

# MONEY IN VIOLETS

## Two New York Girls Make Success on Very Small Capital.

### Operate Farm That Brings Them \$2,000 Yearly—First Invest in Hotbed Sashes and Afterwards Build Greenhouse.

New York.—"Our violet crop last year netted us more than \$2,000," declared a young woman who raises violets for the New York market. "My sister and I began the business about four years ago with a capital of less than \$50 and about as little experience as girls who have lived in the country all their lives could have about anything growing in the ground.

"Our first investment was in 12 unglazed hotbed sashes three by six feet at 70 cents a sash. By glazing the whole lot ourselves the cost came to \$19.

"It was in the autumn that we began. While glazing was going on we devoted our evenings to studying up varieties. We soon learned that we must choose between the Marie Louise and the Lady Hume Campbell, as they were quoted as the only double variety suited to commercial growing.

"As the Marie Louise violets were the most popular in the New York market and it was there that we intended to market our flowers, of course we decided on them. Early in March we invested \$10 in cuttings of that variety and began work in earnest.

"Following the advice of a successful violet grower we potted these cuttings in two-inch pots in a mixture of one part well-rotted manure to three parts garden soil. Besides mixing thoroughly we sifted this soil to make sure that there were no lumps. We then set the pots in a frame in the garden and covered them with four of the sashes. There were about 1,000 pots in all, containing what we have since learned were very poor cuttings indeed.

"While waiting for the cuttings to root we had our frame built into which they were to be set permanently. This frame was only a rough box six feet wide by 36 feet long, 12 inches deep in the back and half as much in front. The lumber cost us three dollars, and we paid a man a dollar for the half day's work of building it.

"The frame was placed on a fertile spot in the garden. Over the surface of the soil we spread well-rotted stable manure to the depth of three or four inches.

"It required all my sister's and my spare time for about a month to work this in and get the soil to our satisfaction. By that time it was the middle of April and our friendly violet grower made a trip of five miles to determine if our cuttings were ready for planting.

"Acting on his advice we selected the largest for planting first, leaving the small ones for the last. We knocked them carefully out of the pots and set them in the frame eight inches apart in six-inch rows. This soon brought us to the end of our space with almost half our plants, most of them quite small, still in the pots.

"There was nothing for it but to build another frame and get more glass. As our cash was running low my sister and I decided to dispense with the carpenter's services and do the building ourselves. This we found easy enough and by the end of the month we had the satisfaction of setting out the last of our young plants. These being very small we set them only six inches apart in five-inch rows.

"Our next step was to make a suitable shade against the time when the plants would need protection from the direct rays of the sun. This we constructed ourselves by fastening laths to wire clotheslines with double pointed tacks. We selected this means of protection because the screen could be easily rolled up when not in use.

"Our plants began to bloom about the middle of September, and though we kept the blossoms closely picked we did not attempt to sell them until the first week in October.

"We picked the flowers early in the morning and after putting them up in bunches of 50 each carried them at once to the florist. For our October crop we received only 40 cents a hundred and in November 55 cents.

"During October we built our first greenhouse. It was 60x20 feet and by helping with the work in every possible way we managed to reduce the cost from \$80, the first estimate given by the carpenter, to \$65.

"The plants were lifted from the frame and set in beds in this greenhouse early in November and so well did we do the work that none of them stopped blooming. At Christmas we picked nearly 4,000 blossoms, which we sold at 90 cents a hundred. As our greenhouse had been built on borrowed money you can imagine how glad we were over this particular sale."

### Baby Has an Extra Eye.

Burrville, Conn.—Ester, the one-year-old daughter of Leon Deffries, a trolley conductor living here, thought that the eyes of a toy cat she was playing with were candy, and after working one loose, which was attached with a pin, she swallowed both.

A doctor was hastily called and now the baby is apparently as well as ever, although the eye and pin have not been recovered.

# MANY MATCHES EACH MINUTE

Three Million Are Struck Every Minute, and Fifteen Billion During Entire Year.

