of these is so named because it is a native of the south and has a pod containing a berry resembling coffee. The eucalyptus is a native of China and Japan and, it is said, used to be worshipped by some of the people of those countries. The Russian olive tree which is growing in Forest Lawn cemetery was brought over by a Russian who now lives in the western part of the state.

**Stranger from China.**  
On the Nineteenth street boulevard north of Grace street stands a Chinese salubria. It is a rare specimen in this state. It is commonly known as the "malden tree" because its foliage resembles that of the maldenberry fern. It is a hardwood tree of rapid growth and long life.

Chestnut, hickory and walnut trees, which combine beauty and longevity as trees, and at the same time yield nuts which are good to the palate, will grow in Nebraska as well as in the mountains of the east and Europe. There are few of them here for the simple reason that no one has cared to plant them. He who plants these trees must have an eye to the coming generation, for he will probably not live to eat

specimens here.

For city hedges the barberry is particularly recommended.

**Thinning Out in Parks.**  
The Park commission will not plant many trees this year, for the reason that the parks are well filled already. Some "thinning" will be done. But the time is ripe, the members of the commission say, for the people of Omaha to plant good permanent trees in their yards and in front of their houses along the streets and avenues. A little study will show what species of trees are best suited to the particular location in which a tree may be planted.

Mr. Craig considers the Scotland pine, Austrian pine, dwarf mountain pine, the spruce, the hard maple, Norway maple, the elm, the hackberry, all excellent trees for permanent decoration in city yards of Omaha. In this category the larch must not be forgotten. It is a beautiful cone-bearing tree, very hardy and an ornament to any yard. Young trees must be secured from nurseries in the east.

Patience is a requisite quality in growing all these trees. If the householder desires a tree of more rapid growth he must take the soft leaf and sycamore. A two-inch sapling will grow into a tree fifteen or twenty feet high in five or six years. The soft maple is also a tree of rapid development. All these decay quickly in proportion as they grow.

**Hardier Trees Needed.**  
Mr. Adams and Mr. Craig each make a plea for planting the more hardy and long-lived trees in yards. They are in every case more rightly, give a more decorative effect and lend an air of permanence to the home. Care must be taken not to plant the trees too close together. They must have breathing space of which they will thrive. The dictum of these two experts is that soft maples, for instance, should never be planted closer than thirty feet in the city.

Omaha, as a city, is well advanced in arboriculture, but Omaha streets and yards have not as many trees nor as beautiful trees as some other cities. There is an opening here for a society or association of women, especially for the culture

of trees and for intelligent direction of tree planting. Such movements have been started in other cities with the best results. Prizes could be offered for the best trees of any particular species grown during some stated period. A movement of this kind combines the pleasant excitement of strife for precedence with lasting good to the city and education to those who take part in it.

Memorial tree associations have been formed in some cities. A tree is planted in memory of some great man. His name and an epitaph may be inscribed on a plate and attached to the tree which is a living monument that may last longer than monuments of dead stone. The proper kind of tree being selected, it may last for centuries.

**Its Claim on Civic Beauty.**  
From the standpoint of civic beauty the tree has a strong claim. The background of foliage to well placed sculpture, the softening influence of leaves and trees to stern stone facades, the play of light and shadow on the pavements on hot summer days, the screening of the sun's glare, the chronicle of the season's progress written in the trees, the home they afford for feathered songsters—all speak volumes for the tree.

In Washington city there are 80,000 trees on the streets and parks, all under the care of a commission. In Savannah a special commission was appointed after a devastating fire to restore the trees. They were considered as important as the houses destroyed.

Paris, the artistic city of the world, is noted for its trees. Who that has wandered along its busy boulevards on a summer day has ever forgotten the graceful, well kept trees that lend their cool shade to even the trees, the home they afford for feathered songsters—all speak volumes for the tree.

