

A MARKET DAY IN IRELAND

ADVENTURES OF TWO NEW YORK COEDS AT BALLYSHANNON.

They Drifted In Among the Calves and Filled Granny's Prediction of an Adventure Before, Grand Luck Atween and Something Unexpected Ferminst.

BALLYSHANNON, Aug. 12.—There are market days the world over, from our own New England town to Bombay—and further, if you wish, to the land of the little brown Japs. But stop half way—old Ireland is half way, isn't it?—and view market day here in the land of shamrocks and fairies and potatoe and you will find something "twice the size and three times as hearty as a cabbage," so the saying goes. There are market days and market days, even in Ireland, and the nearest and the farthest you will find in the north, Bay County Donegal, and, to be more explicit, say Ballyshannon.

Now, it happened that two American college girls drifted into Ballyshannon a week ago—drifted in—on an accommodating narrow gauge toy train en route for Belek and the pottery works. They found Ballyshannon enveloped in the mystery and magic of a market day. From their coach's ark railway station they spied the sunbaked roads filled with lines of slow moving calves and their drivers.

There were big calves, little calves, brown, white, mustard and black calves, mild eyed and malicious, sleek and unkempt calves, as many and as varied as the rats in a certain Hamelin town.

"What is it?" said the Columbia coed. "A stampede or a roundup?"

"It is a cow baby show," said the Columbia coed. "Let's go."

They climbed to the nearest jaunting car, on either side of a veteran jarvey, who turned out to be symmetrically deaf and peculiarly picturesque.

"Where to, me leddy?" he inquired impartially of both.

"What's that?" demanded the New York University girl waving her hand toward the calves.

"It does be a calf," said the jarvey. "Of course," said she, while the Columbia coed giggled. "Any one knows one is a calf, but what is it, all unrelated and all such the same way?"

"The jarvey looked puzzled, very puzzled. "We want to see whatever is happening," shouted Columbia—"calves, cows, everything."

Still looking puzzled the jarvey lashed his horse and started toward the town.

"Wherever we're going," said the New York University girl waving her hand toward the calves.

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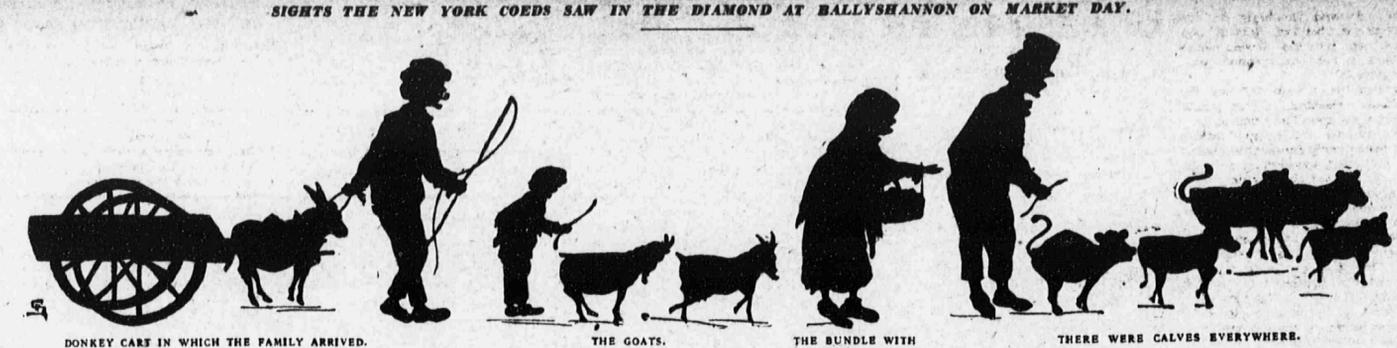
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DONKEY CART IN WHICH THE FAMILY ARRIVED. THE GOATS. THE BUNDLE WITH THE DILKES. THERE WERE CALVES EVERYWHERE.

TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY'S VENTURE

TOOK HIM THROUGH SCHOOL AND BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Poultry Enterprise He Started with Nothing, Now Supports His Mother and Sister—Expenses and Profits at the Start—Rabbitry for a Side Line.

"Yes, it is quite true that my son made enough money out of poultry to pay his way through the high school and business college. He started with nothing when he was 10, and three years ago, after he had taken his diploma and secured a good position, he turned his poultry business over to me and his youngest sister."