Washington.—By the end of the brief minute taken to read these paragraphs the nations of the civilized world will have struck off 3,000,000 matches. This is the average for every minute of the 24 hours of the day. Fifteen hundred billion is the enormous number for the entire year, and those living under the American flag are said to be responsible for the consumption of one-half of this amount.

The importance of the industry, which turns out the little splinters of wood, tipped with sulphur or some other material ignited by friction, is only recognized when the average smoker tries to contemplate his predicament if he had to go back to the time, when he had to coax a spark from a tinder box. Of course, the answer is, he would smoke a great deal less because of the difficulty in getting a light, or else, on the other hand, smoke continuously in order to keep alive the fire at the end of his stogie or Havana, pipe or cigarette, as the case might be.

Small and insignificant as it is, the match demands perhaps as much attention in the choice of the wood going into its manufacture as any other forest product. Only the choicest portions of the best trees are suitable. Sapwood, knotty or cross-grained timber will not do. Instead of being a by-product of other articles of manufacture the little match is turned out at hundreds of mills over the country where the by-products are bulky objects like doors, sash, shingles, siding, posts and cordwood. The pines, linden, aspen, white cedar, poplar, birch and willow are the most suitable match timbers.

The match makers—not the matrimonial kind—are already finding that the amount of choice timber available is dwindling. Forest conservation, if applied to the holdings of the match companies, like it is on Uncle Sam's national forests in the west, will do much to make the supply sufficient for a longer number of years than would be the case if the old-time wasteful lumbering methods of a few years ago should continue. The rapid increase in stumpage prices is one of the chief factors in encouraging the wise use of the forests where suitable match timber is available.

# BELLBOY GIVEN \$50,000 TIP

Patient Attention to Invalid Woman in San Francisco Hotel Brings Big Reward.

San Francisco.—That Dame Fortune bestows her gifts on the deserving is shown by the experience of Michael Dunphy, a bellboy at the Argonaut hotel. Last February Mrs. M. M. Potter of Salem, Mass., being sick and nervous, was the bane of the bellboys while she stopped at the hotel. The task of looking after her fell to Mike Dunphy. He accepted the work gracefully and performed his duties in an exceptional manner. When Mrs. Potter left she gave him a check for \$100, with a note of appreciation. About two weeks ago Dunphy received a letter from Brown & Carlyle, lawyers of Boston, saying that Mrs. Potter had died and left him \$2,500. They inclosed a check for that amount.

Dunphy bought a home for his parents and sent them to Denver for a trip. When the lawyers heard how the boy had disposed of the money they wrote him saying that Mrs. Potter left a further provision in her will to the effect that if the boy disposed of his check wisely he was to have a balance of \$47,500, making the total amount \$50,000. The letter further declares that the lad may draw on the law firm for the money.

# Red Squirrels Jealous.

Winsted, Conn.—Dewitt Smith, game warden of Berkshire county, who was trying to discover who was tearing down printed copies of the fish and game laws and cloth signs bearing the words: "No shooting on the premises," found that the depredations about Sheffield were the work of red squirrels.

He loitered about the Sheffield woods and caught a red squirrel destroying a cloth notice. Smith thinks the red squirrel was jealous, as the game laws provide for a closed season on gray squirrels, but do not provide for any protection for the reds.

# Mill Finally Closed.

Truckee, Cal.—The last log was sawed by the Truckee Lumber Company at this place the other day and its big mill closed down after more than forty years of profitable industry. It had cut millions of feet of lumber and had denuded a vast area of the mountains of immense forests of pine. Thousands of men have been employed here by this company, and it has operated many miles of railroad into its forests.

The mill is to be dismantled and moved to Oroville, where the company next season will begin sawing logs from the vast virgin forests along the Western Pacific railway.

# Boy Hero Gets Medal.

London.—"This is the proudest moment of my life—to be able to honor such a young hero."

Such was the remark of the mayor of Preston at the police court in presenting a Royal Humane certificate for saving four lives to Rowland Mitchell, aged 13, of Ashton-Ribble. Mitchell had also brought another person out of the canal, but life was extinct.

The mayor shook hands heartily with the lad and hoped he would live to be still more useful.

# FLOWERS SHIPPED IN ICE

Unique Bouquet from Australia Received at His London Residence by Joseph Chamberlain.

