

# Sorrows of the Little Green Pig

## One and All the St. Patrick's Day Guests Turned Up Their Noses at Him.

Early in the morning the little green pig got up, had his breakfast, tidied up his house and dressed himself in his best, for he had been bidden to the St. Patrick's day feast and he wanted to get a good start. He glanced in his bit of a mirror before he started and thought he looked very nice.

He was green all over and wore a white collar with a red tie and a gray felt hat with a sprig of shamrock in it. Beside this there was the proud consciousness that his head came off just where it should.

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"GOOD MORNING, MA'AM, MAY I WALK ALONG WITH YOU?"

collar joined the tie and that his inside was filled with little candies.

So he sat up bravely on his hind legs and his face wore an affable and ingratiating expression, for he was anticipating



SHILLELAH STARED AT HIM.

make and the jolly time they would all have.

As he trotted down the path and carefully shut the yard gate so that the neighbors' chickens should not get into his garden while he was gone, he felt very happy and looked forward to see if any one else had got as early a start for the feast as he. Sure enough, a good distance off he saw a long speck in a cloud of dust. The speck grew until it could be seen that it was a large, handsome black shillelah. As it came nearer with athletic strides it might be seen also that it had a savage and forbidding face with scowling brow and heavy, underhung jaw.

But the little green pig was so full of the joy of the day that he never noticed this at all and just thought what a strong, upstanding person this first traveler was and how fine it would be to go tramping along the road in such company, even though the pace should prove a little rapid for his short legs. So he smiled amiably at the shillelah and said:

"A bright morning this is, neighbor, and I see you're off for the feast. I'm just starting myself and I'll join you if you'll slow up a little. There's plenty of time, you know, and my legs aren't quite as long as yours."

The shillelah flung him an enraged stare. "Slow up for the likes of you!" he shouted, moving along as fast as ever. "You must be crazy. Stay where you are, and don't you try to follow me or I'll whack you well."

The green pig was a little dashed at this rude treatment, but not much, for the day was fair and he was going to the feast and he saw another speck up the road and he knew another traveler was coming, so he said: "This will be good company, I'm sure. Probably the poor shillelah got such an early start that he didn't have time to eat breakfast, and that always makes you cross."

By this time the new traveler had come near enough to be recognized as a smart, glossy tall hat with a green ribbon tied around it in a trim bow and a shamrock stuck on one side. It tripped jauntily along swinging a light cane.

"The top of the mornin' to you!" called the little green pig jocosely, for he felt that the hat was just the sort of companion he had been looking for. "Morning!" said the hat, pausing in a doubtful and by no means cordial manner by the gate. "I'm going your way," said the green pig. "Wait while I fasten the gate and I'll join you."

The hat stared a second. "Oh, don't trouble yourself, don't trouble yourself," it said hastily, skipping on as fast as it could go. "I can't walk with a common

### MUSHROOMS FROM THE MINE.

Crops Grown Cheaply and Successfully in the Coal Regions.

"Do you see those?" remarked a man who raises mushrooms as he pointed to a pile of mushrooms. "Well, I happen to know that those mushrooms came out of a coal mine in Pennsylvania. Quite a few mushrooms are taken out of the mines now. Occasionally they help to light the market, too."

"Of course, as everybody knows, mushrooms are raised in cellars and two essential are a proper fertilizer carefully applied and an even temperature. Some bright person who knew something about mushrooms discovered that when it came to growing them artificially the dark chambers of a mine were as good as the ordinary cellars at less cost in them."

In the first place, the mines furnished just the right kind of manure and then the temperature of a mine is always even, so that it cost nothing to supply heat. There are lots of places in the Pennsylvania coal mines which can be used for growing mushrooms and before long mine mushrooms are certain to be quite a factor in the market, I believe.

The largest part of New York's supply of mushrooms comes from Pennsylvania

anyway and some of the large growers are located in the coal regions, hence it is not strange that the idea of growing them in mines should be taken up there.

"Nowadays the profit in raising mushrooms for the market is not what it used to be. Formerly the mushroom grower could easily get \$1 a pound for them and was always sure of getting his crop taken as fast as it matured. Four thousand pounds of mushrooms might be called a big crop for the man who makes a business of growing them and as you can get a crop every six weeks with careful planning you can see how profitable it was then."

