NEW YORK'S FAIR FLOWERS.

IT IS WORTH A JOURNEY AT 2 IN THE MORNING TO SEE THEM.

Bargaining in the Open Air by Electric Light—A Cut Flower Market in a Saloon—Proposed Change to Union Square.

Just where Canal street ends there is a little triangular park shut in by an iron fence and surrounded by a sidewalk. Canal street bounds it on one side, West on another, and Hoboken, a street so insignificant that the directory makes no mention of it, on the third. There are trees and shrubs in the park, and a few yards of turf crossed by graveled path. The grass and trees are delightfully green now, but the park is such a mere speck that it gives but slight relief to the locality, which in the day time is one of the busiest, dirtiest, most unattractive spots in the city. Nevertheless at certain dismal hours that triangle becomes one of the most interesting sights of New York, one well worth a visit even at the pain of rising at 2 A. M., tramping to the nearest elevated railroad station, and waiting perhaps nineteen minutes for the next down-town train.

From April 15 to the middle of July the sidewalk surrounding the park is the city's flower market. Although many of the swell florists have their own greenhouses and gardens, the greater part of the city's daily supply of flowers first changes hands at Canal and West streets. Nobody seems to know exactly when the market was established there, or why, except that the place is reasonably convenient for standing wagons. Nobody knows, either, who started it. It just grew, wholly without organization or written laws, yet with certain forms strictly observed by all, and a certain tax of 25 cents a night to every country florist who sells there. One of these forms is that no deals shall be made prior to 3:30 A. M. At that time the market opens, and business continues usually until 6 or half past. Long before the opening hour, however, the sellers are on hand. There is room around the park for about sixty wagons to stand if they are backed up to the sidewalk. On some mornings in the week there are more than this, and on Saturday mornings the number is nearly 100. Then the sidewalks across the streets are pressed into service, somewhat to the disadvantage of those who are compelled to take up with such positions. In view, therefore, of the possible crowding, many of the florists start from their homes on the afternoon before, and as early as 7 o'clock there are usually from three to a dozen wagons backed up in favorite positions waiting for the market to open. From that time the wagons continue to arrive until about 2 A. M., at which hour, as a rule, all the dealers are present. There is no tacit regulation according to which the florists locate their wagons. The first comers take what they think are the choice places, and some of the florists are so particular on this point that they arrive regularly every evening in order to secure their accustomed positions.

As a rule the florists' wagons are built especially for the purpose. They are strong affairs, and when nicely painted resemble the closed cages of a menagerie at parade time. The interior is a huge crate, the tiers of shelves being placed at such distance apart as will accommodate the height of the potted plants resting on them. The back wall of the wagon box opens upward on a hinge and is supported when open by jointed rods. These doors are kept religiously closed until 3:30, and when they are raised it is a sign that the market has opened. The average wagon will bring into the market about $60 worth of flowers.

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Few of the florists do any sleeping while waiting for the night to pass. Most of them lounge about in the one or two eating houses near by, or at the Meanwhile Hotel. Some of them patrol the streets, catching a nap on occasion, seated on the curbing of the iron fence. There are benches in the park with seats enough to accommodate the whole party, but the iron gates are locked every night, and the florists and other belated loungers look at the empty comforts in vain. It may be partly the result of this that the florists when they straggle to their respective wagons are a pretty rocky looking set of men. They wear their roughest, most weather-beaten clothes, and seem altogether like the last men who would be suspected of having any love for the beautiful. The majority of the buyers outstrip the florists in this respect. It is one of the most interesting features of the market to see these men observing flowers of many varieties, calling their names, adding them with the authority of botanists sure, which indeed they are, and dickering over prices. Among the regular buyers are several old women. They are the sharpest traders of the lot apparently, necessarily so perhaps, for they sell at small stands in various parts of the shopping district. It is a puzzle when they get their sleep, and they do not look as if they ever had any. In the day time, and often far into the evening, they may be seen at their places of business, and it is not long after midnight when they appear at the market, trying by chattering with the florists to learn what the best specialties are that will be offered during the morning.

