Mr. Tuttle stated that the Fameuse was grown here twenty years without the scab, while other older varieties scabbed badly at the same time. Young trees of Fameuse scab as badly as old ones; the scab appears even when the apple is as small as a pea. Mr. Tuttle attributes the disease to cool, damp weather about and soon after the time of flowering.

Mr. Smith stated that Fameuse trees near Green Bay have been planted forty years, or about that, and never scab.

Mr. Tuttle mentioned a tree of the same variety on the north side of a clay hill, which was perfectly free from scab.

The Society adjourned at 5 P. M.

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December 19, 7:30 P. M.

The Society was called to order by the President.

The Secretary read a telegram of greeting from the President of the Illinois State Horticultural Society, which sent its congratulations and good wishes.

Mr. John C. Nevin then delivered an address of welcome to the State Horticultural Society, on behalf of the citizens of Green Bay.

Mr. D. Huntley, of Appleton, spoke fittingly in response to the address of Mr. Nevin. After which the Society listened to the following paper:

THE FLOWER MISSION.

By Mrs. H. M. Lewis.

A few months ago an item appeared in the Western Farmer in regard to the Flower Mission of Chicago.

A gentleman remarked after reading it: “How sad it is that not one person in fifty knows anything about this noble humane association, that blesses the giver as well as the receiver.”

To such as these we would say that the Flower Mission had its origin in Boston little more than twelve years ago. The object of the society is to send gifts of cut flowers, pot plants, fruits, etc., to the asylums, hospitals and other places where they will be most beneficial. It may be some sultry
day to a work-house, jail, factory, as well as the asylums and hospitals. Practical workers in the society that interest and inform themselves on the subject, know just when and where they will do the most good.

We, who have kind friends, comfortable homes, the necessaries as well as many of the luxuries of life, know but little of the needs, the heart aches, and the discouragements of the suffering poor, who are making desperate efforts to keep soul and body together during the heated term of summer. Many of these unfortunate people are herded together in close hot rooms, in alleys or attics, where fresh, pure air, is almost unknown.

The benevolent, joyous young lady teacher in the suburbs of Boston little knew what magical seeds she was sowing and what beautiful flowers would bloom from her simple acts of kindness—for by giving flowers to the ragged, dirty children at the street corners, behind the asylum gates, and in the basement tenement houses, the great flower mission had its birth.

Each week the enthusiastic teacher’s coming was hailed with joy, for her face was like the sunshine. Dirty little hands were ever ready to receive the gift of flowers, for children, notwithstanding they are kept unclean and unlearned, love every thing in nature.

After a time the growing demand for flowers became so great that the little teacher could not meet it alone; and after consulting with friends she resolved to ask for public contributions.

On the following Sunday a notice was read in several churches inviting people to bring contributions of flowers and fruit to Hollis street church as it would be open to receive them on Monday’s from eight to twelve. Although the church was Unitarian it was only selected because of its central location, for the society has no sectarian bias.

On Monday morning the ladies were ready to receive the gifts, little dreaming of the great work they were inaugurating. The record says:

“The first to come were two bright eyed girls, who, glowing with the air of their lovely country homes, and excite-
ment from the thought of the pleasure they had the means of giving; appeared with baskets filled with honstonias, cow-slips, violets, and anomenes, nicely tied up in pretty bunches; then two more with baskets filled with English violets; and again another with field flowers. So far all were personal friends; the next contribution, however, was from a stranger—lovely hot house flowers, and ripe, red strawberries. Again a silver wedding gift of twelve beautiful bouquets, seeming to the donors the pleasantest memorial they could have of their own happiness. Again a Lady Bountiful sends her carriage laden with cut flowers, pot plants, and bunches of flowering shrubs, placing her carriage also at the service of the ladies—a welcome gift indeed, for it is no light task to carry the large flat flower-laden baskets to their destination."

Surely an auspicious beginning; contributions from thirteen sources; distributions to one hundred and fifty persons.

For several years the mission had no president, or other officer, everyone worked as inclination prompted, but for the past five years, for the sake of doing the best work in the least time, a full corps of officers are elected yearly.

Nearly 8,000 bouquets were distributed the first year, besides loose flowers and pot plants. One man, called the "Pansy man," brought to the mission nearly 2,000 pansies, 1,800 bouquets and 1,200 pond lilies. He was as faithful the fifth year as the first. Indeed it is said that people who have given themselves once to the work never turn back. Were we to gather up the many incidents of the Flower Mission—publish the grateful letters, etc., we could fill volumes, for many stories are very touching and interesting. Every day brings forth fresh experiences.

We cannot say that everybody is benefited by flowers (O, that we could), but we believe that the majority of people, particularly women, are so blessed and benefited.

The day for receiving and distributing flowers in Chicago is Wednesday. The Flower Mission rooms are now at the Atheneum, 50 Dearborn street.