"The number of mushroom raisers has increased tremendously in the last few years, with the result that last week, for example, you could buy the best mushrooms for 25 cents a pound. The mushroom market is uncertain, because it isn't regulated at all. There are no seasons for mushrooms and no combination of growers. Hence at times the market is glutted with them, while at other times the amount brought in is small and the price goes up."

"A lot of people have gone into mushroom farming with a view of supplying a few select customers, such as the large restaurants. I know a French waiter who day-by-day is making \$5.00 a year out of what might be called a small mushroom farm."

"All the work in mushroom farming



HE ALMOST STEPPED ON THE SERPENT.

fellow like you." Then it called back. "You may follow at a becoming distance, but not too close, mind; not too close!"

"Whatever can he mean?" said the little green pig, much surprised. But his attention was distracted by another speck which he saw coming down the road toward his gate. This time it was a large one which resolved itself into two as it got nearer, a neat little green jaunting car with shining wheels and a tiny pot of shamrock. They were coming dancingly along, talking gaily about the feast, and when the little pig saw this he jumped for joy and cried, "Oh, goodly! These are just the companions I've been hoping for."

He rushed through the gate and called joyously, "Good morning! Good morning! I've been waiting for you and wouldn't I go to the feast with any one else, though they urged me ever so much."

Such a change came over the jaunting car and the pot of shamrock. They turned cold and stiff at once and edged as far away from the little green pig as the road would allow.

"We will not be able to accept your offer of companionship," said they snubly. "We do not know you. We have never been introduced and from what we can see you are not in our class at all. Not at all. Now do not persist in following us, for if you do we shall be obliged to call the police," and they flounced off down the road, leaving the little green pig staring vacantly after them.

At last he recovered himself and said, "Well! Well! Whatever's the matter with folks this morning? They must have got out of the wrong side of bed sure enough."

He was almost a little depressed, but his hopeful nature led him to take another look up the road and what he saw brightened him up wonderfully. There was him



"WE'LL ALL THREE GO TO THE FEAST TOGETHER."

something moving his way which glittered and sparkled in the sun and faint strains of music ravished his ears. Pretty soon he saw that this object was a golden harp mounted on a green candy box. The front of the harp was a beautiful winged lady without any arms. Her eyes had a rapt expression and she seemed not to see the green pig at all, though he stood directly in the road gazing at her in great admiration.

He said to himself, "This beautiful lady will let me go along with her because I am sure she is as kind as she is beautiful," and he spoke up: "Good morning to



THE POT OF SHAMROCK AND THE JAUNTING CAR WERE VERY SNAPPY.

you, ma'am! May I walk along in your good company to the feast? It would be a joy to me to look at you and hear the fine music."

The golden lady's eyes woke up and she stared resentfully at the green pig. "Mercy no! Pig!" said she in a fretful tone. "Of course you can't go with me. You are too mundane. Your presence would be very distracting. I should not be able to compose a bit of poetry or a fine strain of music while you were near. Go as far away from me as you can. I can only endure flowers and birds and the sea and blue sky and stars and all that sort of thing. I'm sorry, but I dislike pigs very much."

And with a few discordant notes she moved off down the road. The poor little green pig was by this time pretty well discouraged, but as he sat down to think about the matter who should he see coming his way but his old friends the potato and the short clay pipe, arm in arm. This sight roused new hope in him for he said to himself, "Maybe I am too humble for all those great folks. I should have thought of that and not tried to poke myself in where I wasn't wanted. I deserve to be snubbed. But here are two of my own kind and we'll all three go to the feast together as comfortable as can be."

So he trotted out to meet them and said, "Hello! Going to the feast? So in I and it's time we were getting there, too!" And he trotted along beside them for a few steps, though they had not said a word of greeting nor offered an arm to him.

When the things were moved into the new place and partly arranged she learned that there was a five-year-old boy in the family occupying the flat overhead. She thereupon telephoned and said the agent of the flat she had vacated that she had changed her mind about moving, had the van crew take the stuff back to the old place and telephoned to her husband that the proposed move had been called off. When he sat down to dinner at 6.30 he didn't notice that a thing had been disturbed.