The flowers are not sold from the wagons. If they were the spectacle would not be so interesting. As soon as the market has opened, the florists remove the plants from their wagons and place them on the sidewalk. This process is watched critically by the buyers, and bargains begin before a wagon is half unloaded. When all the plants have been taken out, the sidewalk is wonderfully picturesque. These uncouth-looking men know how to make an effective display. They arrange their goods so that the colors contrast or blend properly, one variety setting off another. Because of the very night the display is more beautiful, for the electric lights glinting through the slight foliage of the park bring the flowers into such striking relief as the sun never could. When all the flowers have been set out, the sidewalks look like a succession of finely cultivated beds, with a narrow path along the ends. The buyers crowd this path, passing at first rapidly from one bed to another. Soon they return slowly, making bargains as they go. There are no cut flowers in this market. Growing plants only are sold, except when occasionally a florist sets out a box of ugly bulbs. The little plants are arranged by dozens in boxes, the dozen being the unit of measure employed in the transactions. Larger plants like callas and Easter lilies are sold singly. So also are the smaller flowers sometimes. The reporter saw a few pots each of which held a growing rose with one large blossom. These were priced at 25 cents each. A dozen small geraniums, each with a blossom, were sold for 60 cents. A variety of cactus, a single scrawny stalk with a single bud just opening into a brilliant red blossom, was taken for $2. Geraniums of medium growth in full bloom were sold quickly at $1 a dozen. Fuchsias, asters, marigolds, daisies, pansies, carnations, pinks, and many other popular flowers were in the least among them is "Judge" Daly of Granton, J. The "Judge" was a fighting Captain in the Southern army during the war, but he takes to practical botany on Northern soil as naturally as if he had never wielded a weapon more terrible than a pruning knife.

"It's a pretty irregular life I have for three months," said the Judge. "I sleep a little in the daytime and sometimes again for an hour or two in the early evening. I eat when I feel like it, provided I am where I can get food."

"Say, Judge," interrupted a customer, a lean, decrepit old man, "let me have nine of these for 4½ cents?"

"No, sir," was the emphatic reply, "it would break my count."

"Give you fifty?"

"Take a dozen for sixty. One price here."

The customer moved on, but in five minutes he was back again and had paid his 60 cents for a full dozen of the desired plants.

Meantime one of the women buyers was haggling over a difference of five cents in a dozen plants at the next wagon. While she was persisting in her lower bid a man began to pick the plants up.

"I have them be," cried the woman, angrily, seizing him by the shoulder; "they're mine. I'll take em."

"No, you won't," replied the man, with a grin; "they're mine, and I've paid for 'em."

"No you don't," insisted the woman; "here, they're mine, and here's the money."

"Can't take it," said the seller. "He paid for them while you were disputing the price."

The grin on the successful bidder's face broadened as he carried the pots to his wagon near by, and the disappointed woman, putting her arms akimbo, called after him:

"Go on wid 'em then, ye thavin' Dutchman. I wouldn't have them at any price," and she moved on to dicker elsewhere.

"Business isn't what it used to be," continued Judge Daly; "not because there are more florists in it now than before, but because the peddlers have driven away a good part of the store trade. The peddlers beat us down, and we don't get the prices we used to."

"Hear that?" exclaimed a peddler. "Why, the florists couldn't get along without us. We give higher prices than ever the store dealers gave them. We buy in bigger quantities, too, and we are more regular in our patronage."

"Don't talk so," protested the Judge. "Why are there so few peddlers here this morning? Where are you all?"

"Getting loads of fish," replied the peddler. "It's Friday, and you fellows know it. That's why there ain't so many of you here now as there will be to-morrow morning. You know a fine profit before I leave the place. After that I strike for up town. Sometimes it's several hours before I find customers, but I wait until I strike a block and get to bargaining when the peddlers will be here, and you act accordingly."

One of the florists was asked if there was any real loss on flowers not disposed of.

"There aren't any such," he replied, "or at least very seldom. We come here to sell, and we stay till we do it."

The talkative peddler had an interesting word to say on this point.

"It often happens," he said, "that the florists get pretty much sold out by 5 o'clock. I always wait around for just that chance. Then I back my cart up to the curb, unload the flowers that I have bought, and wait for late customers. You see, there are some private people who know about the market, and along toward 6 o'clock they come down in order to get flowers at low prices from the florists. Now my lot will be better than any of the other florists' who are left at that time, for I have made a careful selection, while they have only the leavings. So these buyers come to me, thinking they are going to deal with a florist direct. Then don't I just seek it to 'em! I often turn over a good lot of my investment at a with a woman. It's easy enough then to interest every woman in the block, and, don't you forget it, I stick the prices right on thick. I don't get that luck every day, of course, but it's not uncommon to come off with $20 profit."

"What do you do with the stock left over?"

"Don't have any. I'm in the business to sell, and I stay out until the cart's empty. Yes, that means sacrifice prices along toward evening, but I don't intend to lose money."

"Do you have any store, or headquarters?"

"No. My cart's my store, and the only place are a vastly better-looking lot of people than those in the other market. They do not have to stay up all night. Many of them are women. Saturday is their best morning, but from 6 to 7 any day the saloon is densely crowded, and business overflows into the street. Many of the stores send their wagons there regularly, but a great proportion of the trade is conducted by stand keepers. In this market, as in the other, the dealers stay until they are sold out. At the opening of the market small roses were offered for 1 cent apiece, larger ones at 2 cents, and very handsome double white, red, and yellow roses at 50 cents a dozen. These prices would be modified materially to purchasers desiring large quantities, and after the first rush they would fall and fall, until the baskets were empty and the tables and bar cleared. The fragrance of the blossoms in the open market at Canal street is very marked, but in the saloon where cut flowers are sold it is stifling.