London.—Sitting in his library at 40 Prince's gardens, Joseph Chamberlain was presented with a bouquet of strange but beautiful blooms.

Picked over 11,000 miles away, they had traveled half round the globe before reaching the politician in his home.

With Sir Gerald Strickland, governor of Western Australia, lies the credit of the charming idea of sending this bouquet from a far-off land. He and Mr. Chamberlain had exchanged letters. Sir Gerald had eulogized the brilliant colorings of the flowers of Western Australia. The result was the plan to send a collection of blooms to Mr. Chamberlain so that he might inspect them at his leisure and contrast their brilliance with the winter gloom without.

The problem naturally was how to preserve the freshness of the flowers during their long journey. Sir Gerald Strickland hit upon the idea of sending them over to England in ice. Eight specimens, both of flowers and shrubs, were carefully picked in the neighborhood of Perth, Western Australia. Then they were frozen into the heart of blocks of ice and packed in a special case and deposited in the hold of the steamship Ophir.

When the case came to be delivered at Prince's gardens the flowers were still frozen deep in the ice. And by the evening the ice had not melted away, although the blocks were visibly shrinking.

When the butler presented the flowers to Mr. Chamberlain they were still in their shroud of ice, but the ice resembled panels of glass, and was perfectly transparent, revealing all the beauty of the flowers in their original freshness.

There was the Rincocarpus glaucus, a charming pink aster like a flower shrub. There was also the Southern cross, a snow white flower. There was the candolea, a beautiful yellow flowering shrub. In the bouquet also were the boronia, a striking red shrub; the mesembryanthemum elegance (red); the cynosba polymorpha (white); the Banshee (three species, red and yellow); and the angonanthus or kangaroo paw (three species).

# ARMY'S NEEDS IN '62 SHOWN

Musty Documents in Old Rusty Tin Box in New York Safety Vault Throw Light.

New York.—In a rusty tin box which had reposed undisturbed in the vaults of the subtreasury here since the civil war a number of musty, old documents of great historical importance have just been discovered. They will be gone over carefully by experts and preserved either here or in Washington.

One of the more interesting documents is a record which shows to what expedients the government was sometimes compelled to resort to obtain funds with which to defray the expenses of the army during the civil war. Through this paper 50 New York bankers turned over to the government on a single day's notice the sum of \$1,200,000.

At that time the document says, the success or failure of the northern army seemed to depend on a speedy moving forward of the siegeworks of war. The paper bears the date of November 11, 1862.

# LAZY MAN'S REST BROKEN

Indiana Character, Who Had Done No Manual Labor Since 1873, Finally Sent to Workhouse.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Bill Thomley has an unbeaten record for living without work and money, if what he said in the police court to-day is true. Bill, who said he did not have any home, was arrested by Patrolman Judkins on the charge of loitering about the streets.

"How long has it been since you worked?" asked the prosecutor in the police court.

"Well, let me see," replied Thomley, thoughtfully. "The last work I did was in 1873. I quit then and haven't worked since."

Judge Whallon assessed a fine of \$1 and costs and Thomley was sent to the workhouse for failure to pay. He is about 65 years old and did not have the appearance of being a vagrant, as his attire was in fairly good condition.

# Canada Likes U. S. Settler.

New York.—"Both Canada and the United States are approaching the greatest era of prosperity in their history," said Sir Thomas George Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific railroad, as he sailed for Europe.

"The two nations should work together, and Canada stands ready to consider any proposals from the United States looking to the signing of a reciprocity treaty between the two countries.

"We are getting thousands of your people from the northwestern states, and they are becoming permanent residents and loyal Canadians. The Dakota farmer becomes an active Canadian citizen in a very short time."

# Hears His Death Call.

Williamsport, Pa.—Four days ago Samuel Hartzel, too weak to attend his wife's funeral, was led away from her coffin and to bed. "I'll soon follow," he whispered as his head touched the pillow. The other night he passed away. A short time ago Mr. and Mrs. Hartzel celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary.

# STATION IS UNIQUE

Railroad Porters Near Asylums Have Peculiar Experiences.

