

FREE CARNATION SHOW

EXHIBIT OF NATIONAL SOCIETY HERE FEB. 19 AND 20.

Programme of the Two Days' Meeting in This City—Medals and Cups for Carnation Growers.

The programme for the meeting of the National Carnation Society, which will be held at the German House Feb. 19 and 20, has been announced by Secretary A. M. Herr, of Lancaster, Pa. On the list of papers is one by C. W. Ward, of Queens, N. Y., who will discuss his experiments with submerging and the use of artificial fertilizers in growing carnations. "The Sterilization of Soil for Carnations" will be the subject of a paper by Wallace R. Pierson, of Cromwell, Conn. "A Criticism on Growers' Methods" will be the subject of a paper by E. G. Gillett, of Cincinnati. A number of topics of interest to the carnation growers of America will come up during the two days. The committees from the Indiana Society of Florists are arranging to entertain between 200 and 400 visitors, who will come to Indianapolis for the meeting from over the country. There is public interest in the meeting of the society, since its chief feature will be a free exhibition of carnations at the German House. The florists of the city will distribute the tickets for the exhibit to people who will call for them. The meetings of the Carnation Society every year brings out the best products of this variety of flowers that the greenhouses of America produce. Not only are improvements on old varieties shown, but many new seedlings are displayed and the judges award them medals, certificates or prizes. Among the awards to be made will be three prizes by Dullendouze Brothers, of Flatbush, N. Y., for the best blooms of the "Prosperity" carnation. E. T. Grave, of Richmond, Ind., offers three prizes for the best vase of "Dorothy" carnations. E. G. Hill & Co., of Richmond, and A. M. Herr, of Lancaster, Pa., will give a prize for the best vase of "Ethel Crocker" blossoms. The Cottage gardens of Queens, N. Y., will give a choice of three prizes—a silver cup, a piece of bronze or a piece of art glass—for the best display of six varieties of carnations that are arranged for effect. New seedlings will be admitted to this contest. William A. Proctor, one of Cincinnati's wealthiest business men, who grows carnations for the fun there is in it, will give a \$100 silver cup for the best separate collection of carnations of commercial varieties. Each exhibitor in this contest must be the grower of the flowers he shows. J. M. McCullough's Sons, of Cincinnati, will give a \$25 silver vase for the best twenty vases of commercial carnations. What is known to florists as the "Garrett donation" will this year be divided into two premiums, one for \$50 and the other for \$20 for the best carnations that have not yet been placed on the retail market.

GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS.

The most interest of the florists will be centered in the gold medal that the society will give for the best 20 carnation blooms of any variety and of any color. This contest is expected to bring thousands of carnation blooms to the show from over the country. Next to the gold medal contest will be one for a silver medal, offered by the society under similar conditions. The society will also give a bronze medal as a third award in this contest. The contest for awards in the seedling classes will bring many blossoms to Indianapolis that have never been exhibited. All varieties now on the market are barred from this class. Silver and bronze medals are to be awarded the winners in the seedling exhibits. The Indianapolis florists say the free exhibition during the meeting will give Indianapolis people, as well as those from out in the State who care to attend it, an opportunity to see more carnations and a greater variety of them than was ever shown at one point in the country. For months the chief growers over the country have been preparing carnations for the national exhibit. The seedlings will represent years of work and study on the part of their growers, who are endeavoring to produce something new in carnations. The florists are trying to grow blossoms of greater size and of different tints and colors from those now on the market. In about every class of flowers that will compete for prizes carnation growers from over Indiana will compete. From Lafayette, Fort Wayne, Richmond, Anderson, Indianapolis and numerous other places the florists will send the best carnations from their greenhouses to meet those from other sections of the country. Supplemental to the carnation show there will be shown other midwinter flowers. Edward Berryman, Henry Riegan and H. H. Jung are working out plans of decoration for the German House and propose to turn it into a glowing flower garden during the meeting of the national organization.

TALE OF A "BUCKET OF SUDS."

Joke at First on Saloon Keeper, but He Turned the Tables.

