

THE BEST TYPES OF SHADE TREES

Opinions From Experts In Ten Representative Cities.

NORWAY MAPLE HEADS LIST.

Through knowledge of local conditions is essential in making the choice—American Elm and Red Oak Next in Line.

If you were asked to select the six species of trees best adapted for planting in the residential streets of your city, what species would you choose, and why?

A table has been compiled from replies received from ten representative city foresters and shade tree commissioners to the above question, submitted to them by the editor of the American City.

As each forester was given six votes, a total of sixty choices was recorded, the highest possible number of votes for any one species of tree being ten.



ELMS IN EAST ORANGE, N. J.

Irrespective of the order of choice, the highest total number of votes went to the Norway maple, with nine counts to its credit. The second on the list is the American elm, with seven votes, and the red oak follows with six.

Considered from the point of view of the combined number of first and second choices recorded in their favor, the three trees most highly regarded by this jury of experts are the Oriental plane, Norway maple and American elm, each of which received four such votes. Taking the first choice votes alone, the American elm heads the list with four counts and the Oriental plane with three. The largest number of second selections went to the Norway maple with three and the sugar maple with two second choice votes.

The ten foresters whose co-operation has made possible the compilation of this article are the following:

Brooklyn—J. J. Levison, master of forestry.

Buffalo—H. B. Flier, city forester.

Cleveland—O. George Rittig, landscape architect.

Chicago—J. H. Frost, city forester.

East Orange, N. J.—William Soltanoff, superintendent shade tree commission.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Walter E. Lynch, city forester.

New Orleans—E. Pater, superintendent parking commission.

St. Louis—Julius Koenig, city forester.

Washington—Truman Lambart, superintendent trees and nurseries.

West Newton, Mass.—Charles I. Buchanan, forest commissioner.

It should be made clear that each of these men was asked for an expression of opinion as to the best species of trees for his own city and that their recommendations should not be regarded as applying to cities having marked differences in soil, climate and other conditions affecting the growth and life of shade trees. Many trees which give excellent satisfaction in New Orleans, for example, would be of little or no value in St. Louis or Buffalo. Every municipality should, of course, have a really capable shade tree commission or city forester, trained by observation and experience to solve problems as they arise and to make selections according to the several conditions he encounters without undue regard to what may be considered best elsewhere.

The beautiful effects made possible by the proper planting of one species of tree on a street are shown in the accompanying illustrations.

In certain cities too much time and effort have been expended in the removal of poplar and other short lived trees and in replanting for individuals. As a general rule, it is believed that more satisfactory results can be secured by concentrated efforts on the planting of entire streets where the residents will permit the removal of all the undesirable trees.

A Grim Experience

The Way a Tourist Was Shut Up In a Church

By HOMER WORTHINGTON

We were on our wedding journey in Europe, doing picture galleries and churches. I will not assert that this is all there is in that elderly country for tourists to see, but it is the principal part of the matter. Lucia and I were one morning visiting a Roman cathedral several hundred years old, looking at pictures hanging on the walls, some of which must have been painted for the purpose of scaring away the devil; at ghostly marble figures lying on their backs, with their hands clasped over their breasts; straining our eyes in dark chapels to see hideous frescoes, the principal part of which had been clipped off, when we heard the clock above us strike the hour of noon.

At the moment we were looking at a statue, wondering whom it might represent. A gentleman—rather a singular looking person he was—hearing our remarks, politely told us all about the marble and of another much older and more curious in a different part of the church, offering to guide us to it. Lucia said she was tired and would go to our hotel and rest before luncheon.

I would rather have gone with her, but the stranger was so urgent that I should see the curious statue that I consented to remain with him. I told Lucia I would be with her within an hour, and she left me. Then I started to another part of the church with my guide.

He showed me the statue, told me its history, beginning back in the twelfth century and ending in the eighteenth, when, after having been stolen, buried, rediscovered, lost its nose, one of its ears and both hands, it had been miraculously set up in its present position in the middle of the night, when the church was locked, with no one inside. As he proceeded I thought I had never seen a person more valuable. Why he took so great an interest in me I could not divine. Instead of listening to what he said I was taking in his personal appearance.

He was rather small, wore a little hat, a red and white striped shirt, and a dark blue coat, fitting tight at the waist, with a full flowing skirt. His trousers were checkered and tight to the skin. The most remarkable feature in his face was his eyes, which twinkled like a pair of stars in the heavens. When he had told me all about the statue and the archeological disputes as to just where it had lost its nose and the other features I thanked him for his kindness, bid him good morning and was about to leave him when he said:

"There's something far more curious in this church than this—the bones of St. — I have forgotten the name, that have come down to us through 800 years. It will require but a moment to see them, and I shall be happy to show them to you."

"Thank you very much," I said, "but my luncheon hour is at hand, and I must return to my wife."

"I will not detain you five minutes," he replied and looked so anxious that I should enjoy a sight at those old bones which he seemed to take such interest that I went with him to see them. Taking me to the forward part of the church on one side, he opened a door that I thought to be about five feet high and four feet wide, and a most beautiful scene of light and color met my eyes.

"After you," I said, but his eyes looking the door open so deftly that I went in. The only light there was in the place came in at the opening through which I had entered, and even that was shut off immediately.

I had had a peculiar feeling on the instant I who had come to the door. He bent his knees till he was almost horizontal and told him that he had been following me to the door. He had tricked me, having put me under the weight in the clock tower, and he had done so by the use of a mechanical device. The door opened from him, but I felt that he was really in his story, returned and, meeting a man in a party, he led me to the tower.

for I heard the door close and a click in the lock. My companion had remained outside.

