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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IV.

JAN. 4, 1902.

No. 1.

THE MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MAUD MILLER, KINSEY, OHIO.

THE great logs lay on the broad fireplace,
Flooding with warmth and cheer,
The old-fashioned room, and the happy hearts
Of guests from far and near.
An aged couple, bent and gray,
Sit bathed in the ruddy glow,
Above them wreathed and twined about
Hang the holly and mistletoe.

'Tis Christmas eve, and the children have come,
Leaving the toil and strife
Of their daily lives to visit again
The scenes of their early life.
They sit and talk of bygone days,
When romping all day long,
The very rafters seemed to ring
With the din of shout and song.

And they think of the absent one to-night,
Whom they have not seen for years;
The willful lad who left his home,
In spite of prayers and tears.
'T was Christmas night and the snow lay thick,
The wind blew strong and wild,
And the mother, broken-hearted, plead
"Come back, come back, my child."

But he went away and left her there,
This reckless youngest son.
And the years are long, but never a word
Have they heard of the absent one.
The mother gazes across the room,
Where the glittering fir tree stands
At a fair-haired boy who holds a sword
Clasped in his chubby hands.

"So like Robert," she whispers low,
Then calls him to her side,
"Robert who?" the wee one asks,
"My uncle Robert who died?"
But tears are falling thick and fast
Upon the up-turned head
"Ah no, my dear," is the low reply,
"We trust he is not dead."

Hark! a knock! and Robert runs
To open wide the door,
A ragged stranger steps within,
Then faints across the floor.
It's Robert! cries the mother.
"Our own beloved son,"
And they recognize the features
Of the missing absent one.

"I've come home," he soon is faltering,
For I do not care to live,
'Till you grant my prayer of pardon,
'Till you say that you forgive."
"Robert," sobs the kneeling mother
"Your trespasses we forget,
As we loved you when you left us,
So, my son, we love you yet."

Greeting him with words of welcome,
All the others gather round,
Young and old rejoice together,
That the lost one now is found.
And the heart of that dear mother,
Wells up with the old-time joy,
For once more she'll spend her Christmas
With her youngest, dearest boy.



SILK.

ALTHOUGH silk is a substance that is produced by several varieties of insects, it has come to be almost exclusively associated in the public mind with the product of a particular variety of caterpillar, which is popularly known as the silkworm, and by the entomologists as the larva of *Bombyx mori*, or the mulberry-feeding moth. The eggs of the silkworm are hatched by artificial means, and are exceedingly small, weighing about one hundred to the grain.

It is customary to place pieces of finely-punctured paper above the trays in which the eggs are being hatched. As soon as the worms break through the shell they creep through the holes in the paper in their endeavor to get to the light, and in doing so scrape off the pieces of shell which may adhere to their bodies. They are reared in rooms where particular care is taken that an abundance of fresh air and light are present, and where the temperature may be kept at an even point. The worms are voracious feeders, and begin to increase rapidly in size from the day they are hatched.

As a rule, the silkworm moults four times during its life, usually about the sixth, tenth, fifteenth and twenty-third days after being hatched. As soon as the caterpillars have reached their full growth they climb the twigs and small branches which have been prepared for them, and begin the spinning of their cocoons. The silk glands of the worm consist of two sacks running along the sides of the body, with a common opening on the under lip of the worm. In the process of spinning its cocoon the silkworm ejects from both glands a line of extremely fine thread.

The two filaments from each gland are laid side by side, and are held together by an adhesive secretion from the worm. The cocoons are either deep yellow, white or light green in color, and oviform in shape. Their average length is from one to one and a half inches, and they are from one-half to an inch in diameter. The cocoon consists of an exterior made up of broken and straggling filaments, while the interior layers are densely glued together into a mass which is not unlike parchment, and which is impossible to unwind except by moistening.

The manufacture of silk may be broadly divided under the heads of reel silk manufacture and

the manufacture of spun or waste silk. The first method has to do with continuous fibres thousands of yards in length. In the spun silk industry the raw materials are worked up by methods similar to those used in the case of cotton and other fibrous materials.

The first operation is to produce the "raw silk" of commerce. The cocoons are placed in warm water for the purpose of softening the natural gum with which the filaments of the cocoon were fastened at the time it was spun. From six to ten of the cocoons are put in a bath, and as soon as they are properly softened the threads of each are caught up by an attendant on a fine brush, and passed through an eyelet to a reel, upon which they are wound. The reel consists of a light wooden revolving frame, which winds the silk into what are known as skeins, and it is in this form that the silk is usually received at the silk mills.

The first thing to be done with the skeins after they are taken from the bales is to soak them thoroughly in cold water. The raw silk is too fine and delicate for textile manipulation, and has to be doubled and twisted to give it the necessary body and strength. To this end the skeins of raw silk are placed on light wheels, known as "shifts," from which the silk is wound on spools; then two spools of silk are run together and doubled and afterward twisted, some of the twisting machines, however, performing the doubling and twisting in one operation.

The twisted silk is then wound onto rectangular frames, known as creels or reels, and at the same time is measured off into lengths of from 10,000 to 15,000 yards, the silk now being once more in the form of skeins. It is then taken from the creels and rolled up into hanks, ready for dyeing.

After the silk has been dyed it is returned in skeins, which are slipped on over a set of what are known as "soft silk" winders, from which it is wound onto spools once more. It is then taken to the warping department, where the spools are placed upon tables which may carry from one hundred and ten up to as many as six hundred pegs. In the hand-warping machines there will be from one hundred to one hundred and twenty spools on a table, while the power-warping machines will carry from three hundred to six hundred spools.

HISTORY OF A CHICAGO LOT.

The operator gathers up the ends of silk on each spool and runs the threads on the frames in the mill, the threads in this case being wound parallel. From one hundred to four thousand threads are run off on warping spools, which are technically known as "beams"—round cylinders of wood or iron which are six or seven inches in diameter and of a width which varies from four inches to thirty-six inches, according to the character of the fabric of which the thread is to form the warp.

The beams are then carried to the looms, where the threads are first led through a "harness," and then passed through a steel "reed" or comb, there being from two to fourteen threads in one "dent," according to the quality of the goods. The harness consists of a series of top and bottom slats known as "shafts," each pair of which is connected by a number of parallel vertical threads at the center of each of which is a small brass eyelet through which the silk threads are passed.

Several of these sets are arranged vertically behind each other in the loom, and each harness with its set of threads is raised in turn between each passage of the shuttle through the warp. Each harness thus serves to lift a different set of threads for the passage of the shuttle; and it is by the proper adjustment of the vertical motions of the harness to the strokes of the shuttle that the nature of the weave of the goods is determined. The woven fabric is then taken to the packingroom, where all knots, dirt and stains are removed.

The goods are now taken to the finishing department, where they are put through a variety of operations which would necessitate another article to adequately describe them. Among other operations is that of singeing, to take off any rough nap that may be left on the goods, and sprinkling or sponging with a preparation of wax and gelatine, a process which is not unlike that of starching in laundry work.

The final gloss or finish is secured by calendering, in which the fabric is run between a series of superimposed steel rolls, where it is ironed out and the fine, glossy finish is secured. The goods are then either folded or wrapped on blocks ready for the market.

BACK in 1839, when rabbit hunting was excellent in the brush on the lake front south of Van Buren street, and the postmaster knew everybody by his first name, Dr. Sylvester Willard paid out \$327 in cash for lot 8 in block 14 of the Fort Dearborn addition. People wondered what had come over the physician, and it is handed down that the transaction shattered the faith of a number of his patients, who figured that such a reckless investment didn't speak well for any man's ability. The doctor held the property three years, at the end of which time he considered himself fortunate to dispose of it to Erastus Cole at a slight profit. In 1844 Mr. Cole sold the land to S. W. Peck, who, at the end of 1845, conveyed it to his partner, L. W. Boyce, for \$750. In defense of his action Mr. Boyce told his friends that the deal was not made for investment purposes, but that he liked a nice, quiet spot for a home. He built a house on the land and lived in it with his family for several years. After Mr. Boyce's death a Mr. Jones bought the property and occupied the dwelling for a number of years. The property changed hands a few more times, and in 1876 Marshall Field came along. He purchased the house and land for \$191,000. By this time the people had begun to figure out that Chicago was destined to become great, and they applauded Mr. Field for his wise move. Twenty years later Mr. Field negotiated a lease for ninety-nine years on the property, the contract calling for a yearly rental of \$40,000 for the first seven years and \$50,000 for the balance of the term. These rentals set a value of about 1,000,000 on the ground, and it is doubtful if that amount now would even be considered as a purchase price. The lot is located at the northeast corner of State and Madison streets, the site of a part of Mandel Brothers' great store. It has a frontage of fifty-three feet in State street and a depth of 150 feet.

* * *

A DEAF mute is suing a street railroad company in New York for the loss of two of his fingers, a loss which he alleges impairs his conversational powers. The defendant replies that under the modern system of talking for mutes one hand is enough.

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ON THE WAY TO NAZARETH.

A LEGEND, BY JOHN SWINTON.

It was many years after the crucifixion, when an aged Judean, while walking along the highway near Nazareth, saw coming toward him a youthful Galilean. The aged man held in his hands a scroll, which he read as he walked.

As the twain drew nigh to each other the Galilean saluted the Judean and accosted him. "What readest thou?" he asked, in a gentle tone.

"The Law," replied the other.

"Hast seen the Gospel?" inquired the Galilean.

"Aye," he answered, in trembling voice, "but that is not for me. I am Iscariot!"

"And art thou," spake the Galilean, "the Judas of that name, who betrayed the Christ?"

"'Twas I!" he cried in agony and with distorted visage, as he gazed at the Galilean. "But who art thou?"

"Thy friend," replied the other.

"I have no friend on earth or in heaven," said Judas. "When I read the Law I am affrighted, and when I pray to the one God I see him frown. I am Iscariot!"

"Thy friend I am, dear Judas. Look on me."

The Galilean's voice was gracious as he spoke, but Judas shook as smitten to the soul. He flung himself at the feet of the Galilean, who had called him friend, and kissed them.

"The Gospel is for thee, dear Judas," said the friend, as Judas lay upon the ground, in tears.

"Nay, nay," said Judas. "I bartered off my soul and I sold my Master, him who was divine. 'Twas said I hanged myself, and it is true, but I did not die, though hanged."

"And yet, dear Judas, know his Gospel is for thee," said the other with firm voice to the aged Judean, sunk in despair.

"By what authority speakest thou?" asked Iscariot, as he looked into the Galilean's face. "Speakest thou for Peter, John, or other brethren, lost, though yet alive: the men whom once I loved only less deeply than I loved the Christ? Who art thou?" cried the aged Judean, "and whence thy authority?"

"The authority, dear Judas, of him who was

crucified, and who spoke the words, 'No one who cometh to me shall be cast out.'"

"Those words are not for me," wailed Iscariot.

"Aye, for thee each word, dear Judas, and for thee alike the last cry of the Christ, that all might be forgiven. I speak for him."

"But who art thou?" exclaimed Iscariot once again, as he saw that love illumined the face of the Galilean who stood before him.

"It was I who spoke the words while on the cross, and here I speak them once again to thee."

"The Christ?" asked Judas. "He whom once I loved, whom I betrayed, for whose loss I wept these weary years, and for whose betrayal I'll lave my heart in tears till death?"

"Thy sins, dear Judas," softly spoke the Galilean, "are forgiven. To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

Judas Iscariot lay dead at nightfall. His only Friend embraced his redeemed spirit as they rose aloft, amid sounds of angelic music.

And was it, then, his long-lost Master whom he had met on the Galilean highway as he walked toward Nazareth, where the Christ was born?

* * *

One thing, at least, is in my power, if I cannot realize my ideal, I can at least idealize my real.

* * *

MUCH WORSE THAN DEATH.

THE punishment which the regicide Bresci will be forced to undergo for murdering King Humbert is worse than death.

In Italy the penalty of death is abolished. But the punishment awaiting the regicide is worse than death. He will inevitably be condemned to penal servitude, aggravated by ten years of solitary confinement. A man condemned to this punishment, before being placed in his cell, is shut up in the "secret cell," about six feet long by three wide, and half lighted. A few inches above the floor is a plank about half a yard wide and slightly inclined which serves as a bed. The food is bread and water, passed through the little window called the "spy" by the jailer, the door being always kept rigorously closed.

The prisoner is condemned to absolute silence; if he breaks the rule he is subjected to other punishments—namely, the strait-waistcoat, irons and strait-bed. A prisoner who attempts his own life in any way is put into the strait-waistcoat and at night in a sort of sack, in which he cannot move. When the prisoner has suffered the punishment of the "secret cell" for a longer or shorter time he is removed to the cell where he must remain for ten years. Its size depends on the construction of the whole prison. These cells are only lighted from the corridor and are generally about two yards square. The bed is the usual plank and bread and water the food. In winter a single blanket is allowed at night.

Silence is still enjoined; the only concession is the door being opened a few inches. The food is given only once in the twenty-four hours. If the prisoner is sick the doctor can have him removed to the prison infirmary, where he is kept in a separate chamber.

Prisoners in solitary confinement may neither read, write, smoke nor work. They are condemned to absolute idleness and absolute silence; very few complete their sentence; they either go mad or die. The extra punishment of the "irons" is terrible. The handcuffs are joined by chains to similar rings on the ankles. At night, still in irons, he can lie on his plank.

The "strait-bed" is a strong wooden case resembling a coffin without lid. At the foot the sufferer's feet are fastened in a kind of stocks. Unless by order of the governor the prisoner may not be moved and his jailer has to feed him. This punishment is only exercised on some desperate rebel.

* * *

*The secret of life is not to do
what one likes, but to try to like
what one has to do.*

* * *

CHINESE GOOD MECHANICS.

THE Chinese are possessed of a great deal of mechanical ability, but for this they have not always been given credit by western peoples. A number of the most useful "inventions" of civilization were known by the Chinese thousands of years ago. Indeed, in the matter of

mechanical ability and skill the Chinaman stands very high. In the shops and factories that are owned by foreigners the native artisan compares favorably with the workman of any other nation, especially in the use of western tools, methods and machinery. In a broader sense, in the erection of bridges, construction of temples, roads, canals—in the wide sense of the engineer—the Chinaman compares well with his fellows in more civilized lands. Many of his bridges are marvelous not only for their beauty and accuracy of construction, but in the difficulties overcome and in the solidity of their foundations. Here the Chinaman's characteristic of thoroughness expresses itself. "The Chinaman builds for all time; the rest of the world builds for to-day."

But the Chinese are opposed to the employment of machinery. This opposition exists not only among the presumably ignorant who labor for their daily support, but among the rich and highly educated as well. The reason for this opposition is founded upon social and economic conditions unlike those in any other part of the world.

The statement is as follows:

1. Every man in China is a worker and only by untiring industry is he capable of feeding and clothing himself and family.

2. All branches of industry are full. There is never lack of labor nor of work to do, and so nicely adjusted have become the economic conditions through centuries of struggle that practical content reigns among the workers and any upsetting of the equilibrium of supply and demand produces widespread distress.

The proposition: Introduce a machine which shall by the supervision of one man be able to do the work of ten men.

The result is that nine men are thrown out of that particular task. There is no outlet for their industry for the reason given in paragraph two of the statement. Therefore these nine men must starve, steal or emigrate. This is pretty nearly the correct status of the working world in China, and is the underlying reason for the opposition to labor-saving machinery. In this great empire a labor-saving tool or machine is an economic curse, and will remain so until the conditions are greatly modified throughout China.

CLIMBING BLARNEY CASTLE.

BLARNEY TOWN is a small manufacturing place. The old castle, however, is well outside the village, in surroundings wholly rural. It stands on a low hill, whence it looks forth from amid a grove of trees down on a broad field that is used as a public pleasure ground. A slight wooden bridge spanning a swift, clean little river, gives entrance to the field, in which are many noble shade trees with rustic seats about their base, and in the opens, a number of framework swings.

The castle has suffered little from the ravages of time, except that the roof and the wooden floors have fallen. You can climb winding stairs and follow devious passages into vaulted chambers and chilly cells to your heart's content. All this is very romantic, but it is worth while remembering that, in spite of historic charm and strong appeal to the fancy, the castle is a relic of an age of barbarism, when the country was divided among many petty chiefs, each distrustful of the other even when on terms of nominal friendship.

The castle is many stories high and in the top-most cornice is the far-famed Blarney stone—that powerful talisman which you have only to kiss to be endowed with eloquence for life. But as the vertical measurement of the cornice is about six feet, and its projection beyond the main wall fully three feet, and as the stone is at the bottom of the cornice, the kissing is not as easily accomplished as might be. Formerly it was customary to lower the candidate for eloquence over the rampart head foremost, a friend clinging to either heel, but at such a dizzy height the proceeding smacked so seriously of danger that of late years a row of great spikes guards the parapet against further attempts of the sort.

The Stone Eloquent at one time dropped out. It was, however, promptly restored, and is now fixed in place by two heavy iron rods which clasp it to the cornice. Were it not that the Blarney stone comes opposite one of the frequent gaps which alternate with the out-thrust of the supporting stones of the cornice it would be practically inaccessible. As things are, the only way to bestow the mystic kiss is to get down on your knees, double up like a jack-knife and

crane your neck across the yawning vacancy. I regarded the stone with interest, and wished I was more of an acrobat or more courageous, but I was deterred by that lofty hole, which, though not much more than a foot broad and four long, was still plenty large enough to fall through, and I decided to get along without the eloquence.

The story of the stone dates back to the middle of the fifteenth century, when Cormac McCarthy the Strong, a descendant of the ancient kings of Munster, and builder of the fortress, chanced one day to save an old woman from drowning. For a reward she offered Cormac a golden tongue which should have the power to influence men and women, friends and foes, as he willed. She told him to mount the keep and kiss a certain stone in the wall, five feet below the gallery running around the top. He followed her directions and obtained all the fluent persuasiveness she had promised. The tale of this new acquirement and its origin spread, and the Blarney stone has been drawing pilgrims to itself ever since.

* * *

*A cruel story runs on wheels, and
every hand oils the wheels as they
run.*

* * *

A STRAW RIDE.

BY N. R. BAKER.

THE straw ride is the southern substitute for the sleigh ride. Here nothing is known of the invigorating pleasure to be gained by a ride over the smooth, hard, snow-covered roads of the North in a light and shapely sleigh behind a gentle but spirited young horse with plenty of "go."

We stay around the fire on the few cold days, that are scattered here and there throughout the winter, because necessity, the great law maker and custom maker, does not compel us to prepare either clothing or buildings suitable for passing any integral part of our time watching a low thermometer. But when the long hot days and the sweltering nights of the North are on, then the cool breezes of the Sunny South invite us out to spend a pleasant evening beneath the multitudinous stars and extraordinary brightness of the moon in southern latitudes.

A big farm wagon is brought out, three mules are hitched to it by the colored "help." The "wagon body" is filled with straw (pine "needles" or leaves) and a dozen young people, with a chaperone or two, start for a long drive. It is a bright, care-free, hatless, laughing company. They sing and talk and laugh and make love as they jolt along in a brisk trot over the rather rough roads. But the jolt is broken by the spring of the straw and the pleasant breeze and the mellifluous moonlight. And the congenial social environments make the spirits bubble and overflow.

Now they stop on a wooded hillside, and make a fire of "light-wood knots" (pine knots). They produce cake, pickles, eggs, cheese, and ground coffee. Thus soon they make some good, strong coffee, boil eggs, toast cheese on sharp sticks, and eat a merry lunch before returning. But the return must be made before eleven o'clock. And "when they" like John Gilpin "ride out again may we be there to see."

Whistler, Ala.

* * *

People who say nothing can offend as deeply as people who say too much.

* * *

I SHALL REMEMBER GRANDMA.

BY LIZZIE RAWLINS.

THANK YOU, Sister Sell, for your good advice. I think it is a nice thing to have a grandma, and why not take good care of her? I never saw any of my grandmothers and I often thought I would like to have one. Well, why not borrow one?

It will be three years on the 18th of January next that I was sent for to take care of an old lady who had the grippe, and I have been with her ever since.

We got along very well, and I thought her nice, so I thought I'd borrow *her*. So *now* I have a grandma.

If any of my old friends East would like to know how I am spending some of my precious moments, they can imagine what a nice time I am having taking good care of my grandmother.

Hinsdale, Ill.

* * *

TOO HARD TO STAND.

SHE was a woman of about fifty-five or sixty, and she was dying. She had come to that stage when the mind wanders and goes back to earlier days. She talked rationally enough for a time and then wandered off, returning again. She was waiting for her only son who had been telegraphed for and who was coming as fast as he could.

That evening he arrived, a grown man, who had evidently led a life of hard and honest toil. Immediately he asked whether he was too late and at once went into her presence. She was dozing when he stood by her bedside and he spoke but one word, "Mother." She opened her eyes and gazed steadfastly upon him. "Mother, do you know me?" and she reached out a thin hand and placed it in his. He knelt down by the bedside and asked again, "Mother, do you know me? Who am I?"

"You are my poor, dear little lamb, Willie. I'm glad you came when I called you. Willie, I'm going far away and you must be a good little boy when I'm gone, will you?"

"Yes, mother," he said, "I will. Do you know me?"

"Yes, Willie, I do know my little curly-headed baby," and she stroked his hair with one hand. "I'm going away a little while, Willie, but I'll be back soon, and you——." We walked out in the open air, and all things seemed to live and act as though there were no death in the world.

Many a man puts his best foot forward so far that his other foot becomes discouraged in attempting to catch up with it.

THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.

At the close of each session of Congress, when the exodus of members, clerks and attaches takes place, the Washington city post office has a difficult time to handle the outgoing mail. Especially is this true at the end of a Congress where many members of both branches retire to private life.

The reason for this rush of mail is not hard to find. Senators and representatives have the privilege of franking home their personal effects through the mails. In theory this franking privilege extends only to the congressional documents, books, papers and letters relating to official business, but in practice it covers almost everything which the ordinary member of the senate or house has in his possession. It is one of the perquisites connected with congressional life which make the life bearable.

Toward the end of the session the congressman finds himself presented with three chests. Two of them are of pine, but strongly built and braced. They are about three feet in length, two in width and a foot and a half deep. The third is of cedar, slightly larger than the others. Having been utilized for shipping purposes, it is stored away in some closet, where it becomes the receptacle for the family furs, fine dresses and other materials on which the moth feeds. Sometimes it is used as a chest for the family silver. These cedar chests would sell for from \$10 to \$25 in any furniture store, and while the pine chests are not so handsome, they are quite presentable. When the congressman receives his quota of boxes he has nothing to pay. They come from the official carpenter shop and are built by the official carpenter and paid for out of the contingent fund. In fact, the principal duty of the carpenter is to construct the hundreds of boxes used by members.

Into these boxes the member or his clerk loads all his letter files, papers, documents, books, maps and other publications which he has in stock. Typewriters, letter presses, inkstands and other office paraphernalia are stored away in their recesses. Frequently clothing, bedding and other personal or household effects are packed away. When filled to the brim they are locked and the tops screwed down and then carted off to the post office, where they are shipped through the

mails to all points within the borders of the United States.

"Abuses of the franking system," said a grizzled employe of the post office to-day, "are not nearly so prevalent as they were some years ago. I remember the time when it was considered the proper thing for senators and members to ship home anything they wished by simply placing their address and their frank upon it. That time has, fortunately for the service, gone by. It is now considered a breach of good manners to ship anything under a frank that cannot be packed in the special boxes, or in the mail sacks which are provided for documents. Formerly furniture, desks, trunks, and even buggies and carriages were franked home in mail cars. Nowadays we very seldom come across anything of that kind, except an occasional trunk or two. It is also no longer considered *au fait* for a congressman to send his laundry or family wash to his home and have it returned under his frank.

"There used to be a member of Congress from a western State who was addicted to this habit. He had a family of about five children and yet after two terms he retired with about \$10,000 which he had saved out of his salary. One of his daughters acted as his private secretary, another was a clerk in one of the departments and a small son was a page at the capitol. The entire family practiced rigid economy and among other things the congressman each week franked home his family wash. Of course, he did not save much by the operation, but in the course of his four years' service it must have amounted to at least \$200. I have heard he was one of those members who constantly use their committee stationery and draw their allowance in cash."

"What was the most difficult shipment you have known?" inquired the *Sun* correspondent.

"Well, we have had many difficult and peculiar jobs in that line," responded the post office employe. "Probably the worst job I ever had to tackle was when a retiring senator franked home a safe. In his committee room at the capitol he had a very fine and large safe which had been purchased for the use of his committee, but which had been condemned and sold to him at an infinitesimal price. It weighed about 6,000 pounds. All the senator did was to place an address and a frank upon it and notify the post office

to send for it. They got it all right, but the getting was accompanied by much sweating and many words. What the clerks in the post office where it was shipped said when it landed, I have never heard. I don't think it was delivered by a letter carrier.

"We used to have considerable difficulty," he continued, "with household furniture. A folding bed or a lounge is not a desirable object in a postal car. It is bad enough to have the car filled with bags of documents or boxes of goods, but when it comes to marble-topped tables, boxes of bric-a-brac and other things of that character, including china closets and kitchen utensils, one's patience is strained to the limit. I have heard of a member of Congress who once franked an upright piano home. The clerks were so enraged at his presumption that a heavy box was allowed to drop—accidentally, of course—upon the lid, which was split open. Then a leaky lamp was hung right over the piano, and by the time it reached its destination it was very badly damaged. Of course, the member had no recourse, as he could not make a complaint about the treatment his piano received when he was clearly violating the law.

"We have had some queer requests in regard to shipping of franked matter. Just a few days ago a representative from a western State brought a handsome fox terrier to the office, which he wished to frank to his home. We persuaded him that the dog might suffer from inattention en route and he sent it by express. There is a member of the Senate who was once accused, according to the public press, of franking home his horses and carriages. I am not saying whether this is true or not, but the hullabaloo

which was raised by the publication of the charge put a stop to most of the abuses of the franking privilege.

"Still, the outgoing Congress has a respectable record in that line. Over one thousand boxes have been, or will be, shipped to different parts of the country, together with more than that number of bags of public documents, which will be distributed by the members and ex-members during the summer season. Their total weight will approximate 400,000 pounds, and the shipments average 20,000 pounds a day. As it costs seven cents a pound on an average, you can see that the post office department expends a considerable sum every year in moving the effects of the members of Congress."

"How is it that no complaint is made? It would seem that the employes or some of the department officials would call attention to the situation."

"You see, it's this way: Congress makes the laws and Congress appropriates the money to run this department. Now, it is a matter of small concern to me, to any other employe of the department or to the postmaster general if a congressman wants to ship a house home under a frank, while it is a very important matter that Congress should be satisfied with the administration of the post office department. Suppose I should complain that Congressman Blank is using his frank improperly and the complaint reaches the ears of the congressman. He might discover that the department could do without my efficient services and I might be turned out to hunt a new job, which at my time of life would be very inconvenient, to say the least."

*When a fool hen takes a notion
to sit she doesn't care whether
there are any eggs in the nest or
not, and some men are built on the
same plan.*

NATURE



STUDY

USES OF THE SPIDER.

It can be readily proved that spiders, in spite of their repulsive appearance, are rarely if ever poisonous or even harmful; that certain species are really useful and beneficial, and that they all play an important part in the great scheme of nature. Their chief service to man lies in their destruction of noxious insects. Flies are not only a nuisance; they are carriers of disease, spreaders of pollution. Spiders also kill mosquitoes, moths and other flying and crawling pests that stray into their webs. The spider *agalena naevia*, whose dew-spangled web is often seen on the lawn in the early summer morning, preys upon many kinds of noxious insects. A larger species common in woods and about stone piles and fences makes larger and stronger webs, in which bigger insects, such as locusts, grasshoppers and June bugs are often trapped. The webs of all the *agalenas* lead down into dark and secret tunnels, where the spider retreats when danger threatens.

The jumping spiders are also active fly catchers and destroyers of noxious insects. They build no web except a very small receptacle in which to hide their eggs and to protect their young when hatched. They are the tigers of the insect world, springing upon their prey with true feline energy. The orb-weavers, *epeira*, are equally useful to man and their webs reach the highest development of mechanical skill. It is worthy of note that insects injurious to man form the chief prey of the orb-weaving and grassy-bank spiders, as well as of the jumping species. It is true that beneficial insects, such as *ichneumon* flies, dragon flies and predaceous beetles, may stray into their nests, but the noxious flies, the caterpillars, grasshoppers and leaf-eating beetles are their far more numerous victims.

The most useful of all spiders are those which prey upon the caterpillars that infest shade and fruit trees and destroy their foliage. Attached to the branches of trees, particularly to the cher-

ry, apple, maple, elm, ash and linden, may often be seen large, unsightly webs or nests, sometimes covering a good-sized branch. These nests are constructed by the larvæ of several kinds of web worms and each nest is the home of a colony of the worms, hiding there by day and crawling forth at night to devour the surrounding leaves. A single web often contains hundreds of these worms and were it not for a few spiders that also inhabit the nest and suck the life blood of the caterpillars, the latter would increase in such numbers as to strip fruit and shade trees almost bare of foliage.

* * *

DYES MADE FROM INSECTS.

Of great repute and of more importance than lac dye is cochineal, which is the source of artists' carmine and carmine lake. When precipitated with a salt of tin, it also yields a splendid scarlet. The cochineal insect, of which the female, like that of the nearly allied lac insect, alone yields the dye, is originally a native of Mexico, where it is parasitic on the leaves of the prickly pear. The males of the *coccus cacti*, as the species is called, are minute insects furnished with well-developed wings, feathered antennæ and a long pair of hair-like processes at the hinder extremity of the body. On the other hand, the female is a repulsive looking, wingless creature, with very short posterior hairs and nearly double the size of her partner. These insects adhere tightly to the smooth surface of the fleshy leaves of the prickly pear and are not unlike small purple wood lice in general appearance.

When the harvest time has arrived the cultivators stretch out on the ground pieces of linen at the foot of the plants, and detach the cochineals from them, brushing the plants with a rather hard brush or scraping them off with a blunt knife. If the season be favorable the operation may be repeated three times in the course of a year on the same plantation. The insects thus collected are killed by dipping into boiling water, by being

put into an oven or by being placed on a plate of hot iron. When withdrawn from the boiling water they are placed on strainers in an airy position, first in the sun and afterward in the shade. In commerce three sets of cochineal are recognized; first, the masticue, of a reddish color, with a more or less abundant glaucous powder; second, the noir, and third the sylvestre, which is smaller and of a reddish color. This last description, which is gathered from wild cacti, is the most highly esteemed of all. Each year there are imported into France 200,000 kilogrammes of cochineal insects, which represent a value of about three million francs.

* * *

EVEN HAWKS HAVE VIRTUES.

WHEN other birds go south in the autumn the hawks and owls are among the few birds left in the north. These usually looked upon as feathered pests are really most valuable friends of the farmer. The hawks and owls have been unlucky enough to get bad names, and the farmer boys wage war on them in spite of the fact that they destroy more than enough ground squirrels, gophers and other rodent pests to pay many times for the few chickens they take.

If farmers would only see this there would be more grain in their cribs and fewer hawks and owls tacked up on their barns to scare away their fellows.

"Wise as an owl"—that saying may have been started in a spirit of sarcasm, but there is a great deal of truth in it. It is said that owls make unusually intelligent pets. Besides, they are perfectly fearless and are affectionate when you have succeeded in winning their affections.

Hawks have their virtues, too, in spite of their predatory habits. They are strongly attached to their mates, and often a widowed bird will live alone for years, plainly mourning for its loss.

Parental love is highly developed in them. A

striking case is reported from Minnesota. A forest fire was raging, and as it approached a tree in which was a nest of young fishhawks the old ones hovered over them with cries of distress, and as the tree was wrapped in flames they dashed into the fire and died with their little ones.

Owls, as well as hawks, go in pairs, and have been known to mate for life.

* * *

CATCHING RATS.

RATS are very susceptible to the odor of certain drugs, and any ordinary trap set in their haunts is likely to succeed if dressed with these scents, the attraction of which, rat catchers affirm, they cannot resist. An example is: Powdered asafoetida, eight grains; oil of rhodium, two drams; oil of aniseed, one dram; oil of lavender, one-half dram. Shake together in a bottle and use a very small quantity to dress the bait.

To catch rats, cover a common barrel with stiff, stout paper, tying the edge round the barrel. Place a board so that the rats may have easy access to the top. Sprinkle cheese parings or other food for the rats on the paper for several days, until they begin to think they have a right to their daily rations from this source. Then place in the bottom of the barrel a piece of rock about six or seven inches high, filling with water until only enough of it projects above the water for one rat to lodge upon. Now replace the paper, first cutting a cross in the middle, and the first rat that comes on the barrel top goes through into the water and climbs on the rock. The paper comes back to its original position, and the second rat follows the first. Then begins a fight for the possession of the dry place on the stone, the noise of which attracts the others, who share the same fate.

* * *

THE hide of the hippopotamus in some parts is fully two inches thick.

*Flowers are the sweetest things
God ever made and forgot to put a
soul into.*

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY...

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

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YOUR purse may be light, but what of that?

It isn't the cost that counts.

Those gifts are the best that come with love

And the price tag never flouts.

This one great truth I would have you learn—

'Twill add to the zest of living—

It isn't so much what you give, my friend,

But the way you have of giving.

+ + +

GEORGE McDONOUGH, so well known to the traveling public, called at the INGLENOOK office, when the editor was in the city of Chicago, and left a prize potato and his card showing him to be connected with the Union Pacific Railway. We commend him to our people everywhere as a gentleman whose word is good, and who will tell things as they are.

+ + +

*The difference between theory
and practice has kept many a man
from succeeding in life.*

+ + +

FROM potatoes to honey is a far cry, but facts are facts, and the 'NOOK acknowledges the receipt of three boxes of honey from an unnamed friend in Colorado. The editor needs his temper sweetened now and then, and the donor of the

honey will know from this that a more acceptable gift has not hitherto been received where the 'NOOK is made.

+ + +

A large per cent of good resolutions go into effect only at the grave.

+ + +

SEVERAL professional cooks said that the Christmas menus in the 'NOOK were the work of other chefs. Nay, gentlemen of the paper cap, you may slap things together in the back room and send them forth to the little table, where they all taste as though they were cooked in the same pan, and are only arranged differently on the plate, being made out of the same things, but when you want something really palatable we'll do you the kindness to let some of these Dunker sisters get you a clean, square meal once in your lives. And some of them, most of them, could give you points in cleanliness that would be appreciated by the unfortunates who are compelled by fate to patronize short order places.

+ + +

There are few people who are more often in the wrong than those who can not endure to be thought so.

+ + +

YOUR GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

TAKE a lot of people, representing all classes, of all nations, and stripping them of their several garments, dissection would show them all to be alike physically. This most people will agree to. But when the 'NOOK says that they are all alike mentally and morally, as far as each goes, it will likely raise a chorus of dissent. Yet there is nothing truer. At heart we are all pretty much the same. We look different, dress in different ways, follow diverse pursuits, but when it comes to action and failure and success we are all made out of the same material.

Thus it comes that most of us have made the same resolutions "to be good" from New Year's on, and we have seen the resolutions take flight as an apronful of swallows. It's funny one way, pathetic in another, and always a good thing. No matter how often we fall down it is in the getting

up and at it again that the moral merit lies. The man or woman who never makes a mistake does not exist. True there are some who talk and act as though they were perfect, but could they be stripped of their hypocrisy and stood up on the platform they would appear in no enviable light. Verily, we are "all pore critters," and happy is he who knows how poor he is, and happier yet he who in spite of poverty of good still tries to struggle up the side of Mt. Perfection even though the top is never reached.

+ + +

Never write "despair" on the book of Time.

+ + +

THE INGLENOOK LIFE OF CHRIST.

It has been suggested that the unprinted chapters of the Life of Christ, running through the 'Nook, be published as essays in the future. This has been agreed upon and hereafter the remaining written chapters will appear from time to time in the form of a contributed essay.

The reason is in the fact that no matter how good a thing is, in time it becomes monotonous, when it is best to present it in a more acceptable garb. The original plan will be modified in appearance only. Those who have written the unpublished chapters will see them in the form of an essay and this is done for the purpose of securing a more interested constituency of readers, a condition induced by a different form of expression.

+ + +

THE SISTERS' NUMBER.

IN a short time we contemplate issuing a number of the INGLENOOK, every line of which is to be written by women. We ask contributions to this issue from our women readers. These **articles must be short, pointed, and sent on almost immediately.** We do not agree to use all that are sent, but all are invited to contribute. Choose your own subject and handle it in your own way. It will be necessary that you take the matter up at once. The idea is to show the world at large that we have women as good with the pen as they are with the skillet. You must act at once or you'll miss it. If you have anything any of you want to "let fly" this is your chance. If you

want to let some of the lords of creation have a benefit this is the opportunity.

?????????

Is the work of Christ to be regarded as a miracle?
Surely so.

Are the chemical perfumes, sugars, etc., as good as the natural products?
Yes they are, and often a lot better.

Can you refer me to a reliable poultry dealer?
By letter, yes. Not by free advertising in these columns.

Why should paintings by the old masters be so valuable?
Mainly because of their rarity and skill in execution.

Why are the miles of different countries of different lengths?
For the reason that each nation established its own units of valuation without conference.

I have a lot of Colonial paper money. Is it of any great value?
Very little value is set upon it by dealers. It is too common.

Is there a limit to the refining of carbon oil as far as its lighting properties go?
Yes. Past a certain point it loses in illuminating qualities.

There is a mineral spring on our place having strong medicinal qualities. Why not freeze the water and sell the ice in summer?
There is no reason the 'NOOK sees why it should not be done.

Will figs grow in this country?
Yes, the writer has seen fig trees, wild, in North Carolina, as big as a large apple tree. The crows got most of the ripe fruit. The birds hang around the trees for the purpose of getting the ripened figs.

FAMOUS NOSES.

"As plain as the nose on your face," says the proverb. Just how plain you do not realize, perhaps, until you have seen a man without one! He may lack an eye, an ear, an arm, and pass unnoticed, but without a nose—never!

For that organ is the salient feature of a race. The fourteen small bones that, with the mass of cartilage, go to compose it are molded into every conceivable form. Look about you to see if you can discover any two noses alike. You cannot do it.

Yet they all have something in common. The *Troy Times* once said that they can all sneeze, snarl, snuff, snore, snort, sneer, sniff, snuffle, snigger and snivel.

In no way does the growth of the human animal show such a change as in the development of that one organ.

The babe is born with a bump in the middle of his soft face. Pretty soon the bump stretches a bit, but all through childhood the nose has an inward curve. During this period Tommy thinks it has but one office. His auntie asked him what his nose was for. "For mamma to wipe," was the innocent's reply, founded on experience.

Later it is a planting ground for freckles; then it straightens out, and at twelve or thirteen almost runs away with Tommy. It is then ahead of the body in growth, but it begins to take on some character and decides whether it is to be aquiline, knobbed or "tip tilted."

All the characteristics of people, all gradations of society, all peculiarities of race, does this expressive feature mark. A morning at the police court will reveal marvels in nose lore. Could you possibly associate culture or morality with those concave, crooked, misshapen objects? What tales they tell of the lower life! Seldom indeed is a truly fine nose seen in the "submerged tenth."

Besides this, caste differences, racial markings are also eloquent. The weak, undeveloped organs of the Bushmen and Eskimos indicate the rank of the owners in the world's progression. Far more loudly than tongues do the flat noses of the Africans and the highly aquiline ones of the American Indians proclaim their natures—

the first so sluggish a people, the second spirited, free.

The Chinese flatten the nose of their babe because they have a ridiculous idea that the nose should be less important than the eyes. For centuries they have cultivated that ugly shape, and so the Chinese nose is really no criterion of their character, for intellectually they are a superior race.

The German usually owns a fleshy, comfortable-looking, self-satisfied article. The Irishman tilts his to the skies, and it is as funny as his wit. The French are a "nosy" people, too, but there is a delicacy, a piquancy inscribed thereon that is a quality of their mentality.

Broadly speaking, the Caucasian nose is the superior of all others. If one "follow his nose" the Caucasian leads the world.

Nearly all our "great men" have been remarkable for their noses in some way. Mohammed, for instance. His nose was almost a beak—it seemed to try to reach his chin. Then the immortal Ovid was called by the irreverent "Mr. Nosey" or *Naso*. Napoleon III. suffered the same scoff, *Grosbec*, or *Nosy*.

The "Great Napoleon" had an exquisitely chiseled nose himself, and was wont to say, "Give me a man with plenty of nose." Fortune answered his prayer, although hardly in the way he wished, for Wellington was thrown across his path—the owner of the most prominent nose in Europe!

Richelieu, Wolsey, Bacon, Franklin, all had large nostrilled noses, betokening strong power of thought and love of serious meditation. Our Washington had nobility of purpose and heroism plainly stamped on his. Cæsar's was much the same type. Gladstone owned a generous, "broad-minded" nose.

Once a great nose saved a great life, and it was in this wise: Ludolph of Austria, he of the big nose, roused the enmity of some of his knights, and they decided to slay him. One night a peasant working near their tents overheard them say, "To-morrow we'll surprise old Big Nose and cut him to pieces." Presently as the peasant was on his way to another part of the camp—for this happened during a campaign—he was met by the emperor, taking an evening walk to inspect his army. Ludolph asked him what was going

on in his part of the camp. The man innocently answered that there would be great fun next morning, for they were going to cut a big nose to pieces. It is needless to say that there was no "next morning" for the conspirators.

Rameses II. punished those convicted of treason by striking off their noses, and Actisanes of Egypt treated robbers in the same manner. His unique method of reforming dishonest butchers was putting a hook through their noses, on which to hang bad meat!

It is not now such an irreparable loss as it was once to lose one's nose, for wax and plaster ones are made very successfully. They must certainly be more becoming than the golden one that Tycho Brahe of old attached to his face with cement.

* * *

The depth of beauty often depends upon the thickness of the paint.

* * *

WOMEN INVENTORS.

As inventors women have long been to the fore and numerous instances could be given of women who have invented articles which have placed them in comfortable circumstances. Women inventors occupy all ranks of society, from the poor, struggling working woman to the Empress of the French who invented the dress improver which years since developed into the then fashionable crinoline. The woman who patented the improved baby carriage made £10,000, while a young girl living at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, devised a simple toilet requisite from which she derived an income of £100 a year. The wife of a clergyman invented an improved corset, which was the means of making her independently rich. It was a woman's inventive power that produced the paper bag making machine. Another clever woman is responsible for the wonderful device for deadening the sound of car wheels on the overhead railway. Women have perhaps more often figured as the instigators of inventions than as inventors. The machine by which the Brothers Morley made their great fortune was invented by Rev. Wm. Lee, who was an eminent fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, England.

The story of his life is pathetic. He fell in love with an innkeeper's daughter and married her, which action deprived him of his fellowship. He was soon reduced to extreme poverty. His wife knitted stockings for a living, and Lee, sitting by her side as she worked, watched the intricate movements of her hands, and was thus led to speculate on the possibility of constructing a machine which would do the work more expeditiously. Lee, however, unfortunately came to grief, owing to the machine being regarded as a device for throwing people out of work, and he died poor and friendless, a broken-hearted man. Apropos of the manner in which Lee discovered the stocking loom, it is interesting to note that the late Mr. Horsey invented the modern tobacco pouch from an idea which was presented to his mind after watching his wife folding some stockings.

* * *

We prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil that gradually determines character.

* * *

WHY THE BOER WAS SET FREE.

IN the fight at Lindley the Dublin Hunt section of the Imperial Yeomanry suffered heavily. Trooper William Holmes was found on the battle field severely injured. But for the kindness of a Boer who sat by him all night and conveyed him in a cart next morning to Lindley, he would probably have died. As it was, his condition was serious, and a leg had to be cut off. In the course of time this very Boer was captured and transported beyond the seas. From his new quarters he wrote to the trooper in the hope that he might be able to get him sent back to the Cape on parole. The letter reached the soldier's home in Dublin before the invalided man had returned there, but it was opened by his father, Lord Justice Holmes, who at once forwarded it to Earl (then Lord) Roberts. The commander-in-chief answered by telegraph that the Boer had been released, and was on his way home. It is such grateful incidents as these that tone down to some extent the horrors of war.

TOWN WHERE BUSINESS STOPS AND SCHOOLS CLOSE AT HIGH TIDE.

ON Holland Island, in Chesapeake bay, is the queerest town in the United States.

The ocean tides regulate the whole life of the place. At low tide the town is in full activity. Business, society functions and schools are then carried on. But when the flood tide sets in, all people and children scamper for their homes, regardless of the time of day or night.

The cause of this peculiar arrangement is the fact that the town is gradually sinking under the waters of the bay. Holland Island, which used to be a body of land rising high above the water, has sunk rapidly in the past few years. Its principal streets are flooded at high tide. Only the houses on the high central ridge of the island are above water.

When high tide occurs at 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning the affairs of this town go on much the same as in any other town. By 6 or 7 o'clock the water has receded from the streets and the merchants open their stores. At 9 o'clock the children go to school and the women go shopping. All are happy in the thought that they can stay away from home until late in the afternoon, when the returning high tide is due.

But when high tide occurs at midday all this is changed. The children must get up and go to school before light in the morning. Men hustle downtown to their stores at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, anxious to do part of a day's business before the tide comes in. Before noon they must close their shops and go home till evening, when they can open up again at low tide.

In spite of these inconveniences, 600 people live on Holland island. They are mostly oystermen and their families.

Much money and labor have been expended by the property owners to combat the terrible action of the swift-running tides, but now all seems doomed to destruction.

Dr. Amos Brown, head professor of geology at the University of Pennsylvania, has this to say about the island:

"There may be two causes for this very peculiar disappearance. The fact that islands go out of sight, however, is no new thing, but for one to be swallowed so rapidly is certainly startling.

This disappearance may be due to the weight of the island itself. Deep currents are often found in a bay which eat and cut away from below, so that the upper or exposed portion of the island gradually sinks. Especially is this the case where the land is of alluvial formation, and consequently soft and very yielding.

"A second consideration is that the swift tides of the Chesapeake may be rapidly cutting away the land from the top and sides, but this is a much slower process. I think that the rapidity of disappearance in the case of Holland island would point to the first cause I mentioned, or, possibly, to a combination of each. There is no doubt that this island is of alluvial formation and was once joined to the other islands in the bay lying near it. When the rich farms of Virginia and Maryland were in their best condition of cultivation before the war, immense quantities of deposit were carried down the Potomac into the bay.

"Most of the islands opposite the mouth of the river were thus built up and sustained against the action of the tide sweeping in. Since the war these farms have not been worked and the land has become baked, and the debris carried down by the river is thus checked. The islands receive nothing, therefore, to compensate for the action of the tides and underlying excavation of deep counter currents, and must in time entirely disappear. This island is particularly well situated for the best possible action of the tides. As the tide advances it cuts away on the west, then travels up Holland straits and eats away on the south and east. Coupled with the causes already mentioned, one must not forget that the whole eastern coast line is slowly sinking. This has become already a serious matter to real estate owners on the New Jersey coast. The Pacific coast, on the contrary, is gradually rising."

* * *

*Nothing is improved by anger,
unless it be the arch of a cat's back.*

* * *

HOW TO FORECAST THE WEATHER.

THE ordinary person makes no distinction between one cloud and another, though by some meteorologists they are divided into four distinct

groups; the heaped up cumulus; the delicate, feathery, curling little clouds, named cirrus, so high as to be frozen, often, into minute needles of ice; the wide-spreading sheets of cloud named stratus, which, seldom more than half a mile above the earth, often come down to envelop us in fogs of mist; and the dark, unmistakable nimbus, very soon causing the water that left the earth as vapor to be restored as rain.

The clouds owe their different forms to different physical states of the atmosphere, to which are also due the aerial currents, which often flow in directions other than the currents or winds prevailing close to the earth.

In weather forecasting, no clouds are worthy of such attention as the cirrus clouds, which attain a greater elevation than any others, averaging in summer a height of five or six miles above the earth. Their sudden appearance in a clear sky is generally a signal of foul weather, especially when their streamers have an upward tendency, for this indicates that the clouds are falling. After heavy rains, on the other hand, the formation of these clouds is often a sign of improvement.

When cirrus clouds appear in summer, the assumption is that rain will occur in two or three days. They are seldom seen in winter, and never for long. When cirrus clouds assume the form of stratus, at any altitude of four or five miles, their persistence is an almost certain sign of rainy weather. If, on the contrary, they remain of small size, and quickly disappear, no change is to be apprehended.

Among the most significant of the cirrus formation of clouds is that delicate white veil called cirro-pallium, which is gradually drawn across the sky. This, with its accompanying lunar and solar halos, almost certainly foretells rain and bad weather for the next day.

Cumulus clouds vary enormously in size, but so long as they remain of moderate dimensions, in fine weather, they indicate a continuance of brightness. But when, in hot weather, they grow exceptionally large, they give warning of storms, with high temperature—and with great certainty when they assume a dome-like shape.

The ordinary stratus, the fog of the sky, is common in all seasons, but is generally observed

in the morning or evening. It causes fine rain, seldom of very long duration.

None can mistake the nimbus formations, those dark, heavy-looking masses, with clearly-defined outlines, the certain precursors of immediate rain. They may attain the size of immense mountains of vapor, the base less than a mile above the ground, and the summit as high as five miles. Some nimbus clouds have been calculated to contain as much as 200 cubic miles of vapor!—*Pearson's Magazine*.

* * *

If you are acquainted with happiness, introduce him to your neighbor.

* * *

SURVEYORS' WOES IN CHINA.

THERE is a humorous side to the foreign troubles in China. The chief engineer of the railway that is being built through Shang-Tung province by the Germans complained to a taotai, or local governor, that the people pulled up and carried off the stakes that his surveyors had driven into the ground to guide the construction gangs in grading the right of way, so that he had been compelled to do the work over three or four times. The taotai promised that the mischief should stop, and said that he would give the matter his personal attention. The surveyors went over the line again and marked it out carefully with wooden pegs. When they came back a few weeks later they were disgusted to find that every one of the markers for miles had disappeared. The chief engineer, in the heat of his wrath, rushed to the taotai to make complaint, and the latter, with a smile that was childlike and bland, attempted to soothe him, saying:

"The stakes are all right, every one of them; I had my men go out and take them all up, and keep them safely until you returned, and I have got them tied up in bundles for you."

The letter which brings this interesting anecdote all the way from Shan-Tung relates that the engineer grabbed the mandarin by the throat and nearly shook his head off, although the latter had done what he supposed to be a great favor with the best of intentions.

ORIGIN OF FAMILIAR PHRASES.

To feel in apple-pie order is a phrase which dates back to Puritan times—to a certain Hepzibah Merton. It seems that every Saturday she was accustomed to bake two or three dozen apple pies, which were to last her family through the coming week. These she placed carefully on her pantry shelves, labeled for each day of the week, so that Tuesday's pies might not be confused with Thursday's, nor those presumably large or intended for washing and sweeping days, eaten when household labors were lighter. Aunt Hepzibah's "apple-pie order" was known throughout the entire settlement, and originated the well-known saying.

It was once customary in France when a guest had outstayed his welcome for the host to serve a cold shoulder of mutton instead of a hot roast. This was the origin of the phrase, "To give the cold shoulder."

"None shall wear a feather but he who has killed a Turk," was an old Hungarian saying, and the number of feathers in his cap indicated how many Turks the man had killed. Hence the origin of the saying with reference to a feather in one's cap.

In one of the battles between the Russians and the Tartars a private soldier of the former cried out: "Captain, I've caught a Tartar!" "Bring him along, then," answered the officer. "I can't, for he won't let me," was the response. Upon investigation it was found that the captured had the captor by the arm and would not release him. So, "catching a Tartar" is applicable to one who has found an antagonist too powerful for him.

That far from elegant expression, "to kick the bucket," is believed to have originated in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when a shoemaker named Hawkins committed suicide by placing a bucket on a table in order to raise himself high enough to reach a rafter above, then kicking away the bucket on which he stood. The term coroner is derived from the word "corphcormor," which means corpse inspector.

"He's a brick," meaning a good fellow, originated with a king of Sparta—Agésilas—about the fourth century B. C. A visitor at the Lacedæmonian capital was surprised to find the city without walls or means of defense, and asked his

royal host what they would do in case of an invasion by a foreign power. "Do?" replied the heroic king. "Why, Sparta has 50,000 soldiers, and each man is a brick."

When the horse guards parade in St. James' park, London, there is always a lot of boys on hand to black the boots of soldiers, or do other menial work. These boys, from their constant attendance about the time of guard mounting, were nicknamed the "blackguards," hence the name "blackguard." Deadhead, as denoting one who has free entrance to places of amusement, comes from Pompeii, where the checks for free admission were small ivory death's heads. Specimens of these are in the museum at Naples.

* * *

The flirt's punishment for contempt of court is ancient spinsterhood.

* * *

NEVER SEEN BY FOREIGN MAN.

"THE EMPRESS was never seen by a foreign man, but has been seen by the wives of all the ministers in Peking. When she has an interview with a Chinese official, according to Chinese custom, she sits behind a screen. Among the presents she gave the wives of the ministers were a lot of ivory combs—fine combs as well as coarse—a present which, it is to be hoped, these good ladies will not have use for outside of China. During the interview with these ladies she introduced them to the emperor. She passed the tea to them herself, taking a sip from each of the cups before she gave it, evidently to show them that it was not poisoned. They came away infatuated with the 'Old Lady,' as the Chinese sometimes call her. The empress dowager's chief characteristic is quickness of thought and action. When she comes to a crisis she does not wait to think twice, she acts at once, and awes by her very presence. She does not take time to reckon what the consequences will be, but when she has gotten the reins well in her own hands she plans at leisure how to avoid consequences. She has always been hand and glove with Li Hung Chang, and he would do anything to protect her. It was formerly supposed that she was for reform and so she might have been had she not been com-

pelled to put herself behind the conservative party when she deposed Kwang Hsu. She is extravagant beyond expression. Her sixtieth birthday fell during the Japanese-Chinese war. To celebrate it she had a stone road built to the summer palace, while the public road to Fung-chou was in a dilapidated condition. When 30,000,000 taels were raised for the construction of railways, it is said, she used a large part of the money in the decoration of the imperial gardens, stopping the railway at Shanhaikuan instead of at Monkden, according to the original plans."

* * *

*Silence is the understanding of
fools, and one of the virtues of the
wise.*

* * *

QUEER FILIPINO BULLETS.

THE inability of the Filipino to understand that accuracy of bullet flight is the first thing to be sought in rifle fire may account for the many weird inventions by which the insurgents attempt to increase the deadliness of their weapons at the expense of unerringness. They will, in a fiendish desire to secure a bullet that will cruelly tear a victim's body, produce a missile that can nearly always be counted on to miss its target. Instead of aiming at accuracy of flight they waste their energies in efforts to add peculiar lacerating powers to their bullets. Fully half of the cartridges found in the possession of the rebels consist of refilled shells. In some of the crude arsenals wounded soldiers, women and boys are engaged in the work of refilling. The Filipinos have been able to buy large quantities of tea lead and get it through the line in the form of wrapping or packing materials for teas, sugar and articles of merchandise of all kinds. The sheet lead has been of great service in the cartridge-making plants. It is seldom melted and cast, the sheets instead being rolled and pounded into the form of a bullet which usually breaks open when discharged. Such a missile makes a ragged and dangerous wound.

Ingenuous natives—and there are not a few of these—make a bullet from pieces of iron, forged out and adjusted into a shell. This is the roughest of all the home-made bullets and is employed only when the better forms of ammunition have

run out. Various are the natives' ways of making their bullets deadly. Sometimes a wire nail is driven through the ball. One insurgent was caught the other day with a score of these on his person. Understanding the deadly effect of brass in wounds, they are always studying means to utilize brass metal against the American soldiers. One rebel made a small ball out of hard-wound fine brass wire. It was to be placed in a cartridge and the idea was that when it unwound it would effectually prevent the recovery of the victim it chanced to hit. Another dangerous missile is made by grooving a ball and winding the groove with spring wire. The end of the wire being only soldered down it breaks loose on leaving the gun and is expected to make a bad wound in tearing into its victim.

Splitting bullets is a favorite method of brutalizing native warfare. The missile is split into halves or quarters and on striking an object expands, causing much trouble to the surgeons, as the pieces often break off and are hard to locate in the body. Spiral grooves are cut in some bullets for the double purpose of causing a bad wound and of enabling the ball to keep a straighter flight. One of the most singular specimens is a bullet penetrated sectionally with two pieces of brass wire, the points projecting and being sharpened, so that a wound by it nearly always brings on bloodpoisoning.

* * *

*Be firm; one constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.*

* * *

MEANING OF CONSUELO.

SOME would-be-correct folk have tried to give a feminine turn to the name of two duchesses—Consuelo, duchess of Manchester, and Consuelo, duchess of Marlborough, by writing it "Consuela." This shows a misunderstanding of a most characteristic Spanish name. Consuelo is "comfort" or "consolation"—a masculine substantive, but a feminine name, for it implies Maria as a first name. Almost all Spanish women are christened Mary with some special invocation, thus Mary of the Seven Sorrows is "Dolores," Mary of the Immaculate Conception is "Conception," and Mary of Good Comfort is "Consuelo."

NORWEGIAN SKI RUNNING.

It is a very difficult task to explain to one who has never seen ski or ski running what it really means. Skis are really very simple instruments. They consist of two long, narrow strips of wood, pointed and curved upward in front. In Norway the ski is generally seven or eight feet in length and from three to four inches in breadth. At the center under the foot they will be about an inch thick or a little more, beveling off to about a quarter of an inch at either end. The under surface is flat, often with a groove along the middle, and is made as smooth as possible. They are fastened to the feet by a loop for the toe, fixed near the center of the ski, and a band which passes from this round behind the heel of the shoe and which can be tied very tight.

I remember an incident which happened in America many years ago. He was an engineer, and was surveying for a railway far west on the prairies. The winter had set in, and deep snow had covered the fields. Being a skillful ski runner, he made himself a pair of ski. The same day he had been out trying these for the first time a group of Indians came upon a track, consisting of two parallel grooves or furrows in the snow, and, never having seen a similar track before, they followed it up to make out what kind of an animal it might originate from. They followed the track to the door of the Norwegian's cottage, where they saw two strips of wood leaning against the wall. They measured the track and they measured these wooden things, and found that they were exactly the same breadth.

And now followed a very close investigation of these marvelous creatures, which were carefully measured on all sides. When the Norwegian, as by chance, came out of his cottage door the natives darted away from the ski and looked at something else, pretending not even to have noticed them. The Norwegian showed them, however, the ski and how they were used. They wished now to try them, but using them as they were accustomed to do their snowshoes they made slow progress and found them poor and slippery.

The Norwegian then put them on and proposed to race with the Indians, and they were quite willing. But the surprise of these swift

Indians, on their light snowshoes, was great when they discovered that they were only able to keep pace with him for a few hundred yards and then rapidly dropped behind, even though they were racing over their well-known prairies. Afterward the Norwegian helped them to make ski and some of the Indians learned to use them tolerably well, although men who are not trained to use ski from early boyhood very seldom become skillful ski runners.

The motion employed in ski-ing has no resemblance to that employed in skating. While they are moved the ski are always kept strictly parallel and as close together as possible and should not be lifted from the ground—like Canadian snowshoes. On flat ground they should constantly be kept gliding over the surface of the snow, while being driven forward by alternate strokes from the hips and thighs, and the body is thrown forward in each stride. The length of the stride may be increased by propulsion of the staff which the ski runner carries in his hand.

Up hill, if the gradient be steep, the ski runner will have to tack from side to side, following a zigzag course, or go sideways, bringing the ski almost to a right angle with the slope. But down hill the ski runner often goes with a tremendous speed, and then it may well be possible that he could "outstrip the birds in flight." The ski now slide readily, and the steeper the slope the greater the speed, the one thing necessary being to maintain the balance and to steer clear of all difficulties, such as trees and precipices. The ski runner can go everywhere, over hill and valley, and nothing stops him so long as there is sufficient snow to move over.

A great art in ski running is the jumping upon ski. It is generally done down steep hillsides, which in the middle have some natural breaks in the ground, or where a bank of snow is built. Sliding with a great pace from the top of the hill onto this bank, the jumper, owing to the sudden break in the ground, is thrown far into the air, and after a longer or shorter journey through space, he alights on the slope below and continues his headlong course at an even greater speed than before. As a rule, he will even very much increase the length of his leap by taking a spring just as he leaves the projecting bank. The length of such jumps is very generally seventy or eighty

feet, and in the later years jumps exceeding one hundred feet are recorded.

* * *

FREAK FARMING.

IN several issues of the 'Nook reference has been made to so-called freak farming, that is, engaging in some out-of-the-ordinary pursuits, and if we mistake not we called attention to skunk raising. Below we give the experience of the proprietor of such a place in Pennsylvania, as related in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

We bought a farm in Monroe County, Pennsylvania, for the express purpose of experimenting in skunk raising. We paid \$6,500 for the farm. We obtained a charter from the State, and in October, 1891, opened an office near the farm for the purpose of purchasing our skunks. We found this no small matter, and only succeeded after doing a great deal of advertising and sending expert trappers into regions where the animals were numerous. We bought one male to ten females, paying usually from \$2.50 to \$3.00 for fine black specimens. A black skunk is one which has no white back of the shoulder excepting the tip of the tail.

A temporary pen 80x100 feet was constructed to keep the skunks until spring. Early in the next April a three-foot trench was dug around a twenty-acre piece of hillside land, sloping to the sun. In this ditch we set posts eight feet apart, and to this we stapled galvanized wire netting eight feet high, with a one-inch mesh. This made a tight fence five feet below the surface. The trench was then filled and tramped hard. Then a twelve-inch hemlock board was strung along the tops of the posts inside and out. This was to keep the skunks in and other animals out. Then we turned to the making of dens.

The dens were made of heavy oak planks, or of stone, of various patterns and styles, but the prevailing size was 4x10 feet, just below the frost line. A hall ran the whole length of the den, with openings into rooms 2x2x2 feet. Each den had leading to it a tunnel twelve feet long and twelve inches square, so inclined as to give gravity drainage to the interior.

Over the mouth of each tunnel, as cold weather approached, was placed a thick cloth to exclude the cold; and many other minor matters looking

to the comfort and safety of the inmates received our attention.

April 20 the park received its fragrant population of about three hundred skunks. We had discovered them partial to a meat diet, especially poultry. Beef, lamb or pork would be cast aside at any time for chicken. Fish were also popular food. Occasionally thawed frozen apples would be lightly eaten during the winter, and now and then in summer a dessert of berries or wild plums. Bugs, crickets and grubs of all kinds were delicacies for them, and in search of these they kept the twenty-acre park as thoroughly plowed as any farm implement could have turned it. As a rooter the skunk equals the pig. He will spend the whole night overturning flat stones, chips, bark, rooting in toughest sods, and digging in old logs for insects and larvæ. He is strictly a nocturnal animal, and if seen abroad in the daytime there is generally urgent cause.

The young skunks are born in May or June in this latitude. A warm winter will bring them about thirty days earlier. The young of mature skunks have finer and better fur than the progeny of the younger animals, and their pelts are larger and more valuable. The females have one litter a year, numbering from six to sixteen. Seventy to eighty per cent of these are females. In buying our stock from trappers this average also held, though we had not specified the proportions desired.

The first year brought no increase in our stock, but rather a falling off, due to natural deaths. This was entirely unexpected. We looked for 2,000 skunks in 1892. No reason could be assigned for our disappointment, but we determined to keep a strict watch in the spring of 1893. This revealed to us that the skunk is a cannibal. Though we kept the animals supplied with an abundance of the choicest food, and conducted water to their dens through iron pipes from a cold mountain spring, we found that they destroyed the young as fast as they were born, the males being the chief offenders.

We saw many surprising and startling proofs that the skunks were doing in captivity what they had never been known to do in the wild state. We several times saw a mother rush from one of the dens with a kitten in her mouth, a cannibalistic pack in pursuit.

Our hopes of gathering a fortune by raising this valuable little animal in captivity had received a sore blow by this discovery, but the more sanguine members of the company had plans to set this obstacle aside.

It was certain that the males were the chief destroyers of the young. Why not separate them from the females after breeding? The suggestion was so reasonable that it was adopted. March 2, 1894, the females were segregated in a spacious inclosure specially prepared for them. In due time the young were born. Then the females ate each other's children. One had been placed by herself, and she successfully reared nine young. We estimated the cost of raising this single brood at \$30.

Skunks are not especially quarrelsome. We never knew one to use his scent except in self-defense. The removal of the scent sack did not appreciably affect the growth of the animal, but seemed fatal to many, and beyond a doubt affected unfavorably the general appearance, the furring, and consequently the value. So that in skunk culture the unwholesome scent gland is quite necessary.

During cold weather the skunk lies dormant in a burrow below the frost line, several living together. The mother skunk will sometimes move her children to a new burrow, doing this at night. I made an estimate of the distance covered by one mother in moving a family of seven, and I found she had traveled nine miles, half the distance with a kitten in her mouth.

Skunks cannot be raised in captivity. It cost us \$25,000 to find this out, but we are convinced.

* * *

WOMEN TRADERS IN THE ORIENT.

PROBABLY few people in occidental countries know anything about the feminine traders of the East. Nevertheless, in those vast tracts of the Orient where the female sex passes its life in strict seclusion, a considerable retail business of a primitive kind is transacted by wandering woman peddlers, who carry their goods round and display them in the houses of well-to-do families.

Originally this trade was carried on entirely by native women, but of late a certain number of European women have embarked in it, either on their own account or as agents of small European houses. Of course, the business lies almost entirely among the families of Mohammedans, of whom Great Britain alone has nearly 100,000,000 among its subjects.

A very large proportion of the success in oriental countries gained by missionaries is due to the ladies who assist them, for, naturally, they alone can get at the women of the East. What applies to the spread of religion applies also to the spread of trade, and the work done by the zenana missions is an indication of what a trading association on the same lines could effect. Equally it shows the value of the woman agent. There are many Mussulman women who cannot go to markets and shops, and their custom would be practically assured to the firms which sent goods to their houses by lady agents, more especially such goods as are required in household use. In Turkey Catholic nuns have already adopted this method of business and they have numerous customers among Mohammedan women for their woolen stuffs, cloth, stockings, shawls and such things, which they make in their own convents.

The need felt by Mohammedan families for such means of doing their shopping is rapidly becoming greater owing to the spread of European influence and refinement, which naturally necessitates an increase of household requirements and personal luxuries. It is true, of course, that husbands, brothers and sons can be sent to buy these things, but husbands, brothers and sons cannot always be relied upon to get the right article. With the exception of villagers and the poorest classes only women of advanced ideas ever go to market or shops in the oriental towns and even they do not know the delights of shopping. They are veiled and being unaccustomed to talk to strangers they are not at their ease. The woman of the East much prefers to do her shopping in her own house with a woman peddler.

In great crises it is woman's special lot to soften our misfortunes.

The Home

Department



*A woman may forget all the rest
of her friends, but she never forgets
the woman who didn't come to her
wedding.*

NOODLES.

BY ANNA M. STANTON.

THREE eggs, three tablespoons sour cream, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of baking powder and flour to mix very stiff. Roll and cut like cookies. Then take each piece separately and roll it very thin. Spread a white cloth on the table and place them on it to dry. About an hour's time will be required for drying. Cut into strips about an inch and a fourth wide. Pile them about an inch high. Shave very fine from the end of the pile.

If one wishes to cook noodles with chicken, pour about a quart of milk into the kettle when the chicken is done cooking. When it boils, lightly drop into it about half this quantity of noodles. They require only a few minutes' cooking.

North Yakima, Wash.

BREAKFAST FOOD.

BY AMANDA WITMORE.

TAKE good wheat, either from the thrashing machine or from your mill, scoured wheat. Wash clean and drain, then put in the oven to dry. Dry slowly and thoroughly, so it will grind well. Grind coarsely in a good coffeemill, or a little hand mill. Add to this one-fourth rye or white flour. Have water boiling, about four cups of water to one cup of the prepared food.

Salt to taste, boil slowly for one-half hour, longer will improve it. This is my own manufacture which we have used over twenty years, and never tire of it. It makes a cheap, healthy, unadulterated, clean diet for brain and nerve.

McPherson, Kans.

SNOW PUDDING.

BY WEALTHY A. BURKHOLDER.

DISSOLVE in one pint of hot water one-half ounce of gelatine. After it has cooled, add the beaten whites of three eggs, one teacupful of sugar, and the juice of two lemons. Pour the whole into a mould. When set, put in a dish, pour over it a quart of custard flavored with vanilla, and set on the ice until served.

Newburg, Pa.

SODA WATER.

BY ADALINE HOHF BEERY.

TAKE two ounces of tartaric acid, juice of one lemon, two pounds of white sugar, three pints of water; boil together five minutes. When nearly cold, add, after beating together, the whites of three eggs, half a cup of flour made smooth with a little water, and one ounce of wintergreen essence. Mix well, put in glass jars or pint bottles and keep in a cool place. For a drink, two tablespoonfuls of the syrup to two-thirds tumbler of cold water, and one-quarter

teaspoonful of soda. Stir until creamy with foam. This is very refreshing in hot weather.

Huntingdon, Pa.

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FOR MAKING TEA.

BY REBECCA A. GARBER.

PUT in a porcelain vessel one teaspoonful of Heno (or Sheon) tea, pour over it one quart of boiling water. Set on the back of the stove where it will not boil. Let it stand until the leaves unfold and sink, then pour into the teapot. Do not allow it to stand on the leaves too long, as it destroys the flavor.

Roanoke, Va.

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SOFT WHITE FILLING FOR LAYER CAKE.

MAKE a sirup of a cup of granulated sugar and a third of a cup of water and simmer over the fire until it threads. Beat the whites of two small eggs stiff, add a generous pinch of cream of tartar and beat steadily while you pour in the hot sirup. Do not cease beating until it is like a thick, white paste, then flavor with vanilla or lemon, and spread at once on the layer-cakes.

• •

BLEEDING from the nose can often be checked by laying a piece of ice on the wrist.

• •

To scale a fish more readily let it lie for a little while in salt water before scraping.

• •

OLD newspapers laid down over the carpet lining will assist in freeing one from moths.

• •

WHEN stuffing a fowl that is to be roasted, prepare and insert the stuffing over night, and the flavor of the seasoning will penetrate through the entire bird.

BUREAU drawers if inclined to stick should be rubbed with a bit of dry soap, or with paraffine.

• •

A SPRIG of parsley eaten after one has indulged in onions will remove their unpleasant odor from the breath.

• •

FISH for frying must always be dried thoroughly and dredged with flour before being brushed over with egg and bread crumbs.

• •

BAKE custards by setting the cups in a pan of water. This cooks them very evenly and makes them less liable to become watery.

• •

WHEN burning refuse, such as potato skins or cabbage leaves, put a handful of salt into the fire and it will destroy the unpleasant odor.

• •

FOR a slight burn try an application of common baking soda, moistened with water. Spread this over the burned surface and the pain will be quickly allayed.

• •

SALTED popcorn is prepared in the same way as salted almonds or peanuts. Choose the softest and whitest kernels of popped corn, put in a hot frying pan with a little melted butter, and dust over with salt. Let them brown lightly.

• •

FOR red hands use a little chloride of lime—dropping a few grains into the water used for washing the hands. Be careful to remove all rings and bracelets first, for chloride of lime will tarnish them.

• •

IN icing a cake a little cornstarch dusted into the icing will help to prevent its running off the sides of the cake. Also a strip of stiff paper a trifle deeper than the cake may be pinned around it before spreading on the icing, and should be left on until the icing is quite dry.

The proof that there is no housecleaning in heaven is that there is no heaven in housecleaning.

THE INGLENOOK

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No. 2.

THE CHEERFUL HEART.

I ASK not gold to hoard and hold
Beyond my need from day to day;
Nor wealth of lands my life demands,
Nor stocks and bonds to file away,

Nor costly trophies of the mart.
And yet to riches I aspire;
One splendid jewel I desire—
Give me, O God, a cheerful heart!

This jewel mine, I shall not pine,
Nor seek nor strive for lordly store;
'Tis wealth itself, nor power nor pelf
Can add to its possessor more;
From it shall living fountains start
To pave my path with gorgeous flowers;
I crave the magic of its powers—
Give me, O God, a cheerful heart!

Let others strive and think they thrive
In getting things that must decay;
Of these bereft they may be left
Untortressed in an evil day,
Unarmed against the spoiler's dart.
Contentment such protection brings
I shall be more secure than kings—
Give me, O God, a cheerful heart!

The cheerful heart that plays its part
Exultant whatso'er beset,
Nor frets nor fumes in sullen glooms
That make disaster darker yet:
Be this my wealth, and if the mart
Shall yield me less than others win,
I still have greater store within—
Give me, O God, a cheerful heart!

—*Robertus Love.*

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THOUSANDS OF RABBITS.

THOUSANDS of rabbits are being placed in cold storage these days. It is difficult to tell the exact number, but it is estimated that there are not less than 300,000 in the various storage plants. The reason is the low prices.

When the season opened in October rabbits were worth \$1.75 a dozen. Yesterday they could be bought for forty or fifty cents. This price hardly pays the cost of transportation, and large

numbers have been merchandized by commission men at the market quotations and put in the coolers to wait for a rise in the price. Dealers expect to see a change in a day or two.

Large profits have been made by storing rabbits. They are packed in barrels just as they are killed in the forest, and frozen hard. They will be taken from the coolers as the market justifies. It would not be at all unlikely that these rabbits which go in now at fifty cents a dozen would sell later for \$1.50 a dozen. There is no game law to protect rabbits in any State. Kansas, which used to have rabbit drives to get rid of them because they destroyed crops, now sends carloads to this market. They come in all kinds of packages. In boxes, wool sacks, egg cases, chicken coops, and many are fastened in big bunches by a wire run through the hind leg and shipped in that way. Nearly every express wagon which backs up to a commission house has a package or full load of rabbits.

The big jackrabbits come from Kansas and Missouri. These are worth \$1.50 a dozen, while the big white ones come from the Dakotas. The white ones are worth \$2.50 a dozen. The common cotton tails weigh about three pounds each, while the jacks and white ones go as high as ten pounds.

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QUININE CHEAP IN INDIA.

QUININE is sold at every rural post office in India at the rate of five grains for a farthing. That is ten grains for a cent, or forty-eight cents an ounce, retail. In Bengal alone 1,440,000 five-grain packets are sold annually. The government used to import \$250,000 worth of quinine every year, but Lieutenant Colonel King, superintendent of the royal botanic gardens in Calcutta, has introduced its cultivation in India, and there are now 4,000,000 trees in Bengal.

RAINMAKERS.

TEN years ago the telegraphic columns of the newspapers devoted much space to what is now a forgotten industry—that of the production of rain by artificial means. It was about that time that W. S. Melbourne attracted the attention of half the world by claiming that he had discovered a method by which man could regulate the seasons and could produce rainfall at his desire. Melbourne was one of the greatest confidence men on earth and Keeley's motor alone outranks his rainmaking apparatus.

It was in the last great rush of immigration to the west in the latter part of the '80's that the necessity for irrigation of the western plains was first felt. Ditches were planned through Wyoming, Colorado and western Nebraska and thousands of dollars were invested in what promised to be a safe enterprise, when every investor was scared and work on every irrigating plant was stopped by the alleged discoveries of Melbourne. This discovery was heralded to the world dressed in scientific garb. The well-known laws of hydrostatics were used to prove the conclusion of the inventor of the process.

It was Melbourne's theory that the air always contained moisture and that all that was necessary to produce rain was to "squeeze" it as one would wring water from a damp sponge. To squeeze the air was the problem that Melbourne claimed he had solved. It was to be accomplished by the means of high explosives in more senses than one. Dynamite was to be sent up into the heavens on kites and exploded when certain strata of air had been reached. The priest of the new atmospheric dispensation took his texts from popular history and tradition. There has always been a rain after every great battle, and every schoolboy knows that it always rains on the Fourth of July. During battles and upon the natal day of the republic there are explosions, and therefore the explosions caused the rainfall.

Such was the reasoning which attracted the people and such was the reasoning which suspended the work on the irrigation ditches and caused people to buy land in arid districts, which caused one railroad system to expend thousands of dollars chasing the elusive raindrop and brought to its promoter an independent fortune.

The greatest of Melbourne's tests was at Cheyenne, where for three days he fired his dynamite, and for three days it rained. The people who saw this test were convinced. Nature had come to the relief of the fakir and his fortune was made.

Riding upon the tide of this popular excitement came Rainmaker Jewell. Mr. Jewell was a Kansas production, and with all the expansive ideas of the Sunflower State he tried to reach the stars. It was not through labor that he started, but through the credulity of the managers of the Rock Island railroad. At that time the Rock Island had extended its system through the short grass country and was reaching for the cattle trade of the Texas panhandle. Thousands of acres of government land stretched along its lines, which would support an empire if water could be obtained. Jewell impressed the managers of the road with the idea that he could produce rain and was employed at a salary as official rainmaker of the system. He started operations at Goodland and rain fell when the explosions occurred, or at least close enough thereafter to make the people believe that the detonations of the dynamite had brought the shower.

The apparent success of Melbourne and Jewell was brought to the attention of the United States department of agriculture, which at that time had recently taken charge of the weather bureau. At the suggestion of the secretary of agriculture Congress appropriated several thousand dollars to be used in rainmaking experiments.

The experimental work was placed in charge of General Dyrenförth, who selected Texas as the place for the work. The professional rainmakers were consulted and their advice accepted. With all of this the appropriation was exhausted before one drop of rain which could be traced to the experiments was produced. Then the bubble burst and the professional rainmaker went to selling gold bricks of another kind.

Apropos of rainmaking it may be interesting to note that the late trouble in China is the direct result of the failure of the people to secure rain when desired. For years there has been a strong anti-foreign feeling in the flowery kingdom, but it has generally been confined to isolated territories where it could be curbed by the government. This summer there were long periods of

drought and the anti-foreign element, supported by certain of the native priests, alleged that the gods would not send rain until every foreigner should be driven from the land or sacrificed to allay the wrath of the deities at their presence upon the celestial soil. This inflamed the populace and the work of placating the deities began.

But if the rainmakers who failed are making trouble for the Christians in China the Christians themselves have not been guiltless in the matter of punishing people who have prevented the falling of the rain. Among the witches burned at Salem more than one was charged with causing drouths which destroyed the crops. As late as the beginning of the present century a minister of the Church of England held his living because he could produce rain by prayer. It is not recorded that rain ever fell at his entreaty or, in fact, that he ever prayed for rain, as it was understood that he would not ask for the blessings of a shower until his flock was unanimous in their request for it. This unanimity could never be attained, so his power was never put to the test.

* * *

*Many a man would be smarter if
he knew half as much as he thinks
he does.*

* * *

TORNADOES.

BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

SEEING numerous inquiries in the 'NOOK concerning cyclones or tornadoes I thought probably an article on that would be interesting as well as instructive to those who live where cyclones are unknown, and as I have been through one once I will give a few things as they occurred.

A tornado is a mass of air whirling very rapidly around, sometimes touching the earth, and then rising above the earth, and of different sizes. The smallest part touches the earth at times, and is shaped like a funnel, and is black in color. The sign of cyclones is two currents of air, and can be told by the clouds moving in opposite di-

rections at the same time, although this condition does not always produce cyclones.

The day of our cyclone I will always remember if I live to be a hundred years old. It was in the spring. One Sunday it had been raining hard, and toward evening there appeared in the southwest black clouds, all seeming to move toward one central point, and then we could see a large black cloud, funnel shaped, fast approaching, and all sorts of debris flying around it. We watched until it was very near, and then all ran to the cellar and we had hardly got there when it struck the house, and with our hands on our heads as if for protection we all breathed a prayer for our safety. The noise was deafening, the air hot and inky black, and in less time than it takes to tell this all was over. We looked up. The house was gone, the porch roof had fallen into the cellar and struck one of us, but lightly. We crawled out over the debris and such a sight I never want to see again! In the distance was the cyclone and very near us were several people fast in some debris, and their cries attracted our first attention. After we helped them all we could we viewed the remains of our own buildings. The wrecking was complete. Parts of broken furniture, dead and wounded animals, and articles that were not blown away, were almost buried in the mud. There were dead fowls with all of their feathers blown off, hubs and feloes of wheels with spokes gone, and all our building scattered to the winds. The deed to our property we had in the secretary. It was sent to us afterwards by mail, having been found by a farmer in his cornfield at Maitland, Mo. There is nothing built that can withstand a cyclone except a good cave. It actually tore the grass off the sod, and trees were playthings. The people that were hurt or killed remained in the house when it was demolished, when they ought to have gone to their cellar or cave. Seeing a cyclone increases one's "respect" for it, as the editor says.

Sabetha, Kans.

*It was Epictetus who said, "If
you desire great things remember
that you must not lay hold of them
with small effect."*

THE VALUE OF A CONCORDANCE.

BY C. E. ARNOLD.

THE value of a concordance, as of many another thing, depends upon the use or uses which it may be made to serve. I must, therefore, show how a concordance may be used. I myself use a Bible concordance chiefly to locate a text already more or less correctly in mind, in order to verify it or correct it, as the case may be, or to study it in the light of the context. Let us have a few illustrations of this use.

Let us suppose that I am studying the question of the financial support of the ministry. This text comes to my mind: "The laborer is worthy of his hire." I am not quite certain that it reads just that way in the Bible. Neither am I certain that the context will justify its use in ministerial support. So I turn to my concordance for the word *laborer*. Looking down the list of quotations there given I discover that mine occurs in Luke 10: 7, and that I have quoted it correctly. I find also, in 1 Tim. 5: 18, a statement differing from this only in the use of the word *reward* for *hire*. Studying each scripture in its setting, it appears that each refers to the ministry, but that it is not quite certain that the latter relates to financial support. Had I not found the text from the word *laborer*, I should have tried *worthy*, and then *hire*. With the brief concordance of the ordinary Teacher's Bible one can usually find any important text. In this I sometimes fail. Then I use a larger one—"Young's Analytical Concordance"—with which I never fail to find the text sought.

Some of us have heard at love feasts, as the closing hymn was announced, the following, supposed to be a quotation from the Bible: "And when they had sung an hymn, they went out and it was night." Let us try our concordance and see what we find. Looking for the word *hymn* we are cited to Matt. 26: 30 and Mark 14: 26, each of which reads as follows: "And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives." It is true that it was night, as one may learn from a study of the context, but it is not so stated in connection with the statement about the singing of the hymn. In this case the concordance has enabled us to correct a mis-

quotation. Each of us who writes for the religious press should test his quotations from the Bible, and for this the concordance is an indispensable help. Those who quote scripture loosely and unverified in their writings for the press either send their manuscripts into the waste basket or the editor after his concordance.

Queries frequently appear in the Querists' Department of the *Gospel Messenger* which any one ought to be able to answer, with the help of a concordance.

A second use which gives value to a concordance is its helpfulness in word study. It is a profitable Bible study to collect the various texts which contain some important word and make a comparative study of such texts. To some of us there seem to be better methods of Bible study, and I myself have not made much use of this method. But if carefully used this method is both legitimate and fruitful. Most that the Bible teaches on the subject of baptism, for example, may be gotten together by collecting the texts containing the word *baptism*. Here are a few words that may be used as a basis for such word study as is meant in the opening of this paragraph: sin, righteousness, faith, repentance, salvation, truth, love, justification, prayer. Of course the word in its various forms should be used; as, for example, *prayer*, *pray*, *praying*.

I must throw out a caution to be observed in this method of word study. It is not safe to take the word thus studied as having the same meaning in all the texts in which it occurs. It is all right to make the Bible serve as its own commentary, but not to the extent of making this blunder. The actual meaning of any word in any text must be determined largely from the context. To disregard this principle is to learn from the Bible things which it does not teach. Let us illustrate. In John 3: 16 we are told that "God so loved the world," etc. 1 John 3: 15 says: "Love not the world." Now, we might infer that God loves what he does not want us to love, which in this case is not true. *World* does not have the same meaning in these two texts. Take another illustration. Jesus says: "Fear not them which kill the body but are not able to kill the soul." But we learn that men did kill souls in Joshua's time. Josh. 11: 11. In Gen. 35: 18 we learn that the soul is something that may de-

part from the body. Then we learn in other scriptures that souls thirst, get hungry, eat, etc. Now, without regarding the varying meanings of the word *soul* we are involved in contradictions and are in danger of building up false theories. Not a little of error is due to the proof-text theology which ignores the necessity of studying each scripture citation in its own setting. When the concordance is used to promote the false method here criticised its value becomes a minus quantity—that is, its value is less than nothing. Alexander Cruden, who made the great concordance which bears his name, never learned much of the real spirit of the Bible. "He could not see the building for the bricks." The separate texts are the bricks which compose the great superstructure of God's Word.

McPherson, Kans.

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Do not let want of success trouble you, but struggle on... Labor hard and you will win in the end.

* * *

THE FIRST WOMAN WHO EVER SAT FOR A SUN PICTURE.

THE death last Tuesday morning at Hastings-on-the-Hudson of Miss Anna Catharine Draper, the first woman who ever "sat for her photograph," brings forcibly to mind the fact that the art of photography has been developed from Daguerre's crude invention to its present perfection within the compass of a single lifetime.

In 1839, when Daguerre's discovery was first announced, the famous scientist, Dr. John W. Draper, then a member of the faculty of the University of New York, was pursuing his researches in the chemical phenomena of light, whose results are among his most valuable contributions to science. Daguerre's announcement interested Dr. Draper greatly, and he at-once made it the

subject of special study. He was the first person in the world to utilize Daguerre's process in the portraiture of human beings. His sister was the sitter for the first photographic portrait from life, taken sixty-two years ago, on the roof of the old university building, Theodore Winthrop's Chrysalis college, if tradition is trustworthy. As the length of the "exposure" was six minutes, during which Miss Draper had to sit absolutely motionless in the full glare of the sun, with her face thickly covered with a white metallic powder, her services to science involved sufficient of personal inconvenience and discomfort to give her a claim to be entitled the heroine of photography, and to be held in honor by the countless thousands to whom the art of photography, with all its cognate and related arts, is now a source of pleasure, of education, of culture, of livelihood, of wealth.

If the young scientist who "took" and his sister who "sat for" the first photographic portrait could have looked but a short way into the future they would have been astounded at seeing, grown from that first crude daguerreotype of theirs as from a seed, with little more than half a century, a delightful and valuable art, and the great industry in which, through one of the city's greatest and most famous manufacturing firms, Rochester now leads the world.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

* * *

THE MUSICAL VOICE.

THE *Vocal Physiologist* says: "More money is thrown away on the education of the human voice than on the support of the government. Of every 10,000 voices one may be listened to without pain; of every 100,000 voices one may be listened to with patience; of every 1,000,000 voices one may be listened to with satisfaction; of every 10,000,000 voices one may be listened to with sensations of joy."

Be careful of your days, for every day is a little life, and we know not when it may end, and every life is but a day repeated.

CATCHES SNAKES.

By long odds the most singular occupation followed by a woman is that of Miss Grace Somers of California. She lives with an uncle on a ranch near Sonora, and has for some time past been engaged in the novel occupation of catching rattlesnakes, with which the region abounds, and is earning by that means a handsome sum of money every year. She has a small parcel of ground set apart for her individual use, which she has named her rattlesnake farm.

"I wanted to do something to earn money, and there's not much a girl can do whose lot is cast on a lonely cattle range," says Miss Somers. "I was born in St. Louis. After I graduated from business colleges I had a good position as typewriter in a lawyer's office. Then my mother's health failed and we came to California. Through letters I obtained a responsible position in San Francisco. We came to California too late, though, to save my mother's life, and the grief at losing her and the worrying over my office work soon told on me. I held out for almost a year and then collapsed. The doctor said I needed a complete rest and change, so I came up here to my uncle's ranch, where the bracing mountain air has almost restored me to health.

"In my rambles about the hills I often startled snakes from the rocks and brush and invariably watched them glide away. I wanted to observe their beautifully marked skins. One day Jim, a cowboy on the ranch, killed a rattler and brought the skin to the house. I had just read a comment on the fashion of wearing snake-skin belts and I thought what a fine one this beautiful skin would make, so I sent it to the city and ordered a belt made of it. That gave me my idea. 'If there is a demand for snake skin belts,' I thought, 'why shouldn't I supply skins to the market?'

"So I wrote to a firm in San Francisco and asked them if they would buy any fine rattlesnake skins. They jumped at the offer, and that was my start. Later I discovered I could mount the skins into belts just as handsomely as the hands they employed. Now I send the belts all over the United States. I do not make the snake skin purses myself. For the snake skins mounted into belts I receive from \$4 to \$10, according to the size and beauty of the skins. The skins suitable for purses net me about \$1 apiece."

Miss Somers laughed at the idea of carrying along whiskey as an antidote for snake bites. "I couldn't lug along enough of it to be of any use and there are no moonshiners' stills in these mountains to tap. There is always a little hope of preserving the life of anyone unfortunate enough to be bitten, providing there are powerful alkalies at immediate hand for prompt application. For such an emergency I always carry a reticule containing a bottle of ammonia, a stick of nitrate of silver and a cloth bandage to bind tightly around the wound in order to cut off circulation till the poison's strength is conquered.

"But I don't place too much reliance on them," she added, frankly. "I believe in the ounce of prevention, and my greatest protection is 'tireless vigilance.'

"It keeps me busy all the time, either catching the snakes or mounting the skins into belts. Of course when I'm hunting I wear a short skirt, padded leggings and a stout pair of gauntlets. If I am going any distance I ride over and tether my horse while I scare up the snakes on foot. Snakes love to snuggle among warm, sunny rocks or in the soft, dry, rotten wood under a dead tree. I aim to find rattlers first, of course, but I am always ready to catch any other kind that crosses my path. Many of the harmless ones have skins with beautiful markings that can be sold for purses at good profit.

"I'm more than satisfied with the amount of money I have made. You'd be surprised if I told you my earnings for the last six months. No, I'm not afraid of other women crowding me out of this field," and Miss Somers laughed lightly.

* * *

Among the few possessions of a shiftless man you will always find a worthless dog.

* * *

NEEDLE NOT ALWAYS TRUE.

"As true as the needle to the pole" is a phrase that requires modification in these days, for, if geographies are to be believed, it is not always true. Experiments are being made at the United States revenue cutter service station, Curtis Bay, in the study of magnetic compass variations, a matter the government is also investigating at

needle. If in the year 1800 it had been run so as to be magnetically east and west, beginning at the eastern end, and supposing that the surveyor would not have encountered any areas of peculiar local disturbances, the boundary line would have thrown Emmitsburg into Pennsylvania, making a deviation of two and one-half miles. But were the line run under the same conditions to-day it would drop nineteen miles to the south, which would surrender the richer portion of Alleghany and Garrett Counties to Pennsylvania and would cut Maryland's western boundary line in two. This illustrates the inaccuracy of surveying by the uncorrected needle.

It has been popularly explained for years that the needle pointed to a magnetic pole which has been located at a spot northwest of Hudson Bay or Boothia Felix, but recently scientists have not been so sure of the fixity of this magnetic pole. The fluctuations in the needle from time to time through secular periods, to say nothing of the slight variations at different hours of the day, indicate that many elements enter into the reckoning, and science has by no means settled the cause and meaning of them all. It is easy to account for local eccentricities of the needle by the presence of deposits of iron or other metals attracting or repelling the needle, but the theory underlying the whole thing still remains much in the dark.

Just now the work of this government and of most of the others co-operating with it is decidedly practical. From a large number of observations it is expected that the reasons for them will eventually reveal themselves. Our government will soon have established four magnetic observatories, besides many temporary places known as magnetic stations. The Germans have recently determined to establish a magnetic observatory in the Samoan islands, and the present Antarctic explorations have a direct relation to terrestrial magnetism. It is expected that they will throw some light upon the magnetic pole at the south,

Cheltenham, Md.; in Alaska, in Honolulu and in Kansas.

In Baltimore, the needle pointed six degrees and six minutes west in 1670, and in 1802 was only thirty-nine minutes west. A street a mile long laid out by the compass in 1670 would have had its north terminus 504 feet too far west in 1802. It is related that a magnetic party, while establishing a meridian line for the use of surveyors in Chestertown, Md., the county seat of Kent County, found that the main street ran nearly magnetically northwest and southeast. Assuming that it had been laid out to run exactly so, it appeared from the old magnetic data that the town must have been laid out in the early part of the eighteenth century. Upon looking up the records the assumption was found to be correct. The town had been laid out in 1702.

The historic Mason and Dixon's line was fortunately run, in 1766, by the stars and not by the about which less has been known than about the one in our hemisphere. Magnetic observatories have been established all over the globe and they will begin on Feb. 1, 1902, to make simultaneous magnetic observations on certain selected days, generally the first and fifteenth of each month, and to continue them for at least one year. At these observatories—about forty in number—observations of magnetic variations will be recorded continuously by photographic appliances.

* * *

The man who spends his time in idleness seldom has anything else to spend.

* * *

THE common dodder is one of the natural paupers. In the beginning, it makes an honorable start; performs every plant-like duty; shoots out root and leaf. But the bane of the idler is in its nature; so, casting off its self-respect, it proceeds to suck its daily sap from some worthy neighbor.—*Edwin Markham in Success.*

Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.

HOW MASKS ARE MADE.

PAPER masks are made by doubling one sheet of a specially-prepared paper, wetting it and molding it by hand over a face form. It is then dried by artificial heat and cut off the form. Openings are cut for eyes, nose and mouth and it is painted and decorated by hand as desired. The paper used by Sonneberg manufacturers is made at Oeslau and Schleusingen and costs at present about 33 cents per 480 sheets. One sheet makes three of the common masks.

Painting of cheap masks costs about twelve cents the gross. The molding of the face costs about fourteen cents per gross. Packing is figured at about three per cent, as the masks are rolled in brown paper, the ends being folded in to save string. The hair used for mustaches, etc., cost last year 15.5 to 17 cents per pound. Manufacturers have no trouble in getting good prices and are making handsome profits. These calculations are on the cheapest staple goods. On specialties the gain is considerably more.

Wire masks are made by stamping a piece of wire netting about one foot square over a face mold in a large machine, inclosing the rough wire edges in a narrow strip of lead, and painting. The latter is done by hand in oil colors. The prices of these masks have undergone little change during last year, but an increase of about 4.7 cents the dozen is looked for next season. The present selling price of the cheaper masks is 47.6 cents the dozen.

Gauze masks are made by molding over a clay face form a doubled piece of cheap linen gauze that has previously been soaked in a starchy paste. The sticky linen is made to adhere to the form and this is set on a stove and dried for about twenty minutes. The linen is then taken off and openings cut for the eyes, mouth and nostrils. It is painted as desired and makes one of the most practical masks known. The gauze mask is used considerably in the United States, and the larger portion of them are made here.

* * *

SAILS CAN OUTRUN STEAM.

WHAT may be called a side light on the discussion in regard to the ship subsidy bill is thrown by the latest report upon shipbuilding in the

Maine yards. At Bath, Belfast, Waldoboro and Machias the aggregate tonnage last year was 55,000 and already contracts for 1901 warrant an estimate of 60,000, and that is certain to be considerably increased. But the most interesting phase of the work is the rapid evolution from wooden to steel shipbuilding which is going on in these yards without other encouragement than the enterprise of owners and a large demand. The yards are being enlarged for the building of bigger vessels, both wooden and steel, though the former are not expected to be made in such large numbers as the latter.

It is the development of the four, five and six-masted steel sailing vessel that attracts the most attention. One of these recently made the voyage from New York to Yokohama in from two to three weeks less time than a steamer with a speed of eleven knots an hour. Another made the run from New York to Brunswick, Ga., in only a day longer than steamship schedule time. These are significant facts, because they refer to an industry only on the threshold of its development. The carrying capacity of some of the largest of these vessels is about 5,500 tons, 2,000 more than the ordinary tramp steamer of the smaller class. Altogether the promise of the Maine shipyards is one of the remarkable phases of a revived industry.

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*Our admiration for some people
is not infrequently based on their
good opinion of us.*

* * *

THEY HUNT FOR MAHOGANY.

THE mahogany hunter is the most important and best paid laborer in the Central and South American states, for upon his skill and activity largely depends the success of the season. The trees do not grow in groups, but are scattered promiscuously through the forest and hidden in the dense growth of underbrush, vines and creepers, and it requires skillful and experienced woodsmen to find them. To fell a large mahogany tree is one day's task for two men. On account of the thornlike spurs that project from the trunk at its base, scaffolds are erected and the tree cut off above these protuberances, which

leaves a stump from ten to fifteen feet high, thus wasting the best part of the tree.

After trimming the tree of its branches it is hauled by means of a crude truck, with oxen as motive power, to the bank of the river. There the logs are collected and made ready for the floods. On the longest rivers these begin in June and July and on others in October and November. The logs are turned adrift and when they reach tidewater are caught by means of booms. From the boom the logs are taken to the *embarcadero* and prepared for shipment.

A tree makes from two to five logs measuring ten to eighteen feet in length and from twenty to twenty-four inches in diameter after being hewed.

There is a great range in the value of mahogany timber. The poor grade of short stock may sell as low as fifty cents for 1,000 feet, while fancy material, used in the manufacture of tops of counters, may be worth \$3.50 for 1,000 feet, or even higher. Previous to the war in Cuba much mahogany was shipped from the island to the United States, and the trade has been reviving within the last two years. The finest quality from this source is called the *San Jago* and is used in the manufacture of fancy furniture and for the interior work of houses. The price of this variety, made on an inch basis, ranges from \$140 to \$165 for 1,000 feet. Fine, hard Mexican mahogany, which is one of the most satisfactory kinds for fine furniture or interior work, is sold according to the grade. It is a hard wood, of good color, and finishes well. The "firsts" and "seconds" in this class of stock are sold for about \$160 for 1,000 feet, but when it is selected it is worth from \$170 to \$200 for 1,000 feet. "Commons" sell at from \$110 to \$145, and "culls" (lowest grade) at from \$60 to \$90. The soft Mexican mahogany is not desirable, and, in all grades, is worth from \$20 to \$25 for 1,000 feet less than the hard variety.

From being an article of luxury, and used only for expensive work, mahogany is becoming one of the staple finishing and furniture woods of the United States. It is not a cheap wood and undoubtedly never will be, but even houses of moderate cost may contain one or more rooms finished with it, and as a furniture wood it has become a standard. It is reported that one of the leading furniture factories of Michigan will use this year

mahogany for eighty per cent of its product, and other furniture makers throughout the country are making medium-priced goods of this material. Its use as a veneering is extensive.

* * *

POWER OF AN OCEAN LINER.

IN the problem of the application of motive power to transportation as a form of production, in the sense that it increases the value or utility of a product, the significance of the development of motive power transcends almost any other consideration. A somewhat impressive example can be derived from the rough calculation of the meaning that would attach to a trans-Atlantic liner with a 20,000 horse power engine were that engine to be replaced by 20,000 horse power of human muscles. To run night and day there would have to be three relays of men at the treadmill or other appliances which would be used. Each eight-hour shift at each 10,000 horse-power engine would be 100,000 men, or 200,000 for the two engines. Three shifts of 200,000 men would give below decks a population of a city of second grade.

If the problem, moreover, were put in the form of high-speed transportation, such as is represented by the locomotive condition, it disappears practically in the field of the unthinkable. It needs, therefore, but a moment's consideration of the widespread significance which the railroad bears to the modern economic method to bring out the debt which the modern community owes to the motive-power problem.

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AVERAGE LIFE OF MAN.

THE average age of man has been increased seven years and six months in the last hundred years. This is due to increased sanitation and advancement in medicine and surgery.

* * *

LESSENS THE COST OF GRAIN.

IT is said that automobiles have so cheapened the cost of harvesting grain in the immense California fields that wheat can be raised at less actual cost than in the Argentine Republic.

NATURE



STUDY

THE ANT COW.

FRANK MARSHALL WHITE contributes to the January *Pearson's* a charming description of a day in the life of a working ant. After accounting for the early hours of the day, he continues: It being now past noon and Formica's thoughts turning to refreshment, she hied herself to the outskirts of the nest, where the family cows were pastured. These cows, or aphides, were feeding on the leaves of the daisy, into which they plunge their proboscides and suck all day long, filling their bodies with pleasant juices. Our ant came up behind an aphid and stroked it gently with her antennæ, when the little creature gave out a drop of her sweet liquid, which Formica sucked into her own crop. There were thousands of these aphides pasturing on the leaves and thousands of ants milking them.

Most of the ants took more of the juice into their crops than they needed; and, on the way back to work, gave up a part of it to friends whom they met going to the cows, thus saving the others' time and enabling them to resume their occupation more quickly. The ants were making the most of the aphid juice during the summer days, knowing that the supply would fall off later when the aphides laid their eggs. (Note here the superior mental equipoise of the ant, which neither betrays surprise nor writes to the newspapers when her cows begin to lay eggs.)

These eggs the ants would store over winter, tending them with the utmost care until spring, when the young aphides are brought out and placed on the shoots of the daisy to mature and provide food again during the hot weather. This far-sightedness is unexampled in the animal kingdom. Other insects and animals put away stores for the winter, to be sure, but the ant is the only one of them that breeds its own food supply.

Having taken her fill of the sweet juice on this particular day, Formica noticed that the aphid which she had been milking was in a position on

the leaf which might expose it to the observation of some aphidivorous insect. She immediately descended to the ground, where she obtained a mouthful of earth, and, again climbing up the daisy stalk, built a tiny shed over the cow, going back and forth several times to bring up sufficient material.

* * *

THE CRANBERRY INDUSTRY IS A BIG ONE.

ONE of the notable successes of 1901 is the cranberry industry; for, when the last of the yield was picked, an aggregate of one million bushels was reached. By comparing this with the yield of 1900, five hundred and sixty-nine thousand bushels, the success stands revealed.

The cranberry is as closely allied to the Christmas dinner as holly to the Christmas tree; but, of the millions who enjoy the tart berry, few know how it is cultivated. The berries are grown in bogs that cost from three hundred to five hundred dollars an acre. The soil in which they flourish is composed of peat and clean, sharp sand, the latter being absolutely essential to healthy growth.

The bush on which the berries appear grows about six inches high, and every year it puts out "runners" that, in turn, take root and form new bushes; so that, when a bog first becomes productive, five years from the time of its beginning, it is thickly covered with bushes.

This growth is accentuated by a system of irrigation that keeps the bog water-soaked, though not to such a degree as to cause anything like a liquid state. The irrigating plan is most useful as a protection against frost; for, when the grower believes a frosty night at hand, he opens the flood gate and allows the water to overflow his bog, until it is from eighteen to twenty-four inches over bush and berry. The next morning the bog is drained and the fruit picked.

The picking process is a simple one. It consists of placing the fingers, slightly spread, beneath a bush, and then, by an upward movement,

raking the bush clean of its fruit. By means of a winnowing machine, the berries are freed from dirt and leaves. New York City, alone, consumes two hundred and fifty thousand bushels of cranberries every Christmas season.—*Success for December.*

* * *

SELLING METEORITES,

PERHAPS one of the queerest occupations a man can go into is that of a sales agent for shooting stars.

A flash of light across the sky—a momentary dazzle of white effulgence—the arc of a circle done in a gleam of fire—that is a “shooting star” as it first appears.

If any portion of it happens to reach the earth it is a meteorite, or as fragments of one—bits of fused and molten metal. Industrially meteorite as a property has little value, but as a curiosity it is so prized that the trade in shooting stars is an extensive one.

Meteorite collectors pay handsomely for good specimens of these strange earth visitants from space.

Peary on one of his arctic expeditions spent days and weeks dislodging a large meteorite from its base near Disco, Greenland, bringing it all the way home and placing it as a great treasure in the Brooklyn navy yard, where it may be inspected to-day. Peary’s meteorite is the largest in the world, and is worth many thousands of dollars.

There are several large meteorite collections in the world. One of the most extensive is in the Mineralogical museum at Harvard college. The most valuable collection is at the British museum, London. At Paris there is also a large collection. Vienna is also well represented in this line.

Meteors are valued in accordance with their completeness. If a museum owns the entire meteorite the stone is of great value—indeed, some meteorites are worth from \$75 to \$100 per pound.

When a meteorite breaks up into thousands of pieces, however, and these particles are distributed over a wide area, it is difficult to place a value on the fragments. If one museum gets all the pieces, then the stone, or iron lump, is worth something. But if various collectors get different portions, the separate pieces are of little value.

The museum possessing the largest piece of any one meteorite is said to “control” that particular “fall.” In order to obtain the remaining portions the museum exchanges with various collectors who may have other portions of that particular meteorite, giving them portions of their falls until the entire meteorite is possessed by one party or institution.

So valuable, indeed, do certain meteorites become that the weights are expressed in grams and ounces, not pounds.

Of course the value of a meteorite collection depends greatly on the number of different falls which it represents. The Harvard museum contains pieces of meteorites which represent about 275 different falls. The total weight of the collection is about 2,800 pounds.

The most famous piece of planetary dirt in the Harvard collection is known as “Cynthiana.” It weighs about 6,000 grams. The two largest pieces weigh 3,113 and 539 grams, respectively. The Harvard collection is carefully tabulated, and the dates of each fall are written on the pieces of stone.

Some of the most remarkable specimens seen in this museum were obtained from Ohio. They are mainly prehistoric. These meteorites rested upon the fields of Ohio for many years, and were regarded as of no value until the advent of a meteorite collector, who saw in the find a fortune.

The specimens, after authenticity was proved, were sold to the Harvard museum at great profit to the finder.

The earliest meteorite at the Harvard museum dates back to 1164. The earliest fall recorded in America is one that occurred at Campo del Cielo, Argentine Republic, 1783. The first fall in America of which an authentic record has been kept occurred at Weston, Conn., in 1808.

The meteorites exhibited in the various museums are usually treated with acid and one of their surfaces polished in order to bring out the qualities of the stone.



THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY...

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The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

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So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

+ + +

WE FORGET.

It is an unpleasant feeling that comes over us when, meeting with a pleasantly remembered friend, after the lapse of years, we find that he has utterly forgotten us. It must be a dreadful thing for a mother to realize that her only child is lost to her through absence.

Yet this matter of being able to forget is a blessed thing in other ways. Time takes from us the sting of death, and dulls the edge of care. There are some things we pray that we may never forget, and then along come the years, strewing more and more of the seed of forgetfulness over the graves of the past, till, later on, they are only memories. It is a wise and a merciful provision of Providence that we do not always have the shadow of the tombstone forever across our pathway, or the dead faces of the departed continually before us.

I wonder whether we forget, and are forgotten, in the world to come? It would seem to rob

heaven of much of its, expected joys in the life that is to be. The contemplation of the ages on the subject seems to include as its most prominent feature the idea of reunion. Those who have gone before cannot have forgotten, those who go to them must not forget. It is a pleasant thought that when we have laid down our travel-stained garments we will be together again where there is no failure of memory or forgetfulness of friends. Meantime there is much that it is well to thank God we do forget.

+ + +

The average man finds it much easier to pay compliments than debts.

+ + +

A FEW evenings ago Mr. Harry Fahrney and Miss Agnes McDannel, both of Elgin, and both 'Nookers, were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony, which, being rendered into good English, means that they got married. They sent a liberal piece of the cake for the 'Nookman to put under his pillow, and they have the kindest wishes of the Editor for a pleasant journey down the highway of time. May they grow old together.

+ + +

True happiness, if understood, consists alone in doing good.

+ + +

To show how pleasant it is living in a flat in the city, one of those palatial looking places, we repeat the following conversation.

"Who lived here before you did?"

"Indeed I don't know."

"Who is on the flat above?"

"I don't know who it is."

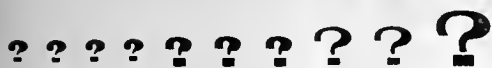
"Who is on the flat below?"

"I don't know that either. We've only been here six months."

Some of our 'Nookers who live where they know everybody for ten miles in every direction, and who are ready to help in case of need, and who will be helped in an emergency, may find a lesson in the above when they get tired of the farm and want to move to the city.

+ + +

IF a wife can induce herself to submit patiently to her husband's mode of life she will have no difficulty to manage him.



Is the silver issue likely to come up again as a factor in politics?

Not unless other conditions than those now in sight arise in the political field.

Is it the right thing to sell or give away a present?

Circumstances must govern. It is not advised to advertise the fact in the papers.

Is the recipient of a wedding invitation expected to make a present?

Not necessarily so, but some acknowledgment, verbal or otherwise, would be in good form.

Is it possible for a good chemist to analyze any compound and tell what it is?

No, not always, in the sense you mean. Vegetable compounds are hard to separate, minerals comparatively easy.

Is it right for a church to take money dishonestly acquired?

Opinions differ. It would be a better showing for the church if it refused it. "Thy money perish with thee."

What is the South Carolina dispensary method of selling liquor?

The State furnishes, and through its agents, sells the liquor subject to cast-iron restrictions. The plan is said to work well.

Will there ever come an absolute prohibition of the making and selling of liquors?

Probably so, but it is a long ways off. The time will come when the State will forbid it as a matter of public welfare. It will likely come in a way that none now foresee.

My son is a very bad boy, and I think of committing him to a reformatory. Would you advise it?

No, don't. The tendency of all young people is to imitate the worst, instead of the best. In nearly every neighborhood is some man with a knack of developing the best in people. Get him to take the boy. It will be best even if he fails.

I have some photographs I think very good. Could I sell them?

Possibly so. Send them to some of the illustrated magazines for examination. Set no price and enclose stamps for return.

Are all the questions the 'NOOK receives answered in these columns?

Not half of them. *All* questions not frivolous are answered, but most of them by letter, the questions not being of general interest.

Before the art of printing was discovered how were books made?

With a pen and ink, letter at a time, on vellum, the prepared skins of animals. They lasted forever, practically, but were very expensive.

What is a sweat shop?

Some man takes a big manufacturing contract, clothing, say, and sublets it to others, and so on down to the crowded tenement where they do the work for next to nothing.

Is it right for the holder of a note, opposed to the collection by law, to sell it to one he knows will sue it out?

This is a question that has puzzled heads grayer than the 'Nookman's. Yes and no. Something always depends. No general rule can be laid down.

What is the cause of the different oysters, blue points, cherry stones, etc.

The oysters are fished or tonged from the beds where they grow and are sorted over in sizes and shapes known in the market by the names you refer to. The man who does the sorting is mainly responsible for the varieties.

Is a gift recognized in law?

No. The giver can demand its return and the law will sustain him. If there has been a consideration, no matter how trifling, it is a sale and makes the transfer good. If you want an important gift to hold, have a paper drawn showing a consideration in it, the receipt of which is acknowledged, and then it is binding.

MARRIAGE.

"ENGLAND and the State of Virginia," said a lawyer, "are the only places I know of where a man may not lawfully marry his sister-in-law."

As a matter of fact, who may marry, what preliminaries one is compelled to go through in order legally to be married, how one is married, and, in fact, almost every stage of the necessary legal proceedings vary in the different States of the Union. A marriage in New York might only be considered a little flirtation in Kansas, and two persons who may be perfectly eligible for marriage in the Empire State may be committing a misdemeanor by going through the marriage ceremony in Arkansas.

The common law forbids the marriage of men and women within certain named degrees, generally recognized as being between parents and children, ancestors and descendants of every degree, of the half as well as the whole blood, brother and sister, uncle and niece, aunt and nephew. In most States additional provision is made by special statute making marriage within the prohibited degrees incest. In Iowa such marriages make the parties liable to ten years' imprisonment. Marriage between first cousins is a misdemeanor in Arkansas and punishable as such, and such marriages are void in nineteen other States. Marriages between step-relatives are forbidden, in all States except thirteen, including New York.

The statutes of many States forbid a man and woman of different races to assume the matrimonial yoke. Marriages between white persons and negroes or mulattos are void in Arkansas, California, Louisiana, North Carolina, Texas, Idaho and Indiana, and they are also forbidden in Alabama, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, Nebraska, Oregon, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia. Even if a negro and a white leave one of these States to be married, when they return their marriage is held to be invalid. So strict is the law in Tennessee that a negro and white woman living together in that State as man and wife are liable to indictment, even though they may have been married in another State.

Some States have still further racial provisions.

Whites and Indians are forbidden to marry in Massachusetts, Arizona, Nevada, North Carolina, South Carolina and Oregon, and their marriages are void, as are the nuptials of whites with Chinese in Arizona, Nevada, Oregon and Utah.

Lunatics are not allowed to marry, though if they are wedded in a sane interval the marriage is valid. It has been held in New York and Tennessee that a lunatic, becoming sane, may affirm a marriage made while insane without further ceremony. Connecticut has a special statute forbidding the marriage of an imbecile or feeble-minded woman under forty-five years old.

The statute discreetly makes no provision for older women, from which it is inferred that no Connecticut woman, however feeble-minded, ever admitted that she was over forty-five. Insanity after marriage has never been held as a cause for divorce in any State.

It has been held in several States that a marriage while one of the parties is suffering from delirium tremens is void, though it is valid if the ceremony was conducted during a lucid interval. A special provision in the statutes of New Jersey states that deaf and dumb persons are not idiots in law and may marry.

According to the common law extreme youth is not much of a bar to marriage. Persons under seven years may not assume the responsibilities of matrimony, by the common law as it came to us from England, and marriages of males between seven and fourteen years or females between seven and twelve years are voidable. Over that age marriages are valid. However, many of the States fix by special statute the marriageable age.

In Ohio the age is fixed at eighteen for males and sixteen for females, in California eighteen and fifteen, in Iowa eighteen and fourteen; in Alabama, Arkansas and Illinois seventeen and fourteen, and in North Carolina sixteen and fourteen.

In New York, where there is no regulating statute, the marriage of a girl between fifteen and sixteen years without her parents' consent has been held to be valid. In most States the age of majority is twenty-one for males and eighteen for females, but the consent of parents is not always necessary to persons below these ages.

In Illinois if a clerk issues a marriage license to a minor without the parents' consent he is fined \$300. Licenses are required in most of the States. In Illinois persons who rush into matrimony without the formality of a license are fined \$100.

The question who can perform the marriage ceremony is certainly an interesting one. Mayors of cities, aldermen and justices of the peace are the usual civil functionaries invested with the right of tying the knot.

Regularly-ordained ministers of the Gospel are, of course, permitted to fix things up for two hearts that may be beating as one. In Arkansas the governor has the special privilege of marrying people. Also in that State, religious societies which reject formal ceremonies may join together in marriage their members "with such rites as they deem proper."

Illinois has a similar provision. In this State members of the brotherhood of Quakers or Friends may be lawfully married by making known their intentions to a standing committee of their meetings one week before the marriage is to come off, and signing certain papers. Also the legislators have decreed that "the superintendent of any public institution for the education of the deaf and dumb shall have the power to perform the ceremony in their respective institutes, the bride and groom of necessity spelling out the responses on their fingers.

In New York and some other States practically no ceremony is required, and one can be married almost without being aware of the fact. One man who gave a ring to a young woman with the words "This is your wedding ring; we are married," was subsequently held to be married in that State when the young woman brought the case to court. However, these unceremonious marriages have received a hard blow by a recent act of the State legislature, which practically does away with common law marriages in that State.

Though one may promise to marry, and is in all sorts of trouble if he fails to keep his word, promises not to marry are invalid in practically all States, and are declared "against public policy and void." As soon as Strephon and Chloe definitely decide to go tandem through life they become entirely different persons in the eyes of the law. If Strephon suddenly takes it into his head hereafter to give or convey away a good part of his worldly goods the law will seize 'em, and he is likely to get into hot water. Chloe has a potential share in all his estate and he in Chloe's.

There is record of one Catharine Baker, of South Carolina, who the day before her marriage conveyed to her stepmother all of her property. This conveyance the court declared void.

If a husband, or wife disappears, or goes off on a voyage and fails to return, the other left at home may, after five years, presume that the absent one is dead, and enter the matrimonial market again. This is according to the common law, which is followed in some States. In other States the deserted party is required to wait seven long years before he or she can smile on matrimonial possibilities again. If John, who has been dead to the world for over half a decade, suddenly appears again to find his Mary reposing on the bosom of his old friend Frank, unexpected complications arise, which have often been the theme of novelists and poets. Lawfully, Mary's second marriage is not necessarily valid in such a case, but in most States it holds good until it is declared void, whereupon Frank goes sadly back to bachelor's hall. John may then take up the broken thread of his domestic life as soon as the spirit moves him.

Various statutes protect persons inveigled into marriage, and where an adult inveigles a minor into going through a ceremony the marriage is invalid.

Generosity makes many acquaintances, but it doesn't know its friends until adversity singles them out.

WEDDING RINGS.

ATTACHED to the use of the ring in wedding and other ceremonies from the earliest times there have been mystic meanings. Whether the plain band or the motto-inscribed article which the changing times brought into fashion, the ring has retained the significance attached to it as a sacred emblem or an emblem typifying sacred ceremonies. To the devoutly religious or the careless scoffer at religion the little circlet has its charm.

From the earliest period mystic significance has been associated with the ring. In its circular continuity it was accepted as a type of eternity and of the stability of affection. The Jews make it an important feature of the betrothal in the marriage ceremony. The rings used in the Jewish marriage rite were sometimes of large size and much elaboration of workmanship. It is necessary, according to the Jewish law, that the ring be of a certain value. It is examined and certified by the officiating rabbi and chief officers of the synagogue when it is received from the bridegroom, whose absolute property it must be, and not obtained by credit or gift. When this is properly certified the ring is returned to him and he places it on the bride's finger, calling attention to the fact that she is, by means of this ring, consecrated to him, and so completely binding is this action that, should the marriage not be further consecrated, no other could be contracted by either party without a legal divorce.

Solemn betrothal by means of the ring often preceded matrimony in the middle ages and was sometimes adopted between lovers who were about to separate for long periods. Shakespeare has more than once alluded to the custom, which is absolutely enacted in his "Two Gentlemen from Verona," where Julia gives Proteus a ring, saying: "Keep you this remembrance for thy Julia's sake," and he replies: "Why, then, we'll make exchange. Here, take you this."

The fourth finger of the left hand has from long usage been consecrated to the wedding ring, from an ancient belief that from this finger a nerve went direct to the heart. So completely was this fanciful piece of physiology confided in by the Greeks and Romans that their physicians term this the medical or healing finger and used it to stir their mixtures, from a notion that nothing noxious could communicate with it without

its giving immediate warning by a palpitation of the heart. This superstition is retained in full force in some country places, notably in Europe, where all the fingers of the hand are thought to be injurious except the ring finger, which is thought to have the power of curing any sore or wound which is stroked by it.

* * *

An ability not to display your ignorance often goes a long way toward convincing people that you are well informed.

* * *

MONEY IN ARKANSAS PEARLS.

DURING the past season twelve thousand persons found profitable employment in hunting for pearls in the White and Black rivers of Arkansas, where some of the finest gems in the world are found. Incident to the pearl fever has been the development of the button industry in Arkansas and the shipment of large quantities of shells from the State to button factories elsewhere. At first the shells were cast aside as worthless by the hunters in their mad rush for wealth, but it was soon found that the saving of the shells was almost as profitable as the pearls and had the added advantage of assuring the hunter of at least making something for his work. Shells sell for from \$5 to \$7 a ton, and the hunter averages from \$1.50 to \$2.00 a day from this source alone. Button factories have been established on White and Black rivers and the shells are sold to these or shipped in car-load lots to the factories in other States. As the shell beds of the Mississippi river, the source of principal supply in former years, are practically exhausted, the Arkansas shells are in ready demand, and it is claimed for them that they excel the Mississippi shells in many respects.

The hunters are an indiscriminate lot, and nearly all classes and conditions of men are found in their ranks. The women are not absent, and the children even participate in the industry, and frequently prove more fortunate in their finds than the older hunters. It is not uncommon to see several hundred of hunters congregated at one bar or on one stretch of the river, all bent on making a fortune in a day and all occupied in fishing for and opening the shells.

GOLD CHEAPER THAN PAINT.

IT is only natural that the stranger in Washington should comment on the gilded dome of the library of congress, which is one of the three conspicuous landmarks of the city, the Washington monument and the dome of the capitol being the other two. Few of those who gaze upon this wonderful creation know that in giving such an attractive finish to this superb building the idea of economy was uppermost. This gilded dome will stand for years to come as an illustration of the care and thoroughness of the late General Casey of the engineers, under whose supervision the building was constructed. It was at first proposed to paint the dome, and although no color was named it was assumed that it would be either white or gray. General Casey decided that gilding would not only outlast any paint, but would apparently lighten the top of the immense structure.

In pursuance of this idea he advertised for proposals for covering the dome and the pyramidal structure underneath the lantern with goldleaf. The lowest bidder offered to do the work for \$1.10 a square foot. It was required that the goldleaf should be twenty-two carats fine under assay. Discarding the extravagant bids which had been submitted, General Casey purchased the gold, found workmen who knew how to beat it and others to apply it, and succeeded in accomplishing the work in a thoroughly-satisfactory manner at a cost of $33\frac{1}{3}$ cents a square foot. The entire cost of goldleafing the dome and its pyramidal base was only \$3,500. At the time General Casey estimated that gilding would last at least thirty years. Although it was applied more than five years ago it looks as bright as on the day when the last sheet was put on. The general figured that the cost of painting the dome would have equaled in five years the cost of gilding it, so that the goldleaf is the least expensive covering for the dome and the effect is beautiful in the extreme.

Improvvidence may consist in being too saving of what is useless.

ORIGIN OF THE PIANO.

THERE lived at the court of Ferdinand de Medici, about two hundred years ago, a Paduan harpsichord maker, named Bartollemeo Christoferi, a man of great inventive genius. After many experiments he solved the problem, which had been a puzzle to the musical instrument makers of the period, how to make a satisfactory working "keyed psaltery," and by the method he invented of overcoming the difficulties inherent in the task, produced an instrument which was the undoubted ancestor of the pianoforte of to-day. From 1709—the date when Christoferi made his four "keyed psalteries"—the piano, at first slowly, but afterwards by leaps and bounds, went on increasing and increasing in popularity, until now its manufacture has become a great industry.

* * *

The slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient if it produces amendment, and the greatest is insufficient if it does not.

* * *

LITTLE BLANCHE IS MEDITATIVE.

BLANCHE is the little five-year-old daughter of an East Side newspaper man. She has lately been meditating on the problems of existence. Yesterday she got something in her throat which caused her to cough. When she got through she said: "I guess I will cough my head off some day." Then she went on: "If I should cough my head off, papa, would God make me a new one?"

Her papa answered: "I am afraid not. I never heard of such a case."

She pursued her thought a step further and said: "I suppose it would be just as cheap for him to make a whole baby as to make just a head." Her father answered that he thought it would.

HOW HORSES ARE DRUGGED.

For years past there have been intermittent outbursts of talk to the effect that among the dark pictures of race tracks none was blacker than that showing how horses were "doped" to win or lose, according to the desire of unscrupulous trainers and owners. The recent strictures of Lord Durham on American turf methods have revived such talk and the impression has to some extent gone abroad that this method of obtaining advantage is peculiarly American. Such is by no means the case, although most sportsmen will agree that racing in England is cleaner than in this country, because it is more closely safeguarded there than here. As a matter of fact, horse racing offers so many opportunities to gain unfair advantage with the promise of large financial returns that unscrupulous men are always to be found who are willing to risk discovery and disgrace for the chance of reaching the coveted prize. This has always been so and they will be officials of rare wisdom who in the future can make it impossible.

Turf scandals have been known ever since horses were first brought into speed contests. Bridles with poison on the bits have accounted for many defeats of splendid thoroughbreds by inferior animals. This is a crude method, however, and is now seldom resorted to even by those of the most brutal instincts.

At one time a trainer wishing to accomplish a coup in the betting ring would select a thoroughbred known to be capable and enter him for a race, in the running of which he would wear what are known as boots on the forelegs. These boots would be heavily weighted with shot and would so anchor the horse's feet that he would show far beneath his true worth. This operation might be repeated until a time would come when a raid would be made upon the bookmakers ("layers of odds" they are now called). With the wagers properly made the heavy boots would be removed and the thoroughbred would run away from horses that had previously defeated him with ease.

This came to be looked upon as a clumsy method, fraught with unnecessary danger. Then a scheme was created for using soft metal between the hoof and the shoe. Loss of speed would re-

sult and the reversal would come after the horse had been reshod in a proper manner. Vigilant racing officials soon discovered the secret of this piece of dishonesty, and it, too, became unpopular.

It was nearly a decade ago that mysterious stories began to be told about saddles with electric battery attachments and the wonderful speed developed by their use. A few such saddles have been made and used, but not many. The drugging of horses was found to be safer and more effective. Drenching was first resorted to. Just before being sent to the starting post the horse was given a dose, carefully estimated as to quantity, of whiskey, brandy, or some similar liquor. The result would be a stimulation of strength and speed, unless an overdose was given or the start was so long delayed that the effect wore away. In either of the last-named circumstances the liquor would accomplish just the opposite of what was desired. This method of drenching is still sometimes resorted to, although it is now looked upon as crude.

Horses that suffer because of weakness or soreness of the forelegs receive local applications of anæsthetics that result in their hammering along over a hard track without feeling the pain that would be theirs had they not received the attention of the veterinary surgeon. In defense of this practice the argument is advanced that the thoroughbred has been saved unnecessary pain. The crime lies in the act of running a horse that is physically unfit to compete. Eucaïne is the drug now generally used as an anæsthetic to be applied to the forelegs. Bandages are wrapped about the legs above the ankle joint, and these are saturated with the drug about forty-five minutes before the time set for the race. The ordinary process of absorption accomplishes the rest.

A horse so lame that he can hardly hobble will go prancing to the post as though he had never known a pain. He is not in a condition to protect himself, and is in great danger of breaking a leg. Such an accident often happens after eucaïne has been administered. One of the tragedies that cost the life of a promising jockey is generally believed to have been due to the deadening effect produced upon the forelegs of the lad's mount by eucaïne. It is almost impossible to use bandages upon the hind legs, for which

reason a spray of ether, cocaine and eucaïne is used. These methods are not intended to increase speed, but merely to render the thoroughbred oblivious to pain.

For the purpose of increasing speed a preparation, of which cocaine is the main ingredient, is used, being administered hypodermically. The injection is often made back of the jaw. From this point the drug is taken up more rapidly and a quicker effect is obtained. Unfortunately for the dishonest trainer, a noticeable swelling is produced, which does not disappear for several hours. When there is fear of detection the injection is made in the neck, where it is covered by the mane. It requires only ten minutes for the drug to take full effect, and the reaction does not come for at least half an hour. This makes it possible for a horse to be sent out for a race filled with stimulated energy and strength that will not disappear until there has been ample time for the contest to be decided.

It happens at times that an overdose of cocaine is injected, when a thoroughbred that may have established a record for extreme docility becomes crazed and creates more trouble than a dozen fractious two-year-olds. Filled with an ambition to run, he will if possible get from under the control of his jockey and tear around the track, often covering miles before the drug loses its potency. Recently a secret preparation has been made use of by dishonest trainers. It is not used as an injection, but is administered in capsules. It requires ninety minutes for it to begin operating, but its stimulating effect is said to be superior to anything previously tried.

Thoroughbreds are just as susceptible to the drug habit as are human beings. When a horse has run a couple of races under the effect of cocaine or any other stimulant it is impossible for him to do himself justice unless he has had the

injection which renews his vigor. This adds another opportunity for fraud and accounts for the reputation some racers have for in and out racing.

Destruction to the thoroughbreds is worked by the injection of cocaine or any similar stimulant. The effect of the medicine is to bring the bones into a chalky condition, rendering them so brittle that they break under slight strain. Seldom can a horse stand two seasons of racing under stimulants.

No small measure of responsibility for the methods of fraud here described must be borne by those in charge of racing. It is possible for a competent veterinary surgeon to tell whether a certain horse is under the influence of drugs.

A thoroughbred, properly trained, when given his canter preliminary to a race will break into a natural perspiration. Under the influence of drugs the same animal will, without exercise, become so nervous as to bring to the skin a cold sweat that will never deceive an experienced eye. Too many turf crimes are overlooked because of the influence exerted by trainers or owners.