"About this time," Phinney's Family Almanac would say if it were still published, and say if it is still on the list of annuals, "begin to get ready for moving."

This is on the supposition that that sterling household mentor in its adherence to time honored formulas has not noted recent changes. Perhaps, however, a consultation of this work for 1911, if it is still printed, would disclose on a page devoted to predictions such entries in italic type, as in August, "Thunderstorms and occasional moving vans," and in March, "Raw northeast winds and piano movers at the full of the moon."

**THE CAT ON THE LADDER.**  
Surprising Sight for Mr. Flatdweller Down in the Back Area.  
"Did you know," said Mr. Flatdweller, "that cats could climb ladders? Well, I never did till this morning."

"I dropped something out of a window into the back area of our house, and naturally I went down to get it, and as I stepped out of the basement door into the area I saw there what I was after and also a cat. And now I guess you'd better let me describe the situation."

"This area, which is maybe sixty feet long by twelve feet wide, is sunk about eight feet below the surrounding ground, a masonry wall rising all around to the ground level, and then from the top of this wall there rises all around a six foot board fence. Laid across the area and maybe fifteen feet apart are scuntlings, between which are stretched cords for clothes drying, and finally there comes down into this area from a second story balcony one of those scuntlings, this ladder reaching on down to within about three feet of the area pavement."

"When I stepped out into that area and saw the cat there the cat also saw me, and in an instant, but very smoothly and softly, it made a spring for the bottom rung of that iron ladder and caught it, and then it went foot over foot up the ladder as easily as a sailor could climb the rigging of a ship and much more quickly, to step off the ladder when it came to the wooden scuntling and walk easily and softly along the top of that to the top of the stone retaining wall at the back of the area and then easily and swiftly along that to the side board fence, where it made a sure spring at that, landing on it half way up and easily clawing the rest of the way to the top, and then to walk along that to a connecting fence and along the top of that far away from me."

"I have never seen anything like this before. I don't know how it did it, but I don't find some things that interest me."

"Look at these two advertisements, following one right after the other, for bookkeepers wanted. One, you see, that

comes in starting your bed, and that isn't hard work. After that all you've got to do is see that it is kept at the proper temperature by means of the fertilizer. In six weeks you get your crop.

"The mushroom market to some extent has been hurt by the plan adopted by some farmers of giving away mushrooms as a bonus to their customers with the other produce. A lot of truck farmers are raising mushrooms in their cellars just for this purpose."

"The Long Island farmers haven't taken up mushroom farming as a commercial venture to any extent and most of the mushrooms brought here from Long Island are the natural ones. They don't affect the market any, because they are in a class by themselves and don't bring anything like as much as the artificial mushrooms. Most people are afraid of confounding it with a toadstool, I suppose. Anyway you can't sell them like the others."

**QUEER JOBS FOR OTHERS.**  
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"I don't see anything for me this morning," said the man out of work who was looking over the want advertisements in the paper, "but I do find some things that interest me."

Then the potato turned square round and glared at the pig. "Say!" said the potato, "did you never hear the true saying that 'Two's company and three's a crowd'?" The clay pipe giggled and the poor little pig turned back weeping toward his home. As he went along with his nose close to the ground he almost walked on a gorgeous glittering green wire serpent who was writhing toward the feast. The serpent gusted and sprang back, but it was too late. The little pig

planted itself firmly in front of her and with the tears rolling down his cheeks said: "Serpent, will you go to the feast with me or will you be eaten up right now?"

The serpent drew herself together and, smiling nervously, said: "Ah, pray don't use that tone, Mr. Pig. I know it's only playfulness on your part, but it upsets me. Of course I will go to the feast with you. Pleased and proud, I am sure, to go in such distinguished company. I had no hope that such luck was in store for me. But come, we must be moving on or we shall both be late, and you know how impetuous that is, besides, the other guests will have eaten up all the feast."