It required a few moments for me to realize my situation, to become frightened. Then I turned to the door and tried to find a knob by which to open it. There was no inside knob. I hammered on the door, but it was of iron and made of several plates, so that my thumps were not likely to be heard. I listened eagerly for the door to be reopened. Perhaps it had closed of itself and sprung a bolt. In this case my guide must find some one to enable him to open it and might have gone away for that purpose.

Then I remembered that starry look in his eyes, and I became terrified. Suppose he was insane? If so he had doubtless shut me up in a dark room, seldom opened, and at some future time, instead of the bones of a saint, my own skeleton would be found there. I felt around the walls of my inclosure and was horror-stricken to find that it was but about 5 by 4 feet. I could not see light—it seemed far above me—on the four sides of the ceiling, as though let in by a narrow strip of glass. Reaching up, even standing on my toes or jumping, I could touch nothing.

What would Lucia think when the luncheon hour came and I did not return? How long would she wait before becoming frightened, and what would she then do? No one would likely think of looking for me in the cathedral, especially in that dark hole. They would infer that I had left the place and gone elsewhere. I thought of the many cases where persons have started forth on some ordinary errand and had never been heard of again. I remembered the old story of the bride playing "hide and seek" during her wedding festivities, getting into a chest with a spring lock and not being found for years, when the chest was opened and her skeleton taken out. Then I gave way to uncontrollable terror.

I heard directly above me the stroke of a bell. I listened for more, but no more came. This enlightened me upon my position. I must be in the clock tower. The clock had struck the hour. Looking up again at the rectangle of light the terrific fact thrust itself upon me that the dark space within it was the bottom of the weight that moved the machinery and the hands. The weight was slowly descending and would crush me. At the thought my legs gave way beneath me, and I sank in a heap.

Then I arose and renewed my knocking on the door. I hammered with my fists and kicked with my feet. But, since the substance on which I leaned was a very poor conductor of sound and produced but little effect inside, what could I expect of it without? During our inspection we had seen very few persons, and they had all been in the body of the church. Besides, the entrance to my dungeon was reached by a narrow winding passage.

I heard the clock above me strike the hours one after another and counted them as one condemned to death counts those before his execution. My thoughts were confused—a jumble. Now I would think of Lucia, of her fright at my absence, and what she would do in hunting for me. Again I would dwell upon the horrible death I would suffer when the life was being crushed out of me by an iron mass probably weighing several tons. Then a hope came to me at remembering that the clock would not be allowed to run down and might be wound before the weight had killed me. I wondered if when it came so low that I could brace myself against it would I be able to support its great weight till it was wound up.

It was past noon, as I have said, when I went into my prison. When the hour of 5 was struck the weight might have been from ten to twenty feet above me, though I had no means except sight of judging the distance. It occurred to me that there would be a special hour for winding, and this would be at 6 o'clock in the evening. The crisis for me was due in about an hour.

That hour was the longest, the most horrible of my life. I sat down on the floor, looking up at the coming mass descending so slowly that I could not see it move. It came so near that standing on my feet I could touch it with my fingers. I held them there and could feel it move. When it came a little lower I placed my palms under it to see if I could hold it up. The only way I could tell if it was sinking in spite of me was by the slowly changing position of my hands. I knew that they were giving way under the weight and lost hope of saving myself by this means.

Slowly came the weight till when I stood erect it touched the top of my head. Then I was obliged to stoop, then get down on my knees. Lastly I sat on the floor. Surely the clock weight would not be permitted to sink to the floor before being wound, for this would necessitate the stopping of the clock. If I could be spared two feet by lying on my side with my knees drawn up I might live.

And to this position I was reduced. I felt the bottom of the weight pressing against my side till finally I lost consciousness.

But not for long. The pressure was removed, and I heard the winding of wheels, the click of cogs, up in the tower. The clock was being wound. I was spared for twenty-four hours.

Soon after the hour of 10 sounded I heard a click at the door, which was thrown open, and the glare of a lamp showed me a number of excited faces. "Found!" was shouted joyfully, and Lucia, pushing forward, fainted in my arms.

Shutting me up in the clock tower

had had a peculiar feeling on the instant I who had come to the door. He bent his knees till he was almost horizontal and told him that he had been following me to the door. He had tricked me, having put me under the weight in the clock tower, and he had done so by the use of a mechanical device. The door opened from him, but I felt that he was really in his story, returned and, meeting a man in a party, he led me to the tower.

I brought my bride straight back to America, where we have continued our lives since our memorable experience. This is full of reverence for holy things and considers me being shut up in a clock tower a punishment upon us both for our heathenish behavior in looking about in a building dedicated, for worship. I consider it a lesson for those of foreigners who do that sort of thing. While most people are kneeling at an altar tourists are staring over their shoulders to get a view of a famous painting. While priests are being sung to the great Creator these same tourists are straining their voices to tell one another about the antiquities.

At any rate, we will never do it again. I have had trouble enough getting rid of the results of my last trip. Lying awake at night, the deep toned strokes of a town clock take me back to that frightful hell tower, and I feel the ceiling over my bed is coming down to crush me.

SELF CONTROL.

Let this truth be present to thee in the excitement of anger—that to be moved by passion is not manly, but that mildness and gentleness, as they are more agreeable to human nature, so also are they more manly, for, in the same degree in which a man's mind is nearer to freedom from all passion, in the same degree also is it nearer to strength.—Marcus Antoninus.

PATIENCE.

Patience is the guardian of faith, the preserver of peace, the chamber of love, the teacher of humility. It governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stills anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride, breaks the torments, vanquishes temptation, endures persecution and consummates martyrdom.

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Clement names as witnesses: Hal Ward, Ed. Young, Reece Ward, A. E. Hubbard, all of Bandon, Oregon.

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MAPLES IN A SUBURBAN TOWN

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