

FLOWERS BRING MONEY.

HERE IS AN INDUSTRY WORTH WHILE FOR WOMEN TO PURSUE.

A Young Washington Woman Tells About Her Success in Cultivating Roses and Violets—They Require Little Labor and Bring Large Returns.

"Flower culture in a small way can be made to pay even by an amateur who chooses to pursue it in a painstaking and intelligent way," said a young woman. "Five years ago I bought a little farm near Anacostia, called it 'Rose Acres,' and started in merely for amusement's sake with a few rose bushes and some other plants. I love flowers dearly, and the labor I expended upon them was well repaid by the pleasure of it, but after a while I found that it would produce money also. So I planted more and more, until at present I have between three and four thousand rose bushes of the choicest varieties. A skilled gardener told me the other day that my collection of hybrid perpetuals is probably the finest in this country. On the day before Decoration Day I picked and sold 5,000 roses from my own place.

"I am extravagantly fond of roses, but violets are more profitable. On the day before Christmas I picked and sold 3,200 violets at two cents apiece; that is \$64 worth. They were worth the highest price then, but they never bring less than one cent apiece. To raise them is quite easy. I have 320 glass sashes under which the violets bloom all winter long. In May I have a lot of fresh ground plowed and prepared, and in it I plant all my violets, taken from beneath the sashes for the purpose. Then I simply take up the sashes and cover the newly planted violets with them and the work is done. In October they begin to bloom, and continue all through the winter, so that I can pick them every day and send the flowers to market.

ALWAYS A MARKET.
All of my violet plants come from one little pot that I bought at the Center market five years ago. They are made to multiply by dividing the roots, so that a single plant taken up in the spring will supply a score or more. I sell my flowers by sending them to the florists in Washington or very often in New York. Prices are higher in New York, so that it usually pays to express them on.

"There is always a market for flowers and there is never any difficulty in disposing of them. Any florist is glad to buy them if they are good ones and in prime condition. Those which I send to New York are delivered early the next morning. I expressed some thirty originally on speculation and I got immediate replies praising their quality and asking for more. The violets must be picked always in the afternoon, because otherwise they lose their perfume. Then they must be brought into town in the evening for shipment.

"My greatest success is with sweet peas, which most people do not get along very well with in this latitude. I get the very finest possible seed to begin with. From June to August I pick very nearly 4,000 sweet pea blossoms daily, and they sell for fifty cents a hundred, so that they are really the most profitable of my flowers. They require but little care. I plant the seeds in the spring in open ground, about four inches deep, and as the plants grow the earth is kept filled up around them. Then posts are stuck in along the rows with strings arranged so that the vines are trained upon them. I had one-sixteenth of an acre set out with sweet peas, and it brought in a clear \$300 from the sale of the blooms.

GROWING DAHLIAS.
"Another flower I am very successful with is the single dahlia, which is very much handsomer than the double dahlia, you know. I plant the bulbs, which I propagate myself, the last of May, and the plants begin to flower about the last of August, keeping on until frost. I manage to keep them going for some time later than would otherwise be possible by lighting fires on cold nights at the ends of the rows. In this way I get them over the first frosty spell, after which there is usually a season of quite warm weather, so that frequently my dahlias are blooming beautifully up to the end of November.

I try to make the flowers I grow alternate, so that when one sort stops blooming another begins. My violets are flowering from the last of September to the end of April; then come the roses through the summer, and the sweet peas, with dahlias in the fall and violets again until spring. You can perceive that my way of growing flowers does not make necessary any large investment in greenhouses or otherwise. Of course there are some expenses. I have two men to help me, though one of them I should have to keep anyway for other purposes. There is a great deal in the proper packing of flowers for market.

"For example, violets must be placed in bunches in pasteboard boxes, with waxed paper folded loosely around them. They must not be touched with water, because to do so will take away their sweetness. I consider my own flower growing enterprise as only begun thus far; some day I hope to become a millionaire by selling violets and sweet peas. At all events there is money in the business, properly pursued, and more women ought to go into it."—Washington Star.

Can This Be So?
"Nothing wears a railroad traveler more than a straight track," says an old railroad man. "Any road with fifty miles of straight track would be shunned for one with three or four curves in that distance. I know legions of people who put themselves out to go by roads which wind and curve and give a new bit of scenery every few minutes."—Detroit Free Press.

It is a fact not generally known that Missouri furnishes better cavalry horses than any other state in the Union. The Missouri horse is sturdy and short backed, and is now much in demand by cavalry officers.

A TAWNY HEAD FROM EGYPT.