One effect, doubtless, of the proposed change of base for the larger market would be the consolidation of the two departments, a matter that would be advantageous to all interests concerned and that would make the single market more attractive to the public as a sight.

THE MARKET OPENS.

ONE OF THE BUYERS.

IN THE BARROOM MARKET.

ONE CORNER OF THE MARKET.

HER PARTNER IS DOING THE BUYING.

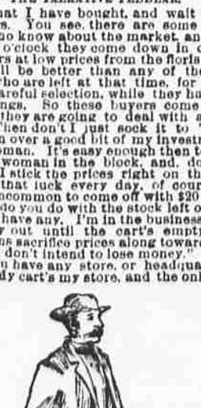
THIS KIND A DOLLAR A DOZEN.

LAYING IN A STOCK OF CALLAS.

THE SHARPEST TRADERS OF THE LOT.

"JUDGE" DALY.

THE TALKATIVE PEDDLAR.



THIS KIND SIXTY CENTS A DOZEN.

QUEER NOOK DOWN TOWN.

A Curious Little Store that Supplies Only Geographical Needs.

Passers by on Nassau street for some months past have noticed a unique little store at 107, in which every article for sale has to do with the science of geography. The first thing one sees in the doorway is one of those curious collapsible globes which one may carry under his overcoat and then expand like an umbrella when he is in a studious humor. Inside there are globes of all sizes and prices, atlases in considerable variety, maps of many lands, and all sorts of geographical material; and if one visits the other floors devoted to this little establishment he will find lots of globes hanging from the ceiling, and every description of geographical goods packed away like sardines in a box. The place is known as Goldthwaite's Geographical Exchange, and it is quite a novelty among new commercial ventures.

"It has been my ambition for years," said Mr. Goldthwaite, the young proprietor, "to start an establishment where map buyers, students, and everybody, may find anything they want in the geographical line. I'm beginning to gather material from all over the world, and have embarked myself in the business of map making. I wish to have an establishment where the public, if anything occurs to call special attention to any part of the earth, may find here just the geographical material they need to help understand it."

"What sort of maps, as to quality, have you most demand for?" asked the reporter.

"Well, as a rule," replied Mr. Goldthwaite, "the buyers of maps and atlases seem to think the only purpose of a map is to show towns and rivers, political divisions, and railroad routes. Gentlemen call here to whom I show some of the finer specimens of map making, and I find that many of them say they don't care anything about maps of this sort. 'A railroad map is good enough for me,' said a man to me the other day. Now, you know the best maps, though they seem crowded with bewildering detail, convey information in every mark the cartographer has made, and it requires only a little careful study of the symbols used to express facts to make them easily comprehensible. But it costs more money to make a map which is really a panorama of the country it represents in all its elevations and depressions, its valleys and plains and mountain chains. I have considerable demand for this sort of map, but for those who don't care for so much topographic detail I try to provide the best material that is made.

"At present I am giving a great deal of attention to making maps of New York city and the surrounding country. These maps are on a large scale, and I want to make them adequate to the needs of every one interested in this city or any of its suburbs. Bicyclers, for instance, want to know of all the available routes, real estate men are interested in the plans of towns, and all the rail and carriage roads leading to the city. There are innumerable bits of information that can best be expressed on a map, and I am trying to express them. One of my ambitions is to publish as soon as I can a first-rate map of the United States.

"Here is a small pamphlet I have published on how to use the globe. Many people have little idea in how many interesting ways a globe may be made serviceable; that, with a little manipulation, it is easy to ascertain, for instance, the approximate latitude and longitude of any place without stopping to turn over the pages of an atlas, and that a globe may really be made a time-saving device in many directions. Here is a little globe on which all the different steamship routes and the ocean currents are shown, and of course the larger globes give much more detail."

Altogether the Geographical Exchange is quite a curiosity in its way among the stereotyped shops that line busy Nassau street.

THE TRIALS OF THE ACTRESS.

Some of her Discomforts and Annoyances Described—The Joys of Midnight Railroad Travel—She Must Always be Sweet—What Certain Actresses Most Dislike.