Joseph Clarke, a deputy factory inspector in the office of the state labor commissioner, and who, until he was a candidate for the State Legislature, used to be a fireman on the Big Four Railroad and made his home at one time at Lawrenceburg, Ind. Clarke used to drop in occasionally at a saloon kept there by a big, jolly Teuton named George Knorr, and with several good fellows of the town they would sit in a rear room discussing railroad gossip, politics and town topics. With all his geniality and good-fellowship, Knorr, who ran the place, was as sharp as steel and never let an opportunity get away from him to impress upon the crowd that loafed at odd hours around the saloon that he had never been taken in on any sort of a proposition. Clarke, who is full of the spirit of practical joking as the banks of the Ohio are of water in February, used to sit quietly and cudgel his brain for a scheme to take a little of the conceit out of Knorr.

One day he came meekly into the place carrying a small tin pail, and instead of joining the knot in the rear room, as usual, walked to the bar, and, leaning his frontal protuberance against the bar railing, asked for a "growler" of beer. Knorr himself turned the faucet and proceeded to fill the order. The pail was not a big pail, but its capacity seemed unlimited. The amber fluid kept running and still running until far more than the usual 30 cents' worth had gone into the receptacle. Instead of forming the liberal amount of foam in which the saloon keeper's "graft" lies largely, the beer ran into the bucket in a clear stream without a bubble of "soapsuds." Knorr, with suspicion lit in his eye, handed the pail over to the bar, who walked out without a word. Twice more during the evening he came back with the magical pail, each time carrying away in some mysterious manner about twice as much beer as even generous measure would provide. Knorr knew he was getting the small end of some game, but he couldn't figure out

what it was. It ground him to know that Clarke was getting the better of him each time he filled the pail, and the knowledge nearly drove him frantic. Finally he tumbled to the fact that something had been done to the pail to impart to it its remarkable capacity. The next time Clarke came to the bar the big saloon keeper turned it over and looked inside. Then, rubbing his forehead around the tin, the mystery was solved. The bottom and sides of the pail had been carefully smeared with butter. Consequently, when the beer was turned into it there was not a drop of foam formed, every bit of the contents being clear liquid.

Instead of giving himself away by a "roar" Knorr quietly reached for the ice pick while Clarke's back was turned for a moment, punched two or three very small holes in the bottom and then filled the pail as rapidly as possible. Clarke left the place oblivious of three small streams of beer trickling down his trousers leg. He came back grinning in about half an hour, and, taking a seat in the rear room, ordered the drinks without a word. Knorr duplicated the order a few minutes afterwards amid a howl of laughter from the crowd, and neither man ever referred to the butter pail again.

ROUGH WEATHER.

Once in a good score of commonplace winters, perhaps, the Silver Fairy's wand touches the outdoor world daintily. Jack Frost, her rough-shod courier and blustering elder brother, always attends her flashing chariot, and lurks close at her beck and call until the most exquisite web of filigree magic is woven and distributed. She herself, however, is the graceful genius of the frolic—the ethereal queen and mistress of the midwinter revel. How dramatic and effective the opening of the festival—a black night, lowering clouds, sheets of wild rain, a building flash of lightning, and one shoe crash of thunder. A keen north wind is the scene-shifter, and the frail nether-worlding cowers and shudders in his bed as he hears the harsh voice of Aurora's bold son raging through "th' embroiling sky." Then sleep, blessed sleep, binds the senses of timid mortals until the perfected charms is presented.

As the February morning dawns, glorious sun-gilder makes lavish promise on the beautiful drop-curtain of the frosted pane—here northern mountains rise and pine-trees toss, and there spread broad thickets of southern palm and royal carpets of Oriental arabesque. Next the cherry twigs of Japan are etched the apple blossoms of Indiana, while the tottem poles of Alaska guard the fretwork of the Alhambra and the celery fields of Kalamazoo. Beyond these crystal mirages of elfin tapestry now, truly, is the scene made new. No humdrum workaday town is this, but a marvelous revelation of charming transformation—a civic country-side. Prosaic walls and roofs are minimized and withdrawn to a distance; houses are as if they were not, and enchanting, bejeweled forests fill the foreground. What radiant roadways—arisen from the Silver Fairy's wand—now lead man hither and thither. Each plodding street has become a long, glittering vista of beauteous branches and feathery shadows, every homely alley a gleaming corridor of sculptured purity. The humbled dooryards; and on every tiny grass-plot blooms a lovely garden—bushes hung with brilliant and vine trellises draped in fairy lace.