Methods of drugging to increase speed have been here described. To produce the opposite effect it is only necessary, as has been pointed out, to neglect the use of the stimulant to which the thoroughbred has been accustomed. In case the horse is not what is known as a "dope fiend" it is possible to render him slow and sluggish by the administration of laudanum. This is not often done. No attempt is ever made to conceal the fact that a horse has been "nerved." That means that a thoroughbred with a hoof diseased beyond cure passes under the surgeon's knife. The nerves in the leg are cut and the animal then may run for a time without pain. Inevitably the hoof begins to rot and in time it simply drops off.

If a man has plenty of push he is bound to get there—but sometimes a pull helps along wonderfully.

MISSING \$5,000,000,000 IN GOLD.

FIVE billion dollars in gold is missing from the world's coffers. It is known that this amount of gold has been produced, but the most expert handlers of facts and figures have not been able hitherto to say what has become of it.

Recently, however, a theory in regard to the missing billions has been suggested. In the treasure chests of Russia's war fund, it is said, is the money that some day will enable this great nation to dictate to the world. And this suspicion is the result, not of idle surmise, but of confidences made to an American by a Russian official whose grandfather was minister to Alexander I.

It was this grandfather, the Russian official claims, who originated the scheme upon which Russia has now been silently working for three-quarters of a century.

"Russia," said the official recently, "is proceeding on safe lines. Her progress may seem slow, but it will sooner or later pass that of any other country. It is like the movement of a glacier, which, for many years, moves by inches, until suddenly it sweeps everything before it. She is fortunate in having a government which cannot be hurried or called to account year by year. Russia has been governed along these strict lines ever since the days of Peter the Great, and her war fund policy adopted at the close of the Napoleonic wars has never been varied to this day. She is advancing towards a financial, industrial, commercial and military supremacy.

"First, she has to take one-half the product of Russian mines in gold, silver and platinum and convert it into gold and store it away. This half has never been embraced in Russian mint or other reports of production. As Russia was, for many years, the great gold-producing power of the world, it is easy to see what effect this policy would have and what its results.

"Second, she was to lay away one-half of all the church revenues after converting them into gold. The Greek church, of which the Czar is the head, as he is of the state, is the custodian of this fund. Not a rouble of this money has ever been appropriated for any purpose, no matter what demands there might be. It has steadily accumulated for over eighty years.

"Whether Russia is planning war or not, it is a sad thing to think that while she is hoarding this gold thousands of her people are suffering for food."

* * *

*People who make mistakes are
the ones who make everything else.*

* * *

THIEVES' INGENUITY.

THE much-vaunted ingenuity of thieves appears to be on the wane in Chicago. Time was when a new confidence game and a new way of getting into close proximity with some other man's goods could be expected to appear every day or so. This has all changed, say the police, and now the criminals seem content to ply their old accustomed games, certain that through them they will acquire a competence or an enforced retirement.

"We haven't had a new game brought to light in a long time," said Inspector John Hartnett at the Harrison Street Police Station recently. "What few confidence men are still left in this district are all sticking to their old tricks—the lock game and the counterfeit money bogus officer combination. To be sure there was a man the other day sold a farmer an option on the Masonic Temple for \$400, but that was a sporadic case. And as for burglars, why they are all using the same old method of prying an entrance with a jimmy, and sometimes using skeleton keys. Sneak thieves are few, and even they are not ingenious enough to think up new games. Most of them depend on the games others have played."

"There is nothing new in crime," repeated Captain Evans of the Bureau of Identification. "All the things we hear about are on the same old order. Of course there are confidence men who are sharp enough to think up a new scheme every time they see a new victim, but their games are, after all, so similar that one describes them all. They offer a man a chance to get a lot of money in an easy way, and they get the money. In burglary or thieving there is absolutely nothing new. And no new tools, either. The jimmy and the skeleton key are still supreme."

A search of the property-room at the City Hall revealed no new implements of burglary, and the

officer in charge in the absence of custodian De Witt C. Cregier asserted that none had come in.

"The jimmy is so near a perfect tool that they can't improve on it, and nothing new will be apt to come forward until a new way of building houses and locking them up is devised," he said.

+ + +

*The love principle is stronger
than the force principle.*

+ + +

KHAKI COLOR DOOMED.

THE British war office has decided that after the Boer war is over khaki will not be used, but a working dress will be made of a peculiar drab mixture, which is said to be of a more neutral color than khaki serge, so that the present campaign will doubtless be handed down to posterity as the khaki war. This material, it is complained, has not enhanced the appearance of English soldiers, and the authorities are by no means satisfied that it has added to their safety.

The British admiralty is anxious to discover the tint giving the greatest possible invisibility. The present black hulls and white upper works are very conspicuous. Sky blue, khaki and black have already been experimented on, and black has been a dead failure except at night.

+ + +

*A wise man never wants what
he can't get.*

+ + +

SALE OF WEAPONS IN RUSSIA.

As an illustration of how closely everything is watched in Russia, take their system of registering firearms. When a weapon of any kind is purchased a permit must be secured from the local authorities. The name of the man who makes the purchase, with the number of the weapon, is recorded. If the purchaser ever wants to dispose of the weapon he must notify the authorities and cause the transfer to be re-

corded on the books of the firm which sold it. If that weapon is ever used in an attempted assassination or any demonstration against the law the man recorded as last having it in his possession is held responsible.

+ + +

Helping others we help ourselves.

+ + +

PHOTOGRAPHING A WINK.

A GERMAN scientist has given another proof of the painstaking nature of his race in obtaining perfect accuracy and the most minute detail of all things. This savant has measured the time that is occupied by a wink.

He used a special photographic apparatus and fixed a piece of white paper on the edge of the eyelid for a mark. He found that the lid descends quickly and rests a little at the bottom movement. Then it rises more slowly than it fell.

The mean duration of the downward movement was from .075 to .091 of a second. The time from the instant the eye rested till it closed varied from 0.15 to 0.17 of a second. In rising the lid took 0.17 of a second. The wink was completed in 0.4 of a second.

+ + +

Happiness is the juice of joy.

+ + +

LOST THE LORD'S NICKEL.

A LITTLE boy who goes to Sunday school every Sunday always receives a nickel from his father to place in the collection plate. Last Sunday his father gave him two nickels, saying: "One is for the Lord and the other is for yourself." As it was too early to start for Sunday school, the little boy sat on the porch steps in the warm sunshine playing with the two nickels. After a while he dropped one of them and it disappeared down a crack. Without a moment's hesitation and still clutching the remaining coin in his clenched fist, he looked up at his father, exclaiming: "Oh, pop! There goes the Lord's nickel!"

*When a man has a particularly
empty head, he usually sets up for
a great judge, especially in religion.*

LITTLE FLIRTING ALLOWED.

THE students of the university college of North Wales have been giving the regents and teachers a great deal of trouble lately by the predilection for flirting. The upshot of the matter has been the posting of the following stringent and somewhat unique rules:

"Men students may not, firstly, meet women students by appointment or walk with them; secondly, accompany women students to or from college; thirdly, walk with women students in the grounds of the college; fourthly, visit or receive visits from women students in their lodgings.

"Reasonable association between men and women students will be permitted, firstly, at authorized social gatherings within the college; secondly, in the college field during the progress of matches, and, thirdly, in the college itself for business connected with college societies or class work."

The principal appeals to the students for their co-operation and support, which, he says, are necessary to the healthy social life of the college, and he concludes thus: "Should you at any time feel in doubt or difficulty on any point connected with the subject I shall always be glad to see you."

These rules may work like a charm in old Britain, but would undoubtedly cause a small storm of indignation among independent young America.

* * *

*All the world loves a lover, and
laughs at him.*

* * *

CLOCK THAT HAS RUN FOR FIVE CENTURIES.

AT quaint old Castletown (the "metropolis" of the Isle of Man) there exists a very interesting clock, which has now performed its functions of time-telling in five centuries. It was present-

ed by Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1597, to Castle Rushen, the fortress which stands in the middle of Castletown. The works are crude, being driven by ropes and pulleys, but nevertheless they keep fair time. The clock, in fact, has run ever since it was built, except for rare stoppages for repairs. To this day the single hand which travels slowly round the dial outside the tower of Castle Rushen is the principal source of information as to the hour to the inhabitants of Castletown.

* * *

*A man never confesses his part
to the woman he marries unless he
is just the least bit proud of it.*

* * *

WAS DOING WELL ENOUGH.

HERE is one that a young man who knows a good story when he hears it heard one railroad man tell another in a depot up the line the other day.

"We picked up a new Irishman somewhere up-country and set him to work brakin' on a construction train at three cents a mile for wages. One day when him an' me was on the train she got away on one o' them mountain grades and the first thing we knowed she was flyin' down the track at about ninety miles an hour, with nothin' in sight but the ditch and the happy huntin' grounds when we come to the end. I twisted 'em down as hard as I could all along the tops, and then of a sudden I see Mike crawlin' along toward the end of one of the cars on all fours, with his face the color of milk. I thought he was gettin' ready to jump, an' I see his finish if he did.

" 'Mike,' I says, 'don't jump.'

"He clamps his fingers on the runnin' board to give him a chance to turn round, and, lookin' at me contemptuous, answers:

" 'Jump, is it? Do yez think I'd be after jumpin' an' me makin' money as fast as I am? ' "

*Uniform goodness is heaven's
only livery.*

The H
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eggs and
milla.
Pile in a
with sugar
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TAKE ON
Orleans m
water, an
the soda in
ni ginger
Add flour
and bake,
them that

The Home

Department



*A woman never feels comfortable
in masculine garb because it will
stay on without being pinned.*

VANILLA SNOW.

BY ETTA CRUMPACKER.

COOK one cup of rice in a covered dish to keep it white. When nearly done add one cup of cream, a pinch of salt, the beaten whites of two eggs and one cupful of sugar. Flavor with vanilla.

Pile in a glass dish and jot with jelly. Serve with sugar and cream.

Roanoke, La.

TO BOIL EGGS.

PUT the eggs in a pan of boiling water, and let them stand where they will keep hot, but the water will *not* boil for ten minutes. This gives an evenly-cooked, but soft-boiled egg, and the process has to be lengthened or shortened to produce a harder or softer result.

GINGER COOKIES.

BY MRS. D. B. PUTERBAUGH.

TAKE one cup of brown sugar, one cup of New Orleans molasses, one cup of lard, one cup of hot water, and three teaspoonfuls of soda. Put the soda in the molasses and add one teaspoonful of ginger and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Add flour enough to roll. Cut with cookie cutter and bake, and they are very nice iced if you like them that way.

EGG SANDWICHES.

BY IDA SHEPARD.

TAKE two slices of bread, toast nicely on both sides, and spread with butter; then fry one or two eggs and put between the bread.

Newry, Pa.

MUSTARD SAUCE.

BY ANNA M. STANTON.

TAKE two tablespoonfuls of mustard, one of salt, one of sugar and one of butter. Mix thoroughly and add the beaten yolk of one egg, then the white whipped to a froth. Mix well and pour over it in a bowl set over hot water half a cup of hot vinegar. As soon as it thickens—it must not boil—it is ready for use.

North Yakima, Wash.

HOW TO TOAST BREAD.

BY ADALINE HOHF BEERY.

SAVE all your bread crumbs, crusts, and broken pieces of bread. Spread on pie plates and put in a very moderate oven until dry clear through and a golden brown. Put in a pan and crush with a wooden potato masher. To use instead of oatmeal or other cereals, put four teaspoonfuls of the crumbs into a dessert dish, and cover with hot

milk, to which a pinch of salt has been added. Sugar may be used, but it is more wholesome without. This is excellent for well people as well as invalids. The crumbs may also be used for thickening tomato and other soups. As they contain no moisture, they may be kept in a dry place indefinitely. In warm weather stale bread and crumbs should not be allowed to accumulate, as they soon become mouldy. Loaves of bread should never be wrapped in a cloth when put away, but kept in a large stone jar with a close-fitting lid. Scald the jar frequently.

Huntingdon, Pa.

DANGEROUS FOOD PRESERVATIVES.

FORMALDEHYDE has been extensively sold in this country, especially to dairymen, under the names of Milk Sweet, Iceline, Freezine, and "M" Preservaline, writes Prof. H. W. Wiley of the federal bureau of chemistry in *Good Housekeeping*. Of all common food products milk and cream afford the most fruitful field for the use of formaldehyde. Especially in the summer time both dealer and consumer are glad of anything which will keep these products sweet. The hotter and more sultry the weather, the greater the tendency of milk and cream to sour. It is not enough to say that souring is a natural process and therefore unobjectionable. Where milk and cream are thoroughly sour and the lactic acid formed has coagulated the casein and formed "clabber," we have a pleasant beverage, especially when properly cooled. But no one likes sour milk in the transition state from sweet milk to clabber. Others object also to the obvious and commendable method of preserving the sweetness of the milk by boiling. This drives out the gas which adds much to the flavor of milk and gives it a flavor which many do not relish. How great the temptation in this case to add a few drops of "preservaline" in the shape of an aqueous solution of formaldehyde! By this means even in the most sultry weather the milk and cream keep sweet even for several days. The dealer preserves his wares and the consumer his temper and the digestive organs suffer in silence. As one of the dealers in Milk Sweet said to the senate committee investigating the adulteration of foods: "Milk Sweet may be harmful in large

quantities, but so little of it is used by our formula." But theft is theft whether it be a penny or a million dollars that is involved.—*Good Housekeeping*.

PAINT spots on window glass are easily removed by rubbing with a cloth dipped in vinegar.

TAR stains on cloth should be first rubbed over well with lard and then washed with warm water and soap.

To keep milk sweet a little lime water, about two tablespoonfuls to the pint, will be of great assistance.

To restore color to silk when it has been taken out by acid, apply to the spot a little hartshorn or sal volatile.

If hot grease has been spilled on the floor or table, cold water poured over it at once will prevent its soaking into the wood.

I HAVE had great success in keeping cut flowers, especially hothouse roses and carnations, since I learned how much they like an all-over bath. Every night I clip the ends off of the stems and put the flowers into a pail of water deep enough to let the blossoms float on the surface. In the morning they are as fresh as when first cut, and I have had hothouse roses last a week by this method, when usually a day and night in the vase withers them.—*Mrs. F. W. Cook in Good Housekeeping*.

THIS homemade medicine will often loosen a hard cough. Pour one cup of cold water over two ounces of pulverized gum arabic and two-thirds of a cup of sugar. Put two heaping tablespoonfuls of unbruised flaxseed to steep in three cups of cold water. Set in a hot place, but not where it will boil. When this grows thick, strain it over the sugar and gum arabic, which ought to be like a thin jelly. Add the juice of two lemons. Take a tablespoonful every half hour till the cough begins to loosen.—*Good Housekeeping*.

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UNGUARDED GATES.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

WIDE open and unguarded stand our gates,
Named of the four winds, North, South, East, and West;
Portals that lead to an enchanted land
Of cities, forests, fields of living gold,
Vast prairies, lordly summits touched with snow,
Majestic rivers sweeping proudly past
The Arab's date-palm and the Norseman's pine—
A realm wherein are fruits of every zone,
Airs of all climes, for lo! throughout the year
The red rose blossoms somewhere—a rich land,
A later Eden planted in the wilds,
With not an inch of earth within its bound
But if a slave's foot press it sets him free.
Here, it is written, Toil shall have its wage,
And Honor honor, and the humblest man
Stand level with the highest in the law.
Of such a land have men in dungeons dreamed,
And with the vision brightening in their eyes
Gone smiling to the fagot and the sword.
Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them presses a wild motley throng—
Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,
Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,
Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt and Slav,
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;
These bringing unknown gods with them and rites,
Those, tiger passions, here to stretch their claws.
In street and alley what strange tongues are loud,
Accents of menace alien to our air,
Voices that once the tower of Babel knew!
O Liberty, white goddess! is it well
To leave the gates unguarded? On thy breast
Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of fate,
Lift the down-trodden, but with hand of steel
Stay those who to thy sacred portals come
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn
And trampled in the dust. For so of old
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome,
And where the temples of the Cæsars stood
The lean wolf unmolested made her lair.

* * *

ARE SLAVES TO CAMPHOR.

WOMEN far more readily than men fall into the drug habit. It is estimated by medical journals

of repute that there are four times more women than men addicted to the morphine and cocaine habits. The cause is, probably, that physicians too often prescribe these drugs to alleviate the sufferings to which their finer nervous organization renders them subject.

It is now learned from eastern physicians that women have of late become addicted to the camphor habit. The motive is the improvement of the complexion and the means adopted is camphor eating. The number of camphor eaters among the well-to-do classes in the large cities of the east, would, it is said, cause a sensation if known. Of course the practice is carried on secretly as far as possible.

The idea seems to prevail that this gum, taken in small and regular doses, gives a peculiar clear creaminess of complexion, and scores of young women buy it for this purpose. The habit is, moreover, very difficult to cast off, for camphor produces a mild form of exhilaration and stupefaction and in many instances where very large doses have been swallowed the habit has become a sort of slavery.

Camphor eaters all have a dreamy, dazed and very listless air and in most of them there is an ever-present longing to sleep, or at least to rest. Extreme weakness generally follows the taking of regular doses and cases have been seen where it has been almost difficult to tell the effects from those of alcohol. As to the complexion, if a ghastly pallor be an improvement camphor certainly produces it.

* * *

SENSITIVE SCALES.

A GOLD-WEIGHING machine in the Bank of England is so sensitive that an ordinary postage stamp if dropped on the scale will turn the index on the dial a distance of six inches.

THE HOMELESS MAN'S HOTEL.

THE principal rule of the free lodging-house and the one which it may be a bit hard to enforce is the one providing that no person shall be accommodated with lodging more than four nights in any month. If some such provision were not made it is apparent that a number of indolent, lazy fellows would settle down at the place and live there in idleness all winter. But it is the aim of the management to find employment for the applicants as well as to furnish them with temporary shelter, and to that end an employment bureau has been opened in the place. Every man is asked what his trade or calling is and as fast as is possible is given a list of places where he may apply for work. An attempt is made to discover whether or not he has really tried to get work and if it is learned that he has not, the privileges of the home will be denied to him thereafter. This is to be no "hobo's roost" where lazy tramps may live at their ease without expense. It is intended to help the unfortunates to be self-supporting, to put them into communication with those who desire to employ labor, and to give them shelter and a modicum of food for a few days while they are seeking work.

Three police officers are stationed at the home to see that the rules are enforced, and the house is under the management of John H. Bogue, secretary of the lodging-house committee of the City Homes Association. When an applicant for lodging enters the place he approaches a desk in the office where a policeman sits beside a big ledger. The facts in the case are all noted down—the name, age and occupation of the applicant, the length of his residence here, the number of times he has previously applied at the home and all other data bearing upon the case. If everything is satisfactory he is given a check on a string and passes to the next floor. There another policeman is in charge and the applicant is directed to strip and turn over his clothes to an attendant, who places them in a bag of netting, to which a duplicate check is attached.

The clothes in the bag are then hung in an apartment where sulphur fumes can penetrate them all night, pans of sulphur being lighted on the floor and replenished from time to time, and

the applicant goes into another room, where he finds a policeman directing the bathing of the men who have preceded him. Close to the wall are a dozen shower bath nozzles and the applicant is supplied with a piece of soap and a brush and assigned to one of the baths, where he is required to perform his ablutions to the satisfaction of the policeman. No slighting of dirty necks is allowed, the sharp eye of the copper alighting on the lazy man and his voice, not modulated with any degree of feeling, sharply calling him to account. The clothes check is hung about the neck of the lodger on its string and when he emerges from the bath he is given a nightrobe and a pair of carpet slippers and shown the way to the dormitory on an upper floor.

This is the star feature of the lodging-house. All the rest of the establishment is practically duplicated in many of the ten-cent lodging-houses of the city, but the dormitory, instead of being fitted up with rude wooden bunks two or three tiers high, as is the custom in many of the cheaper sleeping places, is furnished with white enameled iron beds, mattresses, sheets, blankets and pillows fully as warm, as soft and as comfortable as those in many of the cheaper "European" hotels of the city. Here the homeless man can get his foretaste of comparative luxury, which is all as free as the air. A policeman is on duty in the dormitory to preserve order and to see that no loud talking or carousing disturbs those who turn in early. The rules are rigidly enforced and any lodger who objects to them is at liberty to seek accommodations elsewhere.

It is very quiet in the dormitory all the time. The lodgers slip in, take the beds assigned to them and go to sleep as soon as possible. There is no chance of a lodger's pockets being robbed during the night, which often happens in the "levee" and west side lodging-houses, as all his clothes are safely locked up in the disinfecting-room downstairs and the policeman keeps an eye open to see there is no exchanging of check during the night whereby some early riser might claim some other person's clothes.

Soon after 6 o'clock the place is astir. The policeman on duty wakes up the "boys" and tells them it is time to get out and hustle for work. They go down to the fumigating-room to turn in their nightrobes and slippers and, giving

their checks, claim the clothes they turned in the night before. The manager of the place has done his best during the night to apportion the applications for help among the described occupations and when the lodgers come downstairs to a breakfast of bread and coffee those for whom respective jobs are waiting are hurried away to get them. The Knickerbocker Ice Company sent in an application for 150 men to handle ice the second day the lodging-house was open and any free guest who declined to tackle such a strenuous job was put down in the black book. The next time he shows up, provided the officer on duty remembers his face, he will be turned away.

On Christmas night two score guests were in the house. They were gathered from the four corners of the globe and represented, according to their own stories, a score of different industries, most of which are at present overcrowded. Had the weather been sharper the free hotel might have done a better business, but as it was the manager rubbed his hands as he looked over the well-filled dormitory and declared business was keeping up very well. Not all of the men were of the typical "hobo" variety. Many of them were fairly well dressed, but that does not put money into an empty pocket or stay the pangs of hunger to any extent, and therefore the wearers of the good coats and fairly good finery were obliged to make application for a free bed on the one night of the year when every man should be at home. There was no attempt at anything like a Christmas celebration. For one reason, the rules of the place forbid it and for another it would have been desperately hard to stir up anything like Christmas enthusiasm among the lodgers at a charity lodging-house.

The men sat around the stove in the office a short time, for lounging in the common room was not encouraged, and did little talking. Those who did find something to converse about did not talk of Christmas. By common consent that subject was tabooed and they talked of the weather, the stagnation in the various lines of work they represented and any other topic aside from the great holiday which suggested itself. They were even more silent, perhaps, than on any other night of the year, for the signs and tokens of Christmas cheer were all around them in the

streets and stores and it was impossible to keep their thoughts from turning in that direction now and then. A big fire crackled in the stove, the room was warm and cozy and the place was far preferable to the chilly, sloppy streets in which many of them had wandered night after night for weeks. But there was an oppressing sense of charity about the institution which seemed to have an especial effect on Christmas night, and one by one the lodgers sought the bath and the dormitory and "turned in." Not a stocking was hung up in that dormitory on Christmas eve, because the attendant had them all down in the disinfecting-room and Santa Claus has not yet placed the municipal lodging-house on his route book.

* * *

Before submitting to the inevitable a wise man takes pains to ascertain that it is the inevitable.

* * *

IN CAIRO'S STREETS.

THE Egyptian City of Cairo is undoubtedly one of the most picturesque places in the world and not the least of its attractions are the varied and often musical street cries which assail the ears on all sides. Not only the street musicians who tap their tambourines to the admiring "Allahs" of the crowd, but the merchants and peddlers contribute to the chorus. A fruit seller, basket on head, with grapes and figs, will saunter by singing in a quaint minor: "Oh, grapes, oh, sweet grapes, that are larger than doves' eggs and sweeter than new cream! Oh, angels' food, delicious figs, bursting with honey, restorers of health." Another street cry which may be heard in the main street of Abbassieh (a suburb), contains the following enticing announcement: "Tomorrow, Oh people, I am going to kill a camel. The doctor says it is young and healthy. Oh, its flesh will be tender as the quail and juicy as lamb. Its price is but one and one-half piasters (seven and one-half cents) the pound. Do you love the sweet flesh of a camel, then come early and be satisfied!" Not the least picturesque figures in the streets are the city police, in their neat white and red uniforms in summer and blue serge in winter.

SHIPS SOLD AS OLD JUNK.

SHIPS are like men. Some are stricken in youth; others in middle age, and a few pass away after many years. When man comes to an end there is always a burial place, but the ship's only cemetery is the deep sea. If in its youth it runs ashore on a lee coast or if in its old age it is condemned as unseaworthy it meets the same fate—to be broken up and sold as old junk. This destiny, though prosaic, is popular to that small class in the community known as "marine junkmen." It is not a numerous guild; it is confined to the great seaports, but it is thrifty, wideawake and frequently buys, unseen in New York, some craft that has been lost on the Jersey sands or the New England granite shore. The metropolis is, of course, the headquarters of this queer folk. They have little offices on South and West streets and many of them have so-called yards on the water front. There is no special district which they favor above others. There are a few yards on the East river, some over in Jersey City, some in Brooklyn and others on the North river, the sound and Staten Island. The dealers are usually old sailors or ship carpenters, but in their new calling they develop odd knowledge and business traits.

While ships are all alike to landlubbers, except in size and rig, they present vast differences to these sea junkmen. At a glance they can make a valuation of a ship which will come within twenty per cent of its real worth, and how they haggle with the captain, owner or ship's husband! They are not delicate in their language when it comes to chaffing. Good round Saxon oaths, strange Italian curses and the brutal blasphemy of the fo'castle are mixed up in a way that would cause each particular hair of a devout man's head to stand on end, but which fall upon a captain's ears like a strain of familiar music.

Sometimes instead of buying outright they take a ship on shares, but woe to the credulous captain or agent who enters into this kind of a bargain! The receipts are all correct, but the expenses are usually bewildering. The junkman employs every relative he has in dismantling the craft and puts in a bill for labor and time that often eats up the entire proceeds. The masts and rigging range greatly in value. Some masts,

especially compound ones, braced with steel or wrought iron, are often in admirable condition after thirty or forty years of use and only require cleaning and a few repairs to become marketable at a fair price. The yards and bowsprits, tiller wheels and rudders often display the same longevity. The rigging is usually a good investment, particularly the stays, whether made of wire rope or of old-fashioned tarred hemp. Sails vary greatly, but even the oldest and poorest can usually be sold to the brick sloops, line schooners and other craft which ply Long Island sound or the Hudson river. The galley and the cabin cut a fair figure in these deliberations. The stoves and kitchenware can be readily sold to other vessels or to dealers in second-hand goods ashore.

Cabins may prove a small bonanza to the speculator; many of them are built of the finest woods, carved and gilded. The weathering they have received for years has brought out all the beauty of the grain and has dried them until they are as compact and resilient as an ancient violin. They are bought eagerly by the makers of antique furniture and reappear in a few months as colonial book cases, revolutionary bedsteads and Puritan secretaries. When it comes to the hull the average speculator is inclined to bide his time and look out for a profitable opportunity. Of late years there has grown up a disposition toward utilizing the staunch hulks as colliers. Occasionally a small hull can be sold as a bethel or a houseboat and sometimes it can be floated at high tide upon one of the marshes or low shores around New York and there sold to an ambitious shopkeeper or saloon proprietor. If it is sold for the latter purpose the buyer first removes the copper and everything detachable. Copper nowadays is worth sixteen cents a pound and copper sheathing always finds a quick sale. Even on a small ship it is worth over \$100 and on larger vessels it often brings handsome sums.

The number of hulks which have been sold beached and utilized as residences or for trade is much larger than is commonly supposed. They can be found here and there upon both sides of the Hudson river, the East river, the sound, Newark bay, the Arthurkill and Raritan bay. They make comfortable homes and have the rich perfume of the sea about them, which no white

ash or paint will ever remove. If the speculator finds no customer for the hull he breaks it up and disposes of it as timber.

Very little goes to waste. The value depends upon the wood employed in the construction. All old ships are like Joseph's coat of many colors. They have been repaired in many ports and often contain a score of various woods. The knees are usually hackmatack, and the ribs of oak, the planking of pine and oak. But in the repair yards of the globe all sorts of woods are used. Among them may be found mahogany and iron-wood, teak and pitch pine and cedar and sometimes rosewood and ebony. The wise speculator goes over every piece of lumber. If one of them proves a precious wood he can dispose of it at high figures. Even oak, after thirty or forty years, is, when undisfigured, twice as valuable as when it is new. Any cabinetmaker is only too glad to purchase a huge oak beam which has sailed ten or twenty times around the globe. It is not the age alone which has improved the quality of the fiber, but the straining and wrenching of the vessel by the sea, the chemical action of the bilge water and of many kinds of cargoes. Some planks and veneers made from an oak beam which had been part of a ship eighty years old were exhibited a few years ago at a fashionable furniture store on Broadway and attracted general notice from the exquisite coloring and beautiful grain.

Equally striking were some beams of mahogany taken from a bark which was engaged in the sugar trade between New York and Cuba in the '40's and '50's. The years and the traffic had contracted the pores and deepened the color until it looked as superb in its chromatic intensity as an antique sang de bœuf Chinese vase. It was made into a cabinet and has to-day a place of honor in the drawing-room of a wealthy New York family. Aged teak rivals ebony in color, but surpasses it in strength, beauty and durability. Beams and planks in good condition can be sold to shipyards and to the lumber dealers. That which is too cracked or disfigured is purchased readily by the kindling wood manufacturers.

In the old days the iron bolts gave much trouble to the workingmen who broke up the craft, but an ingenious Italian showed that by wetting

them with crude petroleum or kerosene they could be removed without difficulty, no matter how thick the rust of the years. These go to the dealer in old iron and at the present time, when the steel prices are so high, give a very fair return to the seller. Anchors and chains retain some market value to the very last. They rarely go to the dealer in old metal, but are cleaned, painted and stored away for future use.

The dunnage and inner planking are taken by house builders for scaffolding, by lumber yards and, last of all, by the kindling wood men. With iron vessels, especially steamers, there is less speculation and less variety. The hulls are utilized for colliers and to-day at least fifty can be seen in the bay or the adjacent waters. The engines are not very salable. They are usually antiquated and are sold to dealers in steel or to machine shops. Where the hull is broken up it becomes old iron and brings seldom more than half a cent a pound. Modern trade is frugal and even avaricious. Just as a miser preserves his rags, although they have little or no value, so Dame Commerce tries to keep her ships and steamships at work until they fall to pieces or founder through sheer weakness.

Sometimes queer discoveries are made in breaking up an ancient craft. Between the inner and outer planking is a wide space which runs from the main deck down sometimes to the keelson. Into this drunkards often drop their belongings, thieves their booty, criminals the evidences of their guilt and mischievous men the spoil of their victims.

A brig which was dismembered at Red Hook, in South Brooklyn, yielded a ghastlier find. It consisted of manacles and shackles, almost eaten away by the bilge water, and yet retaining enough of their pristine appearance to show that they had been engaged in the African slave trade. In a brigantine over at Weehawken there were the bones of a human arm and leg far down near the ship's well. Whether they represented some forgotten crime or the prank of some playful sailor will never be known. Knives and pistols, swords and daggers are often found in this ancient hiding place, as are pieces of dress goods and other materials which seamen tried to smuggle, but hid forever in order to avoid detection.

COALING SHIP.

THE fact is that a large number of men are absolutely necessary on board a cruiser or battleship to pass the baskets, "trim" the bunkers—level off the coal as it is received through the hatchways—and to swab and polish after the operation is finished. On a first-class battleship the firemen and stokers are reinforced in this work and from 400 to 500 men are kept at it, yet the quantity necessary cannot be transferred to the vessel in an ordinary working day. During warm weather operations are carried on as much as possible at night by the aid of electric lights, as the labor is very fatiguing.

"Coaling ship" is included as one of the regular evolutions ordered by the navy department, and the work has been systematized down to the smallest detail. First, the vessel is moved to a position which is termed the coaling station. She is fastened, if in the harbor, in such a manner that the barges and lighters can be placed alongside. The strength and the direction of the tide or other currents must be calculated with the view of offering the least resistance to the barges, while care must be taken to prevent them from striking the sides of the ship, as the blow might injure some of the outer works, or where the warship has armor projecting the impact might sink the barge.

The coaling force is divided into divisions, each assigned to a certain quarter of the vessel, as during an engagement. A petty officer is placed in command of each division, which removes the coal from a certain number of the lighters and is assigned to fill a certain number of bunkers. If the coal is transferred by means of bags or baskets a portion of the division goes into the hold of the lighter. These are the fillers. A line of men is formed from the hold to the hatchway, while another gang is stationed below in the bunkers.

At the word of command the fillers begin shoveling into the bags or baskets. As fast as each is loaded it goes from hand to hand along the line of "passers" and is dumped through the open hatch into the bunker, where the trimmers stow it into the proper location. Special shovels are provided for filling the baskets, but as the coal comes loose, also in lumps the size of a man's

head, much of it must be put in the baskets with the hands.

The rapidity of coaling by hand depends much upon the arrangement and number of hatchways and the number of barges which can be moored alongside. If the ship is provided with eight or ten entrances to the bunkers, the line can be divided into as many divisions or squads and the work proceeds much more rapidly than if the fuel must be put on board through five or six hatchways. With the machinery, guns, quarters for the officers and crew and storage for the ammunition, but very little space can be provided for coal hatches.

In fact, every inch of space on board a modern warship is of the utmost value, and the naval architects at Washington frequently cudgel their brains to provide the necessary openings. As it is, very fast time has been made in this work, and a comparison shows that a crew of American "Jacks" can put away more coal in a given time than the crews of any other navy.

The battleship Iowa has broken the record in this respect. At a coaling in San Francisco harbor seven divisions were employed, placing on board 1,004 tons in eleven hours and twenty-five minutes. Each division loaded from twenty-one to thirty-two tons an hour, including stops when gangs were relieved and empty barges were replaced by loaded ones. At another test the vessel was loaded at the rate of 163½ tons an hour, while during another trial the rate was 152 tons an hour.

The bunkers of a first-class battleship will contain from 1,200 to 1,500 tons. They are usually completely filled, if the supply of coal at the station is ample, as the work is anything but pleasant to the officers and crew, from the captain down to the stoker. All hands are glad enough to get through with it, and considerable rivalry exists between the divisions in the speed of loading. Bets are made as to the largest quantity each section can put through in a certain time, and many a man doubles or loses his month's pay as a result of this betting. When the different divisions get fairly started the bags and baskets go from the barge to the ship in a steady stream, just about as fast as the men can pass them from one to another. Each division has two or three relief gangs, and after three

hours steady work one of these takes the place of the last one.

Within a half hour after the coaling commences the sailors, marines and everybody engaged look like a gang of miners, while the white paint and glistening metal of the vessel are covered with the black dust so thickly that no one would take her for a warship were it not for the gun muzzles projecting from the turrets and barbettes. Every officer who is not absolutely compelled to be on deck either gets shore leave or retires to his cabin and shuts doors and windows in the endeavor to keep out the dust, but the stewards and cleaners have plenty of work to do even in the captain's cabin after coaling has finished. Although water is sprinkled over the tops of the barge loads, it has little effect in keeping down the dust clouds. The only relief is when a strong wind is blowing away from the ship.

The plans for lessening the time of coaling have resulted in the use of considerable transferring machinery. The demand has arisen for loading on the open sea, where neither the collier nor the warship can anchor. A cable is passed from the coaling vessel to the cruiser or battleship and the fuel transferred in patent buckets by means of steam power. This plan has proved quite successful, although it is much slower than when several barges can be unloaded at the same time by the crew. Another plan proposed for coaling at a station is to have barges equipped with patent elevators for hoisting and transferring the coal instead of utilizing the fillers and baskets. The plan is similar to that of the floating grain elevators used in New York harbor and elsewhere.

Still another plan advocated by some of the naval officers is to supply each warship with a set of steam winches and booms. These booms are to be attached to the masts at such an angle that they will project out over the coal barges. By means of the block and pulley system the baskets or bags will be hauled on board by the winches and lowered directly through the hatches. The booms are to be made adjustable, so

that they can be taken off and stored away after the work is finished. The great difficulty, however, in the use of booms is that, owing to the model of the warship the barges cannot be fastened directly alongside, as the armor beneath the surface extends beyond the line of the vessel above water. Consequently the booms must be made very large to be of service, and cannot be as strongly fastened for this reason.

Coaling is a very expensive operation even in home ports. The government frequently must pay twice or three times the original cost of a ton when the vessel is to be coaled off the coast of Florida, for instance. If a United States warship puts into Bermuda for a supply the government may have to pay as high as \$15 for fuel which in Hampton roads would cost less than \$4. As from fifty to one hundred tons a day will be burned on a cruise, according to the speed required, a supply of even 1,200 or 1,500 tons is soon exhausted. In fact, such a ship as the "Kearsarge," which may make a cruise of three or four days along the coast and then lie at anchor a week or more, needs to be coaled every two or three weeks, as when a warship is in commission the naval regulations require that fires should be kept up constantly under at least a portion of her furnaces.

* * *

WOULD HAVE A TREAT.

AN old darky went to Memphis the other day to get his pension check cashed. After receiving his money, which amounted to \$11.00, the old ex-slave sauntered down Front street to a produce house and bought three crates of cabbages. When they were delivered at the wharf late that afternoon the old man was there and received them with a mouth watering in anticipation of the good time ahead. "Whut yer gwine ter do wid dem cabbages?" inquired the negro drayman who delivered them. "Eat 'em," was the quick response. "I'se been free forty years and dis is de first time I'se had de money to buy 'nuff cabbage. I'se gwine ter eat cabbage till I furgit de way ter my mouf."

*More men are ruined by fool
friends than by sworn enemies.*

NAMES WITH MEANINGS.

THERE is a great deal in a name, despite the sneers of iconoclasts, and it is to be regretted that parents in naming their children, especially their girls, have paid so little attention to the origin of the designations they bestow upon them. Children are named for parents, near relatives, dear friends, favorite characters in literature, or from a mere fancy for a pleasing sound, without a thought for the eternal fitness of things—the real significance of the name.

Had it not been for the stress laid upon such things by the people of France, Louis VIII would have had a far more beautiful wife. When this monarch—Cœur de Lion—decided to marry, he sent ambassadors to the court of Madrid. Naturally, their choice fell upon the most beautiful princess—who happened to be the oldest also—until they learned, to their horror, that her unmusical name, Nracca, translated, meant “the magpie.”

Such a thing as a magpie mating with a lion heart was an incongruity not to be considered for a moment. So the worthy ambassadors selected instead a younger and less attractive sister, who bore, however, the appropriate name of Blanche—the fair—and she became the wife of the emperor of France, and mother of St. Louis.

The possessors of names which they do not like, and in the choice of which they had no voice, may comfort themselves with the thought that there are often very beautiful meanings attached to very homely names, and vice versa.

Those matrimonially inclined will perhaps be interested in the information that Adeline means noble wife; Deborah, a bee, as a symbol of industry; Lina, a support.

The names Ruth and Helena are both pretty and desirable, the former meaning “a vision of brightness,” and the latter “bright as the sun.”

Katherine, Katie, Kathleen and Kate signify “spotless, pure.”

Margaret, Margarita and Marguerite are from the Greek and mean “a pearl.”

Minna and Minnie, borne in memory, beloved; Delia, brilliant; Psyche, the soul; Sybil, counsel of God; Sophia and Sophy, wisdom, and Ida, far-seeing, are also from the Greek.

Sarah, princess; Celia, one who commands; Cleopatra, a father's or a country's glory; Adelaide, noble maiden; Rachel, an ewe lamb; Mildred, gentle of speech; Letitia, gladness; Edith, blessed; Eleanor, Ellen, Leonora and Nellie, fruitful, are surely by reason of their meanings names of whom anyone might be justly proud.

When one reflects that the literal translation of the name of Holland's staunch young queen is “helm of many,” that of Angela Burdett Coutts “messenger of God” and that of Florence Nightingale “of loving mind, beloved,” one is almost tempted to believe that there is more in a name than Shakespeare would have had us imagine.

* * *

Being daughters of Eve, young ladies are of course partial to twilight.

* * *

MAKING A BILLIARD BALL.

ONE of the most delicate mechanical processes is that of turning a billiard ball, a fact that few who see and handle the ivory spheres seem to realize. The billiard ball in its natural state is the principal means of defense for an elephant. In time the elephant falls a victim to the venturesome hunter and he parts with his tusks, which are the most valuable of all his possessions to commerce. Most of the tusks find their way to London, which is the greatest sales mart for ivory.

In the window of one of the large manufactories of billiard balls lies a tusk about two feet long. It was purchased some years ago, and while being sawed in two the saw came in contact with an obstruction. It proved to be a rifle bullet, which had penetrated the elephant's tusk when quite young, for the whole inside had a decayed appearance.

There are different kinds of ivory, and only the finer kinds are suitable for making billiard balls. The best comes from the small tusks, which are from four to six inches in diameter at the thickest end. They are sawed into blocks, each section being large enough to allow of the turning of a single ball.

The factories devoted to the billiard ball industry in this country usually receive the ivory

in this shape, the sections being marked so that the turners know from what part of the tusk each piece comes, and in this way can calculate as to the grain and quality. It takes a long time to produce a perfect billiard ball, and only skilled labor is employed.

The exact center of the ball is first discovered by means of measurement. The block is then placed in a socket and half of the ball is turned by an instrument made of the finest and sharpest-edged steel. The half-turned ball is then hung up in a net for a while; then the second half is turned and the ball hung up as before in a room the temperature of which is from sixty to seventy degrees.

The roughly turned ball is kept in this position about a year. Then comes the polishing, whitening, etc. A good deal of hard rubbing is also necessary, as the ball, before being used, should be as near a certain weight as possible and measure two and three-eighths inches in diameter. It has been found impossible to get two balls exactly the same weight. Very often they will be heavier on one side than on the other and frequently they split right through the center. This is due to decay.

The price of ivory for making billiard balls has greatly increased within the last few years and the demand exceeds the supply. A prominent billiard company has offered \$10,000 for a perfect substitute for ivory.

Not until after placed on the table is the real life of the billiard ball shown. The pores of the ivory may close and then, if the ball is kept in a hot room, it is likely to crack, or it may crack by reason of concussion with other balls. This is one of the great difficulties to contend against. To overcome this the balls should be kept in as even a temperature as possible.

When a billiard ball is first used it occupies the first rank. A crack may soon be exposed and then it is returned to the factory. The nick is shaved off and it comes back slightly smaller in size. It may then find its way into some second-rate billiard-room. After some more hard usage it is again returned to the factory and comes forth again much reduced in size and probably becomes a cue ball in pool.

After it is found to be practically useless for the purposes for which it was originally made,

it is bought by dealers in bone and ivory and the ball is then turned into buttons.

* * *

A TARTARIC ANSWER.

AN inquisitive French bishop once caught a Tartar in the Duke de Roquelaure. The Duke was passing in haste through Lyons. He heard the bishop hail him with "Hi! hi!" The Duke stopped.

"Where have you come from?" asked the prelate.

"Paris," answered the Duke, curtly.

"What is there fresh in Paris?" asked the other, hungry for news.

"Green peas," said the exasperating Duke.

"But what were the people saying when you left?" asked the bishop, hoping that the question had been misunderstood.

"Vespers."

"Goodness, man!" broke out the angry questioner, "who are you? What are you called?"

"Ignorant people call me 'Hi! hi!' Gentlemen call me the Duke de Roquelaure. Drive on, postilion!"

* * *

DIDN'T SWEAR, BUT TOLD LIES.

REV. JUSTUS FORWARD was noted in the early days of the last century as a very godly man. He lived at Belshoetown, Mass., where he enjoyed the esteem of all classes. He once reproved a workman for swearing while he was plowing a new field. "Swear!" said the man. "I guess you'd swear!"

Mr. Forward took the plow and hurried after it, indignantly denying the charge. Then, as the field became more impassable, he began panting.

"I never did see the like! I never did see the like!" When he had gone once round the field he stopped, breathless, and said:

"There, you see, I didn't find it necessary to swear."

"No," drawled the other man, "but you've told more'n fifty lies. You said you never did see the like, and you saw it all the time I was plowin'."

NATURE



STUDY

A FREAK PIG.

BY ELLA BUZZARD.

Not long ago I read about a chicken with four legs. I remember of having one similar to the one mentioned, but it did not live but a short time.

But last spring our old Bettie had nine little pigs, and one of them had only three legs. The left front leg, shoulder blade and all was missing. We supposed it would soon die, but it got along all right for two weeks, when old Bettie had to be turned out of the pen. As it could not well follow it soon began to droop. So I had it brought to the house for a pet. It ate heartily and soon began to thrive. I called him Jimmy. All I had to do after going out with a tin of milk was to say, "Come, Jimmy!" Then I had to hurry or he would get there first, even on three legs.

I sold him in June, but he was still living a short time ago.

Ola, Iowa.

* * *

FROZEN SNAKES.

BY C. A. McDOWELL.

WHILE working on a grade a few years ago I helped to unearth a few snakes. Some we broke out of the frozen clay, and when we got them we let them lay on the ice until we could bend them in almost any shape and they would remain that way. But if we laid them close to the fire they would soon show signs of life, especially if we placed something hot on them. The part that was burned would move first. If the head was next the fire the first signs of life would be the tongue coming out, slowly at first, and faster as he warmed up. We could not break them.

When frozen I have also seen a few snakes killed with electricity by placing one wire on the

head and one on the tail, and then turning the current on. They don't stand much of it.

Johnstown, Pa.

* * *

SNAKES IN WINTER.

Dear 'Nook:—

IN the INGLENOOK of Dec. 28 is an inquiry whether anyone ever saw a snake in winter, when frozen. When I was a boy I plowed one out in January. In turning the dirt over the snake was in the bottom of the furrow in a coil, and was stiff as if no life was in it. I laid the snake in the sun for several hours, when it moved some, but towards sundown it became stiff again. I then dispatched it. It was of the garter kind, and about two feet long. Someone said afterwards if I had made a fire and thawed it out well it would have run away. M. H. SHAVER.

Mt. Sidney, Va.

* * *

CRANE ISLAND.

WHO ever heard of a piece of land deeded to animal or fowl? Yet such has been done by popular consent. In Minnesota there is a picturesque island that is uninhabited by man and given up to the cranes. When the Indians held full sway these birds decided upon this spot for a summer resort. As time went on and no white man had the temerity to disturb them they became sole owners, until now this island is pointed out from passing boats as one of the curiosities of the country.

It is estimated that three thousand cranes make their home there in the summer season, and they can be seen wading out in the water, ducking their long necks, and heard emitting a peculiar squak to warn off intruders.

Their nests are made of very large sticks, are often the size of a bushel basket, and are usually built on some substantial tree. In the years that have passed since this region was first settled by white men only one or two attempts have been

made to land on the island, and these have resulted disastrously.

One man, more venturesome than the rest, captured with difficulty a young crane and carried it home. When exhibiting his trophy to the family the indignant bird thrust out its long beak, and before its captor guessed its intention, plucked out his eyes. These birds guard their property so jealously that though elegant summer homes have been erected all around on the adjacent islands, Crane Island will go down to posterity as the one spot on earth sacred to the crane and his progeny.

* * *

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE DEPTHS.

THE problem of submarine photography has been taken up by a Massachusetts inventor, who has patented an apparatus combining a pair of cameras with means for the artificial illumination of objects in the depths.

It has been ascertained by careful experiments (such as the exposure of sensitive plates at various depths) that, practically, not a ray of sunlight penetrates farther down than 600 feet below the surface of the sea. Even in comparatively shallow water photography is out of the question from lack of light. But here is a machine that carries a light of its own, and which, by the use of very ingenious means, so it is claimed, is able to illuminate quite powerfully any object that is to be taken.

The two cameras, each of them enclosed in a large bulb of metal with a glass bull's-eye, are held by rigid arms on either side of a chamber containing strong arc lamps. They are so arranged as to point somewhat inward, and to be focused upon the same object, which is at the same time illuminated by the powerful ray thrown forward from the electric chamber.

Through rubber tubes pass wires which control the action of the cameras and lights. Thus the operator, when he wishes to take a picture, is able to turn on the light and, at the same time, to expose the plates; all that is needed being a touch upon a button. An automatic arrangement turns the exposed plate out of the way, and places another in position for exposure. Owing to the relative positions of the cameras, they take pic-

tures of the object from two different points of view, almost at right angles.

At very great depths—such as a mile—a machine of this kind would not be available as it would be crushed by the pressure of the water. But this is not a matter of much importance as the apparatus is designed for use in connection with diving operations, which are not conducted very far below the surface.

* * *

THE ingenuity of a Yankee inventor has devised a use for that humble and unlovely shrub of the Western deserts known as "greasewood." It has been found to contain a gum that affords a valuable substitute for rubber.

The method of obtaining the gum, which has been newly patented, consists in bruising the woody stalks of the greasewood, soaking them in a solution of carbon disulphide, and then drawing off the liquid, which is distilled. The chemical used as a solvent is driven off by heat, and there remains in the bottom of the vessel a gummy stuff, flexible and elastic.

Finally, the gummy stuff is washed and purified, the result being a very fair substitute for India-rubber—so good, in fact, as to suggest the notion that some day the American deserts may be made to yield very satisfactory profits in the production of raw material for gum shoes and bicycle tires.

* * *

ONE of the chief governing instincts among wild birds is the sense of fear. This feeling of fear is not apparent in birds until ten or twelve days after birth. All perching birds acquire the instinct of fear at from eight to ten days after birth, and this instinct becomes the controlling factor in the subsequent experiences of the bird, being either lessened or increased by circumstances.

* * *

It is a popular impression that Alaska is a frozen zone, and that the soil is barren and worthless. This is a mistake. The sun is hot, the snow moistens and enriches the earth, and the soil in the valleys is fertile and productive. Wheat, corn, oats, barley, buckwheat, flaxseed and a considerable variety of vegetables and forage plants can be successfully grown in many parts of the territory.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY...

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed should invariably give the old address at which they received their INGLENOOK.

Agents are wanted everywhere, and any reasonable number of sample copies will be furnished free. All communications relating to the INGLENOOK should be addressed as follows:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

(For the Inglebrook.)

22-24 S. State St., Elgin, Ill.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

THERE is never a day so dreary
 But God can make it bright;
 And unto the soul that trusts him
 He giveth songs in the night.
 There is never a path so hidden
 But God will show the way,
 If we seek the Spirit's guidance,
 And patiently watch and pray.

+ + +

ANNIVERSARY DAY.

LESS than two years ago the INGLENOOK started. It was an experiment in a sense, but of the outcome the Editor never had a shadow of doubt. He had confidence in the belief that the people wanted good reading and he never doubted his ability to furnish it, especially when backed by so able a corps of contributors. It succeeded, and numbers thousands among its friends and it will have thousands more before long.

Now comes an unsolicited idea from a valued 'Nooker, and a man at that. Some of our best moves have been suggested by women, but it was a man this time, and his suggestion is that we celebrate. Briefly, the proposition is that on the date of the first number of the INGLENOOK

each family getting the 'Nook have something for dinner taken out of the *Cook Book*.

The idea is an excellent one and the 'Nook approves it and is in for it head and stomach. The time will not be for some weeks and due notice will be given. In the meantime the idea is open for discussion and suggestion.

+ + +

*The kleptomaniac regards things
 from an abstract point of view.*

+ + +

THE WASTE BASKET.

JUDGING from the letters we receive the Editor is a sort of ogre who takes delight in flipping contributions into the waste basket. Now, dear friends, don't be unduly exercised. Never has there been an article consigned to the waste basket in the INGLENOOK room. There's a basket, all right enough, but it has yet to secure its first article.

Some thousands of contributions have been received, and we look on them in this way. If the writer goes to the trouble of preparing an article and sending it to us it gets careful consideration and even though we may not print it, we never destroy it. It is not the custom in any well-regulated editor's office to destroy articles because they don't suit. Contributions, the real thing, are the life of a paper. They are always welcomed. Send them along. We will do our best to see the good side of them.

+ + +

*Self-inspection is the best cure
 for self-esteem.*

+ + +

THAT COOK BOOK.

OUR 'Nook people who contributed to the *Inglebrook Cook Book* will be interested in learning that it is spoken of in the highest terms by outsiders who have it and who use it. There are several hundreds of them in use in Elgin city and everywhere the recipes are being tried and words of praise come to us on all sides. Many a sister's contribution to the book will gladden homes she will never see, and her potpies and cookies will live after she has gone over to a better land.

INSTRUCTIVE, CLEAN AND HEALTHFUL.

EDITOR OF INGLENOOK,
Elgin, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I have read the INGLENOOK since its appearance in Elgin, and I have been asked to give my opinion of it.

I regard the INGLENOOK as one of the best family papers, for old or young; and I would be glad to know that it entered every family in this city. It is very instructive, clean and healthful.

Yours truly,
D. B. SHERWOOD.

The above is from a 'Nooker in Elgin, and shows the status of the magazine among our best people. Hon. David B. Sherwood is an ex-judge, and is one of the ablest jurists in the State.

+ + +

*He that respects himself is safe
from others; he wears a coat of
mail that none can pierce.*

???????

Is President Roosevelt a college man?

Yes. He is a graduate of Harvard.

I read of coaling stations. What are they?

Places where the government stores large quantities of coal for the use of war vessels, etc.

Which can run the faster, a locomotive or a racing automobile?

The chances favor the auto's coming out ahead in a race.

What amount of paper is consumed in a year for printing purposes?

The paper and paper pulp mills have a capacity of 2,500,000 tons a year.

Will the Spanish language be used in the future in our colonial possessions?

Yes, for a long time, but if we hold on English will eventually take its place.

What is an absolute zero?

That degree of cold when it can get no colder. It is a sure thing that it exists but has never been reached.

Do nations ever keep a special war fund?

Yes, some do. Germany has \$29,000,000 set aside for use in case of sudden need in time of war.

Will the so-called arid west ever be fit for settlement?

In time either crops adapted to it, or some way of irrigating it, will be discovered and it will be the garden of the world.

Is it morally right to join a union?

Something depends on its character. There can be no question about the abstract right of workers, or anybody else, to combine for self-protection.

Is it true that an elephant is afraid of a mouse?

Yes. The big fellow will sometimes stand on his hind legs and paw the air in terror at the sight of one, but they are also said to grow accustomed to them in time.

What is "gumbo," used in making a railroad?

Where stones are wanting for ballasting a road clay is burned, broken in pieces, and used in the place of stone. It looks not unlike red coal cinders and is better than stone. It is called gumbo.

Why may not a co-operative colony succeed?

In every instance where tried failure has resulted sooner or later. The causes seem to be inherent uneasiness, jealousies and ambition. Those last the longest which have a strong religious turn to them, but all fail in the end.

Is a marriage performed by one not legally qualified binding on the parties?

Yes, if they want it to be. It is the living together and recognizing each other as man and wife before the world that does the business. If, as it seems by the letter, the marriage was a so-called "mock" marriage it is binding all the same on the parties, and will take an action of the court to undo it. The unauthorized party is subject to punishment, but the parties promising before witnesses are in for it if either or both want it to stand. Such things are "playing with fire" the worst kind of a way.

WHY ARE THE JEWS LONG LIVED?

FROM time immemorial physical vigor has been considered a *sine qua non* to longevity. The races that distinguished themselves in the history of the world for their aggressiveness, their physical prowess and valor have in the main been people inured to hard manual labor, out-of-door exercise and active modes of living. The Greeks of old were as assiduous in their devotion to their sports and games as the Englishman of to-day is to his national pastimes of cricket and racing or the German to his fencing. The Teuton of the nineteenth century in physical development surpasses all other races and rules the world. He is on the whole a long-lived race. He works with his hands, with his body, with his legs and with his brain; in fact, he works altogether. He is not apt to stunt one portion of his physical make-up to aid in developing another portion. In his normal condition he is a country dweller and despises the town.

In contradistinction to the Teuton, let us consider the Jew, and we speak now of the masses. Physically, he is poorly developed. Centuries of oppression have stamped out his physical vigor, if not his vitality. The European Jew is undersized, and markedly so. His mental vigor, however, is unimpaired, and probably on the whole is superior to his neighbor's. He is a city dweller, and betrays an inherent dislike for hard manual labor or for physical exercise or exertion in any form. He is adverse to out-of-door sport. He prefers to live by his brain rather than by his muscle. His chest capacity is limited, and he possesses many other features of physical degeneracy. In fact, his physical make-up is what one would expect to find in a short-lived man. And here is a surprising feature.

Possessing so few of the elements so long considered as necessary to longevity, the Jew is probably the longest lived of any race of people now in existence. His tenacity of life is remarkable. In spite of the social conditions which surround the mass of the Hebrew population the world over, and especially in the large cities of America, where they form a large percentage of the population, the death rate among the Jewish inhabitants is but little over half of that of the average American population. Professor Wil-

liam Z. Ripley, in his papers on the racial geography of Europe in the *Popular Science Monthly*, discusses this question very ably and very fully. He states that if two groups of one hundred infants each, one Jewish and one of average American parentage, be born upon the same day, one-half of the Americans will die within forty-seven years, while the first half of the Jews will not succumb to disease before the expiration of seventy-one years. According to Lombroso, of 1,000 Jews born 217 die before the age of seven years, while 453 Christians, more than twice as many, are likely to die within the same period.

The immunity of the Jewish population from accident on account of their indoor occupation will account for some of the discrepancy, but on this very account they should be more liable to epidemic and other disease. This is not wholly true, however. They show an abnormally small proportion of deaths from consumption and pneumonia, which are responsible for the largest proportion of deaths among the American population. Professor Ripley ascribes their immunity from this, as well as from some other diseases, to the excellent system of meat inspection prescribed by the Mosaic law. Hoffman says that in London as much as one-third of the meats offered for sale is rejected as unfit for consumption by the Jews.

Probably the temperate habits for which the Jews as a race are noted will account to some extent for the longevity. The Jew is temperate in almost all that he does, in all that he eats and in all that he drinks. He is seldom addicted to the intemperate use of alcoholic liquors. He abstains from certain varieties of meat, and those of the richer and more heating kind.

* * *

There is no cement that will repair broken promises.

* * *

MEXICAN BUSINESS WAYS.

"THE visitor to Mexico encounters many strange sights and curious customs and methods of doing business," said an American business man.

"A great deal of mining and agricultural machinery has been brought into Mexico, and the

Mexican *ranchero*, if not instructed in handling the newfangled farm machinery, is sometimes at a loss to get things at work. The loss of a screw, a nut or bolt sometimes completely blocks all his efforts to get things in motion.

"Not so long ago I went out with a gentleman from the States on a trip through the country selling ploughs, and during our travels in the State of Michoacan stopped at a very large *hacienda*. The owner was very polite and kind, but when it came to the point of buying a plough he did not seem to be in the humor to trade. He said:

"Why, I have bought several different kinds of tools and implements from the States, but must confess I have had bad luck with them. Not long ago I received a mowing machine from a well-known manufactory, and it won't work, and I am getting tired of being swindled."

"We thought it very queer that a new machine would not work, and requested that he get it out and let us look it over, which, of course, he gladly did. We looked it all over very carefully and could see nothing wrong with it, so had some of the farm laborers take hold and haul it around the yard, the owner in the meantime following along with us and very much interested in the proceedings.

"After satisfying myself that everything was in good working order, I reached over and threw the knives into gear, and she worked like a charm. You should have seen the look of astonishment on that *ranchero's* face. They did not know enough to throw it into gear. This will explain why a good deal of trouble is had in this country in selling improved machinery.

"A good deal of comment has been made on the native method of doing business. A friend of mine wanted to buy a certain grade of native-

made wax matches. One day he came across a stand where an old woman had the identical kind he was looking for. She had some two dozen boxes and he insisted upon buying them all.

"But evidently she did not understand dealing in a wholesale way, and would not consent to dispose of more than three boxes at a time, which he very reluctantly was compelled to take.

"After walking away a few steps he decided that the opportunity might not occur again to get those matches and he returned and bought three more boxes, and when he found that the retail plan of selling prevailed, he kept marching back and forth, and every time he passed the old woman's stand he bought three more boxes until he had the whole two dozen.

"Last year I spent several months in a small town in the State of Guerrero, and having some stock to feed decided to buy enough corn to last me two or three months. So visiting the marketplace on the next Sunday I looked up a native who was selling a sackful of corn by the quart, or small measure used by them. He told me he had fifteen *cargas* and would sell it all.

"I decided that this was just the opportunity I was looking for and told him I would take the whole lot if he would deliver it the coming week. The native proceeded to scratch his head and look me over and hem and haw, and finally he decided that he could not sell. I pressed him for his reason.

"'Well, I'll tell you,' he said, 'I raise nothing but corn, one crop each year. Now if I sell this corn all at once I will be sure to spend the money, but if I sell a little at a time I will have the money every week until the new crop.'

"And according to his business views he was right and we did not trade."

*Where one lawyer in a small vil-
lage would starve two can make a
good living There is a great big
moral concealed in this.*

WHAT IS OSTEOPATHY?

BY CLARA L. TODSON, D. O.

OSTEOPATHY is a method of healing disease without the use of drugs, substituting therefor a system of scientific manipulation. This manipulation includes primarily adjustment of the various tissues and organs to their normal relations; secondarily, regulation of nerve vibrations by means of physiological stimulation or inhibition.

The Osteopath looks upon the body as a machine of delicate adjustment, every part of which has a definite relation to the other parts. Upon the maintenance of the correct relation of all the parts depends the harmonious working of the machine—in other words, perfect health. As is the case in man-made machines, a very small departure from this accurate adjustment may have serious consequences.

The most important structures of the body are the blood, or life-giving, and the nerves, or life-conserving. The blood carries nutrition, the nerves apply and utilize it in carrying on the bodily functions. Pressure on a blood-vessel, if an artery, means too little blood in the area supplied by it; if a vein, it means too much blood (congestion) in the area back of the obstruction. Pressure on a nerve, if slight, may mean merely an irritation resulting in over-activity; or if more severe it will, in proportion to the degree of pressure, produce partial or complete paralysis.

The sources of pressure on blood-vessel or nerve are: (1) misplaced bone, as a dislocation of any joint; (2) misplaced or contracted muscle, as in "stiff neck"; (3) cartilage, as the semi-lunar cartilage of the knee-joint; (4) ligament, as in "sprained ankle"; (5) organ, as in "floating kidney." In each of these conditions there are pain and interference with the circulation. Where the nerve or blood supply to deep-seated structures is interfered with the effects are just as marked. This may be shown by a specific example. But first it is necessary to mention a few points in anatomy.

The spinal column, or "backbone," is made up of a number of segments of bone, called vertebrae. These are bound together very strongly by a wonderful system of ligaments. Attached to the vertebrae are many strong muscles, by means of

which the movements of the spine are accomplished. The body of each vertebra is perforated for the passage of the spinal cord—a bundle of nerves. Between each two vertebrae there is on either side an opening for the exit of nerves branching off from the spinal cord. Thus, nerves to the stomach, heart and lungs leave the spinal cord at points in the upper part of the back; to the liver lower down; to the intestines lower still; and so on.

A word is necessary here about "Osteopathic centers." By study and experiment extending over nearly thirty years, many "centers" have been located in addition to those noted in the regular text books of physiology. Thus we speak of the bronchial center, heart center, lung center, liver center, etc.

For an example we will take a slipped bone at the "stomach center." Here it is important to note that the effect of interference with a nerve appears *at the termination of the nerve*, even though it be a considerable distance from the point of interference. Thus on hitting the ulnar nerve at the elbow (commonly called the "funny bone") the effect is felt in a tingling and numbness not at the elbow, but in the little and ring fingers. In the same way the slipped bone at the stomach center, by bringing pressure on the nerve fibers to the stomach, interferes with the normal digestive processes. The work of the Osteopath is to replace this bone. How is it done? First it is necessary to relax the muscles and ligaments around the bone, which are more or less contracted. This is accomplished by various manipulations,—stretching, pressure, movements of the spine, etc. Then by applying the mechanical principles of levers the bone is gradually worked back to its place. It may be necessary to repeat this process many times before it remains permanently. This is followed when necessary by a judicious stimulation of the nerves which have been interfered with.

The same principles apply if the condition is due to muscular or other abnormality.

There is another phase that must be considered. Suppose a boy eats a green apple or two. The usual consequences follow. Is a bone in his back pulled out of place? Hardly. But the irritation in the stomach is reflected to the "stomach center" in the back, resulting in muscular contrac-

tion, with soreness and tenderness, at this center. Manipulation at this point, in connection with removal of the cause from the digestive tract, relieves the condition.

So *overwork*, or abuse of any organ, while not originating in the spine, has its expression there, and treatment of the spine overcomes the effect of overwork.

The ordinary surgical treatment of fractures and dislocations is in accord with Osteopathic principles,—viz: readjustment of the parts. The Osteopath follows the same procedure as the surgeon.

The principles set forth—find the cause and remove it—are applicable to all diseases. Thus, in diseases of the eye, ear, nose, throat, brain—in fact any part of the head—the Osteopath first examines the neck. In the majority of cases where there is trouble with the eyes he finds the first or second vertebra in the neck involved, correction of which is usually followed by cure, sometimes even in cases of absolute blindness.

In Bright's disease of the kidneys the most common abnormality is an anterior condition of the vertebræ at the kidney center.

In sciatica there is some pressure on the sciatic nerve—possibly from contracted muscles in hip or thigh, or a slight malposition of the hip bones.

Varicose veins may come from similar causes.

In asthma there is usually malposition of one or more ribs, interfering with the innervation of the bronchial tubes.

In goiter the collar bone is depressed.

The list could be lengthened indefinitely; but in all cases the plan of treatment is the same,—correction of anatomical abnormalities, and physiological stimulation or inhibition of the nerves.

Room 25, the Spurling, Elgin, Ill.

✦ ✦ ✦

*Never enter into a partnership
with a man who is smarter than
yourself.*

✦ ✦ ✦

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear 'Nook:—

UNDOUBTEDLY the INGLENOOK is a visitor to many Swedish homes, especially in the West. Their attention will be called especially to the article on page 918 of the last number, "Swed-

ish Customs." There are a few things misrepresented in that article. That "the pig shares the bedroom with his master, and the people rarely undress when going to bed," and a few other things mentioned in the same article are not quite correct. A reader of the INGLENOOK here thought that the Editor of the "'NOOK" would appreciate criticism along the line of the Swedish customs, so on his advice I ventured, as due to my native country.

A brother once told me that during his preaching he was called to dine with a family in West Virginia. He said he dined on the top of the hogs. To me it scarcely seemed true, but when he explained that the hogpen was underneath the dining room of course it seemed true. But I would never dare say that such is the custom among the people of West Virginia. The same could be true, possibly, in one or two cases in Sweden, but it is far from a custom.

In order to get some valuable and reliable information concerning Swedish customs, I would advise the Editor to get the two volumes of the book entitled "Sweden and the Swedes." The author of this book is W. W. Thomas, the United States Minister to Sweden. He has lived there for thirty years and has fully acquainted himself with the customs, and through his intelligent search he has been able to throw aside many incorrect statements made by other authors with less knowledge. With love,

CARRIE A. WESTERGREN.

COMMENT.

The above is printed with pleasure for several reasons. First, it is a correction of what seems an error. Second, it is most courteous. Courteously correcting an error that has unconsciously crept into the 'Nook endears the party doing it to the Editor. The facts are that the life of a people can not be told in a magazine article, no matter who does it. There are many Swedish families that read the 'NOOK, and articles descriptive of the pleasant side of their old-country life will be appreciated by the other readers of the 'NOOK, and are solicited. Finally, the chronic grumbler who makes a noise when he sees something in the INGLENOOK that he does not like is invited to study the above letter as a model of criticism, always appreciated by the management of the magazine.

THE EDITOR.

SNAPSHOTS BY THE 'NOOKMAN HIMSELF.

Two little children going somewhere, rigged out in their best. The little boy's shoe lace has come unfastened, and he stands patiently while his younger sister stooping, ties it again, and then they're off. It's the little woman of it.

*

A gray-haired couple are going down the street. Years have touched them both. He has a staff, she wears spectacles. All over them are written the successes and the sorrows of life. What strikes the man with the camera is the fact that they are old people who have traveled together till they are practically one. They are walking toward the setting sun.

*

He is about twenty, she about eighteen. They pass on the street, and he lifts his cap and looks eagerly. She smiles pleasantly. There is a sense of wanting more of it all about them. Then after passing she turns and looks after him. He turns, too, and catches her looking. She flushes red as a rose and walks on faster. It's a pretty bit of play, all the better because it is unconscious.

*

A baby carriage is wheeled by. A very pretty child is in it, and it is clean, clear-eyed, and dressed in its best. Everybody looks earnestly at the sight, and the mother notices the admiration and seems the prouder for it. Is it not the one and the only baby in the world?

*

Down the street comes the procession of carriages. The white hearse is in the front, and in it is a little coffin, buried in flowers. The dread yard of the dead is the end of the drive. In the carriage following are sad-hearted people who will always have the shadow of the little coffin across their lives.

*

It is a big and a proud day for the boy as he stands before the high school crowd and makes his speech on the Dignity of Labor. There is a crown of laurel ahead of him at the end of the world's Olympic race for the prize. He sees it in his dreams. And the sorrow of it. Let us not say it.

The old woman sits in her accustomed place in the church. There is something about her that cannot be acquired in any other way than that which comes through the years. What is it? It is hard to say, but the Lord sets his seal on some faces as a reward for a good life that says to all who look, "This is a good woman."

*

The little girl goes down the street clippety-clip in high-heeled shoes, a plait of hair adown her back. She is just where the brook and the river meet in life, and everything is before her. May the season of life's June roses be a long one in this maiden's journey.

*

The old man goes feebly up the street. He is very old and all his friends are dead. He is the last leaf on the tree, the only one left, and he is only waiting the summons from on high. And he sighs as he passes and is ready when the call comes. He sees in the faces of the children the features of those he knew in his youth.

*

Some day the 'Nookman will also be out where the tenants never move, and the world will be all the same as now. And those who then read what he now writes in the old yellowed volume of the 'Nook, given them to quiet them, will wonder what he looked like, or, most likely they will never give it a thought. But he will rest as easy one way as the other.

* * *

*Don't try to be funny with people
who are unable to appreciate wit.*

* * *

EELS AGAIN.

BY E. E. JOHN.

IN the INGLENOOK of Nov. 16 J. A. Seese gives us an article on "Spearing Eels." In reading his contribution my mind was carried back to old Virginia and my boyhood days, for many an eel have we speared or giggered, and many a gig have we made for ourselves and other boys.

But say! Did any of you 'Nookers ever go a bobbing? Many will wonder, or say, "What is going a bobbing? If the 'Nook man doesn't care I will tell you what it is..

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Now you boys, listen! Girls don't go much on fishing for eels anyhow, "the horrid things," meaning the eels. So they will be excused if they don't want to read this.

The best time to "go bobbing" is in July and August when the nights are dark and warm, or just after a shower of rain when the creek is muddy. But there is no use to go if there is thunder and lightning, for eels don't want to be caught at such a time, and they won't bite at your "bob."

Well, what is a bob anyhow? And how do you make one? It's done this way: Get a hoe and dig a big handful of earthworms, big fat ones. Next get three or four feet of strong sewing thread, and a knitting needle, and tie the thread fast to the needle. Now pinch the heads off the worms and string them as you would beads, running the needle through them from end to end. The entrails of a chicken or squirrel will answer as well.

Now when you get your string full, bring the ends together and tie them. Now fold or double your string until it is not more than four or five inches long. While you hold them let someone tie a strong cord around the middle of it. Next get a pole eight or ten feet long, just as you like, and tie your bob to it, leaving only about four inches of line. An ordinary fishing pole will do, but it must not be very limber. Now your bob is ready for business. It should be, when done, about the size of a turkey's egg.

Now you may take your lantern and go to the creek or milldam. Set your lantern down back from the bank a little, and then stick your "bob" right down to the bottom of the creek. And while the frogs sing and the gnats bite, wait for results. If there are any eels near, and they have any appetite at all, they will try to get on the outside of your bob. Just wait until he gets a good hold, and when he says "ready" by giving your

bob a vigorous pull, just lift him out. When he finds himself out of water he will let go. And now the fun begins, but you may take care of your own eel. I have told you how to catch him, and you may do the rest.

But you will find him a slick fellow.

Leeton, Mo.

* * *

TRANSPARENT MIRRORS.

MIRRORS that one can see through are a new invention already coming into use. They are of so-called "platinized glass," being backed with a compound made of ninety-five per cent silver and five per cent platinum, and optically speaking, they are exceedingly curious and interesting. Looking into a glass of this kind, one finds a first-rate reflection; it is a mirror and nothing more. At the same time, a person on the other side can see directly through it.

For example, a glass of this sort placed in front of the prescription desk in an apothecary shop perfectly conceals the prescription clerk and his apparatus. Thus the privacy of that department is secured, while on his part the clerk is able to survey the shop and see everybody who comes in just as if the mirror were ordinary glass. It is transparent to him, but is like any common mirror from the viewpoint of people in front. It is easily seen that glass of this kind is likely to be useful for a good many purposes. It can be put in the doors of dark bathrooms, or of any other rooms where privacy is desirable and light is wanted. Anybody who has observed his own reflection in the plate-glass windows of shops will understand the principle well enough. The effect is merely enhanced by an extremely thin coat of the platinum-silver, which allows light to pass through, and yet furnishes an excellent looking-glass. The process consists in pouring over plate-glass nitrate of silver and platinum, and then applying Rochelle salts.

*Sunday is the golden clasp that
binds together the volume of the
week.*

THE VETERINARY SURGEON.

CURING a human being is one thing, but curing a dumb animal is quite another affair. The horse is perhaps more subject to sickness and disease than any other animal, and it is for this reason that so much progress has been made in recent years in veterinary knowledge, big colleges having been erected for the purpose of perfecting those men who take as their life's vocation the alleviation of brute suffering.

Chicago has a number of veterinary colleges. These institutions are the scene of several operations upon horses every day.

A surgical operation upon a horse is a difficult matter, first, because the use of anæsthetics is rarely resorted to in the case of animal treatment, owing to the peculiar sensitiveness of the animal mechanism, and, secondly, because the absence of the drug that takes away the pain makes it necessary to so secure the invalid horse as to prevent it from moving while under the knife and thus injuring itself.

Casting is the almost universal method of securing a horse when it is to go under the surgeon's knife, although an English invention is claimed to do away with this by placing the animal in a vise-like instrument, after which the surgeon can manipulate the contrivance at will by the simple moving of a lever. Chicago veterinarians do not place great faith in the device, because of their expressed belief that a horse would be apt to injure himself in it.

The stocks, as they are used in Chicago by veterinary surgeons, are made of heavy, strong wooden beams, and even these have been known to break under the strain of a horse confined within its bounds making desperate efforts to extricate itself.

"A horse confined in the stocks," said one surgeon, "no matter how heavy and strong they may be, is so irresistible in strength that I have known the stocks to give away and burst as if they were scantlings. We have to provide against that by making the stocks of almost incredible strength, and so I cannot see what would prevent a horse, raised from the ground and fastened in the revolving device, from injuring itself in that iron straight-jacket, for that is just what it amounts to.

"The best way, even though it has been in use for years, is to cast the horse. With the method of roping the animal there is absolutely no chance for it to move."

If the tail, the head, or the breast is to be operated upon, the stocks are universally used by the veterinary surgeons of America. The horse is backed into a sort of stall, heavy beams forming in on either side, and a strong beam being placed crosswise at the rear and in front of the animal. In this way he cannot possibly move either forward or backward. Then a huge cloth strap is fastened underneath the horse and another over his back, and he finds himself as solidly wedged into the stock as an anchor cemented in a rock.

His feet can then be readily tied so that he cannot move them, and the animal is all ready for the operation.

If the feet or legs are to be operated upon, or a serious operation is to be performed on the animal's body, then he is cast on a bed of sawdust in as remarkable a way as the cowboys throw their wild horses on the plains, with the single exception that a wild western horse can kick, while the horse in the grasp of the modern veterinary surgeon has no opportunity whatever for any fancy movements of his lower extremities.

Minor operations are sometimes undertaken without either casting or chloroforming a horse, but this is a dangerous proceeding, both to the horse and to the operator, for there is likely to be some swift kicking as soon as the point of the knife touches the horse.

When the horse is first brought in from his own stable to the hospital he is not carried, it is needless to say, to a private room in a cot on spring wheels. He is unceremoniously hoisted either to the operating-room on the top floor of the modern horse hospital, or else in the treatment-room in the basement, by means of a huge tackle which is fastened to the body harness specially adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the animal's ailment.

But they are as kind and gentle with a sick horse in the horse hospitals of Chicago as they are with the most delicate patients in the private wards of the various medical institutions of the city.

QUEER WORDS.

WALL Street has a vocabulary of its own—a vocabulary of phrases, many of them so purely technical that one requires an interpreter to make their meaning clear if he is not a regular reader of the market reports. There is a large majority of the readers of newspapers who do not read market reports in ordinary seasons; who only learn what the markets are doing when the markets are doing something extraordinary, as for instance, when Phillips corners corn or the money magnates bid Northern Pacific up to \$1,000 a share. It is for the enlightenment of this class of readers that the following "dictionary" of Wall Street terms is given here:

Watering—To increase the quantity of a stock without improving its quality.

Carrying—To hold a stock with the expectation of an advance.

Irish Dividend—An assessment upon stockholders.

Tip—Private information in advance of the movement of a stock.

Hunch—A tip based on one's instinct or impression.

Big Board—The New York Stock Exchange.

On 'Change—The floor of the Stock Exchange.

Bucketing—To execute orders in stocks without dealing on any regular exchange.

Lamb—A new speculator without knowledge of the market or its methods.

Bull—One who has bought stocks expecting an advance.

Bear—One who has sold stocks and who gains by a decline.

Short—One who has sold stocks for a decline.

Long—To have bought for a rise.

Loading—To buy stocks heavily.

Pool—The stock and money contributed by a clique to carry through a corner.

Covering—Buying stock to satisfy a short sale on the day of delivery.

Block—A number of shares bought or sold in a lump.

Averaging—Buying or selling stocks on a scale.

Slump—A sudden decline in the price of stocks.

Boom—The opposite of a slump.

Bottom—The lowest point or price reached by a stock.

Top—The highest quotation of a stock.

Insider—One who causes a movement in the stock market.

Scalping—Buying or selling stocks on slight fluctuations.

Piker—A small speculator.

Plunger—One who deals heavily in stocks, taking great risks.

Blind Pool—A close corporation; one which does not issue any statement of expenses or earnings.

Crazy Market—One which fluctuates violently without apparent reason.

Collateral—Any security given in pawn when money is borrowed.

Squeeze—A sudden movement of the market which forces the bulls or bears to close out their stocks at a loss.

Bulge—The upward movement of a stock.

Break—A sudden decline caused by a stringency in the money market.

Unloading—To sell out stocks which have been carried for some time.

Some men pay cash for everything they buy because they want to and others because they have to.

HOW TO USE A PEST.

HERE is a suggestion pregnant with possibilities. It comes from far away southern California, where at last reports the English sparrow has not yet begged for crumbs.

There is nothing more delicious and strengthening than good, strong sparrow broth. As the California writers say, the milk pitcher of the poor is not too often filled, and in case it be empty a sustaining substitute may be found for all weakly children past the nursing age in sparrow bouillon. This is neither visionary nor a joke. Thousands of sparrows daily pose as reed birds in the restaurants, and the epicure smacks his lips over them, and, even though his belief be not implicit, his palate is as well satisfied as though each little broiled bird bore an affidavit tag that it had been killed on the reed-grown stretches along the Potomac. The English sparrow is almost entirely grain fed. It eats a few insects at times, but this in no way injures either the flavor or the nutritious quality of its flesh. The woodcock, the king of game birds, as it is of table birds, lives wholly on worms and minute, ground-haunting insects. It is practically as easy to catch a dozen sparrows as it is one. Make it two dozen and you have the main dinner meat dish for a family of four.

Of course people can't live on sparrows, but they can enjoy a sparrow dinner twice a week without having the little birds' flesh pall on the appetite. The rich man eats them, and gets half a dozen of the broiled Britishers for his dinner and pays a dollar to have them served on square bits of toast. The poor certainly will not object when the way is pointed out to a twice-a-week feast fit for Lucullus.

But this is only one side of the sparrow food question. The eggs are of great value. Boiled, poached or fried birds' eggs are a delicacy that the weakest system can take, retain and nourish itself upon. One may rob as many English sparrows' nests as he pleases and be well within the pale of the law and know that while he is pilfer-

ing the eggs he is doing both the State and his stomach a service.

The English sparrow will lay eggs as indefatigably as any buff Cochin or Brahma that was ever well housed or well fed for the sole purpose of making her lay eggs for the market. Mrs. Sparrow begins to nest in March. She will, under favorable circumstances, that is, circumstances favorable to herself, raise three broods in a season. This is the reason why the birds are so numerous. When she lays her complement of eggs in March they may be taken after the last one is deposited, and, without much ado, she will straightway lay another set. She will keep this up practically indefinitely, but after she has supplied the table with a dozen or two fresh delicacies it would be a good plan to let her sit and raise a brood as a reward of merit.

It takes about six sparrows' eggs, so to speak, to make a hen's egg. One nestful will give a delicate baby a nourishing meal. Now, unthinking objectors may say: "But the baby will want many meals and the neighbor's babies will want meals, too."

Well and good. The sparrows are in number like the feathers in a million old-fashioned pillows.

Not long ago there was sold in an Albany, N. Y., market in a single consignment 3,800 of the little pests. They all went into potpies and the Empire State citizens who ate them, knowing they were sparrows, declared that the flavor was much better than that of reed birds. The birds are eaten every week by the hundreds in Chicago, the only difference between that city and Albany being that the restaurant-keepers in Chicago deceive their customers as to the nature of the bird, while the Albany bonifaces, knowing that no apology is necessary for the flavor of the flesh, say: "These be sparrows pure and simple."

The 'Nookman has eaten sparrow potpie and can attest to its excellence. It takes a good many for one pie, but there are a good many to take from.

*There is a place for everything
in this old world, but few of us
have access to an index.*

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The Home

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*Many a man's settled opinions
are due to the fact that his wife
settled them.*

HOUSE AND HOME.

BY EDNA BRUMBAUGH.

A HOUSE is built of bricks and stones, of sills, and posts
and piers;

But a home is built of loving deeds that stand a thou-
sand years.

A house though but an humble cot, within its walls may
hold

A home of priceless beauty, rich in love's eternal gold.

The men of earth build houses—halls and chambers,
roofs and domes—

But the women of the earth—God know'st the women
build the homes.

Eve could not stray from Paradise, for oh, no matter
where

Her gracious presence lit the way, lo! Paradise was
there.

Martinsburg, Pa.

+ + +

SWEET POTATOES MASHED AND BROWNEO.

BOIL three sweet potatoes of medium size until
done; peel and squeeze through the patent veg-
etable strainer, add a heaping tablespoonful of
butter, salt and pepper to taste, and enough milk
to make very soft. Put in a baking dish, dot it
over with tiny bits of butter and bake until
brown. Serve in the dish in which it is baked.
If any is left over, remove the thin, brown skin,
make the potato into small, flat cakes and brown
on both sides in a little butter in a spider.

+ + +

APPLE MERINGUE.

PEEL and halve tart apples; make a syrup of
granulated sugar and water and put the apples
in it, letting them cook until they can be pierced

with a straw. Arrange the apples on the plat-
ter they are to be served in; boil the syrup down
and pour over the apples; when cold, heap irreg-
ularly with a meringue of the whites of four
eggs, four heaping tablespoonfuls of pulverized
sugar and the juice of a lemon. Sprinkle with
chopped almonds and set in the oven on a board
and brown quickly. Serve very cold, with a
rich custard.

+ + +

PEARL PUDDING.

THREE tablespoonfuls of pearl tapioca, cooked
in boiling water till softened, and then boiled
with one quart of milk and one small cupful of
sugar. When boiled, stir this into the beaten
yolks of four eggs. Flavor with vanilla and
pour into pudding dish. Beat the whites of the
eggs very stiff, add three tablespoonfuls of pow-
dered sugar and a few drops of lemon juice.
Place this over the pudding, dropping it off the
end of a fork so that it does not go on smoothly.
Grate some lemon rind over this and brown
slightly in a quick oven, and you have a pretty
and palatable dessert.

+ + +

HONEYCOMB PUDDING.

ONE-HALF cupful of butter, one-half cupful of
sugar, one-half cupful of milk, one-half cupful of
flour, one cupful molasses, four eggs and one
teaspoonful of soda; mix the sugar and flour to-
gether; add the molasses; warm the butter in the
milk, then add the eggs, which must have been
well beaten; lastly, put in one teaspoonful of so-

da dissolved in a little hot water; stir well together and bake half an hour in a buttered pudding dish. Serve hot with sauce. To make the sauce, beat the whites of two eggs and one-half cupful of powdered sugar to a stiff froth; add a little wine or lemon juice.

* * *

RAISIN DUMPLINGS.

TAKE three-quarters of a pound of flour and add to it six ounces of finely-shredded suet and a teaspoonful of baking powder. To this add six ounces of stoned raisins, and work all into a stiff dough with about a gill of tepid water. Have ready a large pan of fast-boiling water; cut the paste into eight pieces, roll each into a dumpling on a floured board. Throw in the dumplings one by one, let them boil sharply till they rise to the top of the water, after which it is necessary to keep them boiling briskly till served, which should be at the end of half an hour. Serve on a folded napkin, and eat with butter and brown sugar.

* * *

WANTED INSTRUCTION IN PLAIN COOKERY.

So few cooks understand why vegetables should be cooked in boiling salted water; why meat should be seared before roasting; why cereals require long cooking; why yeast, soda, cream of tartar and baking powders are used to raise bread and cake batters. They do know if they combine certain ingredients, certain results follow, but they rarely comprehend that too much or too little material in a teaspoon or measuring cup will ruin the combination. A struggle lasting through months was needed, in one case, to teach a cook that bread made up over night required less yeast to raise it than bread stirred up in the morning and baked quickly. Another cook insisted that both soda and baking powder were necessary in cake making.

The art of cooking and seasoning vegetables is a lost one, judging from the flat, tasteless

messes often served even in pretentious houses. Meats are overdone, underdone or burned, and fish is sometimes a watery horror or a fried nightmare, while cereals are lumpy or pasty and toast is scorched. How rare is a cup of good tea or coffee! The first is boiled more often than steeped, while the second is muddy and rank in flavor. Now there is only *one* right way to cook, while there are countless wrong ways, and it concerns the health of the nation that the *right* way should be taught, line upon line, precept upon precept, in season and out of season.—*Good Housekeeping*.

* * *

TOOTHsome ACORNS IN 'SPAIN.

IN reference to the excellent and nut-like flavor of the acorns of the ilex, which the men of the Golden Age were supposed to have lived upon, and which have none of the bitterness of the common oak's fruit, the writer is informed by one who has a wide knowledge of old Spain and especially of Don Quixote's country, that there is an oak there producing acorns two and one-half inches long of most admirable flavor. These are the acorns which Sancho Panza's wife sent to the duchess, as a specimen of the "natural commodities" of her neighborhood. It is on these acorns that the pigs are fattened which supply the celebrated Spanish hams, said to be the very best product of the pig in any shape or country.

* * *

CURE FOR CHAPPED LIPS.

DISSOLVE a lump of beeswax in a small quantity of sweet oil—over a candle—let it cool, and it will be ready for use. Rubbing it warm on the lips two or three times will effect a cure.

* * *

IN the healing of burns and scalds, where there is danger of contracting scars, rub the new skin several times a day with good sweet oil. Persist in this rubbing until the skin is soft and flexible.

*Instead of occupying a place on
the table the turkey gobbler sits in
a chair.*

YOUR YEAR'S READING.

Everybody's Magazine, New York. The January number of *Everybody's* is before us and maintains its high standard of excellence. It is the equal of any of the ten-cent magazines and is far and away ahead of some of them in literary merit and mechanical beauty of execution. There is an interesting article entitled "Li Hung Chang on China's Future," and a most interesting contribution is found in a well-written description of the People of the Farthest North. The making of an Indian blanket is described and the whole magazine is beautifully illustrated while the story of Miss Stone's capture by brigands will strike a sympathetic chord in every reader of the article. *Everybody's* is ten cents, and is to be had at any news stand.

The Review of Reviews, New York. This is the popular and always excellent compendium of about all that has gone on in the world's progress worthy of mention. It is essentially a magazine for the library, the literary inclined, and the busy worker who has not time to read the world's magazines, but who is interested in the trend of public thought and movement. It is all in the *Review of Reviews*. Here are some of the articles: The Great Isthmian Canal, Electric Trains Running over One Hundred Miles an Hour, The Good Roads Movement, A Tenement Settlement, and others of equal value, while the extracts from the periodical literature of the world are well taken and of enormous value to the man who would keep abreast with the current thought and action. The price is \$2.50 a year or 25 cents an issue. The man who would like to take all the magazines but who cannot, will find that the *Review of Reviews* comes the nearest available thing to it, and we commend the magazine to the 'Nook family.

Country Life in America, Doubleday, Page and Co., New York. This is the high-class pictorial we have referred to in the 'Nook before this. Its price is \$3.00 a year or 25 cents a copy, and it is worth it. The January number before us is a sectional issue, the "California Number," and is devoted exclusively to that State. As a State issue it is everything that can be expected, the half-tones are superb, the articles are well written and it hangs together well, but we venture the

opinion that this thing of sectionalizing a magazine of national intent is not the best note that could be struck. The man in Maine is not so interested in a bunched-up account of a section remote from him as he is in well-selected matters of interest pretty well scattered. The most interesting article in the magazine is an account of the almond industry. Our 'Nookers out on the coast will find the January issue of *Country Life* a good thing to buy for themselves, or their eastern friends, and our word for it, the publication will be found one that is not likely to be thrown about carelessly or turned over to the children.

The Arena, New York. Twenty-five cents a copy, or \$2.50 a year. The January issue of this publication is before us, and it maintains its high standard of excellence. The *Arena* occupies high ground in the realms of sociological and metaphysical questions, and it is the scholarly and thoughtful man's magazine. Here are some of the articles: Anarchism, The English Friendly Societies, Race Reversion in America, The Work of Wives, and others of similar character and greater or less interest to the thinker. Those who run to this sort of intellectual feast will find in the *Arena* much that is of the highest and greatest interest to them. In the article on Race Reversion the author quotes Prof. Starr as follows: "Prof. Starr has been among the Germans of Western Pennsylvania and he finds that these people, who for two hundred years have received no new admixture of foreign blood, either from those around them or from fresh accessions from Germany, show many instances of the Indian type." And the inference is that the residents of America will eventually become Indians in type. The writer of the article thinks the inference fallacious, and the 'Nook would like to know in what particular part of Western Pennsylvania the above condition is found.



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NOTICE.

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- IRA M. O'BANION, Clerk Tipton Circuit Court.
- F. E. DAVIS, Cashier State Bank.
- JAMES B. JOHNS, Postmaster.
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DR. A. MICHAEL,

My Dear Friend: I tell you I thank God every day for sending me to you. You don't know how grateful I am; cannot express it. If there is anything I can do to help you along I will be glad to do it for saving my life. I am getting so healthy; weigh more now than I ever did in my life. I never feel bad any more, which is very uncommon for me, as you know I was a continual sufferer for years before I took your treatment. I am as ever,
Your friend, MRS. RHODA URBON.

Berryville, Ark., Nov. 26, 1901.

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DR. A. MICHAEL,

Dear Sir: I would just say the treatment has helped me wonderfully and I am glad I sent to you for it. You may please send me another month's treatment. I want to continue until I am entirely well.
Yours truly, JOSEPH HAINES.

Palestine, Ind., Sept. 22, 1901.

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IV.

JAN. 25, 1902.

No. 4.

UNSEEN.

"AND where is God?" the doubter asked.
I do not see him anywhere—
Behind what creature is he masked,
In sea, on earth, in clouds, in air?"

"And where is death?" the mourner sighed—
"And yet I know that he is near;
There lies my dearest friend that died—
Nor voice nor footstep did I hear."

"Where are violets?" asked the child—
"I do not see them, yet I know,
Although the winds are blowing wild,
They are alive beneath the snow."

—*Maurice Francis Egan in Donahoe's.*

* * *

STILL YOUNG.

THE electric light is new and yet is so old that perhaps we do not appreciate its marvelous achievement. If we will but recall the conditions before it came we shall see what a wonderful advance it has been in the field of applied science. Its use in theaters, in stores, in show windows, in street illuminations, in private as well as in public, its application for lighting in all sorts of out-of-the-way corners, its divisibility into various degrees of power, its absolute safety so long as the wires are properly guarded, its perfect sanitary qualities, the practical absence of heat and the entire absence of odor are things that make one feel that in the way of lighting we have come perhaps to the last discovery.

Yet this light was shown in this country for the first time at the centennial exhibition — twenty-five years ago. And it is needless to say that those who saw it were skeptical of its practical use. Arc lighting was produced on a commercial basis in 1877, but the real beginning of electric lighting in its modern aspects was with the opening of the Pearl street station of New York by Edison in September, 1882, where the Edison incandescent lamp was used. In the nineteen

years since then, according to a careful tabulation made by the *Electrical Review*, the investment in electric lighting plants in this country alone has reached the sum of \$700,000,000. This wonderful industry has been established in this short time and we must now remember in the face of the organized and long-established competition of gas illumination, a powerful and rich interest which until the adoption of electric light occupied the whole field for the best kind of lighting.

* * *

LOOK CLOSELY.

"DID you ever think how little attention you pay to the possibility of counterfeits in making change?" asked an old bank teller of a friend. "And did you ever think that most of the attention that is paid to it by the public is so much waste effort?"

"But it is a fact. You never think when the street car conductor puts the change from a quarter in your hand that both dimes may be counterfeit. You take \$1, \$2, \$5, and \$10 bills from anybody in change without ever a thought as to their genuineness. But if a stranger tries to pass a \$20 bill on you you begin to get shaky, while a \$50 or \$100 bill is almost impossible to be rid of in a street of small shops.

"Yet you could hardly hire a counterfeiter to try to make and pass bills above \$10 in value. If a stranger should come into your place of business and ask change for a \$50 bill, it would scare you badly for fear of a counterfeit, whereas the chances would be 999½ in 1,000 that the bill was good.

"You noticed the other day, on the other hand, that the United States government was much concerned over the counterfeit one-cent pieces that are now flooding Chicago. Yet you never looked at the genuineness of a one-cent piece in your life."

HOW JEWS GET MARRIED.

THREE days before the ceremony the bride-elect retires from the society of family and friends, and gives her attention wholly to fitting herself spiritually for the station she is about to assume.

The rabbi of the district is her only counselor, and much time is spent in prayer. On the Saturday preceding the nuptials friends and relatives of both principals attend a special service in the synagogue and long prayers are offered for the guidance of the young people.

If the family of the groom can afford it a hall large enough to hold every relative and friend of the bride and groom is rented. At the wedding feast a plate is laid for every friend, for it would be an ill-omen should they in their happiness—the bridal couple—neglect to make everyone who loved them happy.

The guests, clad in their brightest and best, usually assemble in an ante-room, and at the appointed hour the doors of the main hall are thrown open and to a lively march by an orchestra stationed at the north end of the room the guests file in. Two long tables, loaded with the bridal feast, are arranged parallel with the east and west walls. There is a chair for each guest, and place is assigned to him by ushers.

The wide center-space between the tables is for the time clear. Later it is used in the ceremony.

At the northwest corner of the room is a small table. On its white cloth rests the holy scroll, a book of prayers and a bottle of wine.

At a signal the orchestra starts the wedding march, and every guest stands silent by his chair, the women uncovered, the men with hats on.

In front of the bridal party walks the chief rabbi, clad in black clothing, black tie and high, black silk hat. Directly behind him are the clerical assistants, the senior wearing a black derby hat, the junior, black felt.

The groom comes next, leaning on the arms of his father and his bride's father.

The men are dressed in regulation street attire, with hats of any description. The groom's tie is white, and in the buttonhole of his black sack coat is a small white flower.

Behind the men are the women. The bride's dress is usually white, though delicate colors are permissible. A bridal veil, caught at the crown, extends to her feet. Leading her are her mother and the mother of the groom.

These elderly women wear black dresses of the plainest design. On their heads, wholly concealing the hair, are bound large silk handkerchiefs.

This custom of concealing the hair, almost obsolete in America, is held sacred among the orthodox Hebrews of the old world. A married woman must not show her real hair to any man other than her husband.

The custom was first modified in America, false hair being substituted for kerchiefs.

In the orthodox Hebrew colony, many elderly women wear false hair in public, and a few may be seen with kerchiefs, which are always worn by the mothers of principals at a wedding.

After the bride come the three official witnesses to the wedding.

The rabbis lead the way to the small table in the corner of the hall. The witnesses stand fifteen or twenty feet away during the preliminary ceremony that follows.

The chief rabbi seats himself at the head of the table, the ushers stand behind his chair.

At the rabbi's left the bride is seated. At her left the groom. Directly opposite her is her mother, and his mother is his vis-a-vis. At his left is his father, at the end of the table, facing the rabbi, and her father sits to right of the groom's mother, also at the end.

Music ceases when the bridal party is seated.

At the first note of the rabbi's voice raised in a chant, the bride bursts into tears, and from then on sobs continually until the ceremony is completed.

As a rule her expressions of grief could not be greater at the funeral of a beloved one.

"She is parting from home and parents, and it tears the heart of all good girls," explains a venerable Hebrew.

And she is alone in her weeping. The mothers sit stolidly opposite her, apparently more interested in the chant of the clergyman than the audible sobs of the girl.

Her friends at the table are equally unmoved, and the groom is apparently untouched.

All brides cry, and these guests would be surprised if she did not.

The rabbi suddenly ceases his chant, and in a high-pitched voice reads excerpts from the law of Moses.

He next turns to the bride and in Hebrew asks her if she realizes the step she is about to take, its cares, sufferings and responsibilities.

She nods.

"Are you then willing to be wife of this man before man and God?"

Again she nods.

The man is then questioned and his replies are clear and loud enough to be heard over the room.

The rabbi opens the wine and pours a small glassful. Touching it to his own lips, he hands it to the bride with a command to drink.

She sips it, passes it to the groom, and he to the fathers, and they to the mothers. When it again reaches the rabbi it is empty. He hands it to the groom.

"Break," he says.

The groom crushes it under his left heel. This signifies that all past ties are broken and that the last cup with his family has been drained.

Again, as the bridal party rises to its feet, a number of elected friends march from an ante-room bearing aloft a wide canopy, stretched between four eagle-mounted supports.

At the center of the hall, between the long tables, they halt.

The bridal party in the original order meets them. The bride and groom with the officiating rabbis pass under the canopy, the mothers and fathers stand without, the former near the girl. Here a short prayer is offered by an assistant rabbi for the repose of souls of departed relatives. While this is being chanted, guests light small candles and hold them aloft, while the hall's lights are dimmed.

This is the most impressive moment of the ceremony. Through the semi-darkness and above the weird drone of the clergyman's voice, is distinctly heard the pathetic sobbing of the bride.

Usually a mother has to support her in this trying ordeal.

Then comes a sharp command from the chief rabbi. The bridal party forms into single file, and to loud sonorous chanting march seven times around the canopy, led by the rabbi as Joshua led the armies of Israel seven times around the walls of Jericho.

Just as the walls of that ancient city fell, and the children of God were blessed with victory, sin and all evil influences fall away from these two and they will triumph over adversity, spiritual and material.

When the march is ended, the principals, with faces to the east, stand side by side before the minister. He reads again from the law.

Then the marriage contract translated into Hebrew is read.

Again he asks the young couple if they are desirous to walk before God as man and wife.

"So be it," he says, and places a wide, gold band on the index finger of the bride's right hand. Another chant, the lights flare up and there is a rush for bride's kisses, which are given without discrimination to sex.

* * *

The first six months of matrimony is novelty—the rest of it is habit.

* * *

SELF-PROPELLING FIRE ENGINES.

At the present time there are seven self-propelling fire engines in the country. Those in the Boston (Mass.) department have been in service since 1897, and have proved of great value. Each weighs nearly nine tons, but are easier to handle than those drawn by horses. They answer alarms, and are much better hill climbers than the horse engines. The largest size engines throw an average of 870 gallons a minute, about twice the amount of water thrown by the average horse engine.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

The mote seen in another eye is often the miniature reflection of the beam in our own.

LOCOMOTIVES.

BUILDING a locomotive in a day at one establishment from the raw material to the completed engine ready to couple up to a train of cars, is a feat that few people, if they stop to think about it, will regard as being within the possibilities. Nevertheless, it is a fact.

When specifications for a locomotive are received at the works they go first to the general office and then to the drafting room, where the drawings are made and white prints prepared of all the details for distribution to the various shops where the different parts are manufactured. In the drafting room there is also kept a set of index books, which refer to the drawings, so that in case at any time a part is called for the original detail drawing can at once be had and the part made.

In going into the works the first shop visited was that devoted to preparing the sheet iron sheathing for the boilers, and though this is one of the last things used in erecting a locomotive, partaking as it does more of the ornamental than the useful, it is difficult in works of large magnitude, where everything goes on together, to say where the actual work of making a locomotive begins. In order, however, to get as near to what may be regarded as the beginning as the conditions will admit of, it may be well to depart from the order in which the shops were visited and take up the foundry next.

This is a very large room, a whole square in length, and here they begin with the raw material. A cupola is situated in a yard just outside the shop into which the pig iron is put with coal and the other ingredients and the resultant molten iron is run off through an orifice, called an eye, which opens into the shop, into large bucket-like ladles. These are attached to traveling cranes that convey them to any part of the shop, where the iron is poured into molds that have been prepared for it, and the castings are made. The principal castings made here, although there are innumerable small ones made also, are cylinders and cast-iron driving wheels, the steel driving wheels being purchased outside. In casting the wheels the molten metal is poured in at the center, where the hub is, and over this a man stands, constantly stirring the metal with a rod,

this being done because the metal in running into the spokes has a tendency to draw away from and weaken the hub; by constantly agitating it at this point this undesirable result is avoided.

The wheels, after being carefully cleaned, are taken to the wheel shop, where they are first prepared for forcing them on the axles. This is done by placing them on rotating tables, where the hubs are faced and bored out with great accuracy and a key-way slotted in. The axles, which are being turned and finished at the same time, have a diameter exceeding that of the hub by three-thousandths of an inch to inch of axle diameter. When both are ready, the axle, after being coated with a lubricant, which is also used in the hub, is hung between the uprights of the hydraulic press, and first one wheel and then the other forced on. The wheels are then placed in a turning lathe and turned up to receive the tires, which are made of steel, having great tensile strength. These are shrunk on, that is, they are heated just enough to produce a sufficient expansion to allow them to go on the wheel easily, and when on they are subjected to a stream of cold water, which shrinks and binds them upon the wheel. The crank pins are then inserted and the wheels are ready for use.

The cylinders, like the wheels, are thoroughly cleaned before they leave the foundry. They are then taken to the cylinder finishing shop, which is provided with a traveling crane that runs its whole length, and put through the various processes that complete them.

Now comes the boiler shop. In making boilers steel plate is used. It is received at the works in various sizes and thicknesses, some plates being over twenty feet long; this length is necessary to form the ring for the large boilers. They are first made ready for drilling and punching. This is done by placing them on a table and marking on them in accordance with the detail plan the places where holes are to be made. They are then taken to the drilling or punching machines by means of an overhead traveling crane, which is made possible by using separate electric motors to drive the machines, thus relieving the shops of shafting and belting. The holes are punched or drilled while the plates are still flat.

Some of these machines are capable of drilling five or more plates at the same time. Where this is done the plates that are intended for the barrel of the boiler are conveyed to the bending machines. These consist of three rolls, operated by electric motors so arranged that they can be adjusted to bending the plates to any required diameter. While this is going on the plates requiring flanges are taken to the flanging shop, which is equipped with a hydraulic press that can exert a maximum pressure of 365 tons. The plates are here first heated in a large furnace. They are then placed on a suitable form clamped to the lower table of the press, a corresponding form having been clamped to the under side of the upper table. The lower table is then raised by hydraulic power and the entire flange made at one heat. When the flanges are of odd shapes or there are no dies to form them they are made by hand.

The bending and flanging having been done the plates are assembled for riveting. This is done by hydraulic riveters which are practically noiseless. When this is finished the boiler is in several parts. These are now hoisted to the second floor, where they are riveted together and the boiler completed, after which it is sent to the erecting shop.

A very interesting department is that devoted to brass work. To this there is a foundry attached where the brass is cast into the numerous contrivances in this metal that are used in the construction of a locomotive. These are then taken to the finishing shop and completed by a forest of machines adapted to the various castings.

The connecting rods are made in a shop set aside for that purpose. They are made of hammered steel and the machines devoted to their manufacture are principally planers and milling machines. The steel is purchased outside and

finished up in the shop. This is also the case in the bolt shop, the bolts being bought in the rough and then turned up and threaded as desired.

The frame shop is a very important and interesting one. Here the frame upon which the boiler rests and by which it is suspended upon the wheels is constructed. Both wrought iron and cast steel frames are used; but the former are not made in the works. In forging the wrought iron frames small pieces of selected wrought iron scrap are first welded into thin slabs, a number of these are then welded together and gradually worked into a frame. The process is quite a lengthy one and requires considerable skill on the part of the men engaged in it.

When the frames are finished in the rough they are taken to enormous planers which are capable of working on a pair of frames, at the same time they make a continuous cut from one end to the other. After this they go to immense slotting machines which, if necessary, can handle eight at a time, and then to the drilling room, where they are practically completed.

When all the parts of a locomotive are complete they are sent, as stated before, to the erecting shop. Here there are two 100-ton cranes, which can pick up and carry about the heaviest engines that ever were built, and two fifty-ton cranes. The cylinders and frame are first put in position and supported on jacks; then the boiler is brought in and swung into position by one of the big cranes. After this the necessary bolting of the parts together takes place, and the attaching of the guides, guide boxes, rocker boxes, reverse shaft and other similar work, which varies more or less with every engine put out, is done. One of the big cranes then lifts up the whole structure while the wheels are being placed under it and lowers it upon them. The sheathing and other finishing work follows, and we see that which was but a few days before only crude material transformed into a complete locomotive.

Some men are unable to obtain credit because they are unknown, and some others because they are known.

THE MAFIA SOCIETY.

'NOOKERS will be interested in the following account of the Mafia, pronounced "Moffea," society of Sicily:

One of the most curious and regrettable features of modern Sicilian life and a source of constant anxiety to the Italian government is the organization known as the Mafia, a society whose history is written in blood. Much has already been written about the society and many theories, some of them more or less fantastic, have been advanced as to its character, causes and purposes, but a great deal of light has been shed upon it by a book recently published at Palermo that has fallen under the displeasure of the authorities, but has nevertheless obtained a limited European circulation.

The origin of the Mafia is by no means ancient. It dates no further back than the beginning of the nineteenth century. The causes to which it is due are probably the centuries of misgovernment to which Sicily has been subjected and, above all, to the infamous police systems of the Bourbons. The Sicilian has acquired in consequence an in-born hatred of all government, and he regards any interference of the authorities in his private affairs with jealousy and distrust. His character is the exaggeration of individuality. All private differences should be settled privately, either in fair fight or by murder; no man is in his eyes so vile as he who calls in the help of the authorities for any purpose whatsoever. He is no "man of honor," but a *cassittuni* (spy).

The Mafia is unlike any other known institution. It is not a secret society, political or otherwise; it has no fixed rules or statutes; its objects are not necessarily criminal. It is a sort of vast mutual help association, to which an indefinite number of Sicilians belong. Its aim is to gain influence by every means so as to promote the interests of its members. It assumes many different forms and has no generally recognized leaders. It often has recourse to bloodshed and violence for purposes of terrorizing, of getting money, or of revenge. Its effect is to produce an appalling state of moral anarchy and lawlessness. It is distributed unequally over the island, and, as Signor Cutrera shows by a map, it does not by any means flourish least in the richest parts

of the country. There are three main divisions of the Mafia—the Mafia of Palermo, the Mafia of the district round Palermo and the Mafia of the provinces. Palermo is the chief center of the institution and the residence of most of the *pezzi grossi*, or leaders. The youth who aspires to Mafia honors begins as a *ricottaro*, which means a man who lives on the illicit earnings of unfortunate women. Among the *ricottari* are men of the upper *bourgeoise*—idle students and smart "men about town"—as well as members of the lower orders. They are arrogant, insolent and ready with the knife and the revolver. They act as the official claque in the theatres and are commonly used as electioneering agents. The higher members of the Mafia are often men of civic and political importance. Their houses are like government offices. They are constantly busy with secretaries, agents, etc. Their halls are filled with all manner of people waiting for an audience to ask some favor—letters of recommendation, legal advice, the removal of some obnoxious official, pressure on the judges in a lawsuit, and so on. The "capi-mafia" are not paid for their services, but by this means they acquire influence and power among all classes. At election time their services are invaluable and the candidate who has the Mafia on his side is almost sure to be returned, whatever his political views are.

The Mafia in the "Conca d'Oro" is responsible for more deeds of violence than the other sections. This proves that the institution is neither attributable to poverty nor to the *latifondi* (large landed properties), as this region is the richest in Sicily, and that in which property is most subdivided into small holdings. The orange and lemon groves necessitate a large number of watchmen if fruit stealing and damage to the trees are to be prevented. But the only way to protect one's property effectively is to come to terms with the Mafia, accept its nominees as watchmen, and pay it a toll. Otherwise every night thousands of oranges and lemons will disappear, trees will be mutilated, and the landlord, if he disregards these warnings, will probably be shot from behind a garden wall.

In the provinces the Mafia has a somewhat similar character, but it devotes itself chiefly to vineyards and cattle. Here, again, the landlord or his middleman have the choice of having their

property protected by "mafiosi" or of being robbed and perhaps murdered. But in the country the brigands are responsible for most of the crimes which are committed. They are by no means identified with the Mafia, and act independently of it. But often brigands and "mafiosi" are on friendly terms, and help each other out of difficulties.

Although, as stated, the Mafia is not a regular uniform association, within its pale minor associations for criminal purposes have often been formed, generally for some particular object. The history of these societies is a record of treachery, murder, abduction and extortion. Sometimes whole families and clans have been wiped out. But one of the peculiarities of these crimes is that the victims are usually themselves members of the Mafia, or at least they have had dealings with it. Foreigners, among whom Italians from the mainland are included, may travel all over Sicily in perfect safety. In fact, should they happen to be robbed by common thieves they will probably find an application to a "capo-mafia" more profitable than the help of the police.

Sig. Cutrera describes some of the curious ceremonies and customs of the "mafiosi." When a man wishes to enter one of the inner brotherhoods of the Mafia he is brought into a room where several chiefs are gathered. On a table there is a lighted candle and a picture of a saint. The neophyte's thumb is pricked and the blood is made to drop on the image. He places his hand on the latter and swears fealty to the brotherhood. The image is then burned and he adds: "As this saint and these drops of blood are burned, so do I swear to shed all my blood for the brotherhood; and as these ashes and this blood can never return to their former state, so can I never quit the brotherhood." Possibly in this burning of the image there may have been originally some idea of desecrating it. The formula of recognition among members of these associations is usually as follows; "How my eye tooth aches!" "How long has it been aching?" "Since Candlemas" (the date of the initiation). "Who was there?" "A., B., C., etc., who received me as a brother."

These associations have given rise to many sensational trials, but the authorities have always

found it very difficult to bring the guilt home to the real culprits, because of the feeling of "onestà," which makes evidence almost impossible to obtain, and because the whole machinery of the Mafia is set in motion to put pressure on judges, jury, counsel, police and witnesses in favor of the accused. Moreover, the Mafia obtained a considerable influence with the government by aiding it in the revolution of 1860. The only hope for its final suppression lies in better education, combined with the strictest penal laws.

* * *

Women laugh oftener from a sense of duty than from a sense of humor.

* * *

WAS FIRST USED AS MOURNING.

THE black handkerchief which the sailor of the English navy knots around his throat was first worn as mourning for Nelson, and has ever since been retained, while the bright stripes around the broad blue collar of the sailor's jumper commemorate the victories of Trafalgar, Copenhagen and the Nile. The broad blue collar itself is older than Nelson and was first adopted at that period when sailors plastered their hair into a stiff pig-tail with grease and powder.

* * *

Many a man's popularity is due to the fact that he doesn't think out loud.

* * *

LOST PAPER MONEY.

IT is estimated that of the United States paper money outstanding more than \$10,000,000 has been lost or destroyed and will never be presented for redemption.

* * *

Man proposes—and woman seldom refuses.

* * *

EDWARD VII. A BOOTMAKER.

THE King of England is an excellent bootmaker, the trade which he was taught by the wish of the Prince Consort, who had all his children taught some trade.

THE STEAMER STOWAWAY.

TIME was when the indigent young European who wanted to pick up some of the gold in the streets of American cities and had not even the price of steerage passage had a habit of making a "stowaway" of himself in the hold of a steamer, working his passage after he turned up on the outward trip and calmly walking ashore in New York, Boston or Philadelphia. They don't do that any more. The "stowaway" who is found in a steamer nowadays is locked up until the ship makes her return trip, taken back to the country from which he sailed, and usually sent to jail a month or two to work out the price of his "keep" on board the steamer. The cause of the change is the enactment of a law by the United States classing stowaways among the "undesirable" citizens, such as paupers, imbeciles and others likely to become public charges, and requiring the steamer which brings them over to haul them back again. Where the shoe pinches is that a fine of \$1,000 is imposed for each stowaway who gets ashore, provided the fact is discovered. Therefore things are worse than ever for the stowaway in these times, and besides running the risk of starving to death in the hold or wherever he has stowed himself he is very likely to be worked half to death in the fireroom of the ship, taken back home and thrown into jail.

It would seem at first that a man or boy willing to take the desperate chance of concealment on an Atlantic liner, with the uncertainty, if he is successful in eluding the vigilance of the ship's officers, that it can only be done at the cost of keeping himself hidden and of suffering the pangs of hunger and thirst for several days, must have some of the "get-up-and-get" element in him and a certain amount of "grit" that would make him a valuable contribution to a country where grit and muscle were needed.

Unfortunately there are very few countries now where men are not the very cheapest of commodities and the workers barely in demand, so that such a form of immigration cannot be encouraged, and the United States have long since ruled out these stowaways as of the "undesirable" class.

In the case of vessels leaving Liverpool there is little chance of disembarking stowaways when

once out of the river, and it often happens that the presence of an able-bodied stowaway is not so much a matter of worry as it might be. At any rate, unless the vessel is due at Queenstown it is not easy to put a stowaway ashore, and he is therefore tolerated on board or relegated to the fireroom to assist in passing coal or other congenial employment.

Years ago the captain of the Boston-bound Leyland line steamer finding six stowaways on board off the coast of Ireland promptly sent them over the side into one of the ship's boats, in which they were taken to the shore, and landed somewhere many miles from human habitation to make the best of their way home again.

But this does not often happen. Generally they get to Boston, are promptly re-embarked on a homeward-bound steamer if possible and land in Liverpool with the prospect of a two months' sentence in jail for their escapade.

One skipper of an old-time Leyland boat, before the days of the rigid United States laws governing such undesirable immigrants, brought in stowaways. By way of revenge on his undesirables the captain shaved one side of their scalps and brought them into the dock at Boston astride of the ship's main boom. Then he let them loose, a proceeding which under the present laws would have cost the captain or owners of the steamer about \$1,000 for each "passenger."

It is not easy to blame the captains of vessels for feeling a little sore on the question of stowaways. Until the recent law governing the matter of such alien undesirables a skipper was responsible for the return of these to the port whence they sailed.

It was obviously hard for the captain to imprison a British subject on a British vessel for what was technically not an offense under the law governing his position. And, indeed, it was almost impossible to detain some slippery customers. A case in point was that of Captain Manley of the "Borderer," a vessel well known to Boston ten years ago, who brought to that port an elusive stowaway who had made more than one attempt to land there and had been thwarted in his efforts.

He was detained on the ship, but soon managed to elude his keepers and got ashore. Visions of

a fine of \$1,000 hung around the ship and its captain, but fortunately the fugitive was caught and brought on board again. For safer keeping Captain Manley locked him in a stateroom, and then, feeling that all was safe, at last dismissed the subject from his mind.

Returning to his ship the same evening from a visit to Boston, Captain Manley was attracted by a crowd in City Square, Charlestown, and on going to the spot found his stowaway the center of a crowd, whom he was entertaining with a song and dance act.

The captain immediately recaptured his prisoner—possibly illegally—and took him to the vessel, where to the surprise of the captain and steward, who had the prisoner in charge, it was discovered that the door was still locked and that the stowaway must have escaped through the port. And this he had done, being remarkably thin, though the space would be more than covered by an ordinary dinner plate.

After that it became necessary to put the slippery customer in irons. But here a dilemma arose. There were no irons on board small enough to hold the prisoner. At last a handcuff was placed on his legs and thus fettered he remained till the "Borderer" left for London.

Such a course of treatment would not be necessary at the present day. Alien stowaways are taken in charge by the Boston harbor police, held at the ship's cost at a charge of \$1 per day and transportation and then returned to the vessel on the day of departure.

But all these things entail worry and cost and it is not hard to understand why stowaways do not readily excite pity in the minds of the captain and officers or the owners of trans-Atlantic steamships.

It takes a lot of nerve to "stowaway" under the best of circumstances. The crew of most steamers, knowing the antipathy in which this class of passengers is held by owners and officers, lose no opportunity of routing them out and throwing them off the ship if they are discovered

before she leaves port, just as freight brakemen throw the tramps off the cars. If the stowaway succeeds in eluding the vigilant eyes of the crew he has still the problem of eating to face, for it is usually difficult to take more than a small bit of provisions into the small space in which he is obliged to stow himself.

It has more than once happened that a stowaway has taken too many chances. Two of them hid in the hold of an Atlantic liner, and were secured with the rest of the cargo. When the East Boston longshoremen opened the hatches and prepared to unload the cargo they were horrified to find the two bodies of the hapless stowaways, who, though less than fifty feet from their fellow-men, had been slowly starved to death. One of them was dead, the other, a mere skeleton, had somehow kept alive by sucking the moisture off the rusty sides of the hold and by the utmost care and attention he was nursed back to life.

Still another crept into the hold of a steamer, ignorant of his dangerous position, and was buried alive in the mass of grain that rushed into the hold from the elevator. His body was not discovered until the ship reached Liverpool.

The late Captain Matthew Fitt of the "Virginian" discovered a little boy stowaway who had lived in the ship's dog kennel for several days. The little fellow was well taken care of and is now a well-to-do citizen of Waltham, Mass.

However, there are stowaways and stowaways. There are a large number of American citizens who go over as cattle punchers, feeders of cattle, and who either lose or sell their return ticket.

Of course, severe penalties are threatened those who transfer their return tickets fraudulently to another, but the fact remains that it is often done, though the transaction cannot easily be proved. Then the individual who has lost or sold his certificate finds his way to his old ship or some other, keeps out of the way till the vessel is fairly at sea, and turns up with all the *sangfroid* imaginable.

*Many a man has a good appetite
and nothing to eat, while others
have plenty to eat but no appetite.*

NATURE



STUDY

ANIMALS THAT HANG UP TO SLEEP.

THERE is one animal which lives entirely in trees, but is able to maintain its position during slumber without the least exercise of muscular force. This is the sloth, common in the forests of tropical America. Its long claws are so bent that they hook over the branches and allow the creature to hang upside down like an animated hammock. Curiously enough, the hammock appears to be a South American invention, and is universally employed by all the Indian tribes of the Amazons. Perhaps the primitive human dwellers in this region took to sleeping in hammocks after observing the habits of the sloth.

The great ant-eater, which is both a kinsman and fellow-countryman of the sloth, has an enormous tail which it uses in a very remarkable manner. I recently saw two of these animals lying together asleep, and they had arranged their tails so cleverly that their whole bodies were hidden from view. Moreover it was evident that this caudal coverlet would afford excellent protection from the weather, for the central solid part of the tails acted as a kind of ridge-pole over the highest part of the sleepers' bodies, so that the long fringes of hair sloped downward on each side like the thatch upon a roof.

Like the sloths, many kinds of bats sleep suspended by their hooked claws without any muscular exertion whatever. Some of the large fruit-eating bats of the tropics, which do not sleep in holes like the species common in southern latitudes, but which hang suspended to the branches of trees in the open air, adopt a position which it would be difficult to beat for economy and comfort. Gould's fruit-eating bat, common to the warmer parts of Australia, suspends itself upside down by one hind foot, and wraps its body in the tent-like folds of its wing membranes which extend right down to the ankles. Its shoulders, to which the membrane is attached, are humped up so as to act as eaves to shoot off the rain, and when asleep it draws its head under

their shelter and nestles its nose under the warm fur of its chest.

* * *

OSTRICH FARMING.

CONSUL-GENERAL STOWE writes from Cape Town that for the past fifteen years ostrich farming in Cape Colony has been a highly-successful industry. In the past ten years ending in 1899, before the beginning of the war, the number of birds increased from 115,000 to 261,000. Twenty-five years ago the statistics of Cape Colony said that there were only ten tame ostriches in the colony.

The birds each yield about a pound and a half of feathers every year, the average value being about \$12 a pound. The finest feathers, of course, are the wing feathers of the male bird, which are long and white and bring from \$50 to \$70 a pound. It takes eighty of them to make a pound. The wing feathers of the female ostrich are much lower in value because they are always gray. The supply was much smaller when it came wholly from wild birds, and the best quality of feathers frequently brought as much as \$135 a pound. As each male bird yields only twelve or fifteen of these feathers and as there is always a steady demand for them the price is not likely to fall much until the ostrich farming industry becomes larger than it is now.

Twenty years ago almost all the feathers that came into the markets were from the wild birds, most of them from North Africa. Now, however, a New York dealer in feathers says that not more than one per cent of the feathers are from wild birds. The business in South Africa, which is the source of nearly all the supply, is now centered in the hands of men of considerable capital, who raise the birds in the sandy, dry bushland northeast of Cape Town. In the early days of the industry many small farmers engaged in the business, but they were largely forced out of it in the years of experimentation when the industry

was subject to many vicissitudes, and they have not gone into it since then.

Formerly wild ostriches were killed to get their feathers, which were obtained by plucking them from the dead animals. Now the crop is gathered about once in every eight months by cutting the feathers from the birds.

* * *

A SPIDER'S GENIUS.

I HAVE considerable respect for the female spider, writes Dr. M. L. Holbrook, notwithstanding the fact that she does not treat the male very considerately. I had an opportunity last summer to watch a large one that had a web in the top of a decaying peach tree with so few leaves that it was in plain view. I caught sight of her first when watching some birds with my glass. She seemed to be climbing from the top of the tree on nothing, to a telephone wire some fifteen feet away and somewhat higher than her web. When she reached the wire she went around it and then back. In studying the situation I found the web was so located that it required a cable to hold it up, and the spider had in some way got one over the wire so far away. This cable was, of course, a slender, silken thread which evidently she had thrown out, and on account of its lightness it had floated to the right place and become attached there by its glutinous properties. It seems remarkable that it should have adhered to the wire firmly enough to allow so large an insect to climb over it, which she did every day as long as I watched her, evidently to mend or strengthen it. The spider must have brains in which the ability to construct its web and adapt it to conditions is highly developed.

* * *

OPPOSED TO EXPLORERS.

THE class of explorers whom the ungentle Thibetan turns out of his country with more asperity than any other is the naturalist. Before Sikkim was annexed a man of science had been through the country collecting specimens of the animal and vegetable life of the little kingdom, and the Thibetans now are convinced firmly that any man who collects moths is really trying to grab territory. It is safer to cross into Thibet with a drawn sword in one's hand than with a butterfly net.

INSECTS WILL NOT TOUCH IT.

THE jarrow wood, which grows in Australia, is almost the only kind known to the lumbermen which effectively resists the depredations of insects. Not an insect will touch it.

* * *

WHEN soda ash was obtained from seaweed a Parisian soap boiler discovered in it the element of iodine. In the hands of Niepee and Daguerre this iodine was found to render a silver surface sensitive to light. The developed and fixed impression on the plate gave the daguerreotype. The French government purchased the secret and made it free to the world.

* * *

WERE it not for matter floating in suspension in sea water, minute living organisms and air bubbles due to the breaking of the waves, all of which reflect light, the ocean would look as black as ink, for, in that case, none of the sun's rays, having once penetrated it, would be reflected to its surface.

* * *

THE Caspian sea is literally a great depression in the surface of the earth. It is eighty-four feet below the regular sea level. Besides this its waters have very little salt in them, being almost fresh.

* * *

IN a few issues, possibly the next to this, the 'NOOK will begin its illustrations. There is no doubt of their making a brighter page to look at.

* * *

ESKIMO children at the Carlisle school in Pennsylvania are reported to rank far ahead of Indian youths in every study.

* * *

THE Eskimos of Alaska make waterproof boots and shirts of the skin of the salmon.

* * *

GREAT BRITAIN ships firewood from Australia for her troops in China.

* * *

THE blood of the eel injected into a vein is a deadly poison to man.

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...PUBLISHED BY...

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NOT FARSEEING.

A BOY sees a man or a number of them, generally out of his class, and he envies them. They wear good clothes, have money, and frequent places that are but a dream to him. They seem to have a good time. The boy goes back to his work, dissatisfied with it, and with his surroundings. He wishes he was one of them.

Now, the 'Nookman does not blame the boy. If a door opens for him to enter the company he envies ten to one he is lost. The boy does not know this because he is not old enough to see the end and he has not had the experience.

Let the writer tell you a little story. Once he taught school where he could and did go to an adjoining city pretty nearly every week. There was just such a flashy crowd in sight. The man who kept the place, which was reputable enough as far as one could see from the outside, was making about one hundred and fifty dollars a day. He spent about a hundred dollars a day and was lavish with his money. If there was anyone to be envied it was he. The writer knew the place sold whiskey and there was a taint of worse things, but as said before it was counted reputable. Who would not envy the man?

Then half a lifetime passed and keeping track of the man was easy. In brief, he died in the county almshouse, of paresis, a public charge, an insane pauper. The reasons are easy to give—rum and women did the business. As far as known all the gay crowd went to the bad.

Now, this is not an exceptional case. All such people end wrong. Every middle-aged and old man knows of just such cases. In fact, they are invariable and inevitable. It can not, in the nature of things, be otherwise. Start down hill and keep on going and the bottom is the only end.

And now boy, or girl too, for that matter, when you see wickedness in good clothes and idleness you will be wise if you take to heart the wisdom of the ages, that such a combination is undesirable and unworthy of envy or imitation. The 'Nook doesn't expect you to see the ending, but it wants to burn into your life the fact that as you sow so shall you reap.

+ + +

SUCCESS IN FAILURE.

WHEN a man comes to die it is sometimes the case that he has been engaged in a losing fight all his life, one in which apparently nothing is gained, and yet he has succeeded after all. The reason for this is that results are not always visible or capable of estimate. The man that keeps everlastingly at it in the cause of right certainly succeeds within himself, even though he is able to show nothing in the way of tangible results.

The fact is that in most of the great movements, perhaps in all, the prime movers, and those who did the most of the work leading up to the end, died before seeing the successful termination of their labors. Shall it be said that the old time abolitionists who died before the Civil War held a losing cause? And the most stupendous failure of all time would have seemed to be Him who hung dead on the cross, with every follower forsaking and in flight. Yet see the result today in girdling the earth with the teachings of this same Crucified One!

The fact is that success lies not in immediate results but in keeping up our end of the work, or the part assigned to us, till death loosens our hands. He who does that is a success, and no matter though not a single item of the sought-for end is visible. Failure is only when we let go.

This for Every Nooker.