A woman's room with its sweet orderly disorder, its pretty litter of feminine trifles, its perfume and personality, its daintiness and suggestiveness of the woman who inhabits it. Heavy dull hangings sweep back the inquisitive sunlight, sleepy hollow chairs and dressy little rockers in sashes and frills hold out inviting arms. The new novel on the table has a bit of scented snowy film for a mark, and the firelight flashes out over the etchings in their white and gold framing and the bits of quaint bric-à-brac scattered in artistic confusion on mantel and cabinet. The woman herself, fresh and rosy and sweet from her morning bath, in a bewildering swirl of silk and foamy lace on a low divan in a nest of rainbow-tinted pillows, faintly perfumed, softly silken. On the little desk with its silver trinkets is a pile of letters filled with rapturous words of compliment and adoration; in a tall, slim-necked jar of old blue china are the great deep-hearted roses faint and dreamy with their own sweetness, which were thrown at her feet last night as one strews flowers in the pathway of a queen. The applause and bravos of the people still ring in her ears and will be echoed to-night and to-morrow night again and again. And yet this woman, in the freshness and beauty of her womanhood, at the head of the profession she has chosen, flattered, petted, praised, and fêted, lies there with her bare white arms, slipping from her loose sleeves like lilies from a calyx, thrown above her head against the crimson pillow, talking of nothing else in the world but the monotony of her life. And it is monotonous and unvaried, she insists, as that of a woman who keeps her own house and minds her own baby, for certainly the woman doesn't cook exactly the same thing for dinner every day and the baby doesn't wake up and cry with the stomach-ache at precisely the same hour every night.

"Think of it," said a well-known actress the other evening, "you come to the theatre, listen to the play a single evening, and it is delightful to feel your risibility tickled with the nonsense, your sympathy stirred with the pathos. It is so perfectly delicious to cry a little over grief that you don't really feel—almost as fascinating as a flirtation, when you play at being in love but experience none of real love's sadness. Now just fancy listening to that same play, laughing at the same jokes, weeping at the same misery; in short, the 'same angels, same daisies,' same everything, for 100, 200, 300 nights, as plays run, besides the matinées.

"Well, then, try to imagine the sensation when it devolves upon you to make other people laugh with your merriment, weep with your suffering, enthuse with your enthusiasm. Think of laughing every night of the winter at precisely five minutes after 8 at the same thing, sobbing at three minutes after 9 over the same pathetic remark made by the same man whose eyes are dancing with fun perhaps all the time. Why, there are times when you have an almost irresistible desire to fly off the stage in the middle of the act, and you must exert every faculty to the utmost to prevent yielding to the inclination.

"I knew an old Southern actor who couldn't resist the feeling, and would frequently lay down his hare's foot in the midst of his make-up and saunter out of the theatre in spite of the importunity and distress of the manager, to return two, three, or even four weeks later, when the spirit moved him. Then there's another thing about it tiresome enough to give any one nervous prostration, and that is the necessity of looking pretty every night. You know every one has their days of looking well and days of looking ugly when even grease paint won't save them. There's the day you wash your hair, when you can't do anything with it, and that day is of frequent recurrence with an actress, for the make-up gets into her hair and ruins it. But you must look your best every night, whether you can or not, or some one who sees you that night for the first time in six months will say you are falling off in looks. Once the idea gets established you may make yourself as beautiful as great Juno herself, still you cannot remove the unfavorable impression. So long as one's personality is her chief stock in trade there's something solemn in the cut of a bang, a grave seriousness in the fit of a gown, and curling irons and pigments rank in importance far above histrionic gifts and Delsartian graces.

"Again, an actress must never be ill, never tired, never sad. Every other woman in the world may have moods and tenses, headaches and heartaches, but there's no lying around on sofas in picturesque convalescence for the actress while some one reads softly aloud and flowers and fruit are sent by the basket. Yet, if an actress is ill, not only her manager, but every one in her audience feels that she has robbed them, like a highwayman, of their money, and, if an understudy is supplied, that they are only receiving a small per cent. on a dollar, as in a financial smashup.

"Another thing that seems to make the monotony yet more irksome is this: You make a hit in one part and forever afterward managers cast you for that particular line of work, and you have no opportunity to acquire versatility. Once a successful devoted daughter, or wronged wife, or intriguing gossip, always the saintly child, the weeping spouse, the mischievous rattler. Now, it isn't so bad when you are cast for a part with a little wholesome wickedness in it, for through that you can work off the surplus naughtiness which every one seems to inherit from Mother Eve, and it leaves you with all your sweetness unexhausted for the real side of life. But if every night you must needs be a long-suffering, saintly, sweet creature, as tiresomely good as a Sunday school book heroine, why, don't you see, it naturally follows that you use up all the faculty for goodness you have and show your claws, put out your thorns, from very necessity, just where you least desire them among your friends.

"I just envy you newspaper people. When things get perfectly exasperating, as they will sometimes, you can shut yourself up and scribble your bad humor all away scorching somebody for the paper next morning, while I must smile languishingly and tenderly into the eyes of an unsympathetic audience and at critics whom I know are even then thinking of nasty things to write about my shortcomings."

