

# HOW JOHNNY GOT A JOB

By H. BARRETT SMITH

It was the day before Christmas. The hour was early, the store doors scarcely open, but crowds had already begun to pour into the shopping district. In a big show window, now a fairy grotto all frost and silver and green, Santa Claus greeted the early comers. He knew his business, too, this Santa Claus. He was not in the show window for his health. He looked a trifle weary—he had been working overtime—but he nodded and smiled and winked at the boys and girls outside the window.

Johnny stood near the foot of the elevator station, not far from Santa Claus. There was a cutting wind, a lowering sky, and Johnny's jacket was ragged, so were the "knee pants" that reached to his ankles; but Johnny shuffled his feet and whistled "Sunny Africa" to keep warm. The passer-by who happened to catch Johnny's eye turned to look at him again. True, Johnny had a wonderful pair of eyes; big, brown, wide open and touching, they were dimly eloquent; but Johnny's appeal was entirely unconscious, nor was it his desire to attract attention. He whistled, jiggled and looked innocent—there was a game of craps under the elevated stairs, and Johnny was "layin' fer the cop."

Johnny felt he should not linger at the corner this morning, but if his "fren" should "win out" the order would be coffee and rolls for two. Johnny had to live. So he waited for his breakfast, while his breakfast waited on luck—not an unusual situation for Johnny.

"Come crap—come seven," a throw of the dice, a cry of victory, an oath of defeat, and Johnny's whistle and jig came to a dead stop together. Johnny's "fren" went broke.

Johnny's eyes grew wide and solemn. He looked at his "fren." No man could tell what Johnny was thinking. Johnny said:

"Yer chump!"

"It's tough," said his "fren."

"Dis bin a sport on a couple o' cents!" said Johnny, in the "disdate." "I tol'cher not 't do it on an empty stomach. If yer got 't gamble yer oughtn't never 't do it if yer ain't first got yer roll—an' a cup o' coffee on the side."

At this the curbstone winner and loser joined forces and sent up a howl of derision, hurling at Johnny the choicest bits of their picturesque vocabulary.

"G'wan, youse!" retorted Johnny. Then, adhering to his policy of "havin' yer say an' quittin'," he suddenly remembered—Johnny always remembered in the nick of time—that he had urgent business with Santa Claus.

Now the big show window and the grotto therein had no attraction for Johnny—Johnny had an artistic temperament, an imagination. The disguise of this Santa Claus was "too thin." He was not the Kris Kringle of Johnny's dream. Johnny thought there must be something "queer" with the crowd that allowed itself to be taken in by "dat wise old guy."

Johnny expected no Christmas gift; but his spirit was not disconsolate, neither was there rebellion in his heart. Johnny's crying came from his stomach; he had to live, so he turned his attention to the crowd going into the store. For a few moments he was lost in a moving mass, then he emerged on the inside of the great swinging doors. How "dead easy" Johnny thought. The warm air took him in its fond embrace—how nice it was. But suddenly he squirmed and almost doubled himself. He felt a hand grab his jacket at the back of his neck.

"What are you doing here?" Johnny shot a look over his shoulder and thought he saw a giant standing over him. It was only a floor-walker.

"I—I'm lookin' fer a job. Don't cher want no more cash boys?"

The spoken word would have failed, but Johnny's eyes got in their face work.

"How old are you, anyhow?"

Johnny looked small for ten. He might be a year or two older; but Johnny had to live, and with much certitude as if he had his birth certificate to back him up, he answered: "Fourteen."

The giant looked quizzically at the midget.

"Well," he said, "this is the last day of the rush, but they are taking everybody on. You might go up and see the superintendent. His office is at the top of the stairs there. Seemingly he lost no time as he zigzagged through the crowd of shoppers, but in that short passage Johnny saw "heaped counters of riches;" he saw "pocketbooks in every hand," and out of the pocketbooks flowed "streams of money."

When Johnny reached the top of the stairs, he paused and looked back, then darted across the hall. Not five minutes later an employe whispered to the house detective:

"There's trouble up there, a woman had her pocket picked."

At the top of the first landing there was a gathering crowd and a woman bewailing a lost pocketbook. The plain clothes man arrived on the scene, and as he was listening to the complaint his eyes lighted on Johnny. Johnny was slinking along the wall, his hand behind him. He certainly looked a suspicious character.

"What have you got there?" cried the detective?