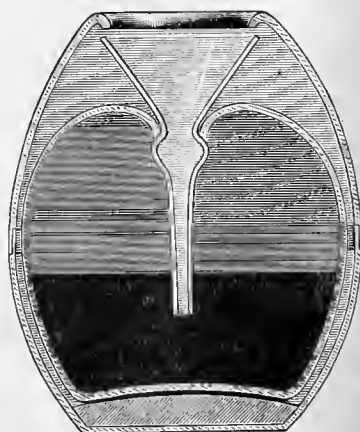
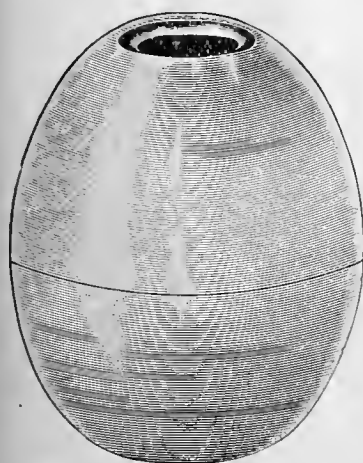
The management of the INGLENOOK, desirous of having the present 'NOOK family extend the sphere of usefulness of the magazine, and to enlarge its subscription list indefinitely, have decided to make the following unprecedented offers to our readers. Each and every 'Nooker who sends us a new subscriber together with a dollar to pay

For One Year's Subscription

will receive for his trouble the new inkbottle pictured herewith.

It is made of aluminum, and has the peculiarity of always being ready for use, and it may be upset and rolled around in any direction and not a drop will be spilled. It will not remain

upset, but will right itself, and it can be picked up off the table and carried in a valise or a pocket and never spill a drop. It is always ready for use. It sells for fifty cents, and we GIVE it to the 'Nooker who sends us ONE new subscriber. The picture shows the exact size, and a sectional view of its make. The subscriber will have sent him the Cook Book for his premium.



No More of this with



The Inglenook Ink Bottle.

Or if you would rather have a really good knife you can get this one

For Only One Subscriber and 15 Cents Extra.

It has a stag horn handle, four blades, and is a good knife for either lady or gentleman. It retails at seventy-five cents, and is

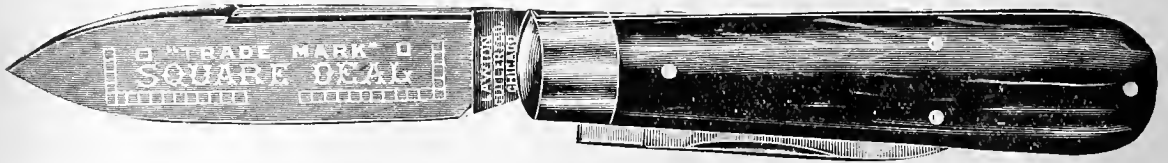
A FIRST-CLASS ARTICLE.



And if you prefer the larger knife pictured below, you can have it

For One New Subscriber.

This knife would sell for fifty cents in the stores. This knife is for man or boy, and is a very serviceable article. This for ONE subscriber, and no fifteen cents need be added.



This is a Knife for Service, and Whoever Gets
It Will Have a Useful, Valuable
and Durable Article.



Every lady has always wanted a pearl-handled pen, and below is the picture of a gold pen, with an exquisite pearl handle all in a plush-lined box, that will be sent you as your pay

For Two New Subscribers.

It sells in the stores for \$1.00.



This will Last Years and Years, and be a
Thing of Beauty all the Time.



But a man does not usually care for a pearl-handled pen, and for him we offer the fountain pen shown below

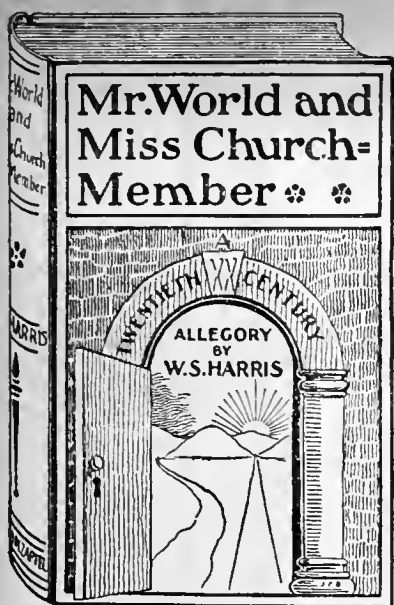
For Only Two New Subscribers,

and it is a perfect working pen that will last you a lifetime. It is a first-class pen that sells for \$1.00. It comes in a box, together with an ink filler.



Next to the Inglenook Portable Ink Bottle
this Pen is the thing for
the Pocket.

For Three Subscribers



the one sending them to us will receive a copy of the book, "Mr. World and Miss Church-Member," an allegory that will be appreciated by all who read it. It is substantially bound in cloth, is amply illustrated, and has 315 pages. This is a book that has run through several editions to supply an unusual demand, and those who get it as a premium will have a handsome addition to their library. The book sells for \$1.00.

Another Really Fine Offer.

Every woman is interested in beautiful tableware, and for her we have selected the following heavily-plated silver teaspoons. She will get

HALF A DOZEN OF THESE

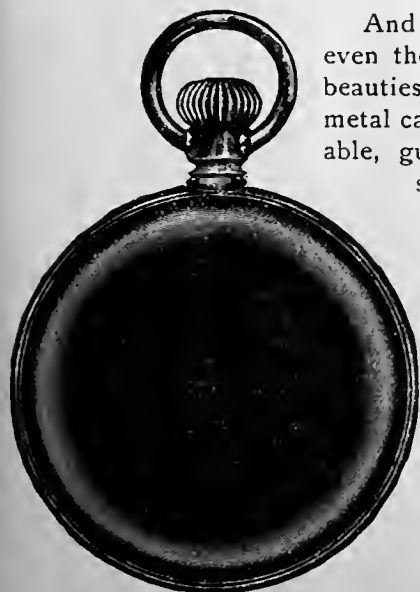
For Only Four New Subscribers,

and if she gets eight she will receive a dozen, if she wants them. Or she can have half a dozen spoons, and as many of the other premiums as her list calls for, should she get more than the FOUR new subscribers. These retail at \$3.25 per dozen.



Just Note These Magnificent Offers!

And where is the man or woman who does not want a good watch, even though they have one now? For them we have selected two beauties. The man's is shown below. It has what is called a gun metal case, really oxydized steel, trimmed with silver, and is a serviceable, guaranteed watch, that would ordinarily sell for \$6.00 in the stores. There is nothing cheap about this watch. It is worth all it costs, and it will be sent any Nooker



For Ten New ...Subscribers



The Pictures Show
the Exact Size and the Works



Here is a Watch, Pretty as a Picture.

For the ladies we offer the following watch, as pretty as its picture, and it is made of nickel, silveroid, they call it, and it is a watch that any lady might wear anywhere with credit. It is a guaranteed time-keeper, and ordinarily sells for \$7.00 at a jeweler's. It is an open-faced watch, and will not tarnish, but always have the appearance of a silver watch, while it is really more serviceable.



THIS WATCH...

Costing more than
the Man's, Goes to
Anybody Sending in



Twelve New Subscribers

The Chance of a Life-time.



HOW TO PROCEED.



Study the conditions. Then take your INGLENOOK and your Cook Book, and start out. EVERY subscriber gets the Cook Book as a premium. The more subscribers you get the greater your premiums. The premiums described here are for yourself. The cost of getting the premiums to you is paid by the House. That costs you nothing. There isn't a cheap or foolish thing on the list. The 'Nook couldn't afford to and wouldn't do that. If you want sample copies for distribution, preparatory to a canvass, they will be sent you for the asking. It is an open and a free field. Go in to win. It's easy once you get the start.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

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LOOK out for the Sisters' number of the INGLENOOK next week.

+ + +

THE INGLENOOK will reach you one of these days looking so different that you will hardly know it for the same magazine. And the pictures!

+ + +

AT last accounts Frank was going around the place at home bidding good-bye to the animals and looking rather grave about it. Kathleen is quiet, and it wouldn't take much to have her whimpering and wanting to back out. They are going all right enough, and will start in a very short time now. It will be many a long day until they sight the old home place after they once get started with 30,000 or 40,000 readers following them.

+ + +

THE picture on the cover shows a sod house of the plains where irrigation has enabled the owner to make a garden of his surroundings. The "soddy" as the sod house is familiarly called in the west, is a not uncommon sight, and in reality is a very comfortable dwelling house. Perhaps some of our readers will tell about life in a soddy. It will be appreciated. The other picture on the cover shows how an irrigating ditch changes the whole face of an arid country. There is so much of intense interest in this subject of irrigation that we will have quite a little to say about it in the future. It is an extensive subject of the most absorbing interest to millions of people. We are indebted to Hon. Geo. H. Maxwell, of Chicago, for the cuts.

Is it correct to speak of flours, coals, etc?

Certainly. Rye flour, rice flour, and wheat flour are flours. Hard coal, soft coal, charcoal, etc., are coals.

“ ”

What are dormant plants, such as dormant roses?

Plants dug and stored in cellars or other places where growth is indefinitely postponed by a low temperature and a correct amount of moisture.

“ ”

Is it in good form for a writer to have his picture in his book?

Opinions vary. Some people never feel so good as when they are on show. If they want to pay for the exhibition and turn themselves loose on the world, whose affair is it but their own?

“ ”

Is it likely that China will ever wake up as did Japan?

It is not likely that the Chinaman will improve as fast as the Jap does, as he is a different sort of man, but the indications are that he will be drilled and moulded into an effective soldier and so may possibly be a world menace.

“ ”

Is a book on etiquette of any value to me, a "greenborn"?

Just about as much as "The Complete Letter Writer" to a correspondent. Go out into that indefinable thing called society, and note how the others do. "Sassiety" is a fearfully and wonderfully constituted thing, differently governed in different sections. A study of the Sermon on the Mount is the best book on manners.

“ ”

Can I get a correct pronunciation of a foreign language out of a book?

Impossible. You can get a working measure of it, but there is always a tang to the speech other than the mother tongue. "Talking like a native" is only approximate. Who has not heard the German, here for half a lifetime, but who has never entirely gotten over the Deutschland of it? No person ever accurately speaks more than the tongue of his childhood and early youth. There's always a ring and tone to the acquired language.

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Is there such a thing as dried milk?

There is. It is used for a number of purposes in the arts and in the preparation of foods.

“ ”

Why is the 'NOOK to be regarded as "our magazine," as the editor says?

Because he wants every subscriber to think he has a personal interest in it, not to the extent of meddling, but to the end of helping to make it better.

HOW SHAD ARE HATCHED.

THERE are two government stations engaged in the propagation and distribution of shad—the one at the fish commissioner's building in New York, and that near Havre de Grace, Md. In addition to these regular stations there is also a hatchery on board of the commission's steamer and two of its four special cars can readily be fitted with the necessary apparatus and used temporarily for the same purpose.

The process for hatching shad eggs is a most interesting one. A visitor to the museum of the fish commission notices a number of large glass jars filled with curious tiny spherical objects, evidently many thousands. These multitudinous brown pellets, as they seem at first, are kept in continual motion by streams of fresh water constantly pouring into the jars through glass tubes and finding an outlet through another system of tubes. It has been said that the little spheres resemble, at a casual glance, brown pellets; but a closer inspection reveals the fact that they are semi-transparent, or, at all events, covered by a transparent coating, and inside this coating, or membrane, as it is really, are curiously sentient specks which are nothing less than tiny eyes. In short, these little brown pellets are the eggs of the shad, and they are seen in the hatching apparatus preparatory to emerging in the contiguous tank or aquarium as promising finny proteges of Uncle Sam.

The hatching apparatus, which is the invention of the present fish commissioner, is the result of a long series of experiments and is a simple, effective and ingenious device. It consists of a cylindrical glass vessel with a round bottom, provided with a screw top, with apertures for the admission of two glass tubes, one to supply the eggs with a constant flow of water, the other to carry off the overflow, and a small tank or aquarium for the reception of the young shad as they are hatched. The supply tube extends to the bottom of the jar and the water rising to the exit at the top keeps the mass of eggs in constant circulation, in what has been described as a "boiling motion," bringing each egg in succession to the top. It is a quality of dead eggs that once having reached the top of the mass they will not again mingle with the others, so that they gradu-

ally accumulate in the upper part of the jar, whence they are removed by simply pushing down the exit tube until they are carried off with the overflow. Eight or twelve of the jars are arranged round one tank and furnished with water from the general supply pipe at the rate of about two quarts per minute. Each one holds six quarts and has a capacity of over 100,000 eggs, though usually operated with about 85,000.

So transparent is the egg and so rapid the development of the embryo, when once started, that the whole series of changes may be observed in the one individual, until it rends the delicate membrane and escapes into the world, a fish.

A fresh-laid shad egg is irregularly spherical in form, surrounded by a very much wrinkled shell-membrane, and is a pale amber in color. Immediately after fertilization the membrane is rapidly distended to about seven times its original size by the absorption of the water and the wrinkles disappear. The egg is then about an eighth of an inch in diameter, and within can be seen the vitellus or yolk, surrounded by a delicate envelope of germinal matter called the cortical layer. In a very few moments this envelope is thickened on one side by the concentration of its material, and inside of half an hour, the blastodisk is formed. This is a protuberance at one end of the egg composed of very minute germinal cells. In the course of an hour and a half this disk commences to undergo a series of divisions into numerous minute spheres in the formation of what is technically known as the "mulberry mass," or blastula, a phenomenon universally attendant upon the development of all ova of whatever kind. This is the first indication of the spinal column. After this the elements contained in the egg become separated into two layers, the upper and the lower; the upper containing the matter from which is developed the bones, muscles, brain and nerves, and the lower constituting the ultimate formation of the viscera, etc.

Shortly, at one side of the spreading blastodisc, the first trace of the embryo appears in a swelling at a certain point. This lengthens rapidly, and a little later the embryo is quite distinctly outlined. At this period, too, the rudimentary eyes, the first of the sense organs to be developed, are visible as two bright, elongated

thickenings of the nervous layer. Very soon the tail begins to appear. And now the little fish develops apace, although, to the naked vision, very little of him is visible, as he whirls in the jar among his multitude of brethren, save those two bright little specks of eyes. On closer scrutiny, however, two or three faint, shadowy, dark lines are observed, coiled half round the interior of the egg, marking the position of the body, which is nearly as transparent as the surrounding water. Faintly visible, too, is the vitelline sac, in which the remainder of the yolk is inclosed, attached to the abdomen of the fish, and from which he gains sustenance. He has acquired considerable power of movement by this time, and, at intervals of one second, he gives a vigorous wriggle. A few hours later, or about the end of the third day, a movement of more than usual strength will rupture the frail prisoner and set him free. He is yet far from being a perfect fish, for though his mouth is open, there is no passage through the esophagus, and he is sustained by the contents of the yolk sac, which will remain attached to him for five or six days longer, when it will be finally absorbed and disappear.

Were a young shad given, like Richard III, to reflection, he might well consider himself "unfinished, sent before my time into this breathing world, scarce half made up," for he has, as yet, only half his rightful belongings — no fins, but two rudimentary pectorals; no teeth, an imperfect heart, only the promise of a liver and scarcely a hint of an air bladder. But victualled for a week, with nothing on his mind, he is as oblivious of his defects as we are of ours and as he darts about the hatching jar, still hampered by his shell, perhaps, from which he has not been able to get himself entirely free, he is plainly in a mood to enjoy life.

At length, after violent efforts, he reaches the top of the jar and is carried by the overflow into the receiving tank, whence he is transferred with his fellows into tin cans for distribution. It is necessary that this should be effected at once, for, unlike many of the species handled by the

fish commission, the trout, the salmon and the bass, for example, the shad cannot be reared to maturity in confinement. Before the disappearance of the vitelline sac, it must be turned loose to find its natural food and to make its way at this time of the year to the sea, which is its home. The shad belongs to that class of fishes called anadromons, which ascend the rivers and estuaries during the spawning season to deposit their eggs and return thereafter to salt water. The distributing cans, each containing about 30,000 fry, are sent by rail to various points on the coast and emptied into the rivers, where in the course of the summer, the fish will attain a length of two or three inches.

† † †

You may close your eyes to your faults, but your neighbors will not.

† † †

WOMAN WORKS AS A COBBLER.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., has a woman cobbler, the only one in the State, if not in the country. She is Mrs. Nellie Harmer.

In the big factories women are, to be sure, employed to do certain parts of the work in making a pair of shoes by machinery, but none of them has to do what Mrs. Harmer does. She has worked on the bench beside her husband for the past seven years and is proficient in every phase of the cobbler's art from stitching a rip in a lady's kid shoe to pegging a sole in a cowboy's boot. She learned the trade from her husband.

Ten years ago they came from Canada and Mr. Harmer opened a little shop in Grand Rapids. Being a skilled workman he soon had a brisk little business established, but he could not get competent help. It was then that his wife came to his aid and said that she would learn the business.

In the rear of their place of business their living apartments have been fitted up. These include a piano, books, and pictures. Mrs. Harmer is pretty and not yet thirty. She is the mother of three children, two boys and a girl. She is said to be as good a musician as she is a cobbler.

*When the critics condemn a play,
curiosity drives the public to see it.*

A QUEER BUSINESS.

If there is a stranger detective system than the "underground" it has not come to light, which is not a poor joke but a solid fact.

And no one can pay money to this agency and get detection in return. Nobody who is not on the inside can ever hope to get in, and the aid of the police is never asked by the agency. Yet its ramifications extend from Maine (of course) to California, and it wields an influence that the police themselves do not possess and never can hope to acquire. As this is not a joke, neither is it an advertisement. This agency does not ask for advertisement, because it does not want more business than it has.

Its office is wherever its two principal members meet. It may be in the Harrison Street Police Station, as it frequently is, and it may be in the house of one of the members, or in the street, or at a church bazaar, for the agency is not hampered by any set of four walls.

But what is it?

It is the system that the professional bondsmen of Chicago employ to prevent persons upon whose bonds their names appear from leaving the city before the case is heard, or from keeping in hiding if they do not happen to run away. It is a left-handed auxiliary of the police, and for its services the police are often grateful. It possesses means of getting at persons that no policeman could get if he lived to be one hundred years old. To understand its scope and to see the adroitness with which it is operated it is necessary to know the circumstances which make its existence a necessity and which make its operation a wonderful thing to behold.

It may be understood and it may not that when a person is arrested by the police, charged with the commission of any offense against a city ordinance or a statute of the State, it is possible for him to get bail. This is done by having a friend who can schedule enough property to go bail for the appearance in court of him who has been arrested. When this bond is looked over and ratified by the police justice the prisoner may go free until his case is called in court.

It is only natural that a man who has been arrested will prefer to go home to his family until the day of his hearing in the police court or in the

criminal court. He would certainly rather be at his own fireside than at the crudè, steam-heated radiators that the city has placed near the cells in the police stations. Yet if he does not get this bail he will have to stay in a cell. He may have friends who have enough property to warrant them in signing his bond. But he may not. The fact is that more than two-thirds of the men and women who are arrested do not have the luxury of friends with enough money to go on their bond. They want their liberty as much as he wants it who has legions of friends. So the professional bondsman has come into existence. He is as old as the system of bail.

In Chicago he is always a man who has some business apart from that of signing bonds. It was in that other business that he made enough money to be able to be accepted by the police and justices and the courts of record as a bondsman. But as he does not know the men for whom he signs the bonds, and as his compensation is one of money instead of gratitude, he takes many chances. As soon as the prisoner steps out of the cell he pays the bondsman, and then there is little chance of telling whether he will appear when the bondsman has contracted for him to appear.

This chance is what made John T. Rafferty, Andrew Craig, who is called "the king of the levee," and Abraham Beamish, the owner of the famed Beamish's goat, now dead, get together and form the "underground" detective system. Its workings have been going on for some time, and there has not been a failure.

The founders ascribe this to the sort of men upon whom they call for aid. They do not pay a cent to any of them. The services the operatives render are prompted by the sense of favors done in the past or to be done in the future. There is one or more of these "underground" operatives in every city of size in the Union. Not one of them is a policeman or a detective in the sense in which that word is generally used. Every one of them is engaged in business of some other sort, and his services to the Chicago headquarters are performed as a side line, as the drummers call it.

The men who are at the head of the concern are not "straw bondsmen." A straw bondsman is one whose principal asset is nerve. He has no

property, but if he can persuade the officer in charge to accept him on a bond he gets paid by the released prisoner for his services. A list of such bondsmen is sent out every so often by State's Attorney Deneen, and police justices and police officers are ordered not to accept those men on any bonds. The men who have founded the "underground" are not of that stamp. Craig is a prominent worker in the First Ward Democracy. He is reputed to be worth \$20,000, and with John T. Rafferty is supposed to be one of the two best dressed men on the levee, always excepting the eminent statesman, Alderman Coughlin. Rafferty has a bank account of good proportions. Abraham Beamish has had a horseshoeing establishment for years. He has prospered, and with Craig and Rafferty is worth a great deal of money.

Not so much, however, that he cares to let any of it get away by signing the bonds of prisoners who will take French leave without telling him when they will get back or even where they are going. When one of them does run away the action of the unique detective agency begins.

Joseph Coyne, who is Rafferty's right-hand man, and Craig get together and write a dozen letters, all alike except the address. A copy of one of these letters follows:

"Benjamin Kaehler, — Broadway, St. Louis: September first one of us signed the bond of ———, under arrest here for burglary. We did not know him and he has left town. The case has been continued before a police justice for ten days and we want our man by then. He is five feet ten inches tall, medium weight, has blue eyes, and a light mustache. He works as a carpenter, does not drink, but smokes a pipe a great deal. May be found living in a pretty good hotel for workingmen. Has no family.

"Signed, CRAIG."

These letters are sent to the cities in which it would be likely the man might be found. The letters go to saloonkeepers, hotel clerks, lawyers, and men in almost every other occupation. As soon as one is received the man who gets it writes another letter to a man in a nearby town, and that man in turn writes another. In that way an endless chain that reaches across the country and into the most obscure hamlet is thrown out. Every one of the "underground police" is at work.

Strangers in town are scrutinized. The telegraph is used liberally, because in Chicago one of three bondsmen is standing a chance of losing a heavy sum of money if the fugitive is not sent back. It is a more difficult matter to be a fugitive from the "underground" men than it is to be fleeing from the police. The police have only one description of the man, while with the "underground" men each man who gets a letter containing the description of a man he knows puts a little more detail into the letter he writes in obedience to orders. He also sends this more complete description back to Chicago. Then in the next batch of letters that headquarters sends out the description will be there enlarged and improved. Pictures are never sent because it is almost impossible to get them. Through friends on the police force it is often possible to get a look at the picture and written record and measurements kept by the Bertillion system in the different "rogues' galleries," and this information is sent out to supplement that already received.

The chain of letters never ceases until the man is found. A copy of the postoffice guide, of gazetteers of different cities, and copies of the *Police Bulletin* published by the City of Chicago are brought into use, and from Chicago pours a perfect avalanche of mail into the hands of men who are not detectives at all, but who go out gladly to do detective work.

The way this network of spies all over the country has been built up is out of the ordinary. It is not reasonable to expect men to drop their regular vocations and get out to hunt up men that are unknown to them, but that are wanted in Chicago, but this is just what is expected and just what is done. The men to whom the letters in the endless chain go are men who have met one of the three heads of the system or one of their friends, and who have been told that their interests will always be looked after by the Chicago party. In some respects it is a case of reciprocity, because a great many of the men to whom the Chicago letters go are bondsmen in their own cities. It is then in a sense a professional bondsmen's trust, and a closer corporation never existed.

Its members will not turn over their hands to help an outsider.

A BRAVE HONEY HUNTER.

A YOUNG girl in western Texas for many years daily risked her life in the pursuit of one of the most dangerous occupations ever devised by human ingenuity for the purpose of obtaining wealth. The word fear seems to convey no meaning to the mind of this remarkably attractive frontier heroine. It is a common remark that she has no nerves, but it is more probable that she has schooled herself by careful training to disregard the particular character of danger that she faces every day.

She is Agnes Say, and she is the only daughter of an old pioneer Indian fighter known from San Antonio to the deserts of Arizona as old Sweetkiller, from the fact that he was always looking out for bee trees and bee caves, and it was seldom that he was ever found without a cup of honey or a piece of honeycomb in his shot pouch. He was a fearless ranger and a good trailer, but his comrades frequently intimated that the buzz of a bee was liable to throw him off his guard. It was always conceded that old Sweetkiller was the most expert bee hunter in the State, and on account of the invariable success that attended his expeditions in search of honey his services as a ranger were always highly appreciated. Whenever provisions became scarce Sweetkiller could always find a bee tree or a little crevice in some bluff where the harbingers of civilization were storing their food. A company of Indian fighters considered themselves well supplied whenever there was plenty of honey and venison in camp.

The old Texan raised two sons and one daughter. These boys soon became as expert in their inherited calling as their father, and as they grew older they became venturesome. Few bee caves in the lofty cliffs were beyond their reach. If they could not ascend the great natural walls by cutting notches in the rocks they would soon find some other way to reach the bee caves. Their sister, Agnes, frequently accompanied the boys in their expeditions in search of honey, and as she grew older she developed a taste for mountain climbing which led her to perform many feats that astounded the boldest mountaineers. She was much lighter in weight than her brothers, and she soon proved that she possessed stead-

ier nerves and decidedly more activity than either of them. Other advantages which were early developed in the young girl's mind and character led her to take a deeper interest in the peculiar vocation that Sweetkiller had apparently transmitted to his children. She had learned to read and write and she had made the discovery that money could be made by gathering and shipping honey. About four years ago this fearless young girl commenced the business of gathering and shipping honey systematically.

Thanks to her courage and good sense, the family now owns a bee ranch that is valued at \$30,000, and no young woman in western Texas is better dressed than the one who has justly won the title of the "Queen of the Bees."

Few people would be willing to take her wealth and fame at the price she has paid for it. No cliff has been too high for her to scale if a swarm of bees were storing honey in the crevices of its walls. Time and again her brothers have suspended her by a rope from the top of some lofty precipice, and she has hung there for hours, often 300 feet above the waters of the river, taking honey from some cavern. She has taken honey from the bee caves on the Guadalupe, the Hondo, the Llano, and many other mountain streams, and curiously enough during all of her venturesome career she has never once been stung by a bee. Her brothers say that they have seen countless thousands of angry bees swarm out of a cave that they had perhaps uninterruptedly occupied for a century and literally cover the girl's body while she was suspended in the air several hundred feet above the earth. Trembling for her safety they would beg her to let them draw her up to the top of the cliff, but she would only laugh at them and shout back: "My pets are not going to hurt me. Send down the bucket. I have found a fortune in honey."

The Guadalupe River runs for some twenty-five or more miles through a deep canon. The walls of solid rock on either side rise to dizzy heights. In many localities the summits of the cliffs are 300 or 400 feet above the waters of the river. The bees have literally taken possession of these lofty cliffs, and in many places countless swarms of them have been storing honey for centuries. They are so numerous in many places that they shade the earth like a vast cloud as they

fly about the caverns. Many of these swarms have never been disturbed, and it is highly probable that they will remain in peaceable possession of their homes for all time, though experts like Miss Agnes are of the opinion that some of them contain tons of honey. "I have had my share of climbing," says the Queen of the Bees, "for it requires nearly all of my time to attend to our domestic swarms, but I sometimes descend upon a particularly rich swarm and rob the wild cliff-dwellers of a few hundred pounds of their precious possessions. Some of these caves are rich. In one instance we took more than a thousand dollars' worth of honey from one cavern. I frequently visited some of the loftiest caves for the purpose of securing a vigorous queen to mix with my tame bees. I have found that the largest and best workers occupy the loftiest places in sides of the bluffs."

This venturesome Texas girl has never experienced a fall, or been seriously hurt, though she has more than once been in great danger of losing her life. Upon one occasion, while suspended in the air over 300 feet above the earth, she suddenly felt the rope that supported her give a little, and upon looking up she was horrified to observe that a projecting ledge had already cut one strand. She was barely able to reach a little ledge with the toes of one foot, and by casting as much weight as possible upon these toes she was able to relieve the strain on the rope. Realizing that the least trepidation on the part of her brothers would result in hurling her to the earth, with great presence of mind she cut the bucket loose and quickly fastened the stout rope that had been attached to it about her own body. She then called to her brothers, and, after warning them to hold the bucket rope firm, she told them that it was tied about her own body. They suspected that something had happened, and, obeying her directions implicitly, she was safely rescued.

The most perilous situation that she ever encountered occurred about a year ago. She was in a locality that she had never visited before, and, while suspended in the air in one of the gloomiest canons of the Honds some 300 feet above the water, she was suddenly alarmed by a hissing noise, and, upon looking around, she saw two enormous eagles perched on a ledge only a few feet away. She signaled to be drawn up, but the big birds did not allow her to escape. Both flew at her face shrieking like fiends. "I had a large knife in my hand and I defended myself as best I could. One of the eagles cut a gash in my forehead with his talons and the blood blinded me. I realized that the boys were drawing me up, but I feared the enraged birds would tear out my eyes before I could escape. They were beating me with their wings and cutting my flesh with their sharp claws. I kept striking at them with my knife, and in making a desperate blow I struck the rope above my head. It seemed as if my blood instantly congealed. I knew I had struck the rope, but did not know whether I had cut it or not. With a desperate effort I wiped the blood from my eyes and looked up. The knife dropped from my nerveless hand. There was a great gash in the rope. I closed my eyes. Shivering with terror, I felt myself descending headlong through space and I heard my bones breaking on the rocks. When I opened my eyes my brothers were dragging me back away from the edge of the precipice and the eagles were still dangerously near. I was barely within reach of the boys when the rope began to part."

This pretty Texas Queen of the Bees has made enough money to live in luxury without pursuing the dangerous calling that has brought her wealth and fame. Her brothers declare that she has hunted cave bees for the last time, but she answers with a smile that "one experiences an unaccountable and rather fascinating sensation while suspended in the air."

One swallow doesn't make a summer, and it usually takes several to fetch a fall.

TREASURES OF THE WORLD.

ON the top of the Prince of Wales' coronet is a small tuft of feathers.

The wife of a rich Manchester cotton spinner endeavored to get some similar. She was told that there were none on the market. This made her the more anxious to procure them. "I don't mind spending £100," she said. The plume seller smiled. "They will cost you the price of a special expedition to New Guinea," he observed. Her husband was enormously wealthy, and she induced him to authorize this.

Last June the plume hunters returned. They had been away nearly a year, and spent over \$4,000. They reported that the feriwah, the particular kind of bird of paradise from which the plumes are taken, is extinct.

It is a part of the Mahometan creed to smash the noses of all idols they may come across. When they invaded India, they defaced in this way every Hindoo god. A figure of Vishnu cut in green jade was buried in the bed of the Ganges during this invasion, and is now preserved in a temple in Benares. It is the only perfect image left of all the old idols, and its sanctity is such that the priests at Allahabad have offered for it its weight in gold, together with two magnificent rubies, formerly the eyes of Buddha. But they cannot buy it.

An English earl, whose wealth is counted by hundreds of thousands, has a splendid collection of Greek statuary. His great ambition has been to possess a Samian Apollo, of which two only were known to be in existence. Last year he had news from his agent that another had been unearthed in a village near Athens.

The real value of such a statue is about \$6,000, but Greek law strictly forbids the export to foreign countries of any antiques. The agent bought the statue from its finder and then set to work to smuggle it out of the country. He had his find removed to a little-known fishing village on the west coast of Greece and chartered a steam yacht to fetch it. But the government officials got wind of his project and the Apollo is now in an Athens Museum.

An enterprising Australian millionaire named Leonard took a trip to Peru some years ago. He

saw great flocks of the alpaca wandering on the Andes. Being a wool grower himself, he was struck with their splendid fleece. He resolved to buy some and take them home. He found that the Peruvian government absolutely prohibited their export. He tried, by chartering a special ship, to smuggle some off, but was unsuccessful. Then the idea occurred to him of taking them out of the country eastwards. He bought a large flock, engaged trusty men and had the creatures driven over the passes, 18,000 feet above the sea level, and then clean across the continent to Buenos Ayres. This little expedition cost him \$15,000. But the long march had so weakened the alpacas that they all died on the voyage.

The most expensive picture known is the Raphael in the National Gallery of England, which cost the nation \$350,000. It cannot be bought. Another famous picture by the same great artist is in possession of a country squire in the Midlands. He is not a rich man, and it must have been a temptation when a millionaire baron sent him an offer accompanied by a blank check. The check was returned. Undiscouraged, the baron made a definite offer—\$250,000 down and \$10,000 a year for life. The owner refused.

One of the most perfect vases in the world is in a church at Genoa, Italy. In it is a vase cut from a single emerald. It is twelve and a half inches in diameter and five and three-quarters inches high. No other emerald approaching this size is known. A millionaire offered \$1,000,000 for this treasure, but was assured that money would not buy it.

On the occasion of the late queen's visit to Ireland a program of all the traveling arrangements and details of the journey was made up. It included a map of the railway route, a map of Dublin, the order of the procession and a list of prominent Irish officials. Only one copy was printed, and this bound in green velvet, with a gold harp and crown on either side. A Dublin brewer of great wealth was most anxious to induce the firm which printed this unique specimen to duplicate it. He met with a flat refusal.

Of Shakespeare's signature there are but seven known specimens, one of which is doubtful. That one in the British Museum cost \$15,700. A millionaire recently offered \$100,000 for a gen-

uine autograph of Shakespeare if brought to him within twelve months. But he has had no reply.

A "gem," strictly speaking, is not merely a precious stone. It is an engraved stone. Two thousand years ago gem cutters understood how to polish the cutting of an engraving throughout on both sides. The art is now lost. A gentleman called Thornton, residing in Sydenham, has in his possession a chrysopease with a perfectly cut and polished engraving upon it. It was found, many years ago, in the Catacombs of Rome. A Hebrew banker, who has a wonderful collection of engraved stones, has offered as much as \$40,000 without tempting the owner to part.

* * *

The egotist thinks he is the 1 in a 1,000 and the other 999 are the ciphers.

* * *

BOYS WHO WEAVE CARPETS.

A REPLICA of the famous carpet from the mosque of Ardabil, which is now preserved in the South Kensington Museum, London, is being made at Tabreez, Persia, the center of the carpet-making industry of that country. The flowering and designing of this carpet are absolutely unique. A hand-painted design of the original has been furnished to the Persian weavers and so skillfully is the work being carried out that it is stated by the English consul general that when completed it will be equal in every respect to the original carpet, so faithfully is the work being reproduced, both with regard to the coloring and detail.

The carpet is being woven by boys ranging from eight to twelve years of age. They sit in serried rows before their looms. Their method of procedure is to pull the wool from a reel suspended above their heads in their left hands and, with a flat knife provided with a crooked point in their right, dash the thread, with three movements, through the web strings, hook it into the

desired knot, cut off the surplus ends and start another knot. The work is carried out with such remarkable rapidity that it is almost impossible to follow the movements of the weaver.

Before setting to work the weavers closely study the painted design which they have to reproduce, and then depend entirely upon their memories to enable the work to be completed. Their memories are so reliable that it is very seldom they will refer back to the painted design. When working upon a complicated pattern the foreman of the loom—a boy about fourteen years of age—walks up and down, calling out, in a curious monotone, the number of stitches and the color of the threads to be used. The Persian rugs and carpets are made by hand throughout and none but vegetable or natural dyes are employed. It is to this fact that the longevity and durability of the Persian rugs are attributable, especially in connection with the colorings.—*Scientific American.*

* * *

Too much pleasure is apt to be the direct cause of a man's troubles.

* * *

UTILIZING SEA WEED.

AN invention has just been completed by which the immense kelp beds of the ocean are to be utilized in the manufacture of paper. The invention consists of taking the seaweed and forming it into a pulp from which paper of the best quality can be manufactured, equal even to the finest linen, which it greatly resembles. Paper is made from a hundred different substances, any substance containing cellulose being capable of conversion into paper.

* * *

THE giant troubles that loom up on the horizon of life have this advantage—they dwarf into lesser stature the little hills of difficulty that rise around them.

Eve probably wasn't the only woman who ever swapped paradise for a petticoat.

A MIDNIGHT BOUQUET.

THE cultivation of flowers was to Doctor Llanerk the relaxation and pleasure of his busy life. Often a bunch of his choicest was his only prescription for a sick one. He asserted, as a part of his professional experience, that flowers were the best of tonics.

His many friends, young and old, took pleasure in sending him whatever was rare or beautiful of those flowers which they grew or found, well knowing that he would carry them to where they would cheer and delight.

Late one night his bell rang. Thinking that at that hour it must be a call for his services, he rose from bed, put on his wrapper, and went to the door. The light was dim. He saw a colored man holding a huge paper package, from which the Doctor, to his delight, saw buds and full-blown roses protruding.

"Is Miss Ca'line Ward in?" asked the man.

"She has retired," was the reply. ("Miss Ca'line Ward" was his colored cook.)

"I is sorry, sir, to call so late. Dah was a jam in de street-cars. I leab dis fo' her, sir, ef you will kindly gib it to her in de mo'nin'."

"Certainly," responded the Doctor. He took the bundle carefully, thanked the man in the name of Miss Ward, closed the door, tenderly carried the flowers to the kitchen, pleased as if he had been the recipient, took a dish-pan from its nest, drew a few inches of water in it, carefully pressed the base of the package into it, and imagining how pleased his servant would be, went to bed.

He rose early, as was his habit. In going to his flower-beds he passed through the kitchen. There stood Miss Ca'line Ward, holding the dripping bundle before her. Her face was rife with indignation. Her manner was belligerent her tone was challenging. "Ef I had de pusson heah dat did dat, I'd empty de kittle on 'em. I'd jes' like to know who put my new hat, dat I jes' bought, in de dish-pan. Dat I would. I'd scald em fo' shoo'."

Doctor Llanerk was accustomed to restraining his feelings and preserving a countenance that told no tales. He expressed strong sympathy. He promised that the matter should be in-

vestigated and the guilty person or the careless deliverer punished; then went among his flowers and actually rolled them flat while he laughed.

That day, when he returned from his professional visits, he carried to Miss Ca'line Ward, with his compliments, the most beflowered hat he could buy, and meekly requested the pleased negress to "scald him well."—*Charles McIlvaine, Lippincott's Magazine.*

* * *

*Flirtation, like polishing powder,
brightens up the spoons.*

* * *

**WHY A KANSAS FARMER DROVE SEVEN
MILFS TO A WELL.**

A DRUMMER whose business calls him to the sunflower state relates the champion drouth story of the season. "I was driving across the country to a little town in western Kansas the other day, when I met a farmer hauling a wagon load of water.

"Where do you get water?" said I.

"Up the road about seven miles," he replied.

"And you haul water seven miles for your family and stock?"

"Yep."

"Why, in the name of sense, don't you dig a well?"

"Because it's just as far one way as the other, stranger."

* * *

*It is not a difficult matter to se-
cure a woman's sympathy; all you
have to do is to get her to hate
some one you dislike.*

* * *

LARGE GOLD COINS.

THE largest gold coin now in circulation is the gold ingot or "loof" of Anam, a French possession in Eastern Asia. It is a flat round gold piece, and on it is written in Indian ink its value, which is about £65. The next sized coin to this valuable but extremely awkward one is the "obang" of Japan, which is worth about £10, and next comes the "benda" of Ashantee, which represents a value of about £9.

 The Home

 Department



*If a young man owns real estate
in a large city it is an easy matter
for him to find a girl willing to
share his lot.*

POT ROAST.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

If you wish it to be juicy and tender, you should select the meat for a pot roast as carefully as you do that which you roast in the oven.

The back part of the rump is most satisfactory as it is of finer grain than some other portions, and if it is to be eaten cold, it will cut in better slices.

People often ruin a pot roast by boiling it in too much water, only enough to barely cover the meat being necessary; and this should not be cold or lukewarm, but hot. The heat immediately closes the pores of the meat, and prevents the juices from escaping. As the water boils away, add a little more; and it is better to simmer gently, than to boil furiously. From three to four hours should be allowed to boil from four to five pounds of meat.

When done, remove from the stove, and set the meat away to cool in the liquor. It is well to put in a large, deep dish, and to pour the liquor over it. When cold this forms a jelly which keeps the meat juicy.

Meat cooked in this way is delicious sliced cold, for supper; or it may be eaten hot, if so desired. The jelly may afterwards be utilized for soup stock.

* * *

FRUIT PIES.

STONE and chop two cups new dates, add just water enough to cover, one cup coffee sugar, and

one-half cup stoned and chopped raisins. Let simmer gently until the dates are cooked, then remove from the fire, and stir in sufficient chopped English walnuts, pecan, or hickory nut meats to make quite thick. Line patty pans with rich puff paste, fill with uncooked rice or bread, and put on a crimp cover of the paste. Brush the tops with a little sweet milk, and bake in a quick oven to a pale brown. When done, let cool, remove the tops and rice filling, and when the fruit mixture is cool, put it in the shells and put on the tops again. Before serving place in the oven for five minutes. When properly made these are delicious.

* * *

PEACH ALMOND CAKE.

MAKE a light rich layer cake after any favorite recipe, and fill with the following mixture: Drain the syrup from two cups of fine, preserved peaches, chop the fruit very fine, mix with it one-half cup finely chopped almonds, and whip the mixture into the whites of two eggs beaten very stiff with four tablespoonfuls powdered sugar. Ice the cake with white icing flavored with almond extract, and before this becomes quite cold place a small candy peach in the center of the cake, and around it a circle of blanched almonds. This is a most delicious cake.

* * *

PRUNE PUDDING.

ONE-HALF pound of stewed prunes (with the juice drained off) pressed through a sieve. Add one cup of granulated sugar, and the stiffly

whipped whites of six eggs. Mix well and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven. Serve cold with whipped cream flavored with vanilla.

* * *

CARAMEL PUDDING.

BURN one cup of sugar until chocolate brown, dissolve this in one quart of hot milk, add a pinch of salt, and the yolks of five eggs well beaten. Turn into a pudding dish and bake in a pan of hot water in a moderate oven until firm. Whip the whites of the eggs until stiff with five tablespoonfuls powdered sugar, spread over the pudding and brown delicately in a slow oven.

* * *

CHICKEN SALAD.

Two cups finely minced white meat of chicken, two cups diced celery, and one-half cup of blanched and coarsely chopped almonds. Moisten with dressing made as follows: Mix together one teaspoonful each of salt and mustard, and one-half saltspoon of white pepper, stir into the well beaten yolks of three eggs. Beat all together, and add gradually one-half cup melted butter, and one-third cup lemon juice or vinegar. Cook in a double boiler until it thickens, then add the stiffly whipped whites of the eggs. Before serving, when cold, add one cup whipped cream. Garnish with whole blanched almonds and small celery plumes.

* * *

CELERY CROQUETTES.

WASH the celery and cut into one-half inch pieces. Cook it in boiling salted water until tender, drain in cheese cloth until dry, then bind together with a thick white sauce made by cooking together one tablespoonful butter, two of flour, and one cup of sweet milk. Season with salt and a dash of paprika, and spread on a plate to cool. Then shape into croquettes, dip in crumbs, then in egg, and again in crumbs, and fry in smoking hot fat, drain on unglazed paper, and serve at once.

* * *

CELERY SANDWICHES.

USE dainty little baking-powder biscuits freshly baked, but cold, or white home-made bread

for these sandwiches. Only the very tender part of the celery should be used and chopped fine and put in iced water until needed. Add a few chopped walnuts to the celery and enough mayonnaise dressing to hold them together; butter the bread before cutting from the loaf, spread one slice with mixture and press another over it. If biscuits are used, split and butter them. They should be small and very thin for this purpose and browned delicately.

* * *

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.

INTO a saucepan put a quarter of a pound of grated, unsweetened chocolate. Add four ounces of butter, a pound of brown sugar, a gill of molasses, a gill of cream and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Stir this over a slow fire until thoroughly mixed, and then boil it until it cracks when dropped into ice water. Turn into greased, shallow pans to the depth of half an inch and stand aside to cool. When nearly cold mark the caramels into squares.

* * *

SOFT CHOCOLATE FILLING.

MAKE layer cake as usual, using vanilla as a flavor. Bake in three layers. Dissolve one-half of a cake of Paris sweet chocolate in a half pint of boiling water. Keep on the stove until it is all melted, then add slowly one teaspoonful of cornstarch dissolved in a little milk, and one teaspoonful of granulated sugar. When it comes to a boil, set off and let it cool a few minutes, then spread between the layers of the cake. This is much better than a hard filling.

* * *

SWEET POTATO WAFFLES.

MIX well together two heaping tablespoonfuls of mashed sweet potatoes, one of melted butter, one of sugar, a little less than a pint of sweet milk, four heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder, a little salt and the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Oil the waffle iron well and bake to a delicate brown. Serve with maple syrup or honey cream sauce. This sauce is made by beating one cupful of comb honey cut into small bits, into one pint of whipped cream.

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IV.

FEB. 1, 1902.

No. 5.

TRANSMUTATION.

BY SISTER ADALINE HOHF BEERY.

GREAT, splendid oak, the athlete of the wood,
Whose foliage like a graceful toga falls
About thy thick brown limbs, whence comest thou?
" My mother, Nature, with fine chemistry
Mixed my proportions; part of me is earth,
The common loam that makes us near of kin;
The skipping raindrops patting all my leaves,
And searching all my farthest rootlets out,
With dews ambrosial of cool summer dawns,
Part of my texture be; the truant airs
Of breeze and tempest blow me of their life,
And threads of sunshine wrap my inmost heart."

Superior soul, walking the breezy hills,
Whose glances like a benediction fall
On body-bound earth-people, whence art thou?
" Out of the soil of compact circumstance,
Deluged and washed with troubles' overflow,
With principle unbent by insolent winds,
Refreshed by dews of kindly patronage,
Clothed with the Sun that burst the firmament,
I grew." Ah, sprung from what environment!
And we, with like luxuriant power endowed,
Nod wantonly as thistles in a field,
Or like the night-shade throw our bane about,
Using the elements to foster sin
Instead of building with a prophet's care,
A straight, good man—God's most expressive thought!
Huntingdon, Pa.

✦ ✦ ✦

FOREWORD.

BY SISTER MARY GRACE HILEMAN.

THE 'NOOK is in the hands of the sisters this week. We made a book that showed we could cook, and all the world that has it is trying this one's cake, and that one's pies. This issue of the magazine wouldn't have been possible twenty-five years ago. It is easy now, because of our schools, our advancement along the lines of good literature, and the great interest in things that go to help others.

Nobody expects that these writers are all of the same skill or common ability, but the fact that it is possible without urging and help shows a very commendable spirit abroad in the land. It is not believed that an equal number of men could do more than as well if they tried. The editor tells me that if they think they could they can have it for a week.

Things of this kind are sometimes attempted, but are "cooked up" to suit the management. Not so this time. The writers did the thing to a turn themselves, and asked no odds—so says the management. What do you think of it?

About fifty women have had a hand in the making of this week's issue, and whether they have done it well or not is before you for a verdict. It is a fact that there are just as good writers for the 'Nook among women as among men. Naturally enough, the "eternal feminine" of all of it crops up all the way through, but in the main we take it to be a very creditable piece of work. It is unique, and has never been hitherto attempted, at least not with success.

It may interest our readers to know that a much larger number of contributions were received for this issue than could be used, and they were good material, but arrived too late to be of service, though they will be printed later on. The editor requests me to say the next number of the INGLENOOK will contain his ideas of the present issue, and that it will be to the point all will agree. Finally, the whole matter is before the reader. He can see, beyond a doubt, that the women of the church can write, and that they will write where they are interested. How well they have done it is not for us to say, but if it is thought that it can be bettered, the opportunity is doubtless to be had of the editor for the asking.

Elgin, Ill.

CAMP LIFE IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY SISTER D. L. MILLER.

IT really seems but yesterday that arrangements for our first journey through Palestine were completed. And, in looking through the glasses of a woman, who by nature is not of the daring or venturesome sort, I am made to wonder why my consent was ever given to be one of a party who should make a twenty-one days' tour, on the back of a horse, camping by the way, to journey through the Holy Land. But I did consent and to this day have never regretted so doing.

Our dragoman—or guide—was a large and strong man, one who impressed us with the feeling that we could rely upon him with impunity. The dragoman provided the camping outfit, also, food and articles of comfort necessary for the company under his charge, and we learned afterwards that his task was no light or easy one.

Now all that was left for us to do was that of selecting one's own horse and saddle, and that meant a great deal more than one might at first thought imagine. Horses were brought by their owners to a certain place for the tourists' inspection, and such a lot of poor animals I am sure you never set eyes upon. Many were sore-eyed, sore-backed and lame. Everybody was anxious to provide himself with a strong and good trotting horse, and also to have a saddle which fit nicely upon the horse's back, and was comfortable to sit upon as well. As a party of tourists—eighteen in number—we left Jerusalem in rather low spirits. It was the season of latter rains, and never did I see water from the clouds come down faster. We were illy prepared for rain storms, and a good soaking was our portion. This then was our introduction to discomforts, and each day brought with it much to be endured. Locating camp we learned but very little about, for the servants and camp outfit always went ahead, they to set up the tents and have things in readiness for the tired and weary company. Each person knew his tent by the number painted upon it, and, in a very short time after dismounting, we found a resting place. I was always tired, never rested. This, however was the general complaint of all the ladies and a glance at their webegone-looking faces told the story.

The settling of a camp of tourists was always a very great attraction for the lazy natives, who gathered in crowds sitting in stooping postures and watching every movement of the tourists. Many times they proved nuisances when it became necessary for the dragoman to order them to leave the camp.

The tents used in our camp seemed of extra good canvas and for comfort and beauty too were lined with heavy cotton cloth, upon which had been sewed red calico cut in some fanciful design. Upon entering our tent for the first time we were strongly impressed with its cheerful look. The lining of these canvas homes reminded us very much of quilts belonging to our ancestors, and we remarked, "Where did they get their quilts for decorating purposes?"

In each tent were found all necessary toilet appliances for the comfort of tired and weary men and women. Our bedsteads were iron with springs and mattresses on them. The bedding seemed new and clean, which fact pleased us greatly, for we had a horror of sleeping in beds where vermin had sway.

The nights were damp and chilly, and fresh air in the tents was plentiful. One of the most uncomfortable things to be endured by myself, was the lack of bed covering, and as a result of this sleep did not always come to me at the proper time. Those were not the days of the hot water-bottles, that greatest of conveniences of the traveler. After substituting glass wine bottles for the rubber sort, I found my comfort was tenfold greater and sleep came without coaxing.

One tent was used expressly for a dining tent, and was lined with the same sort of cotton cloth and red calico as was the rest of the tents. It was large enough to hold a table around which eighteen people could be seated comfortably. Rugs were spread in all tents making it quite comfortable to our feet. Only at meal time were we in the dining tent. The dragoman's large chest stood in it and he stood guard over the chest because the silverware, and valuables belonging to the tourists were placed in it for safe keeping. This chest was the bed upon which the dragoman slept night after night, during the entire journey through the Holy Land.

Our cook was a man. Women are never employed there as servants. His kitchen was usu-

ally the open air, but sometimes a small tent was carried along for that purpose. His cookstove was an odd-looking thing, being a long shallow box of sheet-iron, with a perforated, grate-like bottom, and six legs which could be folded up. The fuel was charcoal. It was put in large sacks and carried upon the backs of mules and donkeys. So large were the sacks of charcoal that they nearly overbalanced the animals, threatening to topple them over.

Excellent meals were cooked upon those odd-looking stoves and upon coming into camp our appetites were sharpened by the odor of cooking meats and vegetables, and the desire for the evening dinner bell to ring grew exceedingly great.

Camp was usually broken up while we were at breakfast, and you can imagine our surprise at finding tents struck and baggage and all loaded upon the backs of mules when we appeared after the meal. Many times our belongings had not been gathered together preparatory to moving, yet, to our certain knowledge nothing of ours was ever lost or stolen, and, upon arrival in camp we were sure to find everything in place in our tent.

The last loads to leave a camping placé were usually camp stools and table furniture, and then came the time for us to mount our horses and be off. In taking a glance over the grounds one could seldom see any signs of camp left other than the ashes which the cook had cleaned out of his cooking stove before it had been folded up for removal to the new camping place. This was the daily process, and was only changed when an earlier or later start was ordered.

The dragoman had full management of all the affairs of the camp, and it was he who instructed the servants as to where each camping place was to be located. One thing in particular was studied and that was an easy access to water, pleasant surroundings for the company were likewise taken into account. Very often the distance between camping places is very great and I have a very vivid recollection of having been in the saddle ten hours in one day, stopping only long enough to eat our noonday luncheon, so ten hours between points means a wide stretch of country to be traveled over in one day.

It would be hard to give a detailed account of the many pleasures enjoyed while on this journey,

so likewise would it be hard for me to enumerate the many discomforts connected with a twenty-one days' horseback ride through the roughest of rough roads. There was one pleasure in the which every woman took an active part, and that was shedding of tears. They were indulged in somewhere along the line of march and at different stages of the journey. You need not be surprised at such a statement for there were many things transpiring daily to bring even the bravest woman to tears. Horses were at times hard to manage, being frisky and tricky. They are very sensible animals and when they had enough of carrying their burden would sometimes seek a mudhole in which to lie down, very much to the discomfort of the lady and unexpectedly too.

Rivers deep and wild were forded which gave us concern as to how we might protect our feet and skirts from the water which seemed likely to reach them. Roads so stony that horses went stumbling along for hours sometimes falling, sending the rider headlong, only to arise with bruised face and blackened eyes. One lady was so unfortunate as to break a limb, and was tied several days on the back of her horse, riding backward because it were better so. All of the above things and more were counted in with the discomforts of a journey through the Holy Land.

Mt. Morris, Ill.

* * *

**MY ADVICE TO A YOUNG GIRL IS, BE YOUNG,
AND BE SWEET.**

BY SISTER N. J. ROOP.

REJOICE in your youth and cling to it, for it will never return, "do not chafe against the guide of your youth," but keep your young heart free from resentment, and your face from frowns. Be thankful that you are care free and in possession of all that makes life worth living. Do not burden yourself with costly trappings. Let those come later. Do not fib about your age. No one cares how old you are, and deception in the matter only makes you contemptible.

Be sweet, personally, socially, morally, and spiritually. Personally, by the strictest attention to cleanliness in person and clothing. It is not necessary that your face be beautiful in order to

be sweet, as *goodness* or *kindness* makes any face sweet. Cultivate a sweet expression, not the affected smile, but genuine loveliness. When you stand before the glass to adjust your hat, notice carefully how that mouth sets, and the forehead, too. See if there are perpendicular furrows between the brows. You cannot lay them off with your hat.

Be sweet socially, beginning at home. You are free from the cares that burden your parents or guardians, who minister to your needs, and it is your duty to give them all the comfort that a sweet-tempered girl can; awaken an interest in them to life by keeping them acquainted with all the pleasant incidents that come to you while you are away from them. You are mistaken if you think that they cannot take an interest in your youthful joys. They will, and in turn give many an interesting account of incidents in their young days; and this, too, will make the younger members of the family love you, and the happiness of all will be increased by sociability.

And in school or among your young associates do not show too much partiality. Be careful to see to it that the over-diffident ones are not neglected. Of course everyone has particular friends, but they are for your private company, and it is very unkind to show all the attention to *one* in public, when others have a claim upon you—and if the humblest man in the community lifts his hat to you, reward him with a kind word and a smile. It will be a blessing to him and reflect one on you. Be candid, as nothing will endear you to your associates more than candor.

Be sweet morally. Abstain from slang and rough words, and above all from repeating vile stories. If anyone tells you a bad tale, just try to get it out of your mind, and you will find that no easy task; but don't try to get rid of it by polluting another's ears. Don't ever say you are pleased to death, or worried to death, tired to death. It is a form of exaggeration that is very common, yet very improper. Words lose their meaning when so used. The words awful, horrible, terrible, etc., have no meaning as used in common conversation, and grate on the ears of refined persons. Say what you mean and use only those words that express the matter plainly, leaving off superfluous phrases.

Be sweet spiritually by "remembering thy Cre-

ator in the days of thy youth." Never pronounce the sacred names except in praise or prayer. There never was a time when it was not a sin to take those names in vain, and it grates painfully on the ears of refined and pious persons. Never ridicule anyone's religion, but you cannot be better employed than in comparing the different religions with the words of your Savior. That will be of lasting benefit to you. Be sweet in the sight of God as well as in the sight of man. So shall you be forever blessed.

Warrensburg, Mo.

* * *

THE SHADY SIDE OF CITY LIFE.

BY SISTER J. EDSON ULERY.

I FEEL my inability to write upon this subject, but with a limited knowledge will give you some idea of what the majority of the people in the large cities have to endure, and how they live. If the readers of the 'Nook were to undergo it for a year, they would rebel against the thought of it.

The people who have a way of making a livelihood, commanding from \$12 to \$20 a week, live in flats ranging from the first floor to the fifth and sixth, which means the ascent of five flights of stairs ere those who live in the top flat can enter, for which they pay from \$10.00 to \$15.00 per month rent. Not a foot of ground is theirs. When they get to the ground they are on the street, and that is everybody's, and nobody's after all.

There are as many as nine families have their exit to the street through the same hallway. Yet there are families that live side by side for months (the doors by which they enter their flats not more than four or five feet apart) that do not exchange words with each other. The poorer class, that do not have regular work, are crowded in smaller quarters. Some have three, some two, and some only one large room to live in, and are generally a class of people who care not what comes or goes. All the energy and ambition they ever had has been crushed out of them. The main reason that they cannot get work is that they do not have a particular trade. A "Jack of all trades" is not needed, hence he is soon laid off. Then they spend what they have

learned for liquor to drown their troubles. The rooms they occupy are in disorder, dirty, and filthy. The mother and children correspond to the same.

I call to mind one woman, a widow, with two little girls, aged two and four years respectively, living in three rooms. The kitchen was large, the two bed rooms quite small. The bed rooms in all flats are so small that when you get a bed in them you have barely room to get around it. I do not think she used liquor, but was dispirited and did not know how to do any work neatly, hence when she was employed a few times at a place she was dismissed. She became discouraged, ill-natured and permitted herself to go un-empt. The children were the same. She did not know how to care for what she did earn. When you called you would find the floor dirty and pieces of bread strewn about, and yet she would plead poverty. This is a sample of the slums, except that liquor is indulged in.

I hear you say, "What can you do for them?" They would not know how to use what would be given them. The only thing we can do is to mingle with them, try to gain their children and teach them a better way. If the people can be got on a higher plane of living it would be half the victory. This can not be done in a day. You can work and work and think you are accomplishing nothing, but I believe we do not always reap what we sow. Others may live to see what we longed to see.

Now a little about their amusements and pleasures. The children gather on the street and play games. Here all classes of children are thrown together, and it is almost impossible to bring up children in the right way and permit them to associate with all other classes of children. During the summer season the city has arranged to give the poor children two weeks in the country, and also a sail up the Hudson once a week. It is not supposed that the same persons go every week, but that everyone has the privilege. You get a ticket, which is given, and this will entitle you to a place on the barge, a pint of milk and a few lemon crackers in the forenoon and afternoon. This, with your lunch, makes all the refreshments needed. The barge leaves the pier in the morning between eight and nine and reaches Excelsior Grove, a sail of some twenty miles, soon after

twelve, where we all go ashore, climb the hills, quench our parched tongues with the cool spring water and eat our lunch. We have about two hours here. When the whistle sounds the time to return all must come on board the barge, and soon we are rocked on the bosom of the Hudson. The sail home is grand, and we arrive between five and six. We have enjoyed this sail many times with a number of the mission friends. The different homes in the city that care for orphans and poor children give them an outing by chartering as many cars as are needed and going to some beach or seashore to spend the day. All the different Sunday schools give the children an outing during the summer season. The *New York Evening Journal* gave the poor children an outing, by taking a carload once a week to some seashore to spend the day. This they certainly enjoy. Much more could be said and yet I could not make you realize the true condition unless you can visit them personally.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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WHY I LOVE MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

BY SISTER ANNA M. MITCHEL.

LIVING under the shadow of a mountain all her life, and on the ancestral farm which has been the home of the family for four generations, it is not remarkable that the writer loves her mountain home. The associations incident to such an environment have a tendency to endear the spot. But aside from all this, the mountain possesses attractions which appeal to all lovers of beauty in nature.

For those who never saw a mountain it is almost impossible to so describe with pen as to make their grandeur and beauty definable. For those who have seen them it requires few words to bring to mind the huge mass of rock and earth, covered with trees and shrubbery, that rises in solemn majesty and stands guard over the valley below. Those who see a mountain for the first time are usually filled with wonder and admiration. To those to whom the mountains are a daily and familiar sight, they never grow old nor monotonous. Each season shows forth its handiwork in rendering the mountain an ever varied and changing picture.

The beautiful Cumberland Valley is walled in, as it were, by the two mountain ranges, known as the North and South mountains. Living near the North mountain the writer has had ample opportunity to view them in their various moods.

The Rocky mountain native and the Mt. Popocatepetlean would probably regard a Pennsylvania mountain with derision. Nevertheless, among all mountains the North mountain is the writer's favorite and on it we take our stand. This mountain possesses charms both of a practical and an æsthetical nature.

A thick growth of timber of many varieties covers it. The delicious huckleberry grows here in abundance. Springs of clear, cold water bubble out from the rocks. The loveliest of ferns flourish amid the rocks. Here grows that most charming and fragrant of spring flowers, the trailing arbutus, also the laurel bush with its glossy, green leaves and beautiful blossoms. A climb up the mountain gives one a magnificent view of the valley spread out like a picture.

Forest fires are frequent, often doing much damage to the timber on the mountain. It is a thrilling sight at night to view from the valley the fiery element extending along the mountain side for miles, sometimes, and resembling a huge, fiery serpent.

In midwinter, when covered with a dazzling coat of snow, with the skeleton trees outlined in black on its snowy surface, the mountain is an impressive sight. It stands as an unyielding barrier of protection over the valley below, and to some extent shuts out the cold winds of the north. It fills one with awe to gaze upon its rugged and majestic proportions and think of the centuries that it has stood thus, looking over the valley. One could almost imagine it as saying, Men may come and men may go, but I stand here forever.

When the warm days of spring come, then a faint tinge of green appears on the mountain. Gradually this deepens and increases until finally the whole mountain stands forth arrayed in living green of every shade, but all blending together in one harmonious whole. Through the hot days of summer, when the valley is parched and dry, the mountain presents a green and inviting appearance.

It is in autumn, however, when the frosts come, that the mountain looks its best. Usually in October occurs what might be called the festival of the foliage. Of every color and shade, from deepest orange and crimson to brightest scarlet, interspersed with the dark green of the pines, the mountain resembles an immense bank of flowers. For a brief period its glory lasts, then silently but surely fades away.

The autumn rains and storms come and the mountain is stripped of its gorgeous covering and left bare and brown, until covered with the snows of winter again.

Newburg, Pa.

✦ ✦ ✦

OUR COLLEGES AS MATCHMAKING PLACES.

BY SISTER HATTIE YODER GILBERT.

ARE our colleges match-making institutions? So they have been called by some; and judging from the number of students who go out from them and marry, the name does not seem so inappropriate.

This subject has its amusing features, but we leave them for former collegiates to reflect upon at their leisure, for it is the earnest side we wish to consider, earnest because of the fact that young people are continually going out from our schools and committing matrimony, earnest because of the unhappy results and life-long misery of an unfortunate marriage.

Among our acquaintances we count sixty-six couples who first met at college. Sixty-six young men and as many young women actually fell in love at school. Does this mean sixty-six happy homes? The writer vouches for one, and doubtless the other sixty-five can say as much. Do you wonder why so many college matches? Look about you and note how many times the young people of your community are to be found together in society. They meet at church, at social gatherings in the neighborhood, in the town, at the district school, until ere long the friendship between some young gentleman and lady becomes intimate, and a wedding is the result.

This is true all over our country everywhere, and why should it not be true at school? It occurs oftener there because the college brings together a greater number of young people than

are found in a neighborhood. Day by day they are thrown together in society. They put forth united efforts for the preparation of programs, etc., and thus the duties of a young man and woman may be for a time largely the same. This, with their other school work in general, suggests subjects for conversation interesting to both. Everyone who has seen students together knows how easy it is for them to converse, their only trouble seeming to be to know when to stop talking. In this way each one is likely to find a nature congenial to his own, and as naturally as water runs down hill they sooner or later find themselves talking on more serious and personal topics. Should this be favorably considered, everybody knows the end of the whole matter.

Did the college make the match? In a sense, Yes. In another, No. It is responsible in that it brings together so many young people, and that from the very nature of school work the opportunities for association are increased. However, these students have done only what hundreds of others who never attended college did. They have found their dispositions congenial and conducive to a happy life together, for if they are truly honest they have not married because of some petty fancy, each having found in the other a perpetual fortune which consists of intelligence, industry and geniality of soul. They have one faith, one aim, and Heaven has made their spirits one before so pronounced in public. He who is true to self admires the noble character of his friend, and he who marries not for beauty of soul marries not as God intended.

Let none infer that we believe in young people attending our colleges for the purpose of securing a life companion. Far from it. If a young man or woman does not attend for the intellectual and religious culture to be obtained there, better not go at all.

Daleville, Va.

* * *

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TEACHING IN CITY AND COUNTRY SCHOOLS.

BY SISTER EMMA CARSTENSEN.

THESE observations must necessarily be confined to one county in Pennsylvania and the Gem

City of Northern Illinois. But what is true of the schools in these places is perhaps generally true of the schools all over our country.

In the Keystone State the first requisite is a certificate received from the County Superintendent after passing a satisfactory examination in the prescribed branches. The certificate, with a written application stating what particular school is desired, is presented to the Board of Directors. This is usually done at a meeting appointed by the directors. The applicants withdraw and the election takes place. The successful candidates are called in and are asked to sign an agreement. One of the conditions of this agreement is that the teacher will scrub, or cause to be scrubbed, her schoolroom a certain number of times during the term.

The next step is to find out which of the patrons holds the key. Having obtained this precious property, the teacher elect goes to the schoolhouse, unlocks the door, walks in, looks around and says, "I am monarch of all I survey." If the previous teacher was considerate and left the room in a good condition, all that is necessary to begin the new life may be to clean down the cobwebs. Or, if the school is in one of the little mining towns where the boys feel it their duty to throw a stone through every window pane during the summer, the struggle with stones and broken glass may prove an interesting task.

The first day of school comes. The teacher, of course, is there bright and early. About eight o'clock the children begin to come. They are timid and bashful. Drusilla after answering a few questions musters up courage enough to tell the teacher about her new dress. Grandma bought it for her and wanted it made one way, but Aunt Jane made it and she made it this way.

By nine o'clock the teacher has the problem before her and is generally left to solve it as best she can. The County Superintendent pops in once during the term to make his observations. If the teacher is energetic she may sometimes induce some of the parents and even one or more of the directors to visit the school.

As the teachers in most of these district schools are changed every year, and each teacher grades according to her idea of success, the

new teacher generally requires about one month to get the school thoroughly classified and in good working condition.

She has all grades and of necessity many classes. This makes her time for recitations short. But as the classes are usually small good results may be obtained.

Here in Elgin after passing a satisfactory examination and paying the County Superintendent one dollar he gives what is called a license to teach. An application blank provided by the Board of Education is filled out. Unless there is a shortage of teachers the name is put on the substitute list. When any of the regular teachers for any reason is unable to teach a call is made on one of the substitutes. Her work is inspected by principal and superintendent and if the teaching qualifications are apparent she will be hired as a regular teacher when there is a vacancy. When once a position is gained it may be held so long as the work proves satisfactory. The present superintendents are wide awake, hard workers. And while abundant opportunities for improvement are given the teachers are held accountable for those opportunities.

Each teacher has two classes, varying from fifteen to thirty in a class. Each room is provided with a course of study which tells just what is expected of each class. The teacher is completely hedged about and with the assistance of principal and superintendent is required to fill her niche. The teachers of each grade are given opportunities for visiting the best teachers in the grade and occasionally grades above or below, so that the schools of the entire city are kept in touch almost as if taught by one teacher.

The rooms are finished in hard wood with oiled floors. They are heated, ventilated, swept, dusted and in every way cared for by the janitor.

On the day the school month ends the report is made out and sent to the principal, who in turn sends her report to the Board of Education. On a certain day of each month the board issues the checks, and on the following day every teacher gets what belongs to her.

Some advantages belong to the city school, and some to the country school. A good conscientious teacher will do much good in either,

while an indifferent one will squander golden opportunities.

Elgin, Ill.

* * *

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A DOCTOR'S WIFE.

BY SISTER FELICIA E. SHAFFER.

It means, first, that she needs have a good deal of the elastic quality in her nature. That is, her peace of mind will often depend upon her ability to adjust herself quickly and easily to different surroundings, environment, and emergencies. When the doctor's family move into a community it means that the wife's social status is that of the wife of a professional man. She is thereby advantageously brought into contact with the culture and social caste of the place. She needs therefore to be a woman of refinement and culture, and right here if she be one of our own Tunker faith she needs be strong of purpose to avoid the whirlpool of fashion. As the wife of a physician she has the advantage of meeting and associating with the learned of the various professions, and happy is she can she meet them upon an intellectual level. Aside from this she comes into daily contact with the various and manifold afflictions of humanity in general. This means a patient ear, a sympathetic heart and sometimes her own personal ministrations.

She must be an expert housewife to keep household affairs from getting into a hopeless jumble. The care of house and family devolves almost entirely upon her, as the income of the average doctor will not permit the expense of servants, and she needs often do the family washing, serve substantial meals on short order at all hours of day or night, for the doctor is a hungry man. This with broken hours of rest makes the house affairs a problem at times. Upon social occasions in her home she needs frequently perform the duties of both host and hostess in case the doctor is suddenly called away. It further means that she is deprived very much of her husband's society. In times of much sickness, there is only the occasional coming home for a few hours' rest or something to eat, and then there is the anxiety for husband's safety on dark nights when the storm king holds carnival, or when the intense cold would fain induce the traveler into the eternal slumber, or perhaps

death is stalking about in the form of pestilence. It means that often, even into the hours of the morning, she sits by the fireside too anxious to sleep, and should the 'Nookman in his night vigils for genius conceive the idea of the possibility of an article from the pen of a doctor's wife, then there is trouble in a new quarter.

Yes, the life of a doctor's wife is full of alternating lights and shadows, only sometimes when adversity overtakes, or health fails, and sickness enters the home, the shadows deepen.

Morrill, Kans.

* * *

FRONTIER LIFE ON THE DAKOTA PLAINS.

BY SISTER CELIA C. BONSAACK.

IN the first place this narrative will be limited to recent years. For the frontier on the plains of thirty years ago is far too far back for my appreciation. The experience of the years we have met has fully satisfied us with the present.

We arrived here in the spring of '96—the wet season—and of course the prairies were very wet. Thousands of ponds and lakes dotted the country over. When we were at length permitted to see our claim, or our future home, which was but a handful of dry prairie grass bunched up on the broad and seemingly boundless prairie save one house a couple miles to the southwest there was not a settler, shanty, stack or board for ten or fifteen miles around. Things were new enough for a young woman with three small children (not accustomed to such life) to do her share toward making a home on the plains? We were twenty-five miles from town, and for many miles a trackless prairie between us and town. Coming from town to our home we were often far into the night in reaching home. Some of the 'Nook readers, I know, are not able to imagine my feelings when night would overtake us many miles from our destination. The children tired, hungry, and sleepy, from the long

ride, and all of us perched upon the top of a load of household goods, lumber or something of the kind, and have to drive a team of wild mules which I would trail behind the team my husband drove. Sometimes the mosquitoes were so numerous we could but little more than breathe for them, to say nothing of the worry they were to the children and the team. Then fancy yourself trying to guide a team of heedless mules while they turn from the trail and bouncing you over stones, badger dens and ditches, scattering you over the prairie half broken to pieces! Such has been my experience with them on the plains.

Our first home was a neat little sod house, twelve by fourteen inside, one door, two windows, a roof of poles and hay over it with thin sods to keep the hay in place. In this house were four weary travelers begged for lodging over night, and insisted on giving me a dollar for the hospitality; a bed of hay on the ground floor! We are located on the bank of a beautiful lake half a mile wide by eight or ten miles long. Though the prairie is level here there was not a neighbor's shack in sight. We did not get lonesome, for we had so much work to do and the wild geese, ducks and water fowl kept up a chattering all night. We captured a brood of young wild geese which were very interesting pets. We have often seen wolves and antelopes not far from our house.

A few more words lest this will reach the waste basket. With all the hardships and trials, nature seems to lend a helping hand. This great plain is almost a continuous flower garden in summer season, beautiful red lilies, wild daisies, ox-eye-daisies, crocus, golden-rod, etc. Many changes now greet our eyes, shacks with neighbors, and cultivated fields, better buildings, big crops to repay us for our hardships, privation and toil. I wish the dear 'Nookers could see our home now, or the picture we had taken on New Year day of our home, and then the one of the feeble start six years ago.

Rock Lake, North Dakota.



NATURE



STUDY

CHILDHOOD DAYS.

BY SISTER SARAH REESE EBY.

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
As fond recollections present them to view."

AND one of the pleasantest memories of all, is of the days when, happy and care free, I ran over the farm with my dear old father, listening to the many interesting stories of bears, Indian warfare, and the ever-new story of the "Blue Dog," a pet of his, in his young days. No one could excel my father in story-telling, and the tales had been repeated to us so often that we came to know them by heart, and would correct him instantly if he varied the *slightest* in the narrative. Then, when the day's work was done, we gathered on the front porch and raised our voices in glad song, while through the dreamy twilight came the dear notes of night birds, crickets, frogs and owls, and the mingled scent of roses and the honeysuckle that clambered over the porch came faintly to our nostrils. Happy childhood days, how glad and yet how fleeting.

We "were seven" and the dear mother must be helped to bear the load, so we had many light tasks to perform, and *all* days were *not* sunshine. But childhood griefs, while sharp, are but the trials of a moment, and so we moved along, each day forgotten as the next began.

Many and varied were the pets upon which we lavished our affections. There were dogs, cats, birds, young rabbits, and last, but not least, a tiny polecat, as glossy and beautiful as one could wish to see. He was harmless and gentle, but when aroused would fly around and back up against you, plainly showing his mode of warfare. He ran away at last, and we mourned him sincerely until new friends came to occupy his place. Five gray squirrels that bit and ran from us were these friends, and it took several weeks to show them they had nothing to fear from us. They took up their abode in an unused cupboard in the woodshed, and they would chat-

ter and scold at anyone who came near. We would find them curled up in the mending-basket and all kinds of queer places. They would climb on the chairs, and from there leap onto your shoulder, and talk in their lively manner. When fall came, the squirrels left for the woods, but the following summer one of them came back and being frightened by the dog ran off again, and we saw them no more.

"Jim," a glossy crow, was a dear pet, and, by the way, no more interesting pets can be found than these same fellows. But,—mischievous,—yes, none more so! Anything small that could be carried off and hidden, straightway disappeared. Sitting on the window sill one day Jim talked and talked, meanwhile keeping an eye on the silver thimble I wore, and when, in a pause in my work, the crow flew with it to the top of the barn, and only by pelting him with stones could I persuade him to drop it. In the morning, when the windows were opened upstairs, Jim always flew in and strutted up and down before the mirror, talking and evidently admiring himself immensely. And he never failed to pull all the pins from the cushions and drop them out on the porch roof. Anything else small and movable went with the pins. One day he went with mother to gather the lettuce, and he watched the proceeding closely and when she was safely out of sight he gravely pulled up all the young cabbage plants, and then flew contentedly away. For this act he was condemned to death, but before the sentence could be put into execution he fell into the slop barrel and was drowned. And amid loud lamentation he was buried by the small members of the family. And no crow ever had a nicer shroud or coffin, nor had a more touching sermon preached over him, than our "Jim."

Memories of other pets and other balmy days, of childhood sports and dear school friends crowd on, waiting to be told. But time and space forbid, and these scenes and times, so dear

to me, can but awaken a passing interest in others.

West Elkton, Ohio.

† † †

ANIMAL INSTINCT.

BY SISTER ALLIE EISENBISE.

YESTERDAY morning when our neighbor went out to feed his horse he found the lot gate open and the horse was gone. Rain had fallen during the night, so he could see her tracks very easily and thinking she must be somewhere near, in a neighbor's yard perhaps, he started to look for her. After tracking her for about three-fourths of a mile and not finding her he came back for his breakfast. After eating his meal he mounted his nephew's horse and started to follow the tracks again.

He owns a farm several miles from town and has been driving out there quite often, so thought there was where she had gone. He bought the horse last winter of a man here in town and so did not know where she had been raised. He could tell by the tracks she had gone in a lope and men that he asked, had seen her go by, and said she was going as fast as she could.

He tracked her until he had ridden fifteen miles south, to a little town, and being tired riding, and the horse he was riding was almost tired out, he put it in the barn and got a livery rig and started on the track again. After going ten miles farther he found her.

She had gone right for the old home where she had been raised, and the man had just tied her in the barn and fed her.

There were five colts she had raised, one a large mule. Is it any wonder she hunted her way back there again, and don't you think she was homesick, just as much as we are sometimes?

Our neighbor said it was a lonely farm and he told the man he thought he ought not sell a horse like that away from her home.

When they started home with her, all her colts (full grown now) whinnied after her and she for them.

She is in good hands now, and has a nice place, but it is not home.

Sabetha, Kans.

† † †

SODA SPRINGS.

BY SISTER ANNA BOWMAN.

IN a recent issue of the 'NOOK appeared a true description of "Montezuma's Well." I wish to tell of another of nature's freaks found a short distance from the well.

It is a small plot of ground surrounded by a clump of ash trees, where strong soda water bubbles and boils up constantly, forming a number of small springs.

The principal one, used for bathing, is not more than three feet in diameter, others are smaller. It is quite a pretty sight to watch the water and sand boiling up and the bubbles bursting on the surface, but the most interesting feature is when standing on the bank prepared for bathing, you leap into the water and instead of sinking find you have a hard struggle to keep yourself in the water as it buoys you up. You can not reach the bottom of the spring and so realize a peculiar sensation, that of standing on nothing and trying to remain on it.

The water is the proper temperature for bathing and the surroundings so delightful that altogether bathing in soda springs is both a pleasant and healthful exercise.

Camp Verde, Ariz.



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Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

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HOW AN AID SOCIETY IS MANAGED.

BY SISTER BLANCHE LENTZ.

To my readers who are well acquainted with the Brethren it is not necessary to explain that "new things" are usually thoroughly examined by them before they are condemned or approved. All can see the wisdom of this.

In many localities the 'Sisters' Aid Society is properly classed under the head of New Things and so comes in for its share of inspection. This was true in our congregation. There were few of us, but we were anxious to do something to help along some of the many branches of church work.

First, permission was obtained at a council meeting for conducting a Sisters' Aid Society. This was accomplished with little difficulty, though there were many things said that were not "spoken out in meeting." However, the brethren were willing for us to try, though they expected our attempt would be of short life.

We meet from house to house, once in two weeks in winter and monthly in summer. The dinner is donated by the hostess, each member present paying five cents to the treasurer of the

society for the same. It is not expected that the hostess make an elaborate spread, but provide only a simple meal. The officers are elected every six months and consist of a president, vice-president, secretary-treasurer and assistant.

The work of the society consists of making garments and selling them, as well as donating some, quilting quilts, knotting comforters, making caps, bonnets, etc. At present we are piecing quilts which we expect to donate to the Old Folks' Home.

Many who opposed us in the beginning are now our firm supporters. Even good causes, however, have their drawbacks. There is a possibility of the Aid Society being expected to meet expenses that ought to be provided for by the church as a body, through the church treasurer.

At each meeting all come as early as possible. Work begins with the arrival of the first members and each one is supplied as she takes her place in the circle of workers. During part of the time selections are read by one of the company from the *Messenger* or some book on religious life and work. Before the meeting closes there is a Scripture reading and prayer. Afterwards the business of the meeting is brought up, minutes of the previous meeting read, place of next meeting decided upon and plans for work, donations, etc., are discussed.

I believe that all who attend regularly feel that the time thus spent is a paying investment.

Herring, Ohio.

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PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

BY SISTER MARIA KURTZ.

"PRIDE goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." Pride of heart is one of the greatest evils we have in this world, for it keeps people striving for worldly honors, to the neglect of heavenly things. If all pride could be removed from the hearts of men there would be nothing to hinder the Spirit from revealing the truth of God to our hearts and minds, thus bringing us to the knowledge of his will. Humility is one of the noblest things of the Spirit of Christ in our hearts, for it seeks only to do and be what is good and true, but also because it is right and honors God.

Therefore, in order to live Christian lives we must exterminate the root of pride from our hearts, for Christ entreats us to "be clothed with humility, for he resisteth the proud but giveth grace to the humble."

East Akron, Ohio.

+ + +
ONWARD.

BY SISTER ALICE E. RIGLER.

THOSE who are on their way to heaven have no time to stand and gaze about. Their motto should be, "Holiness to the Lord." There is no standing still in this important work. We should be continually growing "in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ." The Christian who is in a lukewarm state is in a very dangerous condition, and we are afraid that the number of such at present is not very small.

What use is there in making a religious profession and not at least try to come up to it? It is but an injury to the cause. Such a one does no good for himself or anyone else. He is a stumblingblock to the world, and will have a hard time of it in the next life.

There is no such thing as souls standing still. Lives either go up or they go down. Neglected, they descend in the scale of moral value, lose their beauty and act as contagious deterrents among those with whom they come into contact.

There is but one remedy. It is to continually cultivate the higher life and the better side of our natures.

New Windsor, Md.

Is a person who repeats an untrue story equally culpable with the one who originates it?

Yes, if he is cognizant of the fact that the story is untrue.—*Sister Joseph M. Rowland, Hagerstown, Md.*

At what age should a young girl be allowed to receive company of the opposite sex?

It depends on the girl. The gentleman should not stay beyond the family's hour of retiring.—*Sister N. J. Roof, Warrensburg, Mo.*

Should a church member publicly confess a personal sin not affecting others?

If the heart is overburdened by a sin a public confession might be right and do good.—*Sister Susie M. Brallier, 928 Bedford St., Johnstown, Pa.*

Were there women teachers in early Christian times?

Not as public teachers, but this is not to be construed as meaning they did not teach privately, as they may, unquestioned, now do.—*Sister Sarah A. Sell, Newry, Pa.*

What qualities do women most admire in men?

Cleanliness, personally and about the house, good language, kindness, truth and an absence from the use of tobacco or intoxicants.—*Sister Mary Netsley, Batavia, Ill.*

All things being equal should a sister marry outside of the church?

I am inclined to think not. The common trials and difficulties of married life commend a community of religious belief.—*Sister Fannie Hersberger, Grantsville, Md.*

Does the sisters' garb worn in public ever really operate against the wearer in any desirable thing?

No. On the other hand it is a kind of safeguard against giddy and dangerous society. Our garb would not introduce us into questionable places of amusement. And when a young sister lets a worldly young man influence her to forsake her religion she is giving him power over her to lead her into any kind of trouble he chooses. I think our garb speaks for us strength of character, and commands respect and love from those who are worthy of our society.—*Sister Howard H. Keim, Ladoga, Ind.*

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Was St. Paul a married man?

No. St. Paul was not a married man.—*Sister George D. Zollers, South Bend, Ind.*

What disposition should be made of gold ornaments, a gold watch or the like, when presented by friends?

There are two ways. First by asking the donors to exchange the gold ornament or watch for something else. Second, by accepting the gift and laying it aside as a keepsake.—*Sister Edna Puterbaugh, Elkhart, Ind.*

WHY I LOVE MY PRAIRIE HOME.

BY SISTER LOIS NEEDLES.

FIRST because of its beauty and pleasures. Second, because of the healthful atmosphere. Third, because of its prosperity.

As many have never seen a prairie I will try and give a brief description of one. Just imagine yourself on a pony or in a buggy, riding out over a country that is one vast and apparently limitless stretch of green, dotted here and there with buttercups and daisies. And as you spin along the sunflower with its disk of yellow rays nods and bends in the breezes as though wishing you good luck and a good time. If you happen to be in a wheat belt there seems to be nothing but boundless acres of green or golden wheat as far as the eye can see.

As many live in mountainous countries they cannot appreciate the plains until they visit them or live there awhile.

In the spring and summer how beautiful the boundless area of green billowy prairie looks with its robe of blue grass rising, falling, swayed by the invigorating breeze, which gives new life and health to all it comes in contact with. Healthfulness is one of the most important features of a prairie home. There are not so many grumbly, grunty people here, who are always complaining of the "lung trouble," "back aches," etc. If one gets the blues or "down in the mouth" all he has to do is to go out in the balmy, bracing winds for a ride, and he will be sure to come back in high spirits.

One thing about Kansas, when people get discouraged and go to some other State to seek a home, they are almost always sure to come back to Kansas to live again. For prosperity is the cry of the State. Everything shows prosperity from the fine fat horses and milch cows grazing on the blue grass or clover, the big fat hogs in the pens that are so fat they can't stand up to eat, to the chickens, turkeys, geese, ducks and guineas that flock around the well-filled barns and granaries, growing fat for a Thanksgiving or Christmas roast.

When winter comes with its snow and ice, when the year's work has been laid aside, then is when the fun begins. The Jack rabbit and cot-

ton tails have to keep hid now, for some western boy or girl would be heartless enough to shoot them just for sport, and then they are good to eat also.

Besides hunting and horseback riding we have sleighing parties, skating, oyster suppers, etc.

All these and numerous other causes tend to make life on the plains a success. That's why I love my prairie home.

Wayside, Kans.

* * *

WHY I BELIEVE IN HYGIENIC FOODS.

BY SISTER AMANDA WITMORE.

ONE need not worry from meal to meal "What to cook," which is such a fretful question for many a housekeeper. Hygienic food is a *simple food simply cooked.*

Wheat, having in it the chief elements of the body, can and should make up the principal diet prepared and cooked in various ways. A wheat breakfast food, milk, eggs, good vegetables, various grains, occasional good beef, fish, fowl, all well cooked, seasoned simply, and an abundance of fruit will make up quite a list of simple, healthful foods.

Wheat being the chief food can in so many ways be home prepared that you may know it is not adulterated as in so many of the prepared foods. It is a satisfaction to know what you are eating.

The housewife's time need not be taken up with pies and pastries of endless, needless kinds, but the hygienic food gives the housekeeper time for recreation and storing the mind with useful knowledge.

Then it is the best food for children. They should not be fed on strong diet with much meats, fats, and sweets, or their organism will be weakened and they will grow up pale and sickly. I believe if the American people would all adopt the hygienic foods the generations would grow stronger and live longer than at present, and much suffering would be banished from these bodies of ours.

When using the hygienic foods a person will not suffer the ills and bad feelings, and, may I add, often ill humor if he happens to miss a meal at the proper time, as would a higher liver, especially one who is a habitual strong coffee drink-

er or a tobacco user. Anything we eat or drink and which we know to be hurtful to our bodies is a sin and we will have to pay the penalty. Our motto should be, "Whatever we do, whether we eat or drink, we should do all to the glory of God," and take care of our body which is the temple of God. It is not all in hygienic food to live a hygienic life. Caring for our bodies in various ways, in healthful dressing, healthful outdoor exercise, in moderate work, in even temper, cheerfulness, contentment, happiness—these and many more all go to make a hygienic, happy life.

McPherson, Kans.

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WILD FLOWERS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY SISTER NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

ABOUT the first of April the little white daisies begin to peep up at the sky, often covered with snow, in the lower altitudes of our mountainous State. In higher localities they do not blossom until later, according to the altitude. In some places the first blossoms do not appear until June. The daisies are abundant on hillsides and hill-tops nearly all over the State. But the number and variety of flowers that gladden our hearts in summer-time I cannot begin to describe. So will only mention a few by name.

The wild rose is a welcome guest in June; also the white primrose is abundant. A dainty variety of wild flax grows on the hills in some localities, and blossoms twice in one season. The elk-horn cactus is the most admired variety of early flowers. It grows on the eastern slope of the mountains, and blossoms in May and June. The plant grows about three feet high, is very thorny, and the blossoms are rose-red with thick petals and can be kept nicely a week without water after being taken from the plant. There are also other varieties of cactus which blossom. Then we have the dainty harebell, the bluebell, and the large white tulip, and a kind of dainty little pink, a small, low, purple flower that seems to love the sun exceedingly, and shows its beauty only when the sun smiles upon it. The wild clematis is a lovely vine, climbing up the rugged rocks and blossoming profusely.

The wild columbine is probably the most beau-

tiful flower of the high altitudes, growing upon Grand Mesa, in the vicinity of Cripple Creek, and elsewhere. They are larger and more beautiful at the former-named place. The plant, including seed stem, grows to a height of eighteen inches. This has several blossom stems, each of which has a cluster of blossoms. Some of the blossoms are as large as a teacup. They are snow-white with a golden center, sky-blue with a golden center. Some are a delicate pink, some pink shaded off to a sky-blue on the edge, some cream white shaded off to pink on the edge.

Other flowers are the sweet pea, honeysuckle, monkshood, the larkspur, the Indian pink, the wild cypress, and the glorious old sunflower; cleoma, or spider lily, thistle, golden-rod, geranium, violet, and many other flowers both familiar and unfamiliar to the plains. The larkspur grows as high as a man's head in the high altitudes, and is very abundant. It is poison to cattle, and causes death in a few minutes unless the animal thus poisoned is at once bled. But it is of short duration. The Indian pink is usually of a bright scarlet color, except in high altitude, where it may be either pink, red, purple or white. The wild cypress grows upon a plant about two feet high, has a number of long spikes, each of which is covered with dainty scarlet blossoms, the same shape as cultivated cypress. There is also a white and a pink variety, but they are rare.

In the highest altitudes the dainty little blossoms come out under the snow, and as it melts away, one can pluck them from beside the huge bank of snow. But few mountain flowers have any fragrance, the columbine being a delightful exception.

Among the most admired species of plant life among the great and rugged mountains are the dainty little ferns, which grow high upon the rocky cliffs, clinging close to their over-hanging sides, and thriving without soil, moisture or sunshine in any visible quantity. Most Colorado people are lovers of flowers, and many of them are like the flowers of their country, some wild and lacking refinement, but many of them highly cultured, possessing rare qualities of excellence, strong in faith, frugal, dauntless, courageous, long-lived, large-minded, full of resources, and able to climb to a generous height.

Canon City, Colo.

HUMMING BIRDS.

BY SISTER ANNA RUTH MYERS.

THIS little feathered fairy is a native only of America and adjacent islands. It is found in greater abundance among northern Andes between the parallels of ten degrees north and south of the equator and from there they gradually diminish in numbers.

It is the least of all birds, the largest not more than eight and one-half inches and the smallest two and three-eighths inches in length, yet there is none other so numerous in species, there being nearly six hundred distinct species known at present, none so varied in form nor so brilliant in plumage and so different from all others in their mode of life.

The vervian is the smallest specimen of the feathered life that is at present known to zoölogists. It is a native of Jamaica. The plumage is set closely to the body and possesses a very rich metallic brilliancy. It has been said by one author, "It is a glittering fragment of the rainbow," its plumage being so brilliant in color one would think the emerald, ruby and topaz all mingle and glitter together."

The male is always more gorgeously decorated than its mate. This little bird is much used for ornamental purposes. Thousands of them are killed every year and used in this way.

They surpass all other birds in rapid and graceful movements and they seem to possess all the gifts of other birds in more profusion, except the melodious voice. This they do not have.

It is said that one species sing some, but it is the only one, and it is a native of Jamaica. Their voice, as a general rule, is of a twittering character, not very loud nor musical, and its notes are varied according to the mood of the bird which utters them. One can detect anger, pleasure and alarm, for each call forth a peculiar expression.

Their general habits are in most respects similar to those of other birds, but they are mostly seen in the daytime, although there are some species that are only seen at dawn and just after sunset. Their flight is so rapid that one cannot follow them with the eye when they fly at full speed. It is very interesting to watch them as they flit from flower to flower, not remaining a

moment at one place, but darting hither and thither and never alighting, as one would think, to rest, for they seldom trouble themselves to perch when feeding, but suspend themselves before the flower they intend to feed upon and with their long, slender tongues are able to feed at ease. The legs of the humming bird are weak and delicate and the wings are proportionately strong and we may observe that by this combination it was intended for the bird to spend the greater portion of its time in the air. They are unable to progress upon the ground or any flat surface by means of their legs and feet alone. They are so distinct from other birds in their external structure and manner of flight that they present in every respect, except when resting, an appearance entirely peculiar to themselves. When resting they sit in a nearly vertical position, with head drawn down and feathers of the throat puffed out something in the manner of the swallow.

They seem to take great delight in arranging, stroking and preening their plumage, and they do it with neatness and activity. This bird can only be rivalled by the bird of paradise in the beautiful ornament of feathers which adorn the head; these in some species are very beautiful.

We can easily guess what their food consists of, since we see them flit from flower to flower. Yes, it is honey, in the main, but they also feed upon small insects. And in this manner of feeding from the flower they perform in the economy of nature the same office as insects, by transferring the pollen from one bloom to another and thus assisting in their fertilization. They are very easily tamed and show great confidence in one who seeks their friendship. Often they are tamed by placing honey where they can find it in some flower of a house plant or garden, and continue to do so every day and they will learn of this in a short time and before many days they will sip the honey from a flower held in the hand. Just try this; you will find it interesting. But they will not live long if confined and it is thought it is because they do not have enough exercise.

This little feathered fairy shows such a high order of intelligence, one would almost think it owned reasoning powers. This is shown more especially in the building and selection of location

of their nests, which are the most beautiful example of bird architecture.

They make them in different forms, but usually of the cup or turban shape. The material used consists chiefly of a pliant down, interwoven and strengthened by spider webs and often ornamented with pieces of moss lichen and small feathers. These are attached in many different ways, according to specie, and are very small—the weight of one being about twenty-four grains. Were you to peep in the nest at certain seasons you would find two white, oblong eggs, which sometimes weigh from five to three and one-half grains; but they are much larger than you would imagine, since the bird is so small. The period of incubation occupies twelve to fourteen days.

Astoria, Ill.

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THE MODEL HOME.

BY SISTER H. S. YODER.

THE Brethren as a fraternity are mostly farmers, so we will take the farmer and his wife as an illustration. The model farmer has his duties on farm and field, the wife in house and home. The horses are sleek and spry, the cows are well fed and produce a satisfactory income, the chickens and pigs have warm places to sleep and are fed well, the farm is an inviting one, the fields are clean of weeds and briar, and the buildings are in good repair. The wife keeps the house in order; clean and well-ventilated, a place for everything and everything in its place. It is also warm and cheerful. The meals are at regular hours, and there is a smile for husband and children, the same for the servants, and she is also ready to entertain strangers. The greeting will be rewarded by the smiling countenances of all that enter her home.

The model family is zealous of good works. This applies to Christian duties as well as to home and social duties.

The Sermon on the Mount is a primary lesson. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Having these blessings added unto them they will choose those that will tell for the most good. They will act freely in the duties of the church,

the home, and in society. Being directed with love and zeal, their influence will be a power for good. In the model home there will be no question as to going to Sunday school, but all will work together and be there on time. In the model home there will be pleasure for father, mother and children. There will be a home in which is plenty to eat, clean rooms, cheerfully lit up with bright lamps. Also will there be books and music.

The children are not restricted from attending places of entertainment unless it is contrary to Christian character. In the model family there need not be many restrictions, as love will reign. There will be great pleasure, too, in knowing that children would rather enjoy their evenings at home. Children learn important lessons by observation, so father's and mother's lessons will be learned to the joy of all in future life.

Rittman, Ohio.

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THE PROS AND CONS OF LIFE IN A CITY FLAT.

BY SISTER BARBARA CULLEY.

THE pros are what you consider before taking and include the advantages, real or imaginary. The cons come after, and include the disadvantages, which have the quality of uncompromising reality, especially the rent. If you have a very active imagination you may call it life, but it isn't. It is an expensive and unsuccessful imitation of life, where the world is made of wood and stone, and only in dreams do you "in the love of Nature, hold communion with her visible forms," hear the singing of free happy birds, the babbling of brooks and feel the sweet grass under your feet while you rest in the deep shade of a giant monarch of the wood.

A flat in the dictionary, is a floor of a house which forms a complete residence in itself, and one house will contain as many flats as floors, or more, according to the size of the building and the business sagacity of the architect—the more flats the more tenants and the more rooms to the flat the higher the rent.

In practical life a flat is the invention of—well, no matter whom, for the benefit of man, to be used for the purpose of getting money from

unfortunate people who seek a rest for the soles of their feet and the balance of their anatomy.

In good flats, as flats go, you will find polished hard-wood floors, which call for rugs instead of carpets; steam or furnace heat with a janitor to attend to it and the halls and stairs, which obviates the drudgery of keeping fires; hot and cold water without limit, which facilitates cleanliness; gas ranges with a moral like this: Practice economy against the day when the gas bill is presented, unless you are fond of startling effects; electric bells; and speaking tubes through which you can interview your caller and find out his business with you before you decide whether you are at home or not.

On the pro side of the flat question the drudgery of housekeeping is minimized and you can see, before taking, how much time you will have to devote to other interests, but if you forget to consider the flights of steps that figure in the "ups" and "downs," if you forget the family below who have a baby that does all its sleeping in the daytime, the family across the hall with an alarm clock that goes off at random, the family above who believe in early rising and have mastered the art of moving a minimum of furniture with a maximum of noise, if you have forgotten the family that keeps two big dogs in the basement and the other family that keeps a parrot, well, perhaps you can use some of the time when you are not rubbing your elbows black and blue from turning around in the dear cozy little flat in counting up the *cons* of the situation if you choose.

Chicago, Ill.

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THE MISSOURI MOCKING BIRD.

BY SISTER JOHN E. MOHLER.

WE are inclined to be somewhat vain of our numerous song birds, but chief among them is the genuine mocking bird. He is said to be even superior to the nightingale. There is nothing attractive in his appearance except his graceful manner and neat form. In color he is grayish brown above, and dull white below, while his quills are black, variegated with white. He is really distantly related to the plain and modest thrush.

The mocking bird is a very thoughtless house-keeper, building his nests in the trees and shrubbery around the house, or in low hedgerows — indeed almost anywhere that happens to be convenient at the time of nesting. The female lays from three to six eggs of a pale bluish green color blotched and spotted with yellowish brown.

While the energy of the mocker seems mostly devoted to song, when there are eggs hatching, or babies in the nest, they will protect them fiercely, as some gentle people when really aroused or angered will do. The birds feed upon berries, seeds, and insects, and are quite harmless in every way.

But his song is indescribable. He will imitate all other birds, and also the squeal of young pigs, the cry of cats, and will scare the chickens with the hoarse scream of a hawk. But usually, as I have heard him about our house or barn, he pours forth only the clear, beautiful melody which has made him so famous. While singing his favorite perch is a high, swinging tree branch, or the peak of a house, and he sits with head thrown back and throat distended, while his whole body vibrates in song. He is the embodiment of joy itself.

Thoreau's eulogy of the bobolink's notes is applicable in full to this charming bird. "It is as if he touched his harp within a vase of liquid melody, and when he lifted it out the notes fell like bubbles from the trembling strings. And the meadow is all bespattered with melody. Its notes fall with the apple blossoms in the orchard. It seems as if in that vase full of melody some notes sphered themselves and from time to time bubbled up to the surface, and were with difficulty repressed."

Warrensburg, Mo.

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A DAY IN A MAPLE SUGAR CAMP.

BY SISTER CORA KEIM.

SOMERSET County, Pennsylvania, with the adjoining county of Garrett in Maryland, produces more maple sugar than any other section of equal area in the world.

The water from which maple sugar is made is procured from the sugar maple. The trees are natives of this section, and grow like other forest

trees. They are generally large, and when in February the sugar season opens, the farmer goes from tree to tree with an auger and bores one, two, or three holes in a tree, the number depends on the size of the tree, about two feet from the ground and two inches deep.

The keelers, or other vessels used for catching the water, having been hauled out and placed at the different trees, the farmer places spiles in the holes he has made. The spiles may be patent ones made of tin, or wooden ones made of elder wood, but in either case resembling little troughs. Through this medium the water is conveyed from the tree to the vessel. There are patent buckets made now that can be fastened close to the tree and are used by some farmers and found to be very convenient.*

The water does not run out, as may be supposed, but on a good day it drops very rapidly. A bright, or at least a warm day, after a hard frost, is considered a good sugar day. The temperature being right the water drops at night as well as in day time. When the vessels are about full the men begin to haul the water to camp.

A good-sized building built of rough boards, in which the furnaces and tanks for holding water and syrup are, comprises the camp, and in this building the real sugar making is done. There is a large tank in the camp to hold the water as it is hauled in; and over a large furnace there is a pan in which the water is boiled until it makes a thick syrup.

For hauling the sugar water to camp a large cask, which holds three or four barrels, is used, and during a good run it is often necessary to employ several of these casks.

At one end of the camp, outside, there is a raised place upon which they drive, and from which, by means of a trough, the water is emptied into the tank from the cask.

To make maple syrup the water is put in the pan over the furnace and boiled down. When it is almost thick enough it is removed from the pan and put away to settle. After settling it is boiled to the proper thickness in a smaller vessel.

When sugar is the product desired, the water is boiled down until it forms a thick syrup, when it is put into casks and left stand until the day of "stirring off."

When a sufficient amount of syrup is on hand,

the large iron kettle over another furnace comes into play. The kettle is partly filled with syrup and set to boiling. It is closely watched by the careful sugar maker, and when the syrup forms threads from the paddle, the word goes around for the tin cups and each person who is fortunate enough to be present, passes up a cup half full of cold water and receives a generous supply of syrup, and when it hardens in the water you have a real Pennsylvania "spotza." You must eat fast or you'll only get one spotza from a kettle, for soon as it is hard enough the kettle is lifted off and the liquid sugar poured into a large wooden trough. In this it is worked back and forth by means of a wooden paddle and hammer until it crumbs up fine. The sugar is then sifted, and we have the crumb sugar. If properly made it is very fair and in great demand. About six gallons of sugar water are required to make one pound of sugar. This, however, is greatly influenced by the season, as some years the water is much sweeter than others.

The average sugar crop of this section for the past three years was three hundred thousand pounds. Most of this quantity is purchased by one man and shipped to the Northwest, where it is used in the manufacture of maple syrup, and then shipped to all parts of the world.

The finest sugar and syrup are made in the early part of the season, before the sap runs in the trees, and to have perfect sugar or syrup the water must be free from snow or rain water.

The price of maple sugar varies with the amount produced and the quality. The average price, however, is eight cents per pound.

The sugar season closes as soon as the sap runs sufficiently to spoil the water.

Elk Lick, Pa.

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THE FAMILY GARDEN IN FLORIDA.

BY SISTER J. D. TEETER.

WILL you please take a walk with me to my garden this beautiful morning? It is so fresh and invigorating, I know it will do you good.

This beautiful bed of cabbage here I started the last week in August, by putting the seed in the hills just where they want to grow. That prevents the necessity of transplanting and the cabbage comes into use by Christmas, and will

be at least three weeks earlier than these over here that were transplanted. These collards were planted about the same time and are in fine condition to use now. These turnips and rutabagas, by actual measurement are thirty-six inches from tip to toe. Here in the south you know the tops are valued as highly for the table as the root or bulb. These beets are rather small now but are of late variety and will come in for spring use. The onions over there were set the last of September, and we are using of them right along. We often raise them as large as a saucer from the seed. Radishes and lettuce we have had for a long time on the table. The first week in September I planted snap beans which furnished all the family could utilize until the cold set in.

But there is plenty here to tickle anyone's palate yet. The middle of March we will plant for summer use. I find it quite possible to have green vegetables every month in the year and for health and economy I find it to be indispensable. This patch of yams over here are now ready to dig. They are what we put our dependence in for winter use instead of the Irish potato. I am not, however, ready to admit that the Irish potato does not grow here, for I have never seen or eaten better ones anywhere. Planted the last week in January or the first of February they make fine tubers and I have kept them till in August. The last of August we plant for winter use and often get fine results, however, not so good as the spring planting. These English peas were planted a little late. The cold coming earlier than usual they are somewhat stunted.

I think you have seen about all of the garden, let us go to the cellar and see some of the products of the summer. These cashew are fine keepers, and can be served in many different ways for the table. These tin cans contain tomatoes. Here are blackberries, wild ones. They grow in abundance in the woods and old fields. The peaches, pears, grapes and plums that you see are all home grown and are great luxuries. I only put up about three hundred quarts this summer.

Do you hear that horn? That is a call from the sugar mill. My son wants me to help him to take off a boiling of syrup. If you will go with me you can see and taste some of Florida's

sweets. These barrels are filled with syrup and we have a quantity yet to make up by boiling the syrup down. We can produce a very nice article of light brown sugar. Some families never use any other. For my part I prefer the granulated.

Rex, Fla.

* * *

A LESSON FROM NATURE.

BY SISTER JENNIE KERN GNAGEY.

COME with me to my window and I will show you something that is beautiful. It is a plant adorned with lovely red flowers. In turning this plant toward the dark room, it will at first become straight, standing with its face upward, until finally it bows its head back again from the darkened room towards the window where it can drink of the light of the sun; thus ever refreshed, it has become a beautiful and healthful plant. We can learn a useful lesson from this plant. Let us compare the good things of this world to the light and the evil things to the darkness. As the plant turns from the darkened room to the beautiful sunshine, so should we turn from darkness to light. We may choose either of these ways. God has implanted within us the power to choose.

The little child when started to public school should have this knowledge of right and wrong. As soon as children have attained the age of knowing right from wrong, the parents should give special attention, teaching them to accept the good and shun the evil.

The young man when started out in life should show his appreciation for that which is right, and his respect for himself as a man, by ever directing his steps in the way of right and truth. He needs to exercise this power especially when entering a town or city where there are so many temptations that lead to evil. There are the saloons, pool-rooms, theatres, and innumerable places that lead to ruin. His future happiness would be far greater if he would seek such places as the Sunday schools, churches, schools and the public libraries. There are many who instead of living an intelligent and industrious life, are leading themselves to destruction by following the evil temptation.

The young woman should seek purity, that

which will adorn her character. We may be cultivated, beautiful and accomplished, but the crowning beauty is gentleness. There is a wondrous charm in a gentle spirit. It leaves a benediction wherever it moves. After death, our good deeds we have done, if any, will have a great influence over those left behind.

Woman's sweet patience is never disturbed. Her voice sounds like music in the ears of the dear children who love her. It is not the walls and furniture that make a happy home. It is the peaceful mother. Her hands are gentle in performing all ministries.

As the fragrance of the flower is perceptible in the air we breathe, so the presence of a gentle woman is felt in the moral atmosphere of the household.

Accident, Md.

* * *

ALABAMA.

BY SISTER LIBBIE MILLER.

THIS is a land of evergreens and sunshine. The forests are nearly all pine. Their tops look beautiful and green all winter. Along the streams and in the low ground grows the holly and the mistletoe. The holly bush is full of bright red berries while the mistletoe has transparent white ones. They are much used for ornamenting parlors and rooms for entertainments, especially at Christmas time. These bushes, with many other kinds of shrubbery, stay green all winter. Here roses bloom nine or ten months of the year.

The native people mostly live in houses built of shaved pine poles with a stick chimney attached on the north end. A great deal of their cooking, baking and roasting is done by the fireplaces. The natives mostly make their living raising cotton and sweet potatoes. Some of them have large droves of sheep and cattle running at large the whole year. Also the razorback swine with its long snout is quite numerous in the woods.

There are a great many turpentine orchards in this country. The way the pine trees are tapped is they cut and chisel a deep notch in the tree and then hollow the lower side out in the shape of a trough wherein drains the rich, sticky sap of the tree. This sap is gathered into barrels and

hauled to the distillery, where the turpentine is separated from the rosin.

We love our Alabama home. We love the kind-hearted, sociable people. We love the pure, soft water, and above all we love this mild and genial clime.

Fruitdale, Ala.

* * *

ROARING SPRING.

BY SISTER ELMER SNOWBERGER.

THIS beautiful and enterprising town contains about 1,400 inhabitants, and despite the fact that it is the site of the first grist mill in all this region, it is one of the newest towns of the county. About the year 1765 Jacob Neff built a mill below the spring, but it is quite recently that the town grew up. This town, which is situated in Blair county, Pa., and only three miles from Bedford county, was named from the spring which is a natural curiosity.

This spring comes from the foot of a slight elevation, and sends forth a volume of clear, pure and cold water. It is a sad thought that the loud roar has been lessened by changes made at its source. It is said that before this obliteration it did send forth, in the stillness of the forest, a sound that could be heard for half a mile.

The industries, which consist of a paper mill, blank book factory and planing mill, now in a flourishing condition, are owned and controlled by D. M. Bare & Co. I might say that D. M. Bare & Co. own a large company store, and that plans are already made for a company bank. A fair per cent. of the laboring people work in the shops of Altoona, traveling back and forth on the train.

Roaring Spring, Pa.

* * *

**HOW A MARRIED MAN KEEPS HOUSE
WHEN HIS WIFE IS AWAY.**

BY SISTER J. W. WAYLAND.

HE doesn't do it unless he has to. But if there is no way out of it he begins by laying out some new and improved (?) methods by which to save labor. In the first place he resolves to be more careful in cleaning his shoes before entering the house. This is to make sweeping unnecessary.

If he has access to an abundant supply of

dishes he does not wash any until he has used them all, in order that he may save time by washing all together; or perhaps refrains from using dishes, concluding that for the time being it is better for him just to take a cold snack in his hand. But if he has promised his wife to eat something warm each meal during her absence, he prepares whatever requires the least time and work, but something that will be at the same time tempting to the appetite. Boiled eggs are his favorite dish. They are eaten morning, noon, and night, while for a little variety he purchases pies, cakes and cheese at the corner grocery. Thinking that it will take too many precious minutes to rearrange the bed every morning, he decides, after the first day, to use the couch, which he concludes will "do just as well anyhow."

Finally the day arrives for wife's return. The broom and duster are called into action for the first time; clothes are arranged on their proper pegs, and things in general are given an air of tidiness. The head of the house is even forced to a smile as he thinks how proud his wife will be of his housekeeping; but all the time he keeps working he is repeating a solemn promise to himself that the next time she goes to visit her folks he will go along or else take his meals at a hotel until her return.

Bridgewater, Va.

* * *

GAGGLE GOO AGAIN.

THE 'Nookman says if I'm not a sister what am I? And then I've got a sister for a secretary, and that fixes it. I got lots and lots of presents and I want to tell all that I thank them kindly. And here's something, I haven't had a real aunt in the world before, and now I'm going to call everybody who remembered me my aunt. One of them said she couldn't see me. She's blind. My uncle Howard said I should tell Aunt Mary, that's the blind aunt, that the very first person she would ever see would be the Savior when she died, but I don't know what died is, and the 'Nookman said it meant only going a little way off and never having any more trouble and always being at home.

But I have my troubles now. The other day I watched my chance and climbed on the table and found the sugar bowl. I just sat down to a good time and I had it. It was a sweet time.

Then I was snatched off and there was a lot of talk, as there always is when I'm enjoying myself. All that come of it besides the talk was a big pain in my 'tummy. Unc' Howard said everybody was always just trying to get into a sugar bowl, and then the 'Nookman said dead people weren't and Unc' Howard said that was the only kind that wasn't.

My Unc' Howard's bedroom is next where Ma and me sleep and the other morning they set me down at his door before daylight. He was asleep or he let on to be, and when I pulled at his hair he said "Hello! I hear a kid somewhere." He wanted to sleep and I wanted to play. So I crawled over him a few times and then I sat down on his face. Then he got up and put on his clothes while I jumped up and down and just hollered and laughed. He said he didn't allow anybody to sit on his face, not even young ladies like me. I heard my Ma a laughing. Then he took me under the arm like a bear takes a little pig, and he called out on the stairs, "Who's lost a red-headed young one?"

Only yesterday I had what the 'Nookman called an "infelicity." It was this way. I have learned to crawl up stairs and then I turn around and crawl down backward. And would you believe it, I forgot the other day and just walked on 'at the top, and bumpety-bump, thump, squall and hullabaloo! I landed in the hall. I cut loose and made a noise and the whole house came running and there was a big fuss. I was being rocked when the 'Nookman came in and the first thing he said was, "What did you do it for?" It was enough to make anybody cry. Did he think I did it for fun?

Every day I know just when the 'Nookman and Unc' Howard come home on the car that stops right in front of our house, and I meet him on the porch if it isn't too cold and they open the door for me. Then he hangs his coat and hat in the hall and sits down in a big chair and I always slip my hand in his coat pocket quietly while he calls out, "Police, Police, here's a girl stealing." I got an apple to-day and yesterday I got a 'nana, a big yellow one. I always divide and he said it was a pity I would grow up to be stingy. He said all people wanted the earth and didn't want to divide. I aint stingy. Are you?

LOUISE.

P. S.—Want another kiss?

The Home

Department

**OLD-FASHIONED CORN PONE.**

BY SISTER MAGGIE B. ROGERS.

PUT 3 quarts of bolted meal into an earthen vessel that will hold at least $1\frac{1}{2}$ gallons. Into this pour 1 quart of scalding water. Stir in 2 tablespoonfuls of salt. Pour in enough cold water to moisten all the meal. Set in a warm place to rise, which will take about 12 hours if sufficiently warm. When it is light as a sponge, stir in 1 teacupful of dry meal. Bake in an old-fashioned skillet with a lid. Place the skillet over some live coals. When hot, grease well, sprinkle with little dry meal and put in the sponge. Cover with lid which has been previously heated. Put over top of lid some live coals. When the coals die out repeat with live coals until the bread is done, which will take $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours' moderate fire. When done, wrap with several thicknesses of cloth, lay away until about half cold. A good time to start this is in the evening while preparing supper. Let it rise over night and bake in time for dinner next day. If there is any left over it is good to eat with sweet milk for supper. This recipe has been well tried and handed down from grandmother to granddaughter.

*Cordell, Okla. T.***FEATHER CAKE.**

BY SISTER ROSE MILLER.

ONE cup of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of butter, 1 egg, half a cup of milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour, and 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake this in one layer, and when done cut the top off with a sharp knife and fill with a custard made of half a pint of milk, yolks of 2 eggs, half cup of sugar, and enough cornstarch to thicken. Cook in a double

boiler till thick, and pour in the cake before quite cold and place the top on again and use the whites of eggs for icing. This same recipe can be used for little pattie cakes and they are light and nice. Flavor with vanilla, and also the custard, or use whipped cream instead of the custard.

*Laporte, Ind.***IRISH POT PIE.**

BY SISTER D. M. MILLER.

TAKE beef or chicken broth, season with salt, pepper and parsley. Let come to a boil, then add 6 good-sized sliced potatoes. Let this boil 5 minutes. Have ready a dough made of 1 cup of sweet cream, 1 egg, and 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix as for biscuit. Roll and cut in inch squares, and drop in the broth, and boil 15 minutes.

*Milledgeville, Ill.***EXCELLENT FRUIT CAKE.**

BY SISTER NANCY J. STUTZMAN.

ONE and a half pounds of raisins, $1\frac{1}{4}$ pounds of currants, $\frac{3}{4}$ pound citron, 1 pound butter, 1 pound of sugar, $1\frac{1}{4}$ pounds of flour, 10 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls of lemon, and 2 teaspoonfuls of yeast powder. Mix $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of the flour in the fruit you add.

*Johnstown, Pa.***BEEF LOAF.**

BY SISTER EMMA DETWILER.

TAKE 2 pounds of beef and 1 pound of pork (fresh), chopped fine, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cracker

crumbs, a small lump of butter, salt and pepper to suit taste; mix well, shape in a loaf or roll, and bake.

Johnstown, Pa.

♥ ♥
OMELET.

BY SISTER FANNIE HERSHBERGER.

TAKE 8 eggs, reserving the whites of 5. Beat the eggs light. For each egg add 3 tablespoonfuls of rich milk or cream. Salt to suit, pour all into a hot, well-buttered skillet. Fry slowly and beat the whites of the reserved eggs very light, pour the latter over the contents of the skillet and set it into the oven. Bake to a delicate brown, then turn one-half over the other half and serve immediately.

Stone House Farm, Md.

♥ ♥
SOMETHING GOOD.

BY SISTER ESTELLA V. WEAVER.

PARE and slice into a baking pan 6 apples, sprinkle on 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar. Pour over this a batter by mixing $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar, 1 egg, butter the size of an egg, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Bake in a moderate oven, and serve hot with sweetened cream or milk. This is sufficient for a small family.

Hopkins, Mo.

♥ ♥
BAKED RICE.

BY SISTER SARAH G. GATES.

TAKE $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of rice, 1 quart of milk, 1 tablespoonful of sugar. Flavor with nutmeg or lemon to suit taste. Put in the oven and bake until the rice is done. To be eaten with cream.

Beattie, Kans.

♥ ♥
SOFT MOLASSES CAKE.

BY SISTER FRANEY CLANIN.

ONE large cup of brown sugar, 1 large cup of molasses, 1 cup of butter, 2 eggs, $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour, a dessertspoonful of soda, 1 cup of sweet

milk, and a little salt. Lard may be used instead of butter by taking water instead of milk and adding more salt. Ginger and cinnamon to taste. Mix and bake.

Ipsava, Ill.

♥ ♥
BAKED SALMON.

BY SISTER H. P. ALBAUGH.

INTO a well-greased baking dish put a layer of rolled crackers, then a layer of boned salmon with a dash of salt and pepper and a little butter. Continue putting in alternate layers until 1 can of salmon is used, then add 1 quart of milk and bake slowly for 1 hour. This dish is much improved by adding 1 can of oysters.

Chicago, Ill.

♥ ♥
FOR THE SICK.

BY SISTER DELILAH HESS.

TAKE a chicken, or the bony parts, and cook it well. Then take the chicken out and add to the broth cornmeal enough to make a thin gruel. Salt to taste. Make it thicker and richer as the patient improves if desired.

Marshfield, Mo.

♥ ♥
LIQUID BLUING.

BY SISTER M. E. ROTHROCK.

TAKE 1 ounce of China blue dissolved in a little soft water. Strain through thin muslin. Now take 1 ounce of oxalic acid and dissolve it in 1 pint of soft water. Add to blue and bottle. Use 2 tablespoonfuls to a tub of rinse-water.

Hartland, Wash.

♥ ♥
WHITE LINIMENT.

BY SISTER ELIZA A. WEAVER.

TAKE 1 pint of good vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of turpentine, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of ammonia water and 2 eggs well beaten. Put all in a bottle and shake well. Put away for use. This makes an excellent liniment for bruises, lameness, or rheumatism, either for man or beast. Shake well before using.

Hopkins, Mo.

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THE DEAR OLD SABBATH.

BY GEORGE M. VICKERS.

HOLD fast the dear old Sabbath,
To the day of peaceful rest;
Look back to the days of childhood
That its tranquil glories blessed:
Hold fast to its quiet pleasures,
All its sweet traditions save,
For the sake of the weary living,
And the memories of the grave.

Hold fast the dear old Sabbath,
That is neared, like a verdant isle,
On the week's dull sea of toiling,
With a thankful, happy smile.
One day give the Great Creator,
Be thy creed whate'er it may;
For the sake of human freedom
Keep the dear, old Sabbath Day.

* * *

CABINET LIFE IS EXPENSIVE.

A MEMBER of the Cabinet to entertain largely should have such a house as usually rents at from \$6,000 to \$12,000 a year. Senator Depew pays \$1,000 a month for his house. On the other side, Secretary Wilson, who is comparatively a poor man, lives in a house that rents for not more than \$75 a month. Postmaster General Smith spent his entire salary of \$8,000 a year and was compelled to write magazine articles and to add to his income in other ways to maintain his establishment. He finally wearied of the struggle and took apartments in a hotel.

Each Cabinet Minister is expected once a year to entertain the President and his associates at dinner. Beyond this he can cut out dinner-giving. The Secretary of State, in addition, must give a breakfast once a year to the diplomatic corps. Secretary Day resigned because he could not afford to follow the social pace.

Carriages and horses are furnished by the government to Cabinet members. All other expenses they must pay themselves. A member of the

Cabinet maintaining his own house would have to expend at least \$15,000 a year, or nearly double his salary, to keep up even ordinary appearances.

Attorney General Knox, upon taking up his residence in Washington, began by purchasing a house costing \$140,000 and bringing with him a team of horses that cost \$12,000. His expenses will be vastly in excess of \$15,000 a year.

James S. Clarkson, when he became First Assistant Postmaster General, rented a house at \$3,800 a year. His salary was \$4,000. Mr. Clarkson laughingly said to his wife: "What shall we do with the remainder of my salary?"

"Rent a telephone," was the reply.

* * *

LEFT NO DESCENDANTS.

THERE is not now living a single descendant in the male line of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spencer, Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Byron or Moore, not one of Sir Philip Sidney nor of Sir Walter Raleigh; not one of Drake, Cromwell, Hampden, Monk, Marlborough, Peterborough or Nelson; not one of Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Grattan or Channing; not one of Bacon, Locke, Newton or Davy; not one of Hume, Gibbon or Macauley; not one of Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds or Sir Thomas Lawrence; not one of David Garrick, John Kemble or Edward Kean.

* * *

THE OLD PHILADELPHIA MINT.

THE site of the old mint in Philadelphia, which failed to sell for \$2,000,000 the other day, was bought by the government in 1829 and the corner stone was laid on July 4 of that year. It was then in "the country." Now it is in the very center of the financial and business life of the city, and near it are the largest hotels, libraries and clubs.

THE WHALING SHIP TRADERS.

THE whaling men are the great traders of the region north and west. Whales are sometimes scarce and the whalers are glad to add to the precarious profits of a season's catch by trading for furs and other products of the country. There are native settlements on the coast of Northern Alaska and on the islands of the Behring sea, where not more than one ship is seen in the course of a year. At other places three or four vessels call during the short season of navigation. The "Bear," the steam barkentine employed for years in the revenue-cutter service on the Arctic cruise, is usually one of these vessels.

Every whaling vessel carries its stock of trade goods on a northern cruise and even the officers on the "Bear," though in the service of the government, are allowed to take a limited quantity. In the case of government officers, the trading is not carried on for profit, but for the purpose of obtaining relics of the country and articles of personal use.

The trade goods of a whaling ship consist of a pretty definite list of articles, and change little from year to year. The Eskimo's wants are few and he knows little of the luxuries of civilization. The list includes flour in bags, cloth, tea, sugar, tobacco, hard bread or sea biscuits, cartridges, or needles and thread. The native has to offer in exchange mukloks, or walrus-hide boots, foxskins, walrus ivory, bearskins, deerskins, ivory buttons, and various native implements and devices prized by white men as curios. It is interesting to find that different Eskimo settlements are headquarters for different articles comprised in this small list. For example, if a whaler wants to trade for buttons he asks for them at St. Lawrence island, for the natives at North-west cape are famous as makers of ivory buttons. King island is the best place of all to trade for the curious ivory pipes found only in this part of the world, and if a visitor is so ambitious as to wish to carry a kyak, or small native boat, back to the United States with him, he had better make his trade with one of the little colony on this same island. For deer skins go to the Siberian coast or to Port Clarence; for foxskins to Kotzebue sound; for brown and polar bearskins to any of the Eskimo settlements north of Behring strait on the shores of the Arctic.

Bearskins were scarce this summer, for what reason no one seems able to explain. Nearly every summer it is possible to find several of these beautiful white pelts at the three or four principal settlements between Cape Prince of Wales and Point Barrow. Every year, too, the Eskimo seems to be disposed to demand a little higher price for his skins. They are gradually getting a vague idea of the market value of these things in the United States, or, to speak more accurately, they are learning how badly the white man wants what the native has to trade. Nevertheless, it is usually possible to buy on the arctic coast a fine polar bear skin worth several hundred dollars in New York or Boston for three or four small sacks of flour, two or three cases of hard bread, and a few cartridges. If you make the trade on these terms you have paid from \$15 to \$20 for the skin. Frequently it is possible to buy a polar bear skin for less than \$15; it is hard to say what the average price really is.

The visit of a whaling ship to one of these native settlements always excites interest among the Eskimos very much like that felt by the merchants in a small city when the circus comes to town. It is a holiday and a day for profitable enterprise, both in one. A ship is sighted by keen native eyes as soon as a few inches of her topmast shows, a mere speck above the horizon, and the village becomes a place of great activity. Boots or mukloks made during the winter with soles of walrus hide and tops of hair seal or deer-skin are brought out, with walrus tusks, ivory buttons carved in the form of seals, foxskins, bearskins, and a large collection of miscellaneous curios which the white traders may fancy. The Eskimos think all white men are crazy. This is averred by all whites who know the Eskimo language and overhear the natives' conversation. They have been in no land but their own, and they cannot understand why white men should dig in the ground for gold and do other queer things unless they are the victims of unbalanced minds.

As soon as the ship drops anchor the natives are seen coming off in their oumiaks and kyaks—men, women, and children, the whole population. Nearly every one of them has a poke or sort of pouch made of the whole skin of a hair seal slung over his shoulder. In these are contained the furs and ivory and boots that they

wish to trade. Nearly every one of them has a paddle which he wields vigorously in his eagerness to reach the ship. There is a great deal of shouting and jabbering and laughing, for the Eskimo is always merry, and his sense of humor is the wonder of white men. A sailor throws a line from the whaler's afterdeck, and in a moment short, fat, smiling Eskimo men, women, boys and girls are rolling up over the sides of the ship. The whaling men then bring up their trade goods and the barter begins.

The Eskimo, in nine cases out of ten, assumes the position of the buyer; the whaler is the storekeeper or merchant. The native asks for what he wants, and the whaling man, if he has it, produces it and asks the native what he has to offer in return.

The process is rather more interesting when the white man appears in the role of buyer and the native in that of storekeeper. In that case, supposing the white man sees a pair of boots which he particularly wishes to obtain, a conversation something like this takes place, the white man beginning the conversation:

"What you want?"

"Calico," replies the native, using the one word by which Eskimos have learned to describe all kinds of cloth of whatever character.

"Capsini (how much) calico?" asks the buyer.

The native holds up four fingers, including the thumb, for if an Eskimo holds up one or more fingers to denote a number, one of these is the thumb. A white man doesn't do it that way.

"Fathom," replies the native, the accompanying use of the fingers denoting four fathoms.

If the white man agrees to the trade he measures off the cloth, extending both arms as far as they will reach for the purpose of drawing the cloth across his chin. Then the native takes it and stuffs it into his sealskin poke. The cloth is probably blue jeans or denim, or it may be some print cloth, costing five cents a yard in the United States, which is vastly pleasing to the Eskimo women and girls. Natives of both sexes cover up really beautiful reindeer skin parkies or Eskimo coats with shirts made from blue denim or calico.

When the native named four fathoms as his price for the walrus hide boots, the white man

knew that no better terms could be obtained. It is positively and invariably useless to try to beat down the native's price; he may want the calico very badly, but he will not reduce the price of his boots. If he can't get four fathoms of calico, back the boots go into the poke until another customer appears.

Offer a native a price which to him is ridiculously low for his goods and he will probably laugh at you. He seems to think that it is a good joke, and that you really cannot mean to be serious. At the price of four fathoms of calico for one pair of mukloks, which is a pretty low figure, the profit to the whaler is enormous. Eskimo mukloks are the best kind of footwear for the regions in which the Eskimo lives, and thousands of white men in the Alaska mining camps and on the trails throughout the territory wear them throughout the winter. Mukloks cost six dollars a pair at Nome, seventy-five miles from here. Calico, even at Nome, is only fifteen cents a yard.

At St. Lawrence island there is always a great supply of buttons. Formerly the custom was to carve them almost exclusively in the form of seals. Now they make them in all shapes imaginable, and some of them are decorated with colored spots and with carved and colored heads of birds and walrus. A little Eskimo boy, who had carved some buttons rudely from a piece of ivory, came on board a ship at St. Lawrence island this summer with an oumiak full of men and women from Northwest Cape. He asked everybody on the ship for a colored pencil, making his wants known by producing a tiny piece of red crayon pencil which he must have obtained from some whaler a year and perhaps two years before. He seemed to want a colored pencil far more than most white boys want a bicycle, but there wasn't a pencil to be found on the ship. Apparently the boy wanted to use the crayon mixed with water or seal oil for coloring the carved spots and images on buttons and walrus tusks.

+ + +

A POPULOUS DISTRICT.

