

FLOWER FESTIVAL SOUVENIR.

VOL. I, NO. 1.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., APRIL 30, 1895.

PRICE 10 CTS.



A GLIMPSE AT ONE OF OUR PARKS.

Programme.

TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 30.

Vocal duet..... H. Alden and J. M. Dodge
The Minuet, Recitation..... Miss May Gleason
Recitation--"High Tide on Lincolnshire
Coast"..... Mrs. Flora Thomas
Base solo--"The Windmill"..... H. W. Vincent

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 1.

May-Pole dance..... Conducted by Mrs. Adams
Pearl Jacobs, Sennie Lewis, Ray Lippman,
Selma Levi, Fanny Neuman, Sadie Neuman,
Laura Neuman, Birdie Beauregard, Elsie
Goddard, Estell Pierce, Catherine Culbertson,
Lucile Pierce.
Club-swinging..... Georgie Fisher
Fancy dance..... Ray Lippman
Fancy dance..... Catherine Culbertson

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 2.

Musical selection..... Mandolin Club
1. Waltz..... "En El Campo"
2. Schottische..... "Rosas y Abrisos"
Wand drill.....
Fern Bagby, June Bagby, Dora Johnson,
Bertha Schilling, Ada Anderson, Evaline
Day.
Recitation (selected)..... Mrs. Hattie Stout
Song..... Miss Custer
Selection..... Mandolin Club
1. Mazurka..... "Nu Besso"
2. Zaltz..... "Rumor de Brisas"
Club swinging..... Miss Heilbron
Fosgate & Hester's orchestra will fur-
nish music every evening.

Young Timothy Grass and Forget-Me-Nots.

ESTELLE THOMSON.

Young Timothy crept to the old meadow bars,

And, between the brown rails peeping through,

Saw—what do you think, on the opposite side?

Two eyes of the prettiest blue.

Two eyes of the prettiest, bluest of blue, Forget-me-nots hid in the grass.

But he couldn't climb over, and couldn't crawl through,

And he's peeping, still peeping, alas!

Queen Rose.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

O, fragrant the breath of mignonette,
And wee blue-bonneted violet;

Fair is the face of the pansy bloom,
And golden-rod wearing her yellow plume.

But not a flower in the garden grows
So sweet, so fair as the regal rose.

The tallow tree, a native of China, is straight as a candle and growing well in some of our gardens. It drops its leaves in autumn.



SAN DIEGO BACK-COUNTRY VIEW.

China has contributed to our floral treasures specimens as peculiar as her humans. Too-choo or Ipomea is a creeper, bearing blue flowers. The Lantern creeper, *cardispermum*, bears tiny white flowers which develop into pods like Chinese lanterns. The giant convolvulus is identical with our giant moonflower.

The crape myrtle as an ornamental tree is too much neglected. "It comes in several colors," as our *modistes* say, but the pink is most beautiful of all. It waits until midsummer before it bursts out in a mass of exquisite crape-like blossoms, and continues thus robed for about three months.

The Ferns of San Diego.

D. CLEVELAND.

San Diego county is rich in ferns, most of them of rare beauty. Twenty-five species and two varieties have been collected here. Of these, *adiantum pedatum*, *adiantum capillus-veneris*, *pteris aquilina*, *woodwardia radicans*, *asplenium filix-femina*, *cystopteris fragilis*, *cheilanthes myriophylla* and *ophioglossa nudicaule* are cosmopolitan ferns. *Polypodium Californicum*, *gymnogramme triangularis*, *pellaea andromedæfolia*, *pellaea ornithopus*, *pellaea wrightiana*, *aspidium argutum*, *aspidium munitum*, *cheilanthes cooperæ*, *cheilanthes parishii* and *cheilanthes viscida* grow elsewhere in the southern portion of this state. *Notholæna newberryi*, *notholæna californica*, *notholæna parryi*, *cheilanthes californica* and *cheilanthes clevelandi* are confined to this county and its immediate vicinity. Within a few years the following new species and varieties have been discovered in and named from this county, to wit: *Gymnogramme triangularis*, variety *viscosa*, *northolæna parryi*, *northolæna californica*, *cheilanthes clevelandi*, *cheilanthes parishii* and *cheilanthes fibrillosa*.

The least attractive of these ferns are the cosmopolitan species. The most beautiful of them are those which are confined to this portion of the state. These are nearly all small and delicate forms, which

grow on the mountain and hill slopes, back from the sea coast, in the crevices of rocks, some of the finest of them with but little shelter from the sun. Through the long summer droughts these delicate ferns retain their vitality, though they are shriveled and apparently dead. When the rainy season sets in they unfold into forms of beauty.

There are about 3000 known ferns, of which about 200 species and varieties grow in the United States, over forty species in California, and twenty-seven species and varieties in this county.

A gentleman in this city is wearing handsome sleeve buttons made from the seed of the kukui, pronounced coo-coo-a, a tree native of the Sandwich islands. These seeds, or nuts, for they are as large as small walnuts, are also used for light. They are strung and set on fire, when they burn with a steady flame like a candle. Several attempts have been made to grow them here, but so far have proved unsuccessful.

