

New York by Pen and Pencil.

Unpleasant Doings in Holiday Time—A New Phase of the Tipping Nuisance.
Old St. John's—Moving Pictures.



(From Our New York Correspondent.)
OR some cause which is not yet apparent the holiday season was marked by a flamboyancy of expression unusual to Gotham. This year the swagger set seems to have relaxed into the primitive, four footed way of manifesting its joy over the return of the blessed season, conducting itself after an idealized quadrumanous fashion. What I am actually trying to say is that some of the holiday doings of our idle rich have been of a nature which might have called a blush to the cheek of well, Sardanapalus.

One of the most novel and least objectionable social stunts of this description was a "pajama party." Yes, they did—the guests all appeared clad in this sure enough "evening dress." The company included a score of men and women who see daylight through Fifth avenue windows when they see it at all, and the other guests—well, the wearing of pajamas in public couldn't have been an out and out hardship for them. One of the latter was an interesting young person who was arrested recently while attempting to do a remarkable pas senti in "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge."

Now, this play itself is a literary and musical product concerning which there exists a wide difference of opinion. To illustrate this in a homely fashion, let me state that Jacobus Damm finds it especially attuned to his sense of appreciation, while I experience the need of fresh air before the first act is over. I admit that all this may be explained by the fact that Jacobus Damm is reputed to be intermingled with Kieckhefer blood and that I am equipped with an exceedingly unreasoning stomach, but I prefer to look elsewhere. Of one thing, however, I am quite certain—the young person was permitted to do the dance at the pajama party without arrest.

I am not a believer in the innate depravity of the human species, but I am obliged to admit that the theory is supported by some strenuous evidence. Recently I was lurching at a restaurant in lower Broadway which has a reputation for pacifying a maximum appetite at a minimum price. At an adjacent table two young men were discussing two plates of "beef and—Boston" with evident relish. Without any special effort on my part—it would have required the exercise of some ingenuity to avoid it—I overheard what they were saying and the matter of tipping.

"Yes, I believe in the system," one of them declared without any visible interruption of the business of the moment. "I always tip the waiter—that is, nearly always. It begins to look as if I should have to break my neck today."

"I'm not exactly on," the other managed to get in ahead of a fresh comment of the luscious legumes.

"Why, it's just this way," came the explanation in alternation with the hasty effort. "When I feed I make it a point to seat myself alongside somebody who is just about through with his meal. Now, nine times out of ten restaurant patrons don't hand their tip directly to the waiter, but put it on the table beside their plate and leave the place. Often than not the waiter is not at hand and does not see the money until he returns to remove the debris. Well, then I am there he doesn't see it. When he does find it, tucked



TIPPING.

atly under the edge of my plate, he rejoiced thereat, and when I see again I am greeted with a smile. My case it's a system that works perfectly. Yes, I almost always go to the waiter."

"Robbing Peter to pay Paul, isn't it?" asked the other, but not with evident approval.

"Not at all. The waiter gets everything that's coming to him. It is only a question of a bit."

Then they both laughed and ordered pumpkin pie and two glasses of buttermilk. With two such consciences and two such digestions what will the result be?

For two whole days Gotham was expelled by law to do without its moving picture shows, and the hardship was a cruel one. If the mayor had issued an order to close the hundreds of places of public worship in the greater city there could have been scarcely less indignant protest. The moving picture habit is so prevalent among us and holds its victims in so

firm a grip that no mayor who is ambitious to serve another term would be brave enough to discourage it. After his recent action it will be unnecessary for Mayor McClellan to disavow his intention of becoming a candidate for re-



THE MOVING PICTURE HABIT.

election. The picture show is not always exactly what it should be. The camera does not always discriminate in its choice of a subject for exploitation and beneath the manipulation of a hand devoid of judgment is apt to reveal matters which better might be concealed, but that the picture show is educative in a profitable way who will deny?

It is not to be affirmed that the moving picture show as it is conducted in Gotham is free from blemishes. At the present time the best pictures prepared for these exhibitions are made in Paris, and the subjects seem to be left to those who make them. Now, with out any intention to criticize the Paris photographer, it may be said that the pictorial taste of the gay capital is not precisely that of, say, Mr. Anthony Comstock. The latter gentleman's notions of what constitutes art have been formed in a climate whose variable temperature makes imperative the use of drapery, and plenty of it. In Paris one soon becomes less acutely sensitive to these sudden changes and in time angels without drapery are almost a par with those all clad in the regulation angelic garb.



ANGELS WITHOUT DRAPERY.