With tufts of hair warm bronzed, within a case it rests, this marvel from the antique land of pyramid and sphinx, of palm and sand, an illustration of the dominant race that swayed the world for centuries, and that planned Archives of art and catacombs, to stand Gaius all time's efforts laboring to efface. These sightless sockets once with love light gleamed;
This brow commandment over men has beamed, And with its intellect may have given tone To governments, and even touched our own! While lips that may have greeted wife and young Are now with brain that thought, with voice that sung.
—Edward S. Cremer in New York Sun.

An Estimate of Carlyle.
"I never knew Carlyle," says the author of "Glances of Great and Little Men," "except by sight. To tell the truth, I did not greatly covet his acquaintance in those last days of his, when alone I could have known him. I was even not without a certain dread of this roaring apostle of taciturnity. Once, however, finding myself sitting opposite to him in a Chelsea omnibus, I ventured to address him. I tried the weather—the recognized conversational aperient—but in this case it failed of its usual effect. He gave no answer, but sat there, leaning on his staff in brooding silence and with introspective eyes, until he reached his destination. When he had got out, I, affecting not to know him, asked the conductor who he was. The latter had touched his hat to him.
"Oh, yessir, I know him well enough. 'Eorfen rides in my 'bus. 'E's wot you call a littler gent—writes books wot nobody can understand."
"The conductor paused, as if mentally summing up from his superior standpoint—the footboard—poor Carlyle's characteristics, and then added, with a touch, half of pity, half of contempt in the voice:
" 'E's a bit off his chump, like many of those gent; but he ain't a bad sort if you take him the right way."

Actors Who Paint.
Speaking of people who paint, Edward W. Kemble, the artist, said: "I know many actors who are artists with the brush and pencil, and very fair artists at that. Joseph Jefferson goes in for water colors. Dixey draws queer caricatures, and I saw one of his eccentric drawings on a Parker house (Boston) bill of fare only the other day. Louis Harrison, the comedian, is a rapid draughtsman. Tim Murphy used to be a house painter in Washington, so he comes rightly by his taste for pen and pencil. His dressing room wherever he may be is covered with daubs roughly but effectively done in grease, paint and crayon. Lotta, Minnie Maddern, Madeline Lucette and Alice King Hamilton draw very neatly. E. H. Sothern has made sketches which Dan Frohman considers worthy of hanging framed in the lobby of the Lyceum theatre. George Fawcett Rowe used to go in for oils. Alexander Salvini, son of his father, has presented a very neat water color to Marie Burroughs.—New York Herald.

Work in Lecturing.
A popular lecturer who has appeared before big audiences on hundreds of platforms during the past ten or twelve years, says that lecturing is the hardest way of earning a living. The lecturer is all the time exhausted with travel from place to place by railroad or steamboat, or stage coach or other conveyance. He cannot get solid sleep any time. He finds himself in uncomfortable quarters in all sorts of hotels. He cannot get to bed till nearly midnight after any lecture. He is bothered with committees and agents. He often finds that both the audience and the receipts are light. The lecturer here quoted says that he is worn out down to the bones after a few weeks of lecturing, and that he never had an exhausting work when he was a deck hand aboard ship as he has had during the years in which he has been on the lecture platform. His nervous system has been shattered by it.—New York Sun.

Resistance of the Air to a Locomotive.
Experiments on the French railways show that the resistance of the atmosphere to the motion of highspeed trains amounts often to half the total resistance. Two engines, of which the resistance was measured separately and found to be 19.8 pounds per ton at thirty-seven miles per hour, were coupled together and again tried. The resistance fell to 14.3 pounds per ton. The second engine was masked by the first. It may be argued from this that by a suitable adaptation of the front of a locomotive, electrical or otherwise, a saving of from 8 to 10 per cent. of the effective power could be made.—Electrical Review.

Furrows on the Finger Nails.
Nearly twenty years ago Dr. Wilks directed attention to the curious fact that a transverse furrow always appears on the nails after a serious illness. Medical men ignored what they called the visionary opinions of Mr. Wilks, giving the matter but little attention in their medical works. Recently a new interest in the subject has been revived and pathological societies have begun an investigation. One remarkable case shows nail furrows caused by three day's seasickness.—Herald of Health.

If the foot of a fly is put under the glass of a good microscope it may be seen how simple is the contrivance that seems able to defy the laws of gravitation. The foot is made up of two pads, covered with fine short hairs, with a pair of curved hooks above them. Behind each pad is a tiny bag filled with clear, liquid gum, the hairs also being hollow and filled with the same sticky fluid.

In applying stimulants to the head a fair amount should first be used, and then the quantity increased gradually, but never carried to such an extent that they are used indiscriminately and regardless of consequences.