The woman who keeps house washes on Monday and irons on Tuesday, sweeps on Friday, bakes on some other day, and bundles the baby up and goes visiting the rest of the time. An actress's days are all alike. In the first place each is only a fraction of a day, for she breakfasts when other people are taking their lunch. One hour of the half day she must devote to bathing and dressing, another hour to exercise, of some kind, for *embonpoint* is her *bête noire*. You can't play *ingénue* parts if you weigh 200 and your waist line creeps up under your armpits. There are walking, Delsarte antics, stupid pulleys and dumb bells, massage—half a dozen things equally tiresome—as a remedy, but it is only eternal vigilance that makes any of them effective and going without every blessed thing to eat and drink that you enjoy. There is her mail to look over—the same struggling aspirants for histrionic fame who desire to recite before her or to have her secure a position for them equally as good as her own from managers as obdurate and devoted to their own friends as political chiefs, the autograph fiend, the photograph collector "who knows he could purchase her pictures, but would prize it so much more highly if she gave it to him," the ravings of the youthful "masher," the advertisers of nostrums and lotions, soaps and hair bleach, and effusions from the sort of people who seem to have nothing to do but open correspondence with every noted individual from the President's wife down to Carmencita.

A woman who is an actress, as well as a woman who isn't, finds that good dressing, whether on or off the stage, demands personal supervision in selection and arrangement of materials, and care in repairing well. Modern stage dressing deserves to be ranked among the fine arts. The glistening display of tawdry finery, cheap material, and imitation laces and jewels, combined in the old-time stagey fashion and worn in disorder and shabbiness, is not allowable. Historical costumes must be as correct as encyclopædias, and with no anachronisms in detail or decoration. The dresses for modern society dramas must be made in accordance with, but a little in advance of, the prevailing mode, never ordinary, but never bizarre—always elegant and *recherché*. Many society women noted for their handsome costumes sit at the feet of stage queens and study effects in all humility of spirit. Many letters find their way to managers inquiring the name of the mantuamaker who evolves such toilets as are worn upon the stage from lengths of silk and flounces of lace. These dresses must be kept constantly in order though worn every day, and not hung away in darkened closets or folded in perfumed drawers like the average woman's best gown. The little accessories, gloves, shoes, fans, &c., frequently require replenishing, and the shopping, dressmaker's engagements, and all the little details that go to make up the woman's life must be crowded into the four or five hours between the late breakfast and early dinner.

An actress, too, if she would maintain her popularity, must see all manner of men and women that other people escape—the curious, the friendly, the follower after notoriety, the newspaper reporter in search for news—and so the few brief hours fly and the evening's work begins.

The few fortunate leading ladies and stars rejoice in the luxury of a maid. The others must hurry through the dressing alone. The same dresses, night after night, are put on in the same way at the same time. Every fold and frill must be carefully adjusted. The women will be the target for hundreds of eyes, magnified in vision by the most powerful opera glasses to be purchased. The expensive dresses must be trailed through long dusty passages, up crazy carpetless stairways, about soiled stage carpets or boards, yet be always fresh and dainty. Arms and shoulders must be bared, no matter how draughts whistle through the wings. At last it is over. She has died or been wedded, as the case may be, in precisely the same spot where she has performed the little ceremony hundreds of times before. She could go through the scene with her eyes shut or sound asleep, she knows so well just when arms will be stretched out to receive her as she dies or faints with love's exaltation. Then the make up is removed, the strain is lifted, the cares vanish, and the actress's recreation begins after every one else has turned off the gas and is sinking delightfully into the restfulness of sweet slumber. The supper that relishes so keenly, the wine that exhilarates so refreshingly, the chatter and nonsense, and relief at the thought of accomplished duty. Who can blame her for loving it all, though success demands its surrender?

There is the outline of a single day. Multiply it by one or two hundred, add one or two matinées a week, and you have the routine of a successful actress's life during a prosperous winter in New York. But, again, when the piece falls flat on the capricious palate of the sated New York public, when long, tedious rehearsals of one piece with the anxiety and strain of making new character conceptions, arranging fresh and original costumes, learning long and exhausting lines, spending dreary mornings in a dark and cheerless theatre prepare one poorly for the strain of the evening; when the lines of the new part continually interpose themselves amid the monotony of the old one, and feverish anxiety drives sleep away for days at a time. Just how often this state of affairs repeats itself depends entirely upon the caprice of audiences.