Then there is another mistake which those who have been supplying the American market with moving picture subjects have fallen into—they have failed to discriminate between the somewhat elastic moral perception of the native Parisian and the ethereal code which prevails on Gotham's east side. It is this failure which has made all of the trouble. So in future, Mr. Photographer for the moving picture show, please be sure that your subjects are clad comfortably and do not reveal them in situations which conflict with the American legal taste. In a word, avoid realism and all will be well.

One of the real grievances of the Gotham general public is that it cannot assist Trinity church in the management of its business affairs. It has been protesting its willingness to do so for about a century, but its proffer has met with the silence that is a feature of the business policy of the beneficiaries of old Anneke Jans. Thus far the corporation known as the vestry of Trinity church parish has managed to conduct its affairs without any special reference to the remainder of Gotham, and there is extant a suspicion that it has not begrudged itself by so doing. The recent announcement that the corporation had made up its mind to sacrifice old St. John's chapel, in Varick street, on the altar of the mammon of trade brought forth a storm of disapproval. Sentiment arrayed itself against the alleged sordidness, and all at once the doomed chapel took on an architectural and historical value that had never been suspected during its long years of practical neglect by the general public. All the old stories of the mediaeval business policy of the corporation were resurrected and the charge that it regarded humanity solely from a commercial viewpoint was reiterated.

Now, without going into the matter exhaustively, it is the fact that old St. John's isn't worth so much attention. It is the product of an age when American architecture was remarkable for nothing save its unlikeness to all existing models, and the rubberneck wagons have never included it in "seeing New York." Still, were I the Trinity corporation I shouldn't remove it just now. By the same token, were I the general public I shouldn't worry a great deal if it were removed. The Salvation Army has proposed an easy way out of the difficulty by offering to take the chapel and make it popular after the army's own peculiar fashion. This offer may not appeal to Trinity in a theological way, but its acceptance would go far toward confounding those who charge the corporation with illiberality. STUYVESANT BROWN.

No Romances.
"Kiss anybody under the mistletoe this year?"
"No; I didn't try."
"Don't care for such things?"
"Under the nose is good enough for me."

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Black Cockatoo.
There is a wonderful cockatoo in one of the islands of the Indian ocean near New Guinea. It is as large as a full grown pheasant and is of a jet black color. The bird is remarkable for its immensely strong bill and the clever manner in which it is used. The bill is as hard as steel, and the upper part has a deep notch.

Now, the favorite food of this cockatoo is the canary nut, but there is wonderful ingenuity required to get at it, for the nut is something like a Brazil nut, but it is ten times as hard. In fact, it requires the blow of a heavy hammer to crack it. It is quite smooth and somewhat triangular in shape.

Nature appears to have given the possession of the wonderful bill some intelligence to direct its powers, for the cockatoo takes one of the nuts edgewise in its bill and by a carving motion of its sharp lower beak makes a small notch on it. This done, the bird takes hold of the nut with its claws and, biting off a piece of leaf, retains it in the deep notch of the upper part of the bill. Then the nut is seized between the upper and lower parts of the bill and is prevented from slipping by the peculiar texture of the leaf.

A sharp nip or two break off a tiny piece of the shell of the nut. The bird then seizes the nut in its claws and pokes the long, sharp point of its bill into the hole and picks out the kernel bit by bit.

His Reason Why.

Once upon a time a learned doctor had a foolish servant, who always went with him to visit the sick. One day he was called to the bedside of a very ill patient, and after examining the man the doctor said that he had been eating oysters and that he must stop or he would die. When they left the house the servant asked the doctor how he knew that the sick man had been eating oysters.

"Because," said the learned man, "I saw the empty shells under the bed."

Some time after this the doctor was very busy, and a call came for his immediate service. In his stress he sent the servant to visit the patient, who was very bad, just to tell him that he would come as soon as possible. The servant arrived, and, as he had frequently heard his master do, he asked numerous questions; then, as his eyes wandered about the room, he said, "Sir, you may die, for you have eaten a horse."

"How dare you?" exclaimed the man's wife, and in anger she drove the fool out.

When the doctor called he was told that his services were no longer required and the reason given. He hurried home and questioned the servant.

"Why were you such a fool?" he asked.

To which the servant replied, "I knew he had eaten a horse, because I saw the harness under the bed."