"The speaker was a woman living on Long Island whose poultry and eggs bring fancy prices in the New York market.

"We make a good living by it, my daughter and I," she went on, "I don't encourage her to seek other work."

"Soon after my son began going to school he began to say he wasn't going to stop until he'd gone through high school. My husband was earning \$7.50 a week, and as there were six in the family I didn't see much chance of the boy succeeding."

"The summer after he was 9 he hired himself out to a farmer to do weeding and such light work on the farm at 60 cents a day. He told me what he had done and had been a carpenter. Then he came a week of his earnings and put the rest away to pay his way through school."

"Late in August he began to talk about raising chickens and the first thing any of us knew he had bought a lot of old lumber and was busy building a chicken house. The lumber cost him \$1.50 and was paid for in work. Then he got some wire netting from another place, where he worked out the price on the strawberry beds."

"The only help he had in building that first poultry house was from a man who had been a carpenter. This man helped him to put in the doors and windows and showed him how to fix the cross poles on the roof. In return for this assistance my son gave him three days work."

"From his summer's earnings he had saved up \$8, with which he bought ten hens at 50 cents each and two white rabbit does at \$1 each. The balance went for feed, except 10 cents. Five of that 10 cents went to buy lime to make a thick wash, with which he covered the inside of the house."

"The next day he bought a couple of worms to put in the whitewash as a preventive of vermin. The farmer for whom he worked was a poultry raiser and my son had picked up a lot by watching him."

"When school opened that autumn he had everything fixed and going smoothly. Every morning before leaving for school he cleaned up the poultry house, rinsed out the drinking tub and gave the chickens their morning feed. He did it all in ten minutes and it was always well done."

"At night he made the mash by adding two cups of ground feed and a pinch of salt, mixing it all together and standing it at the back of my cook stove. In the morning it was just warm and almost dry."

"When he came home at night he fed the chickens grass, plantains or any green stuff he had been able to gather on his way from school. This he cut into two inch lengths with a pair of old scissors, as the farmer had explained to him that long pieces of grass were apt to cause the hens to crop because they will not break it into short pieces as they do with growing grass."

"He kept a record of everything he made and spent, which I still have. He laughs at it now, but we all thought it remarkable then and I haven't yet got over feeling proud about it."

"I remember the first week he started in business his ten hens laid twenty-four eggs; second week, twenty-nine; third week, forty-two; fourth week, five he got ten more and added two more living near a school to take his eggs at 22 cents a dozen right along."

"That first month he made \$2.42 from the eggs of those ten hens, besides giving me fourteen for the house. As feeding the hens only cost 88 cents he had a clear profit of \$1.54."

"Before the frost came he had thought out a good plan for keeping his hens in green food during the winter. It was a plan that so far as I have been able to learn nobody had ever tried before."

"The farmer who packed them from full of fresh cut clover and plantain. By fixing the lids to fit inside and weighting them down with heavy stones he kept the green stuff fresh and juicy like ensilage for cattle."

"That saved him buying clover that first year, and as green feed is as necessary as meat for a good egg yield it had much to do with the success of that first winter."

"After the first of January he bought meat scraps of the butcher at 10 cents a week, and he bought in January he added one rooster to his flock, paying \$1."

"In February he set five hens at hatching. In March five more, so that he had only five to produce eggs. In February there were twelve more young rabbits, but only eight were sold, as my son decided to keep four little to increase his stock."

"In March he bought two ducks and a drake for \$5, and as he had to build them a house and add to his henhouse besides buying packing cases covered with tar paper to make stormproof coops his expense account ran up to \$15. Even at this his profits amounted to \$7.34."

"He set every hen as soon as it was broody, as he had learned from the farmer that early chicks make the early profitable pullet, and all the cockerels of February

ORCHIDS FOR EVERYBODY

GROWING THEM IN THE WINDOW GARDEN NOT DIFFICULT.

Potting the Plants the Most Confusing Thing About Their Culture—The Ten Best Varieties to Grow at Home—Their Care Largely a Matter of Experience.

"It is all humbug about orchids being only for the rich," said a commercial orchid grower when complimented on the unusual beauty of his plants. "There are at least fifty of the most desirable orchids that can be grown with no more trouble than the average run of greenhouse plants."