When the winter season ends, then the actress spends one or two weeks disposing of her effects, and for summer recreation makes a professional tour of the continent, packing and unpacking her trunks, dressing in dismal dressing rooms underground and unventilated, putting up with all sorts of hotel accommodations, gauzy towels smaller than handkerchiefs, pillows like sachets all but the perfume, and beds like boulders, where the beefsteak is fried, the roast beef desiccated, and everything else is cold. The delights of the one-night stands, where you pack and unpack your trunks between the acts, when the curtain falls at 10½, and the train leaves at 11½, and there's hardly time to wipe off the make-up between.

One actress tells of a tour when the ladies never saw their hotel trunks for three weeks at a time, and another relates her experience in a train where no sleeper could be secured, and a bed was improvised for her of boards stolen at a way station, supported by two car seats, and covered with overcoats, which the men in the company kindly provided. The leading lady or star employs her own maid; the other ladies depend upon the services of the dressers hired by the management for assistance and packing. It is during these long and tiresome journeys often that the foundation is laid for future ruin in health and character as well. The use of stimulants to dispel the weariness of travel and make a spirited performance possible after a long ride, the continual companionship of men and women, the lack of home influences, all conspire to work the destruction of women. Actresses are nothing if not impulsive. Actors are not actors unless strongly magnetic. Wives are separated from their husbands. Husbands are travelling apart from their wives through the impossibility of securing a place in the same company. By and by they meet at some way station. The husband has the soubrette's satchel, the leading man is carrying the wife's grip. There is a scene, a scandal, a divorce, and so it goes. It is the exceptional woman only who has strength of character to resist the combination of circumstances. That such women do exist is true, despite the incredulousness of men, and is a glory to womanhood.

Mr. Frank Sargent of the Lyceum school said once in speaking of the dramatic profession and its advantages for women: "Knowing what I do of stage life and its requirements, I would never consent to a daughter or sister of mine going upon the stage unless she gave evidences of such rare genius that no other life were possible for her. An actress sacrifices to her profession all that is best and dearest to a woman's heart, meets with countless disappointments, receives adverse criticism in return for her most conscientious efforts, suffers much from unjust favoritism of managers and unreasonable jealousy of associates, and if through any mischance her health fail, her capital stock is gone."

But the general impression prevails, not only among stagestruck girls, but people of more mature judgment, that an actress's life is one of constant variety and pleasurable excitement, totally devoid of the cares which fall to the lot of common humanity and overflowing with the adulation which women love. All of which may be true of the "extras" and "coryphees" in the ballet, who stand about on the stage in startling gorgeousness at night and promenade Broadway in kaleidoscopic array the next day. But the successful woman on the stage to-day works harder than the average shop girl, with a seriousness, conscientiousness, and nervous anxiety concerning her work that if exercised by teachers and preachers and spiritual advisers in general would evangelize the world. She lives on applause, dies if deprived of sympathy, and wouldn't leave the stage, with all its hardships and pitfalls, to be crowned queen of the world and empress of the nations.

Miss Jansen says the greatest hardship of all is always to smile and be sweet, no matter how the critics have roasted her and the audience sat dumb and unsympathetic. Manola complains most of the nervous strain arising from anxiety to please. Fox cheets to the travelling and Rice to the rehearsing. Mrs. Kendal found it hardest to adhere to the programme, for on certain nights one feels so much more like playing a gay part when all has gone well, or a sad part when sorrows have come or the spell is on, for of course, with the depravity of things inanimate, you find yourself booked for a gay part when your heart is broken, and vice versa. Miss Georgia Cayvan finds it irksome to be always expected to look sweet and be saintly every night, and would like a role with just a dash of wickedness in it. The Casino prima donna, who is just now working more enthusiastically and seriously than Patti herself, says the hardest thing she encounters to do is simply to say "No."

"So you see," concluded the pretty woman on the divan, "the high lights in the picture the world sees have their corresponding shadows; but still somehow there is a fascination and a charm despite them all. Given a gift of any kind, and there is no day so great as the manifestation and expression of it. What song is to the nightingale, flight is to the bird, speed is to the fawn, acting is to the real actress. It is life itself; and something vital seems to be dying within us when we give it up."

WOMEN POST OFFICE CLERKS.

Some of Their Troubles in the English Service.

From the Women's Penny Paper.

Women have proved themselves the equals of male clerks both as regards the amount of work they can do and the ability with which it is done. In the Post Office Savings Bank at the present time the women on the top floor of 144A Queen Victoria street are doing exactly the same work as the men below, and they are doing it with fewer mistakes. All along the line of women workers the greatest progress has been reported except in this one question of civility and attention to business, which affects only the class of Post Office workers who stand behind the counter. Every one knows that there is a good deal to put up with. Men are not nowadays all that they should be, even where women are concerned, and occasionally the Post Office girls are obliged to take impudent remarks as well as money in exchange for stamps. Some of them resent being told that they are pretty, and visit their resentment upon unoffending customers, while others again object to exactly opposite treatment, and are wrathful with men who do not, and women who cannot, flirt with them.