Johnny stared at the detective and said nothing.

"You have a pocketbook!" The detective pounced on Johnny and dragged him toward the loser of the purse.

"I found it," Johnny produced the pocketbook from behind his back, but held on to it.

"Don't lie," said the detective, with a cocksureness that impressed his listeners. He pointed to the black and gold pocketbook in Johnny's hand and said, dramatically: "Madam, there is your pocketbook!"

"No, it isn't!" snapped the woman. Everybody laughed; even Johnny smirked, and dire things might have happened to him then and there had not some one called over the balustrade:

"Here, 61, didn't you lose a pocket-book?"

Sixty-one was a young saleswoman with bright brown hair, Irish blue eyes, and a smile that revealed a row of perfect white teeth. She ran up the steps.

"Yes, I thought I lost it somewhere up here—anyone find it?"

"Yep, maybe I did," Johnny looked up at 61, but he put the pocketbook behind him.

"Sixty-one saw the pinched face, the big eyes. She forgot her loss.

"You poor little fellow!"

Johnny was not visibly affected. He just looked at her, and asked:

"How much was it?"

Of course she had to prove her ownership. Sixty-one was amused.

"Let me see," she said, "there was neither gold nor silver—Johnny nodded encouragingly—"nor bills, but a few coppers, I believe."

"Thirteen," said Johnny, producing the pocketbook.

"The Lord save us!" said 61. "That's why I lost it!"

Johnny rattled her purse, and said, "Johnny, hand me the purse."

"That's mine!" said 61, joyfully. "T'd give you my own!"

There is a pretty revival of certain old styles, for instance the old-fashioned bertha or fichu is an article of dress that one can but approve. It finishes off the costume, allows one to wear a thin summer dress without the addition of a wrap. Most dresses look unfinished on the street if no wrap is worn, but the fichu takes the place of boa or coat, or whatever the frivolous pretense of outdoor apparel.

Other good points belong to the fichu; it may be added to an old frock and quite redeem it; it looks so modest and dainty, when made of fine lawn and well shaped; it hides deficiencies of the figure. Usually with it a deep girder should be worn, a narrow belt and a fichu are not in harmony. It is very effective as part of a flowered muslin costume, then very like the gowns grandmamma wore, wherefore picturesque and piquant, giving the modern young woman some flavor of the stately days of old.

The Empire modes are assuredly quaint—when they are not impossible. And the mob cape, the lingerie hats, generally becoming as well as picturesque. By the way, and what are you ask for a wash hat, and what are you ask to be shown? One of those hideous things of stiff frame, huge satin effect, with all-over embroidery drawn tight over brim and crown, and the trimming as stiff and ugly as the rest of the make-up. If you really want a lingerie hat, you must inquire for children's wash hats; for among them make your selection. But there is a sufficient variety, a lot of pretty ones to choose from. I examined them the other day, and though de-

pressed by the prices was enamored of the prettiness. There were big floppy plumes elaborately braided, around the crown some soft folds of pale blue liberty silk drawn and a great bow a little to the right in front. Then there were hand-embroidered blue linsens, their trimming white silk. Fussy affairs of chiffon did not appeal to me, I much preferred the kind that were really washable—having such a horror of uncleaninery, which every fastidious person must have who lives in a big dirty town. The all-over embroidery hats were charming, about the edge of the hat a daisy frill of lace. Then there were chapeaux of innumerable frills of lace, but they, too, belonged to the too-fussy. The summer girl is much more attractive in the simple and neat than in the over-elaboration.

How pretty she looks of a morning coming down the avenue in her tub-frock of white linen, as crisp and fresh as can be. Her skirt is untrimmed, her waist a white tailored linen with lay-down collar, a handkerchief pocket at the left; the coat short, just to the waist line, the skirt sensibly, cleanly short. White shoes and stockings she wears, and up aloft floats a white linen parasol. In the afternoon this same costume may appear—for a white frock looks dressy no matter how simple—or she may wear one of those lovely new mixtures of silk and cotton, a distinctly 1906 product; the material comes in most delicate shades, and our summer girl wears in her year only delicate shades, the streets are very gay with lilacs and pale grays, light azures and exquisite pinks.

Some of the Summer Blouses

A notable change in the lingerie blouse of to-day is that not a few are made with a low neck; even on the street one sees the Dutch neck, and even a lower cut. For house wear this is pretty, but not at all suitable for general public gaze. Of course with the low blouse is worn some ornamentation on the bare neck.