The three colors, red, yellow and blue, never appear in the same species of flowers. Either two may exist, but never the third. Go through your list of flowers and see if you can find an exception to this rule. If not, and you are a color student, give the scientific reason.

How the Flower Festival Came.

H. W. P.

'Twas the beautiful flower queen, stately
and fair,
And she summoned her court in the
sweet summer air
Of the land where she reigned with un-
limited sway
From the morning of June to the even-
ing of May.
In companies and cohorts they came at
her call,
The lily battalions, so stately and tall:
The roses, with standards of crimson,
and white
Carnations, and daffodils, glowing and
bright;

Were born of sun and showers,
And 'the beauty of the lilies'
Crowned the sacred Easter hours,
Through all our happy land has reigned
A carnival of flowers,
And fete, and feast, and mimic fray
Have winged the hours of night and day.
But to a nobler service, your sovereign
call ye now
To charity's sweet scepter she bids her
subjects bow,
That little children may be fed
And women earn their daily bread.
Let us bring our wealth of beauty,
Color, form and fragrance rare,



A TYPICAL SAN DIEGO HOME IN MIDWINTER.

The poppies, their golden cups tossing
on high;
The sweet, tender violets, bending so shy,
While the solemn-browed pansies, wise
little elves,
Came in a pansy car, all by themselves;
And country-bred blossoms looked on in
surprise,
Pert jack-in-the-pulpit and baby blue-
eyes.
Her fern-tipped scepter poised, in royal
mien,
Thus, to her subjects, spoke the flower
queen:
"Since first the April blossoms

Yield it all to aid the needy
Breath it free as summer air."
Then from the roses' standards fell a rain
of perfume sweet,
The lilies bowed their fair heads low to
their lady's feet.
The golden-headed poppies tossed their
gay caps to the sun
And the flowers sung in chorus, "Let the
queen's command be done."
But the violets whispered to baby blue-
eyes,
And the solemn-browed pansies only
looked wise.

Forty-Two Hidden Flowers.

MRS. FLORA M. KIMBALL.

The first person giving a com-
plete list of them will be presented
with a bouquet:

CURRENT NEWS.

It was a pleasant night; shades down
to exclude the light, I slept peacefully.
I rose refreshed in the morning. Glory
quiet brooded over the earth. Being
fond of reading I bought the Union.
But, oh! what foolish news! Japan's
young prince, feather in his hat, named
Lams Nap Dragona, took an early ride
in his jinricksha. He being dignified
and prim, rose to the height of pom-
posity.

You would hardly suspect this impe-
rial scion was on a lark, spurred by a
peon younger than himself. He carried
in his hand a golden rod, and holding it
aloft, called rudely to the lazy peon, who
was singing sweetly, "Johnny! jump
up!" The servant feeling the insult,
smiled grimly and said, "As now ball
room manners have left you, I rise in
indignation. You are stupid as an ox a
listening to my sweet peasant song.

"What silly news!" I exclaimed, and
throwing the paper aside I ordered at
the New York kitchen a breakfast of
bread, butter, cup of coffee and fruit.
Reading no more about the royal Jap,
on I came to other news, while awaiting
my order, quite as state.

I can naturally digest poor news and
good food, but the story of a mourning
bride, dressed in pink calico, who said
she would forget me, not from lack of
friendship, but because the snow dropped
from the sky so blue; bells rang and the
viol Ethel was playing took her thoughts
from me and fixed them on the inno-
cence of newspaper reporters.

Standing in this hall on a dais, you
can see in this wonderful display of
flowers the forty-two beauties hidden in

this story. And other beauties, too, hu-
man ones. What attractive costumes!
One lady, slippers from Wright's, myrtle
green waist from Marston's and eating
aloe caramels from Ingall's. For chid-
ing such hilarity, a coxcomb who was
buying a buttonier, called out in abom-
inable grammar, "Hello! be liars al-
lowed here? Cos most of us, according
to Emil Blum, belong to that class?"

It is said that "Swans sing before they
die," but whoever heard one writing an
essay, "Swans on Iambic Verse?"

One young lady who is studying on
this puzzle is as brilliant as a bird of
paradise, with red and yellow plumes in
her hat. She is sweet, peaceful and
charming, because she will soon wear
orange blossoms. She will also wear
rape, myrtle green, with furs of fox,
gloves red, or chiding her for such bad
taste, she might go ungloved, but not
unloved.

In contrast to this flowery scene it is
reported that in the east a cow slipped
on the ice, and in consequence every-
body is coming to San Diego, expecting
to find the trees plumb, a good country
for baby Mag, no liars and every one
rich and happy.

We rarely see a Ginkgo tree, *Sal-
lisburia adiantifolia*, in our gardens.
There is one at National City ten
feet high and about ten years old.
It is a native of Japan, and highly
ornamental, the leaves shaped liked
the maiden-hair fern.

The *Eucalyptus tetraptera* is rare
in San Diego. A few trees are
thriving, and in April are a mass of
yellow blossoms. Two trees grow-
ing side by side display different
shades of yellow, one a deep color,
the other a pale lemon.