"Greyfriars Bobby."
An interesting monument has been erected near Greyfriars cemetery, Edinburgh, in memory of a dog's devotion. This dog followed its master's remains to the cemetery in 1858; from that day and night after night for thirteen years it guarded the grave and only left it to visit a restaurant near at hand for its dinner. At the fire of the 1 o'clock gun from the castle Bobby left the grave and returned immediately after a hasty meal at the restaurant. On Sundays he dined from scraps laid in a certain place by him on Fridays and Saturdays.

He died in 1872. The facts are well authenticated and were reported prominently in the newspapers during the dog's lifetime.

A Phosphorous Lamp.

Get a small vial of clear glass and into it put a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea. Then pour in until one-third full some pure olive oil heated to the boiling point and cork the vial tightly. To get light at any time you have only to remove the cork and let some air get into the vial and then put in the cork again. This will cause the whole empty space in the vial to become luminous, the light being strong enough to enable you to see the time by a watch or a clock. When the light grows dim take out the cork again and then replace it as before. In cold weather it may be necessary to warm the vial between the hands to take the chill out of the oil.—Chicago News.

The Riddler.

What is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.

Why is the street car like the heart of a mother? Because there is always room for one more to be taken in.

Why are teeth like verbs? Because they are regular, irregular and defective.

Why is a man just imprisoned like a boat full of water? Because he requires bailing out.

A Cube Defined.

At a village school examination, says the Youth's Companion, the pupils were asked to define a cube. On one of the papers the teacher found the following definition: "A cube is a figure that is a square wide and a square long and the same on the top and bottom also."

Bring the Brush.

Oh, bring the brush and bring the comb. For here is little Frownshead, And father soon is coming home And must not see a lowbrowed! So we'll brush, comb, brush, And we'll comb, comb, comb! Around the finger twirl the hair And brush and comb and curl the hair Till gone is little Frownshead And Curlylocks is here instead. —Smile Foulson in Baby Fays.

MONEY IN OLD ORCHARDS.

Profitable Fruit Crops From Run Down Farms.

A woman who owns, and manages large orchards in the central part of New York state furnishes interesting information which will be of interest in all states where fruit is raised. She says:

"Within the last two months I've had as many as twenty letters from women asking for advice about investing in fruit trees. Most of these women are thinking of investing in farms or small country places where there are already what they term old, run down orchards. They come to me to find out if they can ever make those old trees bear.

"According to my experience, an apple tree in this climate has to be pretty far gone to be ready for the ax—I mean, of course, when it is a good variety. The trouble with the apple trees which we see on these old places is that they need care and attention.

"They have been allowed to stand year after year with their roots covered by sod. They are actually dying of thirst and starvation. If one will only study the difference in the color of the leaves of trees growing in a tilled orchard and in one allowed to go to grass in midsummer he will see the signs of starvation and thirst.

"The first thing to do with such an orchard is to plow it up. If it has been in sod for a number of years there will be many roots near the surface. Do not be afraid of hurting the trees by cutting these roots with the plow.

"This plowing should be done early in the spring and should be repeated several times during the first season. If the roots are so thick that you cannot plow, then chop up the sod with a disk harrow. If the land is too rough even for that, turn in hogs. Drop a few grains of corn here and there in crawler holes and leave the rest for the hogs.

"Trees in such neglected orchards always need pruning. This should be done when the trees are dormant, February is usually the best month.

"If the tree has not been pruned for several years, do not take out all the useless wood at one time. Let some of it go over.

"Now, pruning is something that should never be carelessly done. The prunings should all be burned and the ashes scattered about the roots of the trees.

"After this severe pruning you will get a big crop of water sprouts in the summer. Rub them off promptly. After this first pruning it will be necessary to prune a little every season.

"As a rule, there is enough plant food in the soil if it is only put in shape so that the trees can use it. If, however, this should not be the case, then a fertilizer containing nitrogen is the best tonic. A liberal dressing of barnyard manure is the very best way of supplying this nitrogen. Nitrate of soda is also good.

"I have found it impossible to raise good fruit without a spray pump. If you have never sprayed, begin by writing to your state experimental station for its spraying bulletins. Don't spray feebly, but do the job thoroughly.

"Trees may be healthy and blossom year after year and no fruit be formed. This condition can be remedied in two ways. One way is to graft about every third tree in every third row with a pollen bearing variety. The other and sometimes the more convenient is to replant certain rows with pollen bearers. When setting out new orchards I always plant every fourth row with pollen bearers.

"Fortunately it is only in isolated orchards of a single variety that such conditions prevail. In fruit growing districts where several varieties are raised and bees are kept a total failure is next to impossible. It is not always necessary to keep bees, but it will pay a fruit grower, especially in a new country, to be on the safe side."