In Madison the flowers are gathered Tuesday afternoons, kept a while in water, in a cellar or dark room; then loosely
packed in boxes or baskets, between wet newspapers or cotton batting. They go by the night express, arriving in Chicago by daylight the next morning, as beautiful as if gathered fresh from the woods and gardens. The railroads transport all flowers for the Flower Mission free of charge, and the expressmen seem to take special delight in the work.

The annual fee for the Society is fifty cents. These fees from gentlemen constitute the carriage fund. Many invalids during the year have the benefit of a free carriage ride.

The Country Home department is a branch of the Flower Mission, controlled by a separate committee. It has for its object providing comfortable homes for a limited time to poor invalids in the country. This department is rapidly growing in popularity, as much good has resulted from it, and it is destined to become one of the most worthy charities of our country.

At Christmas time the ladies aim to have a Christmas wreath of evergreen with a "Merry Christmas Card" attached, for every bed in the hospitals. This part of the work could be done by people living in the country, and I know of no pleasanter Christmas work. It is not medicine at all times that the sick need most. It is something that takes the mind from brooding and disquieting thoughts. A kind, hopeful, cheerful word, a sympathizing grasp of the hand, a little token of remembrance, will sometimes cure when medicine fails. The mind is often more diseased than the body.

Through the medium of flowers, shy, sensitive natures are many times reached when they can be by no other means. The case of a woman supposed to be in great poverty was reported to the ladies of the Flower Mission, but no one dared proffer her assistance, for she was proud and high-spirited and would bitterly resent any overtures of charity. So the ladies resorted to a bit of strategy. A handful of roses and other flowers were first carried to her; at the next visit a pitcher full of wild flowers and ferns just from the woods; these brought enthusiastic words of praise from her lips, and glad, happy tears from her eyes; next came a box of mignonette, a small fuchsia and other green growing
plants for her to look at and care for. These were the stepping stones that took her out of her own morbid self for a little. After them came jelly, fresh eggs, nourishing food and other comforts for herself and child.

One morning one of the new made friends called upon her and informed her that on the following morning she was to go out for a ride. "Oh, but my dear" exclaimed the invalid, "I can not go. Don't you know that I have not been out of this bed for more than a year." "Never mind" said Mrs. G. "I have permission from the doctor and John has strong arms you know, and he will carry you; and the carriage will be half full of pillows. We will try the experiment and if it fails we will not attempt it again." Sweet new hope came to her that day like an angel of light, and that eventful ride proved to be the turning point in her life. She began to feel now for the first time in years that life still held some joy for her and perhaps after all it was worth living.

Let us follow the flower carriers on their rounds during a July morning. The air is hot and sultry out of doors. In the great sale-room it is like a heated furnace. All the clerks are in full dress, every one looks and feels unhappy and irritable; they think of the cool waters and green pastures, and long to be among them. We will follow on into the great work-room above where overcoats and other garments are being manufactured for the winter's trade; men and women are at work cutting, sewing, padding, and steaming with hot irons the heavy goods. To such as these give flowers.

The modest Sweet Brier spoke at last,
"My humble lot I long to cast
Among the poor, who toil and sin,
Amid the city's ceaseless din.

I will recall their early days,
Of simple joys and peaceful ways;
The country walks wherein they strayed,
Through sunny field, or woodland shade.

And through these memories of youth,
With all its innocence and truth,
A tender ray of hope divine,
To cheer their present gloom should shine."

6—Hort.
It was my pleasure to get a glimpse of what fresh flowers could do for the sufferers in hospitals during the war. Whenever they were brought into the sick rooms, men and boys would reach out and beg for them, saying, "please don't pass me by." Pinks, roses, lilacs, pansies and sweet geraniums were favorites; but the old double pink most of all. I have seen a man in bed with amputated limbs shed tears over them, and almost pray to them, for he seemed to see his mother's eyes in her good old garden pinks.

I have seen a man too sick to hold the tin cup of roses in his hands, ask to have it placed near his pillow, that he might enjoy all the fragrance and beauty. Another man asked that his hands might be filled with sweet flowers, mignonette and roses, when a severe operation was being performed. If flowers afford such comfort to men, what must the comfort be to women, sick in prisons and hospitals. Physicians tell us when difficult operations are to be performed at the hospitals, they take special pains to have them done on Wednesday's after the distribution of flowers, for at that time the whole atmosphere of the place seems changed.

I am not prepared to give an opinion in regard to jail and prison work. I will leave others to investigate the subject; no doubt many times good work can be done there. Good, sound judgment must be used, however, in this matter. It is sometimes a mistake to make these places too attractive; for indolent people who do not like to take care of themselves will take advantage of it. Prisoners should have, except in extreme cases, kind treatment, but at all times clean, well ventilated, healthy rooms.

In cases of life long imprisonment, no doubts on the flower question are entertained; brighten the life of the prisoner with pleasant things, give him books pictures, growing vines and plants by all means, for they will give him sweet growing thoughts that will lead him upward to a better life.