**Tree Hospital in Paris.**  
Paris has a "tree hospital." The French regard the trees almost as human and it must be admitted they know how to care for them. The "inspecteur" is really a doctor. He goes about and examines each tree along the streets. He feels its pulse, as it were. When he finds one in falling health he marks it for the hospital. Workmen come along, dig up the invalid and gently cart it away out of the street and replant it where the sun and rain and wind can get at it. There it is nursed back to health and brought again to take its place along the beautiful avenues.

Trees in a city are great sanitary agents. They foliage inhales carbonic acid and exhales oxygen. It also inhales poisonous gases generated by the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter. In winter the trees actually radiate warmth.

Information as to what trees to plant can be obtained from the park commission, from nurserymen or from books. There is no investment of money and permanent trees around the house. They are a permanent monument to the planter and a source of pleasure to the eye and of health to the body and mind.

**Neon of the Mormons.**  
In the middle of the City park of Florence stands a gigantic cottonwood tree, which is always a reminder of the days when the Mormons predominated in this neck of the woods. This giant is called by the inhabitants of Florence the "Mormon Tree," not because it has too many wives, but because it was planted with great ceremony and because it is still revered by people of the Mormon faith.

Just fifty years ago people of the Mormon faith journeyed to the west, passing through the Omaha gateway in their march to the west to find a future home for the Mormon church. They landed at the Missouri river in the fall of 1847 and stayed at Florence all winter. This tree was planted at that time and still stands as a monument to the winter the Mormons spent at Florence.

To this tree every year a delegation from Salt Lake is sent and prayers and a religious service is said under its spreading branches. The tree is a beauty, as it stands in the middle of the public park, its broad, spreading branches covering nearly the space of a city lot of Florence.

Another memento of the days when the Mormons were at Florence is the Mormon cemetery, situated on top of the hill just above the park. This is an old landmark, which is not kept in very good repair, and last fall a devastating fire swept across it and burned down all the wooden tombstones, which had been there for years or which had been replaced from time to time.

The sunflower is said to have been planted in this country by the Mormons on their journey west. It is said that the first to cross the plains scattered sunflower seeds that those following in the fall might find the trail.

## Glistening Gleanings from the Story Teller's Pack

**Did Not Get His Palms.**  
**F**ORMER SENATOR CALL, of Florence, who immortalized himself by taking of a tight shoe in the senate chamber one day and holding his huge foot, clad in a blue sock, onto his desk, heard from other senators early in his term that Superintendent Smith of the botanic gardens gave palms and potted plants to statesmen he liked.

Call wanted some palms and he cast about for a way to get on the right side of Smith. Somebody told him Smith was a great admirer of Burns and had a fine collection of Burns' manuscripts and editions.

"That was Call's cue," he walked over to the garden, found Smith and talked about many things. At the proper time, delicately and unobtrusively, he introduced the subject of Burns.

"There was the poet," he said. "For fine sentiment he has them all beaten. I read my Burns every day." Smith, much interested.

"I should think I did," proclaimed the enthusiastic Call. "Why, I know most of his poems by heart. They can have their other poets, but as for me, give me Jimmie Burns."

"Jimmie Burns?" snorted the enraged Smith. "Jimmie Burns! Alugh! Billie Washington! Charlie Napoleon! Sammie Jefferson! Get out of my sight, ye ignoramus!"

And Call never did get his palms—Saturday Evening Post.

**Mark Twain and His Chestnut.**  
The Boston people are telling a new story about Mark Twain, and it is this, and a good one it is for some people to recall on occasion: Mark was telling stories, strangely enough, and some young gentleman—Perkins, let us call him—after the manner of the very young, was trying to cap them, but he always began with that meek modest preface: "You must have heard this before, Mr. Clemens," repeating the phrase at intervals through his so-called story. Finally Mark is said to have said this:

"Perkins, that's no way to tell a story. One night I was at supper with Henry Irving, and he had the same old trick that you have, Perkins—'You must have heard this before'—er, 'You certainly have heard this.' He began a story this way, and I said politely, 'No, Irving, I haven't,' though I didn't know, of course, what his story was about. After he had used this miserable phrase three times, I said to him, 'Irving, I was born and raised in Missouri, where truth is at a discount, and courtesy is above par. When a friend begins a story

as you do, with 'You must have heard this before,' I say, 'I've heard it a hundred times, but when it comes, like now, to the third time, then truth asserts herself, Sir, Irving, I've heard your old chestnut many, many times; I invented it.'—Harper's Weekly.