But the little pig, though he had found a companion at last, had lost all joy in the occasion. His eyes were dim with tears and he moved along without thinking where he was going. The serpent, who had been smiling faintly at him and chattering foolishly about nothing, took careful note of his abstracted state, and with two or three devious twists and turns sidled quietly away into the tall grass and through the orchard before the pig realized that she was gone. When the little green pig woke up to the fact that he was all alone on the road, again he wiped his eyes and turning back toward his own gate he said: "I believe I don't care about going to the feast now, at least it isn't for me to go home, having had a bit of bread and milk and get early to bed."

Modern flats are so constructed that the peripatetic family can get along very well with much less in the way of furnishings than was required a few years ago. It used to be a job to take down the stove-pipes, take up the carpets, move the chairs, tables, the looking and the mirrors.

In these days there are hardwood floors almost everywhere and rugs take the place of carpets. There are gas ranges in nearly every flat. Mirrors in distracting profusion are over mantels, in door panels and in various places, as if to save the cost of good wood in construction. Every flat has its icebox.

But the piano is still a problem. Probably it won't be long before the piano niche will be in every flat, with a piano in it as good as the icebox, for builders have to provide all the necessaries in these days of strenuous competition.

Many wise housewives have got the moving problem down to so fine a point that moving is only an afternoon's recreation. Half a dozen packing trunks hold about everything but the chairs, tables, bedsteads and chiffoniers.

Movers take pictures from the walls and forbid you to touch them, saying that they are responsible for any breakage. Chairs that lose a leg in transit are returned within a few days, and you can't see where the break was. The companies have cabinetmakers of their own to do this.

The bane of the frequent mover is the old-fashioned piano. After the head of the family has paid \$5 for hoisting and lowering it through a window, the frequent movers are loath to make a dicker with the crew of the van to drop it from a fourth or fifth story, promising them a substantial tip and offering to go around to the office of the company and sign a full release for all damage to the instrument. He is reminded by the crew that the machine will go through the sidewalk and the city will have to be settled with the owner.

An advertisement in the Times says that the only labor now devolving upon flatwives who move frequently is that of packing in barrels the table dishes and cooking utensils, but several concerns are now working on the problem of an outfit like these for canoeing and camping, in which the various pieces can be telescoped and packed in a small chest that one man can easily pack down stairs and up again.

As an example of how easy it is to move in these days one instance may be cited. A Brooklyn flatwife, having nothing else to do, while away the time, days ago, after her husband had come over to Manhattan in the morning that she would move. She telephoned for a van to be at the door at 1.15 in the afternoon, and she and her husband and a friend called on her husband at his desk in his office to come home to dinner at another place, giving the street and number.

When the things were moved into the new place and partly arranged she learned that there was a five-year-old boy in the family occupying the flat overhead. She thereupon telephoned and said the agent of the flat she had vacated that she had changed her mind about moving, had the van crew take the stuff back to the old place and telephoned to her husband that the proposed move had been called off. When he sat down to dinner at 6.30 he didn't notice that a thing had been disturbed.

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### EASY MOVING FOR FLATWIVES.

Modern Conveniences Have Made It Something Not to Be Dreaded.

A Methodist minister in the days when the annual conference shifted them once in a year or two had some experienced hens which whenever they saw an empty wagon in front of the parsonage flew into the wagon box, lay down on their backs on the floorboards and crossed their legs to have their feet tied together for transportation to the chicken yard of the next parsonage.

A proprietor of moving vans in New York advertised a few years ago "My motto is 'Keep moving.'"

"Three moves are as bad as a fire," was an old time saying, which was later changed to "One fire is better than any number of removals."

"It is cheaper to move than to pay rent," is a postulate that has cost and is costing landlords a lot of money.

It used to be that the first of May or thereabout was moving day, and all sorts of vehicles down to pushcarts and wheelbarrows were on the job. When steam heated flats came there were two moving days in the year, the first of April and the first of October. The spring moving day was set ahead to April 1 in order to make it half a year to the first of October, in which month steam heat was turned on for the winter.

For some years the periods of moving were around April 1 and October 1, and they are still the periods of the greatest activity. But the conveniences of moving devised by the van companies and the frequent moves have resulted in making every day in the year excepting Sundays moving day. Many housewives who live in flats have assembled their belongings with a view especially to celerity and ease in moving.