Valuable Ancestors.
Mrs. Bilger (reading) The body of a petrified man found near Fresno, Cal., has been sold for \$10,000.
Mr. Bilger—Ten thousand dollars! By the way, my dear, your family used to live in California. Are any of them buried there?—New York Weekly.

The accumulation of electricity generated by the friction of belts in an engine room is often a matter of considerable annoyance. A little steam escaping under the belts is suggested as a remedy.

WOMAN'S REAL PLACE.

A CONTRAST BETWEEN THE SHOP GIRL AND THE SERVANT.

The Former Tries to Keep Body and Soul Together with Scarcely More Money Than the Latter Gets as Pocket Money. The Cause of the Evil.

The kitchen and nursery versus the factory and store question has long engaged the attention of women who are devoting their lives to the improvement of the material condition of their sisters. In other words, those philanthropic persons are wondering whether, after all, the working woman has done a wise thing by leaving the sphere which was peculiarly her own, with different surroundings, since the days of Adam, and invading the occupations which are, by their nature, adapted to men.

Some opinions on this subject have recently been given. They came from women who thoroughly understand the existing conditions of life, and their expressions were echoes which are heard everywhere nowadays. The best friends, male and female, of the working woman are asking the same question—Why do women put themselves under circumstances where they may be led to starvation or shame when they can readily avoid both by remaining within their natural sphere?

The answer given by a leader of the working women is the only one that covers the question in many cases. It is the "lady craze." The "saleslady" and the "factory lady" have an ambition to eclipse the wives and daughters of their employers in the matter of dress, and they see nothing absurd in carrying out their purpose. And the community seems to agree with them.

WAGES IN TWO LINES OF WORK.
Careful observers say that in this matter the girls act just the same as the young men of the day who crowd one another for clerkships, etc., whose pay is \$4 or \$5 a week, rather than learn a trade in which they can earn three or four times that much. The puny little clerk and the pale, unhealthy "saleslady" think they are gentlemen and ladies and would be horrified if any one offered to introduce them to the rosy, healthy servant girl who has an account at the bank, or to the robust mechanic who can produce a larger roll of bills on Saturday evening.

The "lady" who sells handkerchiefs and toilet boxes during the day for an income of fifty cents is the other half of the "gentleman" who sells cuffs and collars for sixty or seventy cents a day. They are the natural product of the new American lady and gentleman craze, and they never realize just what it means unless they get married. Then the "gentleman" clerk wishes he had mated with a girl in domestic service who knew how to cook and who had a little money laid by; and the "lady" regrets that she did not devote her smiles to a mechanic who could support her. The police courts and the divorce courts give the culminations of these stories every day in the year.

But the purpose of this article is to give further particulars that enter into the contrast between the women in domestic service and those who have flooded men's occupations. According to the most accurate statistics obtainable, the wages of servants in this city average, at the lowest estimate, \$15 a month, besides board, lodging and in many cases all the clothing needed. Perhaps \$3.50 a week might be fixed as the average money compensation of all the women in domestic service.

Now, according to the statement of Miss Ida Van Etten, Mrs. Creagh and Miss Foster, the average wages of working women in stores and factories is, at the highest estimate, \$4 a week.

A COMPARISON.
That is a half dollar difference in wages, and that half dollar represents, in a comparison, the board, lodging, etc., of the servants. Of course, no woman can live on fifty cents a week. It takes her whole \$4 to pay for board and lodgings if she gives anything like proper nourishment to her body. So it amounts to just this: At the end of a week the servant has \$3.50 to lay by, while the "saleslady" has not a penny.

As to lodging, the average servant has her own little room, nicely furnished and heated in winter. The "saleslady," if she boards, has a cold room at the top of the house, shared by three or four other unfortunates. The latter works on an average of ten hours a day, while in the holiday season she works as much as sixteen hours, and never does a penny of extra pay reach her pocket.

The servant has no longer hours, and she can rest during a great part of them, and, besides, has her two or three "evenings off" during the week. Her work, on the whole, is much lighter, and she does not know what fines are. If she falls ill, in a good family, she receives the same cordial attention that her mistress would, and is surrounded by kind attentions. And her wages go on all the time.

But how about the "saleslady" up in the top of the boarding house if she should get sick? Well, unless she is absolutely at the point of death she is packed off to a hospital when the time for which she has paid her board has expired. But even if she is allowed to remain there till she gets well, she resumes her work with her trunk under bondage to the landlady, and with a, to her, heavy debt staring her in the face. Is it any wonder that many a naturally good girl seeks escape from such troubles in the concert hall?

And is it any wonder that the comfortable servant girl generally ends her career of working for others by marrying an honest man and settling down in a comfortable home.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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