**When the Matafe Blew Up.**  
Incidents of the war with Spain were being related the other evening at a session of the Soldiers' union of the First Congregational church, when Isaac N. Dolph, who saw service on the high seas in 1898 under the command of Captain Sibley on the auxiliary cruiser St. Paul, related a story as told by a son of Erin who was on the ill-fated battleship Maine when it was blown up. The Irishman, who was rated as one of the best sailormen of the crew of the Maine, was suggested to relate his thrilling experience at the time the explosion in Havana harbor. He was before an audience, and advancing to the front of the stage he bowed low and in a faltering voice said:

"F'rinds, it were thus way: I were asleep below in me bunk little dreamin' what were goin' ter happen. There were a hill ov a m'ise, an' when I walked up the nurse said, 'Sit up, Pat, an' take this,' holdin' a spoon formin' me face."—Washington Star.

**The Natter Student's Cat.**  
John Burroughs, the famous nature student, is never tired of ridiculing the new school of nature writers, the school that attributes a quiet human intelligence to animals and insects.

"Mr. Burroughs dined with me one night," said a magazine editor of New York. "Among my guests was a nature writer of the New York school. This young man told of a wonderful story about the intelligence of oysters. He said he was going to put the story in his new book. Mr. Burroughs gave a dry laugh and said: 'Let me tell you about a cat. This story is quite as authentic as the other one, and it should do for your book nicely. A Springfield couple had a cat that age had rendered helpless, and they put it out of its misery by means of chloroform. They buried it in the garden and planted a rose-bush over its remains. The next morning a familiar scratching took them to the front door, and there was the cat, waiting to be let in, with the rose bush under its arm.'"

**Among the Colwhees.**  
A lawyer was talking about the late Samuel C. T. Dodd, the Standard Oil

lawyer, whose salary from the great corporation was \$100,000 a year, and we say "no," no matter what the truth may be; and a second time we say "no," but when it comes, like now, to the third time, then truth asserts herself, Sir, Irving, I've heard your old chestnut many, many times; I invented it."—Harper's Weekly.

**Explains the Case.**  
Clung to your appendix with both hands, says the Clerk of the Day in the Boston Transcript. Rev. Samuel Van Vranken Holmes, who preached at Harvard last Sunday, has furnished the clerk with documentary evidence regarding the inestimable value of appendicitis. In Buffalo, where he ministers to a large and influential church, he has lately been involved in a little unpleasantness with the Torreyites. It chanced that his course of addresses on the modern view of scripture synchronized with the Torrey meetings and drew down upon him the rebuke of that mighty evangelist; whereupon his mails grew heavy with letters of protest. One of those epistles ran something like this: "Sir: I understand now why you have been led astray by the higher critics. It is less than a year, I am told, since you underwent the operation for appendicitis, and any physician will inform you that when the vermiform appendix comes out the patient suffers the total loss of his moral nature. This explains your case pretty clearly."

**A Human Electric Battery.**  
That Fannie Shapiro of Boston is a natural electric battery and surcharged is the only explanation that the scientists can offer of the remarkable experience she undergoes every time she attempts to ride in an electric car. Miss Shapiro is 15 years old and one of the prettiest girls

in the Old Church district, in which she lives in Phillips street. The most learned of Boston's hospital surgeons have been unable to fathom the mysterious case.

The moment the young woman boards a trolley car and the current is turned on she is overcome with an uncontrollable desire to laugh and cry. Before she has traveled half a dozen blocks she is in tears and then suddenly becomes exhilarated and breaks into peals of laughter which she is unable to restrain. She is fully aware of her condition and knows that she is attracting attention, but cannot control herself. She has made every effort to overcome this peculiar condition, but without avail, and twice it has become necessary to remove her to the Relief hospital for treatment.