Then, again, we are told by an official, high in the service of the Post Office, that the girls who are uncivil are answerable for it, not so much to the head office as to the manager in charge of the branch department. He, unfortunately, is in most cases a man, and is often unable to look after the clerks in his charge as sharply as he should. This difficulty could be at once and easily overcome by having women to supervise women. Two or three years ago it was no uncommon circumstance for a woman not to come to the Post Office the day after she had made some mistake. She would sweetly protest that she was not responsible, but if the Post Office authorities thought she was, perhaps she had better go without her salary. Very little is heard of that sort of thing now. The women are improving, and the tendency is to rush off into an exactly opposite extreme. Girls call attention to any breach of the rules made in their disfavor before they have been three days in the office, and assert their rights with a pertinacity which, if maintained on behalf of the women's suffrage movement, would speedily put them into power.

Our representative, who was instructed to interview the girls and women employed in the Post Offices, learned that they were fully aware of their shortcomings. "Four out of five" was one young lady's estimate of the number who deserved the scolding which they had received. Others emphatically and rightly protested against all Post Office women being, as they put it, tarred with the same brush. One young lady tossed her head and said, pointedly, "It's the way the public treat us. They seem to think we're their servants!" (!) a sentiment which was approvingly echoed by her colleagues who stood behind her. Our representative has also sought the opinion of high Government officials. It was acknowledged that the matter had received attention, and that the girls were adopting a suicidal policy.

A Colt Adopted by a Cow.

From the Lincoln Journal.

A young colt in Minnesela, Dakota, recently lost its mother by accident, and has been adopted by a cow. The cow has a calf, but seems to divide her affection equally between the colt and her own offspring, nursing both with the strictest impartiality.

WISDOM OF THE WITS.

Symposiums on Various Topics of Contemporaneous Human Interest.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.

Great Cæsar crossed the Rubicon,
A river small, though wet;
Great Cæsar now is dead and gone,
The Rubicon's there yet.
—*Washington Star.*

An observer remarks that the writers of song
As bachelors mostly have carried.
The fact that most poets have worn their hair long
Is a proof that they haven't been married.
—*Washington Post.*

The chimney-sweep is getting out his spring soot.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Sometimes a woman has real golden hair, and sometimes it is only plaited.—*Terre Haute Express.*

This month is called May because it may rain and it may not.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

"Was it Blaine or Hayes who went driving with Carnegie in Scotland?"

"Blaine. Hayes spent the summer with a Cochin China."—*Puck.*

"Now, children, who was the strongest man?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"John L. Samson!" yelled a little fellow whose knowledge of sacred and profane history was somewhat mixed.—*Texas Siftings.*

PARADOXICAL AS IT MAY SEEM.

The spendthrift makes his money fly,
The miser his doth store,
Though opposites their common sigh
Is that they have not more.
—*Boston Courier.*

For Philosophy's law though we feel due respect,
It binds us much less than before,
Since the cause does not always precede the effect,
As is shown by the man and lawn mower.
—*Boston Courier.*

It is a strange fact that a man can best be used as a tool when he is dull.—*Chicago Globe.*

There is positively not the slightest similarity between the dog tax and horse nails.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Census Taker—Married or single?

Woman—B-th.

Census Taker—Come, madam, no trifling.

Woman—I'm not trifling. I'm a widow.—*Chatter.*

Queer thing, confidence. As long as another man has your confidence you keep it, but the minute you withdraw it you lose it.—*Terre Haute Express.*

TRUE LOVE'S COURSE.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream"
So sings the maid whose lover treats
Her to ice cream.
—*Boston Courier.*

He—I have three thousand a year. You could certainly live on that.

She—Yes, but I should hate to see you starve.—*Life.*

"What was the trouble between you and your beau, Mamie?"

"Oh, he was altogether too cold."

"I see. And you fired him."—*Boston Courier.*

"John," said the minister, "will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?"

"Now, here, parson, what's the use of asking questions like that. What do you suppose I am after, a divorce?"—*Life.*

He bought her tons of oranges and gallons of ice cream;
He sent her novels by the score and papers by the ream;
He lavished on her costly flowers of every scent and hue
And took her out to drive each day upon the avenue.
He mortgaged all his furniture and stood in line all day
Becaus she said she d like to hear Italian opera.
He opened up a long account with Tiffany & Co.,
And drew his money ahead about a year or so.
And when he had things all arranged to pop as he had planned,
Another fellow came along and married her off hand.
—*Chatter.*

LIFE'S PERPLEXITIES.

He doffed his tile and looked thereat
And to himself he said
"Yes; that is certainly my hat.
But where did I get this head?"
—*Chicago Evening Post.*

Of all the tortures known to man,
The greatest, we assert,
Is to wear a fifteen collar
Upon a sixteen shirt.
—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

"Can you break a ten for me?"