With this pendant here and there. The girl may have made it herself from some original design, and doubtless it was inexpensive, but certainly it was lovely.

As we said before, there are many ways in which waists are cut out at the neck. The new touch is slightly square is a pretty fashion; the one with a slight dip in front just below the chin, another style meeting with favor. The design shown here is that of a blouse with quite a deep cut, to be worn for dressy occasions. Lingerie blouses are a feature of the day, and give daintiness to the jaunty costume, and are the introduction of lace under mull, the trimming showing through, looking shadowy and illusive, just the thing for the illusion-like waist.

Of course all sleeves are short, and the way of finishing the neck may be followed in the finish of the sleeve. For instance, a blouse with a square neck edged with insertion will have a puffed sleeve, with simple band of insertion, the sleeve stopping above the elbow, having no frill at the bottom. The surplice waist with low-cut V is pretty, and becoming to the woman with a plump neck.

Many of the sleeves stop well above the elbow. One pretty silk bodice had a long puff of a sleeve edged with rows of shirring and a frill, from inside the frill extended a close cuff of lace, the lace touch is to the elbow. Another waist has a similar sleeve, but the lace was omitted, the sleeve very short. Some of the blouses are accompanied by removable chemisettes; one may have at choice high neck or low. And of course this may be carried out in the sleeves, detachable undersleeves made use of.

Almost all the summer frocks for young girls are made with short sleeves. One pretty model has a full sleeve confined above the elbow by up and down tucks, the frill being a part of the sleeve, the tucks stitched just so far. And becoming to the round, girlish arm is the puff with insertion band a little above the elbow. There is also a neat sleeve, a sort of Bishop, which is three-quarter length. The sensible, all-round useful shirt waist should be made tall or style and with a long sleeve.

ELLEN ORMOND.

RUINS OF NUBIA.

The oldest architectural ruins in the world are believed to be the rock temples at Ipsambul, on the Nile in Nubia. One of the ancient temples consists of 14 apartments built out of solid stone. The largest single stone used in this work is one which forms a veranda like projection along one side of the main temple. It is 57 feet long, 62 feet broad and 17—on account says 19—feet thick. This colossal stone is supported by two rows of massive square pillars, four in each row and each 30 feet high. To each of these pillars is attached a colossal figure of a human being, reaching from floor to roof. In front of the main temple are seated still another colossal, four in number, the two largest being each 65 feet high. The ruins are supposed to be 4,000 years old.

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## Quaint Modes and Other Modes of the Day



REMINISCENT OF OLD STYLES.

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## NICE ASPARAGUS DISHES.

This Delicate Vegetable May Be Used for Soup and Salad, Creamed and with Eggs.

The Ladies' World has an interesting article by Mary Foster Sluder giving direction on how to cook asparagus in different ways and make savory dishes. Attention is called to the fact that difficulty is often experienced in properly cooking this vegetable. It is suggested by this writer that the stalks are cut into equal lengths, and then stood upright in the sauce pan after being immersed in water to "work" the way to the tips so that the latter is cooked by the steam only, there is less danger of over cooking the tips while the butts are not underdone. A half hour cooking is said to be enough by this method, unless the butts are unusually tough. Of course the coarse butts should always be removed.

Asparagus Soup.—Wash a large bunch of asparagus, cut off the tips, cover the stalks with cold water, and boil five minutes, then drain. Then cover with three parts of soup stock and add a third of the reserved tips. Cook until the asparagus is soft enough to press through a sieve or colander, and leave only the fiber behind; then return the soup and pulp to the fire, season to taste and bring it to a boil; drop the remainder of the tips, which have been cooked gently in another saucepan until tender. Heat one cupful of cream or rich milk in another boiler, and thicken with two level tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter rubbed smoothly together; add to the soup and let boil a few minutes longer, then serve at once with croutons.

Cream of Asparagus Soup.—Cook one bunch of asparagus in one quart of water with a sprig of onion. When the asparagus is tender, rub all through a sieve, mashing and rubbing through all but the fiber. Return the pulp and soup to the fire, season with salt, white pepper and celery salt, and add one pint of milk. Let it come to a boil, thicken with one level tablespoonful each of flour and butter rubbed smoothly together, and simmer ten minutes longer.