In this bold, open field of winter-perceptive each much loved tree is emphasized, and takes on unfamiliar and glorified individuality. The slim poplar, sheathed in steel, becomes a Polar giant's staff, the graceful maple a crystal feather for the crest of a Norway princess, and each gnarled old apple-tree an embowered thicket whence might issue flocks of white and silver doves. Fairy confections these suggest the Mayan and the Aztec, and the great sweet gum tree—fit diet for the high world elves who bear faint, clashing music as the frosted poles of the catapla and the ash tree are stirred by the breeze. On the hilltops—the ever faithful, skyward-reaching hilltops—the poem of this winter pageant is writ with even finer touch. Maximal in the woodland in all its bright holiday greenery could rival in fineness this crystal February forest, these luminous white ravines, these winding wood-paths edged with frost embroideries. Along these hilltop lanes this pure dreaming mood of winter beguiles the way with a fleeting vision of some far touch. Beyond other glimmering meadows—to wind ever on and on with destination out of sight and mind; while sky-born gnomes scattered magic in the path to uplift and buoy the earth-bound pilgrim's feet.

No near together, however, come the ends of the year, that even "winter and rough weather" cannot wholly rob the dulled imagination of its joys. Where the ice and snow now heap and tightly bind these rugged hillsides, but yesterday, in the mind's fair calendar, the cornfield waved; and to-morrow, by that same smiling register of hope, it shall wave again. Behind the prickly, reddened cedar-hedge, now snow-tufted and frost-tasseled, the blooming japonica-hedge of early spring still seems to glow; and from the stiffened, glassy tendrils over the woodbine-ratt, in abiding summer reverie, sweet summer fragrance yet floats upon the air. From the rustic arbor where swung the ripened purple grapes still hangs their picture, to the inner eye; and in the bare orchards, where the cold wind now makes the tinsel grass shiver and wave, again—the glance of remembrance and of prophecy—pears and peaches lie in odorous heaps awaiting the baskets of the harvester.

Over the crest of the hill, between the curling chimney smoke of two cottages—homes lowly in size, but eminent in pledge of fresche content—the westward lane passes the ivy hedges around the berry fields and the gray rail fences around the meadow—last summer's meadow where last summer's lark song echoes still—to meet the path which leads down through the woods. Across the frozen murmur of the brook, so memory's map recalls, the forest path winds on to meet another forest path, which fares on over another hill. Beyond these woods and over the hill run other paths, meeting other paths, which lead on and on, through other woods, to

AN INFERENCE.  
Mrs. Jackson—Did you see Mrs. Brown's collection of rare old china?  
Jackson—Yes, her family must have been quite poor.  
Mrs. Jackson—Nonsense. Why do you think so?  
Jackson—Well, if they had been able to keep servants, she never would have had that collection of rare old china.

other paths, over other hills. So the February days run on, and "the nights; climbing the hills of effort, crossing the brooks of obstacles, descending the slopes of rest; and, all too quickly, ere the cheerful lamp of peaceful evening has shone o'er half the pages man has reckoned for his winter reading, these beautiful miracle-hours of ice and snow shall lie far behind him.

NONSENSE VERSE.

Meaningless Jingles That Have a Curiously Haunting Effect.

Town Topics.  
"Years ago," said a Kansas man, "I read Mark Twain's 'Punch, Brothers, Punch with Care' without discovering any of that haunting quality of which its author declared it to be possessed. You will remember how it goes:  
"Conductor, when you receive a fare, Punch in the presence of the passenger. A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, A pink trip slip for a six-cent fare, A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare, Punch in the presence of the passenger."  
"Now, however, I know better," says the man, "and I have repeated the verse to many of my friends, and they, too, have been sent to the borderland of insanity. This is the verse:  
"How much wood would a woodchuck chuck?  
If a woodchuck could chuck wood?  
A woodchuck would chuck all the wood he could chuck.  
If a woodchuck could chuck wood."  
Our Kansas friend has been a little late in discovering what an impression upon the mind an almost meaningless jingle can make. It seems to be characteristic that people will remember nonsense verse when the more serious words which leave no impression upon them at all. If the average man or woman is asked to recall something by the late Louis Carroll, it will be not only very seriously minded verse, but also text-books on mathematics, it will be, nine times out of ten, that fantastic thing commencing:  
"Was brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe."  
It is related by a biographer of Bayard Taylor that he used to recite this "Jabberwocky" verse to himself until he was forced to stop by uncontrollable laughter, which led into such a case of hiccough that he nearly died. Taylor had another specimen of verified words without meaning which gave him great pleasure. It was:  
When sporgles spanned the foreate med,  
And cogsmees glist upon the sea,  
Lils gongled to meet a loo,  
Who amegsed upon the equat sea.  
Dately she walked aginst the sand  
The borog and nonsense verse, if there is one who mingles wags yelped at her feet; Panswandering was her pace.

