



A JUNE SUNDAY ON THE THAMES.

New Yorkers have their Coney Island and Londoners have their Thames. A Sunday in June sees an outpouring of humanity to the historic river. Hundreds line its banks, while hundreds more pole up and down in punts or cruise about in power craft. —Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

## VILLAGE OF CONCRETE

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greatest 'best seller.' Fortune and fame await us."

As has been said, the author and his wife had become settled in their new home. All the carpets had been buttoned down to the cement floors. They had become accustomed to the idea of taking baths in water heated by steam coils. They handled the electrical apparatus for the coffee and toast as if they had been accustomed to using it all their lives. This had been recognized as an especially valuable feature of the house furnishings, for it made it unnecessary to disturb the cook until well along toward noon. Already the old commuters, whenever they brought guests from the city, pointed out the house as the home of the "distinguished author of '—' and '—' and '—,' who has just come here to live, you know."

This satisfactory condition of affairs having been attained, one morning the author said to his wife, "I think my imagination is in the right condition to begin work on the novel." He sat down before his typewriter and his fingers ran over the keys as he sought for the lost chord. It was this author's habit when he could think of nothing to say, no good beginning, to let his subconsciousness, like the celebrated twins, do his work for him. In this way he would get into the mood. Then he would go over his work and pick out the choice gems which he would connect into what might be termed a rope of jewels. Thus were his "best sellers" originated. It was the method he was pursuing on this morning, when no great thoughts smote his mind.

Having covered a large sheet with sentences he took it from his machine and glanced over it with the intention of culling the flowers of his subconsciousness. Hardly had his eye fallen upon the paper than a frown swept down over his countenance as a great, black bellied wind cloud sweeps across a smiling blue sky. Almost the first sentence was this: "Soft blue smoke trailed from the mouth of the great chimney, from which had just risen a cloud of chimney swallows."

"Hang it," said he, "that sentence will have to come out. There are no chimneys. The sentence about the old couple sitting before the fireplace dreaming about their younger days and seeing pictures in the flames will have to come out, too." He read a few lines further. "Great Scott! It won't do to have the lady of the house ringing the bell and ordering in the toast and coffee. She can't do that if she is making it at her elbow over a piece of electric apparatus. I'm in the ruts."

"I've got to get out," exclaimed the author, "if I am to write the great novel. If the poetic symbols of the past have become out-

grown I've got to find symbols among the new inventions and writing poetry and romance from an electric sideboard and a cement block. There is one thing, certain, however. It will not be out of place for me to bring in something about baronial halls, for it looks as if every man would some day have his cement baronial hall."

Some one may say, "That is all a dream." But it is all well within the range of possibility. It is only necessary to go fifteen miles from New York City to find a village every house of which is of concrete. It is sometimes spoken of as the "fireproof town." The local trains of the West Shore Railroad stop at this "twentieth century village." The houses are of all shapes and include a bungalow with a concrete roof. In a suburb of Baltimore is to be built a village which is to have the appearance of a Warwickshire or Surrey village, the houses, however, being of concrete instead of the more destructible material used in the English villages. It will have all of the modern conveniences, while retaining some of the poetry of the old English community.

As for the majestic mansions of this material it is only necessary to go to Greenwich, Conn., where one may see the marblelike concrete home of Percy Rockefeller.

## THE TREE SURGEON.

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water flows, to be led out at the base. The cavity is then wired throughout, the wire being stretched from nails driven into the wood, and acting as reinforcing for the cement. This work having been completed, the cement is made as moist as possible, and then built out into the original outline of the tree. The bark which has been cut back for an inch or so in order to prevent bruising while the work is in progress will eventually cover the filled in wound, the tree thus regaining its normal appearance.