Escalloped Asparagus.—Boil asparagus until tender, then drain, and place a layer in a buttered baking dish which has been well sprinkled with bread-crumbs. Sprinkle the asparagus with chopped hard-boiled eggs, pepper, salt and grated cheese, and proceed in this way until a pan is full, having over it a layer of asparagus. Pour over it a cupful of thin white sauce, sprinkle with buttered crumbs, and brown delicate in a hot oven.

Asparagus in Baskets.—Make good baking powder biscuits, hollow them out, and fill with creamed asparagus. Serve very hot with cream sauce passed in a sauce boat.

Asparagus with Eggs.—Boil asparagus until tender, then place in a buttered baking-dish; season delicately with salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg. Beat the yolks of four eggs until light, add two tablespoonfuls of milk, two level teaspoonfuls of onion powder, a little more seasoning, and the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth. Pour over the asparagus, set in a hot oven, and bake until the eggs are set.

Asparagus Salad.—Ice cooked asparagus tips and mix them lightly with finely-minced young onion. Serve iced in little nests of tender lettuce leaves with a little French dressing poured over. A cream mayonnaise is also a delightful accompaniment, and especially if the ice cream tips are mixed with an equal amount of seed green peas.

Chicken Asparagus Cases.—Mash one cupful of cold cooked asparagus, add one-half cupful of fine dry bread-crumbs, salt and pepper to taste, and two well-beaten eggs. Form into little boxes or baskets, brush with soft butter, sprinkle well with fine bread-crumbs, and bake in a hot oven until heated through. Fill with diced creamed chicken or veal, which has been kept hot on the top of the stove, and serve at once. Careful handling is necessary with these pretty and delicious little cases.—Prairie Farmer.

To Save Table Cloths.

A friend with a large family used to be much distressed over the frequency with which she had to renew her table linen, and especially the tablecloth. At last she hit this plan: When she buys her linen, she sees to it that it is wider than necessary, and also a few inches longer. Then when the edges show the slightest indication of wear, she immediately takes off a strip from one side, four or six inches wide, and a strip from the end. This of course throws the wear upon a different place, and her cloth lasts just as long again. Isn't it well worth trying?

Rolls of Sponge Cake.

Beat the yolks of three eggs with one cup sugar and two tablespoonfuls sweet milk. Beat the whites stiff and thoroughly mix with the yolks and sugar. Sift one cup flour with one heaping teaspoon baking powder, and add to the other ingredients. Flavor to taste. Put in an oblong pan and bake at once in a moderate oven. Bake it light, to avoid cracking in rolling. While hot remove from the pan, lay on a towel wet in cold water and spread with currant jelly. Roll at once and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Luncheon Rolls.

Make a good biscuit dough and roll it rather thinner than for biscuit. Cut into pieces about three inches square. Wet the edges with cold water and press the pieces together, pinching the opposite corners together, pinching the edges so that they will not come apart in baking and bake for about 15 minutes in a hot oven.

Children's Everyday Clothes.

For everyday wear, children are wearing linen dresses, and linen of the most durable nature. The material comes this season in practically a never-wear-out grade, and some of the prettiest of everyday dresses are made out of it. Embroidered bands are ever so fashionable this season and the embroidery is done in white or in colors, both being fashionable.

## COOKING APRICOTS.

A New Dish Accidentally Evolved Which Proved Very Pleasing and Also Economical.

A cook the other day accidentally evolved a new dish. In stewing apricots, she found that she had more juice—which was really a thick sirup, so much sugar had been used—than she wished to send to the table with the fruit. She therefore soaked a little gelatine, and poured over it the hot apricot juice, to which she had added a very little—half a teaspoonful—bitter almond extract. When the gelatine was thoroughly dissolved and mixed with the juice, she poured the mixture in a mold, using for the purpose one of the cake tins that have fluted sides and a hole in the middle. The next day she carefully removed the jelly to a rich dark-blue platter, where it looked very pretty with its orange coloring. The hole in the center was filled with whipped cream, and a dessert sent to the family that cost almost nothing of either money or labor. Of course a ring mold could be used to even better advantage.