WITHIN twenty miles of City Hall park, New York City, there are more than 4,000,000 people, or more than one-twentieth of the country's entire population.

SEEKING THE "SILENT CITY."

THE announcement that a party of scientific men will leave Vancouver for Alaska next June to study the so-called "silent city" mirage directs attention to a phenomenon which has been the subject of much discussion during the last ten or twelve years.

As long ago as 1887 a mining prospector who had explored southern Alaska extensively created a sensation in Juneau, and gave newspaper correspondents a first-class topic, by exhibiting a photograph which he pretended to have taken of a mirage.

This prospector, one Willoughby, was particularly familiar with the region about Glacier bay, and is said to have piloted Prof. Muir's vessel to the glacier which now bears the latter's name. The story which Willoughby told in Juneau was substantially this:

There seemed to hang suspended in air a number of huge buildings, all of beautiful and imposing architecture, whose spires and buttresses strongly suggested the cathedrals of the old world. Lest his story should be discredited he made several attempts to photograph the picture, which the Indians called "The Silent City."

Whatever doubt may attach to the genuineness of the picture, the rest of Willoughby's statement may be accepted without hesitation, because there is plenty of corroborative evidence.

The Duke of the Arbruzzi, in 1897, had reached the summit of Mt. St. Elias and had descended part of the way, when night overtook the party. They encamped on the slope. With returning day they pushed on over the Malaspina toward Yakutat bay, where lay their ship. Dr. Filippi says:

"The southern ridges of Mt. St. Elias stood out clearly, merging in the long chain of Chaix hills, which, as it approached the Malaspina glacier, assumed a series of strange shapes which we were no longer able to recognize.

"Their outlines underwent changes before our very eyes, assuming the forms of spires, belfries, minarets and architectural outlines of fantastic cathedrals, all of which slowly appeared and disappeared, to be succeeded by buildings of lesser height, severely rectilinear.

"This proved to be the mirage known as 'The Silent City,' an optical illusion to which this wide

ice surface is prone in common with the burning sands of the desert. The marvelous spectacle continued throughout the afternoon.

"Willoughby declared that the suspended city lay off to the westward of him, toward Mt. Fairweather, which stands between Glacier bay, and Mt. St. Elias. It is to the vicinity of Fairweather that next summer's expedition is to go."

Spectacles of this kind have been seen on the coast of Greenland, too. Scoresby, writing thirty odd years ago, remarked: "Hummocks of ice assumed the form of castles, obelisks and spires, and the land presented extraordinary features. In some places the distant ice was so extremely irregular and appeared so full of pinnacles that it resembled a forest of naked trees. In others it had the character of an extensive city, crowded with churches, castles and public edifices."

Practically all writers on the theory of the mirage hold that, while the images presented to the observer's eye may be distorted and obscure, they have a certain basis in fact. They are representations (accurate or inaccurate) of real things.

Napoleon's army, crossing the sands of lower Egypt, saw remote villages which were yet below the horizon lifted into view. At sea it is not uncommon to detect ships that are yet too far away to be seen normally. Indeed, there are multiple images, one above the other, and some of them upside down, perhaps. But in spite of their eccentricities there is a real ship involved in the phenomenon.

Mr. Bruce mentions the popular suspicion that Willoughby's picture was a "fake," and adds that he is himself under such obligations to the prospector that he could hardly confess the truth if he had any doubts of his own.

Dr. Filippi's book contains no representation of the "Silent City," although it is full of other photographs of Alaskan scenery. Perhaps the image was too unsteady for a camera to register it.

* * *

Some people would rather be consistent than be right.

* * *

EVERY man is a hypocrite who in his morning prayer says, "Thy will be done," and then goes ahead and does his own.

ONE OF HISTORY'S MYTHS.

"I WAS very much surprised to learn the other day," said a visitor, "that Jackson had no cotton in his fortifications during the battle of New Orleans. Whether the younger generation is better advised I am unable to say, but the cotton-bale legend is believed religiously by middle-aged people all through the New England States.

They are proud of it as a master example of what might be called Yankee cunning, and before you could shatter their faith in the story you could persuade them that Washington didn't cross the Delaware and that Benedict Arnold was a high-minded American patriot.

"I attended public school when I was a boy at Greenfield, Miss.," continued the speaker, "and I remember distinctly the account of the Battle of New Orleans that was given in our 'Intermediate History of the United States.' It described the cotton-bale fortifications as a happy inspiration which came to Jackson at the last moment as a possible means of offsetting the immense preponderance of the British forces. According to the narrative, the cotton was piled up in a gigantic wall and when the enemy's artillery opened fire the projectiles bounded back from its surface like rubber balls thrown against the side of a house. I remember that the incident tickled us boys immensely. We thought it was such a good joke on the Englishmen, and years afterward, when anything would remind me of the battle of New Orleans, I would instantly have a mental vision of a crowd of astonished artillerymen dodging their own cannon balls. The small American loss was attributed solely to this remarkable piece of strategy and the chapter was embellished with a full-page woodcut, which is as clear to my mind's eye as if I had seen it yesterday. It represented what was evidently intended to be one end of the fortifications—a solid, square-sided, rectangular wall of bales, with regular apertures for cannon. On one side was a line of men dressed like the traditional dime-novel trapper, each with a coonskin cap on his head and a rifle about nine feet long, and on the other side was a dense mass of British grenadiers, wearing what looked like bishops' miters. A number of cannon balls were seen lying on the ground outside, where they had bounced from the elastic

ramparts, and the grenadiers were plainly getting the worst of it.

"That picture stands to-day as the accepted New England version of the battle, and the man who attempted to pluck out those venerated cotton bales and substitute ordinary Mississippi river mud would have a disagreeable job on his hands. I wouldn't like to undertake it."

+ + +

*Many a truthful man has been
known to lie at the point of death.*

+ + +

HIGH PRICES OF SOME FAMOUS SONGS.

BY SISTER MARGUERITE BIXLER.

THE following figures may help prove to the skeptical that there is something real in writing a popular song:

Balfé received high prices for the copyrights of some of his songs. For "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" he received \$40,000, the same for "When Other Lips," and \$25,000 for "The Heart Bowed Down." At a sale \$6,000 was obtained for the copyright of Michael Watson's song, "Anchored." For "Kathleen Mavourneen" the composer, Mr. F. N. Crouch, received just \$25. The copyright was afterward bought by a London firm for \$2,500. "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," another well-known song, was sold by the composer for \$10.00; but when the copyright came to be sold it brought \$2,500.

"See-Saw" was sold for \$150, and has realized over \$2,500 for the publishers. "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-aye" brought \$75,000; "Dream Faces," \$3,500; "Two Lovely Black Eyes," \$2,500; "The Bogie Man," \$2,500; "Nancy Lee," \$3,000; "Grandfather's Clock," \$2,000. Each song composed by Sig. Paolo Tosti, the composer of "Forever and Forever," is said to be worth to him about \$2,000. Sir Arthur Sullivan sold the copyright of his "Sweethearts" for \$3,500. For his celebrated song "The Lost Chord" he realized \$50,000.

Hartville, Ohio.

+ + +

CURIOUS BELIEF.

A CERTAIN sect in Russia considers hair sinful, and baldness a sign of sanctity.

IN THE MATTER OF PIGEONS.

WITH 500 birds as his companions and subjects Professor Charles O. Whitman of the University of Chicago has for six years been studying and conducting experiments which before long it is promised will give results of the utmost scientific value and which will pass even for the layman far beyond the bounds of the merely interesting.

Professor Whitman has not only made home companions of half a thousand wild and domestic doves, but, in order that he might not have his studies interrupted, they have been his traveling companions as well. Last week, in the house of the student and in the grounds at the rear, there was enacted a scene of the most intense interest to all scientists who have made animal intelligence a study. Cages containing the 500 pigeons had their doors opened wide and the birds set at liberty. They had just been brought back from a three months' stay at Wood's Hall, Mass., where Professor Whitman had pursued his summer bird studies. Upon the opening of the door of its cage each pigeon unerringly made its way instantly to the particular cote which it had occupied before leaving Chicago for its summer outing by the sea. Nine months hence, when the birds are taken back to Wood's Hall, they will be turned loose again and each will fly at once to the cage where it passed the summer which has just waned to autumn.

This quiet university scholar who literally has pigeons at his bed, board and books has succeeded in his South Side home in securing some of the most remarkable results from cross-breeding experiments known to the pigeon fancying world. He has in his collection, or, as he would prefer it, among his companions, representatives of perhaps every known kind of pigeon that the world produces. Further than this he has, with the sole exception of a few birds owned in Milwaukee, the only known living specimens of the American passenger, or wild pigeon, now extinct in a wild state, but which only a comparatively few years ago was the most widely distributed and numerous of American birds.

Within the scope of his collection Professor Whitman has pigeons which in size, are no larger than a sparrow, and others, the crowned pigeons

of Australia, whose bulk is as great as that of the bald eagle. There are in some of the cages which hide the walls of the student's library featherless little creatures just out of the shell which claim for parents mothers and fathers of two totally different pigeon tribes, and of such extremes in size that the one parent in some instances could easily make three of the other in weight, length, and breadth of wing. One curious feature of the collection is the sight of some hard working ring doves feeding, cuddling, and doing their best to bring up in the way they should go young ones which have no natural claim on them whatsoever, being the offspring of some pair in an adjoining cage who lack either the inclination or the ability to bring up children properly.

It might be supposed, possibly, that Professor Whitman chose pigeons as a study because of their superior intelligence. As a matter of fact the birds are less intelligent than many of their feathered brothers of other families, and they were chosen for study because of their adaptability to conditions of confinement, but more particularly because the great number of varieties in the family gave an unlimited field for crossing experiments and resulting observations on the effects of heredity.

Pigeon fanciers and thousands of other people as well, for that matter, have always been puzzled to account for the origin of the instinct of tumbling, a habit which a certain breed of the birds indulges in constantly, and which makes of the tumblers a specially prized class. Through his long study of the pigeons, both caged and at liberty, Professor Whitman has arrived at certain conclusions touching this tumbling practice which are as interesting as they are new. He says that the probable source of the origin of tumbling was undoubtedly a general action instinctively performed by the ordinary dove-cote pigeon.

"I have noticed a great many times," said Professor Whitman, "that common pigeons when on the point of being overtaken and seized by a hawk suddenly flirt themselves directly downward in a manner suggestive of tumbling and thus elude the hawk's swoop. The hawk is carried on by its momentum and often gives up the chase on the first failure. In one case I saw the chase renewed three times and elude with success each time. The pigeon was a white dove-cote bird with a

trace of fantail blood. I saw this pigeon repeatedly pursued by a swift hawk during one winter and it invariably escaped in the same way. I have seen the same performance in other dove-cote pigeons under similar circumstances.

But this is not all. It is well known that dove-cote pigeons delight in quite extended daily flights, circling about their home. I once raised two pairs of these birds by hand, in a place several miles from any other pigeons. Soon after they were able to fly about they began these flights, usually in the morning. I frequently saw one or more of the flock while in the middle of a high flight and sweeping along swiftly, suddenly plunge downward, often zigzagging with a quick helter-skelter flirting of the wings. The behavior often looked like play, and probably it was that in most cases. I incline to think, however, that it was sometimes prompted by some degree of alarm. In such flights the birds would frequently get separated and one thus falling behind would hasten its flight to the utmost speed in order to overtake its companions. Under such circumstances the stray bird coming from the rear might be mistaken for a moment for a hawk in pursuit, and one or more of the birds about to be overtaken would be thus induced to resort to the tumbling method of throwing themselves out of reach of danger. The same act is often performed at the start as the pigeon leaves its stand. The movement is so quick and crazy in its aimlessness that the bird often seems to be in danger of dashing against the ground, but it always clears every object. As this act is performed by young and old alike, and by young birds that have never learned it by example, it must be regarded as instinctive, and I venture to say that it probably represents the foundation of the more highly developed tumbling instinct."

A large number of Professor Whitman's pigeons are wild birds. The two crowned pigeons of Australia, the largest of the pigeon tribe, go fluttering with fear at the approach of anyone save him who feeds and owns them. In a cage just beyond is a naturalized Filipino pigeon, perhaps the most beautiful of all the many varieties that go to make up the family. This bird is called the "bleeding heart" because of the brilliant red splash upon the whiteness of its breast. At a little distance it looks as though the bird was wear-

ing a damask rosebud. There are pigeons from China, from Africa, from South America, and practically from all known lands.

✦ ✦ ✦

*Hope is all right when mixed
with an equal amount of hustle.*

✦ ✦ ✦

THE SIGNS OF A BLIZZARD.

BY SISTER HANNAH DUNNING.

As far my observation and inquiry goes the signs of a blizzard are not always the same. The most common sign is snow on the ground six or more inches deep, very loose and light, and the morning unusually clear, with rising mercury, the sun bright and sparkling. When these signs appear the saying is to keep at home and take care of your stock. Do not notice any sign from domestic animals, as they do not seem to realize any danger, and will not come home of their own accord.

Denbigh, N. Dak.

✦ ✦ ✦

*It is easy to see the happiness
you derive from poverty after you
strike it rich.*

✦ ✦ ✦

BOERS COST WEIGHT IN GOLD.

AN ingenious arithmetician, writing in the *Speaker*, makes the following calculation in comparing the weight in flesh of the Boers and the cost in gold of the war: Assuming that the Boer army proper contained originally about 22,870 men, averaging in weight 154 pounds, and accepting the estimate of Mr. Lloyd George, the pro-Boer member of Parliament, that the war will eventually cost England some \$2,000,000,000, he makes the discovery that the whole of the Transvaal army might have been weighed out in the scales and barely equal the weight in gold which will be required before they are all led into death or captivity.

✦ ✦ ✦

JOHN and Mary Burkett, of Kokomo, Ind., have been married four times and divorced three times. They are now living happily together and say they have no further use for the divorce courts.

WHAT WE RECEIVE.

CONSTANTLY sailing toward these shores is a great fleet whose ships are bringing from every corner of the world an almost infinite variety of articles for the use, pleasure and personal adornment of the Americans. Gold, silver and precious stones, minerals, earths, fabrics, foods, rare woods, marbles, iron and steel, perfumes and a thousand and one other things the earth contributes to this country and the people thereof. The last report of the state department of goods declared in foreign ports for export to the United States shows that this country makes demands for some singular articles. Australia and Belgium seem to be doing a thriving business in supplying us with rabbit skins. No Yankee need go without "a little rabbit skin to wrap the baby up in" at the present rate of import. One startling thing is to see that this country imports gingerbread from Dijon, France, at the rate of over \$500,000 worth a year. Who can eat this gingerbread? Where does it go?

Large quantities of old metal are imported into this country from the West Indies and South America. A part of the metal consists of old cannon—relics of the days of Portuguese and Spanish domination in those parts of the world. From the West Indies and Central America comes also a steady flow of old copper. Why these countries should be so rich in old copper is a mystery. We get the most of our coffee, of course, from Brazil, the great coffee pot of the world, but the returns show that we receive amounts, large in the aggregate, from Mexico, the West Indies, the countries of the Spanish main, the Dutch East Indies, Arabia, Hawaii, France, Germany, Belgium and Holland. Among the imports from France is charcoal, to be used in censers, and from Arabia is imported gum incense.

From Algeria we import our camels and from the Straits Settlements we receive among other things green snail shells and wild animals. There seems to be a great demand for plumes in this country, for large quantities of heron plumes are imported from Mexico, Costa Rica, Venezuela and Honduras, and we draw upon Arabia, British South Africa, the Argentine Republic and Uruguay for quantities of ostrich plumes. Other kinds of ornamental feathers are received from

Central and South America, China, Germany, Austria and England.

All the world joins to send us fish, even Japan, the Canary islands and Greece contributing. The gold and silver which we import in bullion, dust and bars comes from Canada, Mexico and Central and South America. It is surprising to know the amount of human hair imported into this country. It comes from Austria, Italy, Germany and Russia. It would not be supposed that there would be much demand in this country for fez caps—those round, red head coverings with the black tassel on top, such as are worn by the unspeakable Turk—but there is the city of Prague, in Austria, supplying us with over \$600 worth of these articles a year.

In spite of the industry of the American bees they do not seem able to keep the home supply of honey up to the demand, for we import it at the rate of about \$100,000 worth a year from Hayti, Jamaica, Mexico and the Dominican Republic. Switzerland sends us a lot of imitation precious stones and Germany supplies us with all the imitation jewelry that is good for us. It is singular to see, in looking over the list, that Mexico joins with France and Germany in supplying us with optical instruments. Also one finds that all our imported mushrooms do not come from France and Italy, but that Japan and the Society islands, far off in the wilds of the Pacific, send us large consignments of these edible fungi. Human skeletons are imported from Austria and from Nicaragua. The skeletons from Austria are properly articulated and go to the doctor's study and the medical student's classroom, but those from Nicaragua are simply human bones jumbled together, the mortal remains of that prehistoric race which once had the seat of its vast empire in Central America, or the vestiges of the more recent dead who passed away from earth on the breath of the fever or in the constant tumult of the revolutions which have marked with blood the history of Nicaragua.

It seems that we do not supply ourselves with all the toothpicks we want, for we import these articles from Japan and Portugal. One curious import from China is yak tails. What anyone wants a yak tail for is a mystery, but evidently the yak gives up his tail to serve some useful purpose, for we import yearly great quantities of them.

HOW WOOD PULP IS TRANSFERRED INTO NEWSPAPERS.

LET us consider how news paper is made in one of the great mills of the Adirondack Mountains, where the giant machines, rattling on, day after day, never stopping, are scarcely able to supply the demand of a single New York newspaper. The timber, which is felled in the forests of the North, in winter, is floated to the mill in the mountain streams by the spring freshets, and piled up in great heaps about the mill buildings, whose many roofs, chimneys and towers form a strange picture in the wilderness against the background of cloud-topped mountains.

By being fed to shrieking saws, the spruce logs are cut into pieces that are no longer than a man's arm. "Barking" machines, which have disks of rapidly whirling radial knives, attack the wood and tear off the bark. To prevent a waste of any part of the timber, an endless chain conveyor carries the bark to the boiler room, where it is fed to the fires. Another conveyor, like the *rottoir roulant* at Paris, carries the clean logs to the grinding room, where a long line of three-horned monsters is waiting for them.

Flumes, beside which men are mere pigmies, bring the mountain torrents rushing down to the grinding room, feeding the energy of forest cataracts to the great turbines. They have an enormous work to do. Within the iron cases of the three-horned monsters are grindstones of a special hardness, turned by the turbines. The "horns" are hydraulic presses, which force the logs under them against the stones. Thus the wood is ground to pulp, the stones eating away three feet of wood an hour. The engineer tells us that more than ten thousand "horse-power-hours" of energy are needed to convert one cord of spruce into pulp, and that the mills use more power than a whole manufacturing city in New England. Cold water flows continuously on the grindstones to prevent the friction setting fire to the wood, and the mixture of ground wood and water which flows away from the grinders, as a pinkish, gruel-like, fluid, runs over dams and through screens and drying machines, until, a thick mass, it is either put in storage tanks, in bulk, or formed by machinery into thick sheets that can be rolled up like blankets. It is then

ground wood pulp, ready for the paper machines.
—*Frank Hix Fyant, in Success.*

* * *

*Lots of things prevail on earth
that haven't the slightest resemblance
to the truth.*

* * *

ARE NOT FOUND IN MUSEUM.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON'S false teeth, supposed to have been made of ivory, are giving a certain class of freak historians about as much trouble as they must have given the venerable patriot who wore them," said one of the professors of the Smithsonian institution to a reporter recently.

"Many times a year for several years this institution has been called upon to produce these mysterious teeth for the inspection of persons who insist that they are here.

"Our matter-of-fact answer to these inquiries that Washington had no false teeth, or at least if he did, that they are not in the possession of the museum, seems only to stimulate the inquiring mind to protest our statement. They proceed to give us authentic accounts of these teeth and always conclude with expressing the belief that they must be in the museum somewhere.

"Where or how the idea that Washington had false teeth originated is an unsolved mystery. That it is firmly believed by many is certainly a fact. There seems to be no authentic record of the father of his country possessing ivory teeth, and by a study of the bust we have of him, which was made but a few years before his death, there is no indication of an indentation along the line of the gums, such as can be noticed in persons who have had their teeth drawn, even though they wear artificial ones. However, we will continue to answer the same question in the same way probably many times in the future."

According to some biographers Washington lost his teeth during his service as commander-in-chief of the Continental army and had a set of ivory ones made. These teeth, it is also stated, gave him much trouble because they did not fit.

* * *

SHOES were worn in Egypt 2,200 years before Christ.

NATURE



STUDY

MONKEYS.

BY D. L. FORNEY.

THERE are ladders of various kinds in India, but one of the most ingenious ones I have yet seen is a monkey's tail. One time a half-grown monkey made several gallant efforts to mount a high stone wall, but every time he failed to reach the top. Presently another monkey came along, somewhat larger than the former, and in one bound reached the top of the wall. Instead of running off, he sat quite still on the top, his long tail reaching three or four feet down the side of the wall. The smaller monkey now made another bound and was easily able to grasp his neighbor's tail and help himself to the coveted place, the top of the wall. Then both trotted off to frolic as they pleased.

A baby monkey is a very frolicsome creature. One time a little fellow, like other children with the spirit of investigation, ventured a little farther than usual and came into the schoolroom where our orphan boys were busy studying. Seeing the little fellow, the boys thought they would catch him, and as the teacher did not object they began chase. The little fellow soon got bewildered and, missing the open window he had entered, was chased by the boys from room to room, down the veranda and into the room again, scared so badly he did not know what to do. Meanwhile the old mammy was in a great fright on the trees outside, calling and chattering as loudly as she could. Fortunately the little fellow found the window again and got outside, where his mother was. I did not see whether she rejoiced most because her baby escaped capture, or whether she gave him a sound spanking for being so imprudent as to get in such a place as he did. (Monkeys do spank their babies sometimes.)

Once some monkeys were playing on the roof of a house where some people were living, and the tile being removed, one little fellow fell

through and came down into the room where the people were. When he got out where his mother was the native woman who saw it said she gave the little fellow *bho shiksha* (much punishment)

The monkeys frequently get on the roof of our house, and if the windows are not closed will come in upstairs to see what they can find. One time one big fellow was not satisfied with what he saw upstairs, so proceeded down stairs to a table where some mangoes were setting and began to help himself. He was so quiet about it that we did not find it out till later, though we were in the next room. Another time he came back and helped himself again. Next day he did not trouble to come around by the stairway, but came through the front door to go direct to the table. This time, however, we happened to be in the room, and he was glad to make his escape by the back door without touching the mangoes. Still not daunted, he quietly crept back while we were at the table eating and made off with a mango. This time he was pursued, and, much to his regret, compelled to give up the luscious fruit when only half finished.

The monkeys are very destructive to nearly all kinds of fruit, except sour limes, also grains and vegetables. The Hindus will not shoot them but simply drive them off with sticks and stones so they become very tame and troublesome. I once saw a monkey who had adopted a little black pup for a baby. She sat up in a tree and held it in her paw as tenderly as though it had been her own offspring. A baby monkey always clings to its mother's belly with its paws around her body when it is carried. But the pup had to be carried differently.

Jalalpur, India.

* * *

"WHEN YOU SEE A GOOD THING."

BY C. H. HAWBECKER.

THE heading of this article is from our "Nookman," in which I feel to join in the "refrain" by saying, "Yes, pass it along." I have

been exceedingly interested on several occasions, reading from the pages of "Nature Study" in the 'Nook how animals, down even to insects, have the instinct of protecting their own, in different ways.

A few years ago, while returning to the house from the field at the noon hour, I chanced to walk through a grass field. The grass then was a foot or more high. I heard a cry of distress. "*Squeak, squeak, squeak.*" I stopped to look from whence it came, which only took a very few seconds to discover, for very near to my feet was a snake with its head and neck raised from the ground probably six inches, with a half or two-thirds grown mouse in its mouth. This little mouse was the one uttering the cry of distress. For a moment I watched to see the outcome. I had but a very short time to wait to see it all over, for "Mother Mouse" was very near to hear the cry, as well as I. In an instant, almost a flash, did she run on to the snake and up the protruded neck and gave a sharp "nip," back of the head, when the angry and irritated snake opened wide its mouth, which of course freed the little mouse from his prison, and made good its escape into the grass, while the snake in anger started after mother mouse with open mouth and angry eyes, but the mouse made good its escape.

All this did not take over two minutes, yet the picture is indelibly fixed in my mind, and ever since I have had more profound respect for the insignificant little mouse.

Franklin Grove, Ill.

* * *

BANANAS.

ONE concern has a practical monopoly of the banana trade in the United States. It has sixty steamers engaged in bringing bananas from South and Central America, and for over seventy-five million people 400,000 bunches are imported

weekly. A bunch of bananas weighs about fifty pounds, so that twenty million pounds of bananas are brought to this country every week, which makes the weekly per capita consumption somewhere between one-third and one-fourth of a pound.

Kansas City is one of the great distributing points. The Western trade is supplied from there and the banana sheds which protect this fruit when it must be held over in transit are said to be the completest in the United States. Shipping bananas is a business which receives much closer attention than one would naturally suppose. When all other fruits fail we can always fall back on bananas, and for this reason, perhaps, people have come to believe that little or no method is required in their handling. Perhaps when they are informed that bananas can't stand less than 55 degrees Fahrenheit, nor more than 80 degrees, they will begin to think differently.

* * *

CAT AND RAT GOOD FRIENDS.

THAT the lion and lamb shall lie down together was prophesied a long time ago, but quite as wonderful is the friendship between a cat and a rat. The rat, which is of the white variety that some persons fancy for pets, makes its home under the counter. Back of this is a shelf, on which the proprietor places nuts and other dainties. The rat spends much of his time carrying these things down to his nest on the floor.

The cat used to be known as a particularly fine "ratter," and roams about at will. It often goes to sleep on a shelf behind the counter, and the rat crawls in between its front paws, and cuddling down like a tiny kitten, also takes a nap. The cat has never offered to harm the rat, and even seems to take pride in keeping the white rodent clean. Several times a day the cat makes the rat's toilet, licking its fur until it fairly shines.



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*When I want to speak let me
think first, Is is true?..Is it kind?
Is it necessary?..If not, let it be
left unsaid.*

+ + +

THE FASHIONS.

IN the February issue of the *Junior Munsey* magazine is an article on fashions, and for the benefit of our 'Nook family we reproduce the following sentence:

"With no royal preference to guide the Parisian designers in making their fashions, and no court to wear them, the pleasant duty of suggestion seems to devolve upon the leading actresses and the most prominent members of the *demimonde*; and for them the designer creates his masterpieces." There you are! If ever you wonder where the fashions come from, the very latest thing, know that some actress or prominent bad women devised them. Now there is a positive disadvantage in all this. From the time the "prominent women" devise the correct thing to wear, until it gets to The Corners, is necessarily a long time, and the Parisian kept-woman, or street walker, is wearing something else. Why can we not have a nearer fountainhead of fashion?

"Prominent women" are found pretty nearly everywhere, and we are inclined to believe there are several of them in Chicago. Following them would bring the rural tail end of the procession nearer its native metropolitan head than is the case with the Paris originators.

And the fashions of the men? They are most probably the result of imitating the gentlemen who know the most about the "prominent members." A great thing is Fashion!

+ + +

*Life is not measured by the time
we live.*

+ + +

THE STINGY HABIT.

How it grows on one! Beginning as economy and prudence it passes through all the gradations till the several commendable virtues are passed and the stingy stage is reached. Once this is acquired, the thing soon becomes a habit and a sort of second nature with the individual.

The stingy man suffers pain mentally quite as much as the physical cripple does. When he sees money melting away he is grieved, even though it may not be his own. When his own goes there is acute suffering long drawn out. Many are the stories, when "bang goes the saxepece," concerning the stingy man. None is more surprised than he himself that he should be regarded as being parsimonious. He is only prudent and far-seeing.

And what does it all come to in the end? When the time comes to die, as die he must, he is generally followed by a lot of people, as jackals follow the wounded lion, simply awaiting to get at his savings. Then when they get it what was leaden-footed and clinging before takes wings. It is better to disburse one's holding while alive and watch where it goes.

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Can a person be sued for libel against a dead person?
Yes, and punished if guilty.

• •

Why does the boiler of a locomotive never blow up?
It does sometimes, and the vicinity isn't healthy.

What is a good cure for a burn?

Paint the burnt surface with the white of an egg, and let dry on the skin.



What makes the unevenness of rock formation?

The action of the elements going on all the time, now as well as ages back.



Is wine a healthy drink?

Nothing that contains alcohol is healthy, and wine is not wine until there is alcohol in it.



When a dynamo stops running what becomes of the current?

Nothing. There is no current and nothing happens.



Why will not an apple seed produce the same kind as the parent tree?

Because bees, insects, etc., cross fertilize the varieties when in bloom.



Settle a discussion for us—what is the color of steam from a boiler?

It has no color whatever and a glass boiler full of live steam seems empty.



Is there any way to remove the bad smell in a closed cupboard?

Yes. Put chunks of charcoal in the corners, and wherever they will not be in the way.



Does ice ever get colder than ice?

Sure. It will get as cold as its surroundings, many times colder than necessary to its production.



Are watches and watch cases made at the same factory?

No, at least not in all instances. They are separate industries. There are watch and case factories here in Elgin.



Why do not all fishes occupy the ocean uniformly?

Fish are influenced by food and temperature and in their chosen fields occupy different levels in the water, according to the kind. This is probably due to their make and the consequent comfort or discomfort caused by water pressure.

If tobacco is so pernicious to health why is it that very old people use it?

Yes, but how do you know they would not be in better health if they did not use it? It is well established that it is not good for anybody.



Is death a painful process?

Natural death is in all probability without sensation of any kind. The senses are blunted and if the dead could tell there would be no more to recollect than there is of birth.



How is it managed for the 'NOOK cover to be printed in two colors?

It goes through the press twice, the whole edition once in one color, and then again in another. Practically all color printing is done the same way.



Do you advise the use of an assumed name in writing?

Why? You will probably astonish the world more over your own name than any other. This does not apply to "Veritas," "Citizen," and "Old Subscriber" when they want to pitch into somebody from around the corner.



What is the Louisiana purchase?

In 1800 Napoleon acquired Louisiana from Spain for purposes of colonial empire, the arrangement being secret. But being fully occupied by European troubles it was passed on to the United States April 30, 1803, for \$15,000,000.



How is sugar had from beets?

The beets are washed, shredded, the sugar soaked out of the pulp, and the sugar water boiled down and crystallized. The machinery is very expensive and the sugar cannot be made at home to advantage in any way. A certain kind of beets and soil are necessary to commercial success.



Why would not the stories of a foreign language be acceptable if translated into English?

Some are,—but very few. Most of them have a characteristic turn and manner to them that bars them out. The average French story is surely Frenchy, and in less known languages a literal translation is unbearable to a habit of thought cut along different lines. They "don't come out right" to suit.

THE TEN-CENT STORE.

THE ten-cent stores of our larger cities are of comparatively recent growth, say within the last twenty-five years. They are found in almost any town of considerable size. In the larger-sized cities they are operated under the control of one person, or a syndicate, having branches in their own and other cities. The exact originator of the idea is not known, but it is likely that it started with the ninety-nine-cent stores, or the stores where articles for ninety-nine cents are sold, as it is certain that these higher-priced establishments preceded the ten-cent places. There are also five-cent stores as well as ten-cent stores.

A visit to one of these establishments, especially in the large cities, reveals an immense amount of merchandise of varied assortment, any single piece of which may be had for five or ten cents, as the case may be. There is one in Elgin under the effective management of F. M. Murphy, who also operates another similar store in Freeport, Ill. In an interview with Mr. Murphy in regard to the management we learned the following of interest to 'Nookers:

It is a difficult matter to say what particular article is best sold in one of these establishments. The demand naturally varies with the season of the year, while some articles are suitable the year around. Mr. Murphy finds it to his advantage to import his chinaware direct through a Boston house, while other articles are bought of manufacturers. Anyone having a considerable amount of any one thing to sell at such a price that will afford the ten-cent man a margin is sure of a purchaser in him. It is a fact that the intrinsic value of goods does not always cut any considerable figure in conducting one of these establishments. You can buy a granite ware article for kitchen use at a price which cannot be reached by a regular dealer, and this fact is due, not that the ten-cent man has better facilities in purchasing, but in the fact of his faking advantage of offers on the part of those who are overloaded with some particular article which they wish to dispose of immediately for cash. Thus, if a publisher has brought out a book for the Christmas trade, and has sent his traveling-men abroad and made all the sales that he finds possible, and yet

has a number of books on his hands, he is willing to dispose of them at perhaps even less than he could get for them in the regular channels of trade. The ten-cent store man is alive to the opportunities and is on the alert continually for such purchases, and taking advantage of them, even able to offer for sale to the general public many a thing below the real cost of production. Take another instance for illustration. The manufacture of all the granite ware in the United States is controlled by a trust. It does an enormous business, and in the course of the sales their material some pieces are deficient in some respects, so slightly as not to be noticeable to one not familiar with the business, and these accumulate by the car-load at headquarters. These are offered for sale at cash prices for even less than the cost of the material entering into their manufacture. The merchant in the ten-cent store buying for cash and getting a rebate for down payments, is enabled to put these things on his counters for less than the regular dealer, and yet in a way that does not interfere with their legitimate trade, which would not allow a damaged article to appear on their shelves even though it might be as good as others they had. This gravitates to the ten-cent stores where it is disposed of in short order.

To give the 'Nooker an idea of the extent of the business, Mr. Murphy's store is not a large one so far as space is concerned, yet he does a very large business.* In the single matter of confectionery, in the month of December, he sold about seven tons of candy at the regular price of ten cents per pound.

The contents of a ten-cent store are continually changing and there is not an opportunity of slow worn goods accumulating or dead stock piling up on the merchant's hands. It is a sort of "come quick and go quick" business, and a reader should imagine that only things of little or no value are to be found at such a place. Many of the staple articles of commerce, of course within the limitations of prices, are picked up at auction rooms, clearance sales, fire sales, sheriff sales, etc., and all of these taken together constitute an almost unlimited stock from which to choose.

The character of the patrons of the ten-cent stores is almost identical with those of a gro-

partment store, there being no difference between them in a social or financial way. If a person desires to purchase a common article of household use he is more apt to find it within ready reach at a ten-cent store than he is at a great department store. And so it comes that while the business is a small one as to price, it is pretty universal in its patronage.

It is difficult to ascertain the average number of purchases made by a caller in one of these stores at one time. Some people will come in and look around, buy a single article and go out. Others will look around and perhaps buy five or six dollars' worth. Perhaps the average patron of one of these stores will buy about three articles at a call. There are those who patronize these establishments regularly for the reason that the stock in trade is continually shifting and always presents new attractions. One advantage the ten-cent store has over the older and more orthodox institutions is that the goods are all displayed, or nearly so, and there is no question about the price. People may see for themselves that they are not shop-worn or second-hand in any respect. Naturally the store appeals to the feminine element of the population to a greater extent for the reason that the average woman is keen on the scent of a bargain, and the store where things are sold for a dime presents many such attractions that they are almost impossible to pass if the requisite coin is at hand.

The project has proven so eminently successful that the business is widening out in every direction, especially in the West. A great deal of it is managed by syndicates who locate stores in hitherto unoccupied territory. These syndicates do not arrange to compete with one another, and where they locate a store they are not interfered with by others.

As a result of the expansion of the ten-cent store we have establishments in larger cities where wares are placed on counters on which everything is not more than twenty, twenty-five, or thirty cents as the case may be; but the ten-cent store bases its sales on ten cents for the largest amount of any one thing sold, although all of them naturally sell smaller articles, not worth ten cents, for five cents, or even less. Taking it all around the ten-cent stores seem to be a success and have come to stay.

INSANITY IS NOT FAR OFF.

A PHYSICIAN had to wait the other day for two hours in an office building. As he sat in idleness a man with a fresh but unlighted cigar in his mouth came into the room and began to talk. He talked a long while and then he went out again. He returned at the end of an hour and the cigar, still unlighted, was still in his mouth. The physician said afterward to the man in whose office he was waiting: "Does your friend often go about with an unlighted cigar in his mouth, as he has been doing this afternoon?" The other answered:

"Often? Oh, always. He is never without that ornament."

"Well," said the physician, thoughtfully, "it's a strange thing to say, but I wouldn't bet on your friend's sanity a year hence."

"Why not?" asked the other.

"Because I have seen so many paretics who had this habit of 'dry smoking,' as the thing is called, and I have come to regard the habit almost as a sign of incipient paresis. Lombroso regards it as such a sign, and so does the English alienist Maudsley. Look out for your friend. Watch him very closely."—*Philadelphia Record*.

* * *

*When beggars cease to ask you
for alms it is time for you to change
your tailor.*

* * *

HOW EMERY IS QUARRIED.

EMERY comes from the Island of Naxos, in the eastern Mediterranean, whence it has been exported for the last two centuries or more. The beds are in the northeast of the island. There are about three hundred men engaged in the trade, all of whom have to be married before they are admitted to the fraternity. The material is much too hard to be dug out or even blasted. Great fires are lighted round the blocks till the natural cracks expand with the heat, and levers are then inserted to pry them apart. This system is continued until the blocks are reduced in size to masses of a cubic foot or less, and they are then shipped as if they were coal. There are said to be twenty million tons yet available at Naxos. It is one of the hardest substances known.

A WALK IN MEXICO.

BY THE 'NOOKMAN.

If a 'Nooker were whisked from his present place of reading to the heart of Mexico City on one of its principal streets at first sight he would not know he was out of his own country, but he would not have to look around more than once to find himself wondering as to what part of the world he had suddenly come upon. The city is a very old one, probably a thousand years have come and gone since its founding, but the leading streets of Mexico and the people are not very unlike those of our own country, taking them as a whole. There are houses, paved sidewalks, asphalt streets, telegraphs, telephones, stores and show windows, and people dressed exactly as they are in any city of the United States.

Nevertheless, when one comes to examine any particular thing he finds it different after all. The stores are managed very much as our own and the articles offered for sale are about the same, but the people and their customs are so widely different as to be a source of never-ending surprise and comment. On the leading streets one will see all kinds of people. When I say street it should be remembered that in Mexico City every street does not retain the same name throughout its entire length, but has a different name for every square. Thus in going down a street, let us call it Gante street, we cross over and come to Bettlemitas street, and so on, changing throughout the entire length. To say that persons live on a certain street is practically saying that they live on one side of a certain square.

Now the people on these streets are widely different. Nowhere in Mexico, either in or out of the Capital, are there more than two classes of people,—the better class and the literally poorer class. The better classes are dressed in the height of fashion; the poorer class wears a native garb and carries a blanket over the shoulder. The great middle class that owns the earth with us is wholly wanting in any Spanish-speaking country on the American continent. The well-dressed man and the white-shirted and broad-hatted peon fill the sidewalks, while out in the street for greater facility of action and rapidity of progress, the Indians, dressed in their native costumes, may be seen rapidly passing to and fro.

Hacks drive up and down the street, private equipages pass, and every man or woman who passes is possessed of an individuality that is noticeable on close inspection. Little newsboys call out the papers they offer for sale the same as our own. It is perhaps the only place in the world where to-morrow's paper is sold to-day.

The language is universally Spanish, though there is much English spoken and no little German and French. It is entirely possible for a reader to spend a year in Mexico City and get along very well without a knowledge of a word of Spanish, though, of course, he would be better equipped if he knew the language spoken by the people. Still, it is not a necessity by any means.

Turning into a hotel, say the Iturbide, on a private dwelling place, afterward the palace of an emperor, and now a hotel, one enters the office registers in a book similar to those in use at home, is assigned a room, and goes up an elevator to his floor along with a *mozo*, or man-servant. He finds his room very much like that of a hotel room at home with the exception that the chambermaids are conspicuous by their absence and that men do all the work. The guest can wait in his room while the servant brings the linen and makes the bed. This is invariably the case, no bed is made ready for occupancy and left without a guest in the room. The reason for this is, perhaps, that the bedding would disappear if accessible to the native help. There is an electric bell in the room and the general appliances and appurtenances, as said before, are not unlike those of a home hotel.

Leaving our room and going down on the street there is so much to see that one hardly knows where to begin. We can go up to the National palace in five minutes, having to cross the great central plaza, a most beautiful spot with trees, flowers, and fountains, and in the center a band-stand at which most excellent music is dispensed to the public on given evenings of the week. It is said that this music, which begins at eight o'clock in the evening, is the only thing in Mexico that has ever been known to begin in time. Let us sit down on one of these seats and look around us a little. On two sides of the square are business houses, on another side the National Palace, the largest building in all Mexico, on the other side the great cathedral of Mexico, built on the site of the old Aztec temple.

the right across the street from it was Montezuma's palace where Cortez brought him out to give his speech to the angry people of the old city and where a stone was hurled at him from the crowd causing his death. For a thousand years this open square has been a place of public resort, being the market place in Aztec times. It has been occupied by the various revolutionary armies and the flag of the United States, of France and of Mexico have taken turns in its display. Within five minutes' walk in any direction we are at the center of things and places of which the edicts have gone forth that have governed the country for at least a thousand years. Every foot of it is historic ground, and every sight and every scene a strange one. At some future period we will take a walk around the square and see more in ten minutes than we could see in any other place on the American Continent.

* * *

*There are certain things which
no lapse of time will ever cover.*

* * *

A CRITICISM.

BY AMANDA WITMORE.

In a recent INGLENOOK article the Editor recalled a Thanksgiving dinner of long ago, at which there was no end to the good things to eat, in which he says "that there never was a woman yet who wore the bonnet who felt at peace with herself if she didn't stack things up beyond the greatest capacity of the eaters," "and the only reason why there was not more to eat was because they didn't happen to think of it."

His comment gives us the thought that the women who wear the bonnet have no higher life in view, no higher conception of this life, but are content to live to eat. I do not believe the Editor intended to convey this thought to the readers of our richly-laden magazine, but only to praise our good sisters for their benevolent and liberal gifts and their generosity to their guests, and, I say also, to give them a word of praise for their good cooking.

I feel that our people have grown out of that as they have grown out of many other things. Especially do I see it with many of our Western

sisters. They think more soberly of life. "They eat to live."

It is true they often call in their friends and have a rich repast, and an abundance of it, but it is not looked upon as being "the Dunkard of it." They have weightier matters to think and talk about, such as the various kinds of missions, benevolent work, their Bible studies and how best to make use of the precious time allotted to them, how secure the best means to educate their children to a higher, nobler life, and in many other things calculated to improve the talents given them till the Master comes.

McPherson, Kans.

COMMENT.

The 'Nookman has no objection to the sisters who meet to discuss the higher life, etc., but if you happen to know a woman whose name might be Mary Ann, cleanly, healthy, homey, womanly, whose whole life is an engrossed poem without her knowing it, who is an adept at potpies, able to concoct dumplings that are dreams, familiar with pies that bespeak inspiration, and so on,—one who goes over the hill to see a sick child of an afternoon, and who feels it her mission to make a happy home, and stay there most of the time,—just give me Mary Ann while the rest of them are at the meeting. When I die I want to continue some things begun on earth, and Mary Ann is sure to be there, even though it would puzzle her to tell what all this higher life business really meant, for, having lived it, she never thought about it as a necessity.

* * *

*Some people save a lot of money
by not buying soap.*

* * *

QUEEN'S ARM SIX THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

EXPLORATION has lately revealed relics of Menes, the founder of the Egyptian monarchy, fashioned more than 6,500 years ago. Of Zer, the successor of Menes, it is astonishing to find the forearm of his queen still in its wrappings, with four splendid bracelets intact. This brilliant and exquisitely finished group of jewelry is 2,000 years older than the jewelry of Dahshur, the oldest up to then known. The arm of the queen had been broken off by the first plunderers and had laid hidden in a hole in the wall of the tomb.

MAKING BREAD.

IN an article descriptive of making bread by machinery, the *Scientific American* has the following interesting article, that cannot fail to interest the 'Nook family, all of whom are interested in the staple of life:

'The raw material employed in the making of bread at the bakery in question consists principally of flour, yeast, milk, and water. For the finer varieties of bread, butter is used.' The flour is piled in sacks to the number of six thousand in a large storeroom occupying the topmost floor of the factory building, and is composed of spring wheat, winter wheat, and pure rye. Although modern milling machinery has done much to improve the quality and cleanliness of flour before it reaches the consumer, the baker finds that it must be still further cleaned before it becomes fit for his purpose. Consequently an elaborate cleaning apparatus or "dresser" is employed, invented by the late Jonathan Mills, which so thoroughly refines the flour that even the finest fibers of the sack are removed in passing through the machine. The cleaning apparatus comprises essentially a system of hoppers, screens, conveyers, and bins.

The hoppers are located at one end of the flour storage room; and into their mouths the flour is poured. At the lower tapered end of each hopper an adjustable rocking closure is suspended by rods, which closure permits the passage of a definite amount of material. As the rods swing from side to side the closure rocks and permits the flour to drop into a spiral conveyer, by which it is transferred into a rotary screen. As the flour is whirled around and mixed in this rapidly-turning screen, it is driven by its centrifugal force toward one end of the screen; but before it reaches that end it has sifted through the meshes. The foreign matter and impurities are left behind, and these alone emerge from the end of the screen, left open for that purpose. The sifted, cleaned flour is transferred by a screw-conveyer, mounted immediately below the rotary screen, to a bucket-elevator, by which it is raised to the flour storage room and taken to four bins by separate chutes. As the one bin receives its charge, its chute is closed, so that the next bin may be filled. This cleaning apparatus is constantly in operation; for

during a working day some 200 barrels of flour must be refined.

The four bins in the storage room are situated directly above four dough-mixing machines on the floor below. And to each mixing machine the flour is carried by a small screw-conveyer and a flexible pipe-like chute from the superposed bin. Above each machine is a tank in which cold and hot water are mixed until a temperature varying from 90 degrees in summer to 95 degrees in winter is attained. Into each mixing machine are added two gallons of milk and water, previously mixed by the baker, 840 pounds of flour, fifteen pounds of yeast, and a suitable amount of yeast, are introduced to form what is technically called a "sponge." In the making of rye bread caraway seed is mingled with the other material. For the finer varieties of bread, milk and butter are used, as we have already remarked.

Although the four mixing machines differ somewhat in detail, the main elements of their construction are the same in all. Each machine comprises essentially an iron vessel mounted to swing in which a double spiral dasher or mixer is mounted, and is turned through the medium of gearing driven by a belt and pulley from a countershaft. When the mixing machine has received its charge of material, the belt is shifted from a loose to a fast pulley, whereupon the dashers revolve and knead the sponge into dough. Human hands could never knead so thoroughly and so quickly. After twenty minutes of mixing and kneading by which the ingredients are intimately combined and mingled into a perfectly homogeneous mass, the mixing machine is swung downwardly on its hinges, and from the turning dasher the dough is scraped with a long-bladed knife and collected in a wheeled trough.

Time was when this kneading and mixing was done by hand. The workmen washed their hands and cleaned their nails before kneading and handling the dough. But it is hard to knead dough thoroughly by hand; and perspiration must be wiped out from the pores with the arduous labor. Now, using mechanical kneaders the dough can be mixed, thoroughly kneaded, without touching with the hands. How great is the saving in time and labor wrought by these machines may be perceived when it is considered that the work which each performs in twenty minutes required at

the incessant labor of two men for three-quarters of an hour.

Before machinery was introduced in the making of bread a man worked from twelve to thirteen hours a day in a large bakery and from seven to eighteen hours in a small bakery. At present all large bakeries, at least those of New York City, employ their men only during sixty days per week.

The dough collected from the mixing machines in the troughs is now allowed to ferment or "rise," as it is properly called, a process which requires about two and a half hours. After fermentation the dough is ready to be molded by hand into loaves of some forty different shapes and sizes. Adequate machines for this purpose have never been devised.

From the mixing room the fermented dough is passed into a molding and oven room by chutes, rye-bread dough passing down by one way, wheat-bread dough by another. The rye-bread dough is carried to a table in the mixing room, cut into pieces of a certain weight, dropped into a machine called a "break," then passed down to the molding and baking room by way of a chute, to be molded and baked. The "break" consists merely of a pair of rollers placed side by side and serves the purpose of squeezing the air out of the dough.

The wheat-bread dough, on the other hand, is subjected to no squeezing, but is conveyed directly by a chute to a table, to be cut up and distributed among the men who are to work it into proper shape. After having been molded into loaves the dough is allowed to raise in a steam-oven for one-half an hour.

The walls of the baking room fifteen ovens are built, into which the loaves are inserted by one-handed wooden shovels commonly called "scoops." The baking extends over a period of one-half to three-quarters of an hour, depending on the size of the loaf. The interior of the oven is lit by gas so that the loaves can be readily inspected. Of the various ovens employed, a large double Werner-Pfleiderer drawplate oven should be particularly mentioned; for it constitutes a most valuable adjunct to the baking plant.

The oven in question has two heating chambers arranged in as many tiers, and two carriages, one of which receives a baking plate and is run forward and back in its chamber. Hangers of

different lengths extend from the forward ends of the carriages and are curved in the lower carriage so as not to impede the upper. These arms or hangers run on rails to guide the carriage into the oven. The construction utilizes the space in front of the oven to the best advantage; for large-sized baking plates may be drawn out to their full length.

After the baking the loaves are collected, classified, as it were, and taken to the shipping room. Here they are loaded on some fifty delivery wagons and distributed throughout the city of New York.

The output of this model bakery aggregates about 43,000 loaves of bread and 15,000 rolls per day.

* * *

SAVED BY HIS COLLIE.

THAT Caspar Lampson, a well-to-do farmer of Stewarttown is alive to-night is due to the bravery of his shepherd dog, which rescued him from a vicious bull that would have killed him had not the dog come to his assistance.

Mr. Lampson was leading the bull to water this morning when it turned on and attacked him. He had a pitchfork in his hand, with which he defended himself as best he could, but at last the maddened animal in a most vicious rush knocked the fork from the farmer's hand. Then it bore him to the ground and was trampling on and goring him when the dog leaped the barnyard fence and attacked the bull, biting and snapping at its heels. This caused the bull to turn from the man to the dog, which then attacked the bull, fastening its teeth in the bull's nostrils and holding on until the badly-injured farmer could crawl to a place of safety.

When the dog saw that its master was safe it loosened its hold on the bull and reached safety by jumping the fence.

* * *

A CANADIAN doctor, when called to prescribe for insomnia, always advises, before drugs are employed, a hop pillow instead of feathers. It is made of a thin muslin slip stuffed with hops and hop leaves and sprayed fresh with alcohol every night before the patient goes to bed. He claims that nine times out of twelve he has cured insomnia by this simple plan.—*Good Housekeeping.*

ABOUT IRRIGATION.

BY THE 'NOOKMAN.

THE larger half of the 'Nook family know nothing about irrigation, and no doubt a good many care nothing about it for the reason that they know nothing. Nevertheless it is a very interesting subject, and is one that will influence every reader of the INGLENOOK who lives long enough. In fact, perhaps no person from the East has ever looked on the work of irrigation, as successfully carried out, but who thought what a good thing it would be at home where it might be applied to advantage.

Now in order to get at this thing in some sort of order, let us say that irrigation of crops is as old as civilization, and possibly a good deal older. There is nothing new about it. But the man, here at Elgin, say, puts out his crop and trusts to luck for rain at the right time, and if it comes it hits all right, and if it doesn't the crop is more or less of a failure. Now the difference between him and the irrigating man is this: The Elgin man hits or misses connection as it happens. The irrigating man is as sure of his crop as the mechanic is of turning out a kitchen table when he starts in with material and a knowledge of what he wants to make. Every farm reader knows that there is a time in the history of every crop when if there is no water gets to it there is a greater or less shortage, often a total failure. The man with the water makes weather and gets his crop, sure, every time. That's the difference.

Now there is a broad strip of country, hundreds of miles across, beginning up in British America and extending through the United States clear down into old Mexico, for over a thousand miles, in which the soil is an ideal one, the climate often perfect, and the surface many times better than the older parts of the country, as far as topography is concerned, and yet in all this section it is a hit or miss gambling game that man plays with Nature every time he puts out a crop.

A man with his family selects a perfect quarter-section of land, and buys or homesteads it, and builds him a sod house and starts out with the highest and holiest aim that could move him to action. He is home-making. He plows up the tough buffalo grass sod, puts in his crop and

waits results. In the morning the sun comes like a ball of fire, sails through a sky as blue as that of Italy, and goes down in the west, a ball of fire. At night the stars wheel into place and the night breeze sets in, and it is pleasant either in daylight or starlight. These perfect days reward themselves, and everything happens in rotation to save the falling of the rains at the right time. The corn shrivels, the wheat and other grain wither, and the days come and go like a dream. The sod house tumbles in, and still the sun goes too. The last, done out in the unequal battle, the sun shines on day by day, and the stars laugh and blink at night. There is only one thing that is needed to make it a garden spot for more millions than now inhabit the whole United States, and that is water. This water is no idle dream. It is a certain fact under every foot of the earth, and in places man has tortured the river to flow through his ditches, and along the land, and where the spiny cactus in its varied shapes forms found life out of nothing, the long-tered grape, the peach, and the almond abound. And the arid country is a garden. Now the interest that attaches to all this cannot but come to the 'Nook family, a good many of whom live in the midst of the reclaimed desert.

And there is something else that the 'Nook family will let you work out for yourself, but it is an averaging one's way through the question. The irrigating community is always an intelligent one, more so than the hit or miss farm settler. How people get their water, and how they pay for it, and the fun and the misery of it, make interesting reading. It is good enough for the 'Nook family, it has to be very good to find its way into the "gude black prent" of its pages. So in the future we will tell something of the means used to get water, and if those who irrigate their lands in the West in a small way will tell the 'Nook family how they do it, and what happens when it is rightly done, they will confer a favor on many an eastern reader who has the common sense, but who doesn't know how to work it.

Not long ago the writer was at an old sod house, old in the sense of having been there long, occupied by the same family, for generations. Up on the hillside above was a strong spring that filled a pond that kept fish in summer and melted nished ice in the winter. The house was built below it, and there was the big family gathered

sometimes it hit, and sometimes it dried up. A westerner would rather have that condition than to have found a pocketbook full of money. Will someone tell how it should be fixed, and what could be done with a two-inch water pipe steadily flowing the year around.

* * *

Usually when a woman is in the wrong she cries—then she's all right.

* * *

WAYS OF MAKING A LIVING.

ONE of the unfortunate things in this life, or at least apparently unfortunate, is also one of the commonest. A woman, young or old, single or married, is thrown upon her own resources. She is compelled to make her own living for herself and sometimes for others. In and of itself this situation is not so serious, in fact, if all things are equal, it is not a situation to be gravely decried. But, unfortunately, it often happens that these parties are absolutely without expert knowledge or technical skill sufficient to enable them to earn their daily bread. The history of the lives of hundreds and thousands of women would be a sad and painful record of trouble, privation and disaster, ending in suicide, or shame worse than death.

It is not within the province of this article to discuss the primary conditions that lead women to be so helpless. The fact remains that every woman who reads this magazine does not know how soon she may be brought through stress of circumstances, brought face to face with just these conditions. It is the unaccountable thing that happens and with it sometimes comes the terrible. It may be, and often is the case, that when a woman is thrown upon her own resources kind friends come to the rescue and smooth the way of self-support, but in thousands of cases they are left entirely upon their own resources and know not which way to turn.

Now, it has occurred to the INGLENOOK that a series of articles from persons situated in the manner herein described, showing how they were getting on for themselves, would be of great interest to all of our readers. Not only would it be a matter of absorbing interest, but it might prove to be of a most helpful character in cases of pos-

sible emergency among many who are now well situated. Therefore, we have concluded to ask for contributions from women who make their own living, telling how it is done, the experience necessary, and the struggles through which they passed before they attained their present self-supporting condition.

We do not ask for the addresses, or even the names of the writers. An assumed name will do as well. It is not intended to ask a woman to parade her troubles, her griefs, and her final success before the world over her own name. Initials or an assumed name will be sufficient.

Perhaps no woman has ever been brought face to face with this problem without the regret that she had not qualified herself for something of the kind before the emergency arose, and if, therefore, those who contribute their experience will add a word of advice along the line they have successfully followed it may be a vast help to all who read. We ask these contributions in the interest of a number of people who have written to the INGLENOOK for advice in premises precisely similar. And not only to them will these articles be valuable, but to all who read. We hope for a hearty response; not only from those who have had a personal experience, but those who know of others who have been forced to earn a living. They may do this even without their knowledge or consent, *omitting names*, of course.

We trust there will be a liberal response to this call and that we will have many an avenue opened up for consideration among those who, though now blessed with a home, may at an early period be compelled to seek employment to keep the wolf from the door.

Names and places will be regarded as confidential by the management of the magazine and only direct facts of an impersonal character are requested.

Now, let us hear from you.

* * *

QUITE an interest is being manifested in the premium offers to any present 'Nooker who secures new subscribers. It is so easy to accomplish that every present subscriber should make an effort to send in some new names. It is easy once started upon, and getting the premium for the trouble is "like finding money." Don't delay action. Take hold promptly.

THE SISTERS' NUMBER.

BY THE 'NOOKMAN.

LAST week's INGLENOOK was written by sisters of the Brethren church. About seventy-five contributed, some getting in too late to appear in the number set apart for them. Now what was the effort like; how does it compare with a like number of men writing? Well, if the editor knows, and he thinks he does, the performance was rather better than as many men would have made. That ought to be glory enough, but there are also faults.

The greatest fault of all writers, everywhere, is a disposition to preach. Let me illustrate what I mean. Take half a dozen men and women, ten miles back of Elgin. Let them ride together to town, take the cars for Chicago, run around all day there, return at night fagged out, and while there will be talk, intelligent and pat with the subjects discussed, wit, pathos, sarcasm and good-natured railery, there will be no preaching. Now give the six a chance to write, or to make it even numbers, a hundred of them, and about ninety-nine of them will choose some abstract subject and go to moralizing. No satisfactory explanation has ever been tendered. It is shown in the subjects graduating classes take for their essays and orations, and for a lot of impossible and unreasonable topics commend me to a college or seminary programme. It seems to be a fixed idea among most people that when they speak or write they must preach.

Now preaching is all right in its place, and some people are born to do it, called, I believe is the word, and, oh, the imitators! While everybody tolerates them yet behind the door opinions are quietly expressed. Now this is the preface to the remark that there was little or no preaching in the woman's 'Nook. Much of it was real interesting, all of it was creditable. While all public expression of any character should be elevating and helpful it is no part of the necessities of the case that the teacher should look and act like a dyspeptic owl. Yet that is the very thing most people think they must do, and for that very reason most people who write never get into print.

Then facility of expression seems to be a gift no books or training can give. Did you ever

notice a new glove on the plump hand of teen-year-old girl? Her "paddy" fits in every part of it, and there is no suspicion of a wrinkle. Just so some people write. Their ideas fit into the words as the hand does into the glove. And *that's* good writing. It is said one might as well try to push a brick out of a house with one's finger as to change a word with Shakespeare, and the comparison is an excellent one. Now some of our contributors have a knack in telling a thing in the glove-fitting way while others call to mind the Indian's coronation Congress: "Talky—talky, heap talky."

To one to whom the gods have been kind in this way, these things may come without effort; but to the average mortal of us, the round-headed, round-shouldered, round-hipped, round-riod and the clear and clean-cut expression of the results of a good deal of care and study is not so easy. For some reason most people introduce their subjects by saying that it is something they just "got off." The 'Nookman always feels like saying, "You get ready to catch. I'm going to toss you now." Don't deceive yourself. Nobody has succeeded in literature ever got there by introducing things off.

Taken all in all the woman's INGLENOOK has been a success. Croakers said it couldn't be done, but that there would be a mess. Well, it was done, and well done at that. Doubtful whether the women, like Jacob and the rest of them could do it so well.

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CALIGULA'S SUNKEN GALLEYS.

PRINCE ORSINI, who is the owner of the beautiful Lake Nemi, near Rome, has facilitated in every possible way the efforts of the Italian Government to raise the two galleys of Caligula which were sunk A. D. 41 off the shores of this sheet of water. Sufficient has been recovered to present to disclose the astounding fact that the vessels in question measure respectively 222 and 237 feet in length, by sixty feet and seventy-five feet in width. Their decks were everywhere covered with splendid mosaic, and already a large number of magnificent bronze objects among them a beautiful head of Medusa, have been seen at the Prince's villa, where eventually a museum is to be organized of objects in connection with the sunken galleys.

Home

Department



A small boy says it is impossible to judge the effect of a slipper by its size.

ROAST GOOSE AND POTATO STUFFING,

Wash, and clean a young goose carefully. Chop one finely-chopped onion with one-half cup butter for ten minutes, strain the butter and add to it one and one-fourth cups of stale bread crumbs, two cups hot mashed potatoes, one-third cup melted butter, one-half cup grated celery, one egg slightly beaten, one-half cup chopped English walnut meats or hickory meats, and salt, pepper and sage to taste. Roast the goose, after stuffing, sprinkle with butter (but not with flour), and bake in a hot oven for two or three hours, according to size. Baste every fifteen minutes, indeed the more often it is basted the more tender, and delicious it will be. Serve with cranberry or apple sauce, carefully cooked so as to be bright in color. Black currant jelly is also served with roast goose.

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BEEF OR VEAL ROLL.

BY SISTER SADIE K. IMLER.

Take one and one-fourth pounds of beef, chop finely, add one egg, one-half cup of crackers rolled fine, a little onion if desired, pepper and salt to taste. Mix up well, using sweet milk or water, enough to form it into a nice long roll. Put in a pan and bake till done. It is better to have the roll roasted while roasting, as it retains its flavor better. This is enough for eight or ten persons.

Castro, Pa.

FRIED BREAD.

BY SISTER ELIZABETH ECKERLE.

Take bread that is dry, the dryer the better, dip into the following batter: two eggs, one quart of milk, a pinch of salt, all beaten together well; fry in hot lard with a little butter until brown, serve hot.

Flora, Ind.

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SUET PUDDING.

BY SISTER LIZZIE CHAMBERLIN.

Take one cup each of sour milk, suet, raisins, and sugar or molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, flour to make a rather stiff batter; put in a pan and steam two hours. Serve with a sauce made of one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, and one quart of boiling water. Flavor to taste.

Yale, Iowa.

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GOOD SODA BISCUIT.

BY SISTER ADALINE HUSTON.

Take one quart of rich buttermilk, shortening the size of a hen's egg, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, flour enough to mix soft; dissolve the soda in the milk, mix, cut into biscuits and bake in a quick oven.

Mishawaka, Ind.

EGG CAKES.

BY SISTER SARAH A. CROWL.

TAKE two eggs, one pint of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder, flour enough to make a batter. Fry on a greased griddle. Serve with maple syrup.

Nappanee, Ind.

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TEA MUFFINS.

BY SISTER AMY ROOP.

TAKE one egg, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one pint of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and flour to make a thick batter; bake twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Westminster, Md.

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CORN BREAD.

BY SISTER ESTHER H. SELL.

TAKE one pint of corn meal, one pint of wheat flour, one pint of buttermilk, two eggs (whites beaten separately), butter the size of a walnut, one teaspoonful of soda. Bake till done.

Roaring Spring, Pa.

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EXCELLENT SALVE FOR SKIN DISEASES.

BY SISTER MARY W. SHROYER.

TAKE six tablespoonfuls of lard, three tablespoonfuls of beeswax, two tablespoonfuls of pulverized alum; melt all together in a pan and strain through a thin cloth.

*Otterbein, Ohio.***PORTIERES.**

BY SISTER JOHN E. MOHLER.

I WISH to tell the girls who have opened their rooms that they wish to conceal and know how, of a cheap and good way to. Some have unused doors to their rooms make the walls look barren. Others have a door just where it is the most inconvenient in the world to manage.

Now if mother or grandmother has those lovely, homemade, blue-and-white lets, or any others that have pretty coloring that she is willing to spare, just rip it very fully down the middle and drape on a pole the unused door, or take down the closet and hang the coverlet—now dignified with name of portiere—which will make a charming addition to the room and also be much more convenient. If you cannot find a coverlet that used denims make nice portieres which can be nicely laundered.

Warrensburg, Mo.

* * *

FRUIT cake may be kept an indefinite length of time by packing it in granulated sugar. I just opened a box containing a loaf of my ding cake, which was put away six years ago. In the bottom of a tin box was placed sugar to the depth of about one inch. Then in the center of box was placed the cake, and sugar poured about it, filling the box to the brim, the sides of box allowing for about an inch and a half sugar at the sides, while the depth above the cake was the same as beneath. The box was wrapped in heavy brown paper and carried to the attic, where it remained undisturbed. Recently opened, flavor and moisture were just what they were when put away in October, 1895.—*Mrs. E. R. Barnard in Housekeeping.*

*Till a thing is done men wonder
that you think it can be done, and
when you have done it they wonder
that it was never done before.*

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THE RETURN.

He sought the old scenes with eager feet—
The scenes he had known as a boy;
"Oh! for a draught of those fountains sweet,
And a taste of that vanished joy."

He roamed the fields, he mused by the streams,
He threaded the paths and lanes;
On the hills he sought his youthful dreams,
In the woods to forget his pains.

Oh, sad, sad hills; oh, cold, cold hearth!
In sorrow he learned thy truth—
One may go back to the place of his birth—
He cannot go back to his youth.

—*John Burroughs in the Independent.*



OUR BOY AND GIRL.

ear Nookers:—

WHEN we planned our trip we thought we could start from the East, that is, we intended starting from Washington, but there was a difference. It was this. The West is one thing, the East is the same old thing, one and the same always. We couldn't make the arrangements with the eastern roads, while the western lines were up and at it, everything completed and waiting, while the East deferred the question. It wasn't that they didn't want Frank and me, but they did so much referring. That a railroad signs itself the X. Y. Z. "R. R." has pretty nearly come to mean "Respectfully Referred," while the western "Ry." stands for "Ready for you." When we got out of patience at the delays and shuffling we did some telegraphing and the answer from the Bookman was refreshing in its directness and simplicity: "You two start to-night on No. 1, meet you at Chicago station." That was all, and that was enough. We started, and we are here in Chicago.

Now before we say a word about our trip, that is, the actual going, I want to tell you all that this

thing of leaving home isn't just as easy and as pleasant as one would think. When the last afternoon on the farm came, and everything was ready, I went around and looked at the animals. And it wasn't much of a jollification. The old cow moored, low like, in the barn, and my Jersey heifer looked at me with her great, liquid eyes while I rubbed her ears and stroked her neck. When I went out to go to the house, Frank was going in the barn and I wouldn't have spoken to him for a king's ransom. Outside, to make matters worse, Topsy, my pet white hen, flew up on my shoulder and tilted forward and back and seemed to be wanting to tell me something. Up on the porch Prince, our old dog, pounded on the floor with his tail and he wanted to say Good-bye as plainly as a dog could. Even Tabitha, the Maltese cat, seemed to be more affectionate than usual. Ma said that all animals would sooner be kind than not if we gave them to understand we meant to be kind to them.

Before we started, Pa and Ma, Frank and I, had a little talk in the front room. Ma didn't say much. Pa did the talking. He told us he had decided to let us take this trip alone because he had confidence in our good sense, and he hoped we wouldn't make fools of ourselves, that we would return having used our opportunities well, and that we would not discredit our profession and practice, and he emphasized "practice" just a little. I didn't look up, but I knew Ma was looking hard at me, and I knew why, but I won't tell, at least not now. Then Pa gave us each a lot of money, and each a draft for more, and he told us to keep it on us so that nobody could get it away from us. He said that sort of division of the money was like Robinson Crusoe's burying his powder in different places, so it couldn't all go up at once.

When finally we got started I knew just the place, to the last panel of fence, where I could get

one last look at the house, and there I looked back and saw Ma on the porch, waving. I waved back as the wagon jolted around the bend. And Frank! He was talking about the West, and never turned to look. I confess I cried a little, not much, just a little, and then I thought of the funniest thing. It was just this, "Kathleen, don't make a fool of yourself." Then I tried to hum a tune, but I didn't get far in it.

When we got to the station we had a surprise. Of course the whole neighborhood knew we were going; but about a dozen young people had met there to say good-bye. I never thought so much and so hard in my life as I did then for a minute. We all had a jolly good-bye, and we climbed on the train. Just after the last good-bye one of them handed me a pasteboard box. I opened it after we were in our seats. What do you think was in it? Half a dozen great, long-stemmed rose buds, and as many carnations. After a while I saw a woman with a baby across the aisle and I gave her one. She seemed pleased to death over it. There was an oldish man in front of us and I offered him one. He took it and said he was going to see his sick daughter and he would give it to her. Then I gave him another, and really I had no idea before how much pleasure there was in a few flowers.

Well, after a fussy night, an "uncomfy" night, the next day we rolled into the Union station at Chicago. I didn't know how the Nookman would ever find us in the crowd, but as soon as we passed out of the iron gate, between the trains and the station, I heard a familiar voice, "Here, you!" and there he was. He simply grabbed my grip, hefting it as he did so, and said, "Come on!" and away we went, up the steps, around the corner, over a bridge and I don't know how we ever got there, but we did find ourselves at a hotel, where he had engaged rooms for us. We followed orders, took a wash and met in the ladies' parlor. Here he gave us our instructions. They were these:

"In this trip you represent the Nook. You write turn about, each week, and we want facts, not crude opinions. Understand?" We said we did. "Got your camera?" We had. "Send your letters and your pictures whenever you can. Pictures can't be made off-hand. Remember?" We said we would. "Finally, no foolishness. See?" I'm afraid I snickered, but

Frank said he saw, but what he saw he didn't say. Then the Nookman said, "Good-bye and good luck," and off he went.

That night as I unstrapped my telescope, that is my valise, I saw on the top of everything that Ma had put a Bible there, and she must have done it when I was bidding the cows good-bye. So I read the twenty-third psalm, said my prayers, and went to bed. The next thing I knew Frank was knocking at my door, saying it was time to get up. It was morning. We are going to do Chicago and I'm glad it's Frank's turn to write—the city's so big. However, that's Frank's business, and I'll let him tell his own story next week.

Lovingly,

KATH.

P. S.—Frank made a funny break last night that I want to tell you about. We were in the hotel parlor, alone, and it was pretty late, and I suggested that we better go to bed. Frank was half asleep, and he spoke up and asked, "Did you put the cat out?" Then he remembered where he was. I'm going to remember that, and if I go wrong and he twits me about it, I'll ask about the cat.

* * *

When a man's song is self-praise, let the hymn be in short metre and let the tune be in the minor key.

* * *

HOW PAPER IS MADE.

BY S. Z. SHARP.

THE word paper comes from the term papyrus, the name of a rush-like plant that grew on the banks of the River Nile in Egypt. It is claimed that from this plant the mother of Moses constructed the ark which saved her son's life. See the account in Ex. 2:3. The Egyptians took the inner bark of this plant, cut it into pieces of proper length, and pasted these pieces together with some sticky substance and then pressed them to make a smooth surface. This papyrus, prepared in this way, formed the first paper used more than three thousand years ago.

Not so many years ago paper was made principally from linen and cotton rags. Our grandmothers had bags into which they stuffed all the linen and cotton rags they could gather, and

when the bag was full it was taken to the store and sold for a few cents a pound, and then shipped to the paper mill. Here all the coloring was taken out by means of a solution of chloride of lime, then the rags were washed clean and ground into fine pulp and made into paper. Some poor people, and especially children, almost made their living by picking up rags from the gutters in the cities, then washing and selling them.

Now wrapping paper is principally made of straw, but the great bulk of writing paper, book and newspaper is made from wood. A few weeks ago we had the pleasure of examining thoroughly the process of papermaking as pursued at Roaring Springs, Blair Co., Pa. As we entered the town we noticed immense piles of wood which the superintendent said contained about twelve thousand cords, and is constantly being added to as well as taken from. The kinds of wood here used are basswood, white pine, maple, beech, and birch, and perhaps a few other kinds of white, soft wood. The process of manufacture is as follows:

Several men push the cordwood endwise into chopping machine, very much like the feeder cuts the sheaves of wheat into a thresher; this cuts the wood into fine chips and from forty-five to fifty cords are used daily. It is then put into immense kettles with soda and lime and boiled.

This separates the wood into fine fiber. The lime and soda are washed out and the pulp is passed through the "wet machine" into large vats where it is mixed with chloride of lime and heated to take out all the coloring matter. It is again washed to take out the lime and put into drainage vats to take out most of the water. It is then passed through a "beating-machine" which grinds the pulp very fine. It is next mixed with china clay or agolite, and melted resin to give more of a body to the paper and a smoother surface. This is called sizing. More water is added and run into large vats where it is given any color desired by means of aniline. Still more water is added, until it has the consistency of milk and run over a cloth on a fine wire sieve in a shallow stream as broad as desired, and forced between two rollers which squeeze out the water and press the pulp into thin sheets which continue to pass between nine or ten pairs of rollers, heated with steam to dry the paper, which

is finally cut the proper width and rolled into immense rolls, weighing nearly half a ton, if wanted for the daily papers, or else it is cut into sheets of various sizes and placed on tables where a number of bonnie lasses with nimble fingers count them into reams, so fast that it would almost make one's head dizzy to watch them. The paper is then packed ready for the purchaser. The paper for the *Sunday School Times*, Philadelphia, is made in this factory; the rest is shipped to various parts of the United States and some even to Japan. One hundred and seventy-five hands are employed to make twenty-five tons of paper per day.

* * *

*He who will not go to bed until
he pleases everybody, will have to
sit up a great many nights.*

* * *

EGYPTIAN MONUMENTS.

IN some of those ancient ruins are solid stones that measure sixty-three feet in length and are thirteen feet square in cross sections. These monsters rest on stones that are almost thirteen feet cube. One of the Egyptian obelisks weighs 297 tons, and was quarried 138 miles from the place where it stands. Other monoliths, almost as large, were transported over 800 miles. The statue of Rameses II., when it was entire, weighed nearly 900 tons, and the block of stone from which it was carved was carried almost 140 miles. Archæologists have found in deserts, covered in great part by sand and remote from any place where stone could be quarried, enormous blocks of stone, gigantic statues and immense columns. The wise men say such monoliths were cut out of the living rock before history began to be written. The question is, "How were those stones transported and how were they raised to their final resting place?"

* * *

As nature made every man with a nose and eyes of his own, she gave him a character of his own, too, and yet we, O foolish race, must try our very best to ape some one or two of our neighbors, whose ideas fit us no more than their clothes.

LIFE IN A SODDY.

BY JOHN R. SNAVELY.

IN the early days of settlement of the prairies of Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado, the soddy was the principal dwelling house, and in many parts of those prairies the soddy is still to be seen. Persons who are inclined to judge by outward appearances, should not be too hasty in judging a family who live in a soddy, as to their thrift or cleanliness, as some thrifty farmers with good housekeepers live in sod houses.

In the erection of a sod building, the builders select a patch of tough sod, and with a sod plow turn thick layers of earth, which are then cut crosswise with a sharp spade into lengths corresponding with the thickness of the walls to be built, which are then conveyed to the building site and are laid up much in the same way brick and stone walls are built, but mortar is not used in the building of sod walls.

After the walls are completed, they are nicely dressed down with a sharp spade, making them nice and smooth and leaving them either perpendicular, or thicker at the bottom than at the top of the walls. Next comes the roof, which consists of a long timber called the ridgepole, and which is laid on the point of the gables lengthwise of the room and supports a layer of brush, or boards and tar paper, and over all is a layer of sod, and in a sod house, with such a roof, a family can dwell in peace and comfort so far as heat and cold are concerned, but woe to such a family during a protracted rainy season, for in such a time the sod roof becomes water-soaked, after which the water leaks down, injuring household goods, washing the plastering from the walls, if there be any, and often water-soaking the walls so much that the entire building collapses.

When sod houses are well built and covered with a good shingle roof, plastered and white-washed, with a good floor, they are as nice inside as most of the frame houses, and when thus protected by a good shingle roof, they will stand for years, and are much more comfortable, either in cold or warm weather, on account of the thick walls. Especially is this true in case of wind storms.

Frequently, in settlements of foreigners, the

building is very large, consisting of several large rooms giving shelter to all the stock, as well as the family, and all are under one roof. In such cases the rooms are at either end of the building, and are used as living rooms, the other one as stable, the middle room, or rooms, as storeroom, etc.

A sod house on the prairies often furnishes great sport for range cattle, which roam over the prairies, and may chance to come across such a house. Very often the men will return to their work from dinner or a night's rest to find only a heap of earth where once had been well-built walls, or even a house. And the mischiefmakers may be at a little distance calmly chewing their cud and studying where to make the next raid.

Not only are dwellings and stables built of sod, but also schoolhouses and churchhouses, and not infrequently small enclosures are made by building sod walls, and such enclosures are safe places in which to corral stock, especially sheep.

McPherson, Kans.

* * *

People don't think much of a man's piety when his promises are like pie crust—made to be broken.

* * *

A SAD PICTURE.

DRAWN BY THE NOOKMAN.

THERE is a crowd down the street. A crowd in the city springs out of the dust and stones, almost. There is a policeman in the midst, and on the ground is a man. He has been run down, in some way, and he is dead. Nobody touches him, nobody seems to know just how it happened. There is a clanging bell up the street, the hospital ambulance backs up, and off it goes with its ghastly burden. The crowd disperses, and traffic moves on again.

They search the dead man, and find that he is a visitor in the city. So they send a telegram cut to the nearest home office that he was accidentally killed. The messenger takes out to the farm the yellow envelope with its sudden blow, and delivers it to the woman. The boy has no concern in the matter and whistles to the dog nearby. The woman opens the envelope, reads dully, and calls the rest of the household. The

boy knows nothing at all. The neighbors are summoned, and it slowly dawns on them that they should send for the body. So they telegraph accordingly, and sit down to wait, wait, wait, the slowest, most miserable chapter of existence.

The next day, at the station, is a group of men in unaccustomed Sunday clothes. The train grinds to a stop, and the brakemen lift the box out, and away the cars go again. The neighbors put it in a wagon, and the procession starts. Looking out from a corner of the window curtain the family see the coming wagon, they see the yellow box, too, and cries break out. It is uneasily jolted into place in the darkened front room, and sky, and air, and earth turn black to the household. There is mourning and trouble abroad in the home. Finally the slow cortege, the mound of yellow clay, and quiet. Only the other day the writer saw the first chapter of this tragedy.

* * *

Too many people measure a man's success by what he gains instead of by what he deserves.

* * *

PICTURED ROCKS.

BY WILLIAM JOHNSON.

EIGHTY miles above Pittsburg, on the east side of the Monongahela river, are the Pictured Rocks we will write about. There are other pictured rocks in different parts of the country, and perhaps some of them are more extensive than those on the Monongahela, but none of them are of more interest to the writer. The reason, perhaps, for this interest is in the fact that we visited them when but a boy, and perhaps it is because they are on the Monongahela, for of all the rivers we have seen there is none like it to us. It was to it we went to swim and fish when a boy, and upon its clear and placid waters we took many a boat ride. I do not wonder at Naaman for loving Abana and Pharpar as he did.

But to the Pictured Rocks, and to see them we will have to go back at least fifty years, for at the present time there is but very little to be seen of them, or at least but little of the pictures. Where they once were the water in the river is very deep, and on the side of the river where the

rocks are located, the hill rises pretty steep to a height of perhaps three or four hundred feet. On the other side of the river there is nice bottom land. The Pictured Rocks were right at the water's edge, in fact even when the river was very low there could be seen some pictures, as we called them, that were covered with water.

The pictures consisted of tracks of different kinds and seemed as though at some time animals and fowls had made the impressions in the sand, and it then hardened into rock. In all probability it was all the work of the Indians, as there was at one time an Indian village a short distance below on the river.

But let that be as it may, the pictures are all gone. The rock has been blasted out and removed for building purposes, some here and some there, and the Pictured Rocks of the Monongahela are no more.

Wichita, Kans.

* * *

Hustle wins the race while Wait is looking for a good place to start from.

* * *

NEW LEGUMINOUS PLANT.

GERMAN papers speak of an annual belonging to the leguminous class, growing in tropical Africa, which is largely cultivated by the negroes as an article of food. It has been introduced to some extent in Brazil. The Africans call it woandsu, but its botanical name is *Glycine subterranea*. The fruit, like the peanut, matures under the ground. The eatable kernel has the shape of an egg, and is dark red, with black stripes and a white hilum like most beans. It furnishes a very white flour, the flavor of which, after cooking, very much resembles that of chestnuts. Two pounds of this product would supply the daily requirements of the human system. This is one of the very few fruits which in a natural state contain all the chemical properties of a perfect nutriment.

* * *

A POLICEMAN in New Orleans owns one hundred acres of land in the Beaumont oil region. He has refused an offer of \$1,000,000 for the property and continues to patrol his beat while waiting for a better offer.

ALLOW US TO INTRODUCE YOU.

THE following from the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* by Margaret Rathbone Kent, is a simple presentation of a sometimes troublesome question. Our younger Nookers can study it with profit:

The process of introduction should never be labored or complicated. It should appear to be as it is, a very natural and easy process of making strangers known to one another. Men are presented to women. The form is, "Mrs. Browning, let me present Mr. Jackson," or Mr. Anthony Jackson if there are several Jacksons or a Jackson father and son. The father of several sons would be Mr. Jackson, the sons should be presented as Mr. Anthony or Mr. James Jackson, to discriminate between them. When a man is presented to a woman the woman's name is always first spoken. Mrs. Johnson allow me to or let me present Mr. Black. It is customary, except where introductions are under one's own roof, to ask a lady's permission to present a man to her.

For example: "Mrs. Vermilye, may I present my friend, Col. Baring, to you? He desires the honor of meeting you."

A gentleman when introduced to a lady bows ceremoniously and murmurs a few words of pleasure at the honor accorded him. The lady bows, but does not usually offer her hand. Some very high-bred and charming women offer their hand to a man when introduced, but handshaking has gone much out of vogue of recent years. It is quite out of fashion in formal and semi-formal functions. A man in any case never takes the initiative in shaking hands with a woman—his attitude is that of deference. He accepts favors, but takes no liberties.

A lady rises when a man is presented on all occasions except at a tea, a ball, supper or dinner. A man always rises to be presented to a woman, no matter where he may be, and, incidentally, it may be said that he does not resume his seat while women are standing. The women shake hands when introduced, except at formal functions.

The simplest form of introducing women is the best form. Where the women to be introduced are of the same station and near the same age all that is required is: "Mrs. Benton, Mrs.

Jackson." Or, "Mrs. Benton, this is my friend, Mrs. Jackson."

Young ladies are presented to women much older than themselves. The form is: "Mrs. Lee, may I present Miss Alice Taylor to you?" The young lady bows or curtsies and the elder lady offers her hand first.

In introducing a stranger to a group: Supposing for example at an informal evening one guest arrives much later than the others, never lead the last arrival around the room introducing him or her to each person. The situation is more or less an awkward one, and the best way of meeting it is the simplest way. The host or hostess in these circumstances merely says, if the late comer is a woman, as she enters the drawing room, "Mrs. Joslyn, let me present Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Weatherbee, Capt. Foster and Mr. Lynn," naming each guest. The men rise and bow, the ladies smile and bow unless the late comer is a woman much older or—as sometimes happens—a professional star or celebrity.

In such cases men and women both rise and are formally escorted and presented each to the distinguished guest.

Less formality is observed in introducing one's family than in ordinary circumstances. One may say with perfect propriety, "Mrs. Jones, this is my mother," or, "Father, this is Mr. Baker, of whom you have heard me speak," or "Mother, may I present Mr. Carey?"

Introductions in street and elevated cars, ferries and all public conveyances, are to be avoided as much as possible. They are like introductions in the street—made only to avoid embarrassment and entail no further acquaintance necessarily.

A man may ask permission of a woman friend to introduce another man. The form is: "Mrs. or Miss Bird, my friend, Mr. Hills, is very desirous of meeting you; will you allow me to present him?"

Except in very unusual cases, the lady graciously consents, and Mr. Hills is brought ceremoniously to her and formally presented.

There must be a good and sufficient reason for declining to know a man vouched for in this way by another of good social standing.

When such a reason exists the lady as gently as possible says: "I am sincerely sorry, but I prefer not to know Mr. Hills."

SOUTHERN OREGON PINE NEEDLES.

THE following interesting reading has been sent me the NOOK by Mr. J. H. Kreps, of Oregon. The article originally appeared in the *Pacific Homestead*, and is by Dennis H. Stoval, of Grants Pass, Oregon:

A new industry has arisen in Southern Oregon—that of manufacturing the long slender needles of the pine into stuffing for mattresses and pillows, filling for cigars, and into soaps, syrups, candies, and a coarse cloth. The success with which the industry is being met accords it a permanent place and a probability of becoming of more than ordinary importance on the Pacific Coast.

While the industry is a new one in this country it has been known for the past fifty years in Germany. The people in the forests of Thuringia knew a half century ago that the oil of the pine needle was most efficient in the curing of all diseases of a pulmonary character, and that nervous people found comfort and repose by lying upon pillows or mattresses stuffed with the core of the pine needle.

Five years ago the industry was introduced to America, the first factories being built in Grants Pass, Southern Oregon, and where they are at present doing a good business. Grants Pass was chosen for the reason that it is in the midst of a great pine forest, making the cost of securing the needles a comparatively-small item. The available pines are known as the yellow or "bull" pine. They are not a tall tree, they grow on the lowlands, and have needles that average ten inches in length. The factory pays twenty-five cents per hundred for the gathering and delivery of the needles, six hundred pounds being an average day's work for one person. The needles are picked in the spring and fall.

They are gathered into sacks and hauled immediately to the factory and dumped into large steaming vats. Here they are boiled and

steamed for eight hours or more, until the long needles become as soft and flexible as rubber, and of a glossy brown. The pine needle oil is the resulting liquid of distillation from the steaming vat. For every ton of needles steamed ten pounds of extract find their way through the distillation tubes and enter the oil tank. This oil is the extract that forms the medicinal base of pine needle soaps, syrups, and candies. It is also used in its pure state for asthma, colds, and bronchial troubles. The oil has the appearance and color of olive oil, but it is endowed with a strong odor of the pine forest.

The process of making the fibre for pillows and mattress stuffing is wholly mechanical. The needles are elevated from the steaming vat and carried to a set of rolling machines where they are rolled and chewed and twisted till naught remains of them but the outer tough and hair-like fibre. This then makes a journey through a row of washing and drying machines, coming out at the end a light, fluffy, hair-like wool, ready for the cushions and mattresses. As a stuffing the pine needle is lighter than wool and but little heavier than feather down. There is a permanent odor of the pine emitted from the needle mattresses and pillows that is productive of sleep and repose. This odor strikes terror to all insects, the well-known and universally-despised bedbug being no exception to the rule.

To make cloth, the fibre is spun into a thread and woven into cloth in the usual way. The fabric is coarse, and is used in the making of inner soles for shoes, chest protectors, knee warmers, socks, hose, and underwear.

Thus far eighteen different articles are manufactured from the pine needle fibre or extract. All these articles are giving entire satisfaction wherever they are used. There is no end to the quantity of pine in the Coast Range mountains, the trees being only benefited by the picking of the leaves; the forest commissioners encourage the industry.

*A hen with one chicken makes
no end of scratching and clucking,
and so does a man with one idea.*

SOMETHING ABOUT THE DUNKARDS.

BY THE NOOKMAN.

NOT long ago there was an article in one of the leading magazines about the Dunkards, and it was an exceptionally mixed-up affair. Outsiders cannot take up the defense of the Fraternity because they do not know. Members rarely answer such articles. Most writers single out the grotesque and odd specimens of humanity, found in all organizations, and then hold them up as a sample of the whole lot. Members smile at the presentation and let it go.

It is a remarkable fact that thousands of people live near the Dunkards all their lives and still know next to nothing about them. Now there are some thousands of INGLENOOK readers who are not members and who have very hazy ideas about the real belief and practice of the Brethren, as many of our people prefer being called, and the 'Nookman wants to set forth a few things about the majority of the 'Nook family who are mainly Brethren, for the benefit of our friends who read the 'Nook in blissful ignorance of what really is believed and practiced. Let us get at it in a negative sort of way. Suppose the whole world were "Dunkards," what would happen? Well, something of what follows would come to pass:

Where two rulers, or two sections, fell out about something and got a lot of men with guns to go out and kill, cripple, and destroy each other when the actual combatants hadn't an iota of personal difference, stacking up debt and disaster beyond computation,—none of this would happen, for the Brethren don't believe in war and don't engage in it.

If two people differ about the ownership of a mangy yellow dog they sometimes go out, and after exhausting all their vocabulary of vileness and abuse, set to and pound one another black and blue, tear their clothes and get run into jail and fined while the cur is scratching fleas in the back alley. There would be none of this, for the Brethren do not believe in personal violence, and don't practice it.

See the policeman on the corner watching the drunken man coming out of the saloon. There would be no officer in sight, for the world would be peaceful and there would be no saloon. Nei-

ther would there be a court or a jail, for the Brethren do not go to law and do not get into the road that leads to jail. There would be no lawyers and no court trials, for the Brethren, when they honestly differ, tell their stories to the church which decides and ends it for them.

If all the world were Dunkards there wouldn't be a lock on the door or a gun to kill with in the house, for there would be no thieves and consequently nobody to cripple or kill. It would be as safe for anyone to travel day or night anywhere in the world as it is to cross your own bedroom.

There would be no poorhouse, for the unfortunate would be helped. As it is now let some titled Cyprian dress herself in outre style and presently the "fashion" travels to every hamlet and home in the land, to be followed by another and another. There would be none of that for the Brethren do not follow the fashions.

Notice the differences socially and otherwise in the world, the pride and the miserable imitations and the crooking of the knee that patronage may follow! There is none of that at all in the Brethren church, for the only aristocracy in the Brotherhood is that born of a greater heart and a purer life, and no money can buy position and real regard.

Do not allow yourself to believe that the Dunkard is only a man of fat cattle and a big farm. There are papers published by the church the equal of any anywhere. There are seven or eight colleges and college people are as plenty as blackberries, and there are men with degrees, and expert professional men and women, and authors and writers abound.

You didn't know all this? Well, it's all true and the most likely reason you didn't know it is because the Brethren are a quiet people, attending to their own affairs and never coming to the fore in the fuss and feathers of politics or society. And why are these people as they are? For the simple reason that they try to follow the teaching of Christ. That's the one and only reason. That there are exceptions only proves the human element but with the other ninety and nine who is here outlined is so common in their lives that they never give it a thought. And so the next time you hear the church ridiculed or cartooned remember what you have read here, and know there is another side the world hardly ever n-

tices, but which exists in the hearts and lives of a hundred thousand people of like faith who are quietly doing the best they can to follow the Master.

* * *

To-morrow is the refuge of the indolent.

* * *

WOMAN AS A SUCCESS AND A FAILURE.

THERE are some things she can do and some things she can't.

She can keep a house cleaner than a man but she can't shoot off a gun without shutting her eyes.

She can get more subscribers for the 'Nook than any man, if she tries, but she is afraid of a mouse.

She says she can see right through men, but she can't—not always.

She can get more teeth pulled out at one sitting than any man living and make less fuss, but she can never get out of a street car facing the right way.

She says every man is awkward, but when she tries to throw a stone all nature shudders.

She can tell what another woman has on while she passes her on the street. A man couldn't tell in a day's look.

She can and does cut corns with a razor and doesn't tell, but he knows, every time, yes he does.

She can be up day and night, for weeks, with a sick baby and not complain, and then raise a row because *he* was an hour late one night.

She can and always does give an opinion about a strange woman her husband speaks well of.

She blames him for losing things and being careless, when she hasn't a pocket to her name.

She will insinuate that he is possessed of all the vices imaginable, and then fight to the death for him when he falls out with another man.

She has no use on earth for the woman he "used to go with."

She gets into a fight with her hubby and then

when the strong man takes him by the throat she cracks the stranger over the head with the rolling pin.

She abhors a lie, but when her husband is caught in a good big one she substantiates it.

She never forgets the man who has said he always liked her looks, but she lays out the woman who says the same thing about Josiah.

She spends ten cents for car fare, buys a thing for forty-nine cents when she doesn't really need it, and laughs over the bargain. But Einstine and Jacobson chuckle too.

You will never make her believe the home merchants are not robbers. Why in Chicago, etc., etc.

She can get up the best kind of a dinner and then apologize for it. But if people agreed with her she would be as mad as a wet hen.

Finally, when she dies she goes straight to heaven, but most everybody has his doubts about the man she lived with.

There are other things, but these will do for once.

* * *

Good nature may be a great misfortune if we do not mix prudence with it.

* * *

A TALL CHIMNEY.

THE tallest smokestack on record is what is known as the St. Rollox chimney at the Tenant chemical works, Glasgow. It is 455½ feet. It was originally four hundred feet, but the management, learning that another stack was to be built equaling it, added the fifty-five and one-half feet to hold the record. The original height was rendered necessary by the law against chemical works within the city and the necessity for carrying the fumes clear of the district. It is built of brick and supported by heavy iron bands. Once it swayed out of the perpendicular, but by means of a kite and the sawing of the mortar upon one side it was swayed back. Germany has a stack 396 feet high.

Some men never think of the poor save when their own purses are empty.

NATURE



STUDY

THE GOPHER.

BY W. R. DETTER.

THERE are six or seven different species of gophers. The one I wish to describe is the pouched or pocket gopher. It is found in Canada, Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, Iowa, Texas, Mexico, and the Gulf States. This gopher is a reddish-brown on the back and sides, ashy beneath and has white feet. It is about nine inches long, with an almost hairless, square tail, nearly three inches long, and weighs about thirteen ounces. Its legs are short. The fore feet are strong and well adapted for burrowing, having five claws, the three middle ones very large and long. The claws on the hind feet are small, but two middle ones longer than the others, the interior one being almost rudimentary. It has twenty teeth, eight upper and eight lower molars, and four incisors which are of a yellowish color and very strong, especially the lower pair, which is much longer than the upper one. The ears are very small. The eyes resemble those of the mouse.

The gopher prefers to burrow in sandy soil and throws up the earth in little mounds. Its most remarkable characteristic is the possession of pouches which cover the sides of the head and are capable of being distended so as to enable the animal to carry a considerable load of dirt or food.

Their holes are generally from six inches to a foot and a half under the surface, but sometimes as deep as five or six feet. They do not dig as deep in the Spring as in the Fall. When you examine their holes in the Fall you will find large quantities of grass, grains, nuts, and other farm vegetables stored away in small holes which are built out from the main ones for this purpose. During the Summer they subsist upon the roots that grow into the old holes, and the grains and roots they find while digging.

The Fall and the Spring are the two best seasons of the year to trap them; the latter is the bet-

ter of the two, because their holes can be opened easier than at any other time of the year.

To catch them, scrape the mound away and find the hole, by the use of a sharp stick. Then clean it out and set a snap shot gopher trap. By using seven of these traps I have caught as high as twenty-one in half a day.

McPherson, Kans.

(For the benefit of our Eastern Nookers we will say that a gopher is simply a Western ground squirrel, not unlike the little fellow so common along fence rows. Their habits are very much alike, and they closely resemble one another.—Ed.)

* * *

FROZEN SNAKES.

BY S. E. RUDY.

I do not like a snake subject but will give you what I saw in January, 1891. Mr. Bradshaw and myself were working in a stone quarry for Elder S. R. Knox, a minister of the Advent Christian church, when we found an open seam about four inches wide by several rods long, and several feet deep. At the bottom of the crevice we found six snakes. They were what we call blue racers. They would range in length from two to three feet. They were frozen so hard that we broke one of them in pieces. The rest we laid on the dry grass below the quarry, which was facing the southwest. We went to dinner, having to go about one-fourth of a mile, and when we came back the snakes were crawling. I have always heard that snakes will hibernate, even where they will freeze solid, and I know it is true.

Round Mound, Kans.

* * *

FISH AND DOG FIGHT.

WHILE a young man was strolling on the beach one day along with his mastiff he noticed a singular disturbance of the water a little way from the shore and called the dog's attention to

The animal took to the water and swam out to a sandbank. Hardly had he reached the spot before a big fish, in pursuit of whiting, darted in front of him. The dog chased it and caught it and brought it to the bank. The fish showed fight and bit the mastiff badly about the muzzle. In the course of the struggle the fish reached the water and bolted. The mastiff dashed after it, seized it and fetched it once more to the sandbank. But the fish was still game and went for the dog valiantly. This time, however, the mastiff meant it to be a fight to a finish, and though the fish escaped again into the sea it was only for a few moments. It was hauled back to the bank and soon killed. The dog's master found it to be a huge hake, seventy pounds in weight, full of whiting.

* * *

RATS AS TIGHT-ROPE WALKERS.

THE presence of rats in the residence portion of the city is more than usual, and attempts are being made to kill them off. A peculiar method followed by the rodents in traveling from one house to another. A few evenings ago a lady was sitting on her veranda when her attention was attracted by what she first thought was a large lizard crawling along an electric light wire which connected with the house. She soon discovered her mistake, as the "lizard" was a big rat. He traveled along the wire, keeping his equilibrium, and reached his destination safely.—*Honolulu Commercial.*

* * *

STATISTICS FAVOR THE MARRIED.

DR. FILZ, the leading German statistician, is satisfied after many years of collecting materials that married persons live longer than single persons. The death rate among married people between 20 and 30 years of age is 6.7 per 1,000, unmarried, 8.4; between 30 and 40, married, 9.1, unmarried, 15.8; between 40 and 50, married, 14.2, unmarried, 26.5; from 50 to 60, married, 24, unmarried, 42; between 60 and 70 the proportions are, married, 45, unmarried, 71.

These figures prove that the deaths of married persons between 30 and 70 are three-fifths less than unmarried. The average life of the unmarried persons who pass 31 is 58.6, of the married, 64.4.

RAINBOW IN A CLEAR SKY.

THE appearance of a distinct rainbow in a clear sky the other morning created a sensation in Richmond, Va. The bow was visible for more than an hour. Dr. Taylor, the state chemist, explains the picture as the reflection of the sun's rays upon minute particles of ice crystals that had been carried high in the sky by the cold snap of several days' duration. The heat from the sun is sufficient to drive the light through the icy bank, and in this penetration the colors that cause the resemblance of the phenomenon to a rainbow are generated.

* * *

AUSTRALIA'S GOLD MINES.

WESTERN Australia is one of the richest territories in the world, as man counts riches, and its wealth lies in that which mankind has been striving after ever since he made it an article of value—gold. There is gold in abundance in western Australia, scattered in irregular patches all over the State. Some of these patches are one hundred miles in length by thirty or forty in breadth. To-day it is said that the total area of the gold fields of western Australia is over 324,000 square miles, or just one-third of the area of the colony itself.

* * *

BIG TREES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

AN idea of the size of the trees in the Philippines is obtainable from the dimensions of Governor Taft's round table, the top of which is a solid section of a native tree eight feet in diameter. Throughout the islands one frequently sees in the better class of houses dining-tables that are seven, eight, and nine feet wide, the tops in every case being made from a single section. These are not so large as the southern California table tops, but they will do.

* * *

FREEZE THEIR SOUPS.

TRAVELERS in Eastern Siberia carry soups in sacks. They are frozen solid as stone and keep indefinitely. Milk also is frozen and sold by the pound.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY...

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed should invariably give the old address at which they received their INGLENOOK.

Agents are wanted everywhere, and any reasonable number of sample copies will be furnished free. All communications relating to the INGLENOOK should be addressed as follows:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

(For the Inglebrook.) **22-24 S. State St., Elgin, Ill.**

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin Ill. as Second class Matter.

"I am suffering from a fit of abstraction," muttered the editor as he clipped an editorial and forgot to credit it.

* * *

OUR BOY AND GIRL.

IN this issue of the INGLENOOK our boy and girl make the start of their contributions to the magazine. Knowing the itinerary of the young people, and what they expect to do, enables the Editor to say to the reader that a rich feast may be looked forward to. Kathleen and Frank are at this present writing in Chicago, and her first letter is printed herewith. One would naturally suppose that the pictures that they take will have to be delayed a little, at least until the next number, when they will appear.

It is ordered that these young people should not write anything except that which is of universal interest and little known. How well they will succeed we shall see. It has been a question whether or not the pictures of the two themselves shall be printed. If there is a call for them we shall probably have to comply. They are going over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad to St. Paul, and if they carry out

the instructions of the Editor we may all look forward to an intensely interesting series of articles.

* * *

The finest speech is the silence of two souls who have passed beyond the need of communication and hear and respond inwardly.

* * *

THE SISTERS' NUMBER.

It may be a source of gratification to the talented sisters who contributed to the INGLENOOK to know that the edition has been exhausted and hundreds and hundreds of applications for sample copies cannot be filled for the reason that they are not to be had. It became necessary to print a circular letter to send to the people who requested the magazine of that particular issue after it was not available. The general verdict of the reader is that it is an exceedingly well-done number. It would not have been possible a number of years ago, and that it now shows an awakening to intellectual life that is simply astonishing. There are those who will immediately think that this is due to the prevalence of education and the commonness of colleges in our midst. We regret to destroy this illusion, but the fact remains that a letter addressed to four of our institutions of learning failed to elicit a single contribution from any of its students. The Woman's Number is made up almost wholly by matured women, who have written as they thought and felt, and most of them have never seen inside of a college. This is not to be taken as an argument against higher education, but it is a fact all the same that our contributors as a rule do not come from our colleges.

* * *

True friendship does not care for a "card of thanks" in the newspapers.

* * *

HOW THEY LOOK AT IT.

WE take the liberty of extracting from a letter received from a Nooker in the far East, who did not intend his communication to appear in print but which is so pertinent to the subject under consideration that we reproduce it here:

"Referring to the Woman's Issue of the Nook,

have to say that I have read the greater part of it and as far as my limited judgment goes I must say it is a good one, one of the best that has been issued. Now this may not be your notion of it, but just wait until you get the general verdict. It is plainly to be seen that the coming woman will let herself be heard if she has an opportunity. There has been such a radical change in the last fifty years in woman having an opportunity to show us 'stronger vessels' what she can do when the opportunity is offered her, that it looks as though she would not have to continue occupying a back seat just to look on."

Does the United States weather service usually forecast correctly?

Yes, but it occasionally misses. The conditions that make weather are not completely understood as yet.



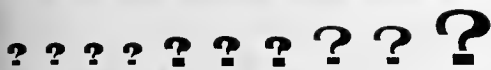
What does the NOOK think of a young woman who makes public letters and confidential conversation?

The leaky sister is a good one to let alone. There is no surer sign of down-stairs birth and affiliation than babbling. Real people don't do it.



What is the origin of the house cat?

It is lost in antiquity. Probably some prehistoric man caught a little tiger and brought it home for the babies in the cave to play with, and the animal concluded to stay.



Can photographs be taken by moonlight?

Yes, if the exposure is long enough.



How large is the Yellowstone National Park?

Sixty-five miles long, fifty-five miles wide.



Can an English subject residing in America, visiting England, get a passport?

No, he can not.



Is any particular wording of a will necessary?

No, only so that it is clear, and readily understood.



A gentleman, at my first meeting with him, asked to correspond with me. What should my answer be?

"No, not yet, possibly not at all. Our acquaintance is too limited to suggest that."



Is the planet Mars inhabited?

The conditions of land, water, atmosphere, and seasons are all there for the existence of life, but it is not absolutely known to exist.



If I discover an island not charted and outside of the jurisdiction of any known country, what shall I do to possess it?

Hoist the American flag, let out a wild yell for the United States, notify the government of your action, when, if your island is worth anything, the authorities will promptly come along and oust you.

What is meant by mean solar time?

The time that is shown on your watch or clock. Apparent solar time is the time shown on a sundial, and it will vary over a quarter of an hour from the other.



What are some of the signs of changing weather?

We used to regard ourselves as considerable of a prophet in weather matters, but a residence in Illinois has taken it all out of us. We have changed from prophecy to history, and now only agree to tell what happened yesterday, not knowing at all about the morrow.



What does the term "State flowers" mean?

The legislatures of some States, and the votes of school children in others, determine a common native flower as an emblem. In Illinois it is the rose; Delaware, the peach blossom, and so on. It is only a sentiment, but a pleasant one.



Do not the signs of the times indicate an early destruction of the earth?

Not that we see. The steady increase of the Nook family would indicate that the people expect it to last a while yet, at least. Still, we are not familiar with the contemplated order of things. However it may be about going to smash, we intend putting out our potato patch this spring the same as usual.

THEY WATCH THE HOTELS.

UNQUESTIONABLY the best fed and the best groomed detectives in Chicago are men who are known to be detectives by only a few of the persons who see them.

They sit around the lobbies of the big hotels. Their principal duty is to be as polite as possible, and yet to keep their eyes open for possible infractions of the law against the larceny of property from the rooms of guests and from the hotel's rooms. The men are chosen for two qualities, which, if they do not possess them, makes them valueless to the hotel which pays them. They must in the first place fit into the picture, so to speak. Nothing in their dress or manner or language must jar upon the most sensitive guest. They must sit as easily in the best chair, drink the best, smoke the best cigars, and look as prosperous and contented as the man who pays the highest price for the best room in the house. These house detectives give tone to the hotels. They know all about the city and their advice is always sober and quiet. There is nothing harsh in their make-up and politeness they cultivate as an art.

The second qualification is far removed from the first. As well as being an ornament to the hotel they must have a utilitarian value and this comes of their intimate knowledge of hotel thieves. The hotel thief is in a class by himself. With him caste cuts as much figure as it does with the sedate and dignified bank burglar, and the bank burglar is supposed to be the flower of the criminal aristocracy. The man who steals in hotels must have quick wit, good address, and an acquaintance with the best hotels in the land. He must not attract attention by shabbiness or a furtive eye if he sees fit to register under an assumed name the better to ply his vocation. He must harmonize with the picture as much as the detective does and it is harder for him. But he does it. That is why he is a hard thief to catch. Often when a detective has put his hand on the expensive coat sleeve of a man he is sure is a thief the suspect turns on him with a mien of offended innocence that would frighten an inexperienced man out of his position. The hotel detective then must be immune to intimidation and must be quick and sure in his judgments.

As the hotel thief looks so much like an

honest man, and as he guards his secrets well the new detective has no chance of arresting many of his tribe. But the men who protect Chicago's hotels are not novices. Most of them have served in the City Police department as detectives.

They and the other hotel protectors know the noted hotel thieves by sight and reputation. The proof that the hotels are well guarded is that few robberies are committed near them and that practically no guests lose articles from rooms. The hotel sneak has the skeleton key habit and knows the uses of a transom. A fire escape is to him a liking, and where there are telephones in the rooms he uses the tactics that have given the "telephone burglar" a distinct place in the gallery of criminals. He calls up a hotel guest on the telephone, and, using an assumed name, finds a time when that guest will be absent long enough to permit him to work with ease. Then he comes around and if he can run the gauntlet of the bell boys and the detective he goes to work.

The house detective has two other missions besides catching hotel thieves. He watches for guests that may emulate to some degree the man immortalized in the song as the "boarder who let his trunk down with a rope and off to the freight train he did slope." Many guests have little baggage and more of them have big bills. To preserve an equality between what the guest can pay and what he contracts to pay is part of the work of the detective. This work must be done delicately. A false move, an impertinent question, or a pertinent one impertinently put might cost the house a good guest. But the information as to the guest's reliability must come from some place, and the detective is the man who has to get it. So he treasures all the gossip he hears and does all the verification work that he can. He is often valuable as a commercial guide.

Another mission that is his is the watching of employes. The hotel silver and linen, although carefully checked up by the housekeeper each day, is of such value that many employes will run great risks to get possession of some of it. The hotel detective has work to do that is more like that of the regular city detective than any of his other labor. He must shadow employes and work himself into their secrets, and always with an eye to the interests of the hotel. His day is filled

interesting things, and he never lacks varie-

* * *

*Because a man does business
next door to a bank is no sign he
understands the financial question.*

* * *

KID GLOVES.

FEW persons are aware," said a glove manufacturer yesterday, "that most of the gloves that are sold in this country under the comprehensive title of 'kid,' are really made of goatskin. There is hardly a country in the world that does not supply some sort of materials which are made into gloves, and many of them pass for kid.

The supply of kid skins of the finest quality is naturally limited. The greater part is absorbed in the manufacture of women's gloves. Men's gloves, therefore, are frequently made of lambskin, which is better than the second-best kid. The genuine fine kid skins are mainly of French origin, and those obtained from the mountain slopes of sunny France are world-famous for their excellence.

All the best conditions of climate, air and sunshine appear to unite in exactly the degree required for secure perfection in this district. Nowhere else are the conditions equally favorable, although kid skins of great excellence are produced throughout the mountain ranges of southern Europe. Their production is the principal industry among the mountaineers.

Great pains must be taken to secure the softness and delicacy of texture and freedom from wrinkles which form the value of the kid skins. A pure diet is the most important factor, and mother's milk is required to keep the kid in perfect condition.

If the animal is allowed to eat grass its value declines, as the skin immediately begins to grow coarser and coarser in texture. To keep the skin in perfect condition the young kid is kept closely guarded and carefully guarded against injury from scratches, bruises, and so on. As soon as the kids have reached the age at which their skins are in the best condition for the glove, they are sold, and the skins are sold to traveling peddlers, who bear them to the great centers of the

tanning industry at Grenoble, Annonay, Milhau and Paris.

London is the chief market of the miscellaneous skins. Here may be found the Cape sheepskins, tough and durable, from the Cape of Good Hope; colt and calf skins from Buenos Ayres and other cities of South America, hogskins from Mexico and Brazil, antelope from India, Brazil, Colorado and Africa. Of late years many of these skins have been brought directly to New York, and American buyers find it no longer necessary to go to London. While fine lambskins are the staple in men's gloves, coltskins are rapidly coming into favor, and fine calfskins are also extensively used.

Each has a grain peculiar to itself, which, while not visible to the ordinary buyer, can instantly be perceived by the expert.

Every invoice of heavy skins contains more or less curiosities, and the kind of leather that will be evolved from a strong moose, musk ox, llama or kangaroo skin depends upon the skins that accompany it. Dogskins are occasionally made up into gloves, but their use is very uncommon. Everything that goes by the name of dogskin nowadays is likely to be Cape sheep.

Calfskins are good looking, soft and pliable, but they are apt to crack. This fault is not found in coltskins, which are durable and handsome, and in many respects make model gloves. The wrinkles are objectionable, but these disappear when the glove is on the hand. The 'jacks' of Venezuela contribute the majority of deerskins at present. Heavy leather gloves are obtained from elks. Hogskins are used to a moderate extent."

* * *

*A dog's tail never deceives.
All hypocrites are humans.*

* * *

CHARCOAL FOR TURKEYS.

It has been ascertained by experiment that turkeys that get charcoal mixed with their food get heavier than others, and their meat is more tender and better flavored.

* * *

DOGS.

THOROUGHbred dogs are less intelligent than mongrels.

IN A CRATER.

VERY few people have ever been in a volcano's crater, and the following account of a night in one is reproduced from the *Kansas City Star*. It is from the pen of W. J. Rouse. When the Nookman visited the volcano he considered that he had enough when he reached Las Cruces,—the crosses—and wisely allowed the others of the party to do the climbing and panting. The article is an account of the adventures of an English engineer who visited the crater for the purpose of inspecting the sulphur deposits, which have been worked by the Indians for ages.

"I left the City of Mexico over the line of the Interoceanic railway and traveled to the pretty city of Amecameca, which is the nearest railway point to the volcano, which rises high, apparently not many miles away. Popocatepetl looks to be easy of ascent, but appearances are deceptive, sometimes, even in Mexico. Early one morning, accompanied by Indian guides, I made start for the volcano's crater. All day we traveled, and by evening we had passed timber line, at an elevation of perhaps 10,000 feet above the sea. We rested at a ranch called Tlamacas, where a small sulphur refinery has been in operation for several years. Fumes from the volcano are in the air and all around are to be seen small ferns and flowers encrusted with sulphur. The little refinery is supplied with material brought from the crater by Indian carriers.

"After the evening meal my chief guide instructed me not to eat or drink again until we reached the summit of Popocatepetl. At 2:30 o'clock the following morning myself and party were awakened. We were told not to wear boots or shoes from that point on. Our feet were wrapped in strips of heavy flannel, and after they were wound about until they looked like sacked hams, we were given native 'guaraches,' or rawhide sandals, which possess only a sole and a few thongs of leather to hold them to the feet. Over the sandals more strips of flannel were wound, to prevent slipping. After this preparation we mounted ponies and set off up the mountain. We rode until six o'clock through deep, fine sand. Then we came to Las Cruces, where there is a great rock jutting out from the side of the mountain. From this point upward the trail was too steep to permit of horses or po-

nies being used, and we walked. Our guide cautioned us that if we ever walked slowly in places, to walk slower then, and we found the advice to be good.

"In two hours we entered the region of perpetual snow and stopped to enjoy the grand view. The domes of the City of Mexico glowed in the morning light like minarets of polished copper while almost beneath our feet, apparently, was the pretty little city of Amecameca. Vast distances appeared wonderfully dwarfed and great, fertile valleys of Mexico lay spread at our feet like a magnificent panorama. We are surprised by a sudden haze in the atmosphere. A chill wind sweeps over us, coming apparently from all directions at once, and almost before we realize what is happening the panoramic splendor has disappeared and we are in the midst of a bewildering blizzard of snow, such as only happens at such elevations.

"We wait half an hour, but to no purpose, the storm is too furious to permit of further descent, we turn back again to Tlamacas and spend another night. Next morning at the same early hour we make a second start for the summit of Popocatepetl. We succeed in going a little farther than on the first day, but a blizzard again overtook us and we were forced to retreat to Tlamacas. The weather on the third day was still severe, but on the fourth day we succeeded in reaching the crater's rim, after a tedious, exhausting tramp. It was a little before midnight when we looked into the volcano's mouth.

"The crater of Popocatepetl is 1,575 feet in diameter and 1,300 feet deep. The first thousand feet is a sheer precipice of lava, terminating in a ledge about three or four feet wide. From that point down, the debris that has run in from the rim during ages has made the crater funnel-shaped, the sides being about an angle of forty-five degrees. The snow of years has accumulated there, and the Indians get down from the ledge by cutting steps for their feet. On the edge of the crater is an old windlass or winch of crude native manufacture, carrying a rope more than three hundred feet of rawhide rope. The nut that held the handle on is gone, and the whole machine is in a dilapidated condition, as it is the only means of reaching the bottom, there is no choice but to use it.

"When I was ready to go down the Indian

aced a sling around my body, under my arms, and another around my thighs, something after the fashion of a bo'sun's chair, and I stepped to the edge. Letting myself over carefully I swung out into space, and looked down into the chasm that yawned beneath me. The creaky old windlass began to work and I felt myself going slow-down. I swayed against the wall of the crater and escaped injury by kicking against the wall with my feet and pushing with my hands, down, down, down—until the rope that held me from eternity looked like a spider's web, I went—and finally, when it seemed that the descent would never end, the rope stopped and my feet touched the lava ledge, which, directly beneath the windlass, is about four feet wide.

"I looked down, another thousand feet, made a sort of mental estimate of what I still had to go through, then cast off the slings and signalled for two of the Indians to join me on the ledge. They had been there before, and soon joined me, so the trip was not a novelty to them. They were armed with picks and hatchets and soon began cutting footholds in the snow crust, toward the bottom of the crater. They made about a thousand of these crude steps, I following them down as fast as the steps were made, until, just before sunset, we reached the end of the perilous descent. There had been fresh, unbroken snow on the snowcrust, but this was easily removed, so that we were fortunate in getting our steps finished with as little trouble and delay as we did.

"In the middle of the crater's bottom were two large crags with a little space between them, and here we determined to camp for the night. We had told the Indians on the rim to return Tlamacas and come back to pull us out on the morrow. When darkness closed in around us we were alone in the bottom of a volcano's crater, cut off from all the world.

"It was a weird, creepy experience, and as the darkness of the night grew more intense the glowing blow holes upon every side grew more and more luminous, and their rythmatic pulsating 'pfooh—pfooh—pfooh' sounded like the heavy breathing of some prehistoric monster, whose nose breath, creamy white and very sulphurous, faded away in dim clouds of mist, above the dazzling eye. I looked from one blowhole to another in the blackness of that night, and you may

readily understand that it didn't require an active imagination to conjure up all sorts of demons as inhabiting the place. Now and then, between the pulsating throbs, we would hear a rumble and a crash, as some boulder or lava block, rolling down from the rim of the crater, found its last resting place in the cone-like bottom, where we were. Any one of the twenty or more of rocks that came down that night would have ended our careers, had it not been for the protection of the two gigantic crags, beneath which we were camped.

"I slept little that night. The fumes of sulphur were becoming oppressive. My lungs were laboring, owing to the fumes and the altitude, for we were more than seventeen thousand feet above the level of the sea. I cannot describe to you my joy when the first streaks of dawn penetrated that awful pit, and gave assurance of another day. My depression was growing, and I knew that unless our Indians came, a few more hours would end it all. What if another snowstorm had prevented them reaching the summit? The thought was too horrible to describe. But, an hour or so after daylight, I saw them on the rim, waving their hands.

* * *

A great many people who are never late at the theatre have to be notified by bell that it is time for church.

* * *

WE are gratified to note a second time that the Sisters' number of the Nook is receiving well-merited comment everywhere. That this is not due to a natural gallantry of the men in the church so much as to actual merit is shown by the fact that city dailies have republished some of the articles entire, and duly crediting them. The St. Louis *Post-Despatch* reprints Sister John E. Mohler's mockingbird article, and there are others. These people are not influenced by any sentiment, but know a good thing when they see it.

* * *

A WEST VIRGINIA hunter made the mistake of carrying his tobacco and cartridges loose in the same pocket. He tried to smoke, and as a result it took a surgeon and a dentist six weeks to make him presentable.

THE HEART OF THE PEOPLE.

IF anyone has any doubt that the great heart of the people is merciful and just, the promptitude with which the public has responded to the appeals of the destitute in the last two or three days ought to be sufficient to dispel it. In each instance money, food, clothing and kind words have been the immediate result.

And yet there are persons who continually murmur about "human nature" and its depths of turpitude and wickedness. The reformer who proposes any sort of plan for the betterment of a community is invariably met with the plaint: "It's all very well, but you'll have to change human nature first." Such a person is the worst kind of pessimist. He looks at his fellow-man with mistrust and skepticism, even with hatred. He is guilty of a libel upon humanity.

It is one of the most cheering things, and fullest of hope, that in this busy, distracting world, people daily and hourly turn aside to give of their time and money to those in distress. The cry of hunger rarely goes unheard.

That there is evil in the world and that cruel wrongs are perpetrated cannot be denied. But that such wrongs are the outgrowth of anything inherent in human nature can be and is denied. Who can doubt that ninety-nine out of a hundred persons prefer to do right rather than wrong? And that when they do wrong it is their circumstances or environment rather than their nature that impels them? It is something without and not within—the incentive of gain, for instance—that moves them. Human nature is not a monstrosity. It is in the innate goodness of mankind, which all the ages have not been able in anywise to dim or destroy, that the hope of posterity lies.

The above is an editorial clipped from the *Kansas City Star*. The motive of the article was the response to a call for help for certain needy persons named in the paper. It is refreshing to note the optimism of the editor. There are some people always complaining that the world is going to the dogs, that people are getting worse all the time, etc., without let-up or ending. The facts are all the other way, and most people, all normally constituted people, would rather "be good" than not, yet environment, stress of uncontrollable circumstances, and the like, con-

tribute by far the longest tale to the woes of the world. The best way of helping people is to make a better world for them to live in.

* * *

It's a mighty good thing to be able to feel young while growing old.

* * *

PRAIRIE DOG PEST.

WHAT the rabbit is to Australia the prairie dog is to Kansas—a pest for the eradication of which a fortune will be paid by the authorities of the region suffering. Agents have been employed in every County of Kansas to try this plan of extinction, but the little animal continues to thrive and increase. A report has just been submitted to the State officials showing that 1,224,854 acres of soil in Kansas are given over to prairie dogs. This land cannot be cultivated with safety because of the fact that the animals may at any time make a raid on the field and destroy them. Professor D. E. Lantz, of the Kansas Agricultural College, has just completed his report to the State officers in regard to the prairie dogs in that State. He says:

"We sent out 1,400 blanks and have tabulated 680 replies. They show that sixty-eight of the 102 Counties in the State have the prairie dog pest. I have made personal investigation in several Counties from which the heaviest acreage reported; and while many township trustees have made mere guesses in their reports they have not exaggerated. The general estimate of damage is fifty per cent, though many farmers think it greater. One cattle man in Wallace County says his cattle will not eat grass on that part of the range occupied by the prairie dog towns. A ranchman in Logan County says he is able to pasture only five hundred head of cattle on a certain field, whereas last year he pastured a thousand head. Prairie dogs have ruined the grasses. Logan County is the greatest sufferer from the prairie dog pest, 236,460 acres being occupied by them. Finney County is next, with 212,150 acres, while Gove County has 211,900 acres occupied by prairie dogs."

* * *

SUCH has been the increase in population in civilized countries that the space occupied by one person a century ago must now contain three.

1,000,000,000 IN ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES.

ELECTRICAL appliances in use in the United States to-day are estimated to be worth \$3,975,000,000.

The capital of the Magnetic Telegraph Company, the first to introduce the use of electricity for industrial purposes (in 1846) was \$15,000.

Electrical industries have bounded forward at the rate of fifty-three per cent advance annually for fifty-four years, until to-day 600,000 persons in this country earn a living in the various lines of electrical business.

T. C. Martin, an authority upon the subject, estimates that 100,000 people are employed in telegraphy—26,000 by Bell Telephone companies, 50,000 in electric lighting plants, 150,000 on street railways operated by electricity, and 150,000 in electrical factories.

The arts of electricity, says Mr. Martin, have advanced at a very conservative estimate \$6,000,000,000 to the world's wealth. More than half of this is in the United States.

The Morse telegraph was, as the Magnetic Telegraph Company, first in the field in 1846, a forerunner of the vast telegraph and telephone business which has since sprung up. Of the company's capital stock of \$60,000 one-half went to the owners of various patents. The other \$30,000 was but half paid up, so that the actual amount invested in the mechanical part of the business was but \$15,000.

Many of the subscribers at the time expected to lose their money. The whole sum would not have bought furniture for a big telegraph office to-day.

The telephone business dates from the inventions of Bell and Gray in 1877. The Bell telephone lines to-day are valued at \$400,000,000. They have 1,500,000 subscribers. The earnings are \$20,000,000 annually, or ten per cent on the total \$200,000,000 said to be invested in the business.

Electric light plants are owned by three thousand companies and are worth \$1,200,000,000. They furnish 500,000 arc lamps and 30,000,000 incandescent lamps.

Electrical appliances used in street railways of the country represent an investment of \$1,800,000,000.

The electrical motor business is increasing \$150,000,000 a year in the United States.

Electrical apparatus used in mining is estimated to be worth \$100,000,000.

Improvements are constantly being made in the electrolysis of metals for various purposes, and in the separation by this means of gold and silver from their compounds.

Electrical manufacturing and electro-plating companies carry a capital of more than \$200,000,000.

* * *

*Men stagnate when they enjoy
uninterruptedly a full gratification
of material things.*

* * *

MARRIAGE BY CONTRACT.

A NEW marriage law has just gone into operation in the State of New York. It will have the effect of abolishing the legal if not a portion of the social evils arising from what has been loosely called a common law marriage. The unexpected appearance of sudden widows, real or alleged, in the settlement of estates, and the injustice inflicted upon the lawful or at least the regular heirs, convinced the New York legislature that the unrecorded marriage was a dangerous incident which ought to be checked.

Hereafter marriages will not be legal in New York State unless recorded, either in the more usual way following a ceremony performed by license, or in consequence of a contract duly signed and sealed by the principals and sworn to in a declaration to be filed with the city clerk within six months of the agreement.

The design of the authors of the new law was to protect women against the false promises of men. Its operation will also shield families against the secret connivance of both men and women who seek to evade legal and moral restraints required for the safety of society.

*Only what we have wrought into
our character during life can we
take away with us.*

NO GOOD ON EARTH.

SOME time ago a woman walked into the office of the writer and asked for employment. He had none to offer, and she went away. That is a simple story, but there is a big, big story back of it. I want to tell it for the benefit of the 'Nook family.

The woman was a widow, about thirty years of age and she had a little girl of four or five traipsing around with her. Her previous history had nothing out of the ordinary in it, that is, nothing more than is going on in a million of homes at this very writing. She was one of a family of three, having one brother and a sister, married and having all they could do to make a poor living. When our widow was a girl she went to school and got from a third to half an education. That is, she learned to read and write and figure a little. There were other things she learned, but at twenty-nine practically all she knew was to read and write, when she had to, and all the rest was lost. There wasn't a single thing in her that was any good on earth as far as turning it into money was concerned. She got married, had the little girl sent them, when he died and there she was, with nothing but an incumbrance tagging after her, and which she would not give up under any circumstances.

Now the 'Nookman wants to say some plain, hard things. There are some millions of girls traveling the same path. They go to school, fit up with a few rudiments, promptly forgotten through disuse. They then pass through an uncertain period when it is all beaux and clothes, to get married and "settle down." Children come as come they do to most, and then some fine day the unlooked-for arrives and her husband is buried and she faces the problem of making a living out of nothing. It's no new story. It's as old as the hills.

Possibly she "takes boarders" if she is not strong enough to take in washing, or she sews, or something of the kind, that means much hard work and little money. Often there is some old widower with an upside-down house full of wild children who comes to the fore and an agreement is patched up, garbed in a marriage ceremony. That is perhaps the best that can be done, but at its best it is a hard bargain.

Now let us get back to our woman. When

she asked for work she replied that she could not keep books, set type, run a typewriter, read proof, write shorthand, or, in fact, do anything at that was required. But she "could learn." Yes,—learn—but who was going to do the teaching, and more than that, *how* was she going to learn at her age? That last was something she never considered. There's a golden year or two for self-equipment and when they pass ability goes along. If there had been one single thing she could do well there would have been little difficulty getting her a place. If she could do any one single thing better than others the place would have hunted her up—but she was, too blunt to coarseness, no good on earth at anything for which there was a desirable market. Of course she'll get through—somehow, but considering the cost and the worry on the way.

Now there is always a large lot of young women who will never have anything in their heads but cheap finery and "fellows," and when they will get married and adjust themselves to paying clothes and frying mush the rest of their lives. If they are satisfied, whose affair is it? We have not a word to say.

Then there is another lot of young women, bright, industrious and capable, who are earning their own living, and often keeping the family out of their earnings. They are all right and do not in our book for anything but words of praise.

And then comes the unfortunate class, millions of them, with pleasant homes and favorable surroundings. They are unfortunate because they are so comfortably situated as to throw the question of the matter of ever having to earn a living for themselves. They set out bravely enough, and everything seems right up to the moment when all goes to smash on the rocks of disaster. And then?

Now it is this class, the "then" people, the 'Nook wants to counsel. It is easy to say, but not so easy to do. While you can, in the days of youth, master thoroughly some calling, such as cooking, typesetting, proofreading, or one of many avenues open to women, that will stay with you, and which can be turned into money when the evil days come. It *can* be done. It *is* done every day in the year. But beaux and clothes have a very microscopic part in it. It means hard work, poor pay or none at all, and a longer and shorter apprenticeship. The girl who could

weler or watchmaker to take her on for no would be in luck. If she showed up every rain or shine, was courteous, willing to learn, stuck to it for a couple of years she could be at disaster when it came, hang out her den clock for a sign and tinker watches and clocks till there was coal in the bin, flour in the barrel and the children had clothes, she did not fail to take as a donation. This is but one of many instances open to women. The rule is to be in the day when skies are blue for the day when they are overcast. Now, young man, the 'Nook has had its say. Have you any questions to ask?

* * *

The world is a ladder for some to go up and some to go down, but there is no need to lose your character because you lose your money.

* * *

READING THE BIBLE.