Of all forms of verse, the best-known to the American public is one which was first used by Edward Lear so long ago that it antedates the birth of most of us. Here are some samples from the Lear, the originator:  
There was an old man of Thermopylae,  
Who never did die in the war;  
But he said: "If you choose  
To toll eggs in your shoes,  
If you have seen all this, and more,  
You cannot remain in Thermopylae."  
There was an old man of Ware,  
Who rode on the back of a bear;  
When they said to him: "It's trot!"  
He said: "Certainly not,  
It's a Moppiskin Floppiskin bear."  
Any number of poets have used this form of verse with no success, to nonsensical, the author of "Bab Ballads," gave us many imitations of Lear, as for example:  
There was an old man in a tree  
Who was horribly bored by a bee;  
When they asked him: "What's the buzz?"  
He replied: "Yes, it does!  
It's a regular brute of a bee!"  
Tennyson wrote nonsense, and so did Longfellow and Thackeray and Moore and Burgess. As an example of the humor which is found in stating a self-evident truth as if it was something extraordinary, nothing is better known than Longfellow's:  
There was a little girl  
And she had a little curl  
Right in the middle of her forehead.  
When she was very good indeed,  
And when she was bad she was horrid.  
One of the American mockers recently reprinted from Punch a lot of verses illustrating the humor of ridiculous incongruities. Here are two examples:  
There's an early beam of rosy light,  
Drives off the ebon north afar.  
While through the murmur of the light  
The huntsman winds his mad guitar.  
Then, wake, lady, wake! my brigantine,  
Pants, neighs, and prances to be free;  
If the creation of the world,  
To some rich desert fly with me.

"Was midnight, and the setting sun  
In slowly the west,  
The rapid rivers slowly run,  
The frog in his slow duty nest,  
The fensive goat and spotted cow,  
Hilarious, leap from bough to bough.  
American newspapers have always been a prolific source of nonsensical verse, usually there is sense and point behind the versification. Plenty of people are alive who still remember the poetic Police Court reports by the late George D. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal. A form of verse of which Prentice is said to have been the father goes in this fashion:  
Mary had a little lamp,  
Which she lit with kerosene;  
But Mary down the chimney blew,  
And left this earthly scene.  
Or, along the same tragic line of coal oil thought:  
"Was kerosene that Mary used  
To light her little fire;  
So high the candle with soot soar,  
But Mary soot'd higher.  
Many poets have given the people a moment of laughter by associating jest with circumstances of the most stuporous importance. Gene Ware, the Kansas humorist, was quoted by nearly every newspaper in the United States when, in the tense moment following the battle of Manila, he cocked his head over to one side and recited:  
Oh, dewy was the morning,  
Upon the first of May;  
The incident caused a great sensation. The news reached Patrick Henry, and he hastened to deny the ambitious attribution. In his denial he had the support of all his friends. But the supposition of his acquiescence had a different result. He also called "Old Iron," and the latter, with his tragic emphasis, had awakened the House of Delegates to the gravity of the danger to which they had exposed the cause of liberty. The scheme of establishing a dictatorship was denied on every hand, and even those who had openly advocated it hastened to make amends. Public temper, which had been depressed, overwrought and confused, had been in a fair condition to be receptive to delusion; but whenever the danger was averted by Archibald Cary, whose services, even if only presumptively of a life-saving char-

acter, make him worthy to be ranked among the great revolutionary heroes.