A Homemade Barrel Header.

A simple and handy device for the farm is that shown in the accompanying cut. It is of special value where the article contained in the barrel should be safely secured either in ship-



HANDY BARREL HEADER.

ping or in storage. Its utility in other respects will be recognized at a glance. The barrel header is so simple in its construction that any directions as to how to make it would be superfluous.

Rheumatism in Cows.

Cows are subject to rheumatism, says a writer, and it affects them in the legs between the knee and the hip. The following treatment is recommended by the writer: First of all provide a comfortable, warm, dry, well ventilated stable and well lighted, but protected from strong drafts. There should be an abundance of clean, dry bedding. The food should be soft, easily digestible, slightly laxative, and the water clean, pure and cool. Give half an ounce of saltpeter three times a day. At the outset of the treatment give one pound of epsom salts in half a gallon of water and occasional smaller doses afterward to keep the bowels open. If you can locate the pain rub daily with camphorated spirits.

MY PUNKIN PIETY.

Since I've grown old I oft sit down And shed repentant tears Because I was a dreadful kid Back in my early years.

Dear mother trusted me so far. But I was always near Where'er she put the cookie jar. And, strange, they'd disappear.

The doughnuts, tarts and sugar cake, Cake rosters, jumbles, snaps—How quickly they would their leave take! It was the rats—perhaps.

One day ma made a punkin pie—A bully pie, oh, my! I watched her mix the eggs and things And winked the other eye.

I cannot lie. I stole that pie, And, nudging Brother Jack, I hurried for the kitchen door, But mother called me back.

I had the pie shoved up my back. It slipped down on my chair. It was my luck, alack, alack, To sit down on it square!

My mother laughed until she cried. I cried until I laughed. They called me "Punkins"—"Punkin-head."

Oh, my, how I was chaffed! I'm called a pious saint today. Of names I've a variety. But mother oft recalls to me My early punkin piety.

C. M. B.

FOR BONE CUTTER BUYERS.

When you buy a bone cutter, get it on trial.

Probation may save tribulation. Our first bone cutter turned hard enough to give a mule nervous prostration.

We kicked. Here are pointers for your profit: Buy a machine that stands perpendicular on legs.

The cutter that is screwed to a bench is a nuisance.

The machine with part of knives not in play wastes time and muscle; but, worst of all and cursed by many, is the bone cutter where one hand must press on a lever to control the feed while the other turns the crank.

Therefore get a cutter with automatic feed that is so adjusted that it makes the knives cut deep into a soft bone and ease up on a hard one and thus never stall, while the fowler falls straight into the hopper, the hopper having a hinged side for easy cleaning, with the cutter plate right underneath. The fowler should not rest on the knives; the knives should not require sharpening often and should be easily removed and replaced.

The cutter should not require a man's strength; it should cut tendons and gristle off slick, cut no chunks and splinters, but shave fast or slow, fine or coarse as adjusted, with reasonable exertion.

Order a heavy balance wheel to save exertion; beware of lightweight machines and exposed cogs and lubricate with machine snop oil.

A machine that cuts vegetables, corn, dry and green bone alike soon pays for itself and brings good profit, for the style described seldom needs repair.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

Pigeons are at their best for racing when from two to five years old. After that their age tells, as it does with "humans."

The turkey breeders of Indiana and Illinois were puzzled over the late arrival of the grasshoppers. They didn't get there till the middle of August, but to their sorrow found all the turkeys lined up to receive them.

The largest incubator in the world is at the Atlantic Duck farm, Long Island. Its capacity is 35,000 duck or 50,000 hen eggs, and the cost for running it twenty-four hours is 50 cents.

Long Island, only 120 miles long and 30 miles wide, raises on its forty duck ranches 350,000 ducklings a year. At Speenk is the largest duck farm in the world, with a capacity of 70,000 ducklings. New York consumes 90 per cent of this duck crop and is within half a mile of the end of the island. Here we see the great advantage of locating near your market.

The winter is quietly and quickly passing. Don't push your breeders for heavy market laying. The hatching season will be here in a short while, and then wormout layers will lay few fertile eggs for hatching.

In the new year let us adopt and practice the boy's resolution, "I'm going to be gooder and gooder and gooder."

When you find a better method adopt it and give the man who introduced it the credit. If you have given people your old method and they have it in use notify them of any improvement on the same or inform them of the more profitable plan you have adopted in its place. This wins respect.

British egg wholesalers claim that 90 per cent of stale eggs are white, while American storage men claim that the brown shelled eggs, having thicker and heavier shells, keep longer. Is this all rot or not? Brethren, it's the smell, not the shell, that's the sell and keeps your eggs from tasting well.