Some Harmless Inmates Allowed to Go at Large and Are Frequent Visitors—Make Singular Inquiries of Employees.

London.—Unique in its way is the station of Couladon, a small roadside halt nestling in the Surrey hills some six miles south of Croydon.

Couladon is the station for three great lunatic asylums—the London county, Caterham and the Surrey county—institutions which between them shelter just under 5,000 lunatics.

The porters at Couladon are tall, strong, mild-mannered men, and beyond learning his official work the station master has undergone a special training in the treatment of the insane at the hands of Sir James Moody of the London county asylum.

Some of the station hands have some odd experiences to relate.

"Taking them on the whole, the lunatics we get here are exceedingly well behaved," said one of them, "and less than six months ago I 'unloaded' some 200 or more from one special train and saw them all installed in the asylum brakes without the slightest hitch of any kind occurring.

"On the other hand, however, a single lunatic passenger will often prove fractious, even though his mania takes no more dangerous a form than sitting down suddenly in the waiting room, exclaiming that he is the prince of Wales or Edward the Confessor, and firmly declining to move until he imagines that everyone has had time to realize the importance of the occasion.

"But all my experiences have not been quite so mild.

"Some years ago, for instance, two unhappy men dashed into the station in a state of semi-nudity, rattled on the booking office window, and threatened the astonished clerk with sudden and violent death if he did not quickly produce two tickets for the north pole.

"Then only last Saturday evening a well dressed woman, with a far away look in her eyes, walked into the office and asked for a ticket to Croydon. Before she could be supplied an asylum attendant ran in after her and seized her from behind.

"A violent struggle ensued and it was some time before we could pacify the woman and arrange for her return to the asylum.

"Many of the harmless 'cases' are given the complete run of the neighborhood and it is no unusual thing for some of them to call in here and ask for a ticket somewhere.

"Their manner or their dress, however, always betrays them, and our invariable practice on these occasions is to give them the ticket they ask for, show them into the waiting room and then quietly communicate with the asylum officials.

"In nearly every case they return placidly enough.

"Despite the easy access to the railway line here I cannot recall any case of actual or attempted suicide.

"But the inmates do occasionally stray on to the metals and have before now been found sketching the bridges from underneath or gazing in profound abstraction at a signal post. But they have always managed to stand quite out of danger.

"Regularly about four days a week for years one old man used to come to the station and ask endless questions about the type of the engines, the time of the trains, scan timetables and so on.

"But one other regular caller we still possess. He tiptoes into the station most mornings of the week and, with an air of intense mystery, buys a daily paper. Then he tiptoes out again.

"You can see for yourself," concluded the official, "that the lunatics here are not really very dangerous."

And he pointed to a small plantation almost adjoining the station, where three lunatics, with a uniformed attendant, were engaged in cutting trees.

With immense delicacy of touch two of them were employed in setting a ladder against a tree, while the third—a white-bearded old man wearing a dark opera cloak and a felt hat—was humming a tune and beating time with a small rusty saw.

# Teachers Marry Seven Brothers.

Sacramento, Cal.—Extraordinary inducements are offered to young and pretty schoolma'ams by the trustees of Plaskett valley, a remote district in Monterey county, according to the superintendent of public instruction, who has been asked to find a teacher.

The last seven teachers in this district have married, each taking a son of Amos Plaskett, a wealthy rancher, as a husband. Plaskett has one son, the youngest, left, and although it will not be stipulated in a contract, the next schoolma'am may be expected to follow in the footsteps of the others.

The only worry is that the eighth teacher may not be found.

# Seeks Lost Sister.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—After an absence of 25 years, during which time he has amassed a fortune estimated at \$100,000, George Linn returned to Kalamazoo from Nebraska in search of his only living relative, a sister. Mr. Linn was born in this county. After he left home members of the family died, with the exception of the sister, Ida Linn, who has since married a man named Brown. Linn corresponded with the sister until 12 years ago, when he lost track of her. Efforts to find the sister have proved of no avail.

# SAWDUST FLOUR FROM WASTE

Another Movement Started in Sweden for the Conservation of Forest Resources—Of Much Value.