"In this country people seem to be afraid to try an orchid in a window garden, while England is full of little greenhouses and window gardens in which orchids are grown along with geraniums. People seem to think orchids need a different and more difficult culture than any other variety of plants."

"The truth of the matter is that only in one particular does the culture of orchids differ from that of the ordinary greenhouse plant—in the potting materials. The most confusing thing about potting orchids is the multiplicity of receptacles, baskets, rafts, cylinders and all sorts of contrivances that are on the market for the purpose."

"The beginner has only to remember one point which explains many things that may seem at first peculiar. Most of the cultivated orchids are air plants; that is they get their food from the air. So in potting orchids no soil should be used and the compost that takes its place must be of such a nature as to admit air to the roots at all times. The standard potting materials are peat and moss, which hold the necessary moisture. For a beginner I would recommend the use of baskets simply because they admit air to the roots and are more ornamental than pots made especially for orchids."

"For potting I recommend sphagnum moss, the coarse leaved variety rather than the narrow leaved kind, and live moss rather than dead moss. Both peat and moss can be got direct from the swamps or bought of an orchid dealer. There is a third potting material, leaf mould, with which the orchid growers in Europe have had unusual success, but personally I have never been able to make much with it."

"The first thing to do when potting an orchid is to provide for drainage. They need more drainage than any other plants and at least from one-half to two-thirds of the pots or baskets should be filled with drainage material. While I recommend broken bits of flower pots for other plants I have found charcoal the most satisfactory for orchids. Plenty of rough, broken pieces should be used, scattered all through the pot or moss."

"The most important point in firm potting an orchid is to make the soil to perish. It is best to mound up the compost so that the crown of the plant is a little higher than the level of the pot or basket. In repotting be careful not to disturb the roots. It is much better to break the pots."

"It is not necessary to know a thousand and one facts about each orchid before attempting to grow it. There are three things, however, every one should know before buying an orchid. First, whether it is terrestrial or epiphytic, because the kind of potting material is different, whether it belongs to the cool, hot or the intermediate compartment of greenhouse culture; third, its blooming season, because this tells its resting period."

"These facts you can always get from the dealer from whom you buy. Orchids need plenty of light, air and a sufficient quantity of water, but how much must be learned by experience."

"Where only one plant can be cared for and the window of the ordinary dwelling house than by all means let the beginner select the Cologny cristata. I would rate it among one of the five best and most popular orchids and by all odds the safest for the ordinary window culture. It is a free blooming plant, blossoms measure four or five inches across."

"In a few weeks it will be time for the window gardener and the flower lover to begin putting in plants. If they will add a few orchids to their varieties and use ordinary intelligence in caring for them they will be amply repaid."

"If the flowers are to be sold as cut flowers it will be of interest to know that few blossoms find such ready sale in the New York market as the more showy varieties of orchids."

FRAMING IT UP FOR HIM.

Fight in the Street Faked for the Disadvantage of the Unwary.

Three or four small boys waited outside a downtown restaurant the other evening until a man came out who appeared to be a little the worse for food. As he passed the sidewalk's edge, two of the boys squared off and began apparently to fight with the heartiest will.

"One was short, the other tall. The little fellow was seemingly having all the best of it, when suddenly the big one ran."

"Come on, get after him," said the inebricate on the sidewalk.

"But you, a dollar I can lick him," said the big fellow, stopping in his flight.

"Then too the other small boys about volunteered to bet with the tipsy man. He might have made the bet but for a friend who came out of the restaurant just then. The friend knew the game and dragged his man away."

"Just a plant to get a bet down. Then the big fellow will lick him and take the money. They split," he said.

TYPENWRITERS FOR THE BLIND.

Easily Operated Machines Which Write an Alphabet of Dots.

The introduction of the extreme simplicity of the Braille alphabet for the blind has been speedily followed by the invention of a machine that writes that character with great rapidity and ease.

"My son never had a dozen eggs or a chicken or a duck, or a young rabbit either, for that matter, go bagging the whole time of the summer. His hen kept laying right along through cold weather, when the farmers about us would be getting no eggs. It was all because he kept them clean and comfortable. As I said before, we are only following in his steps, so I don't feel we need any praise for making a good living raising chickens and ducks for market."