The *Philadelphia North American* is an account of a man who has read the Bible one hundred and seventeen times. Speaking of what the reader has accomplished and how he did it, he is the following:

For instance, he can tell how many times certain words and letters appear; how many chapters and verses there are; names that spell the same way; peculiar passages of Scripture; the title book, chapter, verse and line; the oldest of the Bible, and other facts which he refers to as curiosities of the Bible.

Mr. Ottey says that if you want to read the Bible through in a year you can do so in an interesting and instructive manner by reading three chapters every weekday and five on Sunday. Or two in the Old and one in the New Testament every weekday and six in the Old and four in the New Testament every Sabbath, and you will then have read the Old Testament once and the New twice in a year.

The number of verses commencing with the various letters of the alphabet he has computed as follows: a, 12,638; b, 2,207; c, 183; d, 177; e, 17; f, 1,797; g, 209; h, 1,164; i, 1,449; j, 158; k, 1,411; l, 437; m, 961; n, 592; o, 149; p, 4; q, 17; r, 1,088; s, 5,286; t, 83; u, 37; v, 1,396; w, 1; x, 1; y, 356; z, 17.

"Mr. Ottey has discovered that the following phrases, which are commonly supposed to be in the Bible, cannot be found therein: 'Cleanliness is next to godliness'; 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb'; 'In the midst of life we are in death.' He has ascertained that the Bible contains 1,189 chapters, 31,198 verses, 773,697 words and 3,566,480 letters. The name 'Jesus' occurs 700 times in the Gospels and Acts and 69 times in the Epistles. The words 'girl' and 'boy' are found but once each in the Bible. Both are found in Joel 3: 3. There are 2,300 words that occur but once, and Mr. Ottey can tell where all can be found."

There is nothing very remarkable about such a performance, and doubtless there are others who could do pretty nearly as well. The object in reprinting the article is to call attention to the fact that these people who know so much about the letters of the Bible are rarely, if ever, familiar with the historical and higher spiritual facts connected with The Book. As a curiosity the work is like that involved in putting together a ship in a bottle, difficult and utterly useless. An understanding of the real message of any one of the books composing the Bible is worth all this arithmetic and plaything business.

* * *

When a woman tells you that all men are alike she has generally found out that one of them is different.

* * *

LET NATURE DO THE WORK.

NATURE is a prodigal, a spendthrift of forces. All around us she is squandering energies which, if caught and harnessed, would do the work of the world and give man a perpetual holiday. According to a careful calculation a recent storm on the north Atlantic ocean developed 473,000,000 horse power. The horse power of all existing steam engines is estimated at 39,000,000. If one of the big storms which rage across the Atlantic several times a year could be caught and harnessed, all the steam engines in the world could take a rest for twelve times as long as the storm lasted. Some of these storms last as long as a week at a time, and five of these storms would run the industries of the nations for a year.

An ordinary thunderstorm develops enough electrical energy to run all the cables and telegraph lines of the world for a year. The force of a flash of lightning varies up to 1,000,000 horse power, and fifty such flashes would be sufficient for the purpose. The energy of the tidal wave which sweeps around the world twice every day is sufficient, if turned into heat, to cook all our food and keep us warm for a year. The sun's rays are so squandered over space that it is estimated that all the planets together do not get a ten-millionth part of the heat given off by that vast orb of liquid fire.

Then there are those great storehouses of heat, light and electric force—volcanoes. No possible use can be made of their immense energy, and yet if Italy could harness the forces of Etna and Vesuvius when those mountains are in a state of eruption and set them to pumping water, grinding corn, etc., the Italians could loaf in luxurious ease. Loafing is a fine art in Italy now, and the harnessing of Vesuvius and Etna would only aid and abet what is already a national institution.

Then look at the freakish way in which nature manages her water supply. She empties billions of tons of water annually on the smoking, steaming tropics while great deserts like the Sahara lie bleaching in drouth. As to gold, nature just throws it away. There is gold enough in the waters of the ocean to make us all wealthy, but it can't be got at, and so remains just for the tantalization of avaricious man and as a foundation for the formation of wildcat companies by "inventors," who declare that they have solved the problem of its extraction from its watery storehouse.

*It is not against the universal ills
that a man cries out, but against the
special ones that make him think
fortune has discriminated against
him.*

THE FIVE YEAR DIARY.

BY A. W. VANIMAN.

MANY people keep a diary, which is a good thing to do. One who has a diary often finds it very valuable for reference. A few years ago the writer noticed that manufacturers of diaries had on sale a five-year diary, a few lines each day of the five years on one page. This idea seemed very practicable, but the book was rather large and expensive. Its size made it inconvenient to carry when traveling. I concluded to try another plan.

I secured four blank books, which retailed five cents each. They are four and one-half seven inches, over twenty lines on a page and ninety-six pages in a book. Each book is large enough for three months, a page to each day and each page has about five lines per day for five years. I am now beginning the third year and am exceedingly well pleased with the plan. One always has before him each day the occurrences of the previous years. The books are small enough that a person can carry one in his pocket, if desired, and cheap enough to answer all the purposes of economy. One could buy more expensive books and still have a very cheap diary.

Malmö, Sweden.

* * *

FLOODS OF THE NILE.

THE floods of the Nile are so regular in their coming that for hundreds of years they have varied ten days in the date of their arrival at a given point.

The Home

Department



*A man's idea of an ideal wife is
one who thinks she has an ideal
husband.*

LEMON BUTTER.

BY SISTER M. A. HACKMAN.

TO one egg and one grated lemon (removing the seeds) add a piece of butter the size of a walnut and boil briskly for five minutes, or until about as thick as honey. This will make a jelly mass full and can be increased in the same proportions. This is nice for lunches.

*Canton, Ohio.***SOFT GINGER BREAD.**

BY SISTER AMANDA BROWN.

TAKE one egg well beaten, one-half cup of melted butter, two cups of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, one cup of sour milk, twoaping teaspoonfuls of soda, four scant cups of flour and a pinch of cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake.

*Whitewater, Ind.***COOKIES.**

BY SISTER SUE SISLER.

TAKE two cups of lard, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three eggs, and the whites of two more eggs, one medium-sized nutmeg, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and enough flour to roll. Bake in a quick oven. These cookies are good when six weeks old.

*Dallas Center, Iowa.***EGGNOG.**

BY SISTER LIZZIE M'NELLY.

BREAK one egg into a glass, beat very light; add one teaspoonful of granulated sugar, and fill the glass with good fresh, creamy milk.

*Batavia, Ill.***CHOCOLATE CREAMS.**

BY SISTER EMMA CARSTENSEN.

MELT chocolate by grating it and holding it over a teakettle of boiling water. Dip the molded cream candy into the melted chocolate.

*Elgin, Ill.***DUMPLINGS.**

BY SISTER BELLE RIHARD.

TAKE one cup of flour, one egg, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder, pinch of salt; mix just stiff enough to roll; cut in inch squares and boil fifteen minutes in meat broth.

*Altoona, Iowa.***CARROT PICKLES.**

BY SISTER M. C. WHITESEL.

PEEL or scrape carrots, then cook and pickle the same as beets.

Wayside, Wash.

MAHOGANY CAKE.

BY SISTER KATIE R. TROSTLE.

TAKE one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half cup of chocolate cooked in one-half cup of milk, cool and stir in last. Filling: Take one cup of sugar cooked in small one-half cup of milk; beat till cool. Then bake.

*Stratford, Ill.***MOLASSES COOKIES.**

BY SISTER J. P. HOLSINGER.

TAKE one cup of Orleans molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of sour or buttermilk, two eggs (I beat the whites separate), two-thirds cup of butter and lard mixed, one teaspoonful of soda, and one each of ginger and cinnamon, and three cups of flour. Dissolve the soda in a small amount of warm water. Cream the shortening, yolks and sugar together. Bake in gem pans.

*Mt. Morris, Ill.***SOUR CREAM SOUP.**

BY SISTER AMANDA WITMORE.

TAKE a little bread well baked and not too fresh, crumb into a bowl, add a tablespoonful of good sour cream, then pour over it a little boiling water, add a little salt. This will sometimes settle a nauseated stomach.

*McPherson, Kans.***VEAL LOAF.**

BY SISTER LIZZIE HARNISH.

TAKE three and one-half pounds of minced veal, three eggs well beaten, one tablespoonful each of pepper and salt, one grated nutmeg, four rolled crackers, one tablespoonful of cream, butter the size of an egg; mix these together and make into a loaf and bake like other meats.

*Mt. Carroll, Ill.***POTATO SOUP.**

BY SISTER PERRY BROADWATER.

POUR two quarts of water on six potatoes, boil down, take the potatoes out, mash, season with pepper and salt, and return to the same water; add one ounce of butter and one quart of sweet milk.

*Lonaconing, Md.***BUTTERMILK MUFFINS.**

BY SISTER FANNIE MICHAEL.

BEAT well two eggs into one pint and three gills of buttermilk, stir in flour to make a thick batter, add one teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of soda; bake in a hot oven in well greased tins.

*Greenland, W. Va.***SUGAR COOKIES.**

BY SISTER PINKIE E. VETTER.

TAKE two cups of sugar, four eggs, one cup of butter, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda and flour enough to roll. Bake in a quick oven.

*Pyrmont, Ind.***NUTMEG COOKIES.**

BY SISTER NETTIE STINE.

TAKE two cups of sugar, two eggs, one cup of shortening, one-half cup of sweet milk, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Flavor with nutmeg. Bake in a quick oven.

*Leaf River, Ill.***HARD SOAP.**

BY SISTER LUCINDA STAUFFER.

TAKE seventeen quarts of soft water, two boxes of lye, eight pounds of clear grease, one-half pound of rosin, and one-half pound of borax. Dissolve the rosin, borax, and lye. Then add grease and boil rapidly one and one-half hours.

Pittsburg, Ohio.

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OUR FRANK'S LETTER.

CHICAGO, ILL.

CHICAGO justly ranks among the largest cities of the world. It is not the largest, by any means, but it is a great big city after all. One of the peculiarities of Chicago, as I see it, is its difference, architecturally, from so many of the eastern cities. I spent a few days in Baltimore once and remember that city as a compact town built of brick, everything solid and substantial, and I have heard that this is characteristic of other eastern cities. Now, Chicago is just as solid, and a great deal higher up in places in the business part of the city, and the residence part is just as fine architecturally as in any other city anywhere. The characteristic of Chicago is that it is sprawled out over so much more of the prairie, and a great deal of its outside edge is new and raw. One does not have to go very far from the business district or the "down town" part, as it is called, until he strikes squares of small houses, plank sidewalks, dirt and dust. A succession of wooden squares with "what made Milwaukee famous" selling on the corners, and a few small

stores scattered in between, and more Milwaukee, make up a very large part of Chicago's deep fringe of city.

When you go to Chicago, however, and have but a short time to stay, you naturally want to see the best of it and you need to make a break for the Lake Front and the parks. Here there are the widest streets, the cleanest parts of the city, and the best residences. One of the peculiar characteristics of humanity is an inborn desire to see the sights when they go to town. A man at home will be a model citizen and as straight as a string as the saying goes, and yet, when he comes to Chicago, he seems to deem it incumbent upon him to wade in the sediment of humanity. He justifies himself, as a rule, by saying that he wants to see these things for himself. Many a man who would not be caught talking of such a thing at home, has thrown himself bodily into the slums when he thinks nobody is going to find him out. Now, one thing I have never forgotten is a remark I heard made by an eminent traveler, a man who had been in many European capitals. He said that every sight he looked upon

was as a picture hung in his life, and of which he could not get rid. It is always there, once he took possession of it, and he advised our high-school class at home, in talking about this subject, to always see the best, and thus have nothing else to keep. So anyone who would like to go down into the slum districts and see the dirty saloons, the dirtier frequenters of both sexes, and get an impression done in mud, will have to go without me along.

The fact is Chicago is a city that has almost everything good and bad in it, and it is so rattling big and widespread that there is not time to get more than a bird's eye view of a part of it at the best. The prettiest places in the whole town are the Lake Front and the parks. Standing on a street fronting the lake one can look across the vast inland sea, shimmering in the distance and lapping the shore almost at his feet. With wise forethought the city fathers have turned the portion between the street and the lake into a continuous park and it is a really beautiful place. Then there are the libraries, the art galleries, the museums, and other places of interest which are all on a large scale. Chicago never does anything in the small. From its good to its wickedness it is all broadgauge. And the distances are something appalling when you come to rattle over them in the street cars.

Yesterday Sister Kath and I thought we would go down to the Union Station and find out about our tickets and possibly take a snapshot or two. We are going from here to St. Paul over the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad. There are many ways of getting to St. Paul, but the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul people were so thoroughly courteous and up to date in our transactions with them that there were no two ways about it—we are going over the Milwaukee Road. When we were down at the station it was suggested to us that we go out and snap the train that would take us there, and we did so. It is a beauty, called "The Pioneer Limited." We got a number of other pictures, some of which we hope will be incorporated into the INGLENOOK, though it will all depend on the Nookman and what he thinks about it; but I would like to have the Pioneer Limited shown. Kath and I read of the Seven Wonders of the World, but none of the old fellows in their wild-

est dreams ever conceived of such a thing as a fast train flying through the country clippity-clapping with a whiz and a roar. We are going to take some pictures of scenery as we go along and some things we think would be of interest we are going to copy from other pictures, and thus let nothing good escape us simply because we are not there personally. It isn't necessary when one invites his friends to dinner that everything on the table should be raised on his own farm by himself.

Figures convey no real idea to some people, and when I say that Chicago has at least 1,500,000 population it does not mean much really. What strikes Kath and me is the widespreadness of the place. It begins from ten to fifteen miles outside and thickens up towards the center. What it will be a hundred years from now, nobody ever dreams. A slight shift of the earth's surface in a good earthquake might settle a good many municipal problems of the future with the whole business fifty feet under water, although this need not deter you from accepting any property that may be willed to you in the heart of a city.



The Old Way of It.

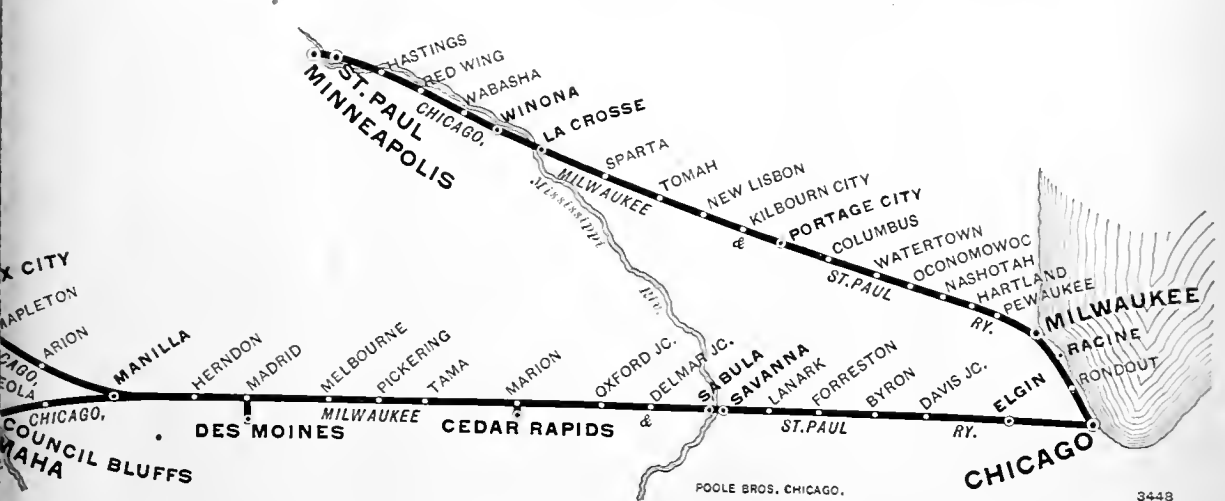
It is all folly to talk about getting in anywhere definite about Chicago within the limitations of a magazine article. Just think of anything you have a mind to anywhere and the best and worst of it is here, and don't you forget it, the biggest of it. Chicago wouldn't feel good if

er city had anything bigger than it had—even its rascals.

One thing that astonishes me is the rapidity with which one can get around these days compared with the so-called good old days. See the picture of the man the coach has dropped, on page 160, and then look at the Pioneer Limited, and see the difference. Then all that money can buy is at the disposal of the traveling public. Of course it costs money, but not a great deal considering what is at the passenger's disposal. Let us give a few facts.

The reader will note that the Chicago station is the plainest of the lot, and the reason is that things are in such a mix with the several railroads centering in the Union station in Chicago that they cannot have a great common union station. The time will come when the present station will be replaced by a better one, though the present one answers most purposes at present.

Why anybody wants to leave his home in the country and come to live in a city, of his own volition, is a puzzler. A man in one of the big skyscrapers of buildings told me that he hoped



The above is a map of our route to St. Paul, and the Limited runs to St. Paul via Milwaukee. When a passenger man wants to make a map of a railroad he takes a ruler and draws a straight line between the terminals, and puts the towns in between. When he draws his competing lines he sets the towns where they belong, and winds the roads around to them. But as you don't go to the map, but on the train, you are sure to get somewhere if you stay on. So you see that you will get to St. Paul around a slight kink in order to touch Milwaukee. Through the courtesy of the railroad we are enabled to present the several stations we expect to see en route. The one in the upper left hand corner is the Union Station in Chicago, where we arrived, and through which so many Nookers have passed. The cars come in behind the station, and the passenger passes through the gates, up stairs, and out under the arch. The one in the right hand corner is the Milwaukee station, the one just below the St. Paul station, and the other the Minneapolis station.

sometime to own a home in the country, and all the people of great wealth, sooner or later, get out into the country, God's country, and try to live, really live. The suburban people, the ones who live outside, on the settled edge, seem mad to get their trains when their day's work is done.



And Summer Lakes..

The route we are taking leads us by and to a good many summer resorts where there are lakes, and fishing, too, but all that will come

later on. I would sooner be out in the country than in this big, bustling, dirty, modern Baby-

lon. Naturally there can be little said about such a big thing in the limits of the article and space at our disposal.

Sister Kathleen is daft over the dining car she saw down in the railroad yards, and as she met a man who knew all about it, I shouldn't be surprised if she told it all in her letter next week. We don't show each other our letters, and if she makes mistakes and gets things wrong she knows who is to blame for it. I asked her what she was going to write about, and she replied by asking whether I had forgotten the Eleventh Commandment. That settled it. If she wants to mix things now it isn't my fault. Still, she's my sister, and I'm going to get her a bunch of violets. They're frightfully expensive, this time of year, but I think she would like them.

Yours,
FRANK.

* * *

KATHLEEN's letter has been received and dealt largely with the dining and sleeping cars of the trip. Fully illustrated. Don't miss it.



And Fish Too.



WHERE GERMANY GETS CEDAR FOR PENCILS.

BY J. M. NEFF.

THE village of Hollywood, nestled in a beautiful valley, having Sand Mountain, which belongs to the Cumberland range, to the east, and an irregular series of wooded foot-hills and rocky peaks, forming another spur of the Cumberlands, to the west, lies in the extreme northeastern part of the State of Alabama. Many of these mountains, to all appearance, are so entirely composed of rock, not a solid mass, but piles of stone ranging in size all the way from that of your fist to that of a barrel and now and then to that of a mountain, that it would seem impossible for them to support any form of vegetable life. But "things are not always what they seem," and the fact is that from these ragged mountain sides is being taken cedar of a commercial value that to the unformed would be simply astonishing.

Take a drive up one of those mountain coves, following a circuitous road, sometimes narrow, sometimes wide, here a mire of mud, there a succession of rocky ledges edged up almost perpendicularly and running directly across your way, sometimes up hill and sometimes down. Here and there you pass a rude cabin occupied by a family of uncouth mountaineers. There comes a gentleman now. He wears a hat that appears to have been inherited from his grandfather, one shirt sleeve is off at the elbow, trousers supported by one homemade suspender, and he wears a pair of stogies which by contact with mud from the flat, are "finished in red." We will speak to him:

"Well, brother, this is a pretty rough country where you are living in."

"O yes, sah, mighty rough."

"How long have you lived here?"

"I bought this fa'm and moved into this cabin a year arter the surrendah."

"How much land do you own?"

"My land 'stends back to the top of that mountain, across to the right to the pint of the second ridge and down to this road."

"How many acres in the tract?"

"I d'know, sah."

"What crops do you raise?"

"Up this cove is a little flat, whah I make a few taters and a little co'n every yeah."

"Do you have any other employment?"

"Ployment? What's that?"

"Do you do any other work besides farming? I mean."

"O yes, I git a heap o' cedar out o' these mountains."

"Have you sold any cedar from your place?"

"See that mountain thah?"

"Yes."

"I sole the cedar that stan's on that mountain two yeahs ago for \$10,000, and now I'm paid \$400 a yeah for let'n' it stan' till they're ready to have it cut."

Up to this point I was wondering why anybody in the world would want to live in such a place as this; but when I heard this I began to wonder why anyone would want to live anywhere else, if, like this man, he had gotten in "on the ground floor." Upon further investigation I learned that the cedar is cut into logs of various lengths, dragged down the rocky mountain sides by mules till ground is reached that is sufficiently level and clear of rock to make the use of a wagon possible. There the logs are loaded on wagons and hauled sometimes a distance of ten or twelve miles to what is known as the "block mill." This differs but little from an ordinary sawmill of small capacity. But the timber differs widely from that known to the ordinary lumberman. A lumberman from the pine belt of the Gulf States, accustomed to the long, straight, large, smooth, symmetrical logs that come from the forests of long-leaved yellow pine of the far South, would stand aghast on being introduced to these small, crooked, knotty, hollow, sap-rotted and worm-eaten cedar sticks that come out of the mountains of North Alabama. He would pronounce them of no commercial value whatever. And the mystery to him would be how such timber could be measured, especially in cases where the hollow is almost as large as the log. But the emergency must be greater than this if these men of the mountains are not equal to it. In order to get at the value of a log, no matter how crooked, how tapering or how large the hollow, this timber is bought and sold by weight. By this method a man can buy a log without paying for the hole that is in it. I learned from the proprietor of a "block mill" at Hollywood that he pays four to five dollars per ton for cedar and that an

average two-horse wagon load is about one and one-half tons.

But why is the "block mill" so called? It is because its manufactured output is in the form of blocks. When the log goes into the mill it is first cut into slabs two and one-fourth inches thick by a common circular saw, such as is used in sawing ordinary lumber. These slabs are carried to a cut-off saw and cut into thirty-inch lengths. From here they go to an edging saw and are ripped into two-and-a-quarter-inch squares or blocks. Each one of these blocks that is clear of knots or other serious defects is ready for the market. Defective blocks are taken to a small cut-off saw and cut into seven-and-one-half, fifteen or twenty-two-and-one-half-inch lengths, owing to the location of the defect, the blocks containing the defects being thrown out as waste, the marketable blocks being either of the four lengths named. Thus it will be seen that a log with knots or other defects not closer together than seven and a half inches contains marketable timber, and so it comes that logs so rough that they would be quite unfit to manufacture into lumber can be used for this purpose.

When the cedar is worked into blocks as above described it is sold by weight again; but this time to the company that operates a "slat mill." Here the blocks are first put through a sizer, which consists of a horizontal wooden cylinder about two feet in diameter and three feet long. Into this several notches are cut lengthwise, deep enough to receive one of the blocks and at equal distances apart, each notch being cut straight in on one side and quite slanting on the other, somewhat after the fashion of the notches between the teeth of a hand saw. As this cylinder slowly revolves, it is "fed" by placing a block into each notch as fast as it comes up into position to hold it. Above the cylinder work five small cut-off saws on one shaft and at equal distances apart. They are usually set about seven and one-fourth inches apart, the specifications being given by the German buyers of slats in meters, decimeters or centimeters, which is the length of the regulation lead pencil used in *Deutschland*. As the cylinder revolves it carries the blocks upward into these saws and each full-length block is cut into four blocks of the exact length desired and dropped into an elevator on the other side, and by it carried to the second floor of the factory.

On the second floor of the factory a number of small rip saws are running, by which the blocks are worked into slats half the thickness of a lead pencil. As these slats drop from the saws they fall into shoots that convey them to another compartment down stairs where the cullers are at work.

The cullers are girls whose duty it is to cut grade and assort the slats. A perfect slat is six pencils in width. These are put to themselves, tied into bales and the bales put into cars ready for shipment. The defective slats are graded with reference to the size or position of the defect, which may be rot, worm holes or saw marks. All slats with a defect small enough or near enough to one edge so that it can be removed by cutting away the thickness of one pencil, go into a bundle marked "5." "Fives" are slats five pencils wide. After they are assorted into threes, fours, fives and sixes, all below sixes are taken to a small edging saw and edged down to the required width and thus all defects cut out.

The number of slats put into a bale varies with their width. Sixteen bales are put into a car, making from fifty to one hundred gross of slats. They are shipped by the car load to New York and thence to Germany, the German buyers contracting for them at so much a gross.

There are quite a number of these factories in Northern Alabama, their entire output being sold in Germany. "Where does the rest of the world get lead pencil cedar?" do you ask. Don't know.

Fruitdale, Ala.

* * *

*An acquittal is a sure remedy
for temporary insanity.*

* * *

LIFE IN A "SODDY."

BY JENNIE TOWSLEE.

SOD houses as a rule make quite cheery and comfortable homes despite the forbidding exterior. The walls are usually plastered with what is known here as "native lime," and is used just as it is dug from the hillside after being screened and mixed with sand.

I have in mind a convenient sod house with a pleasant kitchen, pantry, closet and sitting room

instead of being ceiled or lathed and plastered overhead, the ceiling in most cases consists of muslin, tightly stretched and neatly tacked on staves, which in turn are fastened to the board roof with small nails.

In most sod houses one or more of the rooms are neatly papered and the remainder whitewashed, and with floors carpeted and windows tastefully curtained, the task of making them homelike isn't so great, after all. If an eastern Nooker were blindfolded into the house, I doubt if, when the bandage was removed, he would ever suspicion that the outside of the house was other than the same.

Sod houses usually have fewer and larger rooms than frame ones, because the task of breaking and laying up the sod house is no small one. Of course *all* sod houses are not "homey," but are all frame ones? They can easily be made attractive *inside* with a little exercise of good taste and small expenditure of money.

Colby, Kans.

+ + +

A woman always seems surprised when a man proposes to her.

+ + +

ONE INDIAN'S SORROW.

BY ANNA BOWMAN.

HER name is Dora and she is educated and speaks English very well. When she came home from school she dressed neatly and attended Sunday school, but some whites made her feel she was out of her place, so she said she was just an Indian, anyway, and went back to their customs of dress and living. Now she is married to an Indian who cannot speak English, and she goes barefoot and bareheaded and carries her papoose

on her back in a basket fastened with a strap over her head, as all squaws do.

Her troubles began about one year ago, when her sister died from wounds received from a brutal husband. Poor Dora must now have her hair cut short, for such is their custom in mourning. Soon her mother, grieving over the tragic death of her daughter, wishing to join her in the Happy Hunting Ground, hanged herself. Then Dora must again cut her hair.

Then one evening in last November, just as school was being dismissed, we heard a commotion and on looking out saw Indians running, talking and wildly gesticulating. Several squaws were passing and from one we learned that her father, "Marshal Pete," had been shot by an Indian of another tribe, with whom he was playing cards.

Oh! such a moaning, weeping and tearing of hair as those squaws did! Indeed it was pitiful to witness. We visited their camp and saw poor Dora, the picture of despair. With her papoose on her back she would sit and sway her body back and forth and, others joining her, utter such doleful sounds we thought we never witnessed more real sorrow and truer affection among *civilized* people.

The next day the hills were scoured by bands of stern, savage-looking Indians, hunting the murderer, who was too wary for even their sharp eyes, for he was Indian himself.

Whites laid the body of Marshal Pete to rest, so there was no Indian ceremony, except that two blankets were placed in his coffin.

After one of their number dies it is their custom to kill the dogs and ponies and burn the wickiup and other property; but in this case the sheriff forbade their doing this, so they claimed the devil got after them, and they had to leave the camp, and have not yet returned.

Camp Verde, Ariz.

Tell a girl she is "pretty as a picture" and she never stops to consider how unattractive some pictures are.

FRAUD IN GOLD.

WHEN some porch-climber has made a raid on a brown-stone front and gone through the jewel case on a mahogany dresser, probably the owner of the jewel case knows within a few dollars of the actual loss she has sustained, whether it is reported to the police in those figures or not. But with the ordinary victims of holdups and sneak thieving it is a question if they have any idea of how much or how little the crooks will realize on the proceeds of the melting-pot.

"For this reason," said a prominent manufacturer of jewelry in Chicago, "you may get on a train here and go west, northwest, and southwest, especially, buying up rings and old jewelry that bear carat stamps, and I'll venture that in a thousand pieces taken at random, you won't find ten in which the gold is fine enough to bear out the carat stamp.

"Why? Simply because the public cannot tell a fourteen-carat ring from one eighteen carats fine, and for the further reason that neither the State nor national government has put a penalty upon such cheats or undertaken—as the British government has done—to stamp the genuineness of gold jewelry and silver plate. This leaves the public open to any imposition which may be possible to a 'crooked' house. The result is with us, for instance, that in buying old gold for the melting-pot, we pay no attention to the carat stamp.

"This is a statement in general, however: there are numbers of manufacturing firms whose stamp we know to be genuine, whether it be ten carat or twenty-four carat. Yet in sharp contrast to these are houses which manufacture a fourteen-carat goods which they sell to retailers as such, yet stamped eighteen carat 'for the trade.' Now, when it is considered that a house offering to do this might have no moral hesitancy in making twelve-carat stuff instead of the contract fourteen, you can see where the injustice comes in for the final purchaser. When this stuff finally comes to be old gold for the melting pot, you can imagine that we cannot afford to buy according to the carat stamps."

For, as a matter of commercial fact, there is a sharp difference in the actual value of a piece of gold eighteen carats fine and one that is only fourteen carats. An ordinary wedding ring will

weigh five pennyweights. If it be eighteen carats fine it represents a final gold standard value of \$4 even; if it is only fourteen carats and stamped eighteen, however, it will bring only \$3.20, a difference of 80 cents in a single ring. On every pennyweight there is a difference of sixteen cents in favor of the fourteen-carat gold and this is \$16 on 100 pennyweights—a difference which makes a sharp profit in a year for an unscrupulous manufacturer.

Gold twenty-four carats fine is pure gold. In that degree of fineness it is not especially attractive. It is extremely soft and does not admit of a high polish. In fact, it is never worked in that form, unless it might be at the special order of someone who had a freakish desire for it. A twenty-two carats it occasionally is made into wedding rings, because of the desire to have the metal as nearly pure as possible, but even then it is easily bent and wears rapidly. Gold of eighteen carats is best adapted to the manufacture of showy jewelry. It then has one-fourth of the alloy in it, and with that proportion of stiffening metal it takes on its most brilliant polish wears longest, and is most generally satisfactory to the wearer. Gold seldom is stamped as low as ten carats, but the range of bullion value for each pennyweight, from twenty-four carats down to ten, is: For twenty-four-carat gold, \$1.04; for eighteen carats, 80 cents; for sixteen carats, 72 cents; for fourteen carats, 64 cents; and for ten carats, 48 cents.

"However much better eighteen-carat gold may be for manufacturing purposes, it is nevertheless true that most of the gold jewelry one sees is not above fourteen carats," said a Chicago manufacturer who has grown gray in the business. "Most of this fourteen-carat gold is stamped eighteen carats, too. There is the robbery. Only an expert can distinguish these four degrees of fineness, but in effect it is quite as bad for a jeweler to sell fourteen-carat gold for eighteen-carat as it would be for a grocer to sell baking powder that is twenty-five per cent chalk. Yet the grocer can be prosecuted, and it is doubtful if the jeweler could be.

"The thing that we need is a government inspection of jewelry, or at least a national law making the government the prosecutor when a false stamp is put upon gold or silver. I don't

know that the English 'hallmark' method could be made satisfactory, as I understand it causes British manufacturers much trouble and inconvenience. It has seemed to me that a national statute making it a penitentiary offense for stamping gold falsely would be enough; men will break municipal and State laws much more readily than they will risk prosecution by the government.

"To take our United States mints, we have no better-regulated government institutions. For a good many years now we have done our own refining, but when we used to send it out to private refineries we never got more than 80 per cent of our gold; when we sent it to the United States mints we got it all, paying only a slight charge for the work. The point that I would make is that with our coins and the general work of our mints, unquestioned anywhere in the world, it is a crying shame that our gold and silver plate is questioned everywhere. England has accomplished something in that way, even if by a clumsy method; why can't we?"

Of gold in general there is a good deal of tradition abroad among the people. "Etruscan" gold and "Guinea" gold are frequently on the tongue, but according to expert handlers of the metal, gold of twenty-four carats fineness is simply pure gold, without reference to whether it came from some California placer, some Australian "digging," or from some deep mine in South Africa.

Gold is never pure, however, when taken out in nuggets, dust, or "color," so that as it comes from the mine it may have its marked characteristics. If copper is one of the chief foreign metals in the nuggets or dust, the gold will show

red; if it be silver the gold will show greenish-yellow. Thus if for some design a manufacturer wishes to make up three shades of gold, he uses a copper alloy for the red, silver for the greenish-yellow, and leaves the middle shade as nearly pure as is possible. The alloy that is used depends wholly upon the shade and polish desired.

As to alloys in general, those for gold coins average about ten per cent, showing ninety parts gold and ten of copper. In gold jewelry and plate the world's average must be found somewhere between seventy-five parts gold and twenty-five parts copper, and ninety-two parts gold and eight parts copper. As to gold coins of the United States, for instance, the gold in a \$20 piece was not as fine as that in a \$10 piece, up to 1834, the one being .900 fine and the smaller coins .916 $\frac{2}{3}$. Several changes were made affecting these and smaller gold coins until finally the fineness was fixed at .900, uniformly. As against this ten per cent of alloy in United States gold coins, however, British coins have only 8 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent of foreign metal.

In the manufacture of gold jewelry the question of waste, present and final, must enter largely into the general ledger account of profit and loss. However, a loss that may show in the books for two, four, or five years may be wiped out in a great measure when the wooden floors of the working rooms are torn up, and the gold recovered from the crevices and the grain of the wood.

In the meantime in one down-town factory, the sweepings from the floors and the contents from the traps in the workroom sinks yield \$1,500 a year of the precious dust which has escaped both the workman and the espionage of his employer.





MYSTERY OF BALMY SLEEP.

So far only the poets have been able to tell what causes sleep, scientific men being totally at a loss to account for this mystery. A rather startling theory lately put forward by a young physiologist is attracting considerable attention. This student believes that a gland or certain glands in the system secrete a narcotic substance; that this substance is stored in the gland or glands until at definite times—mainly influence of habit and "tiredness" of the individual—it is thrown into the circulation and thereby causes the phenomenon of sleep. Further, he suggests that sleep continues as long as the "natural narcotic" is kept up—until the latter is so far attenuated in, or wholly abstracted from the blood by the excreting organs.

There is no direct evidence of the correctness of this theory, but he refers to a lately-discovered fact that the urine of health secreted in waking hours always contains a narcotic substance, and he urges this point in support of his theory. The existence of such glands is difficult to deny. Sir T. Lauder Brunton has pointed out that opium will keep a person awake if he wishes to be wakeful and conversely will make him sleep if he wishes to sleep, which would seem that sleep is in some measure under the control of the will.



TWO NEW VEGETABLES.

"AMONG the newer salad plants," said a dealer in green vegetables, "is one called Oriental romaine, which has been introduced here about four years. It came originally from China. This is a winter salad, and is grown in the South, being raised as far north as North Carolina.

"A head of Oriental romaine is about as long as an ear of corn, and, in its middle part, of about the same diameter; but instead of tapering down at its lower end it is there somewhat bulbous; so that the whole head is somewhat vase-like in shape.

"It is made up of long, narrow leaves folding closely together, solidly, from the heart out, the outer leaves being of about the size of green corn husks.

"It is sold by the pound, at from fifteen to twenty cents, according to the supply. A single head weighs about a pound, more or less.

"Another vegetable new here, we have had it about four years, one which is more often eaten cooked, but which, uncooked, is used as a garnish for salads, and is eaten as such, is Japanese crosne, an artichoke-like vegetable coming originally from Japan, but now cultivated in France, whence all our supplies of it are imported.

"Japanese crosnes are about two inches in length by half an inch in diameter at the thickest part, midway of their length; tapering toward the ends; they have also ring-like moldings, so that they look like rather stubby little turned spindles.

"Besides their salad use, and their use cooked, they are also used to garnish or decorate cooked meats. In Japan they are eaten cooked, pickled, and as salad.

"Japanese crosnes are imported in baskets like small, heavily-made champagne baskets, fifteen pounds to the basket. They sell here at forty cents a pound and find favor."—N. Y. Sun.



CARNIVOROUS PLANTS.

IT is well known that certain plants, of which the sundew and the Venus' fly trap are examples, capture insects for food and digest them. Botanists have discovered that the leaf which captures the prey throws out a digestive fluid upon the insect and that this fluid exhibits a composition analogous to that found in the gastric juice of the human stomach. Certain other plants capture insects by means of their pitcher-like leaves. In the pitcher-like leaves the insects are drowned and their bodies undergo decomposition. A member of an English botanical society points out now that in the plants mentioned the

gestive ferment is not so much like that of the animal as that found in the pancreas or sweetbread. This latter organ furnishes a fluid which can digest all kinds of food and one substance in its fluid, trypsin, acts specially on nitrogenous matter. It is this tryptic principle which is represented in the eating plants. Another likeness to the higher animal world is found in the difference between the mode of feeding seen in the sunflowers and in the pitcher plants. The former take their food in a fresh state; the latter, it is commonly believed, like their food rather "high."

* * *

DESERT SAND-STORMS.

As would be inferred from its temperature, the desert is a land of fearful winds. When that volume of hot air rises by its own lightness, other air from the surrounding world must rush in to take its place; and as the new ocean of atmosphere, greater than the Mediterranean, pours enormous waves into its desert bed, such winds result as few people in fertile lands ever dream of.

The Arabian simoon is not deadlier than the sandstorm of the Colorado desert (as the lower half of this region is generally called). Express trains cannot make head against it—nay, sometimes they are even blown from the track! Upon the crests of some of the ranges are hundreds of acres buried deep in the fine, white sand that those fearful gales scoop up by carloads from the plain and lift on high to fling upon the scowling peaks thousands of feet above.

* * *

AN OLD MAN.

THERE recently died an old man in our neighborhood, who would have been one hundred and five years old in March. He was born in March, 1797. He ran away from home and fought in the battle of New Orleans under Gen. Andrew Jackson. His name was Allen Easter. He came to this part of the country when a young man and saw civilization grow up around him.

He was out hunting his first jack rabbits about ten days before he died,—with a rifle, and he got them, too,—and contracted a cold that ended in pneumonia and caused his death. He did the most of his own work. Many a time have I seen

him walking around, about his chores, as lively and as straight as many men of sixty.

Speaking of killing the jacks, he said: "I never had the "buck-ager" so bad when I tried to shoot a bear or a deer." Think of a man shooting at a jack rabbit with a rifle, when 105 years old. How many Nookers will do it?

(The above came to us unsigned, with a letter, mislaid or lost, that gave the author's name. Articles should be signed.)

* * *

SHARK SWALLOWS A SOLDIER.

ANOTHER remarkable addition has apparently to be made to the casualty lists from South Africa. The other day a man who is engaged on the English steamship "Canada," writing home to his relatives, referred to the capture of a big shark at East London. When ripped open, the monster, which measured eighteen feet long, was found to have quite recently swallowed a soldier bodily. The man's body and uniform were intact, save for a small portion of one shoulder, which had been cut off.

* * *

ODORLESS FLOWERS.

A GERMAN botanist is said to have discovered that out of over 6,000 species of flowers cultivated in Europe only 420 possess an agreeable perfume. Flowers with white or cream-colored petals are more frequently odoriferous than others. Next in order come the yellow flowers, then the red, after them the blue, and finally the violet, of which only thirteen varieties out of 308 give off a pleasing perfume. In the whole list 3,880 varieties are offensive in odor and 2,300 have no perceptible smell, either good or bad.

* * *

WHAT THE TRUFFLE IS.

THE ancient Romans, at whose sumptuous banquets truffles played an important role, supposed that their existence was one of the material results of thunder. More modern botanists have classed it as a species of mushroom, but it can scarcely be termed such. To be exact, the truffle is a tuberculous fungus, a sort of morbid extravasation of vegetable sugars analogous to oak balls or nutgalls and doubtless originating, as these latter, from the sting of an insect.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY...

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Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

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THE ILLUSTRATED NOOK.

THE picture Nook starts on its way this issue, and will continue indefinitely. We would like to hear from every Nooker how it strikes him. Let this be understood. There is perhaps not another weekly publication in existence, for the price, that shows the same amount of illustrations and the same character of unique literary matter. If you, as a Nooker, want to uphold and help the cause along, interest your neighbors to the extent of getting them on the list. A great deal of the future success of the publication will depend on this. What do you think of it? How does it strike you? We will be glad to hear from every reader.

*Much of the trouble in this world
is due to the fact that ignorance
isn't bliss.*

NEXT WEEK.

It's just like a woman! When our Kath was down at the Union Station, Chicago, the other



View of Denver, Reached from

ly, she saw her first dining car, and she went through the whole thing. What she didn't learn about housekeeping on wheels isn't worth knowing. Next week she's going to tell it for the sisters. As we said, it's just like a woman! Even Mr. Knowitall may learn something if he reads what she has to say.

SOME people who live in the East may imagine that when they get to Denver they will "meet" with the cowboy and the Indian. See our cross-page illustration of the city, taken from a photograph, and furnished us by the Union Pacific Railway for the Nook readers. Looks as though civilization had reached across the country from Smithville, near home, doesn't it?

GAGGLE GOO presents her compliments to her elder brothers and sisters of the family and says she is getting along pretty well, thank you, considering her troubles, and that she has another water she has thought out between two quarts of milk, which will appear pretty soon.

OUR relations, that is, members of the Nook family, are sending us articles on Life in a Soddy. We are gratified and appreciative, but let us tell you a more certain way of getting before the public. When you see an article in the Nook, and feel moved to write about it, do it right at once. After a subject is once worked up it is not again threshed over, unless it is badly in error. If several good articles on the same topic come in at once they will likely be printed, either in the same issue or one after the other. But the writer who waits is like the woman who hesitates—both often get left. One man took nine months to answer an article. The Nook is not an ancient history. Get your wits to working like a steel trap, and your pen to be a close second.

THE pictures in the Nook necessitate a radical change in the make-up of the magazine. But it will be an educator all the same. If you would like to get the premiums offered any of our Nook family we will send you all the samples you can use judiciously.



HOW WOMEN LIVE.—No 1.

BY AMANDA WITMORE.

NOT a century ago woman was held back, with the idea that she needed no education except being able to read. Man was calculated to do all business for her. Later she might have a common-school education and teach only in summer at low figures. A woman thrown on her own resources *then* was to "dig or beg." Now almost every avenue that is open for man, is open for woman if she has the acquired knowledge.

Woman, thrown on her own resources, having a family to support, and no education, or knowledge of any livelihood, deserves pity, but if she has a will she can make a living in almost any circumstance in life.

I personally know a woman who was left with a little boy. She made a livelihood by keeping boarders and sewing and knitting. She raised her boy, who needed much medical care, gave him a common-school education and paid for a small home. Another, a school-teacher, was among the first of my teachers, and she earned a living, raised and educated her girl, bought a home, and has retired from teaching for many years. I know one who wove carpet, kept herself and an aunt, and earned a small home. I know some women who make a livelihood by taking in washing and who go out house-cleaning. Some dressmake and do general sewing. Others do canvassing. There are many little things to canvass besides books. A book agent is so despised that other useful articles often bring more profit. A woman who was left with a girl and without means canvassed a kind of dipper, funnel, cake cutter, and pint measure, all combined, for twenty-five cents, which made enough to raise and educate her girl, and bought a home in her town. The people knew her ambition and worthiness and patronized her. She would lay off for a while and when in need of money would canvass again. Another poor girl, who had tact, made small articles, such as Christmas toys, trinkets, ornaments, etc., also knit laces, crochet-work of various kinds suitable for holiday gifts. She would have those articles ready for holidays, rent a show window, exhibit and sell. It was surprising to her about her first

sales. When her work was fully known she had no trouble to sell, which made her the owner of a store where she employed help to manufacture her articles to meet demands, all by having tact and diligence.

McPherson, Kans.

* * *

A man never does anything desperate if fed regularly.

* * *

ABOUT A PERFUME.

THE popularity of violet as the latest favorite in the list of perfumes is threatened by the attack of ylang-ylang of the Philippines. Colonel Agrippina, the choice perfume of the Romans, named in honor of the wife of the Emperor Claudius, after enjoying in modern times an unrivaled lead for nearly two centuries, as the eau de cologne, from the city of the Rhine, the first place of its modern manufacture on an extensive scale, yielded to the more lasting fragrance of the sachet in evidence in all forms, in all places among all classes and conditions of women.

The attar of roses, the famed essential oil of the Damask rose of Kazanlik on the sunny slopes of the Balkans, finds in the Philippine products its equal in perfume, a better yielder of essence from the flower, and therefore a less costly base-essence for the perfumer's art.

The ylang-ylang, or sometimes spelled ilang-ilang, while indigenous to many parts of tropical Asia, reaches its greatest perfection in the Philippine islands, where it is a favorite among the natives. Besides its value as an attar in preparations for the hair and toilet waters, it also claimed to possess curative virtues in tooth and other aches and pains. In a preparation of coconut oil, known to commerce as Macassar oil for the hair, attar of ylang-ylang is the perfume.

The perfumers of Europe, and to a less degree of the United States, make it the base of some of their most costly extracts. The Manila oil is practically without competition in the markets of the Western nations on account of its superior quality and at from \$40 to \$55 a pound is unequal to demand.

Hitherto the United States' supply has come through Germany or France. Together with

England, those countries have a monopoly of the product, which is generally secured in advance under contract for the entire output.

The tree, common to many localities south of Manila, is found chiefly in the well-populated provinces and islands, it being said to thrive best near the habitations of man. The propagation in plantations by seed or cuttings about twenty feet apart each way (108 trees to the acre) is easy, and the growth is rapid in almost any soil. The first flowers appear in the third, the eighth year yielding often as high as one hundred pounds, the bloom occurring in every month. The great yield is from July to December.

The process of converting the long, greenish yellow, fragrant petals of the flower into essence by the simplest form of distillation, no chemicals of any kind being required, simply water and the choicest flowers. The oil will vaporize in a closed boiler at 220 degrees Fahrenheit. The final results follow.

The best quality must be clear as distilled water and fragrant. The second quality is yellowish and smoky. The oil is drawn from the bottom of a glass separator, the water remaining. The oil is filtered through talcum and ready for the market, being packed in glass bottles, and commands ready purchasers.

About seventy-five pounds of flowers yield one pound of oil. Flowers are worth from eight to ten cents gold per pound, and the cost of manufacture is placed at \$4 a pound. The yield in the case of attar of roses is small, 150 pounds of rose leaves producing but one ounce of oil.

There are flowering groves in many parts of northern Luzon and the Visayan islands which may be leased. The vicinity of Manila is particularly well adapted to the growth of this valuable

* * *

Don't worry if your sins find you out; they will be sure to call again.

* * *

WHICH HYMN WAS SUNG AT THE LAST SUPPER?

On that climacteric evening, when He and his disciples sat at their last supper, after he had broken the bread and given it to them as his body, and the wine as his blood, and had declared: "I have eaten and drunk henceforth

of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom!" it would seem that the emotions of the moment had risen to that point where words do not bring comfort; and so I find the might of music working in the next verse (of Matt. 26: 30), which records, "And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives." If we but knew the tune of that hymn!

Here, you observe, as far back as the beginning of our era, we find the world in possession of a stock of tunes. There can be little doubt that the melodies which the disciples sung with Christ in person were handed down and formed the body of those collections which Bishop Ambrose, and after him Pope Gregory, brought together, and it is possible enough that the hymn which Christ and his apostles sung was sung yesterday in some church of America, for we have tunes in our Psalmody—not to speak of the Gregorian tunes still surviving as Plain Chant in the Catholic churches—which have come down from quite immemorial times, and the path of church music, as I have shown, leads directly back to this hymn which was sung on the evening of the Last Supper.—*Sidney Lanier, in February Lippincott's Magazine.*

* * *

THE SMALL ONE'S PLEA.

THE big sister, aged twenty-two, was engaged in some household duty that it took her a long while to accomplish. "I do wish you would be faster, Bessie," said her mother. That evening the small brother, aged three, was heard to say in the course of his nightly prayer, "And, oh Lord, do please make Bessie fast."

* * *

HOW THE SECTIONS SAY IT.

THE woman from New England buys a "table spread," while her sister from the South buys a "table cloth." The woman from Nova Scotia orders the servant to "lay the table," while with most of us natives of the United States the command is to "set the table." In the country the hostess says to her guests, "Sit by," when it is time to eat; in town it is, "Please sit down"; in the city among swells there is no further invitation than the announcement of the servant that "Dinner is served."

RAISIN GROWING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY GEO. L. M'DONAUGH.

THE practice of turning grapes into raisins is as old as the Spanish occupation of California. The Spanish priest introduced the grape, the fig, and the olive, but not until comparatively recent years have grapes been turned into raisins as a matter of business and commercial profit.

The muscat grape is the one that is used for raisin purposes, and it is a large, white grape, the same that is sold at the fruit stands as Cal-

are assorted, the loose ones constituting one grade, and those that remain clinging to the stem make another. The loose ones are run through a sieve, and graded and sold according to size.

Our illustration shows the women and children at work among the trays at Rochester and Etowanda. After being dried the raisins are boxed and shipped. There is now a raisin combine that hold up the prices, and it is done by an agreement to hold the crop for given prices. However, the retail price of raisins is about the same all over the country.

The quality of the home-grown raisin is a



PREPARING RAISINS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, ON THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

ifornia grapes. When the grapes are perfectly ripe, say in August, the raisin season begins. The picking is done mainly by boys and women, and Indians and Chinamen take a part in it, owing to the necessity of employing cheap labor.

When picked they are placed on trays, and dried in the sun. There is no preparation whatever, and no after treatment, other than the drying. It takes about a week or ten days to dry them thoroughly, and to facilitate this they are turned several times by hand. When dried they

good as that of any foreign brand, but the cheap labor of the European raisin-producing countries prevents any great degree of competition with

As soon as people come to know that the home-grown raisin is as good or even better than high-priced foreign competitor, it will result in a better market for the California product. It now stands, the industry in California a growing one and the time is not far distant when the imported foreign fruits, as well as nuts and olives, etc., will be supplied from home.

ANENT SOME CANDLES.

EVERY Nooker knows a candle when he sees it, but perhaps not many know that there are tapers and candles. From an interesting article in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* we take parts of an article that cannot fail to be of value to all our readers.

Within the last two years, say the manufacturers, the sale of candles of all kinds has increased fifty per cent. There are three candle manufacturing firms in St. Louis. Francis A. French, manager of one company, says:

St. Louis will realize over \$600,000 this year in the candle trade. This means the largest output in its history since the time of tallow dip lights, and is the result of an investment of about \$1,000,000. These figures will not be surpassed next year in the world. There are three important factors in the growth of the candle industry. Economy in poor districts, the substitution of candles for mine lamps and the sudden great demand for parlor candles. The consumption by churches is also a big item, but this growth has been steady and easily anticipated.

The mining candle ranks first in point of manufacture and sale. West of Syracuse, N. Y., there are no candle manufacturing cities save St. Louis. This gives the local concern an enormous advantage over its eastern competitor. Not only does St. Louis monopolize the trade west of the Mississippi, but it gets a big share of the business east as far as the Ohio. St. Louis sells to the mines of Arkansas, Colorado, Montana, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. Thousands of pounds of candles have even gone to Alaska this year from this point.

The candle has been gradually supplanting the lamp in mines for the last ten years. It is safer, there are no explosions, and the light is as bright as strong, without the smoke, as that of a flaring oil wick. Our orders are being increased every six months, which shows the candle gives all we claim for them.

St. Louis is a great market for church candles. The growth of the Catholic and Episcopal faiths has carried with it an increased demand for candles.

These are made of beeswax, so that there is no drip or smoke. The Episcopalians almost invariably order the plain white candle,

measuring from fourteen inches to two feet. Those used in the Catholic churches are more elaborate.

The paschal is decorated with bronze wax, with the symbols of the faith. They cost from \$3 to \$10 apiece. They are hardly ever consumed during the forty days and, at the expiration of that time, are given to parishioners who have made requests. In Italian churches there is a lively demand for them, which is often turned into profit for the church treasury. In many Italian homes of this city can be seen to-day pieces of paschals, obtained last Ascension day.

"It is in the parlor, or fancy candle, that the great strides have been made during the last two years. In all, I should say, the trade in this line has increased fifty per cent. These candles are used exclusively for decorative purposes.

"This being the principle of the demand, it becomes the first consideration of the manufacturer, and this year the designs are the most artistic known. All colors, in every shade, shape and design, the catalogues show in a variegated assortment. Reds, greens, pinks, whites and yellows are most popular. In the parlor we find these colors in the decorated candles. These decorations are made of wax and put upon the candles by hand. The wax is colored, so as to give the decorator's artistic taste the widest possible range. Thus, we will have red holly berries and green leaves twining round the white Christmas candle. There will be white designs, red background, and so on indefinitely. Of course, it is the manufacturer's business to get up the most artistic designs and the richest color and the quaintest designs.

"The large hotels now use candles almost exclusively for cafes, dining rooms and banquet tables. The plain, red, yellow, and green are in the greatest demand. Small shaded candle lamps are now manufactured for this trade, and are immensely popular for eating tables. Sometimes this idea is elaborated upon, as in the case of a St. Paul street railway magnate, last month, who ordered from us for his banquet table one hundred candles two inches in diameter and two feet high.

"St. Louis supplies practically all the candles used in Mexico. These will run from eight inches to two feet in height and, unlike the Amer-

ican candle, tapers toward the top. This is necessary on account of the immense heat. Were the basic diameter maintained to the top, the tallow, or wax, would get soft and the stick bend, as it is much heavier at the bottom than at the top, and successfully maintains an erect attitude, notwithstanding the sun's most vigorous assaults.

* * *

*To-day wins while To-morrow is
slumbering.*

* * *

COLDS ARE INFECTIOUS.

THE evidence that all colds are infectious and that without the presence of infection it is impossible to catch a cold is probably far stronger than your correspondent, Dr. Clayton Jones, thinks. Colds are almost unknown in the arctic circle, not on account of the action of the continuous cold, but because the greater part of that region is uninhabited. When Sir William Conway and his men were exploring Spitzbergen though they were exposed to great privations and were almost constantly wet through, they never caught a cold, but directly they came down to Andree's settlement on the coast, where some forty men were living in almost constant intercourse with the mainland, they all developed violent colds. Nansen and his men never caught a cold during all the three years of his voyage, notwithstanding the utmost exposure, but directly they reached civilization on the coast of Norway, though still within the arctic circle, they all suffered badly from colds. The weather is not always keen and bracing in the arctic regions; during the summer time in Franz Josef Land, at any rate, it is exceedingly damp, and raw, mist-laden east winds prevail; yet the members of the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition never caught a cold there, though all but two of them did so directly they reached civilization.

More noteworthy still were Conway's experiences in the Himalayas. While among the mountains he and his men, notwithstanding great exposure, never caught colds; nor did they even when they visited the small remote native villages, but once they came down to a village where there was a small European settlement in communication with the outer world, and there they all took bad colds. Nor is it only in the arctic regions

and among high mountains that colds are a sent; the same immunity from them is noticeable during long sea voyages, when camping out in the desert, and still more unexpectedly in the best open-air sanitariums, such as Nordrach, where the ventilation is practically perfect, it is found that the patients do not catch cold. There is, I believe, plenty of other evidence to show that there are places remote from ordinary human life where colds cannot be caught whatever the exposure; probably many of your readers can bring forward instances.

On the other hand, that ordinary colds are the highest degree infectious is now becoming a matter of common knowledge, and any medical man if he goes about with open eyes can collect evidence for himself. I have watched a cold pass from house to house, and have even traced it from one village to another, and have listened not without some amusement, while the different sufferers from it have explained to me just how they caught it—ascribing it to some open window, change of garment, or other fancied impudence. I know houses where all the members of the household, including visitors and children are constantly catching colds, and they are not the airy or even the draughty houses, but stuffy, grimy, badly ventilated and dark ones. I doubt it is possible to have an inflammation of the nasal mucous membrane as of the conjunctiva from some simple irritant, but such an event is rare, whereas the ordinary infectious cold is far the commonest of all diseases, purely, therefore, it is important that its infectiousness should be frankly recognized.—*Dr. H. W. Gardner, the Lancet.*

* * *

*If all the so-called beautifiers
were what they are cracked up to
be, there wouldn't be a single home-
ly female on earth in a short time.*

* * *

LO, THE POOR INDIAN.

MR. HITCHCOCK, Secretary of the Interior, and Mr. Jones, Commissioner of Indian affairs, have decided upon another step toward the civilization of the Indian. It is in the form of a decree that Indians of both sexes shall hereafter be pro-

from painting their faces and that the men must begin patronizing barber shops. Dances are also prohibited in connection with funerals and other ceremonies. The agents of all reservations are instructed to carry out regulations of the department, which have been issued in circular form. Some of the provisions of the letter agents are as follows:

"The wearing of long hair by the male population of your agency is not in keeping with the advancement they are making, or will soon be expected to make, in civilization. The wearing of short hair by the males will be a great step in advance and will certainly hasten their progress toward civilization. The returned male student or too frequently goes back to the reservation and falls into the old custom of letting his hair grow long. He also paints profusely and adopts the old habits and customs which his education in our industrial schools has tried to eradicate. The fault does not lie so much with the schools as with the conditions found on the reservations.

"On many of the reservations the Indians of both sexes paint, claiming that it keeps the skin warm in winter and cool in summer. But instead of paint melts when the Indian perspires and runs down into the eyes. The use of this paint leads to many diseases of the eyes.

"You are, therefore, directed to instruct your Indian agents to cut their hair and both sexes to stop painting. With some of the Indians this will be an easy matter; with others it will require considerable tact and perseverance on the part of yourself and your employes to successfully carry out these instructions. With your Indian employes and those Indians who draw rations and supplies it should be an easy matter, as a non-compliance with this order may be made a reason for discharge or for withholding rations and supplies.

"The wearing of citizens' clothing instead of Indian costume and blankets should be encouraged.

"Indian dances and so-called Indian feasts should be prohibited. In many cases these dances and feasts are simply subterfuges to cover gambling acts and to disguise immoral purposes. You are directed to use your best efforts in the suppression of these evils.

"On or before June 30, 1902, you will report to this office the progress you have made in the suppression of these evils."

+ + +

WOES OF LINEMEN IN AFRICA.

A TELEGRAPH line is being built across south Africa and occasionally bits of information regarding the undertaking find their way to civilization. These reports show that the hardships suffered by linemen and the difficulties they are compelled to overcome are something tremendous. One section of the line passes through a swamp in which vegetation grows to such a height during the wet season as to top the wire and cause troublesome leakage. The natives cannot be induced to go in during the season and cut down the weeds, owing to the swarms of crocodiles. On another section the elephants have caused several interruptions by breaking off the poles. In some of the forests through which the line passes trees are met measuring over one hundred feet in circumference. Some of the ravines are impassable even to the linemen during the rainy season, owing to the paths being under water and the rank growth of vegetation.

+ + +

If people were as wise as they think they are, the unexpected would never happen.

+ + +

HOUSEKEEPING \$4,000 A DAY.

THE King of England's retinue of servants makes a staff which would appal an American housekeeper.

The salaries aggregate \$660,000 a year. Appended is a list of some of the functionaries, and what the cost of their services: Waxfitter, who arranges all the candles, \$300 a year; a first and second lamplighter, \$500 each per year; five table deckers, who set the royal table, \$1,460; chief butler, \$2,500 a year; chef, \$3,500 a year; four master cooks, each \$1,000 a year; clerk of the kitchen, \$1,500 a year; confectioners, \$1,500 and \$1,200 each; workers in the royal laundry, aggregate wages, \$10,000 a year. Beside the amount that is paid for household labor, the tradespeople who supply the eatables receive on an average \$860,000 a year.

INSIDE A CLOTHING FACTORY.

BY MAUD MOHLER.

"WANTED an experienced seamstress," is the notice which salutes passers by from the entrance of a large clothing factory. Ordinarily one thinks of a seamstress as a woman who skillfully fits and fashions garments for others. Applied to a factory it is somewhat different. On entering this factory one observes a great many men at work at long tables. Spread out on these tables, to their full length, and of a thickness of two inches, are layers of cloth. At one men are engaged in marking with chalk round heavy cardboard patterns on the cloth; at another they lay the cardboard forms of patterns on the marked cloth and with sharp, razor-like knives they cut through the entire thickness at one cut. Not once does a man falter or make a miscut. As the company does not plan to do mending not an available scrap of material is wasted.

Tall men come round and fasten similar pieces of cloth in bunches, and others gather the bunches and send them in wicker baskets to the "seamstresses" who hold sway on the floor above. There are forty to fifty of them, ranging from seventeen years to thirty and some are older. Amid the whirl of wheels and booming of machinery they fashion hundreds of garments. Each one has her own piece of work to perform. One makes collars for shirts, another pockets, another shields, and so on while others unite the parts. No time is wasted in cutting threads or trimming raw edges. The latter are deftly turned under by machinery. The machines are alike, different only in the attachments needed for different kinds of work. All are propelled by the same power, and the thrust of a lever will throw any machine out of gear when a girl wishes to stop.

An interesting machine is the one which sews on buttons. Dozens of buttons are sewed on with perilous rapidity and never one is broken. Fine pearl buttons are sewed on "by hand." The girl who makes buttonholes, for it can be done by machinery, cuts one with her scissors, while she runs the machine and sews another.

Double seams are sewed at once by machines fed by four spools of thread.

The best seamstresses are employed in making coats. The light is so dim in some parts of the room where people work that electric lights are burned at midday.

Each person engaged at the factory performs his part to perfection, and all co-operate to produce the best results, but I doubt if anyone could fashion a garment alone. As it is they turn out hundreds of garments in the time one good old-fashioned "dressmaker" would make one.

Falls City, Nebr.

* * *

After a man reaches the top of the heap he worries continually because of the attempts to displace him.

* * *

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

BY F. L. BAKER.

EVERY reader of the NOOK knows something of the traveling salesman or commercial traveler. Perhaps some of the old uncles and aunts of the NOOK family prefer to call him a "drummer." Not one of the entire family will fall out with them for clinging to the former name, for when these same uncles were happy as the day is long "with their turned-up pantaloons and their merry whistled tunes" and those same aunties "of a summer's day, raked the meadows sweet with hay" I presume that was the proper and only name by which people engaged in the business of selling goods to merchants were known. The "drummer" of those days and the "commercial traveler" of to-day are in some respects much the same, while in many ways there is but little resemblance.

Possibly some of the older Nookers know of some of the good farmer boys who in those old days were eager to get to the store in the long winter evenings, especially if they thought some drummer would be there, not because he was such a talented man, but because of his wonderful vocabulary. This ability to entertain was ever present with the drummer of the old school without it he would have been a stupendous failure; with his "storage-plant" always full and overflowing, ready to burst out whenever the suitable occasion presented itself, he was a gigantic success. There is no need of censuring

m, if, at times, in his desire to be funny in order to be popular and therefore successful, he did something which would not look well in print, because the spirit of the times seemed to demand it.

The present order of things is vastly different. In those days the drummer was looked upon as a freak and his occupation one toward which only a few of the especially gifted dared aspire. His services were not in very great demand, for most merchants preferred to take a trip to the city to make purchases. Now, few merchants go to the city to buy. Representatives of all the leading houses in the city show in samples of the goods right in his own store, thus saving him many trips to the city, and permitting him to buy just what he needs.

The new order of things is certainly quite an improvement over the old. There never was such a demand for young men of good habits to travel in the different commercial lines as at present.

The end of each year finds fewer of the ones who are addicted to vicious habits "on the road." The beginning of each year finds more of the boys carrying the grip who have a dear wife and babies or one true sweetheart, as they may be, at home, praying for the safe return of the loved one. While there are some on the road who do not live exemplary lives, there are many of the noblest and best men in the world thus employed. If Nookers desire it they may some "unusual experiences of life on the road" appear later.

North Star, Ohio.

✦ ✦ ✦

*Beauty may be only skin deep,
but thick-skinned people are not
necessarily the most beautiful.*

✦ ✦ ✦

TOO POPULAR.

A YOUNG lady who had lived several years in Samoa was able to make herself understood by speaking Samoan to the natives of the Southern Philippines when she visited those islands with a party of American officials some months ago. The chief whom she addressed threw up his hands in surprise. "What," said he, "does the white maiden talk our language?" He was evidently overjoyed and promptly asked her the

Samoan equivalent for "what he could do for her." She told him in her sweetest Samoan how much she admired the bead work on their garments and how much she would like to buy a piece of it to take back to her own country and show her countrymen how skillful and artistic these particular Filipinos were. "No," said the chief, with a lordly wave of the hand, "You shall not buy. You shall take as a gift." Whereupon he quickly removed his trousers and handed them over with the unblushing grace of a child of nature. The young lady hastily resumed her English tongue and the other ladies of the party confined their further importunities to women of the tribe.

✦ ✦ ✦

*Ambition is all right if it is the
right kind of ambition.*

✦ ✦ ✦

OUT OF SIGHT.

"YES, I have a pretty big mouth, for a fact," admitted the candid man, "but I have learned to keep it shut, and that counts for something when you take your levels. I received a lesson when I was a small boy that I have never forgotten. I was born and brought up on a farm, and I had the country boy habit of going around with my mouth wide open, especially if there was anything unusual going on. One day an uncle, whom I had not seen for years, paid us a visit.

"'Hullo, uncle,' said I, looking up at him with my mouth opened like a barn door.

"He looked at me for a moment without answering, and then said:

"'Close your mouth, sonny, so I can see who you are.'

"I took the lesson to my heart and resolved that from that day I would not allow my mouth to conceal my identity."

✦ ✦ ✦

WANTED NO FRILLS.

"HAVE you got what they call tabledy hote dinners at this eatin'-house?" asked the man in the bearskin overcoat.

"No, sir."

Stepping to the door, he beckoned to somebody on the outside.

"Come in, 'Mandy," he said. "They eat in English here."

The Q. & A. Page.

What kind of oil did the old masters use for mixing thin colors?

They used the yolks of eggs.

❖

Where can I get a book on auctioneering?

Address Leary's Old Book Store, Philadelphia, Pa.

❖

What has become of the Belgian hare craze?

Passed by. They were nothing but big, lubberly rabbits.

❖

What does an Inglenook Cook Book cost by itself?

If you mean what we will sell it for without the NOOK, \$1.00, with the NOOK, \$1.00.

❖

How far north do wild ducks go to breed?

Lots of them breed in North Dakota, or even in Northern Illinois. Others go far beyond the northern limit of settlement.

❖

Is it correct to quote Latin in ordinary conversation?

We find that the United States language affords a tolerably fine swing of expression when one gets fairly well into it.

❖

What is a real blizzard?

Fine, hard snow, driven by a fierce wind in intense cold. In a real good one none can see ahead, and if lost they perish.

❖

For how long can perishable goods be kept in cold storage?

Indefinitely with proper regulations of the temperature. Some articles are not frozen, but chilled to within a degree or so of freezing.

❖

Why do Guinea hens sell for less than chickens in the city markets?

A Chicago dealer tells the NOOK that it is because people do not know how good they are. He says they sell for ten cents apiece in summer. They often masquerade as game at the hands of a skilled chef.

What is the difference between an electro and a halftone?

The halftone is made from a picture photographed on metal and eaten out with acids. An electrotype is made from the halftone and coarser.

❖

A dispute has arisen between two prairie boys. What is done with ships in the winter?

Sea going boats go ahead as usual. River and lake boats usually tie up and lay by till navigation opens. In the latter case someone looks after them, "Keeps ship," it is called.

❖

What are the distinguishing features of the Confucian system of religion?

There is no "system" of religion in the teachings of Confucius. His works are moral precepts in which reverence for the family is stressed. The family is the unit in China, not state.

❖

If a person, blind from birth, suddenly received sight, how would it affect him?

Talking about this to an educated blind man he said he would have to learn everything a child does. He said all would have to be learned by experience, taking years, and that at first sight he would be apt to try stepping over a river, reaching for the moon, the same as the child does.

❖

What is the secret of the success of powwowing?

Imagination and faith. The "words" may be learned from the opposite sex and kept a private found secret. We violate no confidence in giving it to the NOOK family, but don't let it go to the public. Here are the words: "Flash, rash, away and never come back again till the victim bear a second son." With a pot lid and faith on the part of the patient all good Nookers—there are no other kind—can now go ahead in practice. Warranted especially good in infarction rash that goes away in nine days of itself.

 The Home



 Department

*A fancy sofa pillow is no sign of
a good breadmaker.*

CORNSTARCH CUSTARD.

BY SISTER ANNIE R. STONER.

MIX one and one-half tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with a little milk, stir it into one quart of boiling milk; have ready the yolks of two eggs well beaten with one-third of a cup of sugar; when the milk is thickened stir it a little at a time into the egg and sugar, heat it again for a moment, then set it away to cool. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and stir into the custard when cool; serve with jelly.

Union Bridge, Md.

* * *

TAPIOCA PUDDING.

BY SISTER S. S. BLOUGH.

SOAK two-thirds of a cup of tapioca in warm water until soft; boil one quart of milk, when boiling stir in the tapioca, with the yolks of three eggs well beaten, sweeten to taste; boil until thick, stirring carefully. Then beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add one-half cup of granulated sugar, spread over the top, set in the oven to brown; flavor with vanilla. Serve cold.

Pittsburg, Pa.

* * *

THICKENED MILK.

BY SISTER MARY E. TOWSLEE.

GREASE your bowl or kettle with a little butter, get quite hot, then pour in one-half teacupful of water, now add three quarts of good sweet milk and when it boils stir in slowly rivels made by rubbing one egg and a pinch of salt into a

small quantity of flour; rub between the hands until the rivels are fine.

Colly, Kans.

* * *

QUAKER PLUM PUDDING.

BY SISTER IDA E. YODER.

TAKE slices of light bread, spread thinly with butter and lay in a pudding dish, put in a layer of raisins, then bread and so on, till within an inch of the top. Add five eggs to a quart of milk. Salt, sugar and spice to taste; pour over the pudding and bake twenty or twenty-five minutes. Serve with a sauce.

* * *

CORN BREAD.

BY SISTER M. C. WHITESEL.

TAKE two eggs, two cups of sour milk, one-half cup of sugar, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, a pinch of salt, shortening if desired—it is just as good without—one-third corn meal, two-thirds wheat flour. Bake thoroughly.

Wayside, Wash.

* * *

VEAL LOAF.

BY SISTER AMANDA BROWN.

TAKE three eggs well beaten, about thirty wafer crackers rolled fine, one teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of salt, five pounds of veal chopped very fine, one cup chopped salt pork, one cup cold water, butter size of a large egg. Bake two hours.

Whitewater, Ind.

BROILED VEAL CUTLETS.

BY SISTER KATE SMITH.

TRIM the cutlets evenly, sprinkle both sides with salt and pepper, dip in melted butter and place on a gridiron over a clear fire. Baste while broiling with melted butter, turning three or four times. Serve with melted butter sauce or tomato sauce.

Charlestown, W. Va.

* * *

APPLE FRITTERS.

BY SISTER PERRY BROADWATER.

MAKE a batter with one pint of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of sugar, two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder mixed with the flour; chip some good apples, mix with the batter and fry in hot lard. Serve with maple syrup.

Lonaconing, Md.

* * *

DUMPLINGS.

BY SISTER ALICE GARBER.

TAKE raised bread dough and work it into very small rolls till light. Into a kettle pour boiling water, about one quart to twelve dumplings, add butter the size of a hen's egg, and one-half cup of sugar; drop dumplings in, cover tightly and cook fifteen minutes. Lift the lid quickly and stick each dumpling with a fork (that keeps them from falling) and serve with sugar and cream.

North English, Iowa.

* * *

GRAHAM GEMS.

BY SISTER CATHARINE WAMPLER.

TAKE three pints of graham flour, two pints of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt; mix the salt and soda in the flour, then add the milk; have gem pans greased and it is best to have them hot, drop in the dough by spoonfuls and bake in a very hot oven.

*Dayton, Va.***TAPIOCA PUDDING.**

BY SISTER D. F. KELLEY.

TAKE one cup of tapioca, three cups of sweet milk, one-half cup of sugar, four eggs. Soak the tapioca for two hours, beat the yolks of four eggs, add sugar, milk and stir in the tapioca. Set on the fire till it thickens, stirring frequently. flavor with orange, vanilla, or one cup raisins, then add lightly the beaten whites of four eggs.

North Georgetown, Ohio.

* * *

GRAHAM PUDDING.

BY SISTER AMANDA BROWN.

TAKE one egg, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, butter size of a walnut, one-fourth teaspoonful of cloves, one-fourth teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half cup of raisins, one-half cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of graham flour, one cup of water. Steam one and one-half hours.

Whitewater, Ind.

* * *

RICE PUDDING.

BY SISTER D. F. KELLEY.

TAKE one cup of boiled rice, two cups of sweet milk, one-half cup of sugar, three eggs; beat the yolks of the eggs, add the sugar and stir in the cup of boiled rice, set on the fire till it thickens, stirring frequently, then stir in lightly the beaten whites of the three eggs.

North Georgetown, Ohio.

* * *

BREAD SOUP.

BY SISTER LIZZIE M'NELLY.

FILL a bowl half full of bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of rich sour cream, a pinch of salt, boiling water enough to cover the bread, serve hot. For invalids.

Batavia, Ill.

THE INGLENOOK

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THE DIFFERENCE.

No matter how much you endeavor
To study the moods of the throng,
You will find that your efforts, forever,
With many are sure to go wrong.
You can't expect plaudits to thunder
From all of the people at once;
For some will declare you're a wonder
And others will say you're a dunce.

When the carpers at last have you worried
And lead you to alter your gait,
You presently find you have hurried
Into a quite similar fate.
And the world will as usual rate you—
Part hero and likewise part fraud;
The men who applauded will hate you
And the men who once kicked will applaud.

✦ ✦ ✦

OUR KATH.

r Nookers:—

WHEN we left Chicago we took the C. M. & St. Paul. The train that carried us there

is the Pioneer Limited. The idea of naming trains is an old one. I heard an old man tell about the Lightning Express of his boyhood. It actually ran thirty miles an hour and went so fast that it sometimes ran past the stations while the brakemen were screwing up the brakes, and it had to back up again. But, really, the extra fast trains on the long runs do not actually go so fast, after all. True, here and there they go kiting, but take the distance between two far apart cities and divide by the hours printed on the schedule and there is no mile a minute about it. The fast trains get there by their everlastingly keeping the wheels going round and round. There is a moral in this and if you want you may have it for the looking up.

What I want to talk about in this letter is for the women of the Nook family; the men don't read my letters, anyhow. It's the dining car. Now every considerable road runs its own diners and they are like girls. All of them are good and some a whole lot better than others. The Milwaukee says, or thinks and might as well say it, that it has the best of the lot.

Frank and I took in the diner with our camera and the picture shows it resplendent with linen and silver, and more by luck than skill I found the man who knew the whole inside of the business. He didn't want his name mentioned.

But the dining car! It costs money to build and equip a diner. In the first place the cost of a diner, just the car, you know, is about \$13,000, and then for linen and silver and the rest of it, about \$2,000 more, or from \$15,000 to \$16,000 is put into the car before it is ready



"Dinner is Now Ready In the Dining Car."

for the cooks and the rest of them. The conductor of the diner, or the steward, as he is sometimes called, gets \$75 a month, his board and room. He has under him four cooks, first, second, third and fourth, and they get \$75, \$50, \$40 and \$30 a month, and their room and board. There are four waiters at \$25 a month. So you see that there must be a whole lot of money put into a diner as it stands on the track ready to be coupled on the train, and don't forget to add over a hundred dollars' worth of food that must be stored

goes through the train and announces "Dinner-is-now-ready-in-the-Dining-car."

Frank and I took dinner on the Pioneer Limited and it was our first meal on a diner. I snapped in the camera and under cover of a napkin I snapped a young man and his wife at an opposite table. At least I thought it was his wife for he snapped her off in a way no young, married man would do.

But let us get settled down to the dinner and see what there is to order.



The Parlor Car.

away for the trip.

The cooks must be skilled chefs, and, what is more, they must be quick, quicker than "on land." For some reason people will go into a hotel or restaurant, give an order, and sit around waiting for the greater part of half an hour for the man to bring it in. But on a diner he wants what he wants right off. So the diner cooks must be quick people.

Now, a good many of our Nook people are finicky about cleanliness and lots of them will think things are dirty about a diner, but really they are as cleanly as any home. Things are as clean as they can be, and what more can anybody have? The man out of sight, that is, the man you never see, goes over the river to the commission and market people and buys his stock of eatables for the car. He gets the best there is. It is put in the car, charged up to the conductor, who is the responsible man on the car, and when everything is in shape the white-jacketed waiter

Here is the menu. You pay your dollar and you take your choice:



Cotuits.

Celery, Sweet Pickles, (O)
Puree of Split Peas, Consomme with Croutons
Fillet of Sole with Anchovy Sauce.

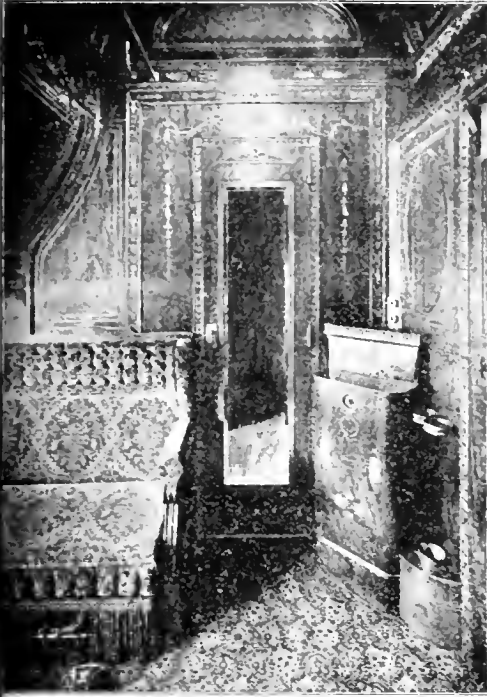
Escalloped Oysters on the Half Shell,
Boiled Mutton, Caper Sauce.
Macaroni Cake, Wine Sauce.

Barbecued Rabbit, Mayonnaise Sauce.
Roast Beef, Drip Gravy. Roast Goose, Apple Sauce.

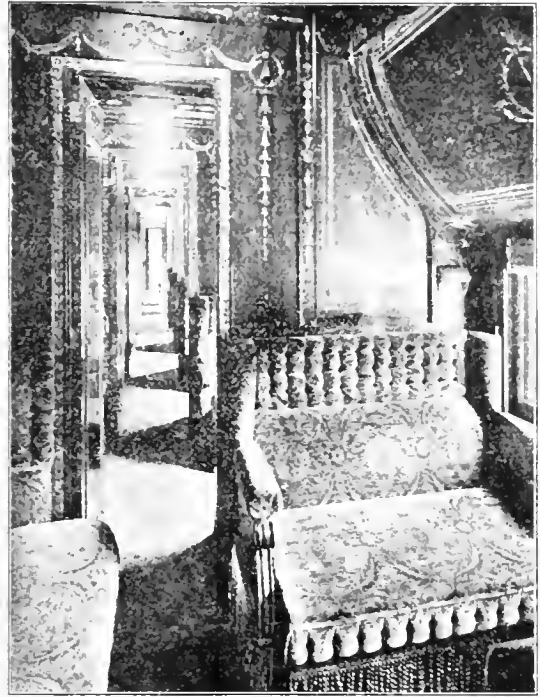
Mashed Potatoes, Boiled Potatoes
String Beans, Mashed Turnips.
Brussels Sprouts, Butter Sauce.

Claret Punch, Chicken Salad

Peach Pie, Strawberry Shortcake, Cakes, (C)
Ice Cream.
Black Coffee and Fruit.



State Room in the Sleeper.



A Quiet Spot.

Frank," said I, "what's Cotuits?"
 "Sis," said he, "Cotuits are Cotuits."
 We decided not to risk them, but we took most
 of the rest. I gave it as my opinion that while it
 was all right in every way and worth the dollar
 it cost, yet for a good, square, satisfactory,
 sort of meal, my Ma,—but no, I won't say
 I told Frank, but he just grunted. That's a
 man's way when he's full.

The time from Chicago to St. Paul, over the
 Milwaukee, is from early candle lighting to a
 late breakfast, and the distance is 410 miles.
 The train is a smooth one, and as the track is
 mainly straight and good the gait is a clippety-
 clip, steady rattle-rattle, over the steel rails, and
 a whiz most of the way. Here a village, then
 fields, farm houses, way stations and the house
 with the woman's face at the window and the
 simple, home-suggesting life all
 around them. It's a wonder how
 many happy looking homes one
 passes in the flying trip of a jour-
 ney like ours. I was going to tell
 you all about the sleepers, and the
 parlor cars, and I may, again, but
 not now. There isn't time, or
 room. But the pictures are sent
 herewith, and they may appear.
 If we stop off at Milwaukee, it's
 Frank's turn to describe the city.

Yours Lovingly,

KATHLEEN.



Interior of Sleeping Room.

P. S.—I found out that Cotuits
 are oysters, from Cotuit Bay. But
 who would ever know it? A man
 sitting in front ordered them, and

if I am any judge he didn't know what was coming. That's the way I found out—I watched the man.

One would think that, at the prices, a dining car pays a great big profit, but really it doesn't. Most of them sink money, but the roads having begun the experiment have to keep it up. It seems to be a settled thing, even among railroads, that when one takes up a matter that seems to be an improvement, the others have to follow. Then they can never agree to let go again, or, at least, they don't. Here is the way a girl looks at it. If the dining car had unapproachable women for cooks and waiters, and served a home meal, one that was ample and simple, such as the nine hundred and ninety-nine have at home, charging half a dollar therefor, the car would come out at the end of the month with a profit to its credit. Fewer cotuits and less Roquefort, with added potpie and the like, would bring in more money, and be just as satisfactory, generally.

* * *

A genius is a man who is able to get along without work.

* * *

GAZING SKYWARD.

BY MAUD MILLER.

MEN spend wealth and time in travel for the sake of looking upon beautiful sights, evidently unconscious of the great wealth of splendor and grandeur within sight of their own home doors. To be sure, everyone is acquainted with the general appearance of the sky above him, but not everyone has sought out the wondrous beauty which it has continued to present to us down through the ages, since the creation of the universe.

When we gaze upon the huge cloud banks for a short time, they take upon themselves a thousand lovely forms, some resembling picturesque towers and castles, others stately ships sailing majestically across a shining sea. There are deep cañons, rocky chasms, and shadowy caves



C. M. & St. Paul Station, at Milwaukee.

leading into the hearts of snow-capped mountains.

As the fiery chariot of the day speeds onward in its course, the western portals tinged with approaching brilliance open wide their glimmering folds and the stately ships slowly gather in port.

It is the hour of sunset when all the magnificence of the universe seems to be concentrated in the tinted west. As daylight deepens in darkness and the golden splendor of sun gradually recedes from our vision, the vast canopy of the heavens sparkles with flashing gems, more brightly beautiful than any ever seen upon the earth. Ah! what queen would not be proud to wear upon her brow a coronet of stars. A slight knowledge of astronomy will now increase our interest a hundredfold. Everyone can place the Dippers, and by these can soon learn to locate the Sickle, Orion, the Pleiades and other of the brighter and most prominent stars and constellations.

The nearest star is twenty trillions of miles away, and many of them are, in all probability, suns, the centers of planetary systems like our own. Facts like these tend to arouse our interest, and it is when we become interested in the wonders and mysteries of the celestial dome, that we first begin to see their true beauty and magnificence.

Kinsey, Ohio.

YOUR CAN OF SARDINES.

THOUSANDS of barrels of herring go into our canning factories daily, and are there wonderfully transformed into canned mackerel, brook trout and sardines. Few people realize the magnitude of the sardine industry, or the position the American sardine holds in our markets as a food product.

Scattered along the Maine coast, from Bar Harbor east for a distance of six hundred miles, are a number of small towns and villages where the principal industries are the catching and canning of fish. The largest factories for this purpose are located in Millbridge, Jonesport, Machias and Eastport.

The first thought that arises when this wholesale destruction of herring is considered is that the law should be passed to protect this fish from total extinction; but scientific observation and statistics show that while locations may be temporarily affected, yet there is no apparent diminution made on the great life of the ocean. The fishermen are careful never to place their traps or weirs near the spawning beds, and, as the herring is a very prolific fish, the supply is never in danger. This is further proven by the fact that in 1899 the price paid to fishermen by the canneries was \$4 per hogshead, while to-day they can secure all they require for \$2 per hogshead. If the supply had fallen off the prices would have increased instead of decreased. The great herring fisheries off the coast of Norway have been in existence for 250 years without any apparent diminution being made upon the supply in that locality.

Experiments were made in America in canning herring for sardines as early as 1866, but its existence as a business dates from 1875. To-day there are over two hundred vessels pursuing this business for nearly six months in the year, and it ranks first among the shore fisheries of the United States. The fish are caught by the local fishermen in weirs and nets and sold to the ves-

Every Maine fisherman knows the habits of the herring, as it is most necessary, in the construction of his weir, for in that construction lies the success of his business. The herring are the prey of every other fish that swims, and for pro-

tection of themselves they travel in large schools or shoals, so that they may dodge in and out among themselves when pursued. It is recorded that some of these shoals are so vast that 1,000 barrels have been taken in a single haul of the seine. These schools always swim with the tide, coming to the shores to search for food with the incoming tide, returning to deeper water with the ebb tide.

In many countries the fishermen stand on shore at some high point on the coast and watch for these schools. When one is sighted they row out with a net, one end of which is fastened to the shore, and rowing directly around the school back to the shore the entire school is thus enclosed and drawn in. In order to do this the bottom must be smooth and large, and expensive nets are necessary and someone constantly on the lookout.

The writer was invited to see the weir seined, and donning a suit of oils and a "sou'wester," he jumped into a boat at 4:30 A. M., prepared with camera so as not to miss this valuable opportunity. The catch was not so large as usual, but the process was as interesting, and in this single haul of the net sixteen hogsheads, or one hundred and twenty barrels, were secured.

During the dipping of the fish from the large purse nets into the scow the fishermen stood above their knees in herring, and the scales from the shining little fellows, lighted up by the sun, which had just appeared above the horizon, filled the air with a silver shower, while the fishermen themselves appeared to be clothed in silver spangles.

Outside the weir the fishing smacks and sardine boats are anchored, waiting for the catch. The bargain is soon made, and the fish are on their way to the canning factories to be converted into sardines. If no smack or sardine boat is in sight, a flag is hoisted on a near-by smokehouse or wharf, to notify passing vessels that herring are ready for shipment. Unless a boat should call in a few hours the entire catch becomes unmarketable, but this does not often happen, because the fishermen located near the factories contract with them to have their boats call daily. Those more remotely situated arrange their weirs with an additional pound connected with the weirs by gates, through which

the fish are driven and the gates closed after each catch. In this way they are kept alive until wanted for the market.

The natural enemies of the fishermen are storms and dogfish, and a visit from either of these destructive agencies not only destroys his entire catch before it can be secured, but often seriously damages his weir. But a fisherman is at all times a philosopher, he is always expecting trouble, and is, therefore, never disappointed, except pleasantly. His very existence is based on chance. He may find \$150 worth of fish in his weir at every turn of the tide for a month, or he may not make a single catch in a month. He is accustomed to this life of uncertainty, and he enjoys it. It has the same fascination for him that the gambler finds in his play, yet you will find the Maine fisherman honest, contented, happy and brimful of genuine old-fashioned hospitality.

But the sardine boat has arrived, the bargain has been concluded, and we are on our way to the factory with our purchase. These factories, large and small, are located in each town directly on the shore, with plenty of wharf space attached. The larger factories hold their employes during the entire day throughout the fishing season. The employes who work in the smaller factories come from all parts of the surrounding country and live in small cottages, most of them containing but two rooms—a living room on the ground floor and a sleeping room above. These cottages are all located near the factories, and when a sardine steamer arrives she toots her whistle as many times as she has hogsheads aboard, and the help rush from their cottages to the factory and are ready for business. If ten whistles sound, announcing ten hogsheads, only a part of the cottages are vacated; at twenty whistles more respond, and at forty whistles the entire force hasten to their work.

In the smaller and older factories the herring are baked in great ovens, within which is a sort of "Ferris wheel" of revolving shelves. On these shelves the fish are placed in wire trays or "flakes," and there remain until cooked.

When a vessel arrives, unloading at once begins into a long chain of buckets that are suspended from an overhead railway, and are car-

ried the length of the wharf to the cutting room of the factory. Here they are dumped upon tables, where they are sorted, the large herrings or "smokers" being thrown aside for salting and smoking. The medium and smaller sizes are cut to the required length for sardines. Boats are employed in this room.

After the fish are cut the required length they go to the pickling vats, where they are allowed to remain until properly seasoned. They are taken to the flaking room and placed upon "flakes" or wooden slatted trays, then conveyed to the dryhouse, where all superfluous moisture is removed. They are now placed in wire frying baskets and plunged into boiling oil and then cooked for ten minutes.

While this process is being undergone, women are busy on large piles of sheet tin, which by their deft workmanship, assisted by improved machinery, are rapidly converted into tin cans or boxes of different sizes. These are carried to the packers, who arrange them in rows on long tables, one tier above another. Neatly attired women and girls were busily engaged at the tables dipping into these boxes some sort of liquid mystery in which the fish are to be packed.

The genial superintendent stated that this factory had four different methods of packing fish, viz, in oil, mustard, tomato catsup, and so on, the latter being a syrup composed of white wine vinegar and sugar. The dippers or ladles used by these packers contain just enough of the liquid required for each box.

The fish were then hurried out of the frying baskets to these tables, and there rapidly packed into the boxes—the larger sizes into mustard and tomato sauce, the smaller ones into oil and souse. The boxes are then taken to the sea where they are soldered, and then they pass through the bath process, which includes exhaling air in the exhaust bath and resoldering. Finally they are sent to the shipping room, where they secure their attractive labels and are ready for the market. They can be purchased at tail stores at from five to fifteen cents per

The imported article is much more expensive as the fish are packed in the best olive oil and are of a much more delicate flavor, although not of the herring family. They are caught in the Mediterranean sea, near the island of Sard

HOW WOMEN LIVE.

No. 2.—Keeping Boarders.

BY B. M.

SHATTERED health, four small children, and helpless invalid husband; such were the circumstances when the problem of self-support stared me in the face. What could I do? No time to think of teaching again, or sewing, or washing, or house-cleaning. And we had no chickens or cows, or even a home of our own.

I enjoyed housekeeping, and had some experience boarding students, so taking in boarders seemed to be the only resource left me. Situated as I was, my boarders would necessarily be factory hands or mechanics, and to get a number of these together when one is a stranger among them, and get only such as are congenial, honest and temperate, requires much discretion. I preferred to begin slowly, getting my boarders mostly as they could be recommended by my friends (some of whom are employers), instead of advertising and running the risk of getting undesirable people to share our home. Of course, being almost entirely inexperienced in dealing directly with people, I made some mistakes. Occasionally I would have a boarder who was not strictly clean, or honest, or temperate. I was advised before beginning, to take the spiciest room in the house for the family. "No," I replied, "I am going into business, and the best I have is for my patrons." I have tried to carry out this idea all along, to give my boarders the best I have, or can afford, and I find it pays. The "pay" of this business depends on many things. With rent seven or eight dollars a month, help two dollars a week, three fires of five and one-half dollars a ton and anthracite coal, or four dollars-a-cord-and-split-itself wood, butter thirty cents, eggs twenty-eight cents, potatoes a dollar, beef ten and twelve

cents, and other things in proportion, it would take about ten boarders at three dollars a week, and careful management, to support a family of six in a modest way, and keep up repairs of carpets, etc. I was told that for factory hands it would take considerably more food and of a stronger kind than for students.

My experience is that students can eat, too, and that it takes little more for factory hands. Students, as a rule, eat less meat and pie, but more butter and fruit. Factory people need a heavier supper; they have more time to eat and digest after the day's work is done.

Then, too, one must be guided by market and boarding rates as to the frequency of chicken dinners, or oyster suppers, or choice fruits and desserts.

One's thinker must be made to render valuable service if one wants to keep a good table at reasonable expense, and make people feel at home and comfortable, or when it becomes necessary to accomplish a certain amount of work with the least possible outlay of time and strength.

This business has two big sides to it. The *con* side:—Sharing one's home and giving up the privacy of the same. Children are harder to train. When constantly among strangers they lose their timidity. Then crushing one's own natural shyness, and being forced to mingle and deal with people when it is so much easier and more like a home to have "Papa" at the head of the family.

The *pro* side:—I'm doing what I can towards supporting my loved ones. The thought that my boarders *do not have to* sit in a barroom, but seem to feel at home and happy, is pleasant. It is good for my development spiritually and otherwise. It cultivates unselfishness, tact, business capacity, more sympathy for mankind, and, above all, more of the trusting in God disposition, to whom we owe all.

If the average man isn't born great or is unable to achieve greatness, he tries to thrust himself upon it.

ABOUT ARGENTINE, SOUTH AMERICA.

BY DIANTHA CHURCHMAN.

PERHAPS a description of the manners and customs of the people of Argentine will prove interesting to the strangers to that land. I will tell things as they were when we lived there, though it has been a number of years since, and what was reality then might not be fact now, as people change in coming in contact with foreigners. And what is true of people is also true of a country. Settlement often changes the appearance of a country, sometimes for its betterment, and sometimes otherwise.

Many times the wonderful works of God's hand are completely obliterated by man's mercenary spirit. Beautiful trees are cut down and lovely birds are destroyed.

The soil of Argentine is rich and productive. Corn and wheat grow to perfection, also melons, squashes and sweet potatoes do well. Oranges, limes and lemons thrive, and the oranges are of an excellent flavor. There are not many raised, the natives being too indolent to care for them. They are also cheap and plentiful, great quantities coming from Paraguay, which country is the home of the orange. The lime is a small, round fruit, resembling the lemon in color. The peaches are good. Farther south, where the climate is cooler, apples and prunes grow.

The trees native of the country are peculiar in one respect. The foliage is fine and delicate, of the acacia species, therefore casting little shade, with the exception of the ambu, the leaves of which are large. This is a singular tree. It grows quite large, and many feet in circumference. The wood cuts like a beet, almost as soft, and one can cut a large tree to pieces in a short time, and with little fatigue. The wood will not burn. Lay it on the fire and it will smoke and smoulder through until it becomes ashes, with which the natives make soap. When the wood is dry it is very light, of scarcely any weight. The tree is mostly valued for shade and ornament. In riding over the pampas you will see a solitary ambu standing in the distance. You will know there is a native's house there. These houses are often made of grass or mud, with very little comfort or improvement, but perhaps a few flowers. This is the casa, or house, of the gaucho. They

are the poorer class of natives, and are shiftless. Their chief wealth consists of herds of horses; cattle, and they are never happier than when riding over the plains, herding cattle. The trappings of their horses are the gayest. The more silver they can get on, the better. They make pretty whips and reins of braided horse hair; rawhide, and they ride well. The dress of the gaucho element is peculiar to themselves. The men wear a garment called serape. It is a kind of shawl, one end of which is fastened into the belt in front, the other behind. The belt is made from dressed hogskin, a species of wild hog, that inhabits the grassy swamps. Their belts are embroidered, are double, from six to nine inches in depth, and are formed in a number of pockets. They are covered with dollars and half-dollars of silver. He wears wide, white trousers, reaching a little below the knee, trimmed with leather. Sometimes he wears boots, the shirt, poncho, and hat. The poncho is worn over the shoulders.

The gaucho women dress very much like the Americans, except the headdress, which is usually a silk shawl or black lace, which they drape very gracefully. They are not very neat, though they sew beautifully, and are good washers, which is done differently from the way of the Americans. They take all the clothes to the river or some pond, without board or tub, and put the clothes on a flat stone and pound them, dip them in cold water, rub on soap, then pound again, and when clean they spread them on the sun to dry.

Meat is the principal food of this class. It is generally roasted before the fire, sometimes with the hide on, as they are never in a hurry and seldom cook but one article at a time. The meat is roasted to perfection. They use corn pounded in a mortar, from which a stew is made by putting the meat in a pot, cut in small pieces with squashes and peppers. These people are very generous with what they have, and will divide if they do not have enough for themselves.

The wealthy, or higher class people generally live in towns or cities, and have beautiful houses and live mostly in European style. The houses are built on the Moorish plan, with flat roof, a courtyard, sometimes a fountain in the center, surrounded with beautiful, fragrant flowers and exquisite vines. They live idle, dreamy lives. Some of the men and women are very handsome.

l classes, high and low, are addicted to cigar-smoking, also the maté or Paraguay tea, which is made by putting the maté in a gourd with boiling water and sugar, and sipping through a silver tube or bombilla.

Ashland, Oregon.

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Most men want to do better, but they are seldom able to decide where to begin.

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THE TRANSMISSION OF MESSAGES BY THE MARCONI SYSTEM.

To one of the polished brass balls a wire is attached, which runs up a high mast, or hangs from a kite. The electric pulsations, set up when a spark leaps from one ball to the other, run along the wire and are thence radiated off into space. Just how large a role this suspended wire plays in the sending is not yet very clear. Maybe some day it will not be needed. The sending instrument might be located in the cellar, for these electric waves seem to go through brick and stone, and almost everything, save the metals.

It is clear enough that if the sending operator can open and close his circuit as he likes, he can make the series of sparks long or short as he wishes. So you have a long or short series of waves flying through space at the speed of light. While Signor Marconi waited in Newfoundland with the telephone at his ear, this is what his operator in Cornwall was doing. In Newfoundland was an arrangement of a little different sort.

Here were batteries, and a circuit, just the same. But instead of the transformer and the polished brass balls, a little glass tube makes a part of the circuit. Into this run the two ends of the wires from the batteries. In the gap between the two are some nickel-silver filings. Ordinarily, these will not let the current from the battery pass. The path is blocked.

But if this little tube, about as big as a quill pen, is attached at the same time to the receiving wire, which runs out through the window and up the mast, a curious effect is observed. When the waves strike the high wire, and are absorbed, they come running down in a way to make the nickel filings stand up in a hurry. The little particles seem to cohere, and in such a way

as to let the other current, from the batteries on the floor, flow through. Why, nobody knows. Give the tube a little tap, and they fall apart again. It is the oddest sort of a performance, and was quite unheard of until Professor Branly's discovery ten years ago.

When Professor Lodge heard of the Branly experiments, he fixed up a little automatic tapper. It worked on the same principle as an electric door-bell. (I wonder how many people ever stopped to think how even that simple every-day affair operates.) The effect of this tapping arrangement was to give the slender tube of filings a smart jog every time the electric waves made them cohere. It was a decoherer.

The rest was simple. If the battery on the floor could be made to operate the tapper, it could also set a common Morse printing instrument going. According as the series of waves coming down the receiving wire was short or long, the machine prints a dot or a dash. These you read off on the tape, just as you read the quotations on a stock ticker, only you have to know the Morse alphabet to understand.

Ordinarily, the waves are strong enough and their effect clear enough, so that no telephone attachment is needed. The clicks can be read off by the ear just as in ordinary telegraphy. But the waves seem to weaken with the distance, and those which had traveled two thousand miles, from Cornwall to Newfoundland, were faint indeed. This was why Signor Marconi held an instrument to his ear.—From "*Wireless Telegraphy and Signor Marconi's Triumph*," by Carl Snyder, in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for February.

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WHAT A "CREOLE" IS.

A CREOLE, strictly speaking, is any person born in this country of European ancestors; also, it may be construed to mean any person born within the tropics. The use of the word, however, has generally been restricted, first, to children of foreign parentage in the South, and, second, to children of Spanish or French parents born in the State of Louisiana. In the North the word has been so perverted that it is generally believed to imply some strain of negro blood in the person to whom it is applied. This is a grave mistake, as it does not imply anything of the kind.

NATURE



STUDY

WINTER HABITS OF ANIMALS.

We take pleasure in reproducing here from *Medical Talk* an article ably written by Orlando J. Stevenson. We are under obligation to Dr. S. E. Miller, of Iowa, for sending it to us.

In the early springtime, when we see the various forms of insect and reptile life once more re-appearing, we are often moved to ask the question, "Where have they come from?" and "How have they managed to survive the long, hard winter?" For each separate form of life a different answer would in most cases be required.

The toads and earthworms find a retreat deep in the earth below the frost line. The frogs and turtles bury themselves deep in the marshes.

Snakes roll themselves together, nine or ten in a clump, in a tangled, misshapen knot.

Bees survive in their nests, in a numb and torpid state.

Flies die off in the fall, only a few of their number surviving in houses and other warm places.

The water-spiders live through the winter in a bubble of air at the bottom of the ponds.

The snails seal up the mouths of their shells with a gelatinous substance, being careful to leave a compartment of preservative air under the film.

Grasshoppers, bugs, beetles, spiders, etc., etc., in the majority of cases, perish with the cold of early winter, leaving, however, eggs, pupæ, cocoons, etc., containing the germs of the new season's brood, which the warmth of returning spring soon brings to maturity.

Most of the smaller species of wild animals found in the region of the great lakes are active throughout the winter.

Our two common kinds of field mice, the deer mouse, which lives principally in the woods, and the meadow mouse, which lives in the fields, both lay in winter supplies of grain, beech-nuts, etc., and are comfortably provided for.

The meadow mouse buries his supply in a hole in the ground, but the deer mouse is a great

climber and often makes use of holes in tree cavities in stumps, etc., for his storehouses.

Of the squirrels, the chipmunk is the most provident. His storehouse is deep underground and all the autumn long he is busy carrying down supplies for the winter. Early in November he retires to his well-stocked nest, and lives throughout the long winter on the fruit of his labors, reappearing again above ground until the following spring. Strangely enough, however, each one chipmunk occupies each burrow, and the winter is passed in unbroken solitude.

The red squirrel is also very active in the fall and lays by a good supply of nuts in various hiding places, chiefly in hollow trees. He is hardy however, and in spite of his provident habits goes out in all sorts of winter weather.

The gray squirrel lays by no regular supply for the winter. He buries a few nuts separately in the ground, but as this is all the provision that he makes, he sometimes fares badly when cold weather comes.

The cottontail rabbit is active throughout winter, and lives for the most part on young shoots and twigs, or on withered grass and leaves. The cottontail does not change color, but his nearest kin, the Northern hare, changes his brown coat for a white fur covering, with the coming of the first winter snow.

The approach of winter does not affect various members of the mink or weasel tribe, except that one species of weasel, the stoat, or pine marten, changes color also. His fur changes to a pure and beautiful white, only the tip of his tail remaining black, in order the better to conceal him from his enemies.

The raccoon, the skunk, the woodchuck, the flying squirrel and the bat, all go into hibernation with the approach of winter.

The bat hangs himself up on a single claw, head downward, in some hollow tree or tomb.

The flying squirrel is gregarious, as is a

bat, and a whole company occupies the same dwelling.

The woodchuck governs his winter sleep by the tinnoxes.

The skunk is late in retiring to his winter quarters and reappears again in February.

* * *

FLOPPING PHEASANTS.

BY THE NOOKMAN.

EVERY eastern reader will know what is meant the word pheasant, and it is not really a pheasant at all, but, correctly speaking, the ruffed grouse. It is a very hard bird to shoot, unless one knows its habits and methods. It has a habit of going up at your feet, and whirring off in the distance, much to the surprise of the amateur sportsman.

But there is a way of catching pheasants bodily that may be new to the Nooker, and which we will tell. It also has in it a delightful element of uncertainty. A bird on a tree in range has a chance at all, or very little, with a skilled marksman, and one on the wing stands a poor chance if in easy sight of the man with a breech loader. And then there are the murderous traps, which often comes flopping them. This is the how of it. When, in a pheasant country, there is a deep snow in the woods frequented by the birds, say six or eight feet deep, and everything is covered, the birds have a habit of darting from a tree into the snow, making a round hole where they go in, and when settled under a foot of light snow they must be very comfortable and relatively safe. Now the hunters, if there be more than one, in the right time, that is when the snowfall justifies the situation, go through the woods carefully, looking for these round holes in the snow. The hole appears about as large as a cocoanut, with a slight wing scrape on the surface of the snow, on each side, where the bird folded its wings as it shot into the fluffy mass.

Once the hole is located, if there be a second hole near at hand showing a break through, it is clear that the bird has come out, and that is the end of that experiment. But if there is only one hole, then comes the trial. The pheasant is down under the snow, somewhere near. The plan usually followed is for one man or boy to get within dis-

tance, being governed by the directions of the other, who stands off and engineers the job.

Once it is settled as well as possible, the near one spreads himself, eagle fashion, and falls down bodily on the snow. Several things may, and do, immediately happen. The bird may emerge at one side, right before the face or even in the face of the flopper: it may come up between his legs behind, or, what is worse for the bird, it may be under the body of the man or boy, when all there is to do is to reach under and catch it.

The chances of getting the bird are about evenly divided with its getting away, and as the pheasant is in the habit of going in loose, wide-spread coveys, or flocks, there is a chance of getting half a dozen in half an hour's flopping, or there may be eight or ten birds in a comparatively restricted area all break out where least looked for, alarmed by the whirring of the first one disturbed, or, as it happens, they may be most of them caught if luck follows the hunter's efforts. If there ever was a "hit or miss" business, it is flopping pheasants. One thing is sure, there is no trying it over with the same bird, the same day.

* * *

AN EXPENSIVE ANIMAL.

THE director of the New York Zoo has refused \$15,000 for a two-horned rhinoceros, one of the ugliest and sulkiest animals in existence, or at least in captivity.

Smiles's almost incredible value lies in the fact that she is one of the rarest animals in captivity, there being not more than eight two-horned rhinoceroses in bondage. The Central Park beast was named Smiles in an ironical spirit, for nothing like a smile has ever been detected on her countenance, and she never shows a sign of pleasure or of satisfaction. In fact, her demeanor has constantly been ferocious. The two-horned "rhino's" lack of intelligence is due to the fact that there is little space for brains in its head. Where its forehead ought to be is a depression occupied by the horns.

Smiles is believed to be 110 years old.

* * *

A tea garden seven years old yields about 700 pounds of tea to the acre. Each plant yields about four ounces of tea.

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The outspoken man or woman is very apt to be premature and incorrect. Few people, indeed of any class or character, are able to form an absolutely and entirely correct opinion on matters that involve others, and to blurt out a rapid and necessarily-unfinished statement as a fact simply because we think so, is often to put ourselves in a situation that subsequently we find it necessary to get away from. A good many things said are better when withheld, as then they need no apology. We cannot help thinking, but we can help telling what we think.

And it is not necessary to tell what we think. In fact, in more cases than not, it is just as well to repress and withhold the adverse criticisms when there is no call for our opinions. A man may be a fool, and show it, but there is not the slightest necessity of our listing ourselves with him and making a life-long enemy by telling him when there is no need for it.

No, it isn't the best to say what one thinks



It is just as important to say the right thing in the wrong place as it is to say the right thing in the right place.

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TALKING AS ONE THINKS.

ONE of the common sayings is that one should speak as he thinks, and that we might as well say a thing as think it. Both propositions are wrong. True what we do say should be truthful, but he who tells all he thinks tells more than he knows, very often, and many a thing we think is the acme of idiocy to let loose in words.

and that we think a thing is no reason at all for having to say it.

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The best prayer ever uttered contained but seven words. And it was answered.

❖ ❖ ❖

PEOPLE WHO LAUGH.

OF course we all come to hate the man and woman who are eternally grinning, but still they are better than the undertaker style of people who are always going to or coming from a funeral.

Some people look on life as prolonged ob-
 equies, while others see the flowers, hear the
 birds, love the sunshine and, being well, they
 sing.

Of all the animal creation man is the only one
 that laughs, and every healthy child begins it
 long before he can talk, and keeps it up as long
 as he lives, unless he happens to have been born
 with the sign of the vinegar barrel, and gets con-
 stitutionally soured. To be sure, there are
 times when gravity is desirable, imperative in
 fact, but for the everyday people of everyday
 life there is nothing better than the man who
 laughs and who gets into the oriole habit rather
 than that of the owls.

❖ ❖ ❖

*The acme of folly is putting your
 trust in a man who has to be sub-
 sidized into being good.*

❖ ❖ ❖

HOW TO MAKE A LIVING.

WE are in receipt of a number of articles on

could acquire it and he wasn't going to bother
 with ordained failures. He said any one of the
 scores he turned away could have learned it ten
 years earlier in life. There's a time in life when
 the mind is receptive, the fingers nimble, and am-
 bition is dominant. Later in life we all get
 "sot," and a miserable piece of business it is
 when bread winning is a necessity and there is
 no way of getting at it.

There is only one way out of it, only one way
 of doing it, and only one, and that is to take it
 up while you can and make ready against the
 day you will need it. Going to school is only a
 necessary preliminary. That is getting ready to
 do something. The actual ability to *do* must be
 learned in one's salad days, and not put off until
 we are helpless.

❖ ❖ ❖

*There is a vast difference be-
 tween mixing your politics into
 your religion and taking your reli-
 gion into your politics.*



Union Pacific Railway.

Now some women make a living and they will all
 be printed. We are glad of this interest in a
 most important subject, and as far as lies in us
 will advise and help all who may ask, holding
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There is one thing that can not be too strongly
 impressed on the young women of the Nook
 family, and that is the golden age of early youth
 is the only time in which much of real value can
 be acquired. Take the matter of stenography.
 A celebrated teacher of the art once told the
 bookman that he refused to teach applicants
 over twenty-eight years old. He said they never

FRANK AND KATHLEEN.

OUR Kath touches up the diner and the sleep-
 er most artistically in this issue. Between the
 two the editorial opinion is that Kathleen is
 ahead in the matter of interest, this far. But
 that is not saying that she can keep it up, or that
 Frank will not develop into a first-class writer.
 We warn our youthful correspondents to be
 careful and alive. Thousands of readers are
 following.

❖ ❖ ❖

If you want extra copies of the illustrated
 Nook, ask. They're yours.

THE CROWS.

PROBABLY next to the English sparrow in point of general worthlessness is the old field crow. It is known that one stretch of timber has provided sleeping quarters for as many as a million crows during the winter months, when these black birds are wont to huddle themselves together to keep from freezing and in order that they may be enabled to resume their depredations upon the grain of the fields as soon as the weather and the crop conditions will permit. In many localities crows flock together at night and frequently 100,000 to 200,000, a sufficient number to devastate a farm in a single day, find roosting places in the tall trees of a few acres.

It is impossible to estimate the number of crows in this country alone, but it is probable that there are at least two or three for every one of the 75,000,000 of human beings in the United States. And this guess may only fall short of the actual number by a few hundred millions. The birds are not worth the trouble it would take to ascertain the fact. That is, unless every State in the Union would do as Maryland once did—enact a law allowing three cents for every crow's head presented in payment of taxes.

The crow, however, is a much more interesting bird than most people think. To most minds he is simply a loathsome, carrion-eating bird with a thieving disposition. In short, he is regarded as diabolical and fit only to be shot. Crows are notoriously clannish and except during a few weeks of nesting time are actually seen in flocks. Moreover, even while nesting they are more or less gregarious, for although two nests are seldom built on the same tree, yet half a dozen pairs often build within easy hearing distances of each other and if one be disturbed all are likely to unite for common protection or protest. During migration crows commonly travel in flocks of varying size and in autumn they congregate in large numbers, but only during winter do they unite to roost in immense communities. Many roosts are known where not less than 100,000 crows spend the night during the winter and it is claimed that the roost near Bristol, Pa., accommodates more than a million of the big black birds nightly during the cold season.

Most of these roosting places have been used

year after year in the same way—the same individual trees for scores of years and the same general locality probably for centuries.

Some of the roosts are in thick pines or other evergreens, not necessarily large trees, such as afford protection during storms. Others are in oaks, maples, poplars, etc., while the growths of willow and alder are chosen occasionally.

On the Delaware river crows have roosted among reeds or coarse grass and brushwood overgrowing low islands. Whatever be the nature of the place chosen, crows often begin to gather in the neighborhood several hours before nightfall, but do not actually settle upon the roost until it is almost dark. They begin to leave the roost soon after daybreak, scattering over the surrounding country for several miles around.

Seven miles southwest from Baltimore a half mile southeast of Arbutus station, on the Baltimore and Potomac Railway, is a tract of land a half mile square on which are several patches of woods which furnish a roosting ground for a winter colony of crows, according to a Washington *Times* writer. It seems from the testimony of the owners of this land that the crows have roosted there for about twelve years, having previously occupied a piece of woods a half mile more to the westward, which they abandoned when house building and wood cutting by the inhabitants made it undesirable.

A determination of the exact number of crows that gather here is not possible, but even the most conservative observers place it among the hundreds of thousands.

The immense winter colonies of crows in the neighborhood of Chesapeake bay early attracted the attention of naturalists, and it was in the years 1800 to 1804 that they increased so rapidly and were so destructive in Maryland that the State government, to hasten their diminution, received their heads in payment for taxes the price of three cents each. The storekeepers bought them of the boys and hunters, who had no taxes to pay, at a rather lower rate, or exchanged powder and shot for them. This measure caused great havoc among the crows and a few years so greatly diminished their numbers that the bounty was withdrawn.

Two modes of shooting them in considerable

gumber were followed, and with great success—that of killing them on the wing while on their way to the roosts, and the other attacking them at night in their roost after they had been asleep for several hours. But the grand harvest of crow heads was derived from invasion of their sleeping places. The roost is most commonly the densest pine thicket that can be found, generally at no great distance from some river or bay or other sheet of water which is the last to freeze or rarely is altogether frozen.

Endless columns pour in from various quarters and pitch upon their accustomed perches, crowding close together for the benefit of the warmth and the shelter afforded by the thick foliage of the pine. The trees are frequently literally bent by their weight.

There is one roost of great age and magnificent extent in the vicinity of Rock creek, an arm of the Patapsco. There are also numerous roosts on the rivers opening into the Chesapeake Bay, and are everywhere similar in their general aspect.

To gather crows' heads from the roosts a very large party was made up according to the extent of surface occupied by the roost. Armed with double-barreled shot guns and duck guns, which bore a large charge of shot, the company was divided into small parties, and took stations settled during the daytime so as to surround the roost as nearly as possible. A dark night was always preferred, as the crows could not fly far when alarmed, and the attack was delayed until nearly midnight. All being at their posts, the firing was begun by those who were most advantageously placed, and followed up successively by others as the affrighted birds sought refuge in their vicinity. On every side the carnage was waged fiercely, and there can scarcely be conceived a more forcible idea of horrors of a battle than such a scene affords.

The sanguinary work is continued until the shooters are fatigued, or the approach of daylight gives the survivors a chance to escape. Then the work of collecting the heads from the dead and wounded began. This was a task of considerable difficulty, as the wounded used their utmost efforts to conceal and defend them. The bill and the front of the skull were cut off together and strung in sums for the taxgatherer, and the

product of the night divided according to the size of the party formed. Sometimes the great party of shooters were hired for the night and received no share of scalps, only having their ammunition provided by their employers. Other parties were formed by friends and neighbors, who clubbed for the ammunition and shared equally in the result.

During hard winters the crows suffer severely and perish in considerable numbers from hunger, though they endure a wonderful degree of abstinence without much injury. When starved out the poor birds will swallow bits of leather, rope, rags, in short, anything which appears to promise the slightest relief.

Many times crows have been seen in the act of lifting clams, mussels and other shellfish high in the air and dropping them on hard objects in order to break the shells and get at the contents. An observation on this subject illustrates the acuteness and intelligence of the crow. Some years ago a flock of crows were seen flying out to an island just off the shore of Puget sound. The tide was ebbing. Each crow was seen to seize some object in its bill, and, flying to the rock shore, drop it on the rocks and then descend to feast upon it. Investigation showed that the objects were mussels. Instead of hammering the shells open, which would have cost time and labor, the crows, in order to get at the contents, resorted to the easy and expeditious mode of letting the mussels fall on the rocks.

Another instance of the acuteness of crows illustrates their shrewdness in getting other agents to find food for them. A herd of hogs were rooting in the beach along the seashore, and a flock of crows were flying about them a few feet above the ground. To the amazement of the observer they flew one to each pig and perched on the head between the ears. From this outlook each crow kept a bright watch on the hog's snout, evidently on the *qui vive* for whatever of food should turn up, and not for a moment was his attention diverted.

Presently one of the hogs rooted up a razor clam, when immediately down pounced the alert but unprincipled crow, seized the prize and made off to devour his ill-gotten prize at leisure. The stupid but honest hard-working porker renewed his labors apparently with no sense of his loss.



An Artesian Well in Nebraska.

WHAT WATER WILL DO.

OUT in the so-called arid regions one will often hear the remark that anything will grow if water can only be had on the land. While this is not literally true, yet it is nearly so. The orange and the pineapple would not thrive in any



Irrigation Grown Potatoes.
Courtesy of U. P. Ry.

part of western Kansas, but where there is an opportunity of getting plenty of water on the land, as shown in the accompanying picture, all that will grow anywhere in that climate may be successfully cultivated.

As irrigation is a method of agriculture that will, in the near years to come, be a living question in vast areas, and of interest to every tiller of the soil everywhere, we show here a picture of an artesian well in Nebraska, with the reservoir to the right, and the dense vegetation around it.

Where artesian water can not be found, and the conditions are such that a considerable stream can be deflected into a canal and laterals laid out, the owner of land is in a situation to make wonders of his own, and the crops that he can raise stagger belief. The hot sun overhead, the richest soil of age-old accumulation under foot, and artesian water at will make all sorts of crops of unusual size and extent of yield. The potato picture shows the result of irrigating the tuber along the Union Pacific Railway. Twenty of them make a bushel.

* * *

EIGHTY MEN TO MAKE A GERMAN DOLL.

It takes eighty men to make a German doll. Each man makes a small portion of the doll, but it is the same bit all the time and one thousand dolls can be made in a day in some of the big factories. After the men finish the body portion of the doll the women's work begins. They paint, dress the dolls and pack them for the market.

LOST SECRETS.

It is hardly twenty years since John Waymouth, the Wolverhampton engineer and designer, discovered the motive power of heat, exhibited in one of the simplest, cheapest and most useful engines imaginable, and then deprived the world of its benefit.

He had produced beforehand a round dozen excellent inventions, which still bear his name, including the modern revolving chimney cowl; and, having made a large fortune, he devoted himself to harnessing the ordinary heat of a fire and making a new power of it. The idea was laughed at by all his friends; but, after four years study and experimenting, he produced a stationary engine that gave double the power of any steam-driven mechanism at about a third the cost, and also a small model heat locomotive, large enough to draw a truck with a man in it.

He invited a committee of scientists and engineers, including Profs. Huxley and Forbes down, and showed them that his two machines worked to perfection. The affair made a great stir, and it proved that a great power of unlimited scope had been discovered. Waymouth was flooded with offers of huge sums for his invention, but, for no apparent reason, except, perhaps, the alleged madness of genius, he absolutely refused to either bring it out himself, or sell the secret.

He announced himself satisfied with the triumph of the invention, and before his death, a year later, he destroyed all the papers and plans explaining the system, and removed the essential parts of the two engines. These engines are still possessed by his heirs, but nobody has been able to make anything of them.

Still stranger was the famous loss of the recipe for the manufacture of diamonds, some fifteen years ago. Herbert Warner, who alone discovered and held the secret of diamond-making, did not live to wreck the diamond industry, as people thought he would, and the circumstances of the loss were mysterious and tragic. Inferior diamonds can still be produced artificially, but only at a cost of about ten times their value. Warner, after years of experimenting, was able to turn out a genuine diamond, of large size and of the first water, at the cost of a small fraction of the complete stone's worth.

He, like Waymouth of heat power fame, manufactured his diamonds before an audience of scientists, and produced three fine stones, which were tested and pronounced faultless. Two of them are still in existence, and are the greatest curiosities the jewel-world has ever seen. But within a fortnight of this triumph, before any of the new stones were put on the market, Warner utterly disappeared from his house in Harley St., London, leaving no trace whatever. So complete was his disappearance that from that day to this not the smallest explanation has been hit upon.

Then there is the lost secret of the wonderful new metal called "talium," which would certainly have been worth many millions sterling to the nation and the inventor. Grantley Adams discovered it just eight years ago, and during its short life it was one of the greatest wonders of the "science and commerce" world. "Talium" was an alloy of metals, electrically treated, nearly fifty-five per cent lighter than steel, both stronger, tougher, and costing thirty per cent less to produce. It was the fruit of four years hard work and study, and eventually Adams completed it, and publicly exposed it to every kind of test.

Trains, or any other vehicles, as it was proved, would be able to travel at nearly double their present speed if constructed of "talium," and there was no kind of edged tool that would not be as keen, as well as much lighter, if made of the new metal. The commotion caused by this discovery was extraordinary, and still more so was the upshot of it, for the magnitude of his success overcame Adam's reason and he became insane before ever the secret of the construction of "talium" was given out. Adams died a year later, a hopeless lunatic; and, as there were no papers explaining his method, the great secret was lost. All the tools and engines of "talium" which he had made remain, but no analysis has revealed the method by which the metal was blended. "Talium" is lost to the world.

The extraordinary "perpetual lamp" of Henry Mills, which he invented, perfected and proved the worth of, twelve years ago, was lost in quite a different manner. The Mills lamp was an incandescent light, produced without any using-up of materials—it had nothing to do with combustion, and the "flame" of it was perfectly

cold. It was certainly one of the most wonderful inventions of the age, and not at all an expensive affair.

Mills made two of these lamps, and demonstrated their absolute success; but an extraordinary thing happened before the invention was put at the disposal of the public. On the night of May 20, 1889, Mills' laboratory in Hampstead was broken into, both the lamps broken to fragments, and all the papers describing the invention, involving years of work, stolen. There was not the smallest clue to the perpetrators of the burglary, which was done most scientifically, and the crime has never been traced. Even the reason of it is not known—whether it was malice, jealousy or theft. No use has been made of the stolen papers. Mills, who depended on these papers, set to work again; but two months later he contracted typhoid and died, and Britain was thus deprived of his secret.

In one way it is, perhaps, as well that the new gunpowder, "fulmite," invented by Herbert Sawbridge six years ago, never came to a head. Sawbridge discovered this powder by accident, in his little chemical experimenting room at Exeter. He perfected the powder after a good deal of study and trouble, and finally showed that, in an ordinary service rifle, this powder could drive a bullet accurately a distance of nearly six miles, and that at ordinary ranges it gave over ten times the penetration that "cordite," the present powder, gives. A bullet propelled by it, at 600 yards, would penetrate twelve men.

It would have been a terribly destructive invention, and one of its best points was that it did not strain or corrode a gun in any way; and, above all, damp could not harm it. But such is the extraordinary fatality that seems to dog inventors, that Sawbridge was killed in an explosion in his laboratory, which wrecked the entire cottage. This happened soon after the government had begun to negotiate with Sawbridge for the purchase of his invention; but the explosion that killed him destroyed any records there might have been of his works. It was not "fulmite" that killed him, but an accident with ordinary nitroglycerin.

It was sheer vanity that kept Grant Finlay from giving the world the benefit of his invention for the total abolition of smoke. He evolved a sim-

ple system by which any fire or light could be made to consume its own carbon, and though he demonstrated the usefulness of the invention many times, he obstinately refused to put it on the market, or sell the secret of it.

His own house, just outside Glasgow, was fitted with his system, which did not cost more than thirty shillings for the entire building, and not a jot of smoke was ever emitted there. All the fires consumed their own smoke, and he was famous for showing the efficacy of his invention to guests, but never would he explain the working of it, and he died two years ago, carrying his secret with him to the grave. A week before his death he had all the "antismoke" apparatus stripped from his house and destroyed.

* * *

*No man is a genuine cynic unless
he says he isn't.*

* * *

THE THERMOMETER TUBES.

A MOST interesting account is given of the wonderful state-aided industry at Jena, where glass and lenses are made for scientists. This industry has been built up by Prof. Abbe and Dr. Schott, and has throughout been conducted by scientists whose efforts have made Jena famous among scientific men the world over. One of the most picturesque features of the Jena glass works is the great corridor where the thermometer tubes are blown and drawn.

We saw the glass in process of manufacture. A boy workman caught a bit of glass from the furnace on the end of a blow-pipe. It was half as large as a walnut, but, by twirling and blowing and molding, it grew to the size of an orange with the shape of an acorn. More glass was then added, and there was more rolling and blowing, and when the proper stage was reached the blow-pipe was passed quickly to the brawny thermometer workman.

He, in his turn, added glass, blowing from time to time with cheeks outpuffed until it seemed though they must burst, and then rolling a great ball of glass on his iron kneading board until it looked like a huge yellow gourd. Faster and faster he worked, keeping the ball always symmetrical and yet white hot. At length he lifted the glowing mass quickly in the air, and

second workman attached his blow-pipe at the bottom.

Then the two men ran in opposite directions, swirling the pipes, and blowing lustily from time to time. From a thick, portly, yellow globe the glass thinned out quickly as the men ran apart, until it became a dull red tube no larger than a man's little finger and nearly three hundred feet long. Sometimes in drawing these tubes one of the blowers would not only run the length of the corridor, but far outside on the hill.

* * *

*Trying to be a good fellow has
sent many a man to a bad ending.*

* * *

THE LISTENERS.

A MAN died and was received into the other worlds. For a long time there was so much to interest him that he forgot all about the earth, but after a while he said to the angel who was most often with him,—

"I remember a curious place where I once was—a center of confusions and many strange things!"

Then said the angel kindly, "You would return?" But the man made haste to answer,—

"No, not return, for it was not a satisfactory spot, and I fear to go too close, lest I get my wings entangled or perhaps besmirched, but surely we might go near enough to hear the voices of the inhabitants and learn what messages they send upward."

Therefore the two winged their way earthward, and it chanced that a devil joined them and flew silently at their side. The man would have driv-

en him violently away, but the angel said quietly, "Let him be! This atmosphere is free to all."

Presently, as a bird hangs in the air to sun his plumage, so these three hung over the earth, revolving hurriedly beneath them, and listened intently. The man's eyes flashed, the old earth sympathy moved him, and he cried loudly, "This touches me nearly! It is well that we came. Let each one tell what he hears."

Then the devil laughed darkly. "I hear," he said, "the sounds of discord and hate, the crying of the anguished who long to inflict in return the wrongs they have suffered from others. It is so loud, how could you hear anything else?"

Then the man laughed with a scorn that matched that of the evil spirit. "Nay, rather how can you hear aught but the splendid thunder of the battles which decide the ambitions of kings, or the inspired voices of the singers who cheer them on, or the far-piercing clarion call of the trumpet blown by a last dauntless breath!"

Only the angel was silent, until both turned to him and cried, "You are nearer the Gods than we in your perceptions. What reaches you of all this?"

And the angel answered: "The sounds ye discern I hear not at all, or only as a far, faint echo, like the beating of a weary surf. But even this much of it I forget, for I hear rising purely and clearly through the endless mists the sounds of a child's prayer, the thanksgivings of a young mother over her first-born, and all the simple but infinite and exquisite melody which arises from those spots on earth which you on earth name 'The Forgotten Ways.'"—*Clinton Dangerfield, in February Lippincott's Magazine.*



WESTERN IDAHO.

BY CORA WATTS.

THIS country is on the Oregon Short Line, and the name of the town in which I live is Payette. This town has about one thousand inhabitants now.

East of the town are hills which are called foothills. They are covered with sage brush and many people go out there to get the brush to burn. It makes very nice stove wood when the largest part is cut up. The nearest mountains are about thirty-five miles north of here. We can see mountains south and west of us, too. They are all covered with snow now and we see snow on the mountains north of here until June.