In the case of exceptionally large cavities the opening is covered by large strips of zinc. The cement is then forced down into every crevice and allowed to set, after which the zinc is removed and a coat of fine finishing cement put on and painted the color of the bark. By this method the tree surgeon is enabled to build out trees where fully half the wood may have been destroyed by lightning or from some other cause. This treatment serves as a fine example of the healing powers of nature, for it is remarkable how quickly these wounds will heal when protected from moisture and further decay by the cement filling insured by the watersheds.

The correction of the forked or defective crotch which we find to a great extent in our soft maples and elms and to a less degree in almost all our landscape trees forms a large part of the tree surgeon's work. This form of crotch usually has its origin in the destruction of the

original head or leader. In a case of this kind a double head is formed by the forcing out of two lateral buds. As these shoot up, forming the new top, the old stump at their base gradually decays, allowing water to penetrate into the crotch. Nature tries desperately to heal this wound, but the imperfect joint is constantly forced open by the wind and prevented from uniting by the old stump, until finally, weakened by decay, the tree splits. Many of our finest trees are ruined every year by the splitting of these defective crotches.

These cases are often exceedingly difficult to treat. The decayed matter must first be removed with great care and thoroughness—in fact, the dentist is not more conscientious in removing decay from a tooth than is the tree surgeon in cleaning out these cavities. The opening is then packed tightly with cement or a preparation of oakum, tar and paint. Cutting watersheds in these crotches often takes all the workman's ingenuity and patience, for, working in the narrow limits of the fork, as he is compelled to do, it is exceedingly difficult to use his tools. But here most of all a perfect watershed is required, as the water running down the limbs and trunk would otherwise find lodgement behind the filling. In the case of a large tree the additional precaution is taken of putting a bolt directly through the crotch, while a chain is placed some twelve or fifteen feet up.

The former method of placing an iron band around a tree to prevent splitting often caused death, or at least deformity, for as the trunk or branch grew in circumference the stricture cut off the flow of sap, depriving the top of nourishment. The improved method consists in placing bolts directly through the limbs and securing them on one end by washers and nuts, while on the other a hook is formed, over which a chain is placed. This serves as a stay, enough play being given in the chain to allow the crown sufficient swing or way.

Fully half the cases of decay of the limbs or trunk which have come under my notice were originally caused by improper pruning. Eight out of ten men in cutting off limbs will leave a stump projecting five or six inches. The bark along the circular edge deprived of nourishment dies back, leaving the face of the cut exposed. The unprotected cells cannot resist exposure, and, decaying, leave the heart of the tree exposed to myriad enemies. I have treated many trees where the cavity caused by the decay of the heartwood was large enough for a man to stand upright in, the entire trouble having been originally caused by a cut of not over eight inches.

Every cut should be made as close as possible, in order that the sap rising through the cambium layer may cover the wound with new bark. Where large branches are to be removed the first cut should be made from below, so that as the branch falls there will be no

tearing down of the sapwood or bark. The second cut is then made from above. In order to protect the exposed cells they are painted with a preparation of coal tar and paint. When the cut is soft or of unusual size a cap of zinc is fitted to the exact size of the cut just inside the bark and nailed tightly down to prevent moisture from reaching the exposed wood. The new layer of bark will eventually completely cover the zinc, leaving little or no scar.

It has been proved beyond doubt that by the improved methods of tree surgery many magnificent trees, invaluable to their owners, may be given a new lease of life.

### BAD GIN.

Mrs. Podunk—I dew think it's outrageous to send our fleets over to Japan.

Mr. Podunk—Oh, 'shaw, ma! It's jest an friendly visit. Why is it outrageous?

Mrs. Podunk—Why, them sailors will be on them Japanese jinrikishas the hull time. Judge.

### SEEMS WASTEFUL.

"So you don't like the modern star system?" "No," answered the manager. "I hate to back up a monologue with three carloads of scenery."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### ANOTHER PERSON.

Lady—Really, I have no time to look at your books.

Agent—Madam, I'm no book pedler; I'm a Book Seller demonstrator.—Puck.

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