"The machine that writes that character with great rapidity and ease is a scientific hand, the type is made of metal and is operated by the use of the blind and employing an embossed character for finger reading wherein the attempt has been made to preserve the outlines of the Roman alphabet. That type has practically gone out of use except for those who acquired it long ago and are not inclined to change."

"The objection to this character is that it may not readily be deciphered by touch. For such as have lost their sight after they have acquired the art of reading visually it was supposed that it would be easier to recognize by the sensitive finger tip forms already familiar to the eye. In the case of those born blind or becoming sightless in their early years this supposed advantage cannot exist."

"The Braille character differs wholly all idea of resembling the Roman alphabet. It has been thought out with the sole purpose of making the best and most facile use of the tactile sense."

"Its fundamental element is a cell of six squares, each as large as the letter 'e' of a wood sized pin, the dots arranged in two vertical columns of three each, the two columns so closely approximated as to establish the unity of this cell, yet sufficiently far apart to admit of distinct touch sense of the individual dots. The several letters are formed by the employment of one or more of those embossed dots, identification depending upon the number of these dots and their position in the fundamental cell."

"The most common vowel in English, 'e,' is represented by a single dot; this is differentiated from the only other letter represented by a single dot, 'a,' by the fact that it is made from one of the dots in the upper line of the cell, 'e' by a dot in the middle line. The more frequent letters are represented by combinations of two or three dots in different positions. The full alphabet is made without employing more than five dots, the number in j, q, x and z."

"Because this alphabet is so neatly developed on a scientific basis, the typewriter invented for it is of the most simple and durable construction. The unit of the machine is the Braille cell duplicated."

"The paper in its carriage is moved in a sidewise travel over a small steel plate having six holes reproducing the dots of the cell. Over this plate is firmly mounted another cell plate having six rounded depressions to serve as a matrix."

"Producing any position in the Braille cell may be made by plunger pins which operate upward through the holes in the lower cell and force the paper into the upper matrix block above. These plunger pins are actuated by cams set in motion by the touch of the keys."

"The mechanism is to the utmost simplicity. It looks like a small section of a piano, with a white baseboard and six black keys rising therefrom. Each key sets in motion one of the plungers in the cell and by pressing down its corresponding key one may reproduce each dot necessary to complete the character. All the required keys called for by the character desired are depressed simultaneously and when they are released the carriage spaces onward along the line of writing. For space between words there is a space bar."

"The paper employed is a special grade of very tough manila. This is essential in order to have a material in which the plunger pins will emboss the dots without piercing the paper."

"The action of the instrument is only slightly hastened by the use of one or two writing machines and a speed of thirty or forty words a minute is quite within the reach of an operator as soon as he has become adept. The writing is simple; that is, in the blind sense; the whole line may be read by the finger up to the last character embossed."

MORE WOMEN USE CABS.

Cheaper Cab Fares One Cause, Frecks Another.

Probably more women in New York use cabs now than ever before, this being due in some measure to the present day cheaper cab fares, but still more perhaps to the now greater than ever cohesiveness of women's apparel, which prompts a woman caught out in a shower to pay 50 cents or a dollar or so for a cab rather than take the chance of damaging an expensive garment.

Naturally the cabman, who it might be mentioned is not dull about anything, is quite alert to this increased readiness of women to hire cabs, and he is far from slow in taking advantage of it. Unlike the farmer, the cabman reaps in rainy weather; and his best harvests he gathers in those heavy showers that come up unexpectedly on clear days and promise when they once get started to continue in a settled rain.

In the circumstances, from wherever he is, it is idle the cabman starts for the ladies, and he knows just where to find them.

Here, for instance, is a shopping store over whose front entrance is a great glass awning extending to the curb; a big awning with room enough for scores of people under it, and this space is now pretty well occupied by women in fine clothes who had come out under bright skies to find themselves now on emerging from the store caught in a steady shower.

There are fifty women here perhaps, in all sorts of glad garments, waiting for this shower to clear up or for other relief; and that other relief in the shape of cabs has already begun to arrive.

Across the street is a great hotel with many cabs about, but none comes from there, for they all are or will be wanted by the hotel. From other directions other cabs begin to come, private broughams and cabs for their owners and public cabs, hansom and taxicabs, these last in number the most numerous. They are waiting for the big glass awning from under which, as they know by experience, it will be a cinch to snap up a fare.