This country has to be irrigated, as there are no summer rains, although we have a great deal of snow and rain during the winter. This valley is irrigated from the Payette River and is called the Payette Valley. The Payette river is about three hundred feet wide at the mouth. It is not very deep, but it runs very swiftly. The Snake river below the mouth of the Payette is eight hundred or nine hundred feet wide. It is very deep and it runs very smoothly. The mouth of the Payette river is about a mile northwest of town. The Snake river ferry is about a mile north of town.

The main irrigating canal is taken from the Payette river about seven miles south, and is about twenty miles long. The main canal, and all the rivers, run north here. Smaller canals, called laterals, branch off from this main one and run in all directions through the town and the country to irrigate the gardens and fields. Smaller ditches are cut from these lateral canals, that run between the rows of trees, grain and vegetables. Everything is planted in rows that can be, so it can be readily irrigated.

Hay land is flooded, which is a much easier way of irrigating. To make irrigating satisfactory, the land must be quite level. A water vine, with a small pink flower, grows in the ditches and partly stops the water, so they have to be cleared of the pest. Almost everything that is raised at any other place is raised here, but it is more noted for fruit and melons.

The rivers have an abundance of fish of various kinds, but the nicest are salmon and sturgeon.

The sturgeon are a very peculiar fish, because they have no bones in the body except in the head. In place of a backbone is a gristle. I saw several last summer, and the smallest weighed about sixty pounds and the largest weighed 325 pounds, although much larger ones have been caught here. They are caught with a hook and line, and the hook is about six inches long, and the line is about the size of a clothes line, only much stronger. The hooks are set over night and the line is fastened to the trunk of a tree or a stout stake, and then to a small tree, near the top, so it will spring when a sturgeon gets on the hook, and not to break the line when the fish gives a sudden jerk.

Payette, Idaho.

* * *

*Some men call duty in a whisper
and pleasure with a megaphone.*

* * *

YOU ARE ALWAYS AS YOUNG AS YOU FEEL.

PEOPLE grow old by thinking themselves old. When they reach the age of forty, fifty, or sixty, they imagine they look like others of the same age, and that they soon will be useless, unfit for work, and unable to perform their wonted duties. As surely as they think this, it will come true, for thought is creative. How many of us can say, with Job, "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me."

The time will come when children will not be allowed to celebrate their birthdays; when they will know that, by thinking themselves young, they will remain young, and that they will cease to grow old when they cease to believe in old age. The body is built up of beliefs, and our convictions are stamped upon every fiber of our beings. What we believe, what we think, that we are; so people who remain young in spirit never grow old.

Not one of a hundred students, of whom the writer was one, under Oliver Wendell Holmes, at Harvard, ever thought of him as an old man, although he had then passed his eightieth birthday. His spirit was so young, and he was so buoyant, so fresh and full of life, that we always thought of him as one of ourselves. His vivacity and joyousness were contagious. You could not be in his presence five minutes without feeling brighter and better for it. The genial doctor

ever practiced medicine, yet he did more to relieve human suffering than many practicing physicians. His presence was a tonic; it was a perpetual delight to be near him.—*Success for February.*

* * *

It is unsafe to measure a man's goodness by the wag of his dog's tail.

* * *

TWO ODD LITTLE REPUBLICS.

WHAT is the smallest republic in the world? Andorra, one reader may say; San Marino, another. Both would be wrong. These are, indeed, the smallest republics mentioned in current encyclopedias and gazetteers.

Strangely enough, both Goust, in the Lower Pyrenees, and Tavolara, an island a few miles northeast of Sardinia, have been overlooked by our geographical authorities. Both are republics. Goust is the smaller in area, occupying barely one mile of territory, while Tavolara is about five miles long by five-eighths of a mile wide. But Goust has about 150 inhabitants. Tavolara has barely fifty.

For over two centuries and a half Goust has elected a president every seven years, and its independence has been recognized by both France and Spain. Tavolara did not become a republic until recently. In 1830 the absolute dominion of the island was conceded by Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, to the Bartoleoni family, whose head became King Paul I.

He was likewise Paul the last, for on his death, in 1882, he requested that his title should be buried with him and that the kingdom be turned into a republic. A constitution was accordingly drawn up, and under its terms a president, with a council of six, is elected every six years, all adults, male or female, casting a ballot. No salary is paid either to the president or the members of his council.

* * *

It is said that the electric chair is a sure cure for insomnia.

* * *

THIEVES OF INDIA.

PROBABLY the most expert thieves in the world are those in lower Bombay. There theft has

been made a fine art. To enter a zenana, or the woman's apartment in a native house, where all the family treasures are kept, is the ambition of every native thief. This is no easy matter, for the zenana is the center of the house, surrounded by other apartments occupied by ever-wakeful sentinels. In order to reach it the thief burrows under the house until his tunnel reaches a point beneath the floor of the room to which access is sought. But the cautious native does not at once enter. Full well he knows that the inmates of the house sometimes detect the miner at work and stand over the hole armed with deadly weapons, silently awaiting his appearance. He has with him a piece of bamboo, at the end of which a bunch of grass represents a human head, and this he thrusts up through the completed breach. If the vicarious head does not come to grief the real one takes its place, and the thief entering the zenana secretes himself, or, finding everything favorable for this purpose proceeds to attempt what seems an impossible undertaking.

This, indeed, is no less a task than to remove from the ears and arms and noses the earrings, bracelets, armlets, bangles and nose rings of the sleepers without awakening them and to get safely away with his plunder. Who but a dacoit would be equal to so delicate, dangerous and difficult a piece of work? But the dacoit seldom fails.

* * *

An ignorant man is a merciless critic.

* * *

THE STONE OF SCONE.

THE stone of Scone is about two feet long and lies under the coronation chair, which is kept in Westminster Abbey, London. It was the coronation stone of Scotland until brought to England. According to a tradition it is the stone upon which Jacob rested his head when he had the dream in which he saw the ladder. It is, in fact, a piece of Scotch stone of a kind not found in Palestine. The stone upon which Jacob rested his head is shown near Bethel, in Palestine, but as the site of Bethel is in dispute, and as there are several square miles covered with similar stones, the story is probably a hoax.—*K. C. Star.*

The Q. & A. Page.

What is the cure for roup in poultry?

As far as we know nothing but a hatchet.

*

How long will the Frank and Kathleen letters run?

They are planned to cover months and months.

*

Do all birds mate yearly?

No. Some choose for life: the pigeon is an instance.

*

When was the wife of ex-president Cleveland born?

In Buffalo, N. Y., in 1864. But why do you want to know?

*

What is the corn starch, used for food, made of?

Corn, usually, and it is only the finer grades of the starch the laundryman uses.

*

Can a letter be reclaimed once mailed?

Yes, by proof if needed, and giving the postmaster a receipt therefor when you call for it.

*

I have five subscribers for the Nook and expect to get the twelve necessary for a premium watch. Can I send the five in and then others later?

Write the Business Department about this.

*

How can a daily paper, sold for a cent, be produced for that sum?

It can not be. The gain comes in the advertising, and, possibly in cases, other sources.

*

What is red Guinea gold?

Gold is gold the world over, but impurities in it give it a shade of color. "Red" gold means the presence of enough copper to color it.

*

I would like to try growing flowers for sale. What is it best to begin with?

In your latitude violets are suggested. These will not require a hothouse, and the flowers find a ready sale at high prices, out of season.

Why did the Egyptians mummify the dead?

They believed that the dead would not be judged for their sins till the body decayed, and the object was to put this off as long as possible.

*

I read that discarded cigar stumps are gathered and sold. What for?

It is a regular business. They are worked over into other forms of salable goods, on the tobaccoist's shelves.

*

Is it true that the century plant blooms but once in a hundred years?

Nonsense. The writer has seen hundreds of them in bloom. They blossom in from five to twelve years, dependent on soil, location, etc.

*

Why do not plants growing outside become covered with lice? What prevents their being infested with lice as house plants sometimes are?

Nothing prevents, and outgrown plants do get lousy, but natural enemies keep the parasites in check.

*

Could I grow a pineapple in the house?

Yes, but it would not be worth while, as the growing plant is not specially attractive and would take several years of care to get a profitable fruiting.

*

What is the difference between illuminating and lubricating oils?

Illuminating oil is refined and intended to give light when burned. The other is used for oil machinery and is a crude oil, or one especially prepared for the purpose. Both may come out of the same hole in the earth.

*

I want to buy a good spy glass. Where can I get it? I want to use it on the farm.

A "spy glass" is usually nothing but a telescope. Better buy a good field glass. At pawn shops near the wharf, in seaport towns, they can usually be had. Better let somebody who knows buy it for you.

The Home



Department

*The less a man cares the more
love a woman wastes on him.*

FRIENDLY CRITICISM.

BY JOHN F. SHOEMAKER.

Is it not about time to discontinue the sisters' cooking receipts department in the INGLENOOK? While I very much appreciate the good things the sisters have prescribed for the *stomach*, yet there not a possibility of overdoing a good thing? It seems to me that if the cooking receipts already furnished us by the good sisters were all utilized, they would be quite sufficient to cause the present generation to die with overloaded stomachs, or else live the life of a miserable dyspeptic! Notwithstanding our boasted aim of being a temperate people in all things, believe that ten persons suffer in our fraternity from having too much to eat, where one suffers by not having enough. One might possibly conclude, after reading the INGLENOOK cook department for the last year, that we as a people were *learning to eat*, instead of *cating to live*. But we should endeavor to prove in the future to those who might take this uncharitable view of the matter, that we have much higher aims in life than simply *to cat*.

In view of the fact that the sisters have been so very successful in prescribing for the natural man, would it not be wisdom to reverse the ordeal, and have them prescribe something for the spiritual man to feast upon? Believing as I do that we as American people, living in a land of abundance, where, comparatively speaking, real famine and want are unknown, are right now with cook book in hand, of course) much more

in need of a good receipt to feed and nourish the never-dying soul, than for more receipts to feed the natural man.

Now, I am thoroughly convinced since reading the Cook Book, and the sisters' number of the INGLENOOK, and also considering the conceded fact that women outnumber men by far as regular and attentive church goers, that they have the ability as well as the will to give the men something that will be beneficial, and well worth the reading, along the line suggested, and that it can be had for the asking. I am very anxious and desirous of knowing to what the sisters of the church attribute the cause of so much indifference and spiritual lack among so many of the male members of the church at the present age.

Please give us the prescription, and if the ingredients lie within our reach, we shall thank you for the favor and gladly endeavor to apply the remedy. And if the Sword of the Spirit is used, which cuts both ways, while the men are being hewn down to the line of duty, and since none are perfect, perhaps the women, too, may receive a slightly needed dressing, and thus all will be benefited.

Now, the Nookman may christen the desired information *preaching*, but it matters not what you name it,—just so it feeds the soul, and keeps it healthy, while the stomach is performing its office in digesting some of the delicacies prescribed in the famous Cook Book, of which I can attest from actual experience. I realize the fact that some have only the ability to feed the natural man, while others have the ability to feed both the natural and spiritual man, and both being

quite necessary, hence it follows that all have a work to do.

Shideler, Ind.

COMMENT.

The above opens up a new line of thought. Now, do the women readers of the NOOK want no more home matters in the INGLENOOK, and do they want what is suggested above? (Now, John, out of personal regard for you, do you work around to the door while I am talking, so you can bolt readily.) In case the sisters and readers of the Nook generally, would prefer the abolition of the Home Department, as far as the kitchen is concerned, and substituted therefor essays, etc., will they please indicate their wish by sending the Editor a postal card expressing their preference for either a continuance of the culinary art, or a substitution therefor along the lines indicated by our correspondent? The NOOK is made for those who subscribe for it, and as far as possible it will be worked out along the lines chalked by the people we hear from. It would be a very interesting magazine if the women were allowed to "let go," and the men to answer. Remember that there can be no mixing of interests in the Home Department. It is a question on the part of our contributor of discontinuing it entirely, and substituting entirely different matter instead. What is the voice of the family on the subject?



SUET PUDDING.



BY SISTER MARY E. TOWSLEE.



TAKE one cup of sorghum molasses, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of suet chopped fine, one-half cup of melted butter, one cup of raisins, one-half cup of currants, two and one-half cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda; mix well, salt and spice to taste; steam two hours.

Sauce: Take one tablespoonful of cornstarch, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls vinegar, one-half a nutmeg, one-half cup of boiling water; if desired, one tablespoonful of red sugar may be added to color it.

Colby Kans.

POTATO SALAD.

BY SISTER J. T. MYERS.

TAKE six large-sized potatoes, one cup chopped celery, one-half cupful of cream, sour is preferable, one teaspoonful of salt, one small onion, three or four sprigs parsley, a dash of black pepper, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful mustard mixed with vinegar to taste. Add one or more hard-boiled eggs, chopped and mixed in. Cut the cold boiled potatoes in dice. Mix all together and let stand several hours.

Oaks, Pa.



TO REMOVE MILDEW FROM LINEN.

BY SISTER MARY W. SHROYER.

PLACE the linen in a tub or any vessel that will not rust; pour over it enough buttermilk to cover it entirely; let stand a day, then rinse in clear water; if the stains have not all disappeared, repeat the process and wash with warm water and soap.

Otterbein, Ohio.



RECIPE FOR CLEANING CARPET.

BY SISTER W. G. LINT.

TAKE four ounces of borax, four ounces of soda, two ounces of fuller's earth, and two bars of white laundry soap. Dissolve the soap in one vessel and the other ingredients in another in just enough water to dissolve them. They are put together and add five gallons of hot water. Scrub with a brush and rinse with a clean cloth.

Meyersdale, Pa.



COUGH MEDICINE.

BY SISTER ANNIE E. EVANS.

TAKE one ounce each of mullein, horehound, broken elecampane root, powdered licorice root, wild cherry bark (whole), alcohol; add one quart of boiling water; boil down to one pint, strain, add one pound of brown sugar, heat till dissolved, when cool add the alcohol, bottle and keep in a cool place. Dose, tablespoonful every three hours. Shake.

Laucaster, Pa.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IV.

MARCH 8, 1902.

No. 10.

CHILDHOOD.

FAIR as a star, rare as a star,
The joys of the future lie
To the eyes of a child, to the sighs of a child,
Heavenly far and high!

Fair as a dream, rare as a dream,
The hopes of a future sure
To the wondering child, to the blundering child
Trusting, and free, and pure!

Fair is the soul, rare is the soul
Who has kept, after youth is past,
All the art of the child, all the heart of the child,
Holding his faith at last!

FRANK'S LETTER TO THE NOOK.

THERE are several ways of getting from Chicago to Milwaukee. In the summer time one of the pleasantest ways of travel is to take one of the steamers that ply between the two cities, and have a voyage over the lake. Or, if you are in a hurry, you can go on the train. As Sister Kath wrote, we took the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Road. The distance between the two cities, Chicago and Milwaukee, is eighty-five miles; and the time is a little over two hours. Both cities are on the lake and both are large cities. Chicago hav-



UPPER MISSISSIPPI RIVER AT RED WING.

ing a population of 1,608,575, while Milwaukee has 285,315, according to the census of 1900. Of course, of the two cities Chicago does the greater amount of business, but Milwaukee is also a wonderful place. It has many manufactures and a very large volume of business is transacted. In the case of a very large city it is always a distributing point for the immediate vicinity. Where there are two large cities so close together as Milwaukee and Chicago, or St. Paul and Minneapolis, which are only about eight miles apart, there is naturally much competition for the trade tributary to the cities.

So far as its buildings and streets are concerned, Milwaukee is a finer city than Chicago. Both have the advantage of the lake and both have a large foreign population. There are perhaps more Germans and Swedes in and around Milwaukee, relatively speaking, than there are in Chicago.

The country between Milwaukee and Chicago is a good one agriculturally. In fact for more than one hundred miles in every

States. This means good pasture, and good pasture means good soil. I need not tell this to the majority of the Nook readers, who know farming as well as anybody does.

While we stopped off at Milwaukee, yet almost at once proceeded to St. Paul. Just



MISSISSIPPI RIVER SCENE.



RIVER SCENE FROM MILWAUKEE RAILWAY BRIDGE.

direction from Chicago, where agriculture is possible, it is an excellent farming country. It constitutes the great dairy center of the United

good a way as any to see a city, and see it rapidly and fairly well, is to jump on a street car and just as far as the car goes and then come back on it and take another. This is not a common way of doing, but it is an excellent one all the same. It is the way the Nook advised us to take in order to save time. It is one of the least expensive ways of traveling and it always covers the ground of the great activities of the city. The street people build their roads to fit business, and you will not go wrong at any time in seeing the best of the city in traveling over street railways. Of course, there is no law against your paying dollars for a hack and driving around, but you will get to be no more comfortably seen

what you get out of the street-cars for ten cents. Do not forget that the street-cars everywhere touch the leading centers of business activity

Down where we live, near the border of Maryland, there are mountains, but no lakes, while up this country we strike boating and hunting regions and lakes galore. As the country is pretty well north, it makes an excellent place for summer tourists. There are lakes in the woods.



we hope to have reproduced in the INGLENOOK pages. There is one thing about this natural scenery to which I wish to call the NOOK readers' attention. A great deal of the natural scenery of the country is made famous by the judicious use of printers' ink. Down near our home Thomas Jefferson, who climbed on top of the hill at Harper's Ferry and looked up and down the valley, said that it was



SOMETIME IN AUGUST.

worth a trip from Europe to stand on the rock that bears his name and take in the view. Yet, there are hundreds of places where Thomas Jefferson's view would not make a good background to the picture. We have taken some pictures of the river and other scenery along the route of the Milwaukee.

There are picturesque places along the line of the road, and there are others near at hand where the seeker after rest finds plenty of shade and good fishing to his hand. As said before, it is a lake country, and that means good fishing, and there are forests, and in its earlier history Wisconsin must have been a paradise for the hunter



IN IDLE DAYS.

summer resorts by their margins, where the artist can paint, and the summer-clad idler may sit in the shade of an over-hanging rock, if he is not inclined to play tennis or croquet. We may have our own opinion as to the waste of time and money all in this proceeding, but the fact remains that thousands of people spend their summers this way. This is a region where, if one must get away from home to get rest and comfort, summer resorts, luxury and business are easily found.

There are splendid views of natural scenery on the way between Milwaukee and St. Paul. The railroad winds through a very picturesque part of country, portions of which we were lucky enough to see with our camera and which



RIVER LANDING.

and the trapper. As it is now it is mainly given over to the farmer, the dairymen and the tourists. The Dells of the Wisconsin river are interesting, some of the scenes being shown herewith. It seems to Kath and me that this would be an ideal country in the summer season, and that this is recognized by others is shown in the number of visitors annually carried to the woods and lake region.

Of course, not stopping off en route, we can only tell what we saw from the car window, or the platform. Some of the scenes in the great North Woods country are very interesting, and here is one of them showing the thoroughfare at Minocqua, Wisconsin, to Tomahawk lake. What an ideal place for the fisherman. While the run between Milwaukee and St. Paul would seem to appeal stronger to the summer outing, yet the winter is by no means without its picturesque and romantic side. Sitting in the Pioneer Limited is not just exactly roughing it, but the glimpses from the window show well that it can be done to the heart's content where the tall pines watch the waterway.

The country between Milwaukee and St. Paul and that north of the line looks to be a fairly-good farming region, though nothing at all like the level and rich prairie we expect to see on our northern trip through Dakota, where so many of our people live. This country is wooded heavily, and there is a great deal of lumbering done. There are large mills along the road and the river is used for lumber transportation to a very large extent.

The climate in winter does not seem to be unusually severe, though probably viewing the climate of a country through a parlor car window is not as correct a guide as living in it for a year or two. There is no doubt, however, about its being a desirable place for a summer resort. There are endless places where hunters, fishermen, and the general idlers congregate in the season. There is every grade of accommodation from the country farm-house, and the log hotel,

up to the splendid summer resort with its broad piazza, glaring beds of geraniums, and its drive where somebody committed suicide for love. A summer resort without a Lovers' Leap, where the man, being refused by the hard-hearted maiden, goes out and jumps off a hundred feet or more, is a poor place. I have often wondered whether the survivor felt duly sorry and wept and jumped too. I asked Kath what she thought



THE DELLS OF THE WISCONSIN RIVER.

about such performances. She was souled enough to say that she looked on it as a good riddance. She asked me what I thought about it, but I said while I do not know for sure, yet thought I had not met the girl I would break my neck for in any such summary fashion. The just like a girl, she accused me of being without a heart. But there are Lovers' Lanes in abundance in all this Northern country, and that a good deal more like than jumping off some place.

The region between Chicago and St. Paul, said before, is largely a dairy country, and the lumber interests are large. When we get far enough north we will come to the treeless plain and there the difficulty of clearing the forest for growth is absent; but on the other hand, the country is alive with fuel, and there is no trouble in that respect. It is evident that we are gradually slipping out of the old East into the new West. There are none of the old stone houses

ed the big red barns of the home country back
 st, and instead of the Pennsylvania German
 we hear a great deal of Svensk, and see a great
 many Swedes and Danes, not to speak of other

ing the same language, brings emigrants together
 in sections.

Confidentially, Kathi is beginning to get home-
 sick, though she puts up a brave front and denies



WHERE THE TALL PINES WATCH THE WATERWAY.

at nationalities. I asked an intelligent man on the
 what the cause of these people being
 specially, rather than further south, and he
 that the perfectly general rule was for emi-
 gration to follow the same lines of travel west-
 ward, conforming with the parallels of latitude.
 and the desire to be among people speak-

it. The other day I found her looking at a little
 snapshot picture of our place at home, and when
 I asked her why her eyes were full of tears she
 said it was the climate. Maybe she will confess
 voluntarily.

Sincerely,
 FRANK.

OCEAN BEACH AND PELICAN ISLAND.

BY W. R. MILLER.

BEING in Florida, and within reach of the ocean and Pelican Island, we will visit both of them for the benefit of the Nook family. From where we now write we first cross the Indian river. This river is about a mile from the ocean, and I think the island, or strip of land, from the river to the ocean will average about a mile in width for about one hundred and fifty miles, the length of the river. This land is covered with cabbage palms, saw palms, live oaks, ferns, etc. On some of the larger live oaks the little ferns get a hold in the bark and spread until the limbs are hidden with the beautiful growth. On the beach is a broad strip of clean, brown sand, deposited there by the ocean in ages past. Standing on the beach the ocean seems like a great hill sloping gently towards us. From low water to high tide is perhaps a distance of one hundred feet at this particular place. This leaves a clean, smooth, sloping surface of sand, beaten down so compactly that soon after the waves leave it one may walk over it and scarcely leave a footprint. Yet, this sand can readily be scraped up with the hands. The sand is so thoroughly washed that it is entirely free from all dirt, and can be handled to any extent without soiling the hands. On this slope of beach the waves have been rolling steadily for ages.

The first thing I did when I got there was what about every Nook boy and girl would like to do. I took off my shoes and stockings and waded into the surf of the Atlantic ocean, and I only wished that I had with me a bathing suit, that I could enter the water.

The constant swell of the vast ocean breaks upon the beach in waves, and this goes on constantly. It is this that causes the roar, very much like that made by a distant train of cars, heard in a heavy atmosphere. It may be heard in miniature by holding a conch shell to the ear.

One of the interesting things along the shore is a little bird called a sand-piper. As the waves roll up on the beach these little birds, in flocks of a dozen or more, will run up just as fast as the water does, and as soon as the waves begin to break they follow them back until they meet the next one coming up. They look like a lot of little

balls coming up with the water. Their object is to catch insects and marine animals which their sharp eyes notice instantly.

On the crest of the waves rides a great shape perhaps ten or fifteen feet long. He looks large and comfortable as he rides on through the waves, yet he is ever on the alert for a victim.

And here are the pelicans along the beach. Their home is from four to five miles up the river and they are here fishing, as that is their only food. They sail along, almost touching the water at times, picking up a fish that may venture too close to the surface. Usually they fly in single file, and so accurately do they maintain the distance between them that no military commander could improve it.

Pelican Island, where these birds live, is about fifty feet wide and two hundred and fifty feet long. This island was formerly covered by black mangrove, a tropical tree. These trees are all dead now, and the pelicans use them for their nests, which are made of dead grass and leaves and are about the size of a half bushel. If there is not room for all they will build on the ground. They lay three eggs, about the size of a duck's egg. In a space about twenty-five feet square I counted about one hundred young birds, and estimated that there were from 1,000 to 1,500 young pelicans perched on the dead branches and on their nests on the ground. They were of all sizes from the ugly, black, little ones, just out of the egg up to the full-fledged bird ready for flight.

When these big, lazy-looking birds have their wings extended they measure about six feet from tip to tip. Their backs and the top of their wings are white, while their lower feathers are black. The pelican is a "rubber-neck" in every sense of the word. Their mandibles are fourteen inches long, with a distinct hook on the upper one. Attached to the lower is a pocket or sack extending back and down the neck about two feet, and about eight or ten inches wide. In this pocket they carry their fish to their young and their mates doing their hatching. These pouches, by actual measurement, hold fifteen quarts of water. They have web feet and are in every sense a water bird. Around their home island they may be seen sitting on the water by the hundred. Their eggs can be found in all stages of incubation where I can

om the one fresh laid to the broken shell of the
slican chick.

Would the Nookers like to hear from the
ahamas? Possibly, yes: but that's another
dry.

Wabasso, Fla.

† † †

HOW WOMEN EARN THEIR LIVING.

No. 3.—Keeping Store.

BY A SISTER.

IN a recent issue of the INGLENOOK the Edi-
asks women who are compelled to earn their
n living to write and tell about it. I am one
this great army of women and will gladly tell
at I do if it will help some other unfortunate.
er seven years ago I was thrown upon my
n resources with a family of four small chil-
n, ranging in age from six years to six months.
as left with a good house and some live stock,
the suburbs of a city of 25,000 inhabitants.
old the horses, except one, and kept two cows,
ae pigs and the chickens. I managed to get
ng for about three years, my live stock get-
g less and less until the last cow was sold. I
o received some help in this time.

began to see the great necessity of doing
nothing that would *count*, to make a living.
men sold my house, which was a much larger
than I needed, and bought a smaller one of
rooms and ground enough for a garden and
ne fruit trees. This transaction left me
ugh cash difference to start in business in a
y small way. You would hardly think it pos-
e that a grocery store could be started with
than sixty dollars. But that is what I did.
urned the "best room" of my house into a
cery store. But before I laid in my stock I
t among my neighbors to solicit their trade,
received enough encouragement to make the
ture. I then went to one of the several whole-
groceries here in the city, and bought as
ll a quantity of each kind of staple grocer-
as my limited capital would allow, so that I
ht get as great a variety as possible. At first
ught nothing of what might be termed "fan-
groceries. I bought flour at the mills, wrap-
paper, paper bags, etc., at a wholesale paper
se where I could get a small quantity more

reasonable than at the wholesale grocery. I also
laid in a supply of thread, needles, pins, pencils,
stationery, buttons, etc., and stamps, no profit in
the latter but to accommodate, and possibly draw
custom.

To start with, my counter was a table, my
shelving boxes. The scales were loaned me un-
til I was able to buy them. I bought second-
hand gasoline and oil tanks. I thus got started
very nicely and added to my stock as fast as I was
able, always paying cash. I will add right here
that this is the only way to buy, and sell, too, and
have an easy mind. Although I've never tried
the "time" system in buying I've tried it in
selling. I bought goods of different houses
where I could do best, and by paying cash one
can be independent. A kind neighbor hauled
the goods for me, the wholesale houses not de-
livering so small an order.

About three years ago I began buying ex-
clusively of a large wholesale and retail house
where it was possible to get a greater variety,
as they had "broken cases" of everything and
at as fair prices as the others, and they also de-
liver all my goods, except the gasoline and oil,
which the company I buy of delivers, whenever
ordered. Butter comes in just about enough to
supply the demand, and eggs many more, but I
can exchange to the wholesale house for goods.
I keep no *tobacco in any form*.

I now have a real counter and about three times
the variety of goods I started with, and a larger
stock until the room is quite crowded, and, best
of all, I like the work. I do my own housework
and bake quite a good deal of bread for sale.

Much care and thought must be exercised in
buying in season, especially perishables. It is not
all plain sailing,—people are wanting always to
buy on time. You can safely trust an honest
neighbor for a few days, but I would advise
against it as a practice. Upon the whole, I think
I can keep house and provide for my family better
in keeping this store than in any other way. My
children are never kept out of school, but deliver
goods when necessary in the evening, and on
Saturday, in a small hand wagon. I can hardly
see how so small a business could be carried on in
a place where there are no wholesale houses, but
"Failure" is not written over many widows'
houses.

A QUESTION AND AN ANSWER.

A BOY writes the NOOK, asking a question that probably has troubled millions of other boys and girls before him, and he comes to us with his trouble. Briefly, he wants to know how to get an education. He says he is poor and wants to get through quickly.

The proposition is an excellent one, and, fortunately, the answer is a ready one. Go to school, the nearest, best school accessible. Without going into details, which might not be understood by the very class intended to instruct, it has been very well settled that this is the best thing to do. There is something, in fact a great deal, in the mere association with learners traveling the same path. The main object of school does not consist in learning things out of a book, but the idea is the disciplinary effect. The work of a school, as mapped out generally, is to put an edge on the blunt mind. It enables the educated man to get hold of a thing without having it diagrammed and explained to him in half a dozen different ways. He sees things because he is trained to do it. He understands quicker. The uneducated man is slow of wit, lopsided in his estimate of things, and likely to be wrong and is hard to set right.

Now our boy says he is poor and probably can not get off to school. There is nothing new in all this. What, then, is he to do? The next best thing is for him to take up the studies of a school, one at a time, and, as near as may be, let him master them. It has been done, but the chances are that they will be dropped. Not one boy in fifty has the will power to set aside a given time each day and systematically bone his way through a subject. He gets his book, makes his boasts, starts fairly and sooner or later begins to dawdle and neglect his work and then abandons it. He would be of little good if he did go to school, just as the majority of school goers never become scholars. After a certain age progress seems practically impossible. True, it has been done, but for one remembered success there are a hundred wrecks forgotten and lost sight of. But this one thing is worthy of being remembered. If boys and girls are worth educating they will get there in some way, school or no school. The most of those who do go to school never acquire accuracy. Not one in ten of them can write

a column for the INGLENOOK, sense not considered, and have it so accurate that no change need be made by the proofreader. No newspaper office expects it, and the receipt of an article needing no correction from first to last would be little less than a miracle, even though done by one recognized as a scholar. The element of accuracy throughout is wanting. There is no such thing as an absolutely accurate continued condition, for the human mind is like any other organization, liable to error and lack of proportion, but he who comes the nearest to it, as far as he goes, is the best scholar. If he can only add up columns of figures and get them right every time he is a scholar that far, even though he never heard of fractions.

So let our boy start with the very elements and get every idea in them, clearly and effectively and when mastered, pass on to the next in order. Let him remember that he *must* know his own language accurately and that all he knows about anything must be as thorough as possible to his mental make-up, and then he will begin to be a scholar and when he has passed from one to the other of the sciences in this way he will become a proficient scholar. There is no quick road, no short cut, no easy way of it. It means work. Reading is not education. It comes from approaching accurate habits of thought and expression by beginning on the very ground floor and working up stairs, creeping, crawling and stumbling till he can walk upright with confidence in himself.

The only merit of the school is that it is help, and a mighty help, too. If it cannot be reached, the next best thing is the book, the quiet corner, resolution and industry. Let our boy get rid of the idea that there is some hidden magic in the school. After all, it is only buckling down to a thing and boning away till it is understood what is sought for, and education is the help to do this quickly and well. The value of the education consists in accuracy as far as it goes. No let our boy take courage and begin just where he is shaky in his knowledge and start the climb upwards.

* * *

PECULIAR OCCUPATION.

THE ham smeller's only tools are a long stick and his nose. He stands in a barrel to keep his clothes from being soiled by the dripping

line, and the hams are brought to him, and he plunges his sharp-pointed trier into them, withdraws it and passes it swiftly beneath his nose. The trier always goes down to the knuckle joint. In testing meat in that manner the man with the trier judges by the slightest shade of difference between the smell of one piece of meat and another. The smell of the meat is almost universally sweet, and that is what he smells. The slightest taint or deviation from the sweet smell is therefore appreciable. It is not the degree of taint that he expects to find, but the slightest odor that is not sweet.

When he detects an odor, he throws the meat aside, and if it is not unwholesome it is sold as "rejected" meat, but if it is tainted it goes to the rendering tank. The ham tester smells meat from 7 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock at night, and his sense must never become jaded or exact or his usefulness would be at an end.

Ham testing is not a pursuit dangerous to the health, as tea testing is supposed to be, but the man smeller with a cold in his head is like a piano player who loses his arm in a railroad wreck.

* * *

*There is no cloud attached to the
silver lining of the fat purse.*

* * *

A PLEASING ENTERTAINMENT.

THE people of Elgin were treated to an excellent series of illustrated lectures by Bro. D. Miller a week or so ago. Bro. Miller, as most of our readers are aware, has traveled extensively in the Orient, and in the course of his travels has acquired a large number of photographic views, and with the aid of an excellent lime light stereopticon, these are shown on a large screen, and the views are accompanied by a running description, by the lecturer, that makes the entertainment, which is given us nightly for a week, a most interesting one. The excellence of the views, and the interest attaching to the descriptive talk, make the entertainment an exceptionally interesting and instructive one. The way it was managed was in having the instrument set up in the rear end of the church, and the screen stretched across the far end of the room. The pictures, so like and expressive, were thrown on this screen. There were quite a large number of

them, all good, and some of them beautifully colored, while the lecturer, having had the advantage of a personal acquaintance with the scenes, pointed out the things of special interest. The audience was large and appreciative, and the locality that succeeds in getting the entertainment will be sure of a week's interesting and instructive visit to places they will never, in all probability, see in person.

* * *

*No man wins success to-day by
spending his time complaining
about yesterday.*

* * *

COULD DO BUT DIDN'T.

FROM the mountains of New Hampshire comes a David-Harum-like story of the advent of the first automobile, which made its appearance last summer, having climbed one of the steep slopes near Wonalancet with disastrous results to the running gear. The accident happened near a hayfield, where a farmer was endeavoring to repair a broken mowing machine. Attracted by the appearance of the strange-looking horseless vehicle, the farmer left his occupation and came out to inspect the remarkable object with open-mouthed astonishment. After a few moments of silent scrutiny he said to the *chauffeur*, who was repairing the break as well as he could:

"Wha' d'ye call that 'ere machine?"

"That is an automobile," was the reply; "what do you call yours?" pointing waggishly to the disabled apparatus in the field.

"Wal," was the dry response, with a pause for a shift of "chaw," "it auto-mo'-hay, but it don't!"

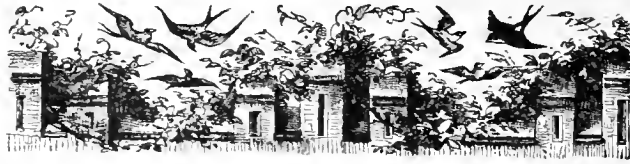
* * *

*A man's dullness is usually due
to his inability to reflect.*

* * *

SNOW A NONCONDUCTOR.

ACCORDING to experiments conducted by H. Janssen on Mont Blanc it is not necessary to erect poles for stringing telephone and telegraph wires in snow-covered countries. If the snow is several inches thick it serves as a good insulator; the wires can simply be laid down and be ready for transmission of messages.



A PIGEON RANCH.

WHAT is said to be the only pigeon ranch in the world is near Los Angeles, Cal. It covers eight acres of sandy, gravelly ground in the bed of the Los Angeles river, where there is an abundance of water. Here stands an enormous ark-shaped loft, or pigeon house, whose crudities of architecture are concealed by the thousands of pigeons upon the roof. Fifteen thousand birds fairly cover the ground and loft, so that at times from a distance it appears as though some of the snow from the neighboring Sierras had been dropped upon the roof. The increase of this gigantic flock is enormous. If the market should fail the owner would be utterly unable to feed his birds, as in less than two years he would by calculation have a million birds on his hands. Fortunately the demand is better than the supply, and the pigeon ranch sends about 40,000 squabs a year to the market.

The statistics of this unique ranch are interesting. The estimated output for the month is 3,000, the gross income being about \$9,000 a year. The average price per dozen for the birds is about \$3.00, sometimes ranging up to \$10.00. The expense of maintaining such an enormous flock is considerable. The birds are fed three times a day, each meal costing approximately for all \$5.00, so the annual food bill is about \$5,500. The food consists mainly of wheat, screenings, boiled meal and stale bread. The daily consumption is about twelve sacks of screenings, eight sacks of wheat and many gallons of boiled meal. The bread is an additional fattener given during the week.

* * *

BRANDON'S FROZEN WELL.

ONE of the most famous natural curiosities in the United States—the wonderful “frozen well” at Brandon, Vt., is the work of man played upon by a freak of nature. The well was dug in the

year 1858, and has been a noted wonder since the first fifteen feet of the excavation was made. It was started in gravel, which extended to a depth of ten feet, where a four-foot bed of sticky yellow clay was encountered. After this clay stratum had been pierced, and the total depth of the well was pronounced to be fourteen feet, a deposit of solidly-frozen gravel was struck. Work which was done on the well during the next three or four weeks revealed the fact that this glacial deposit was exactly fifteen and one-half feet thick. After the excavation had been extended through the frozen gravel a layer of sand (unfrozen) was revealed, and it was in this sand water was found. A “basin” was then dug (which gave the well a total depth of thirty and one-half feet), and the hole was then walled up. Since that time the water in this peculiar well has never been more nor less than two feet in depth, and this is always frozen covered with a sheet of ice of greater or less thickness. During the summer of 1895 the temperature at the bottom of “Brandon’s Frozen Well” was phenomenally low—so low, in fact, that ice one time formed to the depth of twenty inches on the two-foot sheet of water. At other times of the year there is ice from four to six inches thick on the walls of the well where they come in contact with the frozen stratum.

* * *

A WONDER IN SPONGE LIFE.

SPONGES of the common sorts are so well known that people long ceased to admire their curious and interesting structure. There are, however, some rare species of sponges, such as the “glass” “lace” and “tapestry” sponges, that are so exceedingly beautiful that the presence of such a specimen never fails to excite expressions of admiration. The delicate “Venus hair basket” belongs to the family of glass sponges and is rightly regarded as a wonder by all who have had the privilege of owning or view-

hem. This curious "flower basket" is found in the deep sea near the Philippine Islands and in no other place in the world in numbers sufficient to make fishing for them a profitable industry. This species of sponge looks like delicate threads of glass woven into a curious, beautiful and intricate pattern, some specimens being of such exquisite loveliness that one can scarcely believe that it is simply the skeleton of a variety of sponge. This sponge is composed of an immense aggregation of minute "spicules," running lengthwise from end to end, with numerous cross bands at right angles. These bands and cross bands are set with numerous, five, six, nine and twelve pointed spicules, some of them filled with dozens of holes, which can only be seen with a microscope, because they are so exceedingly fine.

* * *

TREES LIKE BOULDERS.

THE visitor to the Falkland islands sees a number of what appears to be weather-beaten, moss-covered boulders of various sizes scattered here and there. On attempting to turn one over he is surprised to find that it is anchored to the ground by roots of great strength. These are not boulders: they are trees. No other place in the world can show such a peculiarity of "forest" growth.

The Falkland islands are exposed to a strong gale wind, which renders it impossible for trees to grow in the proper form; nature has, consequently, adapted herself to the prevailing conditions and produced this strange form of plant life. These "living stones," as they are called, are quite devoid of "grain," and it is next to impossible to cut them up and utilize them for fuel.

* * *

TURNED TO BONE WHILE ALIVE.

ONATHAN BASS, the original of the many celebrated "ossified" men, first noticed that his joints were stiffening into solid bone in the fall of 1848. At that time he lived at Cambria, N. H., and, although his frame continued to ossify rapidly as the disease could make progress, he did not die until quite recently. He first took to his bed in 1857 and remained there perfectly helpless, with every joint perfectly solid, unable

to stir or even masticate food, for upwards of thirty-five years! During all that awful ordeal his constitutional health remained in what the physicians pronounced "splendid condition." His was undoubtedly the most remarkable case of total ossification on record.

* * *

A FAST OF NINETY-SIX DAYS.

THE longest fast on record terminated fatally at Dubuque, Iowa. The victim, a lad fifteen years old, named Thomas Sutton, was not an apostle of either Succi or Tanner, but was forced to abstain from food by paralysis of the throat and stomach, caused by an injury to the spine. He managed to exist for ninety-six days, or over three months, without taking a bite of any kind of food. During the first six weeks of the boy's forced fast he was given a teaspoonful of wine every hour, but for the thirty-three days preceding his death nothing whatever passed his lips.

* * *

AT HIGH ALTITUDES.

THE highest village in Europe is Avers Platz, in Switzerland (7,500); the highest inhabited point in Europe is the Hospice of St. Bernard, in Switzerland (8,200 feet). In Colorado the mining town of Leadville, with 15,000 inhabitants, is over 14,500 feet above sea level; other silver mines are worked at an altitude of over 12,000 feet.

* * *

VEGETARIAN FOOD FOR ANIMALS.

THE strongest animals exist entirely on vegetable food. It is the ferocity of the lion rather than his strength that makes him formidable. An elephant is a match for several lions, and is a vegetarian. The animals with most speed and endurance—the horse, the reindeer and the antelope—are all vegetarians.

* * *

CUTTLEFISH ON GERMANY'S COAST.

A LARGE number of cuttlefish have recently been caught off the north coast of Germany. As they have never before been met with in these waters it is difficult to account for their presence.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY...

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

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Agents are wanted everywhere, and any reasonable number of sample copies will be furnished free. All communications relating to the INGLENOOK should be addressed as follows:—]

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
(For the Inglebrook.) 22-24 S. State St., Elgin, Ill.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

Two visions by men's dying eyes are seen,
Both so unlike, both freighted with despair,
The lovely shade of what they might have been,
The unclean, gibbering ghost of what they were.

EVERYDAY RELIGION.

SOME people condense all their religion into one day of the week, and then often into a few hours of that one day. Not disparaging that method, the Nook suggests that a better plan is to incorporate our religion into our everyday life. It is something that can be done, that is often done, and which should be done at all times. There is no business in religion, but there may and must be a great deal of religion in business. In fact we should show our faith and profession in all that we do. One reason for this, which all will assent to as being correct, is to ensure a habit of doing things right and religiously correct till it becomes automatic, as it were.

The writer once knew a man who ran to the fad of clocks, and he had dozens of them, of all kinds and conditions. But when he wanted to set his watch he consulted a somewhat plain old-fashioned-looking specimen, in a corner, giving as his reason that it always kept correct time, neither gaining nor losing to any appreciable extent.

And that is just what is meant by putting our religion into our everyday lives, doing it in such a way that our actions are standard at any hour of any day in the week. It is not so very difficult once the habit is acquired.

It is more blessed to give than to receive, simply because the giver can squeeze no end of contentment out of the contemplation of his generosity.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

Is this true? Is it a fact that when honesty is a result of a policy on the part of the individual that it has any moral merit? We think not. The moment a man is truthful, or sincere, or who keeps his word, simply because it is profitable to do so he immediately loses all moral merit as far as the principle of the thing is concerned. Not a suspicion of policy can attach to honesty without tainting it.

On the other hand honesty should be innate, inborn, ingrained, and as habitual as the use of the right hand, or any other physical characteristic. It is meritorious just as it is in proportion to its naturalness, and policy is a thing utterly apart from it, and wholly incompatible with it. When a man is honest because it pays best it is a pretty good sign that he would be dishonest if that paid better. Let the element of personal profit cut no figure in any part of truthfulness.

Man is but a freckle on the face of time.

A MENTAL SNAPSHOT.

"DID you get the Nook, Pop?" And Pop slowly disentangles himself and fishes it out of his pocket. Then you see half a dozen heads together while they leaf over the pages and talk in the pictures. Ma breaks up the party, and while the larger ones are at their work she at the least look it over and finally wedge it back of the clock till after supper when there is a good natured squabble as to who gets it first. The lamp burns brightly on the table and two or three

ry to read it at once, while, outside, the stars
re blinking and the farm animals resting and
leeping.

Get all the good you can out of it. It's
range, but true, that the people who make the
ook, and those who read it in the happy homes,
ill never all meet in any other way than the
orld of thought crystallized in its pages.

❖ ❖ ❖

*An old bachelor says that matri-
mony is the best cooking school.*

❖ ❖ ❖

THE NATURALIST.

—

WHERE is the boy, or girl either, for that mat-
ter, who would not like to be a naturalist? And
is so easy, after all. All there is to it is the
accurate study of the daily life history of animals.
is only a matter of seeing things and classifying
them, and yet the ability to see a thing and
realize its related meaning is one of the rarest
accomplishments. Not one in a thousand can
do it, easy as it seems. The failures are due to
lack of training.

The naturalist looks at an insect creeping over
the printed page he is reading, or sees a bird fly
out the car window, and he sees more in the fleet-
ing look than the unskilled person would discover
in a day. It's all in the seeing and in knowing
why. Let every Nooker get into the habit of
daily seeing things they look at. Every reader
has seen an old cow cropping grass, but how
many front teeth has she in her upper jaw?

❖ ❖ ❖

*All things come to those who get
tired waiting and go after them.*

❖ ❖ ❖

THE BOERS AND THE ENGLISH.

—

THE war is still on in South Africa, and the
peace, so often promised, is not yet. It is not likely
that England will ever find herself in peaceable
possession of the territory for which she has so
fiercely contested. The cost of the war has been
enormous, and the waste in human life has borne
witness to Oom Paul's original statement that the price
of subduing them would stagger humanity. Dis-
aster has wrought as much havoc, and more, than
bullets, and the money outlay thus far has been

enormous. Added to this there have been discov-
eries of surprising frauds in purchasing supplies.

Take it all in all it is a verification of the truth
about war's uselessness. It is doubtful whether
there has ever been a good war or a bad peace,
and all the conquests made by force of arms could
have been accomplished in a better way if the
principles of the Sermon on the Mount had ob-
tained in the councils of the contesting parties.

❖ ❖ ❖

SHOULD any of our Nook family get an extra
copy of the INGLENOOK, will such recipient kind-
ly hand it to someone likely to be interested?
Some are sent out in this way with this issue.

❖ ❖ ❖

INK bottles and spoons, pens and knives and
the rest of the premiums, are steadily going out
to the Nook family as a slight appreciation of the
missionary work our friends are doing among
their acquaintances by introducing them to the
INGLENOOK. Let the good work go on. There
are lots of premiums left.

❖ ❖ ❖

NOOKERS will take notice of the important
question pending concerning the disposition of
the Home Department. A member of the family
suggests its abolition. True, he is only a "mere
man," but he will be heard, if not set back by a
voluminous protest on the part of the rest. If
you want the Home Department continued, write
and say so at once. The Nook is managed in
the interests of its readers, and they must express
themselves, or forever after, etc.

❖ ❖ ❖

As there has been considerable of a demand
for the resumption of the want and labor column
in the Nook all who want either work or to hire
workers, if they are members of the Nook family,
or inmates of a family where the INGLENOOK is
read, may send in their wants and they will be
published. Nothing but work will be consid-
ered in this connection. No charges are made,
and if an advertisement is answered and the
person for whom it is intended receives it, the
courtesy of a personal letter is recommended,
acknowledging the receipt of the answer, if no
more. If anything appears in the Nook that is
not straight, at once notify the magazine. Now
send in your wants.

BIG FORTUNES UNDER WAVES.

THERE is a popular belief that vast wealth lies buried deep between the sand and rocks of our coasts. Ship after ship, laden with ingots and coinage, has struck on the British beaches and gone to pieces during the last five hundred years. From time to time hundreds of pounds' worth of gold has been showered on the seashore and picked up and used, yet there still remains something like eighty million sterling in gold and silver under the sea.

When the "Jonkheer Meester Van de Wall," a Dutch East Indiaman, struck the iron-bound sea-front of the Lizard many years ago, she went to pieces before anything could be done to save her. Some fishermen from Penberth Cove, while engaged in fishing up blocks of tin which formed part of the vessel's cargo, found a tin box lying in six-fathoms water. Being opened, it was found to contain coins to the value of £13,000. It is said that there are other boxes of gold, silver and banknotes lying among the rocks and sands where the ship sank.

In 1874 a Spanish galleon went ashore near the Lizard, having on board many thousands of pounds' worth of bar gold and money, which were being carried to London for safety during the unsettled state of affairs in Spain. The greater part of this vast wealth still lies awaiting recovery between the rocks, which have, even at low water, six feet of water over them.

Some years ago a company sank a shaft through the rock below high water mark to try to recover the riches the sea holds so tight. It was imagined that the waves after a storm would drive some portion of the buried specie into the hole at the bottom of the shaft. Before the work was completed, however, the sea broke in, and the shaft had to be abandoned. Another syndicate soon afterward dragged the bottom of the sea in the Lizard district, but nothing of importance was found. The treasure is undoubtedly there, for coins and ingots are being constantly washed ashore on the beach.

Treasure to the value of a million and a half sterling, which went to the bottom of the sea with a Dutch galleon, lies awaiting recovery somewhere on the Chesil beach, a long, narrow tongue of shingly land near the great convict station of Portland. This Dutch treasure ship was return-

ing from the West Indies laden with precious metal, and when coming up the channel was caught in a gale and driven into Portland race where tremendous broken seas rage when there is any wind. Gradually she was carried toward Chesil beach, and it did not take her long to dissolve into match wood. The entire freight of gold and silver went to the bottom. Occasionally the fishermen are reminded of its existence by finding a silver or gold bar or two on the beach.

The "Abergavenny," which was lost in a storm off Weymouth about the year 1800, had on board several thousand pounds' worth of specie and jewels. In 1806 a syndicate was formed, and by means of a diving bell sixty-two chests of dollars, to the value of \$350,000, were fished up.

Treasure of vast amount is supposed to lie under the sea in the Sarn Badrig, a sunken causeway running miles out to sea from the Welsh coast. The story runs that a French treasure ship, the "Bretagne," struck on this death trap, and, caught by one huge wave, hurled completely over, to sink with all hands in deep water.

Another case of total loss, involving four or a half millions in gold coins, was the striking of the "Infanta," a noble Spanish galleon, on the rocks of Mizzenhead, near Bantry bay, in November 1793. The nature of the coast renders investigation difficult, and not a single coin has been brought to the surface. In all probability the treasure will remain in the sea for centuries.

The "Czarina," having fifteen million dollars' worth of gold on board, foundered in Filey Brigg, on the Yorkshire coast, and another galleon was wrecked a few miles farther south, near Bridlington quay. Thirty thousand pounds have been drawn from the sea's clutches at Bridlington quay, and the remainder lies awaiting the person who is able to rescue it.

The Gunfleet bank, off the Essex coast, is thickly strewn with gold and silver, in coin and ingots, for the "Vrouwe Polder," a Dutch vessel, emptied its cargo of half a million sterling in gold and silver there.

About a century ago a Spanish treasure ship carrying a freight of a million sterling, was caught in a storm near Beachy Head, and sank with all on board. The treasure lies in a deep hole, over which a strong current runs, making it impossible for divers to descend.

Much treasure trove lies off the coast of Ireland. Many Spanish galleons have shed their riches there, and several ships of the great armada, with all their wealth on board, came to grief in the district. Three millions are scattered off point near Tralee, or rather its equivalent in publoons. Numerous attempts have been made to recover the treasure, and one syndicate actually rescued two hundred thousand dollars from the sea: but the bulk of the wealth remains untouched this day, and at low tide there is only a foot of water over the scene of the wreck. The ship, however, is buried in the sand, but one day a mighty gale might scoop the sand away and reveal the lost treasure, and then some person will find himself rich beyond dreams of avarice.

* * *

*You never realize how dearly you
have paid for your whistle until you
try to sell it.*

* * *

THE OATH.

Is a man more likely to tell the truth after he has raised his right hand and sworn on the Bible that he will do so? Modern nations are coming to doubt this. In Germany oaths have been abolished altogether. In England and Australia the solemn affirmation has now as much force as the best solemn oath. In France no oath is required of members of the legislature.

The taking of an oath is a very ancient practice, and it has been followed by the people of all countries. The Medes and Persians swore. The Egyptians and Assyrians swore. Christian and pagan, savage and civilized men, have sworn and still swear. The Bible is full of oaths. And probably a time will never come when the oath will have altogether died out of the world.

The oath of the Christian takes two forms. In England, Spain, Italy, Austria and America, and in many other places, it is taken on the Bible. But the English alone kiss the book. In France and Belgium the Scotch method of raising the hand is practiced.

Parsees sometimes give rise to much perplexity in our courts. They strongly object to being sworn on the Bible, and claim the right to make an oath as in their own country—namely, by holding the tail of a cow. The cow being a

sacred animal in the eyes of the Parsee, he can commit no sin while touching it. But there is fortunately an alternative. In the city of London courts, some years ago, it being impracticable to procure a cow, a Parsee took a sacred relic out from his bosom and, holding it aloft, swore impressively, "By God, and God omniscient, and God Omnipresent, and God Almighty."

Mahometans are much opposed to swearing. When they do swear it is a very solemn ceremony, and is performed by holding the Koran in the right hand, placing the left hand on the forehead and bringing the head down to the book. A Mahometan never commits perjury. In India their prejudice against swearing is so strong that the government allows them to affirm.

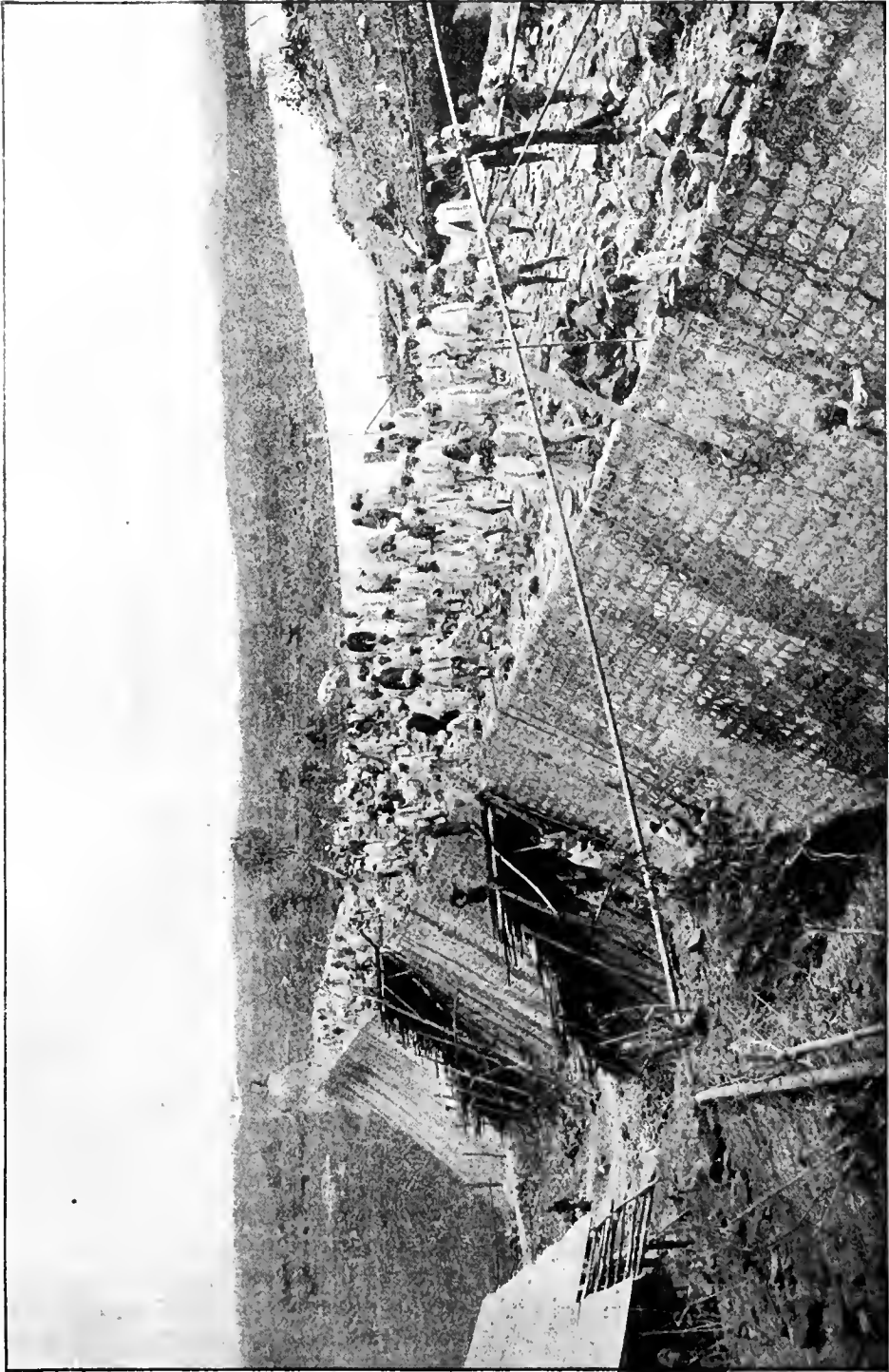
Of all the oaths the Buddhist one comes nearest to what an oath should be. Although we swear to tell the whole truth, we either do not understand what we promise to do or we evade the obligation. The Buddhist cannot fall into the former error, so clearly does his oath indicate what he has to do. "I swear, as in the presence of Buddha, that I am unprejudiced, and if what I speak prove false, or if by my coloring truth others shall be led astray, then may the three holy existences, Buddha, Dhamma and Pro Sango, together with the Devotees of the Twenty-two firmaments, punish me and also my migrating soul."

Hindoos, like the Chinese, have a variety of oaths. The laws of Manu say: "Let the judge cause the priest to swear by his veracity; the soldier by his horse or weapons; the merchant by his cattle, grain, gold or other possessions, and the servile man by imprecating curses on his own head."

* * *

ASPHALT PAVEMENTS.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago government engineers decided to pave Pennsylvania avenue in Washington with asphalt. That was the beginning of the general use of the scientific mystery for street pavements. To-day over 234,000,000 square feet of street pavements in the United States and Canada are covered with asphalt. This asphalt pavement would make a boulevard twenty-six feet wide over 1,750 miles long and would reach from New York to New Orleans, and then have several miles for side streets.



Constructing the Yansa Dam, Bombay, one of India's Great Government Storage Works.—Note the Swarm of Natives Working on the Dam.

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HOW \$100,000 A YEAR GOES.

How readily \$50,000 to \$100,000 a year melts away in the household of the "smart set" can best be told in a little account of the way these people live their lives, of the demands modern fashion in New York makes upon her votaries. As a general thing, upper servants manage a household in the use of this class under the general control of the mistress and mistress. Several New York establishments have as many as twenty-five servants; some at least thirty. A good butler can command a salary very close to \$80 per month, a valuable housekeeper \$60. Personal maids cost \$40, a man as a valet \$50 to \$75. Cook or chef for a household where there is much entertaining means an expense of anywhere from \$50 a month to \$10,000 a year. It will thus be seen that the wage list alone of a household of even ten servants is no small item, and the expense of feeding them, even at a servants' table, is a great additional expense.

The man and the woman have a country home to keep up, too, an added series of bills. The element of house rent probably does not figure in their case, practically all this class owning their own mansions, yet some hundreds or thousands must be added each and every year for refurnishings and repairs. There are books, pictures, tapestries to be bought, even if the man and the woman themselves care very little for these things.

Since mother Eve started the question of dress, costume with both sexes has been a vital element. With the smart set this is of paramount importance. What proportion of an income of \$100,000 a large family spends on clothing and personal adornment it would be very difficult to say.

But a few figures may prove illuminative. The writer once made a careful study of what New York's smart girls spent on dress. He found the average, taking girls of small means as well as large, to be from \$1,500 to \$1,800 a year each. Even \$1,800 would be a very small sum for a girl to-day in the height of fashion. Such a girl would find it difficult to scrimp along on less than \$2,500, and that would mean that her allowance was eked out by many presents from her father and mother. A well-dressed matron would require twice that sum, which of itself would mean an appreciable shrinkage of \$100,000.

And it is quite problematical whether the smart matron of the four hundred generally keeps within that figure.

There are questions of jewels beside, and the expenses of the master of the house and his sons which cannot be set at a low figure, when clothes and the needful ready cash are to be considered. Fortunate are the smart man's purse and bank account if monthly allowances are not to be drawn from them for one or more grown boys. For the young fellow of an establishment like this, whether at college or at home, a couple of thousand dollars a year would be small.

A stable must be attached to a fashionable establishment, a costly matter in New York, eating up thousands a year, with the keep of its horses, the wage list, the liveries, the renewing and repairing, to say nothing of the fresh purchases necessary. The smart set, too, has a costly wine cellar to replenish and cigar boxes to keep filled. This must be a house of plenty, if he is to deserve the name of a man of the day in his little set of fashion.

The wonder is not how \$100,000 is needed to run a big New York establishment a year, but how that sum even suffices, with a hundred spigots to the barrel, a thousand avenues for the dollars to flow out through.

✦ ✦ ✦

It is easy to admit that a man is level-headed if he is below your level.

✦ ✦ ✦

MONKS IN FRANCE.

THE 16,000 monastic establishments of France have about 400,000 inmates, or one to every one hundred of the population.

✦ ✦ ✦

A LITTLE miss of five, living in Washington, conspired with her brother, aged four, relates to Victor Smith, to save enough pennies to buy papa and mamma presents. A friend of the family noticed that mamma's present was much finer and more expensive than papa's, and was impelled by curiosity to inquire why the bulk of the savings had been expended for the mother. The little miss replied: "Well, you see, papa is only related to we children by marriage, while mamma is our relative by barnation."

NOT EVEN KING EDWARD CAN DO THESE THINGS.

ALTHOUGH monarch of the greatest realm the earth has ever known, King Edward of Great Britain must admit to certain restrictions upon his personal conduct that are not imposed upon his humblest subject.

If the owner of the biggest and most valuable business in Great Britain were to write to the king offering him a half share in all the profits from that business for nothing it would be impossible for the occupant of the throne to accept this generous proposal. Just as no clergyman nor officer may combine business with his profession, so the king must not become partner with a subject.

Neither can he be a tenant nor hold anything "in service" from one of his subjects. The old law on the subject declares this to be beneath the king's dignity. He may, however, accept the post of executor under a will, but may not act. He must appoint someone to do the work for him, for he is supposed to have his hands too full with state duties to attend to trivial private affairs.

Although, as may be known, the monarch may dispense with his cabinet and most of his civil servants, yet he cannot discharge the privy council, but is obliged to call their aid in deliberation. What is more, it is against the British constitution for the king to preside over the privy council. Queen Anne was the last occupant of the throne to do so. And although the original appointment of members of the privy council is a royal privilege yet the king may not select any foreigner—that is, one born out of the kingdom and not of British parentage—to serve.

In the reign of George III. the privy council discussed how far the king's mandates must be obeyed by his subjects and came to the conclusion that the law of the land would not permit the king to prohibit new buildings being erected in London nor his forbidding the making of starch from wheat.

The king cannot exempt any class of his subjects from duties imposed upon them by act of parliament. This was proved when a charter was granted to a certain college of physicians exempting them from the militia tax. After a big lawsuit the judgment was in this instance against the crown. Nor is the king at liberty to

compel anyone to lend him money. The petition of right which contained this stipulation meant it as a strong hint that taxes were in future to be collected by the orders of parliament, not of the crown:

Although the king may pardon a malefactor he cannot send him or any other man to prison of his own authority, nor has he the power of life or death over any of his subjects. He has, in fact, no legal power, for he may not appoint a justice or any other commission of the peace. The high sheriff is the only functionary of the kind whom he personally and unaided may appoint.

The king may make a will dealing with his private property, but though during life the crown jewels are his property, he cannot will them away.

If he marry a Roman Catholic a king of England is liable to lose his throne. It is necessary that he be a member of the Established Church of England and that he do not evade any condition of the coronation oath.

* * *

OPPOSED TO IRON SHIPS.

"NAVAL officers were the most violent opponents of iron ships," observed a well-known naval officer, "and fought their introduction in every way possible, but the iron ship got the best of in the long run. Farragut and hosts of other officers refused outright to sail in an iron ship and loaded down the records of the navy with reasons why an iron ship would not take the place of the wooden ship. It is interesting now to read these old reports in view of the fact that there are practically no wooden ships left. They argued and proved to their own satisfaction, that the iron ship would be too cold in winter and too warm in summer; that it would 'sweat' and give everyone who rode in it rheumatism and dozens of other diseases. Experience has shown every one of the objections to be without foundation.

"The people who forced the iron ship on the navy were landsharks in every instance. They knew little about the sea themselves, but just the same they thought it would be an improvement on the wooden ship, and they were right about it. The only thing that I can compare it to was the opposition to the elevated railroads in New York city. Three hundred of the physicians of

largest practice in New York city joined in a protest against the building of the elevated railroad. They insisted that, if the elevated cars were run, in less than six months one-third or more of the people living along the lines of elevated railroads would be driven crazy; that the noise and the jarring would have such an effect upon the nerves of the people that they could not exist. Hundreds of famous naval surgeons and hundreds not so famous are on record the same way against the iron ship. The long list of diseases that were to follow their introduction have not yet materialized, and the iron ship persistently refuses to 'sweat' in the terrible way predicted for it."

✦ ✦ ✦

TWENTY-FOUR O'CLOCK.

ACCORDING to a decree recently issued in Spain the hours will be there counted from one to twenty-four each day, beginning at midnight. The government offices, the telegraph, telephone, railroad and steamship lines have been directed to observe the new method. On this continent it may already be seen in the time-tables of the Canadian Pacific railroad, says the *Youth's Companion*.

This change has long been urged in this country. Some years ago, when the railroads brought about the present system of "standard time," or, as it used to be called, "railroad time," they desired to inaugurate the twenty-four-hour scheme, too. The change was too radical to be popular, and rather than imperil the success of the other part of the programme, the railroads abandoned it. Time-tables are now generally printed with the afternoon hours in heavy type, and morning hours in light, and this device eliminates much confusion.

If one had nothing to do but to travel by rail and study time-tables, the proposed change would be eminently desirable; but for ninety-nine out of every one hundred acts and appointments outside of those connected with the railroads, there is no confusion arising from the present system. When we read that a lecture is to begin at eight o'clock, no one thinks that it is to begin in the morning; and if Mary Minns should write to say that she will drive over at eleven o'clock, almost anyone would expect to see her in the forenoon, even if she did not add "A. M."

In astronomical observatories the twenty-four-hour system is already in use, except that in them the day begins at noon instead of midnight.

✦ ✦ ✦

Circumstances alter cases—especially reduced circumstances.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE COLLAR BUTTON.

"In looking over a trunk full of old truck the other day," said the elderly man, "I came across a lot of old shirts with the buttons sewed on, and as I looked at them I realized anew what the collar button means to humanity. There have been greater inventions, surely, but not many that have conferred a more unmixed blessing on mankind.

The younger person of to-day, accustomed to the collar button always, cannot realize what it was to be without it. He can never know what it was to have shirts with the buttons sewed on—or not, as the case might be. Not so many years ago, when the collar button was yet comparatively new, before persons had come to keep, as everybody commonly does now, a lot of buttons on hand, the man who had lost his collar button thought himself entitled to the sympathy of his fellows, but wrung as he might be by that loss he could not even guess at the anguish that in the sewed-on-button days filled the heart of the man who, when he came to put on his last clean shirt, found that key button, the one on the collar band, most important one of all, gone entirely or only just hanging by a thread!

"I knew a man once who had this happen to him and didn't say a word. That was the only great thing he ever did, but I have always thought that that alone was enough to stamp him as a most extraordinary man."

✦ ✦ ✦

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

It is not generally known why pocket handkerchiefs are always made square. The reason is interesting. In the year 1784, on September 23, a decree was issued by the King of France, ordering that the length of all the pocket handkerchiefs made in the kingdom must be equal to the breadth, and since that time pocket handkerchiefs have been made in the shape of a square all over Europe.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

BY M. OLINGER.

It was the fall of 1897, on the — Railway, in one of the western States, that the following happened. The writer was working for the same road, a few stations farther north, and heard the following as it was flashed over the wire. Q received orders from D office for No. 2 local way-freight and a special stock train going south to meet a special north with empty stock cars at his station. No. 2 pulled in and their orders were delivered to them and they took the side track. For some cause the operator at Q office pulled his train order board in, and, in a few minutes, it being some down grade, the south-bound stock train went tearing by, going forty miles an hour. Then the operator remembered he had orders for them to sidetrack for the north-bound train. He immediately called the dispatcher at D office, thus, "D D D, Q;" "D D D, Q;" "D D D, Q;" as fast as he could work the key. Presently D answered, and the operator at Q, in a few words, told what had happened, and D called the next office south. "X X X, D;" "X X X, D;" "X X X, D;" as though the wire was being burned up, it was buzzed off so fast.

Presently "I I I I" X and D said, "Stop special north." Then X repeated back. "Stop them," D said. Then X hurried out, but could not get them, as they were too far by. Operator at Q heard this dialogue, and knowing the two trains would meet on a sharp curve, about five miles from Q's office, was almost frantic, thinking that some of the trainmen would be crippled, or, possibly, killed. Then he thought of No. 2's engine on the sidetrack. He ran out and in a few words he told the engineer on the local what had happened.

Cutting the engine loose from her train, she was started after the fleeing train. There being a hill to go up, two miles from Q and three miles long, the engine would have a chance of overtaking them. The engineer pulled the throttle wide open, and the engine, being loose from its train, almost flew over the rails. They were gaining. Could they catch them before they went over the hill and rounded the curve, where the two huge engines would surely come together?

On, and faster flew the engine, blowing her whistle. They were but a mile behind. To the operator at Q, as he watched them, it seemed ages. Would they make it? Yes, they have overtaken them, just as the top of the incline is reached. The flagman rushed ahead, and the north train was flagged and all was safe.

Inman, Nebr.

* * *

*In the measure that we are open
to vivid impressions do the trifles of
life yield our truest joys.*

* * *

CHRONOLOGICAL RELATION BETWEEN ABRAHAM AND SHEM.

BY D. A. LICHTY.

ABRAHAM was born 292 years after the flood and died 467 years after the flood. See Gen. 11:10, 26.

Shem died 502 years after the flood. Abraham and Shem were cotemporary 175 years. Shem survived Abraham thirty-five years.

Abraham sojourned in Canaan 100 years, and the author of Genesis records but one meeting of the two rivals for patriarchal honors, and then puts Shem under the *nom de plume* of Melchisedek.

It is possible that Shem saw, or might have seen, at least eleven of the twelve patriarchs, he died about the time Benjamin was born.

Noah died 350 years after the flood, while Abraham was fifty-eight years old.

Noah died only seventeen years before Abraham entered Canaan, and it is not likely they met, unless Noah dwelt in Chaldea or Mesopotamia.

Again, Noah was patriarch until his death, 350 years after the flood; then the patriarchal mantle fell upon the shoulders of Shem, his firstborn, where it evidently remained until his death, which was thirty-five years after Abraham's death. But how could Abraham have been a patriarch while Shem lived, the old antediluvian regime being still in vogue?

The patriarch *only* had the prerogative of king and priest, therefore the Melchisedek who met Abraham on his return from the slaughter was no other than Shem, the king of Salem and priest of the Most High. What a beautiful coin-

ence in the sum and substance of the patriarchy! There were twelve for the antediluvian age, twelve for the Jewish and twelve apostles for the Christian dispensation.

It appears the world's history is divided into three epochs of two thousand years each. The first reaches to Abraham and the second to the birth of Christ, and just how these periods are connected and interlocked is mysterious.

* * *

Few people ever really want a thing until they see others chasing after it.

* * *

PRETTIEST GIRLS IN THE WORLD.

A MAN who has traveled far and wide over the face of the earth, visiting nearly every country known to civilization, declares that if asked where the prettiest girls in the world are to be found he would unhesitatingly reply in Limerick, Ireland. There is a freshness of face, lustrousness of eyes, healthfulness of color and complexion about the Limerick girls *en masse* that carry off the sweepstakes trophy. The girls of Cork and the lakes—in fact, of the country all the way down from Dublin—are somewhat of the Limerick order. In form they constitute a happy medium between the rotund English maids across the channel and the sylphlike Parisian *maïsselles* beyond the other.

But the Limerick face is the perfection of female beauty—a human ceramic without a blemish. The Limerick girl is also the highest example of exquisite wit and ingenuousness—an extraordinary assimilation, to be sure. In other words, while she is not insensible of her sparkling words, she seems like one who has never looked frequently into a mirror. She has regular and sometimes very pretty teeth and if her face is often inclined to *retroussé* and there is an “Irish expression of mouth” these but add buoyancy to the other beautiful features.

* * *

TEACHER—“What is the meaning of the word excavate?” Small Pupil—“It means to hold out.” Teacher—“Correct. Now form a sentence in which the word is properly used.” Small Pupil—“Stick a pin in a boy and he will excavate.”—*Chicago News*.

THE DEVIL'S DOZEN.

In all the civilized countries of the world thirteen is referred to as being somebody's “dozen.” In America, Australia, Great Britain (present day) and several other lands that number is said to be a “baker's dozen.” In Italy, it is referred to as the “cobbler's dozen,” there being a tradition that there was formerly a law which compelled cobblers to put twelve tacks or nails around the edge of a boot heel. Finally, when nails became cheap, a center nail was driven for “luck.” That nail was, of course, the thirteenth, and in order to break the spell of that unlucky number, the number in the heel was never spoken of as being more than an even dozen. In old England, thirteen was called “the devil's dozen,” but exactly why is not known.

* * *

Any man with ideas in advance of his age is likely to wear clothes away behind it.

* * *

A SPECIALIST.

A FEW days ago a well-known Washington lady, being unexpectedly bereft of her kitchen assistance, advertised for a colored woman capable of performing general housework.

The first caller in response to the advertisement was a mulatto damsel, bedecked with ribbon and finery. From her airs and graces she might have been a graduate of a seminary. She announced that she had noticed the advertisement and was desirous of securing employment.

“Are you a good cook?” inquired the lady of the house.

“No, indeed, I don't cook,” was the reply.

“Are you a good washer and ironer?” was the next query.

“I wouldn't do washing and ironing; it's too hard on the hands,” declared the caller.

“Can you sweep?” the housewife then wanted to know.

“No,” was the answer, and it was a positive one. “I'm not strong enough for that.”

“Well, in the name of goodness, what can you do?” said the lady of the house, exasperated. The placid reply was:

“I dusts.”

The Q. & A. Page.

What is almond meal?

Ground almonds, mainly used as a cosmetic.

❖

Can cranberries be canned as other fruits?

Yes, anything in the fruit line can be so preserved.

❖

Of what is quinine made?

It is made from the bark of a tropical tree, which is sometimes cultivated.

❖

What is a good remedy for boils?

Good, nutritious food, exercise and the observance of the common health rules.

❖

Were the Indians in America at the time of its discovery the same race that built the mounds?

No. It is believed that the mound builders were a different and superior race.

❖

Where did the Aztecs come from?

Possibly from Asia, following the Pacific coast down into the far tropics. Their features indicate Asiatic origin.

❖

Why cannot nitro-glycerine be used in guns?

Because its explosive power is exerted in all directions at once, while ordinary powder seeks the weakest point for exit.

❖

Will the tea plant grow in the United States?

Yes. There is a garden in South Carolina that produces excellent tea. The plants can be grown in a pot in the house.

❖

Why are not tropical fruits preserved and offered for sale?

Some are. Others, most people have never even heard their names. They might be preserved as our own fruits are, but there are local reasons why it is not undertaken, of which are government taxation and lack of competent help.

Why did the cliff dwellers build as they did?

To keep out of the clutches of the fighting Indians that raided them. It was a matter of personal protection.

❖

Are nut kernels healthy and nutritious?

They represent the most condensed forms of nutrition and are as healthy or healthier than other foods, properly used.

❖

What is the difference between a creek and a river?

Mainly size, and frequently the name. Some streams called rivers in places wouldn't be considered good creeks in others.

❖

What is ether?

Something of extreme tenuity surrounding and in and through every material substance. Nobody knows what it is, or very much about it.

❖

What is the difference between olive oil and sweet oil?

None. Usually, however, the "sweet oil" of the store is rancid olive oil. The genuine, fresh best olive oil has a pleasant taste without a suspicion of grease.

❖

What is a micrometer gauge?

A small machine for measuring infinitely small things. It is operated by a screw on which considerable turn is infinitesimally reduced proportionally in another part of the apparatus.

❖

I saw it stated in a magazine that the coming man would not eat meat. Is this true?

It is probably correct. The tendency is that way. Savages are rapacious meat eaters when they get a chance, and civilization is steadily winning its way against flesh eating.

❖

What is the value of gold in other parts of the world?

About the same in all civilized countries. The money stamp is only a convenience, the weight only being considered in matters of trade. A lump of gold is as valuable, or nearly so, as the same amount coined.

The Home



Department

Few women are interested in the study of prehistoric man. Their specialty is the man of to-day.

ADD a pinch of salt to coffee to give it tone.

* * *

SPRINKLE clothes with hot water and a whisk room.

* * *

RUB celery on the hands to remove the odor of onions.

* * *

To clean knives nothing is better than the old-fashioned brick dust.

* * *

ORDINARY tea marks on china may be readily dissolved by scrubbing with a soft brush dipped salt and vinegar.

* * *

MUD stains should be allowed to dry, then thoroughly brushed with a dry cloth and the spots removed by rubbing with alcohol.

* * *

GREASE stains are eradicated most effectually with benzine. The liquid should be rubbed back and forth over the stain until it has disappeared. It will not then leave a ring.

* * *

ON silverware, stains require prompt attention, they will take too long to remove. Sulphuric acid will remove the stain left by medicine. Dip a spoon in the acid, repeating the process until the stain has disappeared, then wash it in very hot water. To remove egg stain from silver rub it with table salt.

ON pictures, soap should never be used. Wash the painting gently with clear warm water, dry with a piece of cheese cloth, then rub it with a clean cloth saturated with olive oil.

* * *

BORAX is best to use for stained tinware. Should the inside of a tin teapot or coffee pot be discolored, boil it in strong borax solution for a short time and all its first brightness will return.

* * *

FOR ink stains on furniture use this: Add six drops of niter to a teaspoonful of water and apply to the ink stain with a feather. If the ink does not yield to this, make mixture stronger and repeat process.

* * *

ON carpets, grease or gummy dirt stains may be removed by rubbing on them the following mixture: One bar of good soap to two teaspoonfuls of sal soda and saltpeter and four quarts of boiling water. When cold, add six ounces of aqua ammonia. Bottle and use as required.

* * *

FINGERS are often ink stained; lemon juice will remove this, so also will spirits of wine or methylated spirits, or eau de cologne. (These three, together with gin or whisky, may all be used to cleanse the piano keys, in addition to the remedies already given.) But acids must not be used for ink stains on polished wood, nor strong alkalies; turpentine is the remedy then.

VIRGINIA CORN MUFFINS.

THREE eggs well beaten, three cups of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of melted butter or lard, one teaspoonful of salt, two heaping cups of Indian meal and one cup of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat well, then bake quickly in rings or small pans and serve hot.

* * *

PRUNE BROWN BREAD.

ONE cup corn meal, two cups graham flour, one-half cup of molasses, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, one cup of dried prunes, washed, pitted and chopped fine. Scald the corn meal and then add the other ingredients. Put in greased cans and steam three hours.

* * *

COLD SLAW.

BY SISTER PERRY BROADWATER.

TAKE one cup of sugar, one cup of vinegar, one egg. Boil all together, then pour over cabbage which has been cut fine and seasoned with salt and pepper.

Lonaconing, Md.

* * *

TAPIOCA PUDDING.

BY SISTER ELIZABETH ECKERLE.

TAKE one cup of tapioca, soak over night, add three well-beaten eggs, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, one quart of milk; put in a slow oven and bake until thick. Serve cold with sugar and cream.

Flora, Ind.

CORN PONE.

BY SISTER G. R. GOUGHNOUR.

ONE pint sour cream, two eggs, a pinch salt, one-half cup of sugar, one cup of flour, two cups of corn meal. Bake in a quick oven.

Middlebranch, Ohio.

* * *

DEVEILED SWEET POTATOES.

BOIL five good-sized sweet potatoes until tender, then mash them and add one tablespoonful of very light brown sugar, one teaspoonful salt, one scant saltspoonful each of grated mace and nutmeg. Mold this mixture into pineapples for each individual using the spoon to put in the eyes. Put a dot of butter in each eye and then place the molded potatoes in the oven to heat a brown a little.

* * *

TO CURE PORK.

BY SISTER NETTIE STINE.

FIVE quarts of salt, one pound of brown sugar, one-half pound of pepper, one-half pound saltpetre. Mix well before using. Rub meat well four or five times, leaving as much the mixture on as possible. This will cure hundred pounds of meat.

Lcaf River, Ill.

* * *

FOR MEMBRANOUS CROUP.

BY SISTER MARY W. SHROYER.

TAKE a lump of unslacked lime, pour boiling water over it; cover the head of the little suff with a blanket and let the steam be inhaled.

Otterbein, Ohio.

THE END.

THE INGLENOOK

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TWO LIVES.

Two babies were born in the self-same town,
On the very same bright day.
They laughed and cried in their mothers' arms
In the very self-same way;
And both seemed pure and innocent
As falling flakes of snow;
But one of them lived in the terraced house
And one in the street below.

Two children played in the self-same town,
And the children both were fair;
But one had curls brushed smooth and round,
The other had tangled hair.
The children both grew up apace,
As other children grow,
But one of them in the terraced house
And one in the streets below.

Two maidens wrought in the self-same town,
And one was wedded and loved;
The other saw through the curtains' part
The world where her sister moved.
And one was smiling, a happy bride—
The other knew care and woe,
For one of them lived in a terraced house
And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the self same town,
And one had tender care;
The other was left to die alone,
On her pallet so thin and bare.
One had many to mourn her loss—
For the other few tears would flow,
For one had lived in the terraced house
And one in the streets below.

If Jesus, who died for rich and poor,
In wondrous holy love,
Took both the sisters in His arms
And carried them above,
Then all the difference vanished quite,
For in heaven none would know
Which of them lived in the terraced house
And which in the street below.

FROM OUR KATHLEEN.

This is St. Paul, and I wonder whether the illustrious original of the name would have anything to do with the city if he were to come here. Not but that it is a pretty good place, as good as any other, but that it seems wrong to me to name a city after a saint. They don't sell beer and the like in the city of a saint. Things are peculiar here to a certain extent. There are two cities, twins, as it were, and there is a great deal of rivalry between them. And they are different, too. St. Paul has a population of 163,065, by the last census, and this is away below the estimate



WHEN THE AFTERNOON WANES.

of the patriotic citizens who insist on a good many thousands more. This town is built on hills, and

has what is said to be the finest street in this country, but as that distinction is claimed by other cities, I will not attempt to decide as to the merits of the question.

The other twin is Minneapolis, originally eight or more miles away, and it is the larger city, having 202,718 population. But while the two places are under separate city governments, they have practically grown together, with Minneapolis in the lead as far as population is concerned. There are other differences, and one of them is that

is a good exemplar of what wealth can and do in the way of making beautiful surrounding. There are endless opportunities of getting off from St. Paul to Minneapolis, the electric car running every few minutes.

Minneapolis is a city on a plain, and the streets stretch away out for miles in all directions. You like a bluff, hill city, St. Paul's the place. You take to the level, Minneapolis is your town. There is a wonderful water power at Minneapolis, and this has gone a long ways toward ma



A VIEW OF THE DELLS.

Minneapolis is on level ground, while St. Paul is on hills. St. Paul marks the head of navigation on the Mississippi river; Minneapolis is also on the river, at the Falls of St. Anthony. This is a country of saints, and Frank says it is a legacy from the original settlers and old explorers, who were Catholics in the main.

It is hard to tell which is the prettier city of the two. In St. Paul is the street, Summit Avenue, referred to before, and it is really a fine one, literally a row of private palatial dwellings. It

ing the place what it is. The largest mills the world are found here, and doubtless even Nooker has heard of the Pillsbury and Washburn flours, and many have eaten bread made from wheat ground here, as the yearly output is over ten million barrels. At Minneapolis they also make a grade of blankets that command the highest prices, and ought to be, and probably are the best, or among the very best made.

One of the places of interest is the old government fort, Fort Snelling (see page 244) and

ere are other places of interest. Although these cities are centers of business activity, yet they are much frequented by the summer tourists and heated-season people trying to escape the heat of a warmer section. In fact, I don't know a better place to spend the summer than in a trip along these northern lines of travel.

I want to tell you something. I'm homesick. Yes, I am. I don't deny it. And I can't help it. Last night in this big hotel I was never more alone. There were lots of people around, but I didn't know the soul of them all, and I don't suppose one of them cared for me. I just couldn't help thinking about things at home. There's Daisy, my Jersey cow, and I know that every time the stable door is opened, she puts her ears forward and looks for me, and I aint there. Then Pa wrote that my white poppy wants to set, and who is going to look after her? Old Prince, the dog, used to see me away down the road, watching for me to come from town, and he always came on a run to meet me. And to think how often he has watched for me, when I was going away from him all the time! And Pa and Ma! And when night comes and they gather around the fire at home, and I'm sitting around here in some big room of a hotel, actually trying for staying away from home, when they ought to be paying me for leaving such a home. I can see it all as I write. There's the big stone house with the piazza in front, the black porch, the mountain back of the house, the

run down below the house, and the trees, where I cut a deep "K" in the bark, and the ferns, and the babbling little stream—I wish I had never come; yes, I do. When I get back to the old farm again, I'll know enough to stay, I hope.

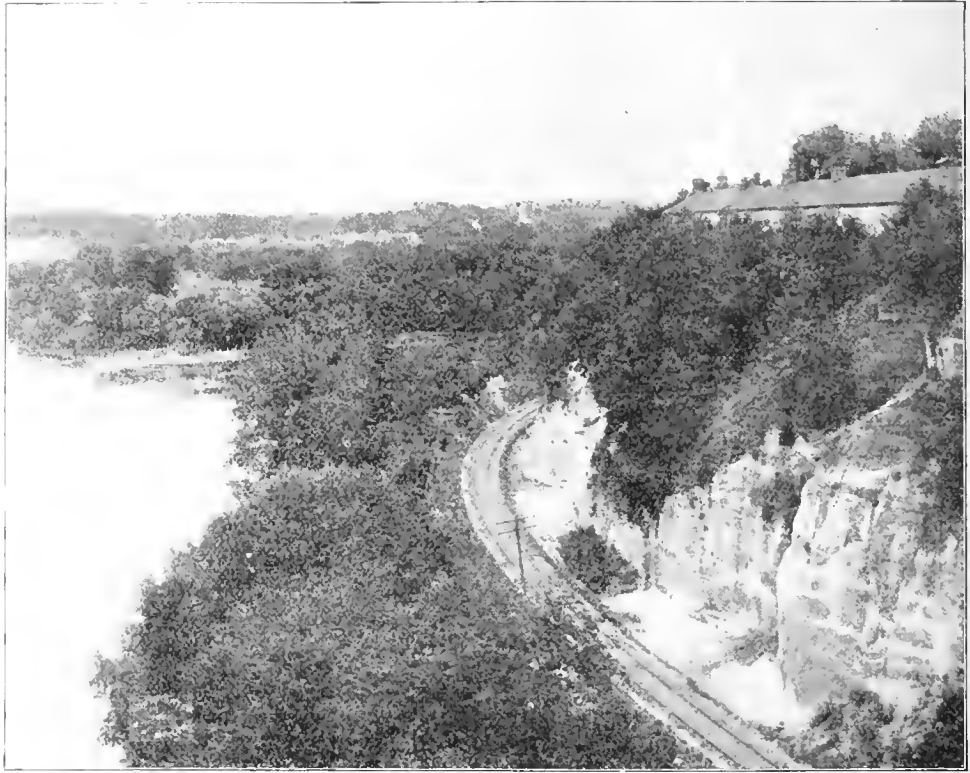


THE DELLS REGION CANON—BOARD WALK OVER THE STREAM.

Last Sunday Frank and I went to church, and that was the worst of all. It was a great, big church, and, not knowing what kind it was, we went in. A very pleasant man inside showed us to a seat, pretty well up, in the big, almost empty

room, and after a little the electric lights flashed up, and a big organ we hadn't seen boomed out behind us, and a lot of people began to sing.

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and then we knelt down and prayed—really knelt down, not the way they did here—and after Uncle Jake had



FORT SNELLING.

I'll admit it, I watched the choir as much as I could without seeming to, and their talking and giggling was just shameful, that's what it was.

finished his talk, we all stood around in the aisle and talked together before we went home. And here I am, over twelve hundred miles from



PRINCE.

The sermon I listened to, but I didn't hear it. I was back at the Ridge church, with old Maude hitched out at our tree in the grove, and people gathered in the house, and we all sung together.



MINNEHAHA FALLS.

ome, and I wish I had never come, indeed I do.

Sincerely,

KATHLEEN.

P. S.—I was talking to Frank last evening, and I asked him whether he was homesick, and he told me that he wasn't. Then I got to talking about the folks at home, the Sunday-school class, and things about the house, and he began to fidget. He was quiet for a good while, and then he said:

"Kath, do you mind that gourd dipper at the spring in the sugar camp?"

I said I did, for I had made the dipper out of a gourd and put it there myself.

"Well, I'd rather be there, taking a drink out of that spring, than be here with all their cut glass, and the rest of it."



TAKING IT EASY.

That was the most sensible thing I heard that any one would say for a long time. I'm going the whole hog, if it kills me, but if I do get back,—well, I'm not going to promise anything, but you don't catch me looking for happiness away from my own home. Why do people look for happiness where it is not to be found?

✦ ✦ ✦

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

HALF the population of the United States are on the men's side of sex, and the most of them wear shirts. There are shirts and shirtmakers. If you are of a certain age, Mother made the kind you used to wear, sewed the buttons on, and made you put it on Sunday morning. Indeed, there are some of that kind now in use. Then there

are others, and some of these we want to tell about in this article.

Here in Elgin is one of the largest shirt factories in the country. If you happen to have a shirt, on the neckband of which is the legend, "The Elgin Shirt, Made by Cutter & Crossette," you will know that it is made here, and is one of the best things of its kind in the market.

It is an interesting thing to go through the factory, and as the most of the Nook family are too busy to look in, the writer will give them the benefit of his visit. The original factory was in Chicago, and was finally located here about ten years back, the removal being made on account of better facilities. The company has another factory at Dundee, a near-by town, but two big three-story buildings on the outskirts of Elgin do the biggest business of the company.

The material is purchased of the manufacturers, only the best being used. It comes to the factory as it does to the country store, in big storeboxes, and is made into shirts at the rate of about 150 dozen per day. The process is too complicated to follow in detail, for the way of the shirt is a devious one, from the bolt of muslin to Einstine & Isaacson's show window. But it is something like this:

Up in the third story of the main building is a long loft, and there are four or five long tables, each very much like a kitchen table, unpainted, and 196 feet long. On this the muslin is laid in thicknesses of ninety-six ply. The reason why it is ninety-six, and not a hundred, is this. It has been found that a bundle of four dozen shirts makes convenient handling, and twice four dozen is ninety-six. That is why this number is taken. When the pile is smoothed out, a pattern is laid on top, and the cutter, who is one of the highest paid employes in the factory, proceeds to cut out, say, the back of a shirt. It is an exhibit of dexterity and skill to see him do this. He has a knife, made for the purpose, and it resembles nothing more than a wornout shoemaker's knife, with the blade ground down to a sharp-pointed, keen cutter, about two inches long. This is detachable from the handle, and requires that it be kept razor-like. The man, who, by the way, must have learned his trade, thrusts this knife into the pile, and draws it around the pattern as fast and faster than you would cut a picture out of the Nook with a pen-

knife, and he does it with such skill that the cut is perfectly smooth and without a raveling left. A slash or two, and there are the backs of ninety-six shirts.

The other parts of the shirt are either cut the same way, or by a machine that has a wooden block, the same general shape as the thing desired—the wristband, say—and around this is a steel shell that moves up with its cutting edge, and, with scores of piles laid on it, one upward thrust of the knife cuts out the pattern. Whenever there is a thing to be done that a machine can do, the inanimate combination of steel and wheels does it.

After being cut out, the pieces go to other rooms where some two hundred girls, all of them good looking, some more so than others, put the shirt together. One girl does one thing at a time, and only one, and as the whole business is piece work and their weekly check is dependent on their nimbleness for its size, they lose no time. There are long tables, with sewing machines fixed on each side of them, a girl to each, and the whole is run by machinery. Each one is doing something—the same thing over and over, whatever it is. The song of the shirt is heard in the room, resembling the hum of a threshing machine in the barn, as heard from the outside. These girls earn from six to nine dollars apiece, weekly, and there is a standing advertisement in the papers for help. Girls are preferred, and it is a fact that the faces change all around in about three years. That is, in about that time a new set of girls are in evidence. The reason for this is that they get married, die, move away, or get into other employment. Naturally, a lot of bright-faced, intelligent-looking young women do not expect to be working in a shirt factory all their lives, nor do they. The operators do not resemble the New England factory women. They seem to be happy and contented with their lot. These factories, and similar ones, are a godsend to a community where the demands are considerable, and the earning capacity of the head of the family relatively small.

There is a union connected with the establishment and there has never been a strike among the operators. The company is making arrangements now for the introduction of something on the plan of a restaurant. At present they furnish only coffee, which they sell to the employees at

the rate of six cups for five cents. It is said to be good coffee at that. The idea is to furnish a cup of warm coffee with the noon lunch. It is the intention of the management to introduce the restaurant along the same line of excellence and cheapness.

It takes thirty or forty people to make a shirt. That is, a single shirt passes through the hands of that many people before it is ready for the market. After a shirt is made, it goes to the laundry to be done up. This department is, in most respects, like that of any similar affair anywhere, with the exception that the shirts are not very much soiled, and yet must be put in a presentable shape for the purchaser. Everything is done by machinery, and the shirt comes out beautifully laundered, ready to be passed to the buyers, and then shipped to their destination.

The sale of the shirts extends to all parts of the United States, and the company have men on the road selling for them. Some orders go to Honolulu and some to Canada.

Strange to say, there are only six varieties of white shirts made. The fashions in shirts from year to year do not change very materially, and a shirt is a shirt—last year, this year, and next year as well.

It is also a fact that the company is making shirt-waists for men. Last year they could not supply the demand for this article of wear, and this year there will be considerable over one hundred thousand of them put upon the market. The manufacturers in different places, although Superintendent J. B. Roach in charge of the Elgin factory, a thoroughly intelligent and observing gentleman, says that he does not anticipate the perpetuation of the shirt-waist fad over the coming season. Nobody knows about this to any certainty, and it may be that the shirt-waist fad will come to stay. Whether it has or not does not come within the domain of this article.

Out of the odds and ends of the waste of the shirt making, where the pieces are large enough, cravats are made. The still smaller pieces that are not available for any purpose whatever are sold to the paper makers, by whom the patches are turned into the best quality of paper. They can make a colored shirt in one style, and also a negligee shirt in one style. The patterns for the colored shirts are first submitted to the shirt factory management by the manufacturers of

brics, who originate them, and then the shirt factory people make their selection for the ensuing year. There is no reason for this except that of pleasing the public by a new pattern from year to year.

Taking it all in all, the factory is a busy place, and the output is good in the matter of material and up-to-dateness. Who gets an Elgin shirt will get one of the best made.

The size most commonly used is said to be about No. 15. An analysis of this fact would be an interesting story of itself. Naturally, there is a great deal that cannot be told within the scope of an article limited in space as we are in the INGLENOOK, but if you will imagine a big, three-story building, humming with industry, in which pours a stream of the best muslin and shirt materials, and out of which comes an average of one hundred and fifty dozens of shirts a day, with two hundred and fifty men and women between the raw material and the laundried shirt in the box, you will have a mental picture of the Elgin Shirt Factory when it is in full blast.

* * *

*Whenever a man tells a woman
that he loves her, the chances are
he has an axe to grind and
wants her to turn the grindstone.*

* * *

WHAT THE THRONE OF ENGLAND IS MADE OF.

THE throne of England, so splendid in its richappings of silk, velvet and gold wire lace and tassels, is simply an old-fashioned, high-backed chair. It has been in use for more than 600 years, but the early history of the old oaken relic and the name of its maker are both unknown. The wood which composes this "throne" is very hard and solid, as may be imagined when it is known that the chair has been "kept in the dry" and well covered with rich cloth of various kinds since the days of Edward I. The back and sides of the chair were formerly painted in various colors. The seat is made of a rough sandstone. This stone, which is believed to possess talismanic powers, is twenty-six inches in length, seventeen inches in breadth and nineteen and a half inches in thickness. Numberless legends are told in connection with this wonderful stone, but the

truth probably is that it was originally used in Scotland as a "coronation stone" upon which the Scottish kings were seated while undergoing the ceremonies connected with being crowned "King of the Realm of Scotland." When and how the stone was removed to England is so interwoven with tradition that the truth cannot be learned.

* * *

*Trying to enjoy life without doing
something useful is like trying
to thread a cambric needle with a
rope.*

* * *

VICTOR HUGO ON IMMORTALITY.

"I FEEL in myself the future life. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is over my head. Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

"You say the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers; why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart.

"The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is a history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others: 'I have finished my day's work,' but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My work is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity."

* * *

THE government's new mint at Philadelphia will be the largest, costliest and finest money-making establishment in the world. It will cost \$2,000,000 exclusive of the furnishings.

FOOTBINDING AMONG THE CHINESE.

BY WU TING FANG.

THE Chinese are abandoning foot binding. It is a fashion that is going out like waist binding among the Caucasians. All the world and its peoples are slaves to fashion.

The stories told about foot binding in China are often untrue. It was simply a fashion. It gained a foothold in the reign of the Emperor Sung. Attempts have been made to uproot it from time to time, just as your doctors have preached against waist lacing, which is a greater menace to the human race than foot binding.

The Emperor Shun Chih, who reigned from 1644 to 1662, issued an edict against this fashion, prohibiting it, but it had been a practice of Chinese women since the year of your calendar, 970, under the last Emperor of the Sung dynasty. This Emperor had a beautiful wife who delighted to please him by dancing. To make her feet look more beautiful she used to bind them with strips of satin until they resembled a crescent moon or a bent bow.

Thus the fashion began. During more than a thousand years it became general, and what was intended first for beauty became a deformity. Women wanted their feet small and then smaller. I believe even American ladies are accused of wearing shoes smaller than the natural size of their feet, so that it is easily understood how this fashion degenerated.

It shocks a Chinese woman just as much to see a laced waist as it does a Caucasian to look at a bound foot. American women have been rebelling against this practice for many years. I see by your publications that some are now wearing what they term health waists, and others have abandoned any tight or restrictive covering for the waists. You have the athletic girl now, who is a complete evolution of form since the days of her grandmothers.

In China fashions do not change so readily as among the Americans, but I am told that the reaction against foot binding is general, and that a large percentage of the girls whose feet would have been bound during the last two years are growing up naturally and able to romp and play like other little girls. I should not be surprised

if the reaction against this practice should accomplish general results in a short period, and that within ten, fifteen or twenty years there would be none foot-bound in China, except the old women.

The methods of binding in vogue in China at the period of commencing the practice vary, but the bandages are applied at from five to eight years of age. The practice is not confined to the rich. Poor women are just as rigorous devotees of this fashion. The general process consists of two stages. A piece of strong cotton cloth, about two yards long and three inches wide is first bound around the foot, leaving the great toe free, and doubling the others under the sole, so that the toes of the right foot peep out under the left or inner side of the foot, and the same method is reversed for the left. This reduces the width.

Each succeeding day the bandage is tighter both morning and night. Sometimes the loose bones of the foot are refractory and spring back into place when the bandage is removed. There is only one remedy for this, to strike them with the heavy wooden mallet used in washing cloth. This is possibly a mercy in disguise. For many months after the binding is commenced the little girl is compelled to run up and down on her aching feet to prevent mortification of the flesh and tendons setting in.

This process of binding continues for one year. The next stage is the shortening of the length. The bandages are then so arranged as to draw the fleshy part of the foot and the heel close together. In the end there is a deep groove between the fleshy part of the foot and the heel, somewhat the shape of the clinched hand with the ball of the thumb pressing against the fingers. The process is not considered complete until the Chinese tael, a coin about the size of a silver dollar, can be hidden in this groove. The first two years of this process are terrible.

Manchus and Mongols and Chinese Bannermen do not bind their women's feet. The princes of Chili, Kwangtung, and Kwangsi, after the Taiping rebellion was suppressed, acknowledged foot binding was wrong, and the half of them abandoned the practice. In Szechwan Province, in the cities of Peng-chou and Pe-chi-hien, Hung-ya and Sa-chang, there are

SAVED BY A CLOUD OF DUST.

en who have changed this fashion of small
et.

This Chinese authority then goes on to detail
e laws for the punishment of crimes against
e person and the injury of the limbs in quarrels,
ad says :

" But there is no law against foot binding, the
ws are too merciful for that. When in a fight
quarrel a person's limbs are injured there is an
appointed punishment, but people have their
ing daughters' feet broken on purpose, not
eding their cries of pain, and yet parents are
id to love their daughters! For what crime
e these tender children punished? Their par-
ts cannot say. It makes the daughters cry
y and night aching with pain. It is a hundred
nes as bad a punishment as the robbers get.
a man is flogged in the yamen, he can get over
in a fortnight. But if a girl's feet are bound
e suffers from it all her life long and her feet
n never regain their natural shape."

The great impetus of the new reform has
rung from the Boxer outbreak. During the
vages of this horde and the invasion of the in-
national troops the Chinese women were help-
ss. They could not run away upon their de-
rmed feet, they suffered from the Boxers and
e invaders alike.

One of the great evils of unbinding the feet is
at after the deformity of the foot is attained the
fortunate must suffer great pain if the band-
es are removed. It has, however, in many
stances been done slowly and the women can
w walk, and say they suffer no pain. The
in in the unnatural crease of the foot is tender,
wever, and the unbinding must be carefully
one.

* * *

LONDONERS want a vehicle less dangerous than
e hansom. Last year 1,400 people were in-
red and eighteen killed by being thrown out
their hansoms by reason of the horse falling
own.

" Did I ever tell you how clouds of dust once
saved Washington city from what many people
believe would have been certain capture at the
hands of the confederates?" asked a member of
the old Veterans' Reserve corps which was on
duty at Fort Stevens during the war, to a crowd
of companions in a downtown hotel the other
day. No one in the assemblage had heard the
story and so the veteran continued.

" It was when the army of Northern Virginia
was just outside the capital city. You may re-
member that General Early, who was in com-
mand of this particular division of the confeder-
ate forces, in writing to refute statements pub-
lished in northern papers to the effect that he
could easily have marched into Washington, said :
" I knew the defenses were weak when I arrived,
but my troops were so exhausted from the en-
forced march that a halt was absolutely neces-
sary, and the next morning I knew by clouds of
dust that re-enforcements had arrived."

" That dust, gentlemen, was raised by a few
men, not exceeding one hundred, of the Veteran
Reserve corps. The temporary commander of
this company, a stout man of medium height,
whose name or rank I did not learn because he
wore no blouse or insignia, placed the men in line
in the rear of and between Fort Slocum and Fort
Stevens. After making a short speech, in which
he urged every man to do his best, he directed
us to march down some distance on the grass
past Fort Stevens. Once there he told us to
break ranks and right about, returning in the
middle of the main road and kicking up all the
dust we possibly could. We doubled on the line,
marching down on the grass and coming back in
the dusty road. It was a dry season and we all
had on broad-soled shoes. We made the dust
fly, I tell you, and it is no wonder General Early
thought re-enforcements by the thousands had
come to the relief of the handful on duty at the
forts."—*Washington Star*.

*It often comes to pass in after
years that the man born with a sil-
ver spoon in his mouth is unable to
produce the spoon.*



A LITTLE NATURE STUDY.

SEE here, you NOOK boy and girl, let us take a walk this morning and look a little into the ways of plant life. It is coming on close to the time when the ever-recurring miracle of Spring will take place, and millions and millions of plants will take on their green and begin their season's growth.

Now, every reader would like to be a botanist, but does not know how to go about it. Therefore let us get at some of the simplest facts about the life of plants—and a cabbage and an oak are both plants. The first thing a scientist does is to classify what comes before him. We will take the two great divisions and consider them.

You know what a flower is like, an apple blossom for instance. Without going into details in this talk, let me say that the parts that go to make the apple seed are all in the blossom, and they are well understood. They are the stamens, the pollen, etc. But not all plants have as beautifully arranged and colored flowers as the apple. These flowers—and they are known as flowers because they have the parts that go to make the seed—are packed together, may not be either beautiful or even conspicuous. They may be very small indeed, but they are flowers all the same. But if we were to take a lot of plants, as we came to them, and looked at them closely, we would not see any flowers at all on some. The ferns are instances. They reproduce themselves by an entirely different method than that of seed. In other words, some plants have flowers and some have not. Some have the organs that produce the seed, open and visible to all who look for them, others have them hidden. Looking on a seed as a child, the conditions that produced it are all open and visible. But with the fern they are devious and roundabout.

With the above before us clearly, let us begin the classification as far as we have gone. There are flowering plants and flowerless plants, these two. But the botanists in Russia, in Germany,

and down in South America will not understand English any more than we do Russian, and as the classification holds good all over the world, let us use some language, or languages, the scholars of the world understand. Latin and Greek fit the bill exactly. So that botanists everywhere may understand, we will do our naming in these languages.

Perhaps you have wondered why the scientific names of things are in these dead languages and here you have the reason. Some common language, understood by all scholars, everywhere must be chosen, and a "dead" language is the best, for, being no longer spoken, it is fixed, dead, not changeable in any way. And that is why some names seem unusual and unwarranted, but there could not be a better way.

Now then! Let us name the flowering plants. We will call the group phænogamous, or a single one a phænogam (*fen-og-a-mous*, *fen-o-gam*) and the other that does not produce real flowers let us name cryptogamous, or a single one is a cryptogam (*krip-tog-a-mous*, *kript-o-gam*). The reason for the use of these words will be apparent when we consider the meaning—cryptogamous means a hidden marriage, phænogamous, an open marriage. From what we have said you will see the reason for these names. For show we will call a plant a cryptogam or a phænogam and be sure you get the pronunciation right.

Now, does a pear tree belong to the phænogamous or the cryptogamous family? It is a phænogam because it produces true flowers. Is a fern a phænogam? No, it does not produce flowers, but it is one of the hidden marriage class, or a cryptogam. Now, then, to which class do the potato, the peach, the pumpkin, and sweet corn belong?

Now there are further differences beside the names. Take any phænogam, the apple, for illustration. Cut a section across the trunk and there are the rings of growth. Every one of you has seen them. Hold a leaf to the light and

is net-veined. Now I wonder if that is true of all phænogams. Have all flowering plants layers of growth and net-veined leaves?

A pumpkin has flowers but no rings of growth, for it only lives one season. But the net-veined leaves are there all right enough. So on looking at a great many plants that we know have flowers we find they have net-veined leaves, and if they were from year to year have their growth in circles. Now, if you saw a leaf from a tree growing in the middle of China you could tell by looking at it *something* of the tree it came from.

Now taking a mushroom, the lichen on a fence pillar, moss on a stone, or a fern, we find that they either have no leaves at all, or if they have the material is not net-veined in arrangement. Therefore they belong to the cryptogams. But some plants without true flowers do have large leaves, and looking at them we find they do not have true flowers. Their leaves are not net-veined, but parallel-veined. Take a leaf and it can be stripped down in slivers. Take a stalk of corn. It has no true flowers, and it has parallel-veined leaves. Has it layers of growth? No, it has a hard outside and is pithy and spongy inside. To what class, therefore, does it belong?

And let us go a step further in our examination. When the apple seed sprouts it has two little seed leaves. It makes a tree having true flowers, net-veined leaves, and grows in layers. Does a grain of corn come up this way? Does it have true flowers, net-veined or parallel-veined leaves? Now is it really the case that these things are universally true? You think it over. What sort of leaves has wheat? What kind of a trunk or stem? Does it start to grow with two seed leaves? What is your inference about all other similar plants?

To a botanist a seed or a leaf tells a long story. And I want you to get to noticing and thinking about these things. From what you have learned here what sort of seed, leaves, and growth has the plant from which the common summer palm leaf fan comes? Clearly it has no net-veins. Does the tree grow in circles of growth? Does the seed come up like an apple seed, with two seed leaves? Has it true flowers? If you planted a date seed it would come up with one long leaf, parallel-veined. Now what general features characterize the tree or plant

on which it grows? Is it a phænogam or a cryptogam? Has it true flowers? Think!

In a short time people will be planting seeds. How do they grow? What is "growing" anyhow? How does it come about? What happens in the seed? Would you like to know? Read the INGLENOOK.

* * *

GHASTLY WORK OF EARTHQUAKES.

IN the earthquake which, on Feb. 2, 1703, took place at Yeddo (or Jeddo), the chief city of Japan, the place was almost destroyed and 200,000 people were killed. One hundred thousand people were killed by an earthquake at Pekin, the capital city of China, on Nov. 30, 1731. Eighty thousand people were killed by an earthquake at Schamaki in 1667, and one hundred thousand by an earthquake in Sicily in September, 1693. The cities of Arequipa, Iquique, Tacna and Chenchu, besides many other smaller towns in Peru and Ecuador were destroyed and twenty-five thousand people killed by an earthquake in August, 1868, while other thirty thousand people were rendered homeless and the loss and damage to property was estimated at \$300,000,000.

* * *

THE SPEED OF SNAILS.

SOME Florentian experts in snailology, finding time hang heavy on their hands, conceived the idea of accurately calculating the traveling speed of snails, and, with this end in view, it was decided to make a series of more or less elaborate experiments. Half a dozen of the molluscs were permitted to crawl between two points ten feet apart. Exact time was kept from the start to the finish, and thus the average "pace" was ascertained. The experimenters reduced their figures into tables of feet and thus found that it would take a snail exactly fourteen days to travel a mile.

* * *

A BIRD believed to have become extinct is the California condor, twice as large as the condor of the Andes. Its length was five feet, weight twenty-five pounds and spread of wings twelve feet. An egg of this bird is worth \$2,000 to collectors, but none has been found for seventeen years. Eggs of the golden eagle sell in San Francisco for thirty-two dollars each.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY...

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

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The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed should invariably give the old address at which they received their INGLENOOK.

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

(For the Inglebook.)

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Sowing wild oats would not be nearly so bad if twice and children did not often have to subsist on the crop reaped.

ONLY APPARENT.

It sometimes happens that now and then a man, and sometimes a woman, is credited with being heartless and indifferent in the case of others who are sick or ailing. Of course this is sometimes the case, but often it is only apparent, and not real.

The facts are that no person has, or can have, a full realization of a thing or situation without having had personal experience. The man with redundant health, who has never been sick a day in his life, can, in the very nature of things, have no idea of the mental and physical conditions of the invalid. He sees and hears, but he cannot feel, nor has he ever known, by feeling, what it is to be sick. Such people are often credited with heartlessness, when it is only a lack of experience, and not an error of the heart.

The same thing appears in the presence of a great sorrow. With no dead out under the grass,

at least none where the shaft has struck deep there can be no real sympathy. It is all conjugal, and the lack of feeling is only apparent, not real. To really feel, one must know the keenness of the dart by having, himself, been pierced.

'Tis better to resolve and fall than never to resolve at all.

TAKING CARE OF THEMSELVES.

A THOUGHTFUL Nooker, out on the Pacific coast, sends us a clipping from a Los Angeles paper, showing how some of the California women earn a living. As a matter of general interest to the Nook family we reproduce part of it here. One woman runs a butcher shop herself, and this we have seen in Pennsylvania. Another is a job printer, and has a good business in that line of work. There is no reason why a woman should not be in the undertaking business, and that is what one woman is successfully doing. Female florists are not uncommon, while the workers in art matters are often recruited from the ranks of women. One woman out on the Coast is a dentist, while another makes and sells sunbonnets and aprons. Another is a lawyer, and women barbers and the dealer in razors and bottles, junk in other words, ends the list. There might be numberless other occupations named in which women are successfully engaged. Our Nook women who are telling how they win their way constitute a very interesting and instructive part of the INGLENOOK contributors.

On their own merits most men should keep quiet.

BORROWERS.

SOME people are constitutional borrowers. They never keep even with their needs and are always running to their neighbors. Does anybody take the Nook and have to let it out as a missive among neighbors? As a correspondent wrote about this habit, it is preferable to have the back numbers lying around the house idle. It's all right, commendable, even, when poverty is the real excuse; but if not, it would be better to take the hens into confidence and have one's own Nook and be no longer a borrower.

THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM.

A GOOD many people, especially the young of a certain class, never learn save in the school of experience. By reason of some mental or moral st they refuse all advice, and fail to profit by the experience of others. They "know more than the Kaiser," and reap the reward of ill-considered action and ill-composed thought. This has been the bane of many a parent's life, and to such we extend our sympathy.

If this should happen to reach the eye of some thoughtful Nooker who is disposed to bolt, in the name of advice and suggestion, let him remember one fact. The experience of the world is worth a great deal. Those who have been through it all ought to know more, and do know more, than he who has not been. It is wisdom, and only common sense, to heed direction based on knowledge. Where it is done good to the individual surely follows. Those who refuse to learn are students in the fool's school of experience.



Sorrows are visitors that come without invitation, but complaining minds send a wagon to bring their troubles home in.



NEGLECTED BRANCH OF STUDY.

THE common schools, or what is a better phrase—the public schools, in their course of study cover a vast range, especially in the larger ones, where the curriculum is equal to that of any college. But it seems to the writer that there is one simple thing that is often overlooked, which is of great practical importance. Reference is had to the ability to write a business letter. So little attention is paid to this that very often a man finds himself seriously handicapped by a lack of knowledge and directness when it comes to expressing himself clearly in writing in life.

This might be remedied by taking the matter up in childhood, and compelling learners to acquire the habit of clear and easy expression of simple thoughts. It looks simple enough, but there is a feeling of distrust on the part of the average student not too familiar with pen and ink, when

he sits down to write a letter. It is unaccustomed and unfamiliar, and therefore not easy. This feeling might be weeded out and confidence substituted in its place if competent instruction preceded the necessity of correspondence. It is one of the things, like swimming or skating, once acquired is never lost. And the time to take it up is in youth.



Some things want doing gently, and telling a man of his faults is one of them.



WHAT THE NOOKER SAYS.

IN another part of the INGLENOOK are extracts from letters written by members of the Nook family, expressing various shades of satisfaction with the magazine. These are always welcome, and often show the management of the publication important points of future advantage in the conduct of the Nook.



Better keep out of a quarrel than fight your way through it.



AND now comes the INGLENOOK Radish, which an admirer of the NOOK, a prominent seedsman here in Elgin, has named after the magazine. If you are fond of radishes suppose you give it a trial. It ought to be excellent, and doubtless is. See the advertisement.



THE influx of subscriptions is most gratifying. They come from all parts of the country, representing all classes of people. All this is gratifying to the entire Nook family, who, knowing a good thing when they see it, do not grudge others a share.



THE vote on the disposition of the Home Department is coming in bravely. Most of the sisters want the department continued, and a good many of the men do not know what they want, but favor some change. We will be governed by the character and look of the totals. One proposition has been to cut the Home Department in half, using one part of it for recipes and the other part for brief articles on living topics written by the sisters themselves. How do you want it?

A HOMEMADE BINDER FOR THE NOOK.

BY A. H. SNOWBERGER.

SOMETIME ago someone asked for a plan to preserve the NOOK without going to the expense of getting them bound. I have for several years bound all my Beepapers with a simple contrivance recommended by Dr. C. C. Miller, of Marengo, Ill., which he calls a Shoestring Binder, and for a cheap, homemade binder, it is hard to beat. I like it better than anything else of the kind I ever saw, and for the benefit of the NOOK readers I will give the Doctor's description of it, changing measurements a little to suit the paper, and by a little more change it can be made to suit any magazine or paper you may want to preserve for future reference.

Of common $\frac{7}{8}$ pine stuff, cut one piece $11\frac{1}{2} \times 9$, another $10\frac{1}{2} \times 8$, another $11\frac{1}{2} \times 1$, and another 8×1 . That is all the stuff you will need. Nail the $11\frac{1}{2} \times 1$ piece on the large board on the side farthest from you, nailing it flush with the side of the board. Then nail the 8×1 piece on the left end of the board, flush with end of board. You will now have a kind of little box, closed on two sides and only one inch deep.

Now make four holes in the other board, and that is the most particular part of the job. Make these holes five-sixteenths of an inch from the edge, the first one two inches from the end, then $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches to the next, then $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches to the next, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ to the last. It is of first importance that there be no slant to these holes, so take a try-square and make a mark clear around the edge of the board, where each hole is to be—that is, on the three sides, so the mark on one side will be exactly opposite the mark on the other. Draw a line on each side five-sixteenths from the edge. With a very small bit bore a hole half way through on one side, then bore clear through from the other side, thus making sure that each hole shall come out at the right place. If you have no bit to suit you, drive a small nail at each side to make the holes.

Now get a pair of long shoe-strings for each book you want to bind. Put the Nooks on the board, *right side up*, taking pains, as each is laid on, to push the corner of the Nook close up in the angle, lay on this the smaller board, crowd-

ing its corner tight up in the angle, and through each nailhole drive a two-inch No. 13 wire nail. Draw the nails with a claw-hammer. Remove the smaller board. Push one end of the shoe-string through the hole nearest the top, making it go in from the side the nail entered, and from the same side push through the other end of the same string, in the next hole. The two ends of the string can not be tied together, and another string must be pushed through the other two holes. From five to ten Nooks or other papers can be put on the board the same time, being careful to get them in proper order; or, each week, after your paper is read, you can fasten it in the volume with the string. Then, at the end of the year, tie your strings together in a hard knot, cut the string off, and then you can tie the cut ends together and use them again.

I think the above description is easily understood and if those who wish to preserve their Nooks cheaply will try it, they will like the plan. Dr. Miller takes and files many different papers and uses this arrangement altogether. He says "I tried the self-binders; I used them less than six months, and they are for sale cheap."

Huntington, Ind.

* * *

FROM SWEDEN.

BY ALICE VANIMAN.

WE find the people of Sweden seem to enjoy eating and drinking fully as well as they do in America, especially are they fond of drinking coffee, and instead of an occasional cup as you mentioned in your article on "Customs of Sweden" it is coffee all the time. Many people must have their coffee before they get out of bed in the morning. They also drink it at various times during the day. It is said that at many places in the country the coffee stands ready all the time.

A great deal of beer is consumed here, both the intoxicating and the unintoxicating. Many of these people think water is not healthful as a drink. A girl said to me it seemed to her if Americans drink water, as we do, the supply would soon run short.

The Swedish "gröt" is quite a favorite drink and is very good. It is made out of the juice

THE ECONOMY OF GIVING.

BY SISTER NANCY J. BROWN.

THERE are a very few people who look upon giving as a pleasure or a duty. If three things, duty, self-interest, or pleasure, could be combined making giving a pleasant and economical duty, it would be practiced more, and the effect would be felt in many directions. If a certain portion of one's income be set aside for the Lord's service, to be used with judgment, I think the remainder will go farther than the whole amount, had it been spent miserly or for one's self.

We cannot afford to overlook the reward promised that the Lord loves a cheerful giver, and he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. I think the plan a good one of laying aside each day of the week according as the Lord has prospered us.

The systematic giver will find it easy to be cheerful, for when the portion is at once set aside it can hardly fail of being given with gladness, in fact it is already given, only waiting for the Lord to call. If this method were adopted, what a comfortable world it would be to live in! There would no longer be church suppers got up by ladies already harrassed by the multitude of home duties, and to be eaten by unwilling husbands. Church fairs would also be uncalled for, and the extra strength, if spent in the home circle, would add sufficient joy to overbalance the outlay of money.

Wichita, Kans.



fruits, thickened with potato flour. After boiling it can be eaten with cream, or milk, and sugar. Sweet soups are used very much here. They also contain fruit juice, sugar, a small amount of tapioca with an occasional raisin or prune. Beer soup with bits of sour bread is according to an American taste, but it is used here very largely among the poor people.

At one of the dinners during the holidays, we had the turkey decorated with stewed prunes. This seemed a little odd to us. But when one becomes accustomed to seeing turkeys or geese, stuffed with prunes and dried apples, instead of oyster dressing, it will no doubt look quite as artistic. There is a great deal of cheese used in Sweden. It is surprising how many persons prefer it best after it has grown to a certain old age. Frequently we see the sign "godast," good old cheese.

"Spis" bread or "knacke" bread is made of bolted rye or graham flour. It is made with yeast and water and baked in large round flat loaves. This kind of bread is used by the soldiers. Almost any good American could eat this kind of bread with a relish. When we fail to have it on the table for a few days we feel something like a southern farmer without his cornbread. Long live the Nookman!

Malmö, Sweden.

Vi skulle vara tack samma om vora. Svenska vänner ville skriva oss igen och gifva liknande berättelser som ofvan sarskilt för INGLENOOKAN. Regdatör.

MINING MERCURY.

"MINING for mercury, or, rather, for cinnabar ore, from which mercury is extracted, is a most interesting process," remarked Mr. Thomas J. Young, of Louisville, Ky. "There are only three sections in the world in which mercury has been found thus far—Spain, Austria, and in our own State of California. These yield the world's supply. The Almedan mines of Spain are the oldest mines known, having been successfully worked four hundred years before Christ. They are extremely valuable, and, despite the long years of operations, are still yielding vast quantities of ore. In fact, these same Almedan mines form the basis of Spain's credit, being owned by the government, and it was by giving a mortgage on them to the Rothschilds that funds were realized to carry on the late war.

"The California mines are only beginning to yield the vast product stored up within them. They have received the name New Almedan, and promise to prove equally, if not more, valuable than the Spanish mines. An idea of their immense value may be gained from the fact that they are yielding a dividend of one per cent a month to their owners, and promise much higher profits. They are located about 115 miles north-east of San Francisco in the Coast Range Mountains.

"Mercury, or cinnabar ore—which has also a vein of sulphur in it—is mined virtually like coal. Shafts are sunk, from which levels are run off. The ore is found in what are termed fissure veins, which run down far into the bowels of the earth. The ore itself is light in color, moderately hard, and may be picked out in small chunks. It is found in 'kidneys,' or pockets, sometimes in large quantities.

"A curious and simple process, and one to my mind quite ingenious, is employed to extract the mercury from the crude ore. The chunks of ore are placed in large furnaces heated to 680 degrees Fahrenheit. This causes the mercury to pass out in the form of gas. The gas rises to the top of the furnace, where it volatilizes and cools, and large drops of mercury run down the walls, much as steam does when condensed. The drops are caught at the bottom of the walls. No further processes are necessary.

"The work of getting the ore out of the mine and volatilizing it costs about \$2.66 a ton. It sells at the present standard rate of \$52.50 per flask of seventy-six and one-half pounds—it is, a little over seventy cents a pound.

"What is mercury used for? Well, many things. It is used principally for the amalgamation of gold and silver, and is indispensable in the mining of those metals. For that reason mercury mining is not affected by hard times for when times get hard digging for gold is carried on more extensively than ever, and the demand for mercury increases. Mercury is also used for making Chinese vermilion, which is the basis of all paints. It is also used in the preparation of many medicines and for all fixed ammunitions and explosives. Then, of course, you know it is used for backing mirrors and in thermometers.—*Washington Post.*

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A man at forty usually rejoices because he has forgotten most of the things he thought he knew at twenty.

* * *

WOULD NOT INTERFERE.

THE unwelcome guest is found in many households, and his obtuseness in shedding hints to get himself off is often the cause of much annoyance to his reluctant hosts. Some time ago an English Scotchman went to visit a young couple. After two or three weeks had passed the young folks began to get tired of their visitor, but did not like to tell him that state of their feelings toward him, so they arranged a little plan between themselves as to how they would get rid of him.

"To-morrow," said the husband, "when you come home to dinner I shall quarrel about the soup and say it is not good. In the midst of the quarrel we will appeal to our friend, and if he takes your part I will give him notice to leave the house, and if he takes my part you do the same."

Next day at dinner as the "quarrel" arose about the soup, and in the heat of the argument "uncle" was appealed to, but he coolly replied:

"Ye see, ma freens, for a' the time I intended to be here—just a month or two—I hae made up ma mind no to interfere wi' ye hoose affairs."

DESERT SANDSTORMS.

As would be inferred from its temperature, the desert is a land of fearful winds. When a volume of hot air rises by its own lightness, the air from the surrounding world must rush to take its place, and as the new ocean of atmosphere, greater than the Mediterranean, pours enormous waves into its desert bed, such winds result as few people in fertile lands ever dream

The Arabian simoon is not deadlier than the sandstorm of the Colorado desert (as the lower half of this region is generally called). Express trains cannot make head against it—nay, sometimes they are even blown from the track! Upon the crests of some of the ranges are hundreds of acres buried deep in the fine, white sand that these fearful gales scoop up by earloads from the plain and lift on high to fling upon the scowling peaks thousands of feet above. There are no snowdrifts to blockade trains there, but it is frequently necessary to shovel through more troublesome drifts of sand.

Man or beast caught in one of those sand-laden tempests has little chance of escape. The man who will lie with his head tightly wrapped in coat and blanket and stifle there until the fury of the storm is spent may survive; but woe to the poor brute whose swift feet cannot bear it betimes to a place of refuge. There is no facing or breathing that atmosphere of alkaline sand, whose slightest whiff enflames eyes, nose and throat almost past endurance.—*Philadelphia North American*.

It's a mean man that would not give all he has if he could believe in Santa Claus again.

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR WATCH.

"My watch has developed a most annoying irregularity," said a very business-like woman. "I lost and gained time by turns until I conceived the disagreeable impression of having paid first-class price for a third-class article. Full of resentment I posted off to the dealer from whom the watch had been purchased and accused him of having treated me unfairly.

"He opened my timepiece," she continued, "and having examined its internal economy very closely, remarked, 'It's simply a case of unconscious cruelty to a faithful, but sensitive friend.'

"Take, for instance, the simple process of winding a watch. There is a right and a wrong way of doing it. Whether it be by a key or a stem, it should be wound in the morning. Turn slowly, and avoid all jerky movements. The watch will then work best during the day, as the spring will exert its strongest traction power, whereby the external jostling inflicted on the watch by your daily works and walks are fairly counterbalanced. When a watch is wound at night it has only the weakened spring to offer as resistance to the jerks and jolts of the daytime. The morning winding also lessens the danger of breaking the main spring, which, being no longer at full tension at night, can stand the cold better.

"All watches keep better time as the result of regular habits. Don't lay it down one night and hang it up the next. Keep it in the same position as nearly as circumstances will permit. In second-class watches the rate difference between the horizontal and vertical position is often quite significant. Nor should you hang your watch on a nail where it can swing to and fro like a pendulum. It will either gain or lose a great deal while in that position.

"The difference in temperature between your breast or a man's waistcoat pocket and a wall, that may be nearly at the freezing point, is about seventy-seven to eighty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, and a watch should therefore never be suspended or laid against a cold surface."

It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things.

SPECIAL SIZE ENVELOPES.

THE German post office threatens an innovation which will affect correspondence. It is proposed to make it compulsory to use envelopes of a special size. The variety of sizes, especially in letters from Great Britain, causes loss of time to the German postal authorities in the stamping of postmarks, and they intend to put an end to it.

THE RAWHIDE.

BY JESSE Y. HECKLER.

THIS is the name of a small stream of water here in Nebraska, north of the Platte river, in Dodge county, that has a tragic history dating back to the early "fifties." Some of us still remember the great wave of excitement that rolled over the country in "'49," when gold was first discovered in California.

The first pioneers went in sailing vessels by way of Cape Horn, but this was a long and tedious voyage, attended with much danger. Later on, there was a passage explored across the narrow isthmus that connects North and South America. This was known as the "Isthmus Route." A few years later a passage was found through the Rocky Mountains, by which they could reach the Pacific coast. This was known as the "Overland Route."