A hen in Rising Sun, Pa., laid an egg with a letter "H" on it. We advise her in time to omit the letter "S," for it will put her owner under suspicion of selling storage eggs, and then her cackler will be cut off.

There is continuous advertising for well equipped poultry managers. Good inducements are offered. The American hen has opened up an honorable and well paying occupation for many men and women. She'll be a political issue yet.

The Minnesota state fair housed its poultry show in a magnificent new building, with single coops for all fowls. That's the way to draw big exhibits.

L. M. Tarnitz

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Baked Orange Pudding.
One cup of sugar, a large tablespoonful of butter, two eggs and one and a half cups of milk, two cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; flavor with the grated rind of two large oranges. Bake until a golden brown in a brick oven. Serve with the following sauce: Four large tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of butter and one of flour. Cream these three ingredients together until perfectly smooth. Beat the white of one egg to a froth and add it. Pour over the mixture half a cup of boiling water, stirring the mixture until it is creamy and allowing no lumps to form. Have prepared two large oranges from which all the peel and skin have been removed and chop them in small pieces. Remove the sauce from the fire and add these oranges. Serve the pudding hot.

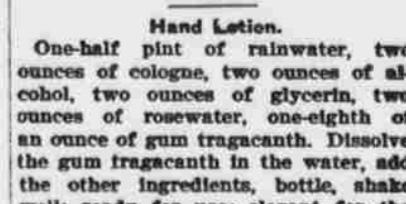
Hand Lotion.
One-half pint of rainwater, two ounces of cologne, two ounces of alcohol, two ounces of glycerin, two ounces of rosewater, one-eighth of an ounce of gum tragacanth. Dissolve the gum fragrant in the water, add the other ingredients, bottle, shake well; ready for use; elegant for the hands in cold weather or where you have to use hard water.

Duchesse Potatoes.
Peel, slice and cook until tender in just enough water to cover; let drip and place in a warm saucepan; mash with three yolks and a little flour; roll out on a board sprinkled with flour and divide into oblong cakes three-fourths by one-half by three inches; fry on both sides in butter to a golden brown and serve as garnish for roasts.

To Banish Rats and Mice.
It is claimed that rats or mice can be compelled to vacate premises by using a mixture of chloride of lime and water at the places frequented by these animals. Some of the mixture ought to be poured into the holes. Rats have a great aversion to the odor of chloride of lime and betake themselves at once as far as possible from it.

Rinse Starch.
A method of starching infants' fine dresses and all dainty fabrics: First starch as usual, then open up the garment well and dip down once into clear water. When dry slightly dampen in warm water and roll up for a few minutes. Garments starched in this way iron beautifully and are of the proper stiffness.

An Adjustable Mirror.
In every household some member finds fault with the position of the mirror intended for general use. For some the mirror is too high, for others too low. Unfortunately all cannot be pleased unless an adjustable mirror similar to the one shown in the accompanying illustration is used. There is a rack for towels, etc., a comb tray and



MIRROR MOVES UP OR DOWN.

a mirror which can be readily adjusted to any desired height. Attached to the wall is the support which holds the cross arm, the latter carrying the mirror, etc. This cross arm slides on a toothed bar and is held in position by a ratchet pinion. This ratchet pinion is not locked against rotation, but only to an extent sufficient to prevent accidental falling of the rack from its adjusted position. Thus the mirror can be quickly raised or lowered to the position most suitable to the user.

A French Steak.

Place a thick sirloin steak in baking pan in which a few bits of suet have been browned. Salt, pepper it and add a few tiny bits of lemon and suet. Cover with a thin layer of sliced onions and on this pour tomato catch-up. Bake about half an hour. The onions should be brown, but the steak rare. Experience will govern this.

Handy Stain Remover.

Spots can be removed from almost any delicate material by rubbing for five minutes with a piece of soft flannel. The wool absorbs whatever has made the spot and does not leave a ring, as do cleansing fluids.

Potato Mucilage.

A good mucilage can be made from potato peelings. Put as many peelings as desired in a kettle, cover with water, boil an hour, strain, then add half a teaspoonful of alum. This will keep indefinitely.

To Freshen Stale Nuts.

When nuts have become too dry to be good remove the shells, let stand overnight in equal parts of water and milk, then dry in the oven. They will taste perfectly fresh.

Cure For Chilblains.

Chop raw onions fine, make a poultice and place next to the feet or parts affected at night.