Washington.—Flour from sawdust is another step in the movement for the conservation of forest resources. The United States consul at Christiania, Norway, has sent to this government a suggestion along this line which may be of value to American lumbermen who are wrestling with the problem of sawdust waste.

The flour in question is not the kind which goes into the making of light, fluffy biscuits, and the other kind which are not light, or flaky pastry, but it is an ingredient of dynamite, linoleum, xylite, which for the information of the man on the street is a kind of artificial flooring, and other things. It is not put forward as a new discovery, for it has been in use for several years in Europe, and to a small extent in this country.

The wood flour is ground in a cheap mill, very similar to those which grind corn and rye. Pine and spruce sawdust is used in Europe, and after passing through the stones and the bolting chest, it is sacked or baled for shipment. It is then worth \$12 to \$13 a ton.

The flour has a number of uses, one of which is in the making of dynamite. It is the absorbent for the nitroglycerine, which is the explosive ingredient. Wood flour is inferior to that made with infusorial earth as the absorbent; but it serves many purposes, and is cheaper. But dynamite is one of the smallest prospective uses for the product. Linoleum makers mix it with linseed oil and give body to their floor coverings. It is not considered quite equal to ground cork for this purpose, as it is less elastic; but it is cheaper and meets requirements for medium grades.

The flour fills an important place in the manufacture of xylite, a kind of artificial flooring, resembling wood in weight, and stone in other respects. It is used for kitchen floors, and in halls, corridors, cafes, restaurants, and public rooms. It is impervious to water, and is practically fireproof. It is floor material in some of the German war vessels. It is so used because it is not liable to take fire or splinter if struck by shells.

Many additional uses for wood flour will probably be found. The amount of sawdust to be had in this country is practically unlimited, and millmen will welcome any plan that will lessen the waste at the sawdust dump. Norway exports thousands of tons of this sawdust flour yearly, and the United States takes some of it. Germany is a large manufacturer also, and has been for years. England is an extensive buyer, and much goes to France.

# LOVE MAKING IS FORBIDDEN

London Manufacturers of Sweetmeats Establish Fund for Benefit of Its Employees.

London.—In order to discourage love-making during business hours and to stimulate the industry of their employees, Barratt & Co., sweetstuff manufacturers of Wood Green, recently instituted an associates' co-partnership fund.

This scheme, Albert Barratt informed a Daily Mail representative the other day, has already worked wonders. There are 2,000 hands in the factory, mostly boys and girls, and Mr. Barratt set aside £10,000 in ordinary shares of the company in order that the dividends accruing might be distributed among a number of the employees of both sexes.

Some 200 are at present on the dividend list, made up for the most part of quite young girls and youths. They are selected for good behavior, attention to their duties and skill in their respective departments. Other workers will gradually be placed on the dividend list as they make themselves eligible.

Some of the fortunate "good-conduct lassies" will receive the dividend from six to eight dollars per ton and some will have had parcels of between 50 and 175 allotted to them. Only the dividend goes to the workers, the shares, of course, remaining the property of the company.

Albert Barratt stated that the result had amply justified the venture.

# RHEUMATIC CURED BY DREAM

Michigan Man, Unable to Walk, Has No Use for Crutches After One Treatment.

Owosso, Mich.—H. M. Post, a local hardware dealer, is now a firm believer in dreams. Previous to a week ago he had suffered with rheumatism in his left leg and at times was unable to walk.

A week ago his wife related to him how much another woman had been benefited by treatment by an osteopath, and during the day Mr. Post thought a great deal of it.

"That night he dreamed that he had taken a treatment from the osteopath, and the next morning awoke cured of his ailment. Since that time he has not felt a trace of it and now recommends dreaming as a sure cure for almost any ill.

# Skates After Surf Baths.

Anbury Park.—For several days Dr. William E. Cummings, a local resident, has been enjoying a skate on Fletcher lake after his usual daily bath in the ocean. After sporting about ten minutes in the surf he dresses, buckles on his skates and warms up on the ice. Dr. Cummings was formerly athletic instructor at Swarthmore college, Pennsylvania.