A woman prisoner (a desperate character), in one of our western cities is breathing out her life to-day behind prison bars that are hidden with a drapery of green from her growing vines. The effect that the cultivation of flowers has
had upon her life is said to be almost incredible, in fact miraculouis.

Let us enlist with the flower workers of the cities if we can, but if we cannot, let us establish flower missions of our own in our homes for the sick and unhappy about us; we can easily do so by getting the younger members of the family interested. We will cut our geraniums into slips in the early spring that the geranium beds may be enlarged; we will make an additional pansy bed, plant new shrubs, vines and flowers, with the old time sort that are ever ready to give up their flowers. Then is flower growing glorious employment. If doubts arise on the subject, I pray you try the experiment for one year.

Right here, let me say to our people, that we have several insane asylums in our state filled with hundreds of insane patients that are greatly in need of our flowers. Many of these unfortunates have lived among and cared for flowers during the best part of their lives. What rest and balm it would be to their weary, restless, longing souls to receive every Wednesday a basket or bouquet of sweet, fresh flowers just from the woods and gardens. We hope the day is not far distant when fresh flowers will ever be seen upon the tables of the insane patients.

“I gave unto a brown and tired hand
A stem of roses sweet and creamy white;
I knew the bells rung merry tunes that night.

Lo, it was Christmas time throughout the land,
And all the skies were hung with lanterns bright,
The brown hand held my roses gracelessly.

They seemed more white within their dusky vase.
A scarlet wave suffused the woman’s face;
“My hands so seldom hold a flower,” said she,

“I think the lovely things feel out of place.”
Oh, tired hands that are unused to flowers!
Oh, feet that tread on nettles all the way!

God grant His peace may fold you round to-day,
And cling in fragrance when the Christmas hours,
With all their mirthfulness have passed away.

Madison, Wisconsin.
Mr. Roe spoke warmly of the good influence of flowers in the walks of life and under all circumstances, touching feelingly upon his home experience.

Messrs. Hoxie and Plumb followed with appropriate remarks, after which Secretary Oliver Gibbs, Jr., of the Minnesota State Society, introduced and read a paper on "Some of the Gardens in Literature" which showed much study and appreciation of the passages quoted. The paper was in every respect a gem.

President Smith then read a paper on Horticultural Progress.

Mr. Roe spoke in praise of the Worden grape which he thought much of as surpassing the Concord in sweetness and quality, while equally so in size and hardiness. Messrs. Kellogg, Springer and Daniels also spoke very favorably of the Worden.

Mr. Plumb thanked Mr. Smith for his commendation of the Western Farmer, and mentioned that he saw at least twelve correspondents of the Farmer in the audience. He gave a short account of the origin and prospects of the Farmer.

Mr. Gibbs spoke of the soundness of the president's statement as to the market test fixing the value of varieties, but called attention to the short time since our standard varieties were transferred from the experimental to the recommended lists. Few varieties get the general market test. He stated that the Minnesota society proposes offering premiums of $1,000 for the production of a new seedling in any part of the world that shall prove superior to the Wealthy for the Northwest.

The society adjourned at 9 P. M.

December 20, 10 A. M.

The society was called to order by the president.

Secretary Gibbs of the Minnesota State Society invited the members of this society to send delegates and exhibit fruit at the approaching convention of their society.
Mr. Tuttle then read a paper upon Russian Apples.*
This was followed by N. N. Palmer's paper on "The Orchard Lessons of the Past Year."
George J. Kellogg then followed with a paper on "The Horticultural Outlook."
In the discussion which followed the papers, many members spoke on apples in the Northwest, giving their experience in the past and their prophecies for the future.
After which the following paper was listened to with much interest:

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

By Oliver Gibbs, Jr., of Lake City, Minnesota, Secretary of the Minnesota State Horticultural Society.

RUSSIAN APPLES.

The only place where I have found any of the Russian apple trees, of recent importations, growing in orchard in Minnesota as root grafts (except one or two of the Anis) is upon the farm of Andrew Peterson, near Waconia, in Carver county, a little below the latitude of St. Paul. Here is a small orchard, grafted in 1876 from the cions of the Agricultural Department Importation of 1870, kept perfectly clean, the season through, well cultivated, and forced by severe pruning into high heading and upright growths which gives a test of a few varieties that is fairer than top-working on crabs and is worthy of study. Here are the Lieby, No. 240; Charlamoff, No. 262; Hibernal, No. 378; Little Seedling, No. 410, and Astrakoff Glass, No. 472 — all as hardy in appearance as the black oaks in adjacent woods. The soil is a light colored, clay loam, the exposure southerly, with timber on the north some thirty rods away. All have the smooth bark of the Duchess, all the thick and wooly leaf common to the Russian trees, but all except the Little Seedling are irregular and scrawny though vigorous in growth. Charlamoff is a large, oblong, striped summer apple of excellent quality. Leiby, Hibernal and Astrakoff Glass are also large, but flat-

*Printed in Transactions of the State Agricultural Society.