"No, I'm broke myself."—*Boston Courier.*

The maddest man on earth was a Main street man who was walking home about 11 o'clock at night, when a stranger drove up alone in a buggy, and said:

"Ain't you tired of walking?"

"Yes, I am," said the Main street man; "much obliged," and started for the team.

"Well, why don't you run awhile?" said the man in the team as he drove off.—*Auburn Gazette.*

Respectable Citizen—I'll give you nothing, sir. You are a professional tramp.

Tramp—I beg your pardon, sir, but I am no tramp. I am a social reconstructionist and an industrial emancipationist, and, as I remarked before, I am in need of a dime.—*Washington Star.*

Mr. Crisscross—Pass me the butter, please.

Miss Featherbone—With all my heart.

Mr. Crisscross—Only the butter, please.—*Puck.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

If, in the heat of a family quarrel, the angry wife makes a move to pick up a flatiron, by no means is this to be taken as implying a willingness to smooth things over.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"M' (hic) dear," said Mr. Lushly as he stood on the steps, "will you open the door?"

"Did you hear the clock?" was the question which came from the upper window.

"Yesh, m'dear. It struck three."

"Well, three strikes is out," and she slammed the shutters, while Lushly sat down on the door steps.—*Washington Post.*

He (enthusiastically)—If I could always hold these little hands in mine!

She—What good would that do you?

He—Then you couldn't pound that piano any more.—*Texas Siftings.*

Bacon—I understand your wife comes from a fighting family?

Egbert—Yes.

"Her grandfather was in the Revolutionary war, was he not?"

"Yes."

"And her father was in the rebellion, I believe?"

"Quite right; but don't forget her mother. She's living with us, you know!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"At your models again!" said the inventor's wife, irascibly; "when will you get through with that nonsense? Models, models, day in and day out. The house is full of 'em."

"There is one model I haven't in the house and that I wish I had."

"Why don't you make it?"

"There is no material at hand."

"What is it?"

"A model wife."—*Boston Courier.*

"Why, how is it, Downley, you have changed your habits so suddenly? You swore that after marriage you would make it your business to stay out late of nights just to show your wife you wouldn't be tied to her apron string. But here you are becoming a regular house rat."

"Well, you see it was for my friends' sake. I heard that while I was out, my wife's old beaux regularly called to see me and would wait for hours for my return. So I thought I'd stay home, but now that I'm here the strangest part is none of 'em ever call at all."—*Philadelphia Times.*

TO SELL THE OLD MEETING HOUSE

Decadence in the Number of Quaker Worshippers in Flushing.

The Orthodox Society of Friends at Flushing, which has struggled for years to keep itself together and preserve its old-fashioned meeting house in Flushing, has been forced to announce the sale of the church and the lot on which it stands. When in 1826 the principles of Elias Hicks became so powerful as to cause a division in the Society of Friends throughout the United States, about fifty of the members of the Flushing society refused to accept the Hicksite doctrine, and rigidly adhered to the old form of belief. Hicks was a resident of Flushing, and a large majority of the Friends joined in the new movement. When formerly united under one roof the Friends used the dingy gray meeting house built in Flushing in 1695. When the new sect arose the orthodox members withdrew and worshipped in another house. The Hicksites continued to utilize the antiquated colonial structure, and they are using it at the present time.

The half a hundred Flushing Friends who refused to accept any amendment in their creed never coalesced with their former brethren. They conducted their simple services as silently as before, but their numbers have been diminishing every year. Death and departures from Flushing soon brought the fifty down to a mere handful of a dozen or fifteen. This was the condition of affairs in the spring of 1889, when it was voted to disband the society and give up the meeting house. The remnants of the fast diminishing body joined the Twentieth Street Orthodox Friends' Society of New York city and attended services there as often as the weather would permit of a journey from Flushing. A number of the band worshipped at the Flushing Congregational Church and the rest drifted into other churches. Miss Mary E. Murray of Flushing acted as principal minister of the Friends' Society during the last few years of its existence in that town. Previous to that Dr. Stephen Wood was a regular speaker. During last winter the old meeting house was used pretty regularly for Bible class meetings.

It doors are now closed for good, and the very modern sign of a country real estate dealer is nailed to a tree in front of the entrance announcing the proposed sale. The old building, which should not be confounded with the one built in 1695, stands on Broadway, nearly opposite Flushing's Town Hall. The creation of colonial days is separated from it only by a small tenement. The Twentieth Street Friends' Society own the Flushing property, and its disposal is in the hands of the Property Committee. It is not intended to sell by auction, but at a private sale.

Not more than twenty-five persons regularly worship in the other meeting house.