Large parties were made up for this route, in the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. On account of safety from hostile Indians, it was necessary to go only in large trains of from one to four hundred wagons and teams.

Their progress was necessarily slow. In some places they had to make roads, and also build temporary bridges over streams that they could not ford. At night they would "corral," that is, on some level place they would draw their wagons together so as to form a large ring. Inside of this ring they would keep their horses, and tents to sleep. In this way they had some protection from Indians and wild animals. Such a trip would occupy from six to eight months. Horses would perish, people would die, and children were born and the ordinary events of life went on.

When I was a young man in Eastern Pennsylvania, there was a young man there some years older than I. He lived in or near the village of Kulpville. I will give his name as Henry. He

was married and had three or four children. His wife died, and he found places among some friends for his children and he went off to the State of Ohio, and never returned.

This was about the year 1853. When he came to Ohio there was a party being made up there for the "Overland Route" to California. I, too, partook of the spirit of adventure, and enrolled his name as one of the party. He was highly elated over his prospective trip across the plains, and soon began to boast that "the first Indian I see I will shoot." A gentleman from that part of Ohio that I am well acquainted with told me that in talking about the trip to



RAWHIDE CREEK, NEAR FREMONT, NEBR.

friends he would not forget to say, "The first Indian I see I'll shoot."

The party was finally made up properly organized, a captain and other officers chosen, and their long and tedious journey commenced. Through the timber of Indiana, then over the prairies of Illinois and Iowa. They crossed the Missouri River somewhere north of the mouth of the Platte River and entered the great plains.

After four or five days' travel west of the Missouri River one afternoon Henry and two of his companions got out their guns, and strode to one side of the route to look for game. Coming near to a little creek in a ravine two Indian girls came out. Seeing the hunters they quitted

fell back into the ravine again and hid themselves as well as they could, but it was too late. The hunters saw them, and this was now Henry's chance to carry out his threat. He soon found the man and selected the larger one, shot and killed him. The hunters went on and joined the others as they were going into camp for the night.

When the larger of the Indian girls was shot and killed, the smaller one, like a frightened partridge, kept perfectly quiet until the hunters were gone, and then ran down the creek to where the Indians were in camp and told her people what had happened.

The chief and several of his "braves" followed the trail and soon found the white man's camp. The chief called for the captain, who appeared, and he made known what had happened and made an offer that if the man that did this deed was delivered to him the rest would not be disturbed. The captain knew very well that it would be very unsafe to try to cross the plains with a band of hostile Indians following them. The hunting party was called and Henry confessed the crime, and was delivered up to the Indians.

By consent of the Indians two men were sent to see what would become of Henry and to report to the captain the results. He was taken back to where the deed was done. There the ground was stained with the blood of a poor, helpless and innocent Indian maiden. He was stripped of all his clothing. Then with their hunting knives they fell on him and in a few minutes had taken off all his skin from head to foot. He lay there a short time before he died from the loss of blood. Then one of the Indians crawled up a small tree that was standing near by and stretched that skin to a limb, where it dried and remained there for a number of years, and was taken by other parties that moved through there. From this occurrence the stream was named "The Rawhide," and it still bears that name to this day. I have seen the stream and crossed it several times, but not at the place where this occurred.

Alto, Nebr.

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MACARONI WHEAT.

MACARONI has begun to be manufactured in large quantities in this country, and, in consequence, a demand is being made upon the De-

partment of Agriculture (at Washington) for "macaroni wheat"—a variety of wheat that has an unusually large percentage of gluten, rendering it suitable for conversion into this particular kind of farinaceous paste.

A few years ago considerable first-rate macaroni wheat was raised in Texas, but the farmers in that part of the country gave it up, because the grain kernels were so hard as to resist milling with the appliances then available. With the improved apparatus now employed the difficulty is done away with, and the lack of seed of the cereal formerly condemned as useless is deeply regretted. However, the Government is doing its best to supply the want.

Another variety of wheat—a variety practically new to this country—was cultivated for the first time on a considerable scale in the Dakotas last year, and thousands of acres have been sown with it this year. It is called "spelt," but the proper name of it is "emmer;" spelt being something very different.

Spelt is useful mainly as forage for domestic animals, whereas emmer is suitable for human food, the Russians in the region of the Volga consuming immense quantities of it in the form of gruel made from the pounded grain.

Emmer is said to have several advantages over ordinary wheat, and on that account may replace the latter to a large extent in the Northwest. It stands drought well, resists cold, makes well-filled heads, and holds its kernels firmly, so that they are not scattered by the wind or in harvesting.

It may be that in the future the wild rice which grows in shallow water in the Great Lakes and in some Eastern Rivers such as the Delaware, as well as in Chesapeake Bay, will be utilized as a cultivated grain. It promises well for such employment, but as yet has not been planted except by a few hunting clubs, which have sown its seed in places where it is likely to attract and fatten the canvasback duck. The Indians, long before Columbus came, were accustomed to gather its harvest annually by going out in canoes, bending the stalks over the edge of the boat, and beating out the grain until a full cargo was obtained. They made bread of it, and, if its qualities have not been overestimated, it ought to furnish a very satisfactory food.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

HOW WOMEN EARN THEIR LIVING.

BY BARBARA MOHLER CULLEY.

Inez and Maidie were daughters of an aged physician who, turning his back on the scene of a wrecked fortune, had moved to the little town in the spring of '98. Here among strangers he hoped to build up a new practice, but the modern craze for young men in all the professions, left small chance for a "Botanical" of his years, in a place fully supplied with both young and old "regulars," homeopaths and osteopaths, not to mention various "healers," and the grateful thanks of the poor miners he was oftenest called to attend did not add materially to the comforts of his home nor furnish little luxuries for the frail little wife and mother.

The one son clerked in a grocery store and the daughters felt the need of helping themselves. They were both fairly educated and well calculated to shine in society, but, taking an inventory of their intellectual assets, they could find nothing of any market value, and their accomplishments were not of the kind that answered a commercial need or could be turned to practical account. Besides, they were needed at home, where their domestic training had made them both model housekeepers and excellent cooks.

One day the Ladies' Aid Society met at the home of Mrs. Tyler to make some quilts for the parsonage, and Mrs. Tyler was to entertain the entire party at dinner.

Mrs. Colonel Jones said that her vocabulary was too limited to do justice to that dinner, descriptively, just as she was incapacitated by physical limitations from doing justice to it gastronomically. Her criticism was that there was too much of it in variety. She would have had the menu assorted into sixths and then she would have had difficulty in choosing one of the six assortments, but the one thing certain was that it would have included that delicious coffee—Mrs. Tyler's own make—and those matchless rolls that Mrs. Tyler did *not* make.

Mrs. Tyler, being a Kentuckian, acknowledged no superior as a biscuit maker, but when it was a question of rolls she yielded the palm to the Doctor's daughter, Inez, and Inez it was who had made those rolls, as a special favor to Mrs. Tyler,

as Mrs. Tyler acknowledged to Mrs. Jones who Mrs. Jones asked her for the recipe.

The next week was Mrs. Colonel Jones' turn to have the "Ladies' Aid" at her home, and her opportunity to display her skill in cookery, but she wanted rolls as good as Mrs. Tyler's. She knew more about the facts of the financial situation of the Doctor's family than any member of that family might have cared to acknowledge and she used enough tact in asking the young lady to furnish rolls for the dinner, and offered to pay a good price for them. That was not all. When the day and the dinner came, Mrs. Colonel Jones made it a matter of personal concern to see that every lady in the party knew who had made those rolls. It was not many days before Inez had orders for many dozens of rolls, and when it was learned that her bread was equal in fine she had to bake several loaves, extra, every day. She made her own yeast and found she could supply a few customers with either home-made dry hop-yeast or fresh "jug" yeast, and when, on several occasions, there was a demand for something extra fine in the way of cake Maidie's skill was required. So, almost before they realized what was happening, old Aunt Chole was presiding in the laundry and kitchen and the two young ladies put in their mornings in their little home bakery. Many little comforts added to the mother's enjoyment. Inez and Maidie were lightening the burdens of the Doctor, whose chief anxiety had been for the daughters, who would be left so helpless when he could no longer care for them at all.

When their morning's work was done they were ready for social pleasures, which they enjoyed much more because they were independent. They were proud of their independence, too, and of the accomplishment by which it was gained.

Chicago, Ill.

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*It is always easier to stand off
and criticise than it is to rush in and
help.*

✦ ✦ ✦

▲ THE ICE BUSINESS.

WHEN the Nooker and his hired man, or the big boys and he, go down to the creek and cut out the ice which they sled to the icehouse near home, they are doing what hundreds of oth-

doing as a livelihood all over the northern country. But there is a great deal more system in it where it is followed as a business.

In the first place the ice company usually selects a high, clear lake of pure water as a seat of operations. As nearly as possible this is kept open during the summer, and as far as may be the company keeps the same men in its employ year round. It is a pretty long journey the travels from the lake to the back door of the consumer next summer, and at no stage of the process is the cake touched by the human hand.

A big storage house is erected along the shore of the lake, and when the ice is at the right thickness a part of the lake, where the ice is clear and clean, is selected as the field of operations. This may be a mile from the house, which is straight right on the edge of the lake. The reason is that clear ice, not snow ice, is preferred. The first thing is the marking out of the cakes with an ice marker that resembles an old-fashioned iron-row marker. This is cut deeper and deeper, until finally a field of it is started on its way to the sea, through a canal cut through the other ice. Here it is taken on an inclined plane, operated by an engine, and started to the top. On the way imperfect cakes are thrown out, and it is also cut off at a certain point in the journey. It is a sort of planer that cuts the ice to a uniform thickness as it passes up, and then there is a brush of steel "bristles," that wipes off the "saw-st."

Two cakes go up at once, and at the top they separate and go down into the house proper in single file. The way they do this without human touch is most interesting, and seems almost magical. The way of it is this: At the top of the chute there are a number of nails driven on one side, so that one cake is slowed up as it

scrapes over, and thus falls behind its mate. When stored away the same side is placed upwards as the cake of ice occupied when frozen.

* * *

HOW HOGS CATCH SALMON.

In the State of Washington, as all school boys and girls doubtless know, are the greatest salmon fisheries in America. Every spring the swift mountain streams are fairly alive with these beautiful reddish yellow fish (three and four feet in length and weighing often twenty-five and thirty pounds), as they go up the river to deposit their eggs in the headwaters of the mountain streams. Then in the early fall they come down again. It is during these two seasons that what is known as the salmon run is at its full height, and this is the time to which the Washington boys look forward all the rest of the year.

But the queerest fishers are neither Indians nor boys. They are hogs. So fond are the hogs of this delicacy, which costs the people of London one dollar a pound, that the farmers who have pastures along the rivers have great trouble fencing the farms so that the hogs cannot get into the streams. Mr. Hog wades in or swims in, according to the depth of the stream, and then watches for the salmon. The salmon swims along unsuspectingly. Mr. Hog is ready for him. Quick as a flash he fastens his greedy jaws about the great fish and carries him ashore, there to devour him with the greatest relish. Then back he slips into the water to watch for the next traveler along that way. He will keep this up until his hunger is satisfied. This indulgence ruins the hog for pork, however, as it gives it a "fishy" taste, and no one will buy it. That is the reason the farmers keep their hogs as far from the streams as possible.

*Some husbands neglect to treat
their wives as well as they do their
own friends.*

The Q. & A. Page.

What is phosphorus made from?

Bones, mainly.



Is there a green rose, or a blue rose?

A green rose, yes; but a blue rose is impossible.



Can maple sugar be kept in the semi-soft state when new?

Yes. Can it, and thus prevent evaporation.



Is there anything in palmistry?

Not a thing, to our mind. But the NOOK doesn't know it all.



What is the cause of dry rot in timber?

A microscopic, minor vegetable growth, that breaks up the sound wood in living on it.



Can meat be kept indefinitely by freezing?

Not for long in an eatable condition. It will dry up if exposed.



Why do not the abductors of Miss Stone receive the punishment they merit?

Mainly because the authorities are in sympathy with them.



Why cannot maple sugar be made white like granulated sugar?

It can be, but after a certain amount of refining, loses the maple taste.



Will raisin seeds grow if planted?

Yes, but unless you live in a raisin country the vines would not fruit. Raisins are simply dried grapes.



What becomes of people who disappear and are never heard from?

Die suddenly among strangers, without means of recognition, are killed and hid, or often deliberately go away and are never heard from because they don't want to be.

How is printing paper sold?

By the pound, and the difference of a cent or two makes a wonderful yearly amount in the case of a large publication.



Is it true that all flowers are wild somewhere?

Yes, but only in one or two colors or kinds. Every wild flower can be brought out into varieties by cultivation and selection.



Can eggs be preserved by canning them?

Yes, and it is so done, by breaking them and sealing them cold. But if not at once used opening, they proclaim their history.



Can yeast be made without other yeast to start it?

Yes. It is a product of fermentation and though it is usually started with "other" yeast is simply to save trouble and shorten the time.



Have I a right to shoot and kill one who enters my house as a thief at night?

Yes, a legal right; but having killed somebody is not a pleasant thought to be carried around the rest of your life. Better scare him and let him get away.



How is a plaster cast made, — say of a head?

A model is made, then covered with a composition that is cut off in sections. This is replaced in position and the liquid plaster is poured over it, allowed to partly harden, and the flexible mold stripped off to be used over again.



Is the use of coffee as productive of evil as some advertisements make out?

If it is there is a very large number of people on the road to trouble. Some people cannot drink coffee, and such should not. But it is generally recognized the world over as a healthy drink. Nothing goes to the spot of a morning like a cup of good, hot coffee.

The Home



Department

*A man's ideal woman is one who can get up a good dinner out of next to nothing; a woman's ideal man is one who provides plenty of the wherewith to cook.—
K. M. M.*

Mix stove blacking with a little ammonia to prevent it burning off.



ADD a few drops of ammonia to the blueing water to whiten the clothes.



ADD a little sugar to milk to prevent it sticking to the vessel while boiling.



ADD one or two tablespoonfuls of sugar to strong turnips when cooking.



PLACE an apple in the bread and cake boxes to keep bread and cake moist.



SPRINKLE grated cheese over oatmeal porridge instead of sugar and eat with cream.



MIX a little cornstarch with salt before filling the salt shaker to prevent its clogging.



ADD a tablespoonful of kerosene to a pail of near hot water to wash the windows.



WET a cloth in cider vinegar, wrapping cheese to it to keep moist and prevent moulding.



MAKE a splendid furniture polish by taking a fine glass of olive oil, one of vinegar and two teaspoons of alcohol; apply with a soft cloth and polish with flannel.

PRUNE PUDDING.

BY SISTER S. M. ROMIG.

TAKE twenty-four prunes mashed fine, the whites of six eggs, and one cup of sugar; mix them all together, put in the oven and bake twenty minutes; serve with cream and vanilla.

Fostoria, Ohio.



RAGOUT OF MUTTON.

CHOP enough cold mutton to make about three cupfuls into small squares. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a frying pan, and when hot add a tablespoonful of flour; pour in half a pint of water and stir until it boils; add salt and pepper if necessary, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a quarter teaspoonful of paprika and some chopped parsley; now add the mutton and let the frying pan stand over boiling water until the meat is thoroughly heated; serve very hot.



NEW ENGLAND MUFFINS.

FEW forms of hot bread are more delicious than delicate muffins. The following recipe gives directions for making them quickly and can be relied upon to give satisfaction: Sift two cups of flour with one even teaspoonful of salt. Work into it two tablespoonfuls of soft butter and two of granulated sugar. Add one cup of milk, one egg, well beaten and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in a quick oven in muffin rings or gem pans.

HONEYED APPLES.

This recipe has been printed, but for the benefit of those who may not have seen it, I repeat it here; it is a fine breakfast dish. Select smooth, ripe apples (tart); core them, but do not break through the skin at the lower end; set them upright in a pan, touching each other. Fill into each cavity a teaspoonful of honey and a teaspoonful of butter. Put a scant half-teacup of water and a scant half-teacup of sugar together and pour into the pan. Cover and set into a brisk oven for fifteen minutes; remove cover and bake until tender—fifteen minutes more should be sufficient.

POTATO ROLLS.

THE most delectable luncheon or breakfast rolls known to the Virginia cook have a foundation of potatoes, and involve considerable effort, but are so entirely satisfactory as to make it amply worth while to incur all the trouble. Boil six medium-sized potatoes and mash fine. Add to them one teaspoonful each of sugar and of salt, one large tablespoonful of butter and lard mixed. Stir well together and let stand in a warm place four or five hours, until very light. Mix with flour until no more can be worked in. Knead and let raise for about five hours in a warm place or longer where the temperature is not quite so high. Then make into turnovers and stand quite near the stove until light. Bake in a quick oven.

SOUTHERN EGG BREAD.

Few Northerners know or appreciate this delicious breakfast dish. To be made at its best the genuine southern meal should be used, but even if that is not to be obtained the bread is exceedingly tempting, and worth the trial. Scald one and one-half cupfuls of corn meal thoroughly and let stand until cool, but not cold. Beat the yolks and whites of three eggs separately and add the yolks to one pint of milk. Stir the milk and eggs into the scalded meal slowly, and when well mixed add half a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Lastly, whip in the well beaten whites of the eggs and pour into a deep earthen dish that has been well greased. Bake

in a moderate oven from half to three-quarters an hour. Serve from the dish in which it baked with a large spoon. The bread should be firm at the bottom, but soft, like rich custard, the top.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.

No hot bread is more tempting or more wholesome than the Boston brown bread at its best. To make it as it is made at home, it is necessary to obtain rye meal in place of the flour which ordinarily used, but the result amply repays the trouble, which need not be excessive, as the rye can usually be found at feed stores of the largest and better sort. Mix together one and one-half pints of the rye meal and of southern corn meal. Stir into them one teaspoonful of salt and one cup of molasses. Mix all together with one and one-quarter pints of hot milk, and then add one heaping teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in a little boiling water. Pour into a well buttered mold, cover tightly and steam for four hours. Serve hot with butter or cream.

DELICIOUS PARKER HOUSE ROLL.

To make rolls that will literally melt in the mouth and are both delicate and toothsome, so take one pint of milk, add to it one heaping tablespoonful of butter and an even teaspoonful of salt. Then stand aside until lukewarm. Sift one quart of flour into large earthen bowl, mix with it a tablespoonful of granulated sugar, and one cake compressed yeast dissolved in a little water. Stir together the flour and the milk, adding more flour as required to make a stiff dough. Cover tightly and let stand in a warm, not hot, room over night. In the morning knead the dough thoroughly, then make small turnover rolls, and let stand in a warm place until very light; then bake in a quick oven for fifteen minutes.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.

THREE cups of corn meal, two of graham flour, one of molasses, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking soda; one quart of water or milk. Bake one and one-half hours in a covered dish.

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IRISH LULLABY.

rock my own sweet childie to rest in a cradle of gold
on a bough of the willow,
the shoheen ho of the wind of the west and the lulla
lo of the salt sea billow.

Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear;

ther is here beside your pillow.

put my own sweet childie to sleep in a silver boat on
the beautiful river,

ere a shoheen whisper the white cascades, and a lulla
lo to the green flags shiver,

Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear;

ther is here with you forever.

lla lo! to the rise and fall of mother's bosom 'tis sleep
has bound you,

d, oh, my child, what cosier nest for rosier rest could
love have found you?

Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear;

ther's two arms are clasped around you.

—*Alfred Percival Graves.*

✦ ✦ ✦

OUR FRANK.

KATH and I have had a talk and made up our minds that we were going ahead with our trip, if we need, no matter what happened, arriving accidents. She got home-sick and cried a good deal when nobody could see, but all of which I saw. I don't blame her much. But we are going on with the trip anyhow. Kath has agreed to go ahead and not wish she was dead, "yes I do," with tears in her voice. And that's settled. Of course there's much that is new and strange to us as we journey along on this trip, but there is a feeling we never thought possible. While it appears pleasant to be in new places and see new faces and watch how others do things, yet

after all there is the unconquerable feeling that back in our own home things are much more to one's personal satisfaction than being among strangers. I talked to a man on the train about this and he said people never got over it, and that the settlement of all this northern country was due to the home instinct, the home building idea that led people to emigrate.

The facts are that St. Paul is a beautiful city. Kath told about Summit avenue and we show a picture of part of it, just a glimpse. It strikes me that wealth and learning go to the cities and that health and happiness stay in the country, but this may not be universally true. It's only my view of it. The surroundings of St. Paul are good to look upon. The river is beautiful and Fort Snelling, a few miles distant, is a pleasant trip. Of course its days as a fort have passed, but it is a good place to visit. Then



VIEW OF SUMMIT AVENUE, ST. PAUL.

there's the falls of Minnehaha, made famous in Longfellow's Hiawatha. We show a picture of it, several in fact, as Kath's letter had one.

And it's only a short distance to Minneapolis.

on either the electric or the steam cars, and one can be in either city almost at will. Some say



PICTURESQUE FT. SNELLING.

they are ten miles apart, others only eight, but as we saw them they have practically grown together.

These western towns and cities don't look like our eastern cities. And the people are different. They go faster and seem to live more in six months than we back East do in a year. They put their feet down differently, and move quicker. Kath said it was the climate, but that's not all of it. I don't know.

What a lot of Swedes there are in the Northwest! They are good people, as a class, and are not here long till they are true Americans. And it makes one a truer and better American to travel among people. I'm proud of our country.

Now here are some facts I want you Nookers to remember. St. Paul is at the head of navigation on the river. Minneapolis, eight or ten miles away, the larger of the two cities, is also on the river at the falls of St. Anthony, and while St. Paul is a hill city, on river bluffs, Minneapolis is built on the level. The geography class is now dismissed. As to which city is the prettier Kath

and I differ. She votes for St. Paul, as Sumner Avenue captivated her, while I take to Minneapolis, mainly on account of its miles and miles of perfectly straight, level streets that stretch away out on the prairie. Either city would be a good place to live in if there was money enough back of it.

When we leave St. Paul we are going on the Great Northern R'y. There are other ways, but the Great Northern is the road we will take. It will take us through the northern part of Minnesota into the Dakotas. The fact is the northern part of Minnesota is not thoroughly developed yet. It is a land of lake, forest and fertile prairies. What a place it may be along the Great Northern for the fisherman. The lakes are as clear as crystal and teem with game fish. Think how big bass or pickerel could make the rowing while the frail canoe curved, or slide ahead under the skillful guidance of the man at the oars! Then this is a wooded country. The books tell us that when we get into the land of the Dakotas we will strike the treeless plain



FALLS OF MINNEHAHA BETWEEN ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS.

Thousands of our own Brethren have gone there, even from our own home neighborhood, and we want to tell just what we think of it.

When we get there. Kath has gone into ecstasies over the prospect of seeing the real prairie.— I confess that I want to get out on them, too. Mrs. Hershberger, near home, describing her neighborhood, said that she lived when she could not go out of the house without knocking her

neapolis, but what I mean is to be where the earth and sky line meet on all sides, and where there is that wild freedom not to be obtained in any other section. I have seen some of it, but I want to be where there is no end of it, apparently. I have been told that out on the prairies the stars shine brighter at night, and that the very atmosphere is different, and we expect to be there in a few days. I will try to give a description of real prairie life, as I know some people living in a "soddy," a real sod house, and Kath and I have been invited to spend a day there. She is going to write up the woman's view of frontier life, while I will try describing the empire building going on in that section of country.



LOOKING UP WABASHA ST., ST. PAUL, FROM CITY HALL.

head against the hills. Where we are going she couldn't hurt her head in this way.

One thing I have noticed in this western country, and that is the absence of solid and permanent architecture, showing that it is a new country. When Kath and I were little our grandfather, "grandpop," used to tell us stories of the way the eastern settlers lived in log houses when they first came to the country. Now there isn't a log house anywhere, unless it is some tumble-down affair of the long ago. We have big stone and brick houses, and red barns and all that. Here I notice in the country a gradual vanishing of the solid houses and the presence of the light frame, the log, and the temporary house. Some of them are deep in the forest. Others are by the roadside, and some of them are really artistic in their natural settings.

There's lots of things we could tell about what we have seen in the cities, but you know we are country bred and I would rather be where I can see the cattle grazing, and walk on the grass. It is true that we struck the prairies long before they got to Chicago, and they are all about Min-

After we get through with the plains we are going straight to the mountains, and there we'll feel more at home. And out on the coast,—but that's later.

Then there is another thing that I might as well confess to and be done with. It is this, and perhaps there are others similarly affected. In the East where it is settled, and has been for a hundred years, the people read about the "wild West," and all that sort of thing, and come to think it is



COURT HOUSE AT MINNEAPOLIS.

true in fact. The facts are that the West is not wild, nor is it behind the East in any important particular. The opposite is true. When we reach

a town that came into existence comparatively yesterday, it has all the advantages, all the mod-

country lives about as much in one year as the East does in three. If there is a new idea it is appropriated in the West. If there is a good thing it is taken up. All the people who come here to settle the country are all aggressive, go-ahead people. The sleepy, and the lazy don't get to the front in the matter of emigration. It is the live, pushing class, that comes to the fore.

Ever since I remember anything our nearest home town has been in the same place. It is likely that in the next twenty years it will be pretty much the same. But up here in the Northwest things move. When there was no town at all five years ago there is a growing city now. And I am told by those who ought to know, that if I were to come to one of these same towns five years thence I would not know it for the same place. The limit of opportunity has not been reached, and growth will not stop till that limit is in sight. When there are more opportunities the surplus population will move on to find holes further away.

In a letter or two, probably the next, we will be in the middle of the so-called bread basket of



THE LAKES ARE AS CLEAR AS CRYSTAL AND TEEM WITH GAME AND FISH.

ern improvements, and the conveniences of the East, and frequently a great many more of them. It is the old story of coming to think that the farther away from home one goes the nearer barbarism he is getting. There is no greater mistake than this. The very opposite is true of the West, and while it is ridiculed and cartooned, yet many a century old town back in the sleepy East could learn from one of these new places much that would be worthy of adoption.

There is a reason for this, and perhaps several of them. One is that this



MINNESOTA IS A LAKE-GEMMED PARADISE.

ld. We reproduce here a picture of a prairie
 eat field where the shocks stand thick on the
 und. Of course we have not personally seen
 at this time of the year, but it is from a pho-
 graph taken on the spot, and it shows about how

ALONG THE SOUTH PLATTE.

BY GALEN B. ROYER.

THE mountaineer of the East may see poetry
 in the beautiful scenery around him and
 stand in admiration at the rugged peaks
 piercing the clear blue heavens; the
 dwellers of the valleys where woodlands
 abound may rejoice in "God's first tem-
 ple" and almost worship their favored
 land checkered here and there with
 the ever-charming forest. Yet these
 lands do not hold all the beauty, all the
 charm that the Creator lavished upon
 this goodly earth.

This once known waste land with its
 vast expanse unbroken by mountain and
 forest, bounded only by the horizon, dis-
 tant beyond the comprehension of the un-
 trained eye, has, too, a beauty and a
 charm peculiar to itself. I have watched
 the play of the clouds as they cast their
 shadows upon the high hills and moun-
 tains of the East and stood in admiration of na-
 ture's sport. But far more beautiful is the pic-



LAKE GENEVA.

ings are in the Northwest when things come
 fir way. We will have something to say about

tains of the East and stood in admiration of na-
 ture's sport. But far more beautiful is the pic-



DAKOTA WHEAT. PART OF THE BREAD BASKET OF THE COUNTRY

country so largely settled by our Brethren in
 next.

Sincerely,
 FRANK.

ture on the prairie. Like one great canvas care-
 fully and smoothly stretched by God's own hand
 the picture of all kinds of life is taken in at one

glance and one stands in rapture at what is before him. For, lo! Yonder towards the setting sun is a village in plain view, and looking eastward another can be seen. Between this great stretch covering miles and miles, may be seen large herds of cattle, great fields of growing grain, the modest homes of the well-to-do farmers of this wonderful country,—all in plain view.

There may have been a time when this land became a "weariness to the flesh" as the traveler moved slowly across the great expanse with the then advanced facilities of the stage coach. But to one who now goes across this same tract in the modern "Overland Limited," the acme of ease and comfort in travel, no such feeling of fatigue comes over him. To him the view is continually changing and the impression as he rapidly passes one scene after another, is more of the moving pictures on the canvas.

Is this land where the buffalo once roamed in freedom, and the prairie dog dug his hole undisturbed, of any value to man? In the years gone by men thought, and found it true, too, that the same grazing that laid the surplus flesh on the buffalo and made his meat so juicy and sweet, would do likewise for the cattle. And the herdsmen and their thrilling experiences of round-ups and similar semi-labor and sport were a daily occurrence. Experts thought grazing would be the highest use to which this land could be put.

Late years have revealed a still better purpose for these vast prairies along the streams in Colorado. Irrigation, the modern and most practical method of farming, is wresting them from comparative idleness and thrusting them forward as one of the most fruitful of all lands.

By the way, what better can a man ask than a good irrigated farm? Back in the "good old home" where the farmer plowed and planted and looked to the heavens for the rains, now and then either a flood or a drouth caused a partial or total failure of crop. This is the only drawback to the dear old home farm, unless one goes into local hindrances, such as stony lands and poor clay soil.

On an irrigated farm this is not so. The farmer has the rich soil to begin with. Sunshine is in abundance. He plows and plants and then instead of praying for rain when it does not come, he goes to the upper end of his farm, opens the floodgates of the everflowing fountains above

him and waters his field at his pleasure and just to the extent of its good. This done, he returns to his home and thanks heaven for the manifold blessings which are his.

Denver, Colo.

* * *

Applause has hurried many a man along the road that leads to failure.

* * *

THE FRETFUL BABY IN AN OMNIBUS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Pall Mall Gazette* vouches for this incident: A young woman with a fretful baby in a full omnibus (aloud): "Poor little nipper, I suppose I shall end by having to take 'im to the 'orspital. (Raising the child's veil and looking around for sympathy.) Don't get no rest. 'E is sufferin' with smallpox."

* * *

The older a woman grows the safer it is to intrust a secret to her keeping.

* * *

SNAKES IN HAWAII.

THE Sandwich islands resemble Ireland their freedom from snakes. One species only known, and that is not common.

* * *

There is no charity in robbing John of a dollar in order to give James and George fifty cents each.

* * *

AN Irishman bent on showing his recently arrived friend the sights of New York, took him the bridge at Fifty-fifth street, over the railroad tracks, near the entrance to the Fourth avenue tunnel. While they were admiring the view, the bridge and the tunnel, the Empire State Express passed under them with a roar and a rush that almost took their breath away and disappeared in the tunnel. "What d'ye think of that, Pat?" said Mike to his dazed companion. "Well, Mike," rejoined Pat, as he gazed at the gap orifice that had just swallowed the rushing train, "'tis a mighty small hole and a mighty big train. If them cars ever miss it there's going to be a horrible smash some day."

SEVEN MILLIONS IN GOLD.

"I notice that the newspapers have recently spoken of the carrying of \$7,000,000 of bullion to a foreign country by one of the ocean liners as the greatest amount ever transported," said a man who has been with the navy for years to a reporter. "It is entirely wrong. In 1885 there was brought from the mint in New Orleans to the treasury in Washington \$11,000,000, and it was brought in a steamer.

The government decided to transport \$15,000,000 from New Orleans. It was first thought to bring it by rail, but this was assuming a great risk. The cabinet discussed the matter carefully and it was finally decided that the safest way would be by water. The members of the cabinet saw that there was a chance for a hold-up if the money was brought by train.

The United States ship 'Swartara' was first designated to carry the money, but it was found that she would be inadequate to transport the whole amount, so the wooden sailing steamer 'Atlantic' was pressed into service to help out. We removed from the 'Swartara' her magazines. The shells from the shellroom were removed, as were also the sails from the sailroom, so that all available space was utilized for packing the coin. The only weapon of defense was a Gatling gun.

The money was conveyed from the mint to the vessels in wagons. A squad of secret service officers watched the work. The two vessels were at tow and the trip from New Orleans to the Washington navyyard occupied a little more than four days. Considerable wind was encountered off Hatteras, but otherwise the trip was without incident. The money was carried from the navyyard to the treasury by an express company.

The money was in boxes of \$2,000 each and in bags. My recollection is that the money was in silver dollars, or the greater part of it, for, while unloading at the navyyard, one of the bags, when taken from being in storage so long, gave way

and a large number of silver dollars were scattered about the wharf."—*Washington Star*.

† † †

A DOOR THAT WEIGHS 42,000 POUNDS.

THE largest safe deposit door and vestibule in the world were moved successfully a few days ago into the basement of the Broadway Exchange building, where for over a year the preliminaries of fitting up the vault of the Standard Safe Deposit Company have been going on. Enormous derricks and rigging machines were set up in Broad street and did the work.

Together they weigh forty-eight tons. The door, which is circular in form, weighs 42,000 pounds, and the hinge upon which it will swing weighs 6,200 pounds. So finely will this be adjusted that, according to the builders, it can be opened by a child with a thread of No. 8 cotton.

The vault itself is the largest safe deposit vault in the world, and cost \$150,000; the cost of the door and vestibule alone was \$55,000.

† † †

When a busy man has a moment's leisure he does some other kind of work.

† † †

PRINCE HENRY'S TRIP.

THE brother of the German emperor took a flying trip to this country and was hurried from pillar to post, being feted and banqueted, and doubtless bored to death over the insane rush of things. No normally constituted man can enjoy such a condition of things. This is a great country, but who can see it on a run with every available minute taken up with social flummery and political idiocy?

One of the blessings incident to traveling incognito, or in being a party of no prominence, lies in being able to see the better side of things without being harried and badgered at every turn.

Most of the trouble in this world is due to the uncertainty of sure things.

THE FACTS.

WRITING in a Boston journal Howard has this to say:

Human nature, though strong in many of its aspects, is a pretty weak institution after all, and in this commercial age our chief developments are along the line of money getting, power seeking and self-exploitation, rather than on that upper highway of self-respect, and therefore, fraternal feeling for all the world, and the under dogs of life in particular. Sometimes one finds discouragement in his best efforts, and is disposed to say, utilizing the phrasing of the times, "Does it pay?" Let me give you a personal illustration. Ten years ago I wrote, in the always humane columns of the *Globe*, a plea for the under dog. A few days after its publication I received a touching letter from the inmate of an institution here which resulted in a ten-years' helpfulness to him. That I may make the story and its lesson emphatic, I will be braggy enough to say that this helpfulness included considerable money, much clothing, frequent letters of comfort and advice, an easy position in the penitentiary, the revokement of a five hundred dollar fine, and a general envelope of good will. Perhaps a little less than a year ago the recipient of this bounty, whom I had never seen, was reported dead, and I contributed to the cost of his funeral.

On Tuesday of this week the *Evening Journal* printed an interesting article, entitled, "King of Begging Letter Writers Confesses." Accompanying the picture of a strong-faced individual was a two-column story, in which he made what he calls a "full and public confession" of the success he met with in swindling kindly-natured strangers, to whom he wrote begging letters. In it he says that the article to which I referred, the "Under Dog," induced him to write to me, and the success he thereby achieved opened to him a wide-horized field in which to utilize his natural gift, his talent for writing begging letters to people who were "easy marks." So it appears he was not dead, not even sleepy, but very wide-awake, for he gives names and places which bear out to the letter the details of his confession. Now, very naturally you would suppose that this harvest of evil, from my little seed of intended good, would be discouraging, and would lead me to say, "Does it pay?"

That's exactly the effect it did produce, and the question it did put, and this is my answer: "I wouldn't give up to-day the solid satisfaction afforded me, in all those days and years of desire to help this under dog, for anything. The fact that he was fooling me, laughing at me while he wore my clothes, benefited by my courtesies, helped me all the time. Whatever he may have been or felt, I was conscious of doing what I could to relieve what I believed to be the distress of a fellow, so poor that he was willing to steal in order to be sent to jail where he could get three square meals a day. Yes, brother Vulgarians, it does pay. No man ever gave a dollar from a full heart that didn't get back ten dollars worth of satisfaction. And I will go further. I don't believe this man found any genuine pleasure in the knowledge that he cheated me and fooled me. There is a leaven of decadence and of honor in the meanest of the mean, and from my soul, I pity this particular individual, and he can recall his deceit and its fruits with a degree of satisfaction.

There is something wrong with the man that is avoided by babies and dogs.

INDIAN RELICS ARE BOGUS.

THERE is an organized system of imposition of Indian relics. Very few of those found in the cities were ever seen by redskins; they are made by wholesale for the purpose of deceiving the credulous. One firm in North Carolina does a large business in this line. The fraud they practice is almost impossible to detect, so thoroughly have they mastered the art. Recently the firm tried to palm off on Rev. J. H. Frazee, D. D. of Knoxville, Tenn., who is a collector, some of their goods, but without success. Dr. Frazee received a letter from the firm which mentioned that his name had been recommended by a prominent physician of Knoxville as a person who would likely wish to buy some relics. They resented that they had been making extensive collections of all kinds of relics and had disposed some, but wished to go out of the business, and therefore would sell relics on hand cheap. The letter said a box of samples would be sent, which was done.

Dr. Frazee examined the contents of the box and finding nothing that he did not already have returned them. Shortly afterward a man in the West who had heard of Dr. Frazee as a collector of Indian relics wrote him, asking that he might put him in the way of getting some Tennessee relics. Dr. Frazee, having given little attention to the specimens from North Carolina, and not detecting the fraud, recommended to his western friend this firm as having represented that they had some relics for sale.

In a short time the western man answered and branded the North Carolina firm as flagrant frauds. He had already fallen into their trap. He said the relics he had secured from the bogus dealers of North Carolina were difficult to detect from the real. He had the relics investigated by prominent collectors in the West, who could not determine accurately as to the fraud. The relics were then sent to government experts, who said the whole collection was bogus. The North Carolina tricksters have probably done an extensive business.

Making arrow heads, axes, pipes, spears, pestles and other stone instruments like those used by the Indian is a simple matter, though it is still a mystery how some of them were made without iron or steel by the aborigines. A theory is that the stones were heated and water dropping on the stones chipped them away. Dr. Frazee is inclined to believe the flints and granites were chipped by other stones.

The Indian pipes, which are made of soapstone or stealite, are easily carved. The producers of the bogus evidently grind one stone against another to make the axes just as the Indians had to do, but with much better and more rapid methods. The pestle, which was used to pound corn, can easily be made, so easily, in fact, that even their perfectness casts a suspicion on their true nature, and has led to detection of fraud.

* * *

*Peace of mind is often the result
of not knowing any better.*

* * *

PRUNES.

THE prune crop of California is one of the most valuable of all the exports of that wonderfully-productive State. About 72,000 acres of

land are devoted to the industry. The crop in 1900 was about 140,000,000 pounds, and the average crop is placed at 110,000,000 pounds. This fruit is known in the trade as the petit d'Agen or French prune, and is grown to some extent in Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

The French prunes are graded according to the average number to the pound, the grades running from thirty to one hundred and twenty to the pound. They are sent to the market in boxes of twenty-five and fifty pounds. Growers of prunes in California receive good returns on their investment.

The average cash value yield of prunes at the moderate estimate of three cents a pound would be about \$150 an acre, gross, which, with due allowance for labor, interest, etc., ought to net the owner \$115 an acre.

Dr. Hanson, writing on the subject of prunes, says:

"A pound of prunes is equivalent as food to a gallon of milk and costs but a quarter as much. It is about equivalent to a pound of bread, but is far more healthful. Considered from an economic standpoint, no fresh meat, fish, milk or eggs can be provided for the same moderate cost, and none of them contains even approximately the same aggregate of nutritive elements."

* * *

*Nations are framing their policies
according to a golden rule of
human origin.*

* * *

WHERE THE TRIPLETS WERE BORN.

AN old British soldier who had served his twenty-one years was discharged at Portsmouth. He went to the station with his wife and children and demanded three half-fare tickets for his three youngest. "How old are they?" asked the booking clerk, suspiciously. "Elivin years, all av thim. They're thriplets," was the answer. "Fine youngsters," said the clerk. "Where were they born?" "Pathrick was born in Cairo, Bridget was born in Bombay, an' Mickey was born in Madras," was the proud reply.

* * *

A GEORGIA jury called to try the case of a man charged with assault returned the following verdict: "We find the prisoner almost guilty."

NATURE



STUDY.

SOME FURTHER NATURE TALK.

LAST week we learned that certain plants made their growth in circles as the apple tree does, and others grow by accretion from the inside. And, we learned further, that one kind had net-veined leaves and another parallel-veined leaves; that one plant would be called a phænogam and another without true flowers would be called a cryptogam. Now, let it be remembered that the phænogam, or the plants with the perfect flowers are a much more complicated organization than cryptogams, or flowerless plants. It will be apparent to you that an apple tree is a more complicated and finished piece of work than a toadstool. This holds good all the way through.

Now, let us have a talk about the way some seeds grow. If you were to put a bean into the ground in a short time two seed-leaves would push out and after a while a vine would start to grow. It is clear that the leaf of the bean is net-veined, and we all know that it has a true flower. Now, if in another place we planted a grain of corn and it grew there would be no seed-leaves appear above the ground and the plant would not bear true flowers. I wonder whether it is universally true, or so nearly so as to be practically, universal that a seed which comes up as the bean does, has true flowers, and the seed which comes up as a grain of corn does, without the seed leaves, has no true flowers. It is not necessary for you to get a seed of every plant in the world and grow it before you can tell whether this is true or not. There are some things we have to take on faith and the Nook tells you that it is almost universally true that the flowering plants have seed leaves while the plants that do not have seed leaves do not have true flowers. It is true that they may not show as clearly as the bean but if they have two or more divisions in the seed they are almost always flowering plants. We have learned that the flowering plant has net-veined leaves and grows by layers deposited from year to year.

How this growth is made is a very interesting thing, but that is another story for a later Nook.

Everybody has seen a cocoanut, and clearly there are no two seed leaves above the cocoanut or two parts of the meat, or the seed proper. The facts are that when the cocoanut starts to grow the sprout starts at the far end, on the inside, and makes a straight growth for the place at the other end over which there is no shell, and pushes its way through at that spot, never making the slightest mistake, no matter how the cocoanut may lay on the ground. Now, from what we have said before this cocoanut would grow into a tree that would have parallel-veined leaves: would the wood growth be deposited in layers?

Suppose you found in a pound of rice a little brown seed, the like of which you had never seen before, and on looking at it carefully you could see that it would split in two parts and make two seed leaves when it grew, what would you know about the plant that would come from that seed? Would it have net-veined or parallel-veined leaves? Would it grow from the inside out, or by deposit, and layers of growth from, year to year, if it lived that long? Make no mistake about this, for there is not the slightest necessity of your doing so if you remember what has been said before.

If you would find a seed that would be strange to you you ought to be able to tell at least something in general terms about the plant and its growth.

If we look at the seed of a flowering plant we can readily see that there is one place that represents the "eye," as we call it, or the sprout of the seed. You all know what I mean when I speak of the eye of a grain of corn. Without this it would not germinate and would not make a plant at all, even if the eye was left in the seed and yet was not covered up.

With the lower forms of vegetable life that do not produce true flowers or seeds, a very peculiar condition exists. Instead of seeds they produce what are called spores, usually in the form of

the dust and this corresponds to seeds with this reference. Instead of having an eye from which the growth starts they are practically all eye, and no matter where they touch the ground, or come into contact with moisture, they begin to grow at that point. Nearly every reader has found a golf-ball, which is only a dried mushroom growth, and has noticed the fine dust that pours out of the ball when he breaks it, or squeezes it. This dust is nothing more than an immense number of spores. This spore method is the way the ferns grow, the toadstools and mushrooms generally, and no end of other plants, which are flowerless and seedless, but which produce spores, and these spores finally develop into plants. But the course they take is wholly unlike that of the higher organized phænogams.

* * *

THE DIFFUSION OF SEEDS.

ONE of the interesting things in Nature Study, is the way plants get a foothold in certain localities. Every section has its weed that, more than any other, overruns the neighborhood. Back in Pennsylvania, on the Nookman's place, the plan has come to stay. It can be exterminated, but not readily. Then in this section, that of northern Illinois, the writer has noticed, on his trips to Chicago, that whole fields are yellowed with the wild mustard. In other places it is the wild carrot, the wild radish, or, indeed, it may be any plant.

One of the interesting things, as you ride through a country, is to observe the weed pests that seem to have taken possession. These weeds are not native, always, in fact most of them are imported, and the way they get around is something curious. A man has a garden. He wants a load of manure that the livery stableman is willing to sell him. But the hay fed the horses was raised in a neighboring State, and the weed seeds, retaining their vitality, are sowed with the reading of the fertilizer, and there you have a new crop, not very noticeable the first year, but more of them the second, and about the second or third the country is full of them.

There is hardly a thing that moves, or is movable, that does not contribute its share of the reading of weed seeds. The bird does its share, the wild animals each its own, and the

train that runs through the country in the Autumn does a grand share of it. Sometime, when riding through the rural districts, or when standing near a rapidly-passing train, note the swirl of leaves, the loose material of all kinds that is sucked into the rear of the train. Of course anything with a seed in it goes along.

One very prolific source of the spread of weed seed is in the fact that nearly everybody allows the native weeds near him to seed and sow the country. When the world gets farther into civilization, it will be criminal to allow this to go on. People will be required to contribute toward keeping the world clear of pests.

* * *

A KITTEN'S INTELLIGENCE.

A HUNGRY kitten was put into a cage, the door of which would fall open when a loop of wire that hung in front of the cage was pulled down an inch. The kitten tried to squeeze between the bars, clawed and bit at them, thrust its paws out between the bars, and clawed at various loose objects in the cage. It clawed the loop several times, but not with enough force to pull it down. After 160 seconds of such activity, it happened to claw the loop hard enough, and so escaped. After it had eaten the food outside it was put into the box again. There was a repetition of the same activities, but the successful movement came this time in thirty seconds. On the next trial general activity for ninety seconds was required before the kitten escaped. With repeated trials the association between the interior of the box and the act of clawing at the loop became fixed, so that finally the kitten would do it in a few seconds—that is, as soon as put into the box. This progress is shown in the times taken in the different trials. They were 160, 30, 90, 60, 15, 28, 20, 30, 22, 11, 15, 20, 12, 10, 14, 10, 8, 8, 5, 10, 8, 6, 6, and 7 seconds.—*Professor E. L. Thorndike in International Monthly.*

* * *

FATTENING BIVALVES.

HALF-DEVELOPED oysters and clams which are in poor flesh, as a stock man would say, are now kept in regular pens and fattened for the market, as if they were pigs or other live stock.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY...

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

(For the Inglebrook.) **22-24 S. State St., Elgin, Ill.**

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sand banks, and then there is a considerable river bottom, mainly level, then a high, abrupt hill and the city proper on the top and the adjacent hills. Naturally the railroads would seek the river levels in the face of such a hill, and around them the means of transportation would cluster the great industries, the packing houses, the manufacturing, etc. Standing somewhere on the high river hill, looking down, the Nooker would see something like what is shown in the picture which has been presented to the INGLENOOK by Mr. Geo. McDonough, of the Union Pacific.

*He who trusts to luck must beg
of him who works with pluck.*

THE COMING OF THE BIRDS.

A GOOD many birds, perhaps all of them, come and go at night. We go out some bright morning in spring and we hear the liquid note of the bluebird, recognizable anywhere, or the robin



THE PICTURE.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., is one of the great gateways to the West, and it is a place that hundreds and thousands of our readers have passed through without seeing very much of it outside the surroundings of the Union station. In order to understand the picture let it be remembered that at Kansas City there is a broad, navigable river, often dry enough to show large areas of

sings us a song, and we are gladder for the presence.

We are apt to think that the birds make a mistake about the advancement of the season but they do. Many a time they sing in the sunshine of to-day to shiver to-morrow when the fluffy spring snow hangs on cornice and bough. But while they err they are correct in the main. They have not come to Elgin at this writing, the early days of March, but the redbreast and

blueback are likely to be heard any bright morning.

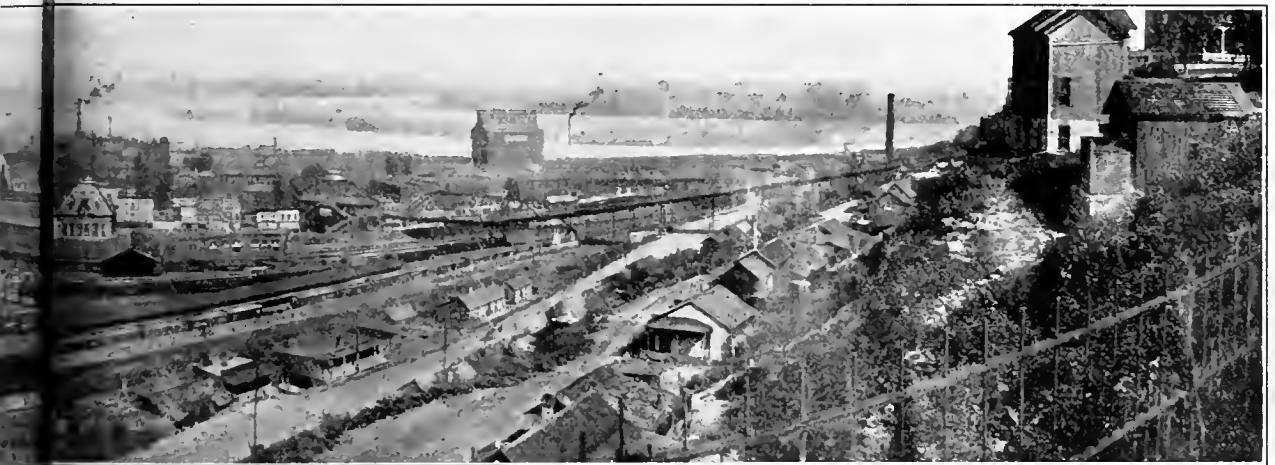
The mating and the nesting are always seasons of delightful twitter and song. It is soon over, and both birds settle down to work and rarely sing long at a time. Some of them show rare confidence in man. They will build over the arbor, in the arbor, or in a fence corner where all can see. Jennie Wren prefers a box and displays marvelous skill in getting long twigs and sticks into a small hole. And she dares the whole bird world to touch a thing about her home. As quick as a flash even the great black crow must take refuge in high flight to protect his nest.

When the birds begin to come they follow one another with rapidity. Their gladness is ours. They are a joy from the first song when the leaves are green to the time when leaves are bare, but mainly do they stir us to thankfulness at the time when the Johnny-jump-up and bluebird first came together.

print, and the latter was printed as a bit of information without any reference to endorsing circus methods. The fields gleaned by the INGLENOOK are world-wide, and it may sometimes happen, that, with the closest scrutiny and care, mistakes will occur. When so we are always ready to listen and correct. We recognize the jurisdiction of the Committee and have the greatest respect for the authority of the church. Clearly the church has the right to direct the character of its output, and when errors are unintentionally made in the INGLENOOK it takes a willing stand in acquiescence and correction.



EVERY day takes out premiums to members of the NOOK family who have secured one or more of the gifts we send to those who extend "the sphere of influence" of the INGLENOOK. It pays in every way and we commend the industry and interest manifested by our energetic friends everywhere.



AN EXPLANATION.

SOME time ago several articles were printed in the INGLENOOK, the general tendency of which, duly constituted authorities through the Advisory Committee, took up and on discussion decided that their presentation to the church public was ill-advised. We were courteously advised of the fact. One was a paragraph about making a "Memory Book," the other on the care of circus animals in winter. Both articles were re-

THE Frank and Kath letters are coming in for a fair show of commendation from the Nook family. One of our readers sums up his ideas by saying that Kathleen is the "keener" of the two, while Frank takes a broader view. *Quien sabe?* They will soon be out on the Pacific coast and their correspondence will take a different turn because of describing things with which the average Nooker is not familiar. The articles will be illustrated as they go along.

HOW WOMEN EARN THEIR LIVING.

No. 4.—Teaching School.

BY MARY GRACE HILEMAN.

BEING the eldest of a large family of children, I was compelled to think of what I was going to do when I "got big," to earn a livelihood. My passion for reading led people to call me a book-worm when a mere child, and my twelfth year found me looking forward to the time when I would be a "school-marm."

In my dreams teaching was very desirable. I continued dreaming about the ideal school, made an effort to gain all the knowledge possible; noted the good and bad qualities of all my teachers; tried to discern what would induce the dilatory boy to study, and what would tend to help the dull one most, etc., etc., down through my school-days.

When I was in my nineteenth year my father lent me money to go to college for the spring term. In spite of the fact that I had been out of my mother's sight for more than twelve hours at a time only thrice in my life, the hour to say good-bye to *all* home associations came and was greeted with many sighs and long faces. It was a rainy day *within* and *without*.

The end of the first month found me acquainted with but two girls,—the preceptress and her roommate,—and I was woefully counting the days until I could go home. About this time one of my friends gave me a very kind lecture about hiding myself away to my room every chance I got, instead of associating with the girls. The fruit which this seed brought forth was that the close of the term found me leaving college just as reluctantly as I had left home three months before.

I didn't stop studying! No indeed! Examination day was ahead. In the meantime father informed the school directors that his daughter would be an applicant for a school, and sent me to the ones who didn't agree with him in politics to talk for myself. And let me say right here that this talking to directors and patrons is one of the most undesirable things about school teaching, but you must do it until your work speaks for you.

Finally, the much-dreaded day came and 8:30 I found myself in the class in front of County Superintendent. First was orthography and it went all right and so did physiology. Grammar and arithmetic were not so good, but I was given a chance to tell a few things I knew in history and geography, and at the close of the day I received a certificate and the information that I had been appointed teacher of school. I could board at home, but the school-numbered forty-five, had a seating capacity of twenty-eight and did not have the name of being easy to govern. In fact, the boys had blacked the eye of the man who taught it the winter before.

People said "that little doll baby would never get through with that school," but she determined to show them that she could work. The first two months were a sort of a race as to whether the doll baby or big boys were to be teacher. She told the boys they must obey or leave school, but one chose the former course.

Was it all sunshine? By no means. Some evenings I wished I might lock the door, never to open it again. I have since learned that every truly conscientious young person gets in just as violent storms as I did, when he first begins the battle of life, no matter what profession he follows.

The end of the term came and the winter work summed up better than I ever dreamed could. After another spring term in college examination day was upon me again. Of course I hunted up my directors, made my work known, and was appointed teacher of an easy school without much effort on my part. I tried to have my work speak for me and succeeded so much that the third year I was invited to teach six or eight different schools.

Were I to live my schooldays over, I would study more diligently; associate with and study the nature of children more extensively, and, above all, I would respect my teachers more highly.

If compelled to solve the problem—How to Make a Living—I should prefer returning to school-teaching.

Elgin, Ill.

* * *

PEACE of mind is often the result of not knowing any better.

JAP SERVANTS IN DEMAND.

SOMETIMES it seems as though the servant problem will be solved by the substitution of Japanese men and boys for women in every department of household work," said the proprietors of an intelligent office uptown where servants of all nationalities are provided.

The demand for Japanese servants is increasing every month and we are beginning to get the Japanese girls to go out as maids, although they do not care for domestic work that is at all heavy.

The men are much in demand and can get good wages. They do their work with great capability, but they are particular as to their treatment and will not stay in a place where they are not appreciated.

They make the best of cooks, valets, waiters and butlers. They are sober, honest, and their neatness and quiet are proverbial.

Japanese men and boys are going out by the tens now to fill places formerly filled by women.

But it is as valets that they shine. Many of them are employed in the bachelor apartment houses as co-operative valets.

Each tenant has a daily visit from the valet, who airs and dusts rooms, collects laundry work, makes beds and brushes and presses clothing that may be left out for him. The charm of the Japanese servant is his unobtrusiveness and inactive politeness.

For this co-operative service each man pays one or two dollars a week, according to the work required. It is a very small sum for the service rendered, but when fifteen or twenty men employ a valet it mounts up to a goodly sum, taken in connection with tips.

"It would be impossible to find a woman who could give service as a co-operative maid to women, making a round of calls each day among customers. It seems odd that women do not realize the possibilities there are in this line for money making.

"Any number of women would gladly pay for the daily brushing and mending of gowns and other small services that could be rendered in an hour or two at most. But while a number of women now look for employment as visiting maids, their demands are absurdly high. A dollar an hour is the price that most of them ask.

"Women's odd ideas of the different ranks of domestic work will always react against their success as good servants. The nurse considers herself above the chambermaid, and the chambermaid classes herself ahead of the cook.

"A girl who learns to do manicuring at once scorns to do mending. There is a social gulf between the girl who files nails and her who merely curls hair.

"The Japanese man servant goes at his work with the right idea. He wishes to do it well, and thoroughly values his excellence. He does not like to mix with other servants, nor is he apt to be popular with other help, but he is rarely discharged for incompetence.

"We have placed some Japanese girls as nurses in private families. They wear the dress of their country and look very quaint and pretty about a house. Then there are some Japanese ladies' maids."—*New York Sun*.

* * *

The impecunious man who makes love to an heiress naturally expects the bonds of matrimony to pay well.

* * *

SMALL HINDOO MONARCH.

PROBABLY the smallest monarch in the world reigns over Hindoo vassal state of Bhopaul, and governs a people of more than one million souls. This dwarf is a woman, Djihan-Begum by name, but although she is about fifty years old she does not appear larger than a child of ten. Her diminutive size does not prevent her, however, from holding the reins of government with a firm hand, and in her realm quiet and order are supreme.

* * *

THERE are people who once had travail of soul for others who have it no more. They did not intercede at the throne of grace for others, and God no longer honors them with any part of the burden of intercession, nor any share in bringing this world to God. They refused fellowship with the burden of Jesus' intercession for a lost world, and they have little love for the souls of men.—*Selected*.

HOW TO KEEP A FISH.

BY JAS. Z. GILBERT.

How often it occurs during childhood and later days that on our wanderings we find the curious thing, the beautiful, and even the valuable. A handsome flower, a finely-colored lizard, an innocent snake, a fish, a two-legged tadpole, the set of eggs, rare or common, a piece of coral, a pretty pebble,—these and a hundred other things might be with interest and profit kept for the finder. How to keep them has been the anxious question of many a child.

Place the stones in a box after carefully wrapping each specimen separately in a piece of paper. Press the flower between the leaves of some book, after having spread every part out as well as possible, but the other things are not so easily preserved.

But how to keep the fish is a problem we will solve for you:

1. Secure a large-mouthed bottle, a quinine or catsup bottle which is one inch taller than the fish is long, will do.

2. Wash the fish thoroughly. Rinse in clear water.

3. Place the fish in the bottle, tail first.

4. Now fill the bottle so as to cover the specimen with the following solution:

Take one part of formaldehyde, forty per cent pure, and add to it twenty parts of clear water. Shake, and let stand a few minutes, then pour upon the specimen.

This formaldehyde can be obtained at the drug-store at about sixty cents a pint, which, when mixed with the water as given above, will make a preserving solution of twenty-one pints.

Do not inhale the strong formaldehyde, or get in the eyes, as it "smarts."

A fish makes a fine specimen with which to try the experiment.

Daleville, Va.

* * *

*A blessing in disguise gets many
a rebuff.*

* * *

RICH MEN SCARCE IN JAPAN.

THE *jiji shimpo* has made a curious census of the rich men of Japan. The object of its investi-

gations was to ascertain how many persons there are in the empire possessed of a fortune of 500,000 yen, which is equal to \$250,000. The total number of these quarter-millionaires is 441. One-third of the number reside in Tokio and the great majority are found, of course, in the capital and the progressive cities of Osaka, Kioto, Kobe and Yokohama. The result shows that there are 100 rich men in the United States to one rich man in Japan, even when \$1,000,000 is accepted as the standard in the United States and \$250,000 in the Japanese empire. The proportion, however, is not so much against Japan as may at first appear. The rich men of the latter country, even the bankers and financiers, have their largest holdings in land.

They have not yet specialized the business of money-making as it has been in this country, and therefore the basis of fortunes is more stable. Again, it is estimated that a dollar in Japan is equal in the amount it will purchase of comforts and luxury to \$4 or \$5 in the United States. With this consideration in view it will be seen that the apparently small fortunes of the Japanese wealthier classes are really much larger than they seem. The period of business and industrial development has just begun and fortunes are being made more rapidly now than they were ten or even five years ago. This is shown by the tremendous growth of the Japanese shipping and building industry and in the accumulated fortunes for many financiers of Tokio and Yokohama. It is conceivable that another decade will see Tokio the great financial metropolis of the East, as London is of Europe and New York of the American continent. Japan's day has just dawned and it is idle to contrast the beginning of her accumulations of wealth with the results of acquisitions in this country and in Europe. *Japan and America.*

* * *

MAKING THE SLIT IN A PEN.

ONE of the marvels of pen making is the way in which the center slit is cut. It is done by a machine which consists of two chisels, which barely pass each other when the slit is made, and the exact way in which the pen is poised so as to place the chisels in the proper position for cutting is a remarkably nice mechanical calculation.

THE FORCE OF VIBRATION.

WHAT force least expected does the greatest damage to buildings?" a reporter asked a well-known architect.

It is difficult to tell. But I will venture to say that you would never expect violin playing to injure the walls of a building. Yet that is certainly the case. There have been instances when the walls of stone and brick structures have been seriously impaired by the vibrations from a violin. Of course these cases are unusual, but the facts are established. The vibrations of a violin are something terrible in their unseen, unaided force, and when they come in contact with regularity they bear their influence upon structures of stone, brick or iron. Of course it takes continuous playing for many years to loosen masonry or to make iron brittle, but that result is obtained. In the great Masonic Temple in Chicago I have thought of what the result might be if a man would stand on the first floor, at the bottom of the nineteen-story light well, and play there continuously. The result could be more easily seen there than almost any place else, because the vibration gathers force as it creeps upward. A man can feel the vibrations of a violin on an ironclad ocean vessel, and at the same time be unable to hear the music. It is the regularity of the vibration which means so much. Like the constant dripping of water wearing away a stone, the incessant vibration of a violin makes its way to the walls, and attacks their solidity."

"But why doesn't this vibration affect the play-
"Because a man is a flexible object. He can give way to motion and resume his place again. A frame building would not be damaged from vibration, because the timbers are flexible. But it is different with masonry.

"You may have noticed that a dog crossing a room will shake the entire building no matter how small the dog. A dog can shake a suspension bridge. There are some great and valuable bridges which dogs are never allowed to cross, except when carried. You see, in that case it is the regularity of the vibration that is so powerful. The dog's movement is a fixed and positive institution. The first step on the bridge is not noticed so much, but every step comes just

alike, at the same interval, and with the same firmness. The force gathers momentum, and each step makes the bridge sway more. But there is another way that it may perhaps be illustrated better. As you sit there raise one foot partially on tip-toe. That's it. Now work your knee up and down rapidly and regularly. See how everything in the room rattles and the floor shakes? That illustrates the dog step's power better than anything else. You and I and all our friends could not jump up and down in this room and shake the floor as you have just shaken it while sitting down and using only the force of one leg. It is the regularity of the vibration which is powerful.—*Indianapolis News.*

* * *

Silence is a virtue that is frequently overlooked by fools.

* * *

TESTING A DIAMOND.

"No," said the dealer, "you don't need to be an expert in order to be able to tell a good diamond from a poor one. You need only to have common sense and good eyes and a magnifying glass. First you examine the diamond's table. The table is the surface, and it should be perfectly flat and perfectly octagonal. Then examine the circumference, and if that is round the gem is, at least, you may be sure, well cut.

"Now, for flaws, you look into the diamond, using the glass here, for the reason that a flaw imperceptible to the naked eye will often lower a gem's value fifty or sixty per cent. Flaws in diamonds resemble those little feather marks in ice that we so often see, though scratches on the surface are also flaws. If none are to be found you study next the color, remembering that the steel blue, because it is the most brilliant, is the most desirable and costly hue, and that the white comes next. Yellowish or off-color stones are practically worthless, but a perfect violet or amber, or rose diamond, brings a fancy price.

"Study finally the depth and weight, and if the depth is good you won't be cheated if you pay \$150 or \$160 a carat for your stone. Before the South African war you'd only have to pay \$100, but \$150, thanks to this war, and to the diamond trust, and to the heavier customs duty, is now the market price."—*Philadelphia Record.*

DYNAMITE.

FROM the correspondence of the *Kansas City Star* we extract the following interesting facts about the manufacture of dynamite:

Dynamite is made from nitroglycerin. In the manufacture of the medium grades of dynamite the nitroglycerin is mixed with sawdust or wood pulp and small quantities of other ingredients, according to the particular formula which is used. In the higher grades gelatine is used. This is a separate process at this plant. In the cheapest grades of dynamite large quantities of nitrate of ammonia are used instead of so much nitroglycerin. This plant has a storehouse for this and exports sometimes as much as 30,000 pounds per month.

Glycerin is supplied to this plant by various soap factories. It is sometimes called sugar of lard and is simply animal fat, which has been extracted from the natural tissues by high pressure. Most of it comes in tank cars. It is stored in drums standing on end, each of which will contain from 1,200 to 1,400 pounds. Glycerin is harmless enough in itself, but when it is added to the acid combination, formed by mixing nitric and sulphuric acids, danger is near. This mixing is done in what is known as the "nitrating house." It is located away off up a hollow by itself as it is one of the most dangerous points on the premises. It is a frame structure a story and a half high, and in the middle of the room is a huge kettle which will hold certainly 15,000 pounds. Into this the acid mixture and the glycerin are poured and as they come together heat is generated. The "chief nitrator" keeps his eye on the thermometer and his hand on the cold water valve, and as the temperature rises he reduces the flow of acid and increases the quantity of ice water around the great kettle.

By machinery the mass in the kettle is agitated until it is thoroughly mixed. Then the "charge," as it is called, is piped down to the separating house. This house contains a large tank in which the crude nitroglycerin is allowed to settle. The nitroglycerin rises to the top like cream and the acid which was not taken up settles to the bottom and is drawn off and sent to the freezing house. The separating house at this plant has blown up three times. The last explosion occurred in March, 1899, and two men were killed.

There are wooden tanks into which the sediment, or "mud," as it is called, is drawn off from each charge. This "mud" is very dangerous as spontaneous combustion is liable if kept too long. At regular intervals the contents of the tanks is hauled off to a distance and buried in the ground or exploded. But the "mud" is supposed to have been kept too long in March of '99 and to this cause is charged the fatal explosion.

From the separating house the nitroglycerin is piped to the oil warehouse, where it is washed in a preparation of soda to neutralize any surplus acid which may have escaped the separating process. This is done to prevent heating.

In the oil regions of Ohio I saw the driver of a nitroglycerin wagon show his friends one of the dangers of handling nitroglycerin. He had a spring wagon divided into padded compartments. Into each of these a can would fit which held about three gallons of nitroglycerin. In the cans he delivered the stuff at various points where it was required for shooting oil wells. He drained every possible drop from an empty can and placed it at the foot of a tree eight inches in diameter, retreated with all of us to a safe distance whence he fired a rifle bullet into the can. The explosion tore the tree all to pieces. He told me he was tired of fooling with such stuff and that he was going to quit that job. In a short time the last day of his employment came. He went out with the wagon and made the trip safe. He was seen that evening near the magazine where he returned. It is supposed that he let one of the "empty" cans fall as he unloaded the wagon and that he was carried off by the very danger he had so forcibly illustrated to us a short time before. At any rate, the entire magazine exploded and the poor fellow as well as his wagon and team were completely annihilated. Nitroglycerin is piped around over this plant and handled in vessels extensively, but the danger have just digressed to point out does not exist for the very simple reason that lead pipes and lead vessels are used and to lead the stuff will not stick.

The acid from the separating house which is sent to the freezing house is frozen for the purpose of securing the residue of nitroglycerin which did not rise to the top in the settling process. Nitroglycerin freezes at 45 and when the temperature is reached the residue of the nitro-

erlin can be skimmed off in the shape of mush

The acid from which every particle of nitro-
gerin has been extracted now goes to the re-
ery house, where it is treated and distilled and
e more separated into nitric and sulphuric
l. It is not necessary to ship in any sulphuric
l, as the amount recovered from each charge
qual to or greater than the original amount
hand at the beginning of the process.

In the main group of buildings is the wood
o store house. Herein the sawdust and wood
p are stored which are used in the dynamite.
h are from lind wood or some similar soft
od which has no odor. The sawdust is dried
carefully screened and when it is in proper
dition it goes to the mixing house, where it
mixed with nitroglycerin, making dynamite.
e "mixing house" is an odd-looking affair.
ilt against a hill, three sides of it are cribbed
with slats and the space between the slats and
walls is filled with dirt. I suppose this is in-
ded to break the shock of any explosion which
expected at any time. In this building are
ge wooden tubs, in each of which is a travel-
wheel followed by a copper plow, which
akes thoroughly the nitroglycerin, sawdust, so-
and flour. When thoroughly mixed this is
namite.

* * *

*An old shoe for comfort, and a
fresh son for worry.*

* * *

MY SNAKE STORY.

BY LIZZIE ARNOLD.

It happened on this wise. We had gone fish-
ing on Oak Creek. After lunch Grace and I
went some distance up the creek by ourselves.
It was a pretty place. One bank was low and
sandy, the other high and steep, with trees and
bushes. In the creek were large boulders and
about them the water was deep.

We were on the shady side. My hook caught
down by the water and I had to climb down the
bank to get it loose. That was quickly and eas-
ily done, but the getting back was another ques-
tion. On one hand was a perpendicular rock
seven or eight feet high, on the other a steep
and bank. Trying to go back up the bank

would likely result in my sliding down into the
creek. The water next to the bank was
deep. I might jump far enough to wade out
on the other side, but was not ready for a bath,
and then there might be quicksand. Here in
Arizona we are always being told to be careful
and not get into quicksand.

There I was, standing on a boulder in the edge
of the water, holding to a root from an old rot-
ten stump that was partly buried in the bank,
while Grace was just in the act of carrying out
her suggestion to hold to a bush and reach down
over the bank to help me, when "Whiz-z-z-z,"
and I looked quick, and there in a little hole in
the sand right under the root I was holding, and
not two feet from my body, was coiled a rattle-
snake. I did some quick thinking. All the
ways and means of escape were considered. I
saw the snake grab me by the toe as I climbed up
over it, or strike me in the face as I went sliding
back into the water, and in the smallest part of
the time it takes to tell it, I had turned, jumped
as far out as I could, went under, all but the top
of my bonnet, stumbled, went under again,
splashed on and stopped on a sand bar in water
up to my knees. Then I considered it safe, and
turned to see how things were prospering in the
quarters I'd just vacated. There was his snake-
ship, his flat, triangular head waving about the
root I had just let go, seemingly somewhat ill
at ease, while Grace, pale as a ghost, on the bank
above thought I had fallen in and would surely
be drowned. The sudden plunge in the cool wa-
ter had cooled my excitement completely, and I
was seeing the laughing side. Grace was more
puzzled than ever, and by the time I had ex-
plained, the cause of all this commotion had de-
cided on a change of base, and was crawling up
the bank toward the stump above. I wasn't out
of the water, but I wanted those rattles and I
got them, or Grace and I did, and carried them,
snake and all, in triumph to the camp.

They said I was excited, but it could not have
been, I was exceedingly cool in my wet gar-
ments. Nevertheless I admit that even now a
horrible sensation of snaky coldness comes over
me when I think how close those deadly fangs
were to my hand. And with it a reproving con-
science for killing that snake after it had given
me such timely warning.

Camp Verde, Arizona.

PUBLIC HIGHWAYS IN EUROPE.

BY D. R. YODER.

HAVING had opportunity, in the fall of 1900, to travel in a number of different countries in Europe, and because of the excellent condition of their public highways, it affords us pleasure to write a few lines on the above subject. I wish I could present to our readers a camera picture of our own taking, showing one of these roads over which we traveled in France.

This road, which is a fair sample of most of the roads in Europe, is called the "Nationale Road" and leads from Calais, on the Strait of Dover, in a southerly direction to Paris, a distance of 210 miles.

These roads are of macadamized construction, made and kept up by the government, with well-kept lawns and one or two rows of shade trees on either side.

It is a pleasure to the cyclist to ride on these nice, solid, smooth roads, especially when he comes to a long down-grade where he can coast to his heart's content. Not quite so pleasant, however, is the long slope or hill to climb, just beyond, which invariably follows shortly after a splendid coast down hill.

The country along this road is quite fertile and under a high state of cultivation, but quite rolling in places. The peasants or farmers live mostly in villages and go back and forth to their little parcels of land to work it, although once in a while we would pass a country residence, or fortress, where a family of considerable prominence lived, and where the home,—house, barns, and orchard, were surrounded by a high stone wall, with heavy solid gates, as entrances from the road. These buildings usually looked as though father, grandfather, and even great-grandfather might have lived and died in the same house, still standing, and which very likely will be good for several more generations to follow.

It was interesting to note the peasantry at work along this road, oftentimes entire families, with possibly both father and mother swinging a simply-constructed cradle, cutting the ripened grain, while younger members of the family would rake and bind, and still younger children would follow and glean what little grain might be left scattered on the ground. Thus we would go pedalling along, noticing the many interesting scenes along

the way, and now and then stopping at a dwelling house, or a wayside inn, to get a drink of water! but where was the water? Stepping the door where we would be met by the lady of the house or the landlady of the inn, we would somewhat hesitatingly call for a drink of water. "Watee, watee," while a shrug of the shoulder would indicate to us that they did not understand what we wanted. By again repeating our request for water and accompanying the same by numerous gesticulations, such as pointing with the finger to our wide-open mouths, they seemed to catch the idea and off they would hurry and soon return with a big bottle of wine, and a glass which they would offer us. To their surprise, however, this was not what we wanted. So after further efforts on our part to make them understand that it was "water, not wine" that we wanted, they would hurry off again in some back room and presently come forth, bringing a big bowl of milk, undoubtedly feeling confident that this time they had what we wanted. Again with further gesticulations, we had to repeat our request for water, which idea finally they would seem to catch, and as a last resort would go back to a well somewhere and bring us a pitcher of water, with which we eagerly slaked our thirst and which to them seemed strange that anyone should call for water to drink.

Thus we went touring along through a land and among a people whose language we could not understand, nor they ours. Yet with all of this they seemed quite accommodating and we got along very well.

At times we would go pedalling along up a long grade, or peradventure against a rather strong head wind, making fairly good time under the circumstances, when suddenly we would hear something back of us, and presently with "whizz" an automobile would rush by us, up over the hill and out of sight, and make us think we weren't going at all.

Goshen, Ind.

+ + +

THE CARE OF RUBBER PLANTS.

"As near as I can estimate there are from 25,000 to 30,000 rubber plants in Washington," said a prominent florist to a *Star* reporter, "and out of this vast number I do not believe there are one thousand perfect ones. You will observe

the summer months that there is a rubber plant standing in front of a majority of Washington's residences, but it is very rare to see one that has lost its lower leaves. When in its full foliage a rubber plant is one of our most beautiful house plants, but when it has lost most of its lower leaves it has lost much of its beauty. One of such plants are continually coming to me, saying, 'What shall I do to prevent the leaves falling off? Some people tell me I give my plant too much water and others tell me I don't give it water enough, but no matter which advice I follow the leaves will decay and fall off.'

The following simple plan will prove a cure for such annoyances if it is followed with due regularity: Every spring the plant should be potted in good soil, each time in a larger pot, and during the summer months kept in the shady part of the house, away from the sun, and watered daily. In winter the plant should be kept in a light place in the house, but should not have much sun. Once each week the entire pot should be thoroughly immersed in a bucket or tub of water and allowed to soak over night, giving the water ample opportunity to soak to its bottom. Next morning take the pot out of its tub and allow it to drain awhile and do not give it any more water for two or three days, but let it have a drink each morning until time for its next bath. By carefully following this plan you will be surprised to see the beautiful tree which the large, glossy leaves will show, and you will not be annoyed with the leaves falling off.

If there are worms in the earth, give the plant liberal soaking with soapsuds and you will see the worms come wriggling out in a hurry, when they may be easily removed. A little lime water will answer the purpose just as well and not injure the plant. The leaves should be frequently cleaned with a soft, damp cloth, and dust not allowed to accumulate on them. Just try this method on your plant and note how promptly its health will improve."—*Washington Star*.

* * *

ABOUT OSTRICHES.

* * *

In the March *Arena*, Mr. B. O. Flower, one of our editors, has this to say in an article on ostrich farming, most of which is new to the Nook fam-

When the eggs are laid the male and female birds take turns in sitting upon the nest. From about eight A. M. to four P. M. the eggs are under the female, after which the male bird sits upon the nest, and in six weeks the chicks begin to pick their way through the hard, thick shell.

In eight months the young birds are ready for the first plucking, but the feathers at this time are not very valuable. Every succeeding eight months the birds are plucked, yet it is not until they are sixteen months old that it is possible to distinguish the male from the female.

In answer to my query as to whether the plucking operation was painful to the bird, Mr. Bentley replied in the negative. The feathers are cut off instead of being pulled out, and he assured me that the operation was no more painful than the paring of one's finger-nails. When a bird is ready to be plucked it is caught and quickly hooded, after which it is walked into a corner of the fence so as to facilitate the plucking. Then the 330 feathers that constitute a plucking are cut off. The most valuable of them are the twenty-six long black or gray feathers obtained from each wing.

After the plucking the feathers are carefully sorted. Many of them are of little value, but the good ones are carefully matched, after which they are washed and dried by running the hand quickly and repeatedly from the large end to the tip until all moisture has disappeared.

The food of the ostrich consists chiefly of grain and such green food as horses and cattle eat. In the absence of fresh grass, hay and alfalfa are chopped up and given to them. They like all cereals that are eaten by cattle, but will not touch meat or any cooked food.

The female bird is never dangerous, but the male is easily angered and can quickly kill a man with his claw-mailed foot, which is thrust forward with terrific force. While at Mr. Bentley's farm I saw an old male bird strike a post and the heavy cross-bar of the fence with such force as to make deep indentions in the hard wood.

THE INGLENOOK management takes occasion to thank its numerous correspondents, whose letters of recent date have contained so many complimentary allusions, and regrets that there is not time to write each one a personal letter.

The Q. & A. Page.

Is there any truth in Rob nson Crusoe?

Very little except that taken from the story of Alexander Selkirk, who did live on Juan Fernandez, the Robinson Crusoe island, for a time.



Does the Nook believe in medicine?

Very little. The best doctors have little faith in most remedies, and put their trust in simples and intelligent nursing and dieting. Surgery, though, is all right, and is another matter entirely.



Where do the figures of saints, etc., come from? Does the Roman church make and sell them?

They are made in factories devoted to that specialty. The figures represent a saint. Being made a saint in the Catholic church is a slow and tedious process, involving years of time, and it is not easy.



Can irrigation be successfully employed in the East, say in Pennsylvania?

Sure. Every watering of the growing crop, even if from an old tomato can, is irrigation. The use of a system, such as they understand in the West, would be enormously advantageous if intelligently applied.



Can the Nook give a good way to catch rats too wise for traps?

Set the unbaited trap in such a place that the rats will walk into it. To do this, arrange boxes, etc., in such a way as to make the approach easy. It might be well to also smoke the trap to remove the smell of previous victims.



What is the cause of tumors warts, etc.?

Almost impossible to explain here. Something goes wrong with a cell or two which perpetuate and influence adjacent cells. If these do not break up no great harm ensues. If they break and decompose, a "running sore," a cancer, or the like results. The only cure then is cutting out the diseased parts.

Why is it that certain things make some people sick and do not affect others?

There is no known reason for the well-known fact. One person cannot get enough celery to eat. Another is sickened by the smell, for no known reason. Then, in later years, the taste may be acquired readily enough.



How is it that factory clothing can be produced cheaper than by individuals?

By reason of machinery and skilled workmen who do only one thing. Thus, in shirtmaking, the "individual" would likely cut out one piece at a time. In the factory the operator cuts ninety-six pieces at one time, and so on.



What is "reversion of type"? I read about it in natural history?

It means the continual tendency to go back to the first type or kind. If all dogs, cows, etc. were turned loose, there would soon be but one common type. The weak would perish. The strong would survive and perpetuate a common kind.



What are "The White Death" and the "White Terror"? Are they the same thing?

No. The White Death is a peculiar atmospheric condition in very cold weather when the air is full of floating ice crystals, like a fog. The words are a translation of an Indian phrase for it. The White Terror is another name for the consumption.



"Living in a flat," I suppose I ought to know what a flat is, but I don't. What is it?

There are many things nobody knows. A flat, however, is a house built with all the rooms necessary for living on the same floor, and the family occupying it "lives in a flat." There may be as many flats and families as the house has stories, each one having all necessary rooms. Some flats are very expensive places to live in as rents are high.

 The Home



 Department

A man is bound to follow his wife's advice once, if only for the purpose of reminding her of it in after years.

 DELICIOUS CHICKEN PIE.

TAKE a pair of chickens, not too young, that have been carefully dressed; remove all the fat skin and the tendons from the drum sticks. Place in a saucepan, cover with boiling water and allow them to simmer gently for about two hours, keeping them tightly covered during the entire time. Remove the chickens from the fire and add to the liquor in the sauce pan a pint of milk; thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour creamed with one of butter, season with a very little cayenne pepper, some onion juice and salt, and when thoroughly cooked and just before removing from the fire add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Pour over the chicken, which should previously have been cut into pieces and placed in a deep earthenware pie dish. When both sauce and chicken are quite cold place over all a thin cover of good paste, making an incision in the center for the steam to escape; ornament prettily, brush over with the white of an egg and bake in a moderately-hot oven. When the paste is cooked the pie will be done.

 BEEF LOAF.

THREE pounds of lean beef of the round, chopped or ground fine; add eight soda crackers crushed fine, four eggs, one cup of milk, half cup of butter, teaspoonful of onion chopped very fine; all pepper and salt. Form into a loaf and place in a baking pan with a little hot water; bake two hours, basting often.

 ANGEL FOOD.

WHITES of eleven eggs beaten very light. One tumbler of flour sifted seven times before it is measured; one and one-half tumblers of granulated sugar sifted seven times; one teaspoonful of cream of Tartar, one teaspoonful of vanilla. To the beaten whites add the sifted sugar and stir in gently; then add vanilla and then sift in together the flour and cream of Tartar. Bake forty-five minutes in an ungreased pan in a very moderate oven. The oven should not be opened for fifteen minutes. With this cake baking is making.

 HYGIENIC PUDDING.

ONE cup of sour milk or cream, one-half cup molasses, two cups sifted graham flour, one teaspoon salt, one scant teaspoonful of soda, one cup of seeded raisins. Steam two and one-half hours, sauce for same: Grate rind of one fresh lemon into one pint of hot water; add one cup of sugar and piece of butter the size of a walnut. Thicken with one tablespoonful of cornstarch. Boil fifteen minutes.

 RICE BREAD.

BOIL half a pound of rice in five quarts of water until tender, then beat the whole to a smooth paste. When lukewarm add two quarts of flour and a cupful of yeast. Set near the fire to raise. When raised mould into loaves and bake.

GINGERBREAD.

THIS makes a gingerbread which is crackly and is shiny on top. The secret of making it thus is to pour the shortening boiling hot on the molasses and beat the batter as little as possible. Pour a small half-teacupful of boiling hot shortening, lard and butter, or beef suet and butter mixed, upon one-half pint of New Orleans molasses; add two tablespoonfuls of milk, a tablespoonful of ground ginger, a teaspoonful of cinnamon; then sift in about three-quarters of a pint of flour, to which a teaspoonful of baking soda has been added; lastly add a well-beaten egg, then mix with a few deft turns of the spoon and bake in one large pan or two small ones in a moderate oven: serve hot, and break, not cut, at the table.

FOWL A LA DELHI.

CUT a large fowl into joints, place them in a frying pan with a gill of salad oil, an onion chopped very fine, a sprig of thyme and one bay leaf; sprinkle with a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter teaspoonful of pepper, and let fry a light brown, cooking slowly; now remove the thyme and bay leaf, pour off the oil, add half a pint of tomato sauce, a tablespoonful of walnut ketchup and half a pint of stock; simmer together for fifteen minutes (or longer if the fowl is not tender), then lift out the joints on a hot dish; add a pinch of curry powder to the sauce and reduce it to about half a pint by boiling. Pour the boiling sauce over the fowl and serve at once with a garnish of shaved ham.

WHEAT GEMS.

RISEN breads have certain advantages over other sorts. To make really perfect wheat gems scald one pint of milk, add to it one tablespoonful of butter and let stand until tepid. Then add one-half cake of compressed yeast dissolved in a quarter of a cupful of warm water, three cupfuls of flour and one teaspoonful of salt. Beat well, cover and let stand in a warm place until morning. A half hour before breakfast beat two eggs, the white and yolks separately, and add first the yolks, then the whites to the risen mixture. Beat vigorously and bake in gem pans in a quick oven.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

THREE pints buckwheat flour, three cups warm milk, one and one-half cups warm water, three tablespoons wheat flour, one teaspoon salt, two cups yeast. Mix in the evening, the flour, yeast and salt with warm milk and water, mix thoroughly, cover and let rise over night. Next morning the top of mixture should be full of bubbles. The griddle should be medium hot, as to bake slow enough to bake through. With sour batter add some soda: if too thick, add little warm water.

SPONGE CAKE.

SIX eggs, weight of the eggs in sugar, one-half the weight of the eggs in flour, juice and rind of one lemon, beat the yolks and sugar light. Add rind and juice of lemon and add one-half the flour and beaten whites of eggs, beat fifteen minutes, then add remainder of flour and eggs. Bake forty-five minutes.

CHICKEN BAKED WITH RICE.

CUT the chicken in small pieces and stew until tender. Line the bottom of a deep dish with slices of bacon, place the stewed chicken on top and over it sprinkle two onions chopped. Fill the dish with boiled rice and pour over it a cupful of the stock in which the chicken was stewed. Cover and bake for an hour.

CHICKEN SANDWICHES.

MINCE the meat from a cold roast fowl, add little ham, also minced; add the yolk of four hard-boiled eggs, one tablespoonful of oil, a little mustard and vinegar, salt and pepper to taste; stir well together, spread the mixtures between slices of thin bread and butter.

COTTAGE PUDDING.

ONE tablespoonful of butter, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one large teaspoonful yeast powder, one and one-half cups of flour, flavor to taste. Serve with any liquid sauce.

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SECRET THOUGHTS.

Told it true, that thoughts are things
Flowed with being, breath and wings.
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results or ill.
That which we call our secret thought
Seds to the earth's remotest spot.
And leaves its blessings or its woes
Le tracks behind it, as it goes.
Is God's law; remember it
Your still chamber as you sit.
With thoughts you would not dare have known.
Al yet make comrades when alone.
These thoughts have life and as they fly
Al leave their impress by-and-by.
Like some marsh breeze, whose poisonous breath
Bathes into homes its fevered death.
Al, after you have quite forgot
Call outgrown some vanished thought
Back to your mind to make its home,
Love, or raven, it will come.
Then let your secret thoughts be fair;
Try have a vital part and share
In shaping words and molding fate,
God's system is so intricate.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

* * *

KATHLEEN'S LETTER.

It seems like getting into another world
to come from the mountains to the plains. People
who live where the everlasting mountains
tower above them must naturally come to have
different notions of some things, and habits of
thought that vary from the plains people who
have never had to look up for the top of the
each. It must be with a great deal of interest
that the prairie-bred people see their first moun-
tains. The "Oh's," and the "Ah's," and the
"Ist see's" must be as numerous on their part
as they are with Frank and me as we swing from

the land of forest growth and hills into a section
where it is "as level as a floor" as far as one
can see.

This whole northwest is not all level but is
often rolling and sometimes there are very de-
cided hills. There have to be hills to make hol-
lows, otherwise there would be no lakes, and this
North Dakota is full of lakes. But when one
gets fairly into North Dakota, the part where
the Brethren live, and where they read the INGLE-



FRONT STREET, FARGO, N. DAK.

NOOK and are happy, there are no trees. Grass
and flowers there are, but forests, no. Not
even fruit trees, or indeed any other kind of tree,
as it is understood in the east, will be found there.
Still it is the opinion of those who know that the
time will come when fruits especially adapted
to the country will be found and made available.

This is a land where home-making is going
on. It is interesting to see it being done. A
family, living on an old and worn-out eastern
farm find that they cannot get ahead. Things

are so adjusted, and these conditions are beyond their control, that they can only make a living, and a not too sure one at that. The children



A QUAIN T RED RIVER FERRY.

are growing up and while appetites and the demand for clothes, etc., are on the increase the receipts from the farm are on the wane. This thing can't go on forever and it should not. So after due consideration they decide to "go west," and begin the lifelong game with Nature in home-making. Taking them all together it is a beautiful object lesson in empire building, for many a European government is less in size than some of these prairie settlements in their totality. There must be something pathetic in seeing the crowd in one of the big stations farther east. Families are huddled together. Bags and baskets and bundles abound. Children play on the floor in blessed ignorance. The old man of the family is munching a doughnut made in Pennsylvania, and he doesn't know that he will never eat another made there. The mother is watching the children, while the father is foraging and sight-seeing from as long a tether as will permit his keeping his eye on the group he represents.

When the car backs in the siding at Coyote station the whole crowd disembark. The women and children go to some temporary refuge, some-

times staying in the car, or they go to the buildings, the hotel or boarding houses, while the men go back and select their quarter section.

Some of them who want free land will have to go twenty-five miles back from the station to find farms. Others are luckier. Some buy out the dissatisfied or the disheartened. In a short time the negotiations are decided upon, and then comes the matter of a house or what goes on one. Right here remember this fact. A man who lives here said I should tell the Ingle Nook family sure. Don't come to a new country like this without money. You may have your ticket and, if alone, get along pretty well by hiring out at first. But there is a family in the case don't come without money. I asked this man how much money, and he said between five hundred and six hundred dollars would do for a fair start. One can be just as badly

off on the prairie without a cent as in the heart of the city. Talking to Frank, he said it made little difference to the man without a cent whether



GRAND FORKS STATION.

was in North Dakota or in Chicago. I told him that as they say here "he wouldn't know whether he was afoot or on horseback," and that brother of mine said that if he had no money and was on horseback in this country he was headed straight for the penitentiary. Anyhow, don't come here

without a cent, but have several of them, quite good many in fact. Is it cold up here? Yes it is cold when it's d. It's cold while I write this and all the sto-

a letter from home in the pocket, together make a picture as pretty as any that ever graced a salon.

These women tell me that when the winter breaks up and spring comes in it does it with a rush. There's no slop and half-way business. The winter goes out as the ice goes out of our creek at home—all at once. And when things start to grow here with only three or four months of good weather for sure, you can almost see them grow. All vegetables will race for maturity, and some of them, especially those growing on a rise, that will mature at all, grow while you're watching. It is not a corn country but sometimes corn will mature and will always make good roasting ears. Flowers do well, and a soddy surrounded with a solid bed of asters is a sight, I am told.

These Dakota homes, in a new country are peculiar. Some of them are even funny. If a young man has a claim and puts up a "house" out of store goods boxes it looks for all the world like a bird box at a dis-



GRAND FORKS, N. DAK.

if anybody tells you about the balmy breezes from Ceylon's isle blowing over this part of Dakota are simply — well they're wind and whoever tells it is blowing like the wind. What else can anybody expect? But there's this fact to it. The cold isn't as really bad as it is with us in Pennsylvania when the thermometer is at the same level. The reason is the difference in the atmosphere. And I tell you this western air is a revelation to eastern people like us. There is something exhilarating about it. There's nothing to contaminate it in a wolly new country.

While Frank was running around over the country hunting news for his letter I asked with a few women about this country. Did they like it? Was it a good place? They all liked it with an if or two. The wind, the dust and the loneliness seemed to be the objections. When there is nothing in sight of the house in the way of a human habitation, and overhead only God's in his heaven, with the stars peeping through, it must be lonely out on the prairie. The lamp in the window, and away off in the dark the man of the house is sitting homeward with a pair of red shoes and



AS FAR AS YOU CAN SEE.

tance. It gets the claim all right, though. Others, with more means, have quite comfortable houses with permanent improvements about them.

But it's at night that I'm creepy. The other night, when I was out in the country at the home of a friend who wanted Frank and me out, to

meet a few native Nookers, I said I would take a walk over an adjacent hill. I'd be back right away. The facts are I wanted to be alone on the prairie. So I went over alone and walked around a little, watching the brilliant stars, and wondering why they were not as bright at home. Then when I wanted to go back I went back over the hill and looked for the light in the window. There wasn't any. It was as black in one direction as another. I knew the house was near, but where? I had a bad minute or two. Then a horse whickered and I knew the way. When I walked in the young folks were giggling over the joke of hiding the light. But it might, like many another joke, have turned out badly.

Think of the picture of a young mother with her baby asleep in a soddy. The man somewhere on the prairie coming home. The light's in the window, and the woman is reading the twenty-third psalm, while the baby's in the crib. Is it lonely? Well, God's above and the stars are twinkling, and it is by just such people that we found states.

There's this in it to me. When I get back to the old stone house where four generations of us have lived and died, and I get dissatisfied with my lot I'm going to look in one corner of the room at a motto I'm going to work: "Remember the Soddy." And yet I'd like, after all, to be one of these people. When the star of empire poises over a section like this North Dakota country it is only the live, strenuous and self-helpful that move from the East till they have to look just overhead for the beacon. The hesitating, the weak and the hopeless never come.

Lovingly,

KATH.

P. S.—Frank's going to tell how they farm and how they make a living. When we get through here we're going straight to the mountains, the real Rockies, and then out on the Pacific coast.

* * *

KEPLINGER'S CAVE.

BY A. G. CROSSWHITE.

CONSIDERABLE attention has of late been directed to the wonders of the "Southland" and it is of one of these many places of interest that I am going to write now. I refer to Keplinger's

Cave in the southeastern part of Washington County, Tenn.

When you get to the mouth of the big tunnel, awhile before you enter or you will imagine you are inside of an ice-cream freezer. Think now what you are about to do, and be sure you have an experienced guide and that there is plenty of material for lights during the round trip, for it would be next to an impossibility to return without a light.

Of the extent of this remarkable cavern I have not the slightest idea, although I have been in a number of times. To the left, as you go, there is a "Bottomless Pit," which has never been fully explored. If you throw a stone down and listen to the unnatural, guttural sounds emanating from the rocky walls so far, far below you give a sigh of relief, as the sound finally comes away, in the depths below, that "it wasn't me."

Two long ladders placed against projecting points were lowered and yet the bottom seemed as far away as before. One is kept out of the horrible pit by simply hugging the wall on the opposite side, and the narrow way seems to lead downward at an angle of twenty degrees.

Suddenly we come to the termination of the narrow street, and we would have to retreat for an irregular, narrow entrance that the Nooker man could not begin to squeeze through broad sides, and we are in a large hall, with dozens of ways leading into apartments named according to their resemblance to certain halls and rooms. The most noted of these is the "Pulpit Room." Here is a stalagmite resembling a pulpit, about the proper height, and as white as snow. Here my father once stood, by request, and preached the gospel to a great number of people from the surrounding community. The singing was in the old-time style, and very melodious. Later, after the last song was ended the notes echoed and re-echoed through those pretty white hangings whose draperies and festoons of bridal wreaths reminded one of Eden's bowers.

It requires no particular stretch of the imagination to look upward and through the myriad stalactites glistening with stars and diamonds of matchless brilliancy to think you stand beneath the great dome of St. Peter's at Rome. Everything is damp and lifeless, save for the owls and bats that are attracted to the torches. A close examination of these hideous nocturnal creatures

not desirable, and after partaking of a cool drink from one of the many natural drinking fountains, we are ready for a whiff of nature's pure perfume again.

Brighthelm, Ind.

* * *

Little and often make a heap in time.

* * *

DEATH OF A FLOWER.

HE was not old in years, but in suffering and experience very, very old. Her face was small and pinched and her eyes had something in them never would be able to say. She carried a baby in her arms, a smaller, more pinched edition of herself, whose little sallow face hung over her shoulder like a wilted narcissus, and whose vacant, old eyes stared stolid contempt upon the world whose hollow shell they had long since penetrated. She always stopped near a flower stand just outside a large shop—stopped and looked at the flowers, stationing herself on one side or the other according as the wind blew. She turned the baby's head so it could smell them, smiling wanly into its noncommittal little

face. One day she came nearer—quite up to the stand—and laid a penny in front of the old woman who kept the stand.

"It is to pay for the smells," she said; "they are a sight uv good, and baby he likes 'em, See him wag his head! He's powerful smart, ef he is so leetle for his age."

"I don't charge you nothing for smelling the flowers," said the old woman, kindly. "Take your penny."

"No; I'll not come again ef you don't take it." Here some ladies stopped to buy flowers, and when they moved away, the flower woman putting a carderday's pink in the claw of the baby, which she clutched tightly, but looked on, unmoved at the passing folly of life.

When she did not come for a week. It was long when she returned, and she was alone. She stood some distance from the stand and looked very solemn, more like the baby than she ever looked. At last she drew nearer, shivering and huddling her face away in her shawl.

"Too wet for the little one, eh?" asked the old woman.

She shook her head. "He's wet, too," she said; "this here rain is pourin' on him, an' it makes me hurt, ef he don't know nothin' about it."

She drew from the shawl a tiny red woolen stocking, from which she emptied nine pennies into her little blue palm.

"Give me all they'll buy," she said, "white mus—he's dead. Them was his pennies I was savin' up—for him."—*Scel.*

* * *

One has only to die to be praised.

* * *

SAUCY SQUIRRELS THAT DARE THE CATS.

HAVE you ever seen a squirrel dare a cat? It is the most amusing exhibition of mischievous audacity. A large colony of fat, enterprising squirrels live in the big elm trees of Walnut street, Brookline, the descendants of a pair of tame squirrels that were owned by a family occupying one of the lovely old estates of early Brookline in that vicinity, and which were finally liberated to establish themselves and their progeny as permanent residents of the street. They are the tantalizing despair of numerous cats that haunt the place in search of toothsome morsels. The little creatures are wonderfully tame and very quickly respond to friendly overtures in the shape of nuts, which they soon learn to take from one's hand. They scamper up and down the big trees, whisking their bushy gray tails in saucy defiance of their feline pursuers, who, with eager eyes and watering mouths, follow the tantalizing motions of the squirrels as they frisk about alluring, just out of reach of the cruel claws. Sometimes the game is carried on so daringly that it seems only by a hair's breadth that a squirrel tragedy is averted, and yet very few occur, and their number and freedom seem undiminished.—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

LEE TRICKET of Glenwood, Wis., claims to be the heaviest man in the world. He weighs 500 pounds.

* * *

THE manufacture of silk was introduced into Spain by the Moors.

CORN PRODUCTS.

A COMPANY in Chicago has been organized for working corn into various by-products, and from an article in the *Kansas City Star* we extract the following interesting facts:

The average farm boy, hoeing between the lanes of tall corn stalks, thinks the product of his long labor in the hot summer days means only feed for cattle and hogs, the rest to the distillery, with probably a very small portion for corn meal. Some may have heard that the corn becomes glucose or starch, but it would be hard to convince these lads that they are growing grain that may find its way into beer, corn oil, sugar, rubber, mucilage, gum drops, wall paper, soap, ink, salad dressing, calico or a dozen other materials. It is hardly a matter of twenty years since corn began to find its way into these products to a large extent. Sixty years ago it was fed only in the grain for the animals and ground for men to eat or drink. Corn starch made from corn was unknown. Thomas Kingsford, an Englishman, transplanted in New Jersey soil, was making starch from wheat every day seventy years ago in Colgate's factory in New Bergen and when he suggested taking the starch from maize he was discouraged and even ridiculed. It was in 1842 that he solved the problem and brought from corn its first by-product aside from whisky and meal. Now practically all the starch made in the United States is from Indian corn. It was nearly forty years after Kingsford's discovery that the great family of derivatives was born and every day chemists are working on the little kernels, digging for new sources of wealth.

There are four parts to a kernel of corn—the outer covering, the hull or bran; then the hard flinty or glutinous part, then the starch and last the little white point which extends through the tip and is called the germ. Of the four parts the germ, about the size of the wheat kernel, is the most interesting and, when its weight is considered, the most valuable. Its history is like that of the cotton seed, for only a few years ago it was looked upon as a nuisance and the starch and glucose manufacturers spent money to get rid of it. Machines cracked each grain, the mass was given a bath and the light germ floated out while the starch, bran and gluten remained behind. After the chemists found that the despised

little germs contained an oil worth more than any other constituent of Indian corn the waste ceased. Now the germs are put under hydraulic pressure of something like two tons to the square inch and the oil is squeezed out of them. The little coats of fiber left become a base for oil cake and go back to the cattle.

Corn oil is of golden color, transparent and sweet and pure that it often serves as a substitute for olive oil. Unlike other vegetable oils, it will stand for years in any climate or temperature without changing its color or becoming rancid. In the office of Dr. T. B. Wagner, chief chemist and acting vice president of the Glucose Syrup Refining Company, stands a flask of oil that has been there for three years and it is as sweet and clear as the day it was made. For a barrel of 35 pounds the manufacturer in Chicago gets about \$23, or six cents a pound—a nice price for what was thrown away a few years ago.

In the manufacture of paints corn oil is said to be of greater value than linseed oil. The corn product is less readily oxidized than the other vegetable oils and white paint made from it remains white, while that made from linseed oil may turn yellow as the air acts on it.

On Dr. Wagner's table is a block apparently of rubber, the shape and size of a building brick. It has all the outward characteristics of Indian rubber, even to the odor. It was never near a rubber tree, and was probably grown in Kansas or Iowa, for it was made of corn oil squeezed out of the germs. The oil has undergone a sulphur treatment and a baking, and the rubber substitute results. Drop the brick to the floor and it rebounds as if it were the product from the tree, and one must know something about natural rubber to detect any difference in the materials. The main point in favor of corn rubber is that it can be sold for about one-third the price of Para rubber, which costs about a dollar a pound. The corn rubber can be used in rubber boots, bicycle tires, sheet rubber, water proofing, rubber heels, linoleum in nearly all classes of rubber goods. Its greatest use is probably in machinery, as in packing for valves. The fact that corn oil is not affected by the sun again proves of value, for its rubber products resist oxidization, remain pliable and do not crack as do most of the rubber substitutes made from vegetable oils. Even pure rubber oxidizes

more than
waste ce
aulic pres
square inch
e little co
e and gre
while a mixture of half India rubber and half corn
ber remains soft.

Of course, there is no danger yet of the corn
ber driving into bankruptcy the men who are
owing rubber trees, for the corn oil product
ks the tensile elasticity of the Para rubber; that
it will not stretch and resume its original form
the natural rubber does. When it comes to
mpression, however, it seems to possess the
ilities of the natural rubber.

The oil is also used for cattle feeding in corn
cake, of which it forms about ten per cent.
tle of this is fed to American stock, most of it
ng to Hamburg and Antwerp to be fed into
ropean cattle. In fact, Europe is a heavy con-
ner of corn oil and every year demands more.
e first big shipments were in 1899, when Eu-
e took \$838,000 worth. The next year the
port reached a value of \$1,598,000 and
year it was \$2,045,000. In the last five
nths the Glucose Syrup Refining company
ne has sent nearly a million dollars worth of
n oil to Europe, exclusive of the United King-
n. To the American it's a strange use the
eigners make of this oil—most of it goes in-
oft soap. Nearly all the continental people use
t soap instead of that in bars, such as Ameri-
s manufacture. Vegetable oils enter largely
the manufacture of soft soap and the Euro-
ns find corn oil the most satisfactory, despite
price of \$23 a barrel. The chemists of the
n products companies have succeeded in "de-
cerinating" the corn oil, taking out the gly-
ne and fatty matter and making it available
use in American soap and a new field is in-
nt.

The germ from which the corn oil is made has
ome so valuable that the endeavor now is to
w corn containing larger germs than the or-
ary maize. To this end experiments are con-
ted at the farm of the University of Illinois
in a few years seed corn with enlarged germs
be ready for the farmer.

he size of the kernel considered, the princi-
constituent of the corn is the starch. To ex-
t that the shelled corn is placed in vats,
ut a thousand bushels of corn to 8,000 gallons
water. In the water is a very small propor-
of sulphuric acid, just enough to soften the
hel, loosen the glutenous matter and free the
n. After thirty or forty hours the water is

drawn off to be evaporated, so that any of the
corn it has absorbed may be recovered. In for-
mer years this water was wasted, now the phos-
phates and albumenoids in it amount to from one
to one and one-half pounds to a bushel of corn
that has been soaked. It is then mixed with the
by-products which sell as cattle feed. This one
point of saving is said to mean one-half million
dollars a year to the concerns controlled by the
Corn Products company.

The mass left behind after the water was
drained off is run through mills, taking off the
hulls, breaking up the glutenous matter, and
freeing the germs. How the germs are taken
out of this mass has been told. The gluten,
starch and hull are ground fine and passed over
silk bolting cloth. The hull or bran remains on
top, but the starch and gluten pass through. The
gluten and starch get another bath and the starch,
being the heavier, remains behind. The starch
is now in solid form and after the last water is
dried out the product is ready for the market.

In that state it may be used in the laundry,
brewery, or confectionery, or sold in the same can
with baking powder, but it stands a good chance
of staying in the factory and undergoing changes
that will make it glucose, grape sugar or dextrine.

Dextrines are gums or paste. To make of
starch a substitute for gum arabic it is treated
with nitric acid and then baked. As dextrine
the starch fixes dyes and colors on fabrics, par-
ticularly calico, and also may be used in paper
boxes, oilcloth, ink, wall paper, for gumming en-
velopes and stamps, or wherever strong adhesive
paste is required. Confectioners use it as a sub-
stitute for natural gums and for coating candy,
and pharmacists find it valuable in pepsin, emul-
sions, and in preparation of surgical bandages.

Glucose and grape sugar are the greatest single
derivatives of corn starch. Thirty years ago
practically no glucose was produced in the United
States and now the exportations amount to eight
or nine million dollars a year, and the foreign
products made of rice, wheat, potato and sago
starches can't compete at home with the Ameri-
can corn glucose.

A hundred years ago two German chemists
found sugar in the grape, and a few years later a
Russian found it in starch, and, moreover, found
starch sugar to be identical with grape sugar.
To make glucose or grape sugar the starch is

treated with muriatic acid, and after pressure the acid is neutralized by carbonate of soda. The acid is affixed to the sodium, forming common salt, and every trace of the carbonic acid remaining is carried off. By varying temperature, pressure and degree of acidity a variety of sugars can be produced. When the acid treatment or "conversion" is carried to the farthest, grape sugar is produced. When the action is less complete a thick, colorless syrup, glucose, is produced. To make a table syrup of glucose, ten per cent of cane syrup, sorghum or molasses is added.

The grape sugar taken from starch does not resemble cane sugar, for the large amount of water in the corn product prevents crystallization or granulation. There was wild excitement in sugar in 1880 when a chemist extracted a water-free sugar from corn starch. It had the appearance of the granulated product from cane, and after mixing it with the cane sugar the whole could be sold at a price much lower than the old style sugar. New fortunes were in sight, and in Chicago a great factory was soon in operation. Thousands of barrels of corn sugar, mixed with the Louisiana product, were rushed to the market, but soon they were coming back. Buyers said it in no way resembled the standard granulated sugar. When a barrel was opened it was found to contain one solid lump of sugar. The manufacturers had overlooked something in their hunt for money—the water-free corn sugar had absorbed the moisture in the cane sugar and the whole combined and hardened. All the efforts to overcome the defect failed, and the new factories became idle. Now about all the water-free sugar made is used in the manufacture of beer and wine.

With the main body of starch and the germ of the kernel used, the hull, or bran, and gluten are left. The gluten is dried in filter presses and in its dry state about one-third of it is starch, which the chemists are unable to extract. As gluten meal it is fed to cattle and mixed with the bran it becomes gluten feed.

In all about forty derivatives, or by-products are made from the kernel.

* * *

A LAMP chimney is a small thing, but 11,000 people are employed in making lamp chimneys in the United States.

YOUR PEARLS.

If the sea gave up her pearls to-morrow the would not be sufficient to satisfy the craze for them. Never in the history of personal fashion have these daintiest of jewels been so favored and so much sought after. Above diamonds and rubies they are, for the time being, valued, for their perfect form, reflecting every light from heaven, they are the most costly jewels that women wear. There are predictions of a pearl famine and a consequent unrest among pearl-seekers. Whether the present scarcity will amount to a famine in the near future or not, it is very evident that advanced prices cannot check the demand. Good pearls never so readily found purchasers and there is possibly no speculation in the sure. Within the past ten years they have doubled their value: within the past year they have advanced 33 per cent. Owners of pearls, however, may indeed count themselves lucky to gather gratification in the fact that each passing year but adds to the value of their possession. It is, however, only for the finest pearls that demands are made. The cheap imitation has fallen upon evil days and must be exceptionally good to attract. Londoners are well acquainted with many and varied imitations, mostly manufactured in the gay French capital, and although they have a strange beauty and "deceitful shine" of their own, they lack that life and color upon which the real article depends for value. An ordinary person may be deceived by good imitations, but it does not require the connoisseur to detect the real from the manufactured when seen side by side. Everyone knows that the perfect pearl is exactly round, without a flaw, of rich iridescence and that the perfect string of pearls must be graduated size and consistent color.

The stipulation for necklaces to be strung in graduated sizes is of recent origin, and nature adds to the difficulty of securing a matchless row for not only must the color, depth and sheen of the stone be consistent, but pearls that will even denote the gradual diminution have to be very carefully selected. It takes years and years to collect a perfect chain of pearls, and it is to those engaged in this interesting and expensive search that the difference in price has been most apparent. Thirty pounds is demanded to-day for a pearl that could be purchased ten years ago

5. Pearl chains, long and short, have been the vogue of fashion for the last two or three seasons, but unfortunately the increased demand does not explain the scarcity. It is that fewer pearls are being secured and that there are fewer pearls to secure, although the fisheries are as active as of old. Thirty-six thousand oysters that may or may not contain these treasures of the deep are daily brought to the surface, but this yield is not anything like sufficient to meet the demands of the traders who for the past few years have been endeavoring to supply the orders of those enterprising enough to foresee the scarcity that would inevitably follow fashionable approval. Pearls have, however, never required the impetus of fashion to recommend them, and women have realized that by acquiring the delicate gems which are the rage of the moment they invest their money in a safe and yearly increasing security. Money spent on pearls is never lost. A city firm of jewelers has for sale at present now a pearl necklace of peculiar beauty, for which it expects to realize the sum of £25,000. Each stone is naturally superb and beautifully matched, but the price would astonish the connoisseur of five years back. Three thousand pounds will purchase another necklace in the possession of the same firm, of very modest appearance, but unmistakable value and inimitable luster. It consists of two rows of over 130 pearls set, in common with most pearl necklaces, has a diamond clasp. One of the features of the present Glasgow exhibition is a precious pearl necklace valued at £25,000. It is shown in company with many other beautiful gems and jewelry of wondrous workmanship and it is rumored that Paris would fain secure it in order to stay a Parisian pearl famine. The magnificent pearls are received by a diamond bar clasp that connects the two rows, each perfectly graduated in size and color, by means of trefoil diamond tags.

These are merely current, not phenomenal, prices. Single stones of great size or exceptional beauty in their special circumstance create special markets and establish record prices, from the famous pearl supposed to have been dissolved and swallowed by Cleopatra, which, when among the Romans of that period, was valued at £80,729, to the largest known pearl, weighing three ounces, mounted as a pendant in the South Kensington museum. Fabulous sums

have over and over again been paid for gems that the dictionary technically describes as "calcareous concretions of peculiar luster, produced by certain molluscs and valued as objects of personal adornment."

Among the treasures that London jewelers have obtained in anticipation of a scarcity is another necklace of great beauty which must have taken years to collect. This has three rows of perfectly spherical pearls, and as the jewelers term it, faultless "skin" and "orient." It is curious to note that the purchaser of all three rows will become the possessor of a very magnificent diamond clasp, which changes hands with the complete necklace, unpriced, and, comparatively speaking, gratuitously.

It is commonly believed that pearls are hollow, but in reality they are formed of a series of layers produced, it is thought, around some foreign substance, introduced into the shell of the oyster. This, becoming a source or irritation to the fish, is covered by concentric layers of carbonate of lime of extreme tenuity. It would possibly disturb lovers of pearls to catalogue their cherished gems as something else. Nevertheless, their extreme beauty makes all else of no account. —*Sel. Anon.*

* * *

He who seeks for trouble never misses it.

* * *

"THERE is big money in the peanut business," said a New Orleans business man who pays considerable attention to the smaller phases of modern business life. "and it is a curious fact that the process of roasting adds about twenty-one cents in value to every pound of peanuts. Now, there are about five bags to a pound, and these bags sell for five cents each, which makes a total of twenty-five cents. Twenty-one cents to the pound is a good, big thing when you come to think of it. If every man could suddenly convert an investment of four cents into twenty-five cents fortune-building would be an easy thing. The fact is that peanuts are coming to the front in this section of the country.

* * *

AFRICA has an area of 11,500,000 square miles —three times larger than the United States and her "colonial possessions."

NATURE



STUDY.

HOW A PLANT GROWS.

IN our previous talks we learned that there were several great divisions of the plant kingdom, and in this issue of the NOOK let us consider how a single plant manages to grow and make a living for itself. Taking any seed, a grain of corn, for illustration, as that is something we are all familiar with, and putting it in the ground, something happens.

The seed grows, as we say. Now what is growing, how is it done, and what is necessary? To fully understand this it should be remembered that the eye, or germ of the grain, is one thing, entirely different in its make from the balance of the grain. It is clear to all readers that this is the case, but why it is so, why it invariably happens so, is something that can only be referred, at present, to the mysteries of creation. The time will undoubtedly come when we will know more about these things. After the seed is in the ground several things are absolutely necessary to start the growth. One of these is moisture, the other a certain degree of heat. At first light is not a necessity, later on in the growth of the plant it is.

The grain absorbs moisture, swells, and in time there begins a series of changes. One part pushes out and down, another out and up. Both live on the food packed away in the grain, and though the germ would start if cut carefully from the seed, you would not get a plant because it would die before it was able to help itself to the food around it. About the time the down shoot has exhausted the supply of food in the grain it begins to show little bumps or points on its surface, and these develop into little roots that grow out into the soil and take up the food necessary for the life and growth of the plant.

The constituents of the soil are made available by being washed out of the surrounding ground by the moisture. No moisture, no food, and the plant dies every time, unless it happens to be one of the kind that draws its supply from the

surrounding air. There are such plants, but corn is not one of them. At the time the shoot appears above ground it is necessary that heat is present. Within certain limits the hotter it is and the more moisture, the faster the growth. In the nights are warm the growth is visible from day to day.

Now what is this growth? How is it managed? The little roots, from their tips, and probably from all parts of their underground surface absorb the constituents of the soil needed to ensure the growth. How does this food-laden moisture, we call it sap, get up in the plant? Some may think that there is a series of veins, canals, or ducts that the sap flows through, the same as the blood in the individual, but this is never the case.

It is a little difficult to explain this, but we will try it. Every part of every plant is composed of cells. They are very small, and are filled with sap, if the plant is alive at all. If you will imagine a flour barrel packed full of bladders, distended with water, you will get a nearly correct idea of a microscopic portion of a growing plant. These do not open into each other. Each one is closed, and lies very close to the others about it. How, then, does the sap get up? To understand this we must use two hard words, endosmosis and exosmosis. To explain this let us take a number of little bags, porous in their character, yet which will hold water. Now if we fill a lot of these with honey and another lot with water, or any liquid whatever, and pack them all close in a barrel, in the course of time their contents will interchange. The disposition to strike in is called endosmosis, the disposition to strike out is called exosmosis. It will be kept until the contents of each bag is alike in density. Now this is just what happens in all the plants around us. The sap, the food-laden water that rootlets take up, passes upward from one cell to another by exosmosis and endosmosis. It goes very fast in the growing plant. This sap finds its way to the leaves, and there the air takes

part in the work. The sap undergoes a change, is elaborated by contact with the air, and certain parts are thrown off, and others taken on. Does the upgoing sap contribute to the growth of the plant? Very little, if any. It has not the constituents of growth yet. After the chemical processes in the leaf, that may be explained later on, it starts down, and deposits its food on the way back. It gets down the same way, by diffusion through the cells. Now what happens in this building process? Wait till next week.

NOTE.—Are there any readers following these articles? A postal card will do.

+ + +

MILITARY USES OF SNOW.

SOME interesting experiments have been recently carried out in Norway to ascertain the amount of resistance offered by parapets made of snow to the penetration of rifle bullets. It was found that a wall of snow four feet thick, the snow being neither rammed nor frozen, was proof at fifty yards' distance against the bullets of the Drag-Jorgenson rifle. Snow, therefore, it must be concluded, has a greater resisting power certainly than soft wood, and one nearly equal to that of loosely piled-up earth. The Norwegian rifle, it must be remembered, is sighted up to 2,500 yards, and with a caliber of 6.5 millimeters has a velocity of 2,360 feet, and therefore is the full at least as powerful a weapon as that of any other army.

+ + +

GORILLA HUNTING.

GORILLA hunting is a distinct sensation even for the veteran hunter. This animal, which has become confused somewhat with fable and fiction, is a reality, and a decidedly unpleasant one to engage. The West Africans are mortally afraid of it, believing that the brute contains the spirit of a man. They attribute to it all sorts of ferocities, like the carrying off of a human being, who is permitted to return after being deprived of toe and finger nails.

"Skilled hunters have never observed any of these doings, but they testify to the brute's strength and ferocity. According to a French sportsman a full-grown gorilla can bite through a tree six inches thick in order to secure the sap,

and twist a gunbarrel with the swollen bunches of muscle that serve for arms. His roar is terrifying and can be heard for a distance of three miles.

"I shall never forget how the first one impressed me," says the Frenchman, "for I had a bad attack of shakes. The woods had been filled some time with a barking roar, but I saw nothing until my guide clucked softly and pointed to a tree, alongside which stood an immense male gorilla. There he remained but twelve yards away, boldly facing us with his huge chest, muscular arms, fiercely-glaring deep-gray eyes and a hellish expression, until I moved.

"At that he dropped to all fours and came six yards nearer, sitting up to beat his breasts with his huge fists—a defiance—so that it sounded like an immense drum. His roar was most singular, beginning with a kind of bark and deepening into a bass roll that literally resembled thunder. The short hair on his forehead was twitching, his powerful fangs showed unpleasantly, and, feeling he was about to attack, and incidentally being scared green, I shot him through the heart. With a groan human and yet brutish, he fell on his face and died quickly, like a man. He measured five feet nine inches in length, his chest was sixty-two inches, and his arms spread nine feet. I was glad to have the specimen, but somehow after that never cared to kill a gorilla unless he actually menaced me."—*Ainslie's*.

+ + +

MUSIC TO KEEP INSECTS AWAY.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that most insects have the greatest dislike to music.

Music played under a tree infested with caterpillars causes them to fall stupefied to the ground, and it is said that a sure way to rid a house of crickets and black beetles is to play on a loud brass instrument for a few nights.

Everyone who keeps bees knows how the banging of tins or the blowing of horns appears to partly stupefy them when they are swarming, and renders them easy to capture.

Swarms of locusts can be prevented from alighting by loud music, and in the Soudan, when these pests are on the wing, the natives protect their fields by blowing horns and beating tom-toms.

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*Some men look so high that they
are always stumbling, but some
men look so low that they never see
the blue of the sky.*

* * *

WHAT NEXT?

NEARLY all of the great inventions have been made in the past century. The railroad, the telegraph, the telephone and now wireless telegraphy have all come to us in rapid succession, as such things go. And now where is this all going to end? What will be next?

Several things may happen. A great cataclysm may send the whole human family to its immediate end. Famine, pestilence or catastrophe, may bring this about. But if the world and the race hold out what and where will the end be? There is no telling, but that there will be vast improvements in almost every domain of human knowledge and industry is not a matter to doubt. There is no reason whatever why things should not be invented or discovered that will be as wonder-provoking as anything in the past. Given a thousand years of uninterrupted effort and who can tell the result. It is altogether likely that if any of us could step forward tomorrow a thousand years ahead we would not

know the meaning of half the things we would see.

Things we know well now would be everywhere superseded by the unexpected and unknown. It is not at all likely that we would be able to speak the language of our descendants. Everything would be changed and we would be as children, not knowing the meaning of what was common fact to those who lived then. The development of the race has been marvelous, and as far as known the same, or even a faster rate of progress will be maintained. The final result is not even to be fairly guessed at.

Perhaps from some high place we may see it all, and know all about it before it comes to pass. Who knows what is next anywhere at any time

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*Some men spend so much time
getting ready to do a thing that
they have no time left in which to
do it.*

* * *

THE DULL BOY.

VERY often indeed does the dull boy or vex teachers and parents. Nobody expects anything of their stupidity. Everybody prophesies all sorts of evil to follow later in life.

The boy, we will say, leaves home and is gone half a lifetime. Then he comes back again to his native town on a visit. Sometimes he comes in a special car, oftener in the Pullman, and then stops at the hotel and the next day looks the town over. The Dull Boy has come back again. Where are the prophets of evil? Most of them are dead, and those who are left are feeling their way around on uncertain feet while their children are keeping them. The Dull Boy could draw his check for what half of them are worth and not feel the loss greatly. He goes to church and listens to a weak sermon from a five-hundred-year preacher, the bright boy of the old schoolhouse. He sees about him the honest plodder and as he passes into his hotel he is handed a telegram and dictates an answer that means the gain or loss of a million. He wonders how the natives manage to exist and goes away again.

It's no new story. It's the old story, in fact of nobody ever being able to tell what is in a boy or girl till they get a chance to develop. The making of a man or woman is no little a matter of

portunity. Don't make sport of the Dull Boy. You may make comparisons later on in life. One never tell.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

THINGS look different from different angles of observation. The point of view controls the result. Doubtless the world looks, to the insect on the under side of a leaf, very much unlike the world seen by the insect on its upper side. It depends entirely on the outlook, and that is controlled by the point from which we do actually look out.

It is true that usually we can't help ourselves very much in this matter. Our eyes are adjusted for us. If thine eye be evil, etc., says the book, and as all of us have a special focus, it is no mistake in the eyes of the Nook to hold anyone responsible for the way he sees and what he sees. It has happened that we have been wrong ourselves many a time and did not know it. Let us, therefore, judge leniently those who have a different point of view.

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A mansard roof does not make a home, nor a clapboard roof a hovel.

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A MEASURE OF SUCCESS.

THE real measure of success is the amount of good one does, which, in the long run, comes to be recognized by the general public. It may be slow, and often is deferred till the doer has passed on his way forever, but it always comes, even though tardily. And there is also another way whereby one may tell that he is succeeding. It is not a good way, not a pleasant or a desirable one, but it is *a way*, and an invariable one.

Let a man come before the public in any capacity that calls for either success or failure, and if he succeeds those nearest the idea develop the cheering quality, and the snarling propensity, in proportion to the success. The work is rarely overlooked, but the individuality of the one in the limelight, his sincerity, and his intrinsic self are belittled. As a rule it is impossible of correction. Pass such people through the mills of the gods and out of the fineness of the grist will come the fog of detraction. They can't help themselves. In rare cases Christianity or care-

ful thinking will repress the defamation, but in the large majority of humanity it is not to be helped. It may be deplored, but it is never corrected. It is literally a part of the game of life.

It is most in evidence in politics. Who has forgotten the cartoons of the yellow and erotic journals in depicting the late President of the United States? And when the crack of a pistol in the hands of a fool changed the tenants of the White House, public sentiment underwent a revulsion that threatened the offices of the vile journals with mob violence.

But it is not only in politics. It is in society, in the church, everywhere, and when one hears the innuendo against an unknown public man he may safely say, even though he is a stranger who is being defamed, "Ah, this man is a success." In ninety-nine instances out of the hundred the inference is correct.

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SPILLED MILK.

A GREAT many people are so constructed that they are morbidly sensitive about past failures. Sometimes they lose their hold in life and get to brooding and many kill themselves. It isn't right, this thing of crying over pails that are upset or dishes we broke in the past. All the past is good for is its text book character that will enable us to avoid the same errors in the present and future.

And how some people like to dig up the old ghost and rattle his bones before the man who failed! They never get tired of it. There is this for the failure and the failer to remember. It isn't the falling down that counts so much and so hard against them as the not scrambling to one's feet and trying it over. Some people seem to get in the way and get run over as a chronic and inevitable thing. They call it their luck, but really it is a lack of good judgment. Others with the same environment would do the same thing, in all probability.

So, if any Nooker has upset his dish, he is enjoined to lay hold again in a different way and hold tighter the next time. The main difference between the man who did and the man who didn't is in the publicity of the accident. The man who never made mistakes went away long ago and has never been heard from.

FAMILY GARDENING IN FLORIDA.

BY MRS. J. D. TEETER.

How many of the Nook readers can say that they have spent these early morning hours in the garden, hoeing among the vegetables, planting fresh seed, inhaling the balmy breeze and listening to the mockingbirds, the heralds of spring? All nature seems awake and teeming with life and vigor.

Vegetables of last Fall's planting are fast attaining maturity and must be removed to make room for fresh or Spring planting. "We can't eat all of them, but what we can't eat we can."

Referring to my article in the Sisters' number of the Nook, someone says he did not know of a single cellar in all Florida. If my critic means that a cellar must be under the house, or underground, then I fail to have a cellar. However, I have a ground floor room as dark as any dungeon and as it answers the purpose we call it a cellar.

Leaving the garden and cellar and going into the field, we see the farmers all busy, some plowing, some planting, and some have corn up. Some are planting largely of beans and tomatoes for the market. The peach and plum trees are just shedding their bloom. We have a glorious promise of much fruit this year, judging from the blossoms.

Rev., Fla.

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Switchmen are paid for sidetracking other people.

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HOW A PIG CAN LEARN TO CLIMB.

BY MARY SILLIN.

SEVERAL years ago I brought to the house a little pig, the mother of which had killed all its little brothers and sisters, and I knew she would kill it too, so I put it in a store-box about two feet high. It soon learned to drink milk. I had to feed it very often and for the first two weeks got up and fed it in the night. It thrived very well. When it was three weeks old it could climb out of its box and run around in the yard.

Soon it learned to come up three steps on the porch and into the kitchen where it would run

after the children's bare feet to bite their toes. They would have to climb on chairs to get away from it. So we nailed a board two feet high the top of the steps. That kept it out for a little while, but it soon learned to come up the steps and over the board into the house. Then husband partitioned off a corner in the stable, about three feet high. I soon found it running around in the stable. Then he nailed on another board and after it learned to crawl over that he nailed another one on, and so it went, till he had a fence almost five feet high and it could still get over. When I would go out to feed it I would hear it scramble up the one side and pretty soon it would be at the top and in an instant would let itself drop down on the other side.

It was three months old now, so we turned it out in a half-acre lot with another pig, so it had no more trouble with it. I do not know how much higher it would have climbed.

Johnstown, Pa.

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A goat has a great head for business.

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AN INTERMITTENT SPRING.

BY S. R. KLINE.

ONE of the natural wonders of our country, not heretofore mentioned by writers, is the "intermittent spring" of Virginia. It is found in the historical Shenandoah valley on Linville creek three miles southwest of Broadway.

From the base of a large hill this spring sends forth its cold, sparkling water. One may visit this curiosity and gaze into a dry bed of pebbles and sand, and not see enough water to quench his thirst. The flow comes gradually, the first minute or so. Then it appears as a boiling crater throwing up sand and gravel. The quiet dry brook of a few minutes ago has now become a rushing stream with sufficient power to run a mill.

The flow continues for six or eight minutes. Then suddenly the water will divide, a part running back in the spring, which soon disappears. Then all is quiet again save the onward rattling water, as it hastens on toward Linville creek.

There is but little regularity between the tides. The seasons have a great deal to do with it.

dry time it may flow once a day. Then in a very wet time, several times an hour is its activity.

One of the peculiarities of this spring is that a few years ago it flowed continuously for some months on the south side of the hill, a distance of one mile from the place it intermits.

A visit to this spring will inspire one to a great interest in the works of nature. He will go away with impressions not easily forgotten.