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An advertisement in the Times says that the only labor now devolving upon flatwives who move frequently is that of packing in barrels the table dishes and cooking utensils, but several concerns are now working on the problem of an outfit like these for canoeing and camping, in which the various pieces can be telescoped and packed in a small chest that one man can easily pack down stairs and up again.

As an example of how easy it is to move in these days one instance may be cited. A Brooklyn flatwife, having nothing else to do, while away the time, days ago, after her husband had come over to Manhattan in the morning that she would move. She telephoned for a van to be at the door at 1.15 in the afternoon, and she and her husband and a friend called on her husband at his desk in his office to come home to dinner at another place, giving the street and number.

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### TENTS AND CANVAS HOUSES.

New Things Offered to the Camper This Year.

Windows and Porches in Many of the Larger Kinds—Folding Furniture of Every Sort—Bath-tubs That Roll Up—The Wall Pocket Closet—Prices.

Dealers in campers' supplies are already taking orders, and several weeks ago some of the leading department stores began giving up a lot of floor space to campers' outfits, including set up tents and canvas houses.

The number of city folks who choose to live under canvas part of the year has increased so fast that manufacturers have got busy putting on the market many new varieties of the things campers have always needed.

At one large store popular with campers orders are taken for almost any style of tent suggested by a purchaser, although, only the usual plain wall tent with fly is kept in stock. This, by the way, is the design of tent taken and improved on. One of the most popular and comfortable giving improvements is an extension fly projecting three or four feet beyond the house line, thus providing a covered porch on either side of the tent. When made with a projecting fly the wall is nearly six feet high and the outer edge of the fly is about five feet from the ground.

A square window with movable sash fitted with a flexible transparent substance such as is used in the windows of automobile tops is inserted in either side of the tent and a smaller one at the back, near the peak. This style tent, 9 by 9 feet and larger, made of best quality duck or of yacht sail twill, which costs less, is a favorite with women.

Another style frequently ordered has a front porch, canvas covered, and a variation also has a fly which projects about one foot beyond the rear end, and has side windows. It is seldom that the larger sizes of these tents are ordered to be made with fewer than two or three windows and invariably they include crossed curtain rods used to divide the tent into several smaller rooms.

Family tents with partition walls and partitions when made of best quality duck cost about \$100. The preferred sizes are 16 by 20 feet and 16 by 24 1/2 feet, divided into four smaller and one larger room and the tent is finished with a projecting side awning. One such will be put in commission the middle of April and lived in by a family of four until the middle of October, this plan to be followed three summers or longer for the benefit of a small boy who has a weak throat. The tent will be set up near enough to New York for the head of the family to commute.

A new variety of canvas house, made of Georgia pine and painted with rust proof steel joints and said to be strong enough to withstand the hardest storm, is exhibited this season side by side with tents. Persons who like an open air sleeping room and are free about questions of ventilation day and night like it particularly, as the price is not high and a guarantee of three years of hard wear goes with each house.

In the 7 by 9 and the 9 by 12 foot sizes there is one square window front and back protected with an awning, and two smaller windows in the gables, the former of a two-paneled type with flexible lights. The door and part of the sides of the house are of rustless wire net, the door having a rolling canvas net. Canvas roof and sides of the house are in one piece. Perhaps the greatest attraction of this model is that the sides may be raised to form a five foot awning over a space which may be used as a dining room, sitting room or sleeping room. The smaller house the ceiling is 6 feet 4 inches high, in the 9 by 12 foot size it is 6 feet 9 inches high. Brown duck only is used in the construction of the house.

An advertisement in the Times says that the only labor now devolving upon flatwives who move frequently is that of packing in barrels the table dishes and cooking utensils, but several concerns are now working on the problem of an outfit like these for canoeing and camping, in which the various pieces can be telescoped and packed in a small chest that one man can easily pack down stairs and up again.

As an example of how easy it is to move in these days one instance may be cited. A Brooklyn flatwife, having nothing else to do, while away the time, days ago, after her husband had come over to Manhattan in the morning that she would move. She telephoned for a van to be at the door at 1.15 in the afternoon, and she and her husband and a friend called on her husband at his desk in his office to come home to dinner at another place, giving the street and number.

When the things were moved into the new place and partly arranged she learned that there was a five-year-old boy in the family occupying the flat overhead. She thereupon tele