A very good shortcake is made from the best quality of canned apricots. Drain the apricots away from the fruit, and cut it in small pieces. Set in a warm place, and proceed to mix the cake. This calls for one cupful of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, and half a teaspoonful of salt sifted together. Into this work four tablespoonfuls of butter, add three-fourths of a cupful of milk, and stir into a light dough. Roll in a floured pan when one-fourth of an inch thick cut into generous squares. Brush the squares with melted butter, lay one on top of the other, and bake in a hot oven. When done, separate the pieces; spread the fruit between the layers and on top, and pile whipped cream over all. A sweet sauce which may be served with the shortcake is made by adding to a cupful of the fruit juice one tablespoonful of cornstarch wet in a little water and boiled for a few minutes. A tablespoonful of butter is melted into the sauce and a tablespoonful of lemon juice is added just before serving.—N. Y. Post.

EASILY GROWN VINES.

Boston Ivy and Virginia Creeper Two Stand-By—Some Beautiful Blossoming Vines.

Not alone may the veranda be beautified with vines. The wall of a brick or stone house may be given a living coat of green, which will be a joy to the lovers of the flower. The Boston Ivy and the Virginia creeper are two vines known through America, clinging to walls without support, and so are especially useful for this purpose. The former is not as hardy as the latter, but in the middle and southern latitudes it succeeds well and forms a beautiful mass against a wall. The Virginia creeper is perfectly hardy. It will hide ugly stone fences, outbuildings and dead trees, transforming them into things of beauty.

The rapid growing Virgin's Bower is an excellent vine for a veranda, giving a dense shade. It presents a novel bank of star-shaped white flowers of delightful fragrance, which last for several weeks. A companion variety, Clematis cocinea, has rose-colored flowers, which resemble half-closed rose buds from a distance. The wistarina is a good vine for a trellis, but is somewhat coarse for most verandas, being better suited for the rustic house or pergola, where its delightful purple flowers hang in graceful profusion. The Crimson Rambler rose vine is perhaps one of the surest, hardiest and most satisfactory of vines, admirably suited for the veranda or almost any other fence. It grows rapidly and blooms in great abundance. Bitter sweet is an excellent vine of rich foliage, which becomes highly colored in the autumn and is often followed by a mass of scarlet fruit, which hangs for a long time.—Brooklyn Eagle.

AQUARIUM HATCHERY WORK

Nearly a Million Young Fry Turned Out This Season in New York Hatchery.

Very nearly 1,000,000 little fishes—their number computed at \$98,000, to be exact—have been hatched out in the Aquarium's model hatchery thus far in the present season, the last to be turned out to date being a big lot of yellow perch, some of these from eggs of specimens in the Aquarium, and some from eggs received from the state fish hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor, says the New York Sun.

These yellow perch will be used for restocking with this species the waters in the city parks, and many have already been placed in the lake in Prospect Park.

Next before the yellow perch hatched out here in the present season, were a large lot of salt water smelts, these also from eggs received from the Cold Spring Hatchery. The salt water smelt goes up into inlets in the spawning season, and like the shad, for instance, swims up streams to spawn. The young smelts hatched out in the Aquarium's hatchery were put over the Battery sea wall immediately back of the building into the Hudson.

Before the liberation of the young smelts there had been sent out from here for planting in various state waters, all hatched in the Aquarium's hatchery, young whitefish, rainbow trout, lake trout and hump-backed salmon.

Among eggs yet to be placed in the hatchery in the present season are white perch eggs from Vermont, black spotted trout eggs from South Dakota, and the eggs of grayling trout from Montana.

The Aquarium's hatchery, with its eggs sent in hatching troughs and jars, and its hatched out young fishes in various stages of development in troughs and tanks, is an object of unflagging interest to visitors.

For Sore Throat.

Take a lump of resin as large as a walnut, put it in an old teapot, pour boiling water on it, put the lid on, put the spout to your mouth, and the steam will cure the inflammation.

## FARM AND GARDEN



### ROTATION OF CROPS.

Conditions Which Determine Somewhat the Kind and Order in Which They Come.

As to my own practice in the rotation of crops, I would say that I have to be governed much by circumstances. One of the largest circumstances is the chance of getting the land seeded at every course of rotation. However, we have overcome those chances by our present system to a large extent, says the correspondent of the Farmers' Review. Then we expect to commence a rotation with our land seeded in pasture or meadow. Our pasture or meadow is broken in early spring with a sod plow that turns the furrows flat and smooth, and we plant to corn. We plant to corn the second year and after without plowing. Pulverize or disk thoroughly and plant. This is on condition that we cut up the corn, which we always do, and also that the corn has