WASHINGTON A HOUSEKEEPER.  
The Father of Our Country Selected His Own Furniture.  
The Pilgrim.  
Mount Vernon is a good type of the residences of the wealthy Virginians of the last century. The ample reception rooms, parlors and dining rooms on the first floor, and the eight bedrooms above, attest the generous hospitality of its proprietor. To the furnishing of this mansion Washington gave careful attention. Much of the furniture he ordered himself through his London agent, to whom he wrote careful directions to get everything "very neat and fashionable." The following, written to his friend, Richard Washington, in London, at a time when he was repairing Mount Vernon as a home for his future bride, well illustrates the capacity for minute attention to details which was so characteristic of Washington's genius. He says: "Be pleased to order for me what I have written for in a letter of the 13th of April, to send me one dozen strong chairs, of about 15 shillings apiece, the bottoms to be exactly made by the inch dimensions, and of the form of the enclosed, also write for in my last. I must acquaint you, sir, with the fact that the chairs were made in the country; neat, but too weak for common sitting. I therefore ordered the bottoms to be made out of those and put them into these new ordered, while the bottoms you send will do for the former. I have given the dimensions, and the change can't be made. Be kind enough to give directions that these chairs, equally with the others and the tables, be carefully packed and stowed. Without this caution they are liable to infinite damage."  
Washington must be credited, too, with very good taste. Mount Vernon contained some of the finest products of the Chippendale establishment. After the death of his illustrious owner, much of the furniture of Mount Vernon was removed and scattered to different parts of the country. Many pieces have been lost, of this was the identity of others is difficult to ascertain. To the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association Americans owe a debt of gratitude for having collected many of these pieces at great labor and expense and for having restored them to their accustomed places in Washington, D. C.

Bunched Questions.  
Chicago Journal.  
A well-known North Side divine tells this story concerning little five-year-old in this city. His mother expected the minister to dinner and thought it might not be out of place to coach the little fellow some, as he was inclined to be wayward.  
"Now, Johnny," she said, "when the minister comes to dinner and asks you how old you are, you must say, five years old. Then when he asks you who you love you must say everybody. When he asks you where bad boys go when they die tell him they go to hell."  
The minister as usual patted the little boy on the head and asked: "How old are you, my boy?" The little fellow scratched his head a minute to think who his mother had told him to say, and then he burst out: "Five years old; I love everybody; go to hell!"  
Of course the mother explained that the little fellow had answered all the questions at once and that he meant no rudeness to the minister.

The Triumph of Forgotten Things.  
There is a pity in forgotten things,  
Banished the heart they can no longer fill,  
Since restless fancy, spirit's swallow wings,  
Must seek new pleasure still!  
There is a patience, too, in things forgot;  
They wait—they find the portal long unused;  
And knocking there, it shall refuse them not,  
Nor aught shall be refused!  
Ah, yes! though we, unheeding years on years,  
In alien pieties spend the heart's estate,  
They bide some blessed moment of quick tears—  
Some moment without date.  
—Edith M. Thomas, in Harper's for February.

A Question Raised.  
Kansas City Journal.  
"It seems to have been definitely decided that the old cats shall remain on duty at the White House," says the Boston Herald. What, without a civil-service examination?

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...238 and 86...

To the Republicans of Marion County:

IT BEING impossible to talk personally with all of the 30,000 Republicans of this county, I adopt this method of making it known that at the coming primary election I shall be a candidate for the nomination for County Treasurer. Regarding my fitness and qualifications for the office I respectfully refer to my friends and business acquaintances, including the following citizens who have honored me by petitioning for my candidacy: H. H. Hanna, Wm. R. Brown, C. C. Foster, John L. Ketcham, F. J. Vinson, E. F. Folsom, E. H. Dean, R. S. Foster, Henry Coburn, Edward Daniels, S. Hollingsworth, Albert Baker, Frank D. Stalnaker, Chas. L. Bieler, Thos. C. Day, A. B. Cornelius, Thos. E. Chandler, Chas. Martindale, S. D. Frazer, Sanford L. Fortner, Fred C. Gardner, Anthony Wiegand, Arthur N. Dwyer, Jas. S. Cruse, Byron K. Elliott and John H. Emrich. I may add that I am a native of Indiana, a resident of Marion County for many years, at present secretary and treasurer of the Foster Lumber Company, and that I have always been an active Republican. At this direct primary, where every vote will count, I respectfully solicit and will appreciate the influence and votes of all Republicans who may deem me fit and worthy to fill the office.

Very respectfully,  
OLIVER P. ENSLEY.

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