# HOLLY IS DYING OUT

Becoming Rare, Says Gardener, Who Is Proud of Exhibit.

Annual Raids for the Purpose of Christmas Decorations Are Fast Destroying the Plant—Rapidly Growing Scarce.

Chicago.—Some of the best-known gardeners in the city—including John Sells, head of the gardeners at the Garfield park conservatory—will tell you that the festive holly is slowly dying out. Although Christmas comes but once a year, the annual raids upon this plant are slowly destroying it.

That is one reason why John Sells is so proud of his holly as it grows in the West side hothouse. Just at the present time there is a midwinter flower show in progress at Garfield park, and not the least interesting of all its wonderful exhibits is a bunch of holly with the reddest, most berry berries ever seen.

"It is fine to have holly growing here now," is the way Mr. Sells puts it, as he stands soliloquizing before the picturesque plant. "It is fine to have any kind of flowers just before Christmas, and good holly especially.

"For holly is becoming a very rare plant. There is less of it this season than there has been in many a season past. The reason? They are taking so much of it away, and not giving it a chance to grow."

Groups of the crowds which flock to the big conservatory stand before the plant in an awed manner and whisper: "Yes, that's real holly." For while there is still some of it left on South Water street, it is a real privilege to see it just as it grows in the northern woods.

What the Garfield park people call the "showhouse" of the huge conservatory has been filled with rare and beautiful plants for the midwinter exhibition. The "showhouse" is directly in the center of the group of buildings and every sylvan pathway eventually leads into it.

Here, with hard work, great care and "some luck," Gardener Sells has succeeded in gathering a collection of plants and flowers which are especially hard to grow in this climate at this time of the year. There is the begonia hybrid, called "Gloire de Lorraine," and also a collection of poinsettia, the red Mexican plant, all surrounded by thick borders of primrose. There is also the cineraria hybrid from Cape Aster, and a beautiful bunch of narcissus.

Looking redder and brighter than holly, and growing in small, compact bushes, there is also a bunch of "Christmas pepper," a little scarlet fruit which is very hard to raise at this season.

Mr. Sells declares that the other rooms of the conservatory are at their best now, especially the "economics" room, with its orange, bay, lemon, fig, banana, alligator pear, plum, olive, St. John's bread, rubber and other trees. There are some lemons growing at the present time, and the banana tree has a big ripe bunch of fruit which is just ready to be eaten.

In full growth at the present time are the "pitcher plants," otherwise known as nepenthes, which are supposed to catch insects and devour them for their own sustenance. Gardener Sells is discouraging these ferocious habits and says the rare plants are thriving in spite of the absence of bloodsuckers.

# HAY FAMINE BY BAD ROADS

Nebraska Dealers Ask \$16 for Grades Normally Sold for Six to Eight Dollars and Advance Is Paid.

Omaha, Neb.—The price of hay is soaring. Usually the best grade of wild hay retails in this market at from six to eight dollars per ton and tame hay two dollars more. During the past few days figures have taken a jump and anything in the way of hay readily brings \$16 per ton. The best grades sell at \$18, while alfalfa and clover fetch \$20.

The city is almost on the verge of a hay famine, and in the country the roads are not only bad, but they are constantly growing worse. More snow is on the ground now than at any time in the past twenty years, and it is impossible for the men who have hay meadows and hundreds of tons of baled hay in stock to get it to the stations for shipment to the city.

Local dealers say that if the bad weather continues they will not be surprised to see hay go to \$30 per ton.

# Horse Walks Girder.

Clayton, N. J.—James Mapes of Clayton has a horse that any circus might consider a valuable acquisition. Recently the horse ran away with a load of Christmas trees. When it reached Franklinville, three miles away, it did not heed a large red flag and a sign "Bridge up," but ran across the opening on a nine-inch girder. When the wagon struck the hole the harness broke and the load of Christmas greens fell into the stream, but the horse never lost its footing and continued across the girder to the opposite side.

# Sleeps with Twelve Generations.

London.—Frederick Augustus King, the last of a family which has held the same farm at Great Hardfield, Essex, for more than four hundred years, was buried in the churchyard where 12 generations of his ancestors lie.