There are three *Eucalyptus ficifolia* trees near Olivehood, in National City, and so far as the owner knows, the only ones in the county. When covered with its huge clusters of fire-red blossoms it is by far the most gorgeous of its large family. These trees are four years old from the seed. The clusters of seed vessels are so heavy as to require propping with strong stakes.



BACK-COUNTRY RESIDENCE.

Why not cultivate more of the exquisite snail beans? No prettier or sweeter flower is grown. Our Spanish friends call it *fasiola*, Italians *garagolo*, Greeks *saliaka*, but the good English snail-bean is sufficiently expressive and euphoni-

ous. One of our flower and tree-loving ladies is tenderly caring for a peculiar locking tree sent her from the Argentine Republic. It came to her with the name *Linasina* at-

What is the true umbrella tree? One variety of the magnolia, growing in the south and middle states, wears this name. A small palm-like tree, umbrella shaped, is also called the umbrella tree, so is the Pride of India, or China tree, called here the Texas umbrella. Any tree where one may take refuge from the rain might gracefully bear the name umbrella.

tached. The foliage is exceedingly fine. It bears a delicate yellow blossom and is said to be used for hedges.

The purple-flowered magnolia, a native of Japan, was an attraction in the World's Fair grounds. The tree is hardy, standing the winter well on the Hudson. Will not some of our San Diego florists introduce it to the bay region, where everything planted thrives if well cared for?

How the Flowers Came.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

'Twas seed time in heaven, the angel whose care
Is for Eden's blossoms; that angel more fair
Than all her fair sisters, twin spirits of air.
That angel whose footsteps wherever they tread
Spring up into blossoms, blue, yellow and red;
That angel whose teardrops, wherever they fall,
Give birth to white lilies, the fairest of all;
That angel whose breath is the perfume of flowers,
Had spent all the jewel-gemmed, paradise hours
Of the roseate morn where beauties unfold
In calyx of crimson and purple and gold.
Beside the great portal she paused and looked through.
Far down the vast distance of star-lighted blue
Beheld the gray rocks without beauty or bloom,
And sighed for earth's children away in the gloom.
"No beauty or bloom hath the children of woe;
No brightness, no sweetness; my hand will bestow
One heaven-born seed for their gardens below,"
She said, as she loosened her girdle to find
One seed which was fairest of its kind.
Her eager hand trembled, the girdle slipped through
Her rosy-tipped fingers, and down through the blue,
Down, down the vast distance her golden seeds flew.
Some caught in the crevice of rocks; others fell
In lone desert places, by wayside and dell;

On hills and in valleys, in forest and glen,
To gladden and brighten the journeys of men.

At the portal of heaven, with sorrowful face,
The little flowers' angel looks out into space

In search of her treasures. Her tears, as they fall,
Find all her lost seedlings, and water them all.

There is a lonely pine tree
On the brow of a northern hill
It sleeps, and snow enfolds it
In a mantle white and chill.

It dreams about a palm tree
That far in eastern lands
Sorrows, sad and silent
Upon the burning sands.

—From the German of Heinrich Heine.

In Southern California,
The palm land's beauty and the pine tree's breath!

Yet here no pine with branch snow laden stands
And dreams of palms that burn in torrid sands;

Content, each tree, with sighing whisper, saith,
My northland's summer ever tarryeth

Here, where immortal green the land hath crowned,
Where tempests fright me not with gruesome sound.

With rustling fronds the palm tree answereth:
The sunlight pleasant is the glad year through;

The breeze that fans my hair has salt-ness in
It filched in coming to me through the blue

From outer verge where ocean wastes begin;
I envy not the pine with breath of balm,
My days are spent in sweet, eternal calm.

—Mrs. Carl Schutze.

Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed.

—Burns.

Mrs. Thorpe
author of 'How the Flowers Came'
of course shall be 'right' "

SIXTH * ANNUAL * FLOWER * FESTIVAL,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

THE DAY NURSERY AND
WOMAN'S EXCHANGE.

—GIVEN AT—

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

April 30th, May 1st and 2d, 1895

Executive Committee—Mrs G K Phillips, Chairman;
Mrs Charles Pauly, Mrs Charles Wolfsheimer, Mrs H L
Story, Mrs T C Stockton, Mrs Geo H Ballou, Mrs G W
Langworthy, Secretary; Mrs Geo W Marston.

General Decorations—Mrs W A Howard, Chairman.

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Chairman.

Refreshments—Mrs Gertrude A Wood, Chairman.

Lemonade and Candy—Mrs Clara B Silver, Chairman.

Cut Flower Booth—Musical Endeavor Club; Mrs Wm
Staynor, Chairman.

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Specimen Roses—Mrs Carey [REDACTED], Chairman.

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Geranium—Mrs Johnson, Chairman.

Yellow Display—Suffrage Society; Mrs Flora Kimball,
Chairman.

White Cruiser—Mrs Laura G Riddell.

General Display—[REDACTED]; Mrs Gripper.

Kimball-Beasley Company, Printers, Third and D Streets, San Diego.