So the cabs come and go, swooping down from both directions till they've captured and carried off about three-quarters of the women. Good business for the cabman. But things calm down a little and presently when the cabs come up together, they fight for a single customer.

FIFTH AVENUE'S OLD CLOTHES

MAY SERVE TO BOOST THE NEAR POOR INTO PROSPERITY.

Jobs That Have Depended on Discarded Dress Suits, Riding Togs and Ball Gowns—Good Clothes as a Help in Getting Employment at Good Wages.

What becomes of Fifth avenue's discarded clothing—the evening gowns that so soon pass out of style, the dress coats that will do only for one season's wearing, the riding breeches, the top hats, the frock coats that have one button too many?

One of the largest distributors of the cast off garments of the rich is the association for improving the condition of the poor, to which among thousands of ordinary garments are sent to be passed on to the poor not a few of the fine feathers from the fine birds. A whole room at the association's headquarters, 105 East Twenty-second street, is jammed from floor to ceiling with all sorts of useful garments in all sizes, and with fine clothing as well.

A pair of patched but serviceable slippers may be crowding a dainty pink silk slipper with an atrociously fashionable heel; a dress of overall material is juxtaposition to a dress suit bearing the name of a London tailor, which among thousands of ordinary garments are sent to be passed on to the poor not a few of the fine feathers from the fine birds. A whole room at the association's headquarters, 105 East Twenty-second street, is jammed from floor to ceiling with all sorts of useful garments in all sizes, and with fine clothing as well.

"That's the best joke in a year," he said to Mrs. Helene Ingram, superintendent of the relief department. "Dress suits for the poor! It is to laugh."

"Or to weep," interrupted Mrs. Ingram. "Do you know where that dress suit may go? It will probably go to some poor family, dress the father decently for a job, and so take some of the sting away from the fact that the coffin is cheap. And if they can bury their father in a self-respecting sort of way, the mother will be glad to keep up that self-respect after the funeral. Yes, lots of dress suits go in this way—dinner coats too."

"In many ways of contrast, some of the baby dresses of the rich go to make the christening robes of the infants of the poor. The silk hats, which may seem anomalous here, proper for a woman of the world, but some women to demand it, just as a gasoline engine will have no respect for any one who is not provided with automobile goggles and a properly peaked cap."

"And the same use to which the discarded dress suits are put is the fitting out of aspirants for employment as waiters or butlers. I dare say we have been able to equip a hundred aspirants for such positions. We have not quite the same facility in disposing of the ball gowns sent us. Now and then we are enabled with them to help some poor woman, but the most common use of them is for the making of a pair of trousers for a young fellow who has just come out of the Central Park. The next day he came in to tell us that the riding togs had definitely clinched the job for him."

"But which of those with clothes to give away lose sight of the clerk who supports a wife and family on a salary of \$15 or \$18 a week and finds himself unable to do so? He has a pair of trousers that was too rich to be given so some one. This is a magnificent lace gown. The lace, which is in one piece, was made to order for a wealthy woman, and the finished garment cost \$200. His wife went to it once and found it too heavy for comfort."

"We shall sell the garment, the lace on which experts say is worth a large sum, and develop it into a pair of trousers. It is rare for us to get anything, however queer, that we cannot put to practical use."

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HELPS CAB CUSTOMERS TOO.

The Attentiveness of the Store's Umbrella Man Not for Carriage People Only.

The common idea of the umbrella man found in the front of many stores, large and small, is that he is there to look after carriage customers and shelter them, and such no doubt is the primary purpose of his employment, but in at least one case he is there to help a very different class of customers who depart by trolley car.

It is to be supposed that if his duty seemed directed between a customer leaving the store and a customer getting on a trolley car at the same time for a trolley car his umbrella would be held over the carriage rider, but whenever opportunity offers he affords the woman bound for the car the same shelter. If need be he escorts customers across the tracks to take a car on the other side.

"Sometimes women leaving this store to take a car on a rainy day hurry, not knowing the protection that awaits them; but if they hurry the umbrella man hurries with them, so that they soon realize the protection of the umbrella man's umbrella. It seems proper to add that his bearing toward the car customers who he