**Plinds Profit in Cat Farm.**  
Brutus McConegog's cat farm, near Cleveland, O., started as a jest, has opened up a new field for money making. The owner says that his profits for the last season amounted to \$4,338. He is now planning to extend the farm and double the output.

Owning some barren land along the shores of the lake, Mr. McConegog erected a few buildings and stocked the place with white cats, his object being to palm off the skins of the kittens as ermine. This was not much of a success, but he found a ready market for the fur of the old cats, hatters declaring it was the very thing they were looking for.

Discarded fish from the lake, scraps of meat and corn meal are used for feeding, and since cats are light eaters the cost of maintaining them is not heavy.

Three crops of kittens are raised each year, and when they are half grown the animals are killed by gas and the skins sent to the fat factories.

By a careful system of breeding Mr. McConegog hopes to rear a cat that will yield half a pound of fur, and thus double his profits.

**Caught Fish in the Parlor.**  
Several amusing stories developed from the recent record-breaking flood which did so much damage to Pittsburgh.

When the water began to come up, William Edgar of Groveton, not wishing to lose his valuable cow, moved her into the house. There the cow was fed and every day gave forth large quantities of excellent milk.

Charles E. Fite lives at Glenfield. The flood reached the second story of his residence, and when the waters were receding he saw a three-pound fish swimming about the parlor. He got out his tackle and caught the fish. The family ate it for dinner.

When the water came over Walter

Muckle's property his chickens roosted on the roof of his house. When Mr. Muckle's chickens were taken down, he found each hen had contributed an egg every day of her residence on the roof.

**Twins to Spare.**  
E. R. Brown of Havana, O., father of eight sets of twins, has just heard from his eldest son in St. Louis that the latter's wife several days ago presented him with the sixth set of twins. In each case they are a boy and a girl.

Brown says his family was numerically strong long before President Roosevelt propagated his race idea. Mrs. Brown, who died eleven years ago, was a full-blooded Cherokee Indian.

At the World's fair, in 1893, the twins were weighed and aggregated over two tons, the biggest being 330 pounds.

**Three-Year-Old Newspaper Reader.**  
Charles Buchanan of St. Francisville, Ill., 3 years of age, is a prodigy. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Buchanan. His mother was a school teacher in Vincennes before her marriage.

When only 10 months old he listened intently to conversations between adults. A month later when he heard persons talking he interrupted them with such interrogations as "Why?" "Who?" "What?" and "When?" Soon afterward he knew the alphabet perfectly.

At the age of 18 months he had read and memorized the third and second readers used in the Illinois schools. He now reads the newspapers, and with the aid of a dictionary is able to understand all the words he sees.

He weighs 32 pounds, reads everything with avidity, and the daily newspapers to his mother regularly at breakfast.

**Chip of the Old Block.**  
One of the army officers stationed at Governors Island is noted for the bristling epithets with which he interpolates his conversation, even in his domestic table talk there are occasional flashes. He also has the English habit of slipping the top of his breakfast egg with a sharp chip of his knife and eating it out of the shell.

The other morning his six-year-old son thought that he would "do as pa does." "My son," chided him, in what was intended to be as stern a voice as he could command, "I couldn't help it, ma," piped the young hopeful. "That damn cock filed the egg too full."—New York Times.

because his foliage resembles that of the maldenberry fern. It is a hardwood tree of rapid growth and long life.

Chestnut, hickory and walnut trees, which combine beauty and longevity as trees, and at the same time yield nuts which are good to the palate, will grow in Nebraska as well as in the mountains of the east and Europe. There are few of them here for the simple reason that no one has cared to plant them. He who plants these trees must have an eye to the coming generation, for he will probably not live to eat

much of the fruit. On the grounds of C. C. Crowell in Blair a number of sweet chestnut trees are growing and flourishing. In the east chestnuts are gathered in great quantities in the fall and sent to Nebraska and other parts of the west, where they bring fabulous prices. Nebraska can grow chestnuts, hickory nuts and walnuts and have the ornaments of these lovely trees on its prairies if the people will only plant them.

Horse chestnut trees do not grow as well here as in the east, though there are some