Broadway, Va.

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Idleness is the incubator of a great many small sins.

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TIME INDICATED BY DUMMY CLOCKS.

A PARAGRAPH has been going the rounds of the press that the dummy clocks used by jewelers and other dealers in timepieces as advertisements always indicate the hour of 8: 18 o'clock to commemorate the precise moment at which President Lincoln was assassinated. Lincoln did not arrive at Ford's theater on the fatal evening until nine o'clock, and Booth did not shoot him until after ten o'clock.

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Any man can learn to make mistakes without serving on apprenticeship.

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AUSTRALIAN GIRLS BETROTHED IN INFANCY.

ETHNOLOGICAL experts agree that with most Australian tribes every woman is betrothed in infancy, or even in anticipation of her birth. According to some mysterious law of their own, this is arranged by the old men of the family, the women having no voice in the matter. The consent of the proposed husband is not taken into consideration, so that it frequently happens that, by the time the girl is of a marriageable age, her intended is an old man. In the meantime some younger man has set his heart upon her, this means a fight, in which the unfortunate bride to be, as she is dragged away, is certain to come in for a share of the blows which the rival suitors deal out to each other.

In some of the coast districts, where not all the girls are promised in infancy, the betrothal of a young woman to a man who follows the occupation of fisherman compels her to lose the first joint of the little finger of her left hand. This slow and painful operation is performed by a stout string bound tightly about the joint—an engagement ring with which one would willingly dispense. A marriage license, equally unique is common in some sections, where the chief gives to the prospective bridegroom a peculiar knotted string, possessing which he is free to seek the wife of his choice.

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We are told that figures do not lie—yet there are numerous lay figures.

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CAN ANIMALS LOVE ?

A WRITER in the *Atlantic Monthly* has the following to say on this subject:

To a person who takes the merely scientific view of things there is no mystery about the dumb animals. He knows the mechanism of their bodies and the nature of their functions; he has weighed, measured, dissected and vivisectioned them, and the idea that there can be anything sacred about the poor creatures is to him superstition and folly.

However, when one considers the undeserved sufferings of the brute creation, and especially their sufferings at the hands of men; still more when one considers the immense and for the most part entirely unused capacity for affection which they possess, the mystery of their existence is apparent. Not dogs only, but elephants, monkeys, birds and perhaps all kinds of animals have this capacity. Crows possess it to a degree which can hardly be imagined by one who has never known them in captivity. As much latent affection goes to waste in every flock of crows that flies overhead as would fit a human household for heaven. Is there no mystery here?

* * *

SEVEN million men were employed in erecting the Gizeh pyramid. Two thousand men devoted three years to bringing a single stone from the quarry.

DO ANIMALS SHOW AFFECTION ?

LAST month we made a few editorial observations, as to the reasoning power of animals, and offered prizes for true incidents illustrating this subject, by our readers. A correspondent in Canada, in entering this competition, declares that, not only do animals reason, but that they have real affection for their masters, and for their own kind. "Humanity," he says, "is not confined to the human species."

The average writer and reader of to-day appears to regard the lower animals as simply machines, with no guide to conduct except "blind instinct." In this idea they merely follow the French philosopher, Descartes, who, more than two hundred and fifty years ago, declared that all apparent compassion and affection in species lower than the human is the "result of pure instinct, or some other necessary law of being." Charles Darwin cannot be accused of erring on the side of poetry or sentiment, yet he mentions many examples of affection, and even benevolence, on the part of animals, which did not appear either mechanical or compulsory. He tells, for example, of a blind pelican, which was fed and looked after by its companions, so that it became "excessively fat," and also refers to the fact, recorded by a number of naturalists, that East Indian crabs have been known to actually make provision for their blind comrades.

Newspaper and magazine readers are familiar with the many accounts of orphaned animals and birds which have been cared for and reared by volunteer foster-mothers. Many of these instances naturalists would class as abnormal, or freakish, but there is a case described by the naturalist Milne-Edwards, in "Nature," the Paris magazine, as a result of his observations in the Jardin des Plantes, which would seem to prove calculated and deliberate affection in animals. Two female birds, of a species found in the mountains of China and India, known as Sun Birds, or Japanese Nightingales, were put into the same cage with a number of other species of birds, among which was a Cardinal. True to his belligerent nature, the Cardinal at once attacked one of the sun birds, plucked most of her plumage from her, and broke one of her legs. The poor, crippled creature shivered with cold and fright on the floor of the cage. Her com-

panion, who heretofore had displayed no special affection, now gave evidence of real sympathy. Every night for a week she carefully prepared a bed of moss for her wounded sister, and nestled down by her all through the night, with one wing extended to keep out the cold. The injured bird died, in spite of this loving care, and then the other lost her spirits and her appetite. She remained motionless in a corner of the cage for several days, and died in less than a week.

Examples are not wanting of discrimination in animal affection. One of the readers of *Pets and Animals* tells of a fox-terrier dog, named Dagon, who seems to be "equally attached to his master and mistress," but, while he is apparently indifferent to his master's departure for business every day, and also to an unusual absence on the part of the man of the house, once when his mistress was away from home for several weeks, "the dog's loneliness was pitiable. He was restless and depressed, would go to her room, and could only be kept quiet at night by being permitted to sleep on one of her garments." Did he know that his master's absence was regular and matter of fact, while that of his mistress was unusual, and perhaps unfortunate, or was he able to make the fine discrimination in affection between his joint owners, both of whom were equally kind to him, and equally fond of him? His master tells another story of his intelligence and affection. One day when he was swimming for sticks which had been thrown into the lake for him to fetch, his mistress threw a twig which he failed to find. Paddling to where some flowers were growing in the water, he bit off one, bore it carefully to the bank, and laid it at her feet. Is it such intelligence and affection almost human? Or, perhaps, as our correspondent suggests, there may be a sort of knight-errantry among animals.

The above is an editorial clipped from *Pets and Animals*, published at Springfield, Ohio. It opens up a line of thought that perhaps no constituency is better adapted to consider than the Nook family, nearly all of whom live in the country, in daily contact with the animal creation.

Doubtless there are many Nookers who are aware of instances of undoubted affection on the part of animals, and we would be pleased to have them for our columns. The writer, the Nookman, is very fond of animals, and "runs to dogs." Of the dogs he has owned there have been so

which intelligence and affection were undoubtedly shown. None of them could talk, at least in words, but one could laugh and cry, and did so when occasion arose. Now let the readers tell what they know of the so-called unreasoning animals they have known.

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It is better to revel in bright delusion than despair in dull reality.

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MAKING A BAROMETER.

THERE is no reason why every boy, or girl, either, for that matter, should not be his own weather-prophet. It is a simple matter to make a cheap but serviceable little barometer which will foretell nearly all the changes in the weather. And that's a good deal of advantage if you happen to be going fishing or camping.

Buy one ounce each of camphor, saltpeter and ammonia salts at some drug store, and dissolve them in about thirteen drachms of alcohol. Shake the mixture well, and pour it into a long, slender bottle, which must then be corked tightly and sealed, so as to prevent air from getting inside.

Hang this barometer on the north side of the house, and here are the weather indications which will tell you about: Absolute clearness of the liquid denotes fair weather. If the liquid becomes disturbed or roily, as we say, it is a sign of rain.

If downy masses form in the bottom of the bottle, it will freeze, or at least the thermometer will descend; the more these masses rise to the top the more rigorous will the cold become. Little dark spots in the liquid foretell a hard storm. Thread-like objects on the top of the bottle indicate wind.—*Christian Observer.*

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A man's ingenuity doesn't get him out of half the trouble it gets him into.

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WHAT A SPIDER DID.

IN Greenwich Park, about six miles from London, on the banks of the beautiful Thames, stands a palace—one of the finest in England—built by Sir John Jones, a celebrated English architect. It

was once the residence of royalty, but has since been used as a comfortable home for aged seamen of the British navy. Back of the palace, on a hill in the park, stands a building not remarkable for beauty but for use—the Greenwich observatory—from whence British ships sailing on every sea take their latitude and longitude. It is also used for astronomical observations. Some years ago an extraordinary phenomenon was known to take place in the heavens on a certain day, and the astronomers of the world were anxious for a scientific observation. A new and more powerful telescope was made for the purpose, there being none supposed of sufficient power, to watch and investigate satisfactorily this wonderful phenomenon. As the time approached the faculty were gathered in the observatory and telescopes were arranged for observation. The time drew near, minute by minute and expired. Nothing of the expected phenomenon was or could be seen through the new and best telescopes, to the utter amazement of the astronomers. But one astronomer made use of an old, unused telescope, perhaps expecting little, if anything. To the astonishment of the others, this gentleman with the old instrument exclaimed, "I see it!" After their observations were ended a thorough examination of the old instrument commenced. Nothing unusual in construction of the telescope was found, but it was observed that a spider had gained admittance to the interior and had spun a web covering the hollow space. Since then all telescopes, I am informed, have a net of the very finest material inserted in a certain position in the instrument.—*St. Louis and Canadian Photographer.*

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The wisest man cannot make a spider spin silk.

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THE biggest trees in the world are the mammoth trees of California. One of a grove in Tulare County, according to measurements made by members of the State Geological Survey, was shown to be 276 feet in height, 108 feet in circumference at base, and 76 feet at a point 12 feet above ground. Some of the trees are 376 feet high and 34 feet in diameter. Some of the largest that have been felled indicate an age of from 2,000 to 2,500 years.

ALONG THE SOUTH PLATTE.

BY GALEN B. ROYER.

TALKING about irrigation and lands that are farmed "under the ditch," too little is known or more people would be taking advantage of the "golden opportunities" waiting thousands to make good homes for themselves. The vague



"THE DITCH."

idea that to construct the ditches costs sums of money far exceeding the profits, that the soil has some unkindly element that will not respond properly to the tiller, are some of the notions that obtain too much among people who are not familiar with irrigated lands. To this must be added the same element of prejudice that was manifested years ago, when emigrants first came across the Alleghanies and settled on the rough and hilly lands of the rivers of the Ohio valley, spurning the fertile soil of the rolling prairies, simply because they were not used to such "wonderfully level tracts of rich black loam."

Irrigation is no new mode of farming. Even when the children of Israel lived in Egypt, on fertile plains of the Nile where God's wandering people dwelt for a time, irrigation was successfully carried on. Men lived and died at the *shadoof*, the old-fashioned well sweep of recent times, as they dipped the waters of the Nile into great reservoirs. The owner used it on the lands, and the Lord promised the Israelites that in the land to which they were to be led they would not need to water their farms with the foot (referring to the method of opening and closing irrigating ditches) but the new country was full of fountains and rills.

The early settlers of California, in crossing the giant Rockies, well recall the beautiful waste of the Salt Lake valley. They little realized the rich and productive soil over which they passed but made so only in later years by "the ditch" as it is used so deftly by the Mormons. From worthlessness these lands have sprung into values exceeding \$100 per acre and the end is not yet.

In many respects the beautiful lowland along the South Platte valley are similar to the fine farming lands of Utah. The soil is a rich alluvial deposit, the climate partakes of the same elements of the pure mountain air, and with the same amount of irrigation, there are many reasons why these lands of the great valleys leading down from the Rockies should be some of the richest farming lands of the United States. In fact the day is coming for many parts here, and now is for some parts, that \$75 and even \$100 or more per acre will be cheap for them, so wonderful is their productiveness.

Why has not this valley been occupied heretofore? Largely because it is the home of the immense cattle ranches, about which most people have read more or less. In this valley live "Buffalo Bill" with his fine western home and



"READY FOR MARKET."

broad acres where he still raises and fattens great numbers of cattle for the eastern market. "Buffalo Bill" is no one else from one standpoint than one of many of these great cattle kings.

These ranchmen did not want their prairie cut up into farms for they no longer could feed cattle to the same advantage. So they held the

lands possible of irrigation and two-thirds of the year fattened their cattle on the uplands belonging to the government. Their feed cost them next to nothing, the beef from their cattle was the finest in the United States. But the old ranchmen are passing away. Their sons are living off their fathers' accumulated wealth. A newer and better civilization is pressing in and

the sheep, hogs, chickens, turkeys and geese all eat it with a relish and fatten upon it. We drove by the herds and among them every hour of the day and heard no lowing or calling for feed.

The farming season is long. Every month of the year the farmer can till his soil. The first week of March finds him out sowing his spring wheat. For the varied products of the land take time to look up the State report where facts are given with more completeness than can be here and the reader will be surprised to know what these fine valleys will do.

As for water, the all-important element of this country, the present irrigation is ample for the old ditches, holding "priority." Those under new ditches do not always have all the water they need. But the people and the government are both interesting themselves in a succession of reservoirs that will make plenty of water for every acre that can be reached by a ditch. Shipping facilities are ample, there being enough competition on the one hand to keep the rates proper; then, too, the railroads are awake to the possibilities of the valley and are very courteous and helpful.

With such wonderful lands almost "lying out of doors" no one need fear of the United States being overcrowded with population yet for decades to come. But did the young men and women of the East who are trying to wedge themselves between the forties and eighties of the semicrowded East, realize what happy homes were awaiting them in such goodly lands, there would be a rush westward that would have pleased a Greeley in earlier days when he said, "Young man, go West."

Elgin, Ill.

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TINY ELECTRIC FAN.

A NOVEL breeze maker was seen in Philadelphia when the weather was hottest. It was probably the tiniest electric fan ever made, and was fastened on the lapel of the coat of a fashionably dressed summer man. Made of light metal, the wind apparatus—an exact copy of the big fans operated in business places—weighed only a few ounces. It was about three inches long. An electric battery attachment connected with wires was carried in the inside coat pocket.



ALFALFA.

the vast tracts are being cut up into small farms holding willingly to the advanced ideas of eastern farming.

The country has some drawbacks as an eastern man might think, but they really are of minor importance. One of the party said after spending a number of days among the settlers who are now in the valley, "It is the first country I ever traveled in where I did not hear some word of dissatisfaction." We had a chance to see the wind fly in a high wind one day and yet no resident complained because of it. The farmer can easily bear this seeming disadvantage for the many good features of the valley. Among them perhaps the most valuable is that there are no winter rains. The stock having a shelter from the north wind can easily be out doors. Extensive barns for housing them are not needed. Sheep pick on the alfalfa or native grass all winter. Even the alfalfa, taken up during the summer,—at least three crops each season,—is not stacked but heaped, and in March is as green and bright and sweet as when cut the summer before. One should not forget the value of this one product alone. Three crops in a season cut down the acreage necessary to produce rough feed for stock. And what is pleasing is that horses, cat-

HOW WOMEN EARN THEIR LIVING.

No. 5. My Personal Life.

BY AN ORPHAN.

IN less than a fortnight after looking for the last time on the lifeless form of my best friend, my father, I was told, "You have to earn your own living." I was hired out for four dollars a month, with orders, "You must obey." I tried to be a faithful servant, but my life was enshrouded in darkness.

Having worked over three years, I failed to receive seventy-five dollars of my wages. By this time I used my own judgment, and went where I received two dollars a week, and was surrounded by better influence.

Having saved more than one year's earnings I started to college, and while there worked to pay part of the expenses, and learned much how to make a dollar bring actual value, trying to be happy with what I had, but I left college incumbered with a three hundred dollar debt, and in poor health. Those were dark days.

I did not fall heir to a thousand, but something better. I received a teacher's certificate, and next was to get a school, which I did at thirty-eight dollars a month for eight months. Next year I taught the same school. The third year I was offered, and accepted, a better position, which I kept four years, and then was free from debts and a small sum laid away. I went to college, finished one course, took typhoid fever, and was confined to my room three months, and was penniless, yet determined to make my way, I worked six months for an uncle as I was not strong enough to go in the school room. Then I decided I would go West for my health. I came West and my health improved, then I taught one term of school, again had another siege, for five months, of typhoid fever. As soon as I reached the state I filed on one hundred and sixty acres, of which almost half is under cultivation, and buildings that withstand the winter blasts and summer showers. I have money loaned, and in a few months I am to take a mortgage on a farm, the interest of which will pay my expenses.

I aim to have the best of everything to eat, and comfortable clothing. I have not joined the list of retired teachers; sometimes teaching ten and eleven months in a year, but I think the last

teacher's contract has been signed by me. I will say to all the NOOK readers that I should like to go more into details on this subject, but there is pleasure in being self-supporting, and I always took an unseen Guest as my best counsellor.

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Compliments are silly, but even sensible people inwardly enjoy them.

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THE ORIGIN OF FAHRENHEIT'S THERMOMETER.

ALTHOUGH the instrument appears inexplicable and unwieldy, there is great interest attached to its history when we learn that it was really invented by Sir Isaac Newton, and that the starting point of his scale was the heat of the human body. Newton's paper is to be found in the "Philosophical Transactions" for the year 1701. He describes his instrument as a glass tube filled with linseed oil, and to it he attached a scale to measure the degree of heat of the liquid into which he plunged it. His lowest point was that of freezing, as his highest was that of boiling water. He chose for the starting point on his scale the heat of the human body, and this he called by the round number 12, the duodecimal system being then in use—that is, he divided the space between the freezing point and the temperature of the body into twelve parts. He further stated that the boiling point would be about 30 as it was nearly three times that of the human body. A few years afterwards, when Fahrenheit was working at the subject of heat, he took Newton's instruments for his experiments, but, finding the scale not minute enough, he divided each degree into two parts, and so made it 24 instead of 12. He also did more, for, finding he could obtain lower temperatures than freezing, and notably that of ice and salt mixed together, he took this for his starting point. It was from this point he began to count 24 degrees up to body heat. This made, by his measurements, 8 the point for freezing. Boiling point he made 53. It then became zero, freezing 8, body heat 24 and boiling water 53. This was really the same as Newton's, only the scale started lower and the numbers were doubled. Later on, finding that he could measure increments of heat more minutely, Fahrenheit divided each degree into four

arts. It will now be seen that if the numbers just mentioned are multiplied by four, we have the thermometer which is now in use. Beginning with zero, freezing becomes 32, the body heat 96, and boiling point 212. This is the scale which Fahrenheit made, and the reasons for his doing so. It is the one which has been in use ever since.—*London Knowledge*.

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The prompt payment of debts is the one virtue lacking in many a man's make-up.

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COUNTRY AND CITY MILES.

"I HAVE observed a curious thing about distances," said a thoughtful citizen, "and I have heard many persons comment on the same thing, but I have never seen any satisfactory explanation of it. Most men are inclined to regard the city mile as somewhat shorter than the country mile. Of course, there are many things which will suggest themselves in explanation of this matter, if we think about it seriously, and yet they are not at all satisfactory when we weigh the problem analytically.

"Suppose we walk the distance. Along the edge of the city mile we find many things which will crowd into the mind, pictures along the way, pretty trade displays in show windows, handsome buildings, men and women bustling hither and thither and a thousand and one other things common enough on the city thoroughfare, things which produce a series of psychological effects which deaden to some extent the idea of distance, and, consequently, the city mile is seemingly shortened. On the other hand, the country mile, to the average person who has no taste for the picturesque and can see no beauty in the ruggedness of fence corners and in the tracements of the edges, is simply a long and barren stretch. But thus far I am threshing over old straw. This is the common view of the matter, and no doubt these psychological processes play an important part in determining the impressions received with reference to distances under the different conditions assumed.

"But here is the particular thing I would like to call your attention to: The city mile will be made in much less time than the country mile.

As a rule a man will walk a mile in the city in two-thirds the time it will take him to walk a mile in the country. Ordinarily it would seem that the shoe would be on the other foot. There is so much to arrest his attention, to stop him and to consume his time. In the country the way is clear and there is nothing for a man to do but hustle for his destination. Of course, the walking is better in the city because of good sidewalks and the lift of the feet is not so heavy. But the main reason for the shorter time required, in my opinion, is found in the stimulus which the city pedestrian receives from the excitement around him. Everybody is going at a breakneck speed. Everybody is hustling. There is noise and bustle, and in spite of the fact that his attention is arrested, and in spite of being bumped and jostled about by men and women going in opposite directions, in spite of delays at crossings caused by passing cars and vehicles of every kind, the pedestrian is worked up to a quicker movement.

"Excitement is the thing that deadens the idea of distance and makes it seem so much shorter in the city than in the country, and excitement is the thing which causes a man to walk a mile in the city in just two-thirds of the time required to walk the same distance in the country, and the difference between a dirt road and a paved street for walking purposes has but little to do with it."

—*N. O. Times-Democrat*.

* * *

Human nature is so constituted that all see and judge better on the affairs of others than on their own.

* * *

MILLIONS LIVE ON THE OCEAN.

THE population of the ocean is estimated at 3,000,000. That is to say, the number of sailors and others whose business is on the high seas equals the inhabitants of the thirteen original colonies. Last year more than one-sixth of this ocean population, or, to be more exact, 550,000, officers and men, of 4,343 vessels, entered the port of New York.

* * *

THE barber pole has been used as a sign for nearly 500 years. When first used it told the public that the owner was a surgeon as well as a barber.

The Q. & A. Page.

How is the word telegrapher pronounced?

Tel-leg-ra-fer.

❖

Is bee culture known at all in India?

Referred to Wilbur Stover.

❖

How is the name of Beethoven, the musician, pronounced?

Baythoven.

❖

What is a snapshot picture?

A picture taken with a camera that is operated with a snap. Any of the hand cameras will do it.

❖

What happens in a boiler full of steam when the engine is not running?

Nothing. It is as silent as the grave. Things are packed and waiting.

❖

Is any boiler absolutely safe and which can not be exploded?

When blowing off steam it will not explode. Otherwise any boiler may be burst.

❖

Where can I get the machines for making small wire fixtures?

In Chicago, or any other large city. A good many of the "fixtures" are made by hand.

❖

What is the cost of chromo-lithography?

Dependent on the colors of the picture. Each color requires separate press work. The number of colors make the price.

❖

What is cottolene? Can it be made at home?

It is a compound of lard and cottonseed oil. Different makers vary its composition. It could not be advantageously made at home.

❖

Is one man "just as good" as another in a moral sense?

No. He may be born just as good, but it ends early in life. Man is a creature of habit and environment and these conditions forever vary.

What is an extradition treaty?

When two nations agree to give up absconding criminals for certain offenses the agreement is called an extradition treaty. Not all countries have it but most do.

❖

Why do none of our Brethren preachers read their sermons?

Because they don't have to. A Dunk preacher, reading a sermon would be a wound to all the congregation. It would seem woeful out of place.

❖

Is it correct to say, "Neither the boy nor girl had their lessons"?

According to the rules it is not good English but it is an instance in which there is no rule that fits the case. We would write "their" and lose no sleep over it.

❖

Has a negro the same rights in public places as white?

Yes, he has. But as a rule the colored man does not intrude, and thereby shows his sense. The South has an unwritten code of its own that makes it unhealthy for the negro who goes where he is not wanted, but the written law of the land makes him equal with all.

❖

Does Elgin have a curfew law?

It does, but the children on the streets do not seem to be fewer in numbers. The good in it is in enabling the police to clear out the youthful hoodlums about a theatre or church door late at night, especially when the youthful hangers-on are not doing enough to be otherwise arrested.

❖

Why do so many of our younger brethren seem to prefer girl outsiders of the "catchy" order to our own sisters?

For the same reason that girls often run after a stranger, a desire for change, an almost universal, world-wide habit of taking up with the new. Some of the older brethren have the same trouble in the case of smooth strangers. It is generally better to stay with people one knows.

The Home



Department

If you want to gain a woman's everlasting friendship ask her advice and follow it.

THE VOTE.

SOME time ago we received a communication from a Nooker, expressing the feeling that he was tired of the cooking department, and preferred change to something more edifying spiritually. His letter was printed and expressions were called for. They have been coming in in numbers and are about equally divided, with the preponderance slightly in favor of continuing the department as it is.

Now we have arrived at a conclusion in the matter. We will cut the Home Department in half, retaining one part for the recipes and the other for contributions from the women readers of the magazine. These articles must be short, and of a character to imperil the peace of the Nook family, and in line with the general make-up and aim of the publication. No limitations of subjects are set. Only remember the word,—short. If no change is observed in the make-up of the department it will mean that nothing has been received to take its place. Personally, the editor is entirely without feeling in the matter. What the family want they can have, unless a stake is made or evil is shown, which is not likely. The faith of the editor in the Nook family's intelligence and moral values has never wavered. Now do your part.

OUR PREMIUM KNIFE.

THE other day the Nookman decided "in what is pleased to term his mind" that he wanted a new knife instead of the prehistoric barlow that he served every purpose under the sun from cutting out poetry to opening sardine cans. So he bought an INGLENOOK Square Deal Knife.

An editor ought to be able to take his own knives, just as he should take his own medicines.

We got the knife, sharpened it, and want to say to everybody that we have never had a better. A knife, however, is an uncertain quantity as to the temper of its blade and nobody can tell till he has tried one. But if the editorial sample is a sign we want to go the knife's bail and recommend it to every Nooker as a substantial and most serviceable article. It only takes one subscriber to get it and it is fully worth while.

* * *

A QUICK DESSERT.

THE following dessert is easily made and is so light and delicate that it fairly melts in the mouth: Separate four eggs, beat the yolks until creamy, then add three tablespoonfuls of fine granulated sugar and beat the same length of time again. Next mix three even tablespoonfuls of flour with two of milk, add a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, stir in the yolks and strain. Grease a baking dish, see that the oven is evenly hot (brisk, but not scorching), then add the juice and carefully-grated rind of a lemon; beat briskly into the whole the stiffened whites, dust the top thickly with powdered sugar and bake fifteen minutes. Eat with hard sauce or fruit juice, thickened slightly.

• •

POTATO SOUP.

THREE good-sized potatoes, one pint milk, one teaspoonful chopped onion, one stalk celery, one teaspoon salt, half teaspoon celery salt, half salt-spoon of white pepper, pinch of cayenne pepper,

half teaspoon of flour, one tablespoonful of butter. Boil potatoes and mash; cook onion and celery with milk in double boiler; add to potatoes and rub through strainer. Put on to boil again. Mix butter and flour and add to boiling soup. Boil five minutes and serve very hot. One tablespoonful of chopped parsley improves it.

SPLIT PEA SOUP.

ONE cup of dried split peas, three pints of cold water, one tablespoonful each of butter and flour, one-half teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one saltspoonful of white pepper. Soak peas over night, cook until soft, rub through a strainer and put on to boil again. Add either water, soup stock, milk or cream, rub one large tablespoonful of butter and one of flour together and add to the boiling soup. Add salt and pepper and simmer ten minutes.

APPLE FRITTERS.

THREE tart apples, two eggs, one cup milk, one teaspoonful of salt, about one and one-half cups of flour; one teaspoonful of baking powder. Pare and core the apples; cut into rings; dust with sugar and cinnamon. Beat eggs without separating until light, add milk, salt and sufficient flour to make a soft batter; beat well and add the baking powder; dip each ring in batter and fry in hot grease. Dust with powdered sugar and serve hot.

CELERY SOUP.

TAKE two small stalks of celery, outside pieces left from dinner will do; cut in fine pieces and place in saucepan; pound fine with potato masher; add one quart of new milk; boil about fifteen minutes; take two tablespoonfuls of flour and one of butter; mix thoroughly and add to the boiling milk and celery; add pepper and salt to taste. Remove from the fire and strain; serve hot with cubes of toasted bread, browned in butter.

BEEF SOUP.

ONE shin bone, one each of carrot, turnip, onion, tomato, celery, two potatoes, five quarts soft water, parsley, salt and pepper. Bone should

be well cracked and put in cold water. Boil slowly two hours and then add salt and pepper. Boil another hour and add carrot, turnip and celery; cut small and 15 minutes later slice onion and potatoes. Twenty minutes after add tomato cut up and two tablespoonfuls flour mixed with cold water and shredded parsley. Take the bones from the soup, cut up some of the meat and return to soup. Ten minutes later soup is ready for the table.

SOFT GINGER BREAD.

ONE cupful of sugar, one of molasses, one of butter, one of sour milk, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of soda, and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of ginger, four cups full of flour. Bake in a moderate oven.

PROPER WAY TO IRON FLANNEL.

FLANNELS should never be rolled up damp, consequently, when they are ironed a damp cloth should be spread over them, and the ironing done over it until the wrinkles, if there be any, are pressed out. Embroidered edges should be ironed on a flannel and ironed on the wrong side, if the very best effect is desired. The ironing of flannels is facilitated by taking them off the line when they are still a trifle damp, shaking them well and ironing them at once.

For cleaning and renovating rugs, hang them on a line and beat with a rattan, etc., then lay on a flat surface and sweep on both sides with a clean broom dipped lightly in water and ammonia. The highest proof kerosene also is used in this manner to brighten rugs, but salt and water or ammonia and water are better for the purpose.

If oil is spilled on a carpet, apply blotting paper or heavy brown wrapping paper at once and press it with a vary warm iron. Fresh ink may be removed by using the blotting paper at once. Take up as much of the ink as possible with a spoon, says an excellent housewife, and then pour cold sweet milk on the spot and dip it up with a spoon until the milk is barely tinged with ink. Then wash in cold water and wipe as dry as possible.

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IN MOTHER'S DREAMLAND.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

HEX down the long, dim, purple aisles of twilight
The Sandman of the Grown Ones softly comes,
And sows the old, familiar woodland reaches
With drift of May flowers, and wild violet blooms,
Down through the glimmering shades we all go troop-

ing—
My playmates of the years ago, and I;
The echoes answer back our gleeful voices,
The gay leaves wave a greeting from on high.
The cool green windings of the brook we follow,
Its gurgling song, its flash of silver fin;
We bare our feet beside the tempting water,
And fright its denizens by splashing in.
We flit through lanes; we swing on low-hung branches,
We race about among the blooming grass;
Light of foot as they, I follow after,
A brown-cheeked, tangle-haired, but happy lass;
Then, sitting down, at last, upon the greensward,
Beneath the wind-swung, whispering maple trees,
We leave long clover chains,—O daft dream-angels!—
With both my little boys beside my knees!
Elgin, Ill.

* * *

FRANK'S LETTER.

THIS is just as far north, here at Cando, as we are likely to get while we are in the State. This North Dakota country has been exploited among the book readers perhaps as much as any other section, and a great many people have come up here and settled. The whole country, that is all of the North and old South Dakota country, is not very much unlike, as there is a continuous prairie, more or less rolling and dotted here and there in the hilly part with trees. The railroad running through Cando, the Great Northern, is one of the roads without a land grant. It, therefore, has no land

to sell and settlers purchase from the government, or homestead. It was to the interest of the railroad to settle up the country so as to secure revenue from hauling their products in and out.

The Cando business was very skillfully managed and the government land has all been taken up to twenty-five or thirty miles from Cando. There are a few sections of comparative small area where there is still government land, but it lies considerably back from the towns and stations along the railroads. Naturally the first comers would seek the nearest available farms, the later ones taking those back, and so on until it is practically taken.

The first thing a settler does is to plow up the virgin prairie soil. This is a tough sod, the result of ages of vegetable growth, and this must be broken up and rotted before it is available for general farm purposes. The settler either does this himself or hires somebody to do it for him. When this tough sod is cut and turned over you can hear it tear like pulling apart a piece of coarse cloth.

The first crop that is usually sown on this newly broken prairie is flax. And, indeed, flax may



A NORTH DAKOTA HOME AND FARMYARD.

be sown in succession for two or three years as it sometimes is. Only the seed is sold; the stalk

with its valuable fiber is allowed to go to waste. It is sometimes purchased in the town of Cando

Everything that will grow on a vine and will mature at all in a season runs riot here.

Naturally one would suppose that the weather is cold here, and it is in spite of anything that any of the say about it. The first killing frost comes in September and it turns cold in November. The ground freezes sometimes six feet in depth and there is sometimes, though not often, six feet of snow on top of the. From the very nature of things cannot help being cold in such a country. Nevertheless the cold is not that penetrating character which the surroundings would seem to indicate. While the thermometer registers low for a number of months in the year yet the atmosphere is such that anybody may be very comfortable properly housed. The difficulties they have to encounter in the way of weather consist in untimely frosts overtaking the growing crops. But when everything hits, as it does frequently, in fact, as a rule, it is a land of plenty and comparative comfort.

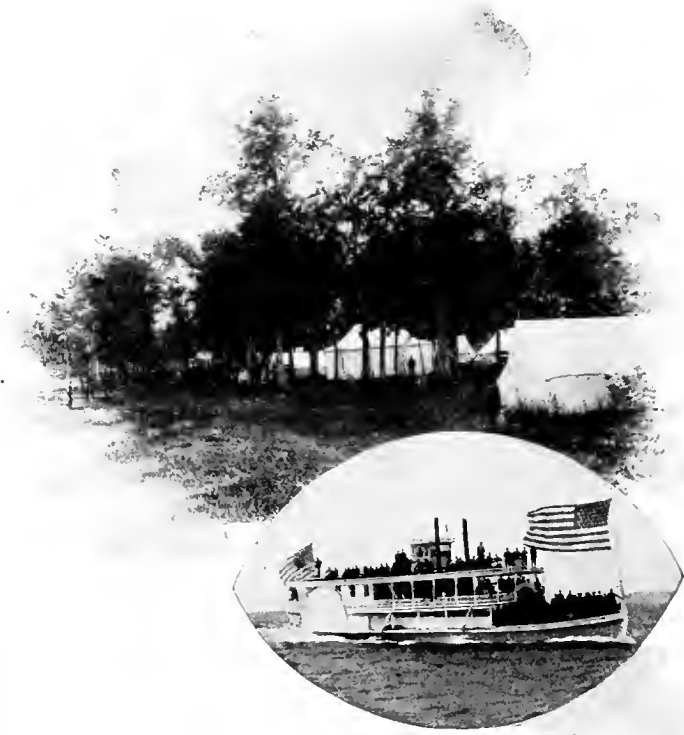
Nearly all of the smaller fruits such as berries, currants, etc., do well

here and it is the opinion of those who ought to know that in the course of time certain of the

here by the mills for fuel. One dollar a ton is the price paid for it. If the country should continue to be a flax country there is no reason why the fiber should not be utilized, as it doubtless will be.

After the first year or two of flax growing wheat is the general crop. Although some of the older residents say that there has never been a failure, and we know nothing to the contrary, yet, the word failure is a varying term, and may mean different things. It is said that the average wheat crop is about fifteen or sixteen bushels to the acre, that is, averaging one year with another.

This is not a country in which corn will grow to any considerable extent, although, of recent years, they have been planting what they call "squaw" corn, a variety that matures early, and has a black or smoked grain, not unlike the Mexican corn sometimes grown at home for table use.



CHAUTAUQUA GROUNDS AND STEAMER "MINNIE H."
DEVILS LAKE, N. DAK.



PYRAMID PEAK, LAKE M'DONALD COUNTRY.

arger fruits, such as the Russian apples, will be found to stand the climate.

although coal of good quality, or lignite, is also used.

The town itself has about one thousand inhabitants, or a few over, and is continually growing in size and importance. It has all the accompaniments of any other western town. And, in a church way, while a number of denominations are located here, the Brethren have the upper hand. They have a church in town and one east about seven miles. These two church buildings do not represent the actual membership of the fraternity in the country surrounding Cando, as there are other arms of the church that have not yet secured for themselves buildings, but hope to do so in the future. The churches are all in good form.

When the spring sets in the winter goes out steadily, and without much uncertainty. People begin to plow when they can hear the plow scraping over the frozen ground. When Nature takes a start in this section of the country things go with a jump and a run while they are at it. What does not mature in the growing season gets left. Especially do fine potatoes and cabbage and other vegetables of the cab-



A SHARP CORNER IN MARTIN CREEK.

About thirty-five miles north of Cando are the Turtle Mountains, a number of low, wooded



THE EVERLASTING HILLS, EN ROUTE TO THE COAST.

Is with many lakes. It is from the Turtle Mountain neighborhood that the wood comes,

bage kind grow remarkably well. A great many flowers thrive here naturally, and the cultivated

classes bloom like those in any old-fashioned home garden in the East.

For a summer resort, that is, a place of resort in summer time, Cando is ideal. It must not be understood, however, that it does not get hot in Cando and in all this Northern country, for it does. In fact, hot is the word for a few days every summer. But it does not continue long, and the nights are always cool and pleasant. As a place to spend the summer, or the autumn, for the tourist and the hunter, this is an exceptionally good field.

Wild waterfowl nest here on the lakes and wherever there are any draws or sloughs, or where there is a little water. These places are taken by teal, mallard, and other varieties of ducks for nesting grounds. Almost all varieties of waterfowl of the duck and goose family are to be found here, or in this neighborhood, that is within a radius of many miles. As might be expected it is a hunters' paradise. It has attracted sportsmen from all parts of the United States. They are required to pay a license of twenty-five dollars apiece to the State for the season's hunting. When it gets cold in this country and freezes up, of course, all that sort of thing is at an end. In the Turtle Mountain neighborhood there is some larger game. An occasional deer or bear wanders southward and gets himself into trouble when the settler sees him.

The main crop in this section of the country is wheat, and the wheat is of a superior quality and finds ready sale in the markets of the world. The people seem to be satisfied, and homes in every stage of completeness may be seen on all sides,—from the shack and sod house to the farm buildings that would be a credit anywhere.

Water is accessible everywhere from varying depths, from ten to two hundred feet, depending on the location where the well is bored, or dug.

Taking it as a whole Kath and I find that the people who are staying here intend remaining and speak well for their country. This matter is not so very remarkable when we consider the fact that it is high treason for any resident of a new country to say that it is anything but a veritable "Garden of Eden." The actual facts are that this country—which is not only that surrounding Cando but which is perhaps five hundred miles wide and extends from British America, through the United States, down into Mexico

a thousand miles—has an ideal soil and excellent facilities for development when man has only learned to catch step with Nature,—to plant, sow, and to reap, always remembering that it is necessary to keep step with Nature to insure success.

We are very much pleased with this Dakota country, and we leave it with regret. We pass from here westward into the mountain country. As there will not be a great deal to see until you do actually get into the mountains, Kath and I will not have very much to say of the intervening territory between this and the Rocky Mountains. In fact, while this letter is started to Elgin you are going the other way and will have crossed the mountains and be on the Pacific slope by the time you are reading this. Naturally, we will have to keep ahead of our letters, but they will be new to the Nook family.

Faternally,
FRANK.

* * *

MASON AND DIXON LINE AND THE TRIANGLE.

NOT very long ago we tried to find out something definite about Mason and Dixon line and were met at every turn by absolute failure. There were no available means of information on file with the general government, or that of the several States interested. However, the INGLENOOK generally gets what it goes after, persistence counts for anything, and we think we can offer our readers a little unusual information in regard to the subject.

We all know that originally the kings of England made grants of land in the New World to their favorites. William Penn had his share and Lord Baltimore had his, and others received liberal slices of territory. There was a shocking indefiniteness about these grants and as early as 1681 they began to wrangle about their boundaries, and complications arose from their differences of opinion as to where the line should be. Maryland, Pennsylvania and Delaware were all drawn into the quarrel. In order to see how the question was settled it is necessary to go to the Royal Historical Museum in London.

It was not until 1732 that measures were taken to finally settle the matter of boundary. Among other things set forth in the agreement was the

semicircle should be drawn from New Castle, twelve English miles in radius, and that an east and west line should be drawn from Cape Henlopen, to run westward, to the middle of the peninsula and at the end of the line of intersection the latitude of Cape Henlopen. A line was then to be drawn northward so as to form a tangent with the periphery of the semicircle at New Castle, which, as we have said, was drawn around New Castle at a distance of twelve miles, and then on the west side of this semicircle, at a tangent, a line was to be run north until it reached the same latitude as fifteen miles south of the city of Philadelphia. A moment's thought will enable us to see that this straight line on the west being tangent to the circumference around New Castle will leave a triangle, or tooth of land, down into what would otherwise have been Maryland. At this point, fifteen miles south of the most southern part of the city of Philadelphia, there was to be a line run straight west which was to divide Pennsylvania from Maryland. It will be a little difficult to understand this without a map of the three States before one, and it will require any Nooker to get down his school geography and notice the semicircle around New Castle and the straight line north on the west boundary of this semicircle to a point fifteen miles south of Philadelphia, and then the straight line westward dividing Maryland and Pennsylvania.

If it is asked why this was done the only reason that the writer can give is that the New Castle men wanted twelve miles around his town in the form of a semicircle, while the rest of the continent fixed the north and the south line at fifteen miles south of Philadelphia, and as a natural result a triangle was left.

The line westward was run a number of times but was always unsatisfactory. Finally, the provinces together decided to send to London for two English astronomers and mathematicians, known as Mason and Dixon. They found their manner at the end of the line drawn northward within fifteen miles of Philadelphia and planted

a stone there; and then run their line directly westward. They cut down the trees for eight yards wide and in the middle set up stones which marked their line. At every mile they put up a stone with "P" on the northern side and "M" on the southern side for Maryland and Pennsylvania. But, they only put these stones up for one hundred and thirty miles west of the starting point from the northeast corner of Maryland. At that point they were abandoned, and piles of stones, and posts, surrounded by stones, were planted. When they got considerably to the west they met the Indians who refused to allow them to go any further, and the work was abandoned. In 1785 it was completed to the Ohio river and has never been questioned since.

In regard to the triangle, which you can see for yourself on any school map in the southeast corner of Pennsylvania, we have to say it is four thousand one hundred and sixty-nine feet wide and extends southward three and one-half miles, tapering to the point of tangency. While it is really a part of Chester County, Pennsylvania, yet Delaware has always exercised jurisdiction over it, the same as though this triangle did not exist. The land is taxed in Delaware and Delaware exercises judicial authority within the triangle. While this tongue of land belongs to the State of Pennsylvania it has never claimed its right of ownership, and it is satisfied that Delaware should have jurisdiction.

In connection with the Mason and Dixon line is a popular fallacy that it was run to divide the free States from the slave States, and that it constituted the boundary line between the North and the South. This is a mistake, as the line was run long before there was any dispute about slavery, and at a time when slaves were held north of the line as well as south. The only odd thing about the whole business is the little triangle resulting from following the orders of the Crown in the matter of the survey.

The Nooker will understand this article better if he reads the technical part of it with a geography open before him.

*Failure gets fearfully lonesome
at times; success can choose its
associates.*

THE MANUFACTURE OF OLEOMARGARINE.

FROM a recent government report we glean the following that will interest all butter eaters, as well as those who think they are eating butter:

Oleomargarine was first manufactured in France. In 1869 the French war office, at the instance of Napoleon III, who was desirous of discovering a substitute for butter that would keep longer and also increase the dietary of the poor, offered a prize for the best substitute for butter.

Practically all the oleomargarine manufactured in the United States is made by the simple process of churning a melted mixture of oleo oil and neutral lard with milk, cream or melted butter to give it the butter flavor, and coloring matter to give it any desired shade of yellow in semblance of butter. In the cheap grades cottonseed oil is often substituted for a portion of oleo oil and neutral lard, but never to the total exclusion of either. After the churning process the whole is salted and put upon the market in a variety of forms, as demanded by the various classes of consumers.

Cottonseed oil is used as a partial substitute for oleo oil or neutral lard. It never fully replaces them, but is added to some combination of those two ingredients to cheapen the product. It is a liquid within the range of temperature to which butter is exposed, and its use is, therefore, limited to such a proportion in any formula as will not soften the product beyond the usual consistency of butter. Its use would doubtless increase largely were it not for the fact that no process has been discovered that will take away its characteristic flavor. To make a high-grade oleomargarine it is absolutely essential that all its constituent oils respond fully to the neutralizing treatment by which their characteristic odors and flavors are removed, so that they will take on the flavor of butter from the aromatic principles of the milk or cream with which they are churned. Cottonseed oil, when forming any considerable proportion of oleomargarine, betrays its presence, and those manufacturers making a specialty of high-class table products have discontinued its use altogether.

Oleo oil is obtained from beef fat by the processes of settling, crystallization, and pressure, which separate it from the stearin and the fiber. Its manufacture is more widely distributed than

that of neutral lard, but is principally confined to the large packing houses, which supply their oleomargarine departments and also the independent manufacturers and the export trade. Independent manufacturers are meant those who produce oleomargarine exclusively, in contradistinction to those who subordinate it to slaughtering and meat packing. None of the independent manufacturers make their own oleo oil.

After the animal is slaughtered the fat is moved and placed in a vat of warm water, where it is thoroughly washed to remove blood and other impurities. It is then chilled and hardened with a bath of ice water, after which it is finely comminuted by cutting machines and melted in steam-jacketed caldrons at a temperature about 160 degrees Fahrenheit. Slowly revolving agitators keep the fat moving until the melting process is complete, when the whole is allowed to settle. This settling process is accelerated by the addition of salt, which is scattered over the entire surface of the liquid and settles the fiber "scrap" to the bottom. In those independent plants where both oleo oil and neutral lard are purchased for use, melting tanks are provided for each, in which they are melted separately, after being taken from the tierces in which they are shipped. They are then piped or pumped to a mixing tank mounted on weighing scales, where the exact proportions demanded by the work formula are ascertained. If cottonseed oil is required by the formula, a separate tank for it is usually provided. If butter is to be used instead of milk or cream, a separate melting tank is provided for that. After the oils are melted and weighed into the mixing tank together, the mixture is piped or pumped into the churn, where it receives the milk and coloring matter. The whole mass is then churned together. After churning, the liquid oleomargarine is allowed to flow into a vat of ice water, which chills and hardens it before crystallization can take place. It is next shoveled into mounted cars and wheeled to the "tempering room," where it stands for several hours, until sufficiently softened for the machine butter workers. After the salt has been worked through it, it is put up in different forms and is stored in refrigerators to await shipment.

* * *

Virtue, like a dowerless beauty, has more admirers than followers.

ONE-FIFTH OF OUR POPULATION IS GERMAN-AMERICAN.

SINCE 1820 the enormous number of 5,630,000 German immigrants have landed at American ports. This is more than equal to the total population of Canada and Newfoundland.

If we include their children, the total number of German-Americans in the United States will number about 15,000,000, or one-fifth of the population. One statistician goes so far as to make the population as high as one-third.

By the census of 1890 there were 2,784,894 German-born residents in the United States. This is nearly equal to the total population of the three largest cities in Germany—Berlin, Hamburg and Munich.

If all the residents of Munich, Leipzig, Breslau, Dresden, Frankfort, Hanover and Dusseldorf, all famous German cities, were to be transplanted to America they would still lack 270,000 of being as many as the German-born residents who are now in this country.

Some of our smaller American cities have been built up almost entirely by Germans, Milwaukee, for example, which is mainly German, contains a larger population than the noted German city of Frankfort-on-Main.

German emigration to America began about 1815. During the revolutionary times of 1848 a great rush of immigrants began. Some of the most famous Germans who have carved out their careers in the United States were among the "Forty-eighters."

When the civil war commenced the flood of immigration from Germany was stopped and did not begin again until the new railroads and land grants attracted settlers to the western States.

Up to 1860 a large number of political exiles were obliged to seek a haven in America; but since that time the main incentive to immigration has been the desire to earn a better living and to earn a home.

In every German immigrant the spirit of self-help and independence is very strong. Few Germans are to be found on the books of charitable societies.

Industry and thrift, the two virtues upon which, as Benjamin Franklin said, our American prosperity must be based, are to be found at their best in every German community.

If a German is a farmer, he works day and

night until he becomes the owner of his farm; if he goes into commercial life, he is not satisfied until he has built up a prosperous business.

No list of eminent Americans could be drawn up that did not contain a large proportion of German names. From the fatherland we still get our music, our grand opera, our philosophy and a great deal of our science.

According to Prof. Hugo Munsterberg, an eminent historian who has been for fifteen years an instructor in Harvard University, the German and American nations are more alike, in mind and temperament, than any other two nations of the earth, and must eventually adopt the same form of civilization and government.

* * *

COLDS DUE TO OVERCOATS.

PHYSICIANS generally agree that overcoats are responsible for the colds with which so many people are afflicted, and they give a thoroughly scientific explanation of the fact. When a thick overcoat is worn, they say, the warm moisture given off by the body is prevented from escaping. It collects in the coat, vest and underclothing, thoroughly saturating them. This is not of much consequence so long as the overcoat is worn, but when that is taken off the wearer is in the position of a butter cooler surrounded by a damp cloth. The heat of his body is conducted away in large quantities and he suffers a sudden and severe chill. To this are due many colds as well as lumbago, rheumatism and neuralgia.

As a rule the overcoat is taken off at the worst possible time—that is, when exercise has ceased. The routine for many men is: Breakfast in a warm room; a quick walk in a heavy overcoat; arrival at a cold and draughty office in a state of perspiration; removal of the overcoat and a fit of shivers.

To avoid these results several courses are open. First, one might advantageously rely for protection from the cold on warm woolen underclothing. If one is young and robust it is not necessary to wear an overcoat at all. Then the evaporation of moisture will go on gradually and there will be no chill. Another plan is to wear one heavy walking coat and change it for a lighter coat indoors. But if the day is exceptionally cold a light and porous overcoat may be safely worn.

AS TO PIES.

WE extract the following from a Chicago paper, telling how pies are made:

"There are five big bakeries in Chicago now that do nothing but make pies. The average daily output from the four of them is between 40,000 and 50,000, I suppose. They are practically all consumed in Chicago. And of course that doesn't count restaurants and private houses that do their own cooking. We have twenty-two of our own delivery wagons and could use more, and, including the drivers, have 105 employes.

"Not quite half of them are women. The men do the heavy work, the women the quick, light work. They are cleaner, quicker, and more deft. It takes them about three months to learn the trade. We have no Americans, a few Irish, a good many Norwegians, and no Swedes, among our girls. Many come here first to earn a little pocket money for themselves; then get married and quit. By and by they come back to earn enough money to support their husbands and children, not as an uncommon thing."

Making good pies is as much of a science as making good beef extract. The same accurate adjustment of the division of labor is observable in a pie bakery as in a big Stock-Yards slaughter-house.

This is how apple pies are made in the largest bakery:

A barrel of apples is surrounded by two girls. One of them rapidly hands apples to the other, who jabs them on a spindle. A turn of her wrist, and a revolving knife has shaved the skin off the apple. She throws the nude fruit into a barrel with her left hand and jabs another apple on to the machine with her right. The process is just slow enough for the eye to follow comfortably.

When the barrel of skinless apples is full it is moved into the midst of a bevy of good-looking young lassies who have white rags around their left thumbs and sharp knives in their right hands. The lassies cut the apples up into six or eight pieces and throw away the cores.

This work takes all the afternoon time of the day shift. In the morning it has been their business to wash up the 14,000 or 15,000 plates which were distributed among the Chicago res-

taurants the day before with pies on them. The washing is done in a huge wooden tub—wooden because it is cleaner.

The night shift comes on at eight, and the begins the putting together of the ingredients into one pie. Four girls and one man stand around a table with a lot of dough made of flour, water, and lard in front of them.

One makes a big roll of dough two feet long. Then she tears it to pieces again, in three-inch balls. A girl at her right rolls it out into a circular disk, about ten inches across, and as thick as the traffic will bear. She stamps it with a big A, from a wooden stamp. That means apple pie. Then she folds her disk double. So much for the top crust.

The other two girls make the bottom crust in exactly the same way, except that it is a trifle bigger, and there is no A stamped on it. The man is making dough all this time.

Three entirely different girls are standing at the head of the table, where the bottom crust dough disks are being made. One lays a disk on the bottom of a tin baking plate. A second brushes a brush soaked in water across the greasy bottom of the dough which is to become the under crust. A third puts in a big handful of the apples, which have been cut up during the afternoon, almost before the brush has been drawn once across the dough. The whole job of these three girls is wonderfully fast.

Another girl sprinkles the apples as fast as they are filled into the lower crust with sugar and spices.

Still another girl takes the future pie, which now has an under crust of dough and a filling of ray sliced apples, and sugar and spice, and slaps one of the uppercrusts upon it. She then slides it over to another girl, who jabs it under a machine that has a rotary knife upon it. The knife trims off the overhanging edges of dough.

Then the pie is pushed on to a long leather belt, which runs through the middle of the table, that no time need be lost. The leather belt carries its load of pies down to the oven, just as Armour's chain belt carries the foot-caught pig down to the butcher.

There are four ovens, all rotary. Each has capacity at one time of 225 pies, and is about twenty-five feet across. The pies are placed on

LARGE EARS AND SMALL.

A MOST discouraging fact for people with big ears, or, in fact, for people with any ears at all, has been discovered by the systematic examination of over 40,000 pairs of ears in England and France. It has been discovered that the ear never stops growing while its owner is alive. So people with big ears in youth may expect to have regular "flappers" in old age, and the dainty miss with the seashell appendages on either side of her head may expect the ears to which her lovers now write sonnets to become large and prominent when she is a grandmother. But she won't care so much then, which is one consolation: all her lovers will be dead or married, and there will be only the children to remark, "What big ears granny has got!" Granny, who used to have the little pink seashells.

The ear, it has been discovered, grows even in the later decades of life. We get old and shrivel up and decrease in stature, but the ear still grows. A woman with small ears at twenty will have probably medium-sized ears at forty and large ears at sixty. Again, it is stated, as the result of the examination of the 40,000 pairs of ears, that probably no person in the world has ears perfectly matched. In most people the two ears differ perceptibly not only in shape, but in size. Frequently they are not placed on the head at exactly the same angle or at the same height.

It is declared by those who have devoted their time and abilities to the study of ears that the age of a person can be judged by them with great accuracy by an expert. After a youth is past ten, ears assume an increased form that gives a clue to the age of the owner of the ears, if one is able to read the signs correctly, which, fortunately, few people are. Nordau, Lombroso and that crowd lay great stress upon the ear as an indication of character; yet some of the best men we meet have outrageous ears, while almost everybody can recall some bold, bad man of his acquaintance who has small, well-formed and well-placed ears.

* * *

THE GALICIAN WAX MINES.

THE day of the wax candle is supposed to have gone by, with the advent of kerosene, gas and the electric light; but, as a matter of fact, an enormous number are used every year all over the world. But the wax candle of to-day is not the wax candle of our grandfather's day.

The busy bee is as busy as ever, but very little of the wax he secretes is made up into candles. General wax—generally known as ozocerite—is taken the place of beeswax, and is dug from the ground in Utah and California in America, and in Wales, Galicia, and Roumania, in Europe. When found, it has a dark, rich brown color, slightly greenish, and translucent in thin films, but when refined it resembles well-bleached beeswax.

The wax mines of eastern Galicia, which a syndicate of American capitalists leased, form one of the most curious fields of industry imaginable. They are at and around Boryslaw, which is also the center of the eastern oil district of that part of Austria.

The wax lies in beds, like clay, at depths of from three hundred and fifty to six hundred feet. Shafts are sunk to the beds.

The Boryslaw wax field is only fifty acres in extent, and upon that one thousand shafts were sunk. Six thousand men live and work on that tract. The owners of the deposits have made immense fortunes from the product, as it is very valuable, bringing eight cents a pound at the pits. Its use until within a few years was confined solely to making candles, but the manifold uses to which paraffine has been adapted has given to this Galician deposit a much wider utility.

The ozocerite lies in veins sixteen inches thick. It is dug out with shovels, and raised from the shaft with buckets and a windlass.

*Bringing sunshine into the lives
of others drives away clouds from
our own.*



EFFECT OF MUSIC ON ANIMALS.

THE pleasing legend of Orpheus and the wild beasts has lately been put to the proof in Europe in a series of tests to determine whether music hath charms to soothe the savage beast.

Not long since a concert was given at the poultry show at Posen. The fowls listened intently and the only one which did not seem pleased was an old turkey cock, which gave every evidence of noisy disapproval.

Herr Baler, the violinist, then made a series of experiments in the German zoological gardens with interesting results. A puma was found to be peculiarly susceptible. As soon as the playing began he stretched himself and listened intently, giving every evidence of sensuous pleasure.

This continued as long as the music was soft and low, but when the movement and tempo changed and the playing became loud and rapid he sprang to his feet, lashed his tail and gave every evidence of high nervous excitement.

Leopards showed complete indifference. The lions were nervous and apprehensive, but when the player passed on they went to sleep. The lion cubs seemed to show a disposition to dance when the music was animated, but the older members of the family were evidently better pleased with allegro measures.

Hyenas were badly frightened. The monkeys showed much curiosity, but only one of them displayed evidence of great pleasure.

Prairie wolves at first manifested great curiosity, but, having satisfied themselves as to where the sounds came from, they arranged themselves in a semicircle and listened attentively. When the music stopped they pawed the player and seemed to solicit the favor of an encore.

♦ ♦ ♦

FLYING FISH.

OUT from the warmer seas fly the flying-fish—the fish of which everyone has heard, which yet

none can see for the first time without a gasp of amazement, without a feeling as though beholding the miraculous; the fish which has given rise to more untruthful stories than any other fish all the seas.

Undoubtedly the flying-fish has wings like a bird, undoubtedly it flies—yet not as a bird. It does not flap the wing-like, pectoral fins on which it is upborne; nor, once launched in the air, can it change its course by any movement of its wings, until it dips again to the water. Yet it will pass a ship making ten knots in the hour, and travel in the air as far as five hundred feet at a time.

Astounding, indeed, is the sight of a shoal of flying-fish taking to the air, skimming far over the surface when the sea is calm, leaping high over great waves when gales blow. Fish see this ludicrously out of their element in air—but the fish should fly is not really more wonderful than that some animals and birds, like the otter or the penguin, dive and swim to perfection.

The flying-fish's fins are really parachutes which support and steady its body rather than wings which propel it; the lobe of the tail gives propulsion to the body as it leaves the water. A flying-fish's pectoral fins measure about a foot in length, and its long, transparent pectoral fins reach almost to the tail but though very large when expanded, they can be folded up very neatly. Its flight is short and intermittent, and it must needs continually dip into the sea to give itself a fresh start.—*Pearson for April.*

♦ ♦ ♦

SPEED OF A CARRIER PIGEON.

JOHN GRIFFIT has made some observations in a closed gallery on the speed attained by "blue rock" pigeons and English pheasants and partridges. The two first mentioned flew at the rate of only 32.8 miles per hour, while the partridge made but 28.4 miles, and these rates were considerably in excess of what they made in the open. The carrier pigeon is a rather fast-fly-

rd, yet the average speed is not very great, thus the average made in eighteen matches was only thirty-six English miles an hour, although in two of these trials a speed of about fifty-five miles was maintained for four successive hours. In this country the average racing speed is apparently about thirty-five miles an hour, although a few exceptionally rapid birds have made short-distance flights at the rate of from forty-two to fifty-two miles per hour. The longest recorded flight of a carrier pigeon was from Pensacola, Fla., to Fall River, Mass., an air-line distance of 1,183 miles, made in fifteen and one-half days, or only about seventy-six miles a day.

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HORSE HABITS.

To see a horse when out at pasture rolling on the ground and endeavoring to turn over on his back is a common sight, says the *Dundee Courier*, but how many people have noticed that in doing this horses observe an invincible rule?

The rule is that he rolls over either at the first or third attempt—never at the second—and more than three attempts are never made. In other words if the horse succeeds in rolling over at the first try well and good, that satisfies him. If the first attempt is a failure, the second always is, then either rolls quite over at the third, or gives it up. He never makes a fourth.

No adequate reason has ever been offered regarding this strange custom regulating the number of attempts. Will some of those ingenious people who tell us why a dog turns around before lying down, and why ducks walk behind each other in a straight line, instead abreast, explain why a horse never makes four attempts to roll over and never succeeds at the second?

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GREAT SALT LAKE.

IT is said that the human body cannot sink in Great Salt Lake; certain it is that even the inexperienced swimmer finds no difficulty in floating upon its waters. This miniature ocean is picturesquely situated among peaks of the Wasatch range; is ninety miles long by forty miles wide, and is dotted by innumerable grassy islands. Boats for service on these briny waters have to be constructed especially for that purpose, as a

craft that would sink to water line on the ocean would ride so high as to be top-heavy and unsafe on Great Salt Lake. The most paradoxical fact relating to this body of water is that it is a sea almost a mile above sea level.

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DEEP ARTESIAN WELLS.

An artesian well in Grenelle, France, took ten years of continuous work before water was struck, at a depth of 1,780 feet. At 1,259 feet over 200 feet of the boring rod broke and fell into the well, and it was fifteen months before it was recovered. A flow of 900,000 gallons per day is obtained from it, the bore being eight inches. At Passy, France, there is another artesian well 1,913 feet in depth and 27½ inches diameter, which discharges an uninterrupted supply of 5,500,000 gallons per day. It cost \$200,000. An artesian well at Butte-aux-Cailles, France, is 2,900 feet in depth and 47 inches diameter. These are all surpassed by an artesian well in Australia, which is 5,000 feet in depth.

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THE cause of the hazy appearance of the Indian Summer is supposed to be in the light, impalpable, imponderable substances, such as smoke, dust, dirt, spores, pieces of vegetable growth, etc.

✦ ✦ ✦

AMONG nature lovers in England a very pretty practice known as "Mary's meadowing" is to bud wild roses in the fields and let them grow where they are and to introduce stray bulbs of the rarer kinds in the fields and woods so that they may grow wild.

✦ ✦ ✦

A FISHING smack had lately a strange catch off the Eddystone lighthouse. It was an enormous specimen of that rare and curious sea monster, the angler fish. It measured four feet three inches long and three feet two inches broad. The capacity of these fish for devouring large quantities of food is something marvelous, but the peculiar thing is that they change the usual order of things, for instead of the bird catching the fish, in this instance the fish catches the bird and makes a meal of him. Guillemots, seagulls and ducks have been discovered in the stomachs of these gluttons of the deep.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY...

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The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

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Does any Nooker find great thoughts coming to him in crowds? Hardly.

WHERE'S THE LIMIT?

It is a practice with all good Christians to tarry for the slow of foot or thought, and in the main the principle is a correct and an advantageous one. But there are some things in this world that do not seem to call for an application of the principle. It is seldom discussed for reasons of delicacy or policy, but it ought to be considered oftener than it is.

Take, for illustration, the thought of a thousand young men and young women longing for a college education. They look for the time when they shall stand on the rostrum commencement day and get their diplomas. But ten men stand like a stone wall and block the way to the college. Is this right? Is it right to heed and temporize with the familiar and utterly erroneous platitudes about waiting till the good Lord calls home the obstructionists?

And the same is true of missions, Sunday schools and literature. There is such a thing as paying too high a price for an all-around quiet. This thing of stunting and delaying the many

for the sake of a very few is like sending a herd of people through life to be weak-eyed, and some to go blind, all because several people object to spectacles.

Admitting the moral merit of waiting on to slow where's the limit and what is the right time to move when material interests are involved?

Every member of the Nook family is the architect of most of his misfortunes.

ONE STRING PEOPLE.

THE writer once saw a savage down in Spanish America who had made himself an instrument out of a dried gourd across which he had stretched one string, and he was twanging it eternally to his own delight if not to mine.

And there are others, in every community, who have only one string to their violin. In season and out of season they are playing their one tune on it. It may cover the entire range of human thought from single-tax to some particular breed of chickens. No matter where they start sooner or later they get around to the one string and the one tune. People who know them clear out when they see the signs indicating the beginning of the musicale. A stranger caught and cornered never misses the story, and it is an unfailing delight for the harper to catch a new comer.

Now we all know the man of one tune, and how we resign ourselves when he begins. But the Nook wants to call the attention of its big family to this one certain fact. All the great ideas that move the world were originally but a thought in one man's mind, and this one man kept harping on it till he got others to see it too. Yes, as a rule the crank is right. That he is a minority of one never troubles him. He has the bump of continuity all over his head.

It was the case with the early abolitionists, the temperance people and every other phase of enlightenment. It took time for the one man to grow to a multitude. Take the case of the man on the road to Damascus, bent on making trouble. When he was turned into another channel he kept it up day and night till they cut his head off outside of Rome. Has the idea grown none since?

The man of one string may not live to see the end, but courage counts and generally wins when backed with persistence.

* * *

Let every Nook reader do the best he can when he can't do the best he would.

* * *

DO ANIMALS REASON ?

THIS question has come to the Nook desk, and in answer thereto it is the opinion of the Editor that they do reason. It is not, in all probability, a very wide range of reasoning, nor on abstract subjects, but still it is reasoning of a certain character. It is a fact that animals learn what they do pick up much quicker, relatively speaking, than do humans. A dog at two years knows more of the world and its ways than the average child of the same age.

It is a further fact that must be taken into consideration that the dog, say, has senses that we can never hope to equal for excellence. The child of three years of age, dropped out of sight from the heart of Chicago, is utterly lost and helpless. If nobody took charge of the waif it would perish. But lose a three year old collie and see him start out, following his master's steps, over which thousands have passed in each direction, and he will overtake him at last. Or, failing in the search, he will go home, sometimes a hundred miles away. No man living could do this. Now, how much of this is due to reasoning pure and simple, and how much to superior eyes and nose, who can say? At all events, there are animals, and a great many of them, too, that can do things without seeming instruction, that man can never hope to equal. Call it what you will, and it is remarkable.

* * *

When the mantle of greatness falls on some people what a disappointment in the fit.

* * *

OUR NATURAL HISTORY NOOK.

THE Nookman has been thinking for a long time about a natural history issue of the INGLENOOK, and now he wants to present it to the family,—con permissio, as they say in Spanish, which phrase translates itself.

Here, in brief, is what is wanted: A series of articles written by Nookers, every one of which deals with some natural feature not common to the readers or even to the run of its class. Thus the Nooker of Los Angeles might tell something of the roses that bloom in winter, while the Canadian Nooker might tell of the snow and ice of Montreal. The Louisiana man might give us the ways of rice growing, while the Nooker in, or from, India might tell us of the uses of ghee, and, by the way, what's the price of ghee in your neighborhood? And so on, and so on, from the description of the glacier to the pig with an eye on the top of its head.

Now this is open to all Nookers, and to be acceptable, and accepted at all, two things must be remembered. The stories must be true, and they must be short. Nothing kills an article quicker at the hands of the murderous Nookman than empty words. Per contra nothing makes him smile more pleasantly than an article that pitches right into the subject and which ends when it is done.

There must be an enormous number of Nature Study incidents abroad in the Nook family's ken, living as they mostly do in the country. Get them out, trim them down and send them on. We want them right away. When enough are secured the issue and its contents will be advertised. If in doubt about your article, ask. Natural history *facts*, not opinions, are wanted.

* * *

The greatest of all faults is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

* * *

Do you know of any natural curiosity, a cave, a quicksand, some unusual natural phenomena, as a spring that comes and goes, trees that have grown together, a peculiarity of animal intelligence, malformations, queer doings of bird or beast? These are the things we want for the special Nook. We want them at once. It is believed that this special number will be of absorbing interest, and that there will be an unusual demand for this special issue. The Nookers who desire extra copies of this number for samples *must* ask at once, or run the risk of disappointment. Hundreds of applicants for the Sisters' Nook were disappointed by reason of a lack of supply. Order now and we will print the extra numbers.

WAYS OF MAKING A LIVING.

No. 6.—Day Work.

BY LIZZIE RAWLINS.

THERE are many ways of making a living. I know a sister who had to depend on the labors of her own hands for her living and she made a good living too. When she became a young lady she tired of working in people's kitchens. She thought of dress making and millinery. That would not do, as she would have to dress and be a walking advertisement for herself, and the church would interfere. She would have worked in a store, or done writing, but she had not much of an education and no one to help her, so she worked on at housework and saved money at that. Finally she tried tailoring and at that she did sew well when she got the work. But the merchant tailors would not give her work when work was scarce in a dull season. When she did not have the work she was on expense, so that did not suit her at all. So she returned to kitchen work.

When she first commenced to work she got small wages but after getting \$4.00 a week she bought herself a small house and lot, fifty feet front and one hundred and twenty-five feet deep, for \$1,040. She paid \$150 and the balance in three payments. With her four dollars a week wages, and her eight dollars a month rent, she made her first year's payment, and when she made her last two payments she called for some of her money she saved and had on interest.

When she got it paid she moved in it herself, and went out washing by the day, washing and ironing and cleaning house, and she made lots of money. Now she has a fine little home. Whoever can go out to work by the day is the most independent, for such get meals found and have the evenings and Sundays to themselves. Those who can't help themselves very well had much better try housework. Nursing might suit some. I felt more independent when I went out washing and working by the day than I did when nursing.

* * *

A SUMMER EPISODE.

BY MAUD MOHLER.

IN the early part of spring, when buds are bursting, and all the little plants are waking,

you may chance to see a queer fellow climbing a post, a shed, wall or tree.

If he were a little larger, no doubt you would take a hasty flight, for he has a very formidable appearance. His great goggle eyes stare fiercely at the world, and his brown, scaly back seems plated with armor. Indeed he has a very mild disposition, and if you watch him a little longer you will see him go more slowly and drunkenly. His suit becomes clumsy and he resolves to get a new one.

A little rift appears on his back; his mask comes off and hangs rakishly on his face; slowly and surely he draws his slim front legs and gauzy wings from their cases. A little jerk and the whole shell is discarded and a new creature comes into the world.

The new suit is of dark green or brown, sober and business-like. However, the little gentleman is not without ornament. On his head are three rubies, and the shield which he bears on his back is striped. For his gayer hours he carries a music box in his back. Mr. *Cicada*, for that is his name, allows his wings to grow a little more and to dry, then flies to a tree. His suit is just the color of the bark of the tree, and when a large, clumsy person comes close to his domain he draws near a friendly branch and pretends to be a knot.

The summer is one long gala day to him. He sips nectar, the juice of leaves and trees, and his sharp, shrill notes mingle with the songs of birds and crickets. His melody may not be pleasing to your æsthetic ears. It pleases him. Tastes differ. And how do you know yours is the better?

Falls City, Nebr.

* * *

MAKING A SAINT.

THE "process" by which a martyr or other person who has devoted his life to the faith may receive the greatest honor that the church can bestow has remained unchanged since the days of Pope Urban VIII. According to the bulls in which he detailed the whole modus operandi the church recognized three degrees of sanctity. The first is that of "venerable," for the bestowal of which only eminent virtue and piety are requisite. Private prayer may be made to its recipient.

The second step conveys the title of "blessed

nd to the beatified public prayer is permissible. Before this degree is bestowed, however, it must be shown that the candidate has been given to heroic practice of the three theological virtues—faith, hope and charity—as well as the four cardinal virtues—prudence, justice, courage and temperance. A rigid inquiry into the life of the candidate is also made and the authenticity of at least two miracles wrought by or through his intercession must be established.

Beatification and canonization, although two distinct processes, have come during the past century to be practically the first and second step in one process, owing to the fact that canonization now almost invariably follows the beatification. In beatification, however, the pope does not judicially determine the state of the beatified, except so far as to free religious honors paid to him from the charge of superstition, whereas in canonization he does determine officially the condition of the new saint, but neither process pretends to raise the beatified or canonized person a step higher in heaven.

The third and greatest degree in this long process is that of "saint" and in this case, as in the previous step, the requisite investigation extends over many years, not infrequently passing from one century to another, and between this process of beatification and canonization more miracles must be attested, but after the last degree has been bestowed prayer to the canonized is obligatory, the church officially defining sainthood as the final process in the recognition and estimation of the virtues of a servant of God preparatory to his or her being elevated to the altars and commended to the perpetual veneration and invocation of the church."

From this it may be seen that the Roman Catholic church still holds, with characteristic firmness, to its belief in miracles, and in taking this position it insists that miracles are as possible to-

day as they were at any time in the history of the church.

* * *

THE GROWTH OF NATIONS.

SIR ROBERT GIFFEN, the eminent British statistician has called the attention of the British Association to some interesting figures showing the comparative growth of nations which occupy foremost positions in the modern world. The comparisons may be briefly summarized as follows: During the past century the population of the United States has increased from 5,000,000 to 76,000,000; that of the British Empire (English-speaking) from 15,000,000 to 55,000,000; that of Germany from 20,000,000 to 55,000,000; that of France from 25,000,000 to 40,000,000; that of Russia from 40,000,000 to 135,000,000. Sir Robert reaches the conclusion on apparently a sound basis of statistical reasoning that during the coming century the United States will have a much more rapid growth of population than any European nation.

* * *

HIGHEST OF WATERFALLS.

THE highest waterfall in the world, geography tell us, is the Cerosola Cascade, in the Alps, having a fall of 2,400 feet; that of Arvey, in Savoy is 1,100 feet, and the falls of the Yosemite Valley range from 700 to 1,000 feet. But higher yet is the waterfall in the San Cuaytan Cañon, in the State of Durango, Mexico. It was discovered by the prospectors, ten years ago, in the great barranca district which is called the Tierras Desconocidas. While searching for the famous lost mine, Naranjal, a great roar of water was heard. With great difficulty the party pushed on, and up and down the mighty chasms until they beheld the superb fall that is at least 3,000 feet high.

The only way to make the mass of mankind see the beauty of justice is by showing them, in pretty plain terms, the consequence of injustice.—Sidney Smith.

HOW FIREPROOF SAFES ARE MADE.

BY GUY E. FORESMAN.

VERY few people understand the mechanical construction of a fireproof safe. Thousands are manufactured and sold yearly, yet not one purchaser out of a hundred ever pauses to consider the time and labor consumed before they are ready for the market.

Before a safe can be properly constructed, we must consider the patterns, which are originally made of wood, requiring much time and tedious labor. The wooden patterns are then placed in the sand and a good metal one obtained. Usually the metal patterns are made of common cast-iron, but frequently more expensive materials are used. The metal patterns are then turned over to the pattern filer, who puts on the finishing touches, and soon they are ready for practical use. The principal patterns consist of the front, door, hinges, legs and wheels, with many smaller ones used in the construction of the lock. With the patterns perfected and a good supply of castings obtained therefrom, we are ready to proceed with the manufacture of a safe.

The front and back angles are made of wrought iron, the front angle being riveted to the front casting, while the rear angle receives the back. The front and door are now passed on to the door makers, who fit the doors to the front castings, place the hinges in position and rivet on the door plate, making at the same time a cap to cover the door in the rear. If the safe is to have an inside door, attention is also given to its making at this time.

The bolts and locks are then fitted in the doors by the lock setters, and the safe is next seen by the box makers, whose duty it is to connect the front and back angles with a sheet iron body, placing the trucks and wheels under what is now called the skeleton. We next see the safe in the filling room where the cabinet is placed in position, the same being inserted through the bottom, which is left open for this purpose. Cement is poured in upon the cabinet and a solid concrete formed, giving the safe its fire-proof qualities and weight. A cap is screwed to the bottom, the safe turned up on its legs, and the door hung in the hinges and given to the door fitter for inspection. If the door strikes on the flanges, it

is his duty to remedy the trouble and then see that it is pushed into the paint room, where it gets from three to five coats of enamel, is painted in various colors, striped and varnished. When the varnish is dry, the combination and handles are attached, the packing and shipping department is considered, and the safe goes on its journey to some distant part of the globe.

A great many safes are shipped from this country to Australia, China, and, in fact, to nearly all parts of Europe.

The combination is the part that attracts the greater amount of attention, and yet few people pause to consider how simple is its construction. Time locks are more complicated, and one not thoroughly acquainted with their workings, had better give heed as to how he handles them, for once locked, considerable time and money are required to reopen them.

La Fayette, Ind.

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*Sorrow has but few companions;
happiness is pregnant with friendship.*

* * *

MONTEZUMA CASTLES.

BY ANNA BOWMAN.

"MONTEZUMA'S CASTLES" are situated on Beaver Creek, about six miles from the old army post, Camp Verde. From a distance these castles appear as a number of small cells, honey-combed into the cliffs, but as we approach near the walls of solid masonry, forming the front of the castles five stories high, frown down on us from a cliff 200 feet above the bed of the stream. Though we gaze with wonder on the scene before us and admire the cunning of the architects who built these homes, yet the mystery of how the builders were able to scale those almost perpendicular heights and carry the materials used in construction will ever remain unsolved unless we can imagine great changes to have taken place in the country, caused by erosion and sinking of the land.

But we are eager to explore the homes of people whose history is written in stone walls and ruins only, and soon the first four ladders, which someone has suspended for the use of the sight-seers, bring us to the main entrance on the

rd floor. Here we creep through a small passage and enter a room in which we find a register, appropriated by a party interested in the preservation of the castles, and we write our names along with many from different parts of the United States who have climbed the ladders before us. From the entrance room we pass into three more rooms on this floor and look down to the rooms below. Then we climb another ladder, and we find three rooms and another ladder and are on the last floor, where there are two more rooms which extend back into the cliff and are protected in front by a wall about five feet high, inclosing a piazza perhaps five feet wide. This wall, having several port-holes in which we suppose that here the inhabitants collected to defend themselves against their enemy. We stand on this piazza and try to imagine the people, centuries ago, promenading here, and wonder what were their joys and sorrows. Here we sing "America" and other suggestive stanzas and hear the echoes from the caverns.

We find many points of interest in these ancient castles, and foremost is the architectural skill with which they are constructed. Let us look at the masonry, centuries old, with scarcely a sign of crumbling. Notice the skill with which the floors and ceilings are made. First, as sills, large logs are used, which were neither severed from the stump by saw or ax, but by fire. Over these logs are laid crosswise, a layer of sticks called "water motors," then coarse grass, and the whole is covered with earth, soot, and ashes, making very solid.

We notice that the walls are blackened with smoke which, having no way of escape except through small doors, settled on the walls and it is very scaling off. We find some small corn-cobs which we suppose they grew under some of the prehistoric irrigation ditches found over this country, and these cobs are so old they have become fossilized.

We find Montezuma's Castles the most noted and interesting of the prehistoric dwellings in this

part of Arizona, though there are many more here of interest.

We have now roamed through the rooms; noted the points of interest, viewed the surrounding country from our high position, and stood where these ancients stood, if we have not thought their thoughts, so we begin the descent, feeling a great reverence for Montezuma and his people, whose probable history we discuss, while seated around the cloth spread with our dinner, to which all do ample justice, our climb having been conducive to a real Arizona appetite.

Camp Verde, Ariz. T.

✦ ✦ ✦

In eulogizing the late Senator Davis a few days ago, his colleague, Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, said: "No spark from his wit was ever a cinder in the eye of a friend."

✦ ✦ ✦

HOTTEST SPOT ON EARTH.

BETWEEN India and Africa lies the hottest spot on earth. The Aval Islands cover a fairly extensive area of the Persian Gulf, lying off the southwest coast of Persia, and it is the largest of them which enjoys the doubtful distinction of leading all the perspiring competitors in the little matter of heat. The mean temperature of Bahrein for the entire year is 99 degrees. July, August and September are unendurable save for the natives. Night after night as midnight comes the thermometer shows 100. By seven in the morning it is 107 or 108, and by three of the afternoon 140. It is stated by voracious travelers that 75,000 Arabs inhabit the Aval group, fully 25,000 live in Bahrein, so it would seem man can accustom himself to anything.

The following are the temperatures at some of the hottest places: Hyderabad, 106 degrees; Lahore, 107; El Paso, 113; Mosul, 117; Agra, 117; Death Valley, 122; Algeria, 127; Fort Yuma, 128; Bahrein, 140.

A man should not be blamed for his ignorance if he doesn't know enough to find out.

OUR RED BROTHERS.

BY NETTIE ROYER BRUBAKER.

Two men were working on a new cistern at my back door. As I passed to and fro about my work I overheard them talking about the Indians. Then it fell out they were both old Indian scouts in active service of the government some twenty years ago. One was from Texas and had served as scout for the troops during the trouble with old Geronimo in New Mexico and Arizona. The other one came down here from Wisconsin about a year ago, and he had his experiences with the more northern tribes, having also participated in that little "affray" with the Minnesota Indians which occurred some three years ago. They were exchanging reminiscences, and many a harrowing tale was told and narrow escape described.

Now, as I am at present living on the old Cheyenne strip of what was once included in Indian Territory, I became interested and asked some questions. I learned that in this part of the country there still remain a considerable number of quite a few tribes, among whom I might name Wichitas, Arapahoes, Caddos, Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches. In times gone by some of these were quite troublesome, but of late years they are gradually being hemmed in by civilization, so that to-day they are practically powerless to do any considerable harm. Kept on reservations as wards of the government, with a fort supplied with troops, placed conveniently here and there, and mission schools also, it would seem the Indian must either civilize or go out of existence.

As I have had opportunity of observing, some take quite readily to methods of civilization, and own and cultivate farms, ride in carriages, drive fine horses, and dress like the ordinary citizen, and were it not for a few peculiar marks, such as wearing long braids of hair by males, they might pass very creditably beside their white brethren. Then there are those with the inevitable pony and gaudy blanket and plenty of paint, who would still do credit to their ancestors, I presume. It is the latter who are to be feared, if we would fear any. They do not take so kindly to the breaking up of their old customs and ceremonies and only submit because they must.

In a somewhat recent issue of the Nook I noticed that an order has been issued by the Secretary of Interior which declares that all Indians must cut off long hair, stop painting, and aside their blankets, and gives a time limit until June, 1902, in which to comply. For myself, I am quite curious to see how it will be taken. I doubt it will go hard with some of them, and personally speaking, it does seem almost like requiring a "leopard to change his spots."

Some time ago it was rumored in our town that there was to be an Indian dance on the Washita river, which was about one mile from our place in which it was expected about four hundred Indians would take part. While I am not particularly afraid of Indians I must confess I wondered as I lay down that night whether the horses would be in the stable in the morning and everything safe. I was never able to learn whether it "came off" or not, but we were not molested in any way.

I am told that old Geronimo is still incarcerated in prison (for life) at Fort Sill, about twelve miles from us, where he may be seen by visitors. It is said he yet retains a garment, he once made for himself, of deerskin, on which the finishing ornamentation is done with hair from scalps taken of white women. It must be a grewsome thing to behold.

If it should ever come about that I visit Fort Sill, I may tell the Nookers more.

Cloud Chief, O. T.

HOW PEOPLE LIVE IN THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS.

BY ANNA DIEHL.

I KNOW how the people live in the mountains and perhaps it would interest the readers of the Nook to hear of some of their peculiarities.

The mountaineers are the happiest and most contented people in the world, though their home consists of only one windowless room built of round logs, and a mud chimney, about eight feet wide, built half way up the end of the cabin, and upside down too, as the smoke often comes down instead of going the way it ought to.

The guests, and family, consisting of many children, surround the same fire, and sometimes there are half a dozen hounds, which always fight equal with the children.

These people are very kind and sociable and always do all in their power to treat their guests well. They always have plenty to eat, such as fish, and it's good enough what there is of it. They do all their cooking by the fire and only cook one thing at a time, as they have only one cooking vessel. If they have chicken and sweet potatoes they cook them together. Corn-bread and pork, with an occasional 'coon, is their main diet.

Dishes being scarce they will use poplar chips for plates and leaves for butter when they have it. They are always partial toward the preacher and never have anything too good for him.

The men are sometimes a lazy kind of people, and very poor farmers. Their wives do all the killing. It is a very common sight to see women milking oxen and going to mill. If they cannot afford oxen they will walk as far as eight miles and carry their grist.

They are devoted church members. The women do not think anything of lugging their children five miles to church through the rain.

Of course there are some exceptions, and some are better than this, but these are actual facts.

Jonesboro, Tenn.

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The first duty of a religious man is his duty to his fellow-man.

* * *

THRESHING IN NORTH DAKOTA.

BY SADIE HECKER.

THRESHING in this country is done so different from what it is in Illinois that a sketch about it may prove interesting.

In the first place it takes about eighteen or twenty men to run the machine. Next comes the cook car, and the sleeping car. Sometimes a man and his wife cook and sometimes a man alone does the cooking. They have their long tables and benches, and eat from tin plates.

Their dishes are of tinware. They claim it costs from ten to fifteen dollars a day to run the cook car. The cook makes from three to three and a half dollars a day in North Dakota. You can't find a good cook every day in North Dakota. They have to cook on Sunday, just as well as any other day.

The bundle teams earn four dollars a day, and the drivers two dollars to two dollars and a half per

day, and the farmer has only to take care of the grain. The thresher man does the rest, and charges about ten cents per bushel for wheat, six cents for oats, fifteen cents for flax and at that rate it costs the farmers from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a day. The farmer furnishes oats for the whole crew. Taking it all in all threshing is pretty expensive in North Dakota.

Carrington, N. Dak.

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GERONIMO.

GERONIMO, the Apache Indian chief and the man whom General Miles has named "the human tiger," is to be released from captivity at last and may be given citizenship.

Geronimo is the most terrible name in the history of 200 years of bloody, Indian fighting. For the last fourteen years Geronimo has been a military prisoner at Fort Sill. Now, at the age of eighty, he has signified his wish to become a docile subject of the great father at Washington.

"Geronimo is old and weak; great father is young and strong; his arm is like a withe and his teeth are long and sharp," said the broken old warrior a few days ago, as he affixed his mark to the legal papers that go with his application for release.

General Frank Armstrong of the regular army has been looking into the question and has recommended that Geronimo be paroled and made a citizen. Geronimo has been free, practically, for several years now, or ever since his removal from captivity in the Florida Everglades, to the barracks at Fort Sill. Although under constant surveillance, he has a small farm and receives thirty-five dollars a month as a "government scout."

* * *

It requires quick hearing, sharp observation, and good memory to know always a friend's peculiar ring of the house bell, although there is, no doubt, an individuality in that as in every other human act. Not to be able to do this is not a proof of dullness in child or man; and when done by a cat is worth noting. A lady had a cat which for years always left its rug and went down the stairs to the front door when its mistress rang, to meet her, if the doors of the room were open; but it took no notice whatever of the ring of anybody else.

TREE BLAZES.

FROM an exchange we extract parts of an article on tree blazes that contains much useful information. The writer says, referring to a Boston collection of blazes:

One of the most curious collections to be found in this city of museums consists entirely of "blazes" cut from the trunks of trees. It is owned by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and is kept in the rooms of the department of civil engineering, where it serves not so much for the purpose of illustrating an out-of-the-way bit of woodcraft as to teach the young engineer the value of a kind of evidence—rough but sure—that is familiar to courts of law all over the northern States and is accepted by them in cases of dispute where carefully drawn plans and formally-attested title deeds are set aside as untrustworthy.

Everyone who knows the woods at all knows what a blaze is—the sharp, glancing cut of an ax which exposes the fresh, clean wood beneath the bark so that one may follow an otherwise indistinguishable trail from tree to tree and from one end of the forest to the other. But the blaze is used not only to indicate a path but to mark the boundaries of forest ownership. It follows the imaginary line of the surveyor as well as the footsteps of the pioneer and hunter, so that a knowledge of how a line is blazed and of how to distinguish blazes that were cut a generation or more ago on trees still growing in the original forest is necessarily a part of the equipment of an all-round surveyor.

As nearly as possible the trees selected for blazing follow the exact boundary line. If, as often happens, a tree is not quite on the line at a proper point of distance from the last blaze, the mark is made on the nearest side of the trunk; if, on the other hand, a tree happens to stand so that the line passes directly through it, two blazes are made on opposite sides, so as to point out the precise direction which the line takes. At a corner where two lines come together either a "monument," as such an official land mark is called, is erected or a tree is blazed on all four sides—or sometimes three—or four trees are scarred so as to indicate as exactly as possible the turning point around which they grow.

In making a blaze the hunter simply slices

off a piece of the bark and of the wood beneath it as he passes by; the surveyor cuts into the blaze, first an arrow which points the direction in which his line passes, then a private device which stands for his personal signature. In many states—Maine, for example, in New England, and most of the great commonwealths of the West—where the townships are for the most part laid out with uniform regularity, with a stone post as a "monument" at every corner, the surveyor registers also the distance from one of these posts at every even mile thereby establishing his line with absolute certainty at that point and giving a secondary basis for the written description of the boundary required in title deeds and abstracts.

The permanency of the record which these blazes thus carry is remarkable. The collection at the institute includes an even dozen sections which have at one time or another appeared as evidence in court and are thus duly authenticated by legal decisions. When a tree has been blazed as one may see from these specimens, the wound heals over in the course of time, but never so completely that the scar will not be discernible to the experienced woodsman. The sap dries comparatively quickly, of course, and year after year layers of bark are put on in the tree's growth until, by degrees, the bared wood is almost covered, but the edges of the cut will never join smoothly. At first when new bark has partly hidden the blaze there is an indentation in the trunk; later additional outer layers seem to fill this up, but the thickened edges, which cannot themselves be welded by nature, turn the new growth outward until it becomes an excrescence, which, taking on a fresh coat with the rest of the tree, remains always as a noticeable lump on the smoother surface of the surrounding bark and as a permanent indication of the record contained within.

The blazing is, then, an ineffaceable record as long as the tree which bears it escapes the ax of the lumberman. The surveyor's recorded figure may be in error and his written description may not coincide with the line he traced on the tree trunks with his hatchet, but the blazes are unchanging, and in a court of law they are indisputable evidence. They cannot be made to lie in any particular, indeed, for nature has arranged that they shall fix dates as accurately as they pre-

ve inscriptions. The outer shell which has grown over the scar is sawed away and the rings of the wood beneath the bark are counted.

In the northern States, where the difference in the seasons is so sharp that a tree has never been known to take on more than one layer in a single year, these rings set the date when the record was made with absolute exactness. In most of the southern States, of course, this rule of dates does not hold, since a tree may take on more than a single ring each year in a milder climate. Louisiana, for example, the use of the blaze to distinguish boundary lines is not known, and even as far north as Tennessee its evidence is more or less doubtful, but when it is remembered that until recently the great forest domains of the North have been the ones chiefly developed commercially the importance of a surveyor's knowing how to use and identify the blaze will appear apparent.

There are certain specimens among those at the Institute of Technology which show in a surprising way the value of tree-blazing as legal documents. In one case the heart of a blazed tree had rotted, the surveyor's marks crumbling away with it, but a distinct impression of every ring remained in reverse—marred only by the nearly closed but never healing original split—the inner side of the new growth which had formed while the tree was still healthy, and this impression was accepted by the court as conclusive evidence. In another specimen no less than forty-seven fine, telltale rings, each standing for the passage of a year of time, are easily counted by the unaided eye, though the reading of other sizes calls for the use of a microscope, so closely are the rings drawn together.

The collection of this remarkable evidence is always an easy matter. The Maine woods, for example, are frequently surveyed in winter, when the snow drifts are four to six feet deep and surveyors are obliged to travel on snowshoes. In summer, when the level of travel has again been lowered to the normal and the foliage obscures to some extent the upper tree trunk, it is difficult to locate from the ground the outward indications of blazes, particularly if they are of some age. Then, at whatever cost of time and trouble, the most expert woodsmen are employed to search for them, with the result that a considerable portion of the expense of trying a "land

case" is not infrequently charged up to finding and bringing to court these curious evidences of property which no cross-examination can confuse and no argument confute, so long as they are honestly gathered and fairly presented.

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Beauty is only skin deep, but it answers the purpose just as well as if it were deeper.

* * *

HOW WE GET SOME THINGS' WRONG.

NEARLY everyone is fond of quoting from the poets and dramatists, and nearly everyone commits some egregious error in his quotations. All of us say, "The even tenor of their way," when what Gray wrote was "The noiseless tenor of their way." "When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war" should be "When Greeks joined Greeks then was the tug of war." When we say "The tongue is an unruly member" we misquote from James 2:8, where it is written, "The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil." "Charity shall cover the multitude of sins" (1 Peter 4:8), is almost always distorted into "Charity covereth a multitude of sins." We say, "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," whereas the correct quotation is "Speed the going guest." Butler wrote in "Hudibras," "He that complies against his will is of his own opinion still," but we alter the sense as well as the wording of the passage by quoting continually, "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still."

How often we hear people, quoting the passage on mercy from the "Merchant of Venice," say, "It falleth as the gentle dew from heaven," whereas the bard wrote "Falleth as the gentle rain."

We quote with great complacency "The man that hath no music in his soul," whereas what Shakespeare wrote was "The man that hath no music in himself." In his "Lycidas" Milton wrote, "Fresh woods and pastures new," but it is almost always misquoted as "Fresh fields and pastures new." In "Henry and Emma" Matthew Prior wrote, "Fine by degrees and beautifully less," a phrase which has become in popular use, "Small by degrees and beautifully less."

The Q. & A. Page.

Is there any secrecy in wireless telegraphy?

Yes, Marconi says there is.



Are the recipes now being printed in the magazine new, or are they the same as the Cook Book recipes?

They are new every time.



What is "Babism?"

The religious teaching of Bab, a Mohammedan, holding that it, alone, has the truth.



What is the real significance of Prince Henry's visit?

The establishment of fraternal relations with Germany.



Were all eminent men smart schoolboys?

On the contrary they were eminent dunces in many instances. They developed later on.



Why can some people tell a thing so much clearer than others?

It is usually a matter of training backed by certain individual traits hard to define.



Would you advise me to become a life insurance solicitor?

Depends. Some, born to it, reap great rewards. The vast majority miserably fail.



Are the national lawmakers agreed as to keeping the Philippines?

No. They differ much about the policy of this country toward the islands.



What was the status of the women of ancient Greece?

In the main perhaps good, but many of the prominent women would be classed now as immoral.



Do the manufacturers of clothing themselves pay the starvation wages to the makers?

As a rule, no. They give out the work to a contractor who does the farming out. But the moral aspect remains the same.

What is the Ghetto?

A section of a city occupied by Jews. They usually live together by reason of a community of religious and social interests.



Who are the "Maronites?"

A religious order, and its followers are Maronites, named after St. Maron, their founder. They are Catholics in a sense.



Are the locomotives of the world all built according to the models we see about us?

No. While the principle, of course, must remain, details are widely different. The English engine would rack to pieces on our curves.



Why could not the INGLENOOK print the weekly market reports?

Because so much time necessarily elapses that they would be of little value by the time they reached the reader. The INGLENOOK is made two weeks ahead of its publication.



How does the operator of a typesetting machine do his work right without making errors?

He does make errors and they are corrected after being discovered. A word misspelled requires the whole line to be recast to get it right. It is because it is done so rapidly that speed is gained over the old hand method.



Why is it wrong to say, "It is me"?

The makers of the first English grammar tried the Latin rule over into their English. The spirit and practice of everybody makes all say, "It is me," while the books require the natural speech to fit an unnatural grammar. It is correct by the book to say "It is I," but it is a twist no heavy English-born person ever fully agrees to. A grammar maker himself would likely ignore the door when he was pounding on the door from the outside in zero weather.

The Home



Department

The strength of confidence is best expressed by absolute silence regarding it.

THE SERPENTINE WOMAN.

BY SISTER N. J. ROOP.

THE magazines, the weekly papers, and even the agricultural papers, devote a portion of space fashion, and in every case the beautiful serpentine woman is in evidence. From the head and neck, which are erect, the wonderful curves begin, lique, forward, downward, upward, backward, downward, inclining to forward, and then finishing with a sweep backward, altogether describing such curves as are impossible to any creatures in the universe, except the serpent. Might it be that the wily fellow in the garden draped himself spider's web, and so fascinated our mother here?

And now the silly girls strain every muscle to imitate these pictures, forgetting that "God made man upright."

Warrensburg, Mo.

The above comment on the fashion magazine comes unsolicited, and is gladly printed here. We would be much happier if we had some scores of just such articles from our live sisters for this page. Is there only one such writer? Is there only one Aunt Nannie? Who knows? Let the sisters remember to keep their hands off the individual, but the wrong and the foolish are hit hard, and hit to kill. Make your articles short, but put an edge and a point to them.

THE NOOKMAN.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

A LITTLE kerosene in the hot starch will prevent it from sticking.

Do not wrap steel or silver in a woolen cloth, but use tissue paper.

Clean the lint from a clothes wringer with a cloth saturated in kerosene.

To clean out stovepipe, place a piece of zinc on the live coals of the stove.

Try a small brush, not too stiff, for cleaning potatoes and other roots, and save your hands.

A solution for cleansing grease from woolens is made from one part salt and four parts alcohol.

To clean the silver spoons and forks in every day use, rub them with a damp cloth dipped in baking soda; polish with chamois-skin.

The resistance of glass jars that refuse to open can be overcome by setting them, top downward, in an inch or two of hot water.

To clean mirrors make a paste of whiting and a pint of water. Leave it on till dry, and then rub off the powder with a chamois.

When seasoning sausage, if you are not sure you have the flavor just right, make a little cake of it and fry in a hot pan and taste it.

To serve stewed figs with whipped cream, put each fig on a small square of sponge cake neatly cut and pile whipped cream on the top.

To prevent window panes from frosting in the winter time have the glass on the inside, after it has been washed, lightly rubbed with alcohol.

Opening canned fruit an hour or two before using, that it may regain the excluded oxygen, improves the flavor. It should be turned at once into an earthen dish.

Always read the label on a bottle before giving medicine.

Copperas dissolved in water is one of the most valuable of disinfectants.

Do not put salt into soup until you are done skimming it, as salt will stop the rising of the scum.

Boston baked beans can be greatly improved

by adding a cup of sweet cream the last hour of baking.

Furs that become greasy in wear can be rubbed with turpentine previous to cleaning them with warm bran.

Vinegar added to sour milk for griddle cakes, etc., will cause it to foam lighter, in connection with soda.

Copper and brass may be quickly cleaned by dipping half a lemon in fine salt and then rubbing over stained objects.



WHAT KEROSENE WILL DO.

KEROSENE will remove rust from bolts and bars.

Kerosene will remove fresh paint.

Kerosene will remove tar.

Kerosene on a cloth will prevent flat-irons from scorching.

Kerosene cleans brass, but it should be afterwards wiped with dry whiting.



SOME USES OF SALT.

SALT on the fingers when cleaning fowls, meat or fish will prevent slipping.

Salt thrown on a coal fire when broiling steak will prevent blazing from the dripping fat.

Salt in water is the best thing to clean willow-ware and matting.

Salt puts out a fire in the chimney.

Salt put on ink when freshly spilled on a carpet will help in removing the spot.

Salt in the oven under baking tins will prevent their scorching on the bottom.

Salt and vinegar will remove stains from discolored teacups.

Salt and soda are excellent for bee stings and spider bites.

Salt thrown on soot which has fallen on the carpet will prevent stain.

Salt in whitewash makes it stick.

Salt thrown into a coal fire which is low will revive it.

Salt used in sweeping carpets keeps out moths.



REMEMBER IN COOKING VEGETABLES.

THAT most vegetables should be put on to cook in freshly-boiling water.

That salt should be added when they are about two-thirds done.

That lying in very cold water for an hour more will partially restore to wilted vegetable quality and freshness.

That every green vegetable should be cooked rapidly, and uncovered, to retain its color.

That, if the water is very hard, a tiny bit of soda added, no larger than a pea, will make vegetables cooked in it tender and of better color. Ordinary water does not require such addition.

That when soft water is used the salt must be added in from the first to prevent loss of flavor and substance.

That cooking a vegetable after it is done toughens, darkens, and detracts from its flavor.

That the best dressing for vegetables at the table is perfection is butter, pepper, and salt—cauliflower and, perhaps, asparagus excepted.

That older or staler vegetables are improved by a cream or butter sauce—the basis for the latter being the reduced liquid left when cooking is finished.



SALLY LUNN.

BY SISTER ETHEL WOOD.

WARM one-half cupful of butter in a pint of milk. Add a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar and seven cupfuls of sifted flour. Beat thoroughly, and when the mixture is lukewarm add four beaten eggs, and, last of all, half a cup of good lively yeast. Beat well until the batter breaks in blisters. Set it to rise over night. In the morning dissolve half a teaspoonful of soda and stir it into the batter and turn it into a well buttered shallow dish to rise again about fifteen or twenty minutes. Bake a light brown. The cake should be eaten while warm with butter. It should be torn apart, not cut.

Pennock, Minn.



CORN BREAD.

BY SISTER M. E. EATON.

TAKE one quart of sweet milk, three eggs, one half cup of butter, two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Corn meal enough to thicken. Bake in a moderate oven.

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THE WORDS I DID NOT SAY.

MANY a word my tongue has uttered
Has brought me sorrow at eventide,
And I have grieved with a grieving bitter
Over speech of anger and scorn and pride,
But never a word in my heart remembered
As I sit with myself at the close of day,
Has pierced with repentance more unavailing
Than have the words I did not say.

The word of cheer that I might have whispered
To a heart that was breaking with weight of woe,
The word of hope that I might have given
To one whose courage was ebbing low,
The word of warning I should have spoken
In the ear of one who walked astray—
Oh, how they come with a sad rebuking
Those helpful words that I did not say.

So many and sweet; if I had but said them
How glad my heart then would have been;
What a dew of blessing would fall upon it
As the day's remembrances gather in;
But I said them not, and the chance forever
Is gone with the moments of yesterday,
And I sit alone with a spirit burdened
By all the words that I did not say.

The morrow will come with its new beginning,
Glad and grand, through the morning's gates—
Shall I not then, with this thought beside me,
Go bravely forth to the work that waits?
Giving a message of cheer and kindness
To all I meet on the world's highway,
So that I never will grieve at twilight
Over the words that I did not say.

✦ ✦ ✦
OUR KATH.

I've found out what made me homesick and you could never guess it. It's funny, but it was nothing but mountains, or rather the absence of mountains. There was a feeling all the time that there was something missing but I didn't know what. But now that I am among the Rockies I feel lots better. You know back home there were mountains all around us, and natur-

ally it seems more homelike to be where one can see a mountain.

But our dear old home mountain is different from these. Not that I would exchange, even if I could, for the eastern hills are superior to the



A GIANT CREVASSE IN THE LAKE M'DONALD COUNTRY.

Rockies in some things. Frank says that the reason they look so great and vast is because it is so long since we saw one. It does seem like years and years since we left home, and I've heard several of our people, who spent a year in the West, say that our mountains looked about twice as high when they returned as they did when they left. Admitting all this, however,

I guess by actual measurement the Rockies would still be ahead of our home ranges. Frank



EVENING ON LAKE M'DONALD.

says that the Rockies are all right for scenery, but for comfort give him his old home mountain where we can climb up and down most anywhere with no danger of plunging down a precipice and landing in a swift rushing river hundreds of feet below.

I can hardly realize that this monster conglomeration of rocky cliffs, ridges, canyons and chasms is really a part of that great mountain system extending from the Arctic Ocean to the Isthmus of Panama, and which looks in my Geography like a mere feathery line. How often have I hunted up and located Pike's Peak, Fremont's Peak, and the rest of them, in that old Geography at school. My opinion now is that it is a lot easier to locate them on the map than by a personal exploration on foot or on horse-back. I am just beginning to appreciate the hardships and courage of those who crossed the continent before there were any trains to carry them with ease and swiftness to their destination.

Honestly, I felt ashamed for getting homesick when I thought of the comforts, and even luxuries, that we were enjoying along with our sightseeing. I told Frank that I was going to turn over a new leaf and enjoy the rest of my trip, and not mope any more, for it didn't do any good any how. And he said he guessed that was the most sensible way to look at it.

It is beyond me, however, to do justice to the wonderful scenery in the Rocky Mountains. It is different in many respects from that of the eastern ranges. To fully realize and appreciate it one must see it. Before we came in sight of the mountains I was interested in the talk of two girls sitting in front of me. They were from Illinois, and the one had never seen a mountain. The other one was trying to describe what a mountain was like. She gave such a glowing account of the scenery in the Rockies that I felt very much like rising up in defense of my native hills and eulogizing their picturesque scenery in defiance of Rocky Mountain scenery. However I refrained, and I tell you I was glad that I did. That Illinois girl hadn't exaggerated any.

When we got our first good look at the great walls of rock, and the snowcapped peaks, you just should have heard the "Oh's" and "Ah's" and other exclamations of the Illinois girl who saw a mountain for the first time.



AVALANCHE BASIN.

am not demonstrative, and I had seen mountains and I didn't say much, but I thought lots. The

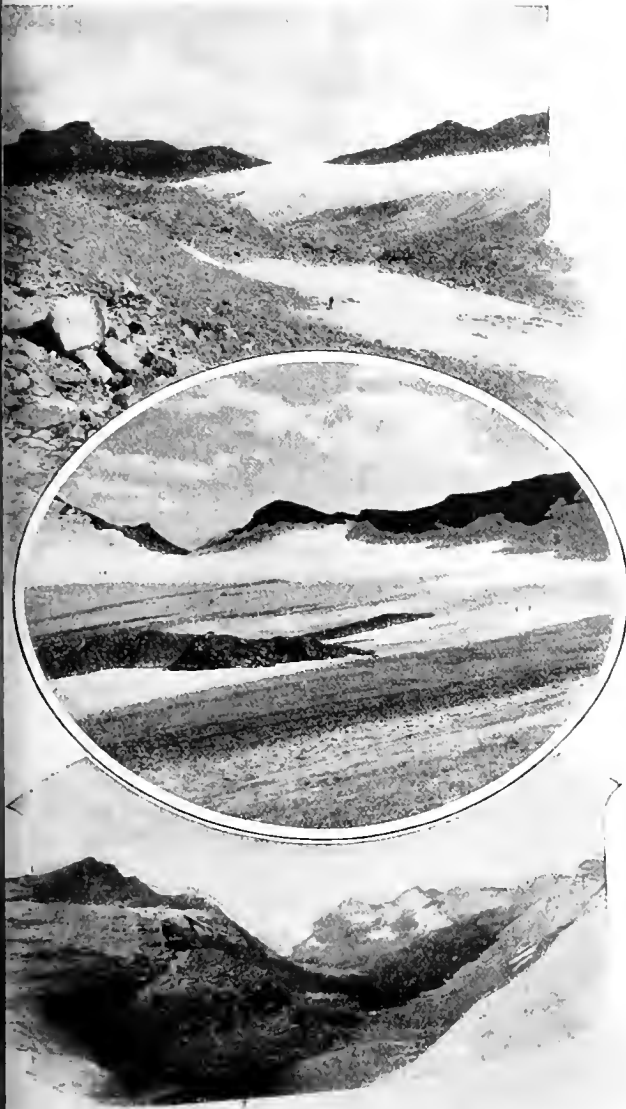
a grandeur, a loneliness, and a vastness about that one can feel but cannot describe. The fifty peaks, snowcrowned and glittering in the sun, rise abruptly from the rocky ridges. Some are belted and flecked with the somber green of

waterfalls that rush and tumble down its dark surface.

What appeals to us more than any other feature of the mountain scenery we pass through are the snow capped peaks. It impresses us with the immensity of God's works and our own littleness. There are the high mountain caps, with their white heads, like some world-old giant, glinting back the rays of the morning sun, and catching his last rays as the evening fills up the valleys below. As I stand on the back porch of my eastern home, and look up, I see the huge mountain, but it is as a hill compared to these cliffs and precipices. When I am on our front piazza, away in the distance are the soft blue mountains outlined against the sky. Here it is different. They tower, and threaten, and frown, till one is overawed with the grandeur of the scenery. They have been here practically forever, and have stood, silent and grim, watching the world below when the country was unpeopled by the settler, and only the red man peopled them with legend or accorded them the high dwelling places of the spirits.

It fills one with awe to view the mighty chasms in the solid rock and think what awful convulsions there must have been in the earth to have left such marks. To me, the canyons with swift torrents rushing through possess a certain fascination, closely allied to fear. Some of these canyons are walled in with vast walls of rock so high and perpendicular as to almost exclude daylight. Indeed I have heard it asserted that in the deepest spot of a certain canyon stars could be seen at midday. Not having seen it myself, however, I cannot vouch for it.

It is the rocky desolation hovering over it that appeals to one and makes it different from the eastern mountains. These latter are generally long, rounded ridges, well covered with a variety



ADHERN PASS, LAKE M'DONALD COUNTRY.

pine. Others are solid rock, bare and grim, and so precipitous that neither man nor beast can ascend. The vast walls of rock frown down upon one, dark and forbidding at times. Others are transformed into marvelous beauty when the sun touches the numerous rivulets and miniature

of timber, and in many instances with farms and orchards nearly to the top.

While we were admiring the mountains I heard a gentleman make the remark that the Rocky Mountain scenery equalled, if it didn't surpass, anything of the kind that he had seen in



"ROCKY DESOLATION HOVERING OVER."

Switzerland. And he said it was strange that Americans appeared so indifferent to the wonders of their own land, but would rush off to Europe the first thing. I feel glad that I am honoring my own country first, even if I did get homesick.

Yours Sincerely,

KATHLEEN.

P. S.—Ma wrote that Topsy is the proud mother of fourteen little yellow chicks. I hope Ma won't forget to shut up the coop tight at night. I always saw to that and she will be very apt to forget.

✦ ✦ ✦

WHEN the Bank of France cashes a check it compels the customer to take 20 per cent of the amount in gold.

A LOST DISCIPLE.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

"THE earth and its fullness are the gifts of the Universal Father to all his children alike," said the speaker, with an eloquent gesture. "The flowers, the luscious fruit, the life-sustaining vegetables and grain, field, sunshine, water, and all good and desirable things,—by what divine law are they more one man's than his brother's?"

Mr. Horton walked home through the quiet streets, his heart swelling with these—to him new and inspiring thoughts. He repeated sentence after sentence of the speaker's burning truths. In the radiance of their revelation, the humdrum old world stood before him re-created and glorified. He was sure it could never see the same to him again.

It was his last thought as he fell asleep on his pillow, and still rang in his head when he was awakened at an unearthly hour, next morning by the familiar "creak-creak" of the pump-handle beneath his window.—Ralph Smithson came regularly twice a day for water, not because Smithson, Sr., had no well of his own, but because, he said, "there was a flavor about Horton's that his'n hadn't got."

Mr. Horton turned over, and reassured himself that it was better for the well, that is, when little Johnny Smithson was not moved to put pebbles in the pump, and Ralph worked the handle with a Christian touch, instead of as the accompaniment to a Sioux war-dance.

Ralph's retreating steps had barely died away and the drowsy god smoothed Mr. Horton's pillow again, when the sound of his own lawnmower aroused him. He got up, hastily, and ran to the window. Walker, next door, was in the act of borrowing the machine without the formality of asking leave,—what need, indeed, in a world where all mankind were brothers. But, truth to tell, Mr. Horton's soul was the battlefield-ground of a fierce conflict, for the next few minutes, not so much for the unconventional way of this chronic borrower, as for the loss of his morning nap which they entailed, for the Wall-lawn was just at sounding-board angles with the bedroom windows. Mr. Horton's new creed of universal brotherhood came out best, however, though with drooping colors.

It was remarkable how many chances turned during the day, for putting that creed to practical test. The umbrella he lent Davis came back with two ribs broken and a long slit in the center; and then Davis borrowed the ten dollars he had been saving up to pay for some choice climbing roses. Of course, by his new schedule, he could not refuse Davis. He went home at night to find that some neighboring cats, engaging in a friendly squabble in his flower-beds, had wrought utter ruin of a dozen fine carnations and the lilies of the valley just coming into bloom. Mr. Horton's horticultural pursuits were his life, and though he was a gentle-natured man, some colorful words rose to his lips. But the new spell triumphed once more,—after a minute or so. The cats might not be his brothers in the matter of economy of love, but their owners were.

When his wife told him at luncheon that the little boy's Plymouth Rocks had scratched every inch out of the new strawberry bed, and the biggest little Walker had cut its hand severely with the lawn mower, which Walker had carelessly left standing, he seemed genuinely sorry for the idle baby, and reminded himself silently that Danny Bain was his young brother in the matter of Family. He looked for his last magazine, and finished a particularly interesting article, when he sat down to his after-luncheon smoke, and was surprised that Mrs. Kennedy had borrowed it. She was making her little girl a dress, and thought, in leaving one of the illustrations to look at, she would get along without buying a pattern.

Nobody returned Mr. Horton any damaged articles that afternoon, and nobody asked any money loans; it was as well they didn't,—for the night.

That night, when Mr. Horton reached home, fifteen minutes prior to his wife's return from her club he found that a choice consignment of nursery stock, which he had been expecting

for a week, had been left by the expressman on the back porch, and that the small fry of the neighborhood, discovering it, had given free rein to curiosity and activity. The twine around the packing had been transformed into "telephones" stretched from tree to tree across the yard, the packing was strewn all about, and the plants themselves—poor Mr. Horton!

By the time tea was ready, Mr. Horton had the litter cleared away, and the few remaining plants he managed to save.

When he went out on the front piazza, after tea, paper and spectacles in hand, he found the entire herd of destructive juveniles, who had fled at his coming an hour before, engaged in an uproarious game of "one and over" on his immaculate lawn. Going down, he accosted the nearest, who happened to be Walker's second, with suspicious mildness:

"Why don't you play in your own yard, Sammy, instead of bringing all these boys over on mine?"

"Pop don't want us on ourn," said Sammy, ingeniously, gazing at his questioner with face inverted between his two legs; "he's got it all cleaned, you see, and he's afraid we'd muss it up."

A sudden, subtle something, like a moral tidal wave, went over Mr. Horton from head to foot. He straightened himself, till he looked to the astounded Sammy and his companions fully two feet above his ordinary height.

"Tell your father,"—he paused, and stretched out his long arm,—“You boys! Do you hear? SKIP!”

And with the echo of the last pair of feet clattering hastily away down the sidewalk, the doctrine of indiscriminate brotherhood lost an ardent supporter forever.

Elgin, Ill.

There are truths which some men despise because they have never examined them; and will not examine because they despise them.

HOW BEET SUGAR IS MADE.

A MAN who goes through a great sugar factory feels like shaking hands with himself. He has a higher estimate of his fellow-men and greater faith thereafter in the possibilities of human advancement. He is given an uplift. The first impression one gets upon entering a beet sugar factory is not unlike that experience on going below the deck of a big battleship. There is a wilderness of complex machinery. After climbing up and down countless flights of iron stairs, past seething tanks, whirring fly-wheels and intricate buzzing machinery of every unimaginable form, you emerge and all you are certain of is that the whitish-yellow, rutabaga-looking beets go into the maze at one end of the factory, while there comes out at the other 100-pound sacks of granulated sugar.

Most people think they understand how the juice of a maple tree is boiled in a kettle until the little syrup that is left at the bottom granulates into a small cake of sugar. This is about all that the complex and elaborate beet sugar factory does. The sugar beet contains a sweetish juice that is boiled into sugar. Only that and nothing more.

The beets are unloaded from the wagons into the sheds. The dirt on them must be washed off. To do this easily by wholesale they are shoveled into a cemented ditch passing through the shed. The rapidly-flowing muddy water in this flume forces the beets as it partly washes them, for several hundred feet into the washer, just inside the factory. Here they are turned over in a long cylinder, full of water and beets, until they are clean. Then they pass through a machine that slices them so they look like shoestring fried potatoes. Next they pass into the first of a row of fourteen big iron tanks, called the diffusion battery. Water heated to a high degree boils all the juice out of the sliced beets, which are dumped through a side pipe into the pulp yard, to be put in silos for sheep feed. The water with the beet juice in it is then boiled on through the remaining thirteen tanks, for good luck, which it always has. Having had a red-hot time, the juice now needs to have a lot of impurities taken out of it. Hence it is piped into several tanks, as big as houses, called carbonators. Here car-

loads of lime that has been slacked in water is dumped in with the juice. This lime gobbles up the impurities. The muddy combination must now be filtered through complex mechanical contrivances to get the lime out again. The mud thus resulting from taking out the lime and impurities forms another outside dump and makes a good land fertilizer.

The juice thus filtered has a thin, yellowish look and sickly, sweetish taste. Next it goes into another series of big iron tanks, called evaporators, and receives another red-hot boiling, to take out the surplus water. It is now syrup, and passes through a bath of sulphur fumes to take out the earthy color. Next it is filtered again. Next it passes into a third series of tanks, called vacuum pans, where it receives the third and final boiling, up to 160 degrees, which causes the sugar to crystallize. The crystallized, dark sugar next enters the centrifugal, similar to the separators in a creamery, which whirls it around, almost countless revolutions per second and separates the crystallized, brown sugar from the molasses. In a trip through the next centrifugal, bluing such as is used in washing clothes, is added, and the brown is thereby turned into wet white sugar. It now passes into pipes to the top of the factory and is dried by machine, where it drops into sacks.

The entire trip from the raw beet to finished granulated sugar occupies eighteen hours.

* * *

Take the world as it is, not as it ought to be.

* * *

MAKING MAPLE MOLASSES.

BY H. M. BARWICK.

THIS has been our work for two weeks past and we would surely call it "a sweet time." For the benefit of those who never visited a section of country where this molasses is made we give the following information:

About the first warm day, the last of February we get out the buckets and scour them clean. These are ordinary two-gallon water buckets used in every home. After a few more warm days when the frozen ground is just about thawed through, we start to the woods, with a wagon load of buckets.

Anywhere from one to three feet above the ground a half-inch hole is bored one and one-half inches deep on the sunny side of every apple tree in the woods. Into this hole a half-inch spile four inches long is driven one inch, and a bucket hung on the end of the spile. The sap from the tree runs out through the spile and drops into the bucket. Every day while it freezes and thaws through the spring this sap is gathered into barrels and hauled to the furnace and emptied into a huge tank that is elevated at one side of the boiling pans. A pipe feeds from this tank into the pans and a fire is started in the furnace under the pans. Day and night this fire is kept roaring until all the waste water has passed off into steam and only the sweet, delicious molasses lies sparkling in the pan.

This is weighed out in gallon quantities to suit the buyer, and sells at about one dollar per gallon. Years ago this sap, or sugar water, as it is generally called, was boiled in iron kettles, but since everything else improved methods are adopted and to-day we boil in a steam evaporator that heats itself more regularly than could be done by hand. It never boils over, yet never boils dry. The place where this molasses is made is called a "sugar camp" and always attracts the neighbors and children who come to get a drink of the sweet syrup when it is about half molasses. The other day my three-year-old boy visited my camp and while I was working a few minutes outside the building he started on a tour of inspection inside. The first thing he could lay his hand to was the upturned spout where the molasses comes out. This he wanted to see into and so turned it downward until even with his eyes, when, behold, a volume of cold water gushed out into his face. He had just started the fire and the water was not cold, or else it would have burned him badly. I heard the water splashing on the ground and thought something had given way, so I rushed outside and found my boy crawling behind the furnace under the tank to get away from the water. This was his first visit and by mutual agreement it was the last.

When I tell you that it takes from forty to fifty gallons of this sugar water to make one gallon of molasses you will readily see that the "boiling" is no little job. Just think, boil forty-nine gallons away to get one! Well, all through

life and on up into heaven it is only the refined article of any class that is in demand after all.

Some of the large thrifty trees yield sixteen gallons of water on a warm day, but they have four buckets hung to them. They would yield more but the continued drought in this section through Fall and Winter seems to have made the sap in the trees very scant this season; while the sap is scarce it is very sweet this year.

Oh yes, one of the delightful times for young people is an "old time taffy pullin'" in a sugar camp. It is hard to tell which is more attractive—the rich taffy or the hilarious time connected with the making of it. However, it generally winds up with two or three sticking fast to a hot bunch of taffy which some mischievous lad or lassie placed on a seat, and then induced some innocent to sit down on it not knowing of the close relations about to exist. Wax in the hair, wax in the pockets, wax in the hats, wax in handkerchiefs and some little in the stomach, the party breaks up and spends a few hours next day in cleaning up their toilet.

Another sport connected with the sugar camp is the roasting of eggs, potatoes, chickens, etc., just as the boys happen to think of them. Thus the otherwise weary hours of the night are turned into enjoyable and never-to-be-forgotten events.

Eaton, Ohio.

* * *

*There is nothing so difficult to
hide as our follies.*

* * *

MARRIAGEABLE AGE ABROAD.

IN Germany a man in order to marry must be at least eighteen years of age. In Portugal a boy of fourteen is considered marriageable, and a "woman" of twelve. In Greece the "man" husband must have passed his fourteenth year and the woman her twelfth. In Austria a "man" must be eighteen and the "woman" sixteen. In Belgium the same ages. In Spain the intended husband must have passed his fourteenth year and the woman her twelfth. In Austria a "man" and a "woman" are supposed to be capable of conducting a home of their own from the age of fourteen. In Turkey any youth and maiden who can walk properly and can understand the necessary religious service are allowed to be united for life.

SOMETHING ABOUT EGGS.

WHEN Kathleen was at home and went out to the barn and around the house gathering up the eggs in her apron she, perhaps, did not know that what she was collecting was of enormous value in the aggregate. Perhaps none of her eggs reach Chicago.

Now, Chicago is quite a town and if called upon to tell how many eggs are consumed there daily the average Nooker would be at a loss to say. The facts are that about two million, five hundred thousand are used every day in Chicago. This enormous amount does not include the eggs brought in by the near-by chicken farms and which are delivered without having to pass through the hands of the railroads or the commission men.

Mainly this tremendous egg supply comes from all over the western country, though, of course, as we near Chicago the number sent to the city increases. The ordinary way of getting eggs to town is for the farmer, or the farmer's wife or daughter to take them to the store and trade them off for what she wants. We once heard an intelligent and good-natured Nooker complain that if it was not for having to carry all the eggs to the store for groceries she would be much happier. After the storekeeper gets the eggs he boxes or barrels them, and sends them to the commission merchant, or someone who deals in them exclusively.

Now, most people think an egg is an egg, and that is the end of it, but when they get to the city they are assorted into at least fourteen grades. The size, the color, the degree of freshness, and the general looks govern the assorting. Even a consignment of perfectly fresh eggs, not more than a day or two old, is divided into classes,—the dirty eggs in one class, the cracked in another, and the small ones in a third, there being perhaps half a dozen classes among really fresh eggs.

A commission man in Chicago who deals in nothing else but eggs employs a number of men who are called egg inspectors. These people are so numerous that they have a union of their own in which there are about three hundred members. In the old days a single egg was held before a candle and there passed or condemned. It was a slow piece of work. Nowadays, the in-

spector has an electric light surrounded by a green-painted shield with a small opening in one side. The inspector takes two eggs in each hand and passes them before this hole with such rapidity that he can get through with ten thousand eggs every day.

After they are assorted they are sold according to the wants of the public. An egg is never too bad, or too far gone, but that it finds a purchaser for thousands and thousands of them are used in the arts for various mechanical purposes.

It may not appear true, it certainly does not seem so at first blush, but the fact is that the money value of the eggs and poultry that come to Chicago is greater than that of the cattle, sheep and hogs handled at the stock yards. There is no way of telling how many eggs are used all over the country every day, but when we remember the fact that it takes two and a half million every day in the city of Chicago, and multiplying this by the requirements over the United States one feels inclined to take off his hat to Biddy as she goes clucking around the house.

* * *

Some people never pay a debt unless when they owe a grudge.

* * *

ARTESIAN WELLS.

BY NED DOUGHERTY.

THE failure of the Fox river to supply proper drinking water for the city of Elgin has led to an interesting investigation of artesian wells by Dr. Tapper, who has been gathering information for the board of water commissioners of the city of Elgin. Over four hundred blanks were sent out to users of artesian wells in all parts of the continent, and the resulting evidence is almost wholly in favor of the artesian well.

It is interesting to note how nature makes the artesian wells work. A vast bed of very porous sandstone underlies all the artesian district, and it is in this porous rock that the water is found. The rock crops out at Lake Superior, and gradually goes deeper and deeper, until it disappears altogether somewhere south of St. Louis.

The water drained from many thousands of square miles eventually finds its way into the rock, and the quantity of artesian water is pro-

ically unlimited. This is shown in the stockyards district in Chicago, where there are hundreds of deep wells, and where new ones are constantly being sunk.

It is true, however, that after an artesian well has been in use a few years, the flow of water is liable to diminish. This is due to the pores in the sandstone near the well becoming clogged with sand deposited by the escaping water. A slight reaming out of the well has been found to make it as good as new, however. Large-bore wells do not deteriorate as rapidly as small wells, and by the use of the latest scientific methods it is possible to draw unlimited supplies of water from deep wells. Many garden-spots in southern California would be deserts to-day were it not for the artesian wells.

An interesting feature about the system planned for Elgin is that the pumps will be put over one hundred feet below the surface of the ground.

One well in Elgin is now ready for the pumps to be applied, water of excellent character having risen to within fifteen feet of the surface. The well is 2,000 feet deep.

Elgin, Ill.

✦ ✦ ✦

*Every man is bound to tolerate
the act of which he himself set the
example.*

✦ ✦ ✦

A STAMP AUCTION.

BY CHAS. ESHELMAN.

A STAMP auction is exactly like any other, only the goods offered are used and unused postage stamps.

The dealer, who has the lots for sale, mounts the stamps on blank sheets giving the catalogue value at the top of the sheet. He then binds

the lots into a large oblong book. They are numbered consecutively from one up. The stamps are always bid on by the lot, whether there be only one stamp or half a hundred.

He now proceeds to have a catalogue printed, giving the number of stamps in each lot, and a minute description of each stamp, stating whether they are well-centered, or torn, or any of the perforations missing, for the buying collector is very particular about buying a valuable stamp that is not a perfect specimen.

The catalogues are sent all over the country to collectors who buy at auction and they bid on the lots that they are wanting and return the slip with the prices which they are willing to pay for the stamps.

The books of stamps are on exhibition at a stated place a day or two before the sale.

A person can rely on the description so well that it is almost as safe to buy without seeing the stamps as if you had been to the city and inspected them. Of course it is your privilege to return the stamps if you think the description was not just right.

The night of the auction the collectors gather and about 8:30 the sale begins. The dealer has all of the out-of-town bids, and if no one present bids higher than an outside one, the lot is sold to him. This is repeated until all the lots are sold, and an average sale comprises about 500 lots, approximately in value all the way from \$3,000 to \$8,000.

The lots are sent by registered mail to the highest bidders, who remit for them as soon as received. By this method of buying a person living in Arkansas has the same chance of adding to his collection at a minimum of cost as the man living in New York City. The auctions are held in all the large cities of the United States and Europe.

Elgin, Ill.

There is no permanent satisfaction in revenge, as to accomplish it we must take advantage of superior strength, wit or opportunity, either of which is unmanly and degrading.



HOW A PLANT GROWS.

WE learned recently that the sap of a tree passes from the roots upward, taking a certain course through the closed cells. When it has reached the leaves it gets in contact with the air through minute openings on the lower side of the leaf. There certain chemical changes take place. The crude sap throws off some of its elements and takes on others from the air. It is now known as elaborated sap, and it starts downward on its journey, prepared to build up the fabric of the tree. It is believed that the growth of the tree is downward. That is to say, that the deposition of matter that goes to make the layer of wood of each new year's growth is laid on from the top downward. It is very much as though a man standing in the mud had received his food supply through his feet, which had passed to his lungs, and there having undergone certain changes passed down again under his skin leaving a new layer as it went on its way.

It is a further fact that this growth of a tree is practically suspended at night. More than that, the leaves of the tree go to sleep. That is to say, if they are not disturbed they will stop working and assume a different position from that which they maintained in the day time. When the sun rises again the next day they resume their usual position and get to work again. This peculiarity of sleeping at night may be best observed in the case of the white clover. As soon as it gets towards dark the clover family fold their leaves together very much in the attitude of a little child that puts its hands together when saying its prayers. Anyone can see for himself that peculiar action of the leaves, and he will find upon examination that the leaves of all plants shift their position more or less on the approaching of nightfall.

One of the things not generally known about plant growth is that every part of the tree is simply a modification of some other part. Thus, the leaf is a modified form of the bark, and the buds,

the blossoms, and flowers are modified forms of leaves. If a tree is in the habit of shedding its leaves in the autumn nature stores in the buds a supply of food and the rudimentary forms of leaves for the next year's leaf crop. These are simply modified forms of the bark and the twigs. In other words, every part of a plant is a modified form of some other part. Sometimes these modifications assume peculiar forms. The writer has seen a tulip with its petals strung out along the stalk at different places instead of being compacted into the flower at the top of the stalk. There are just as many malformations, or more, in the vegetable world than there are in the animal kingdom. Every farm boy, at least every farmer, has sometime noticed a mishap to a stalk of corn where the silk, the tassel, and the ears, were all mixed together on the top. For some cause the regular change from one form to another has been mixed up and the plant has done its best under the circumstances to straighten things out.

Now, if it is true that every part of the plant is a modification of some other part, then it ought to be the case that there should be instances in which this is shown. Fortunately, there is a good illustration of this truth in the case of the green rose, so-called. The petals of the rose are simply modified leaves, and if the change is arrested instead of the bunch of flowers, or the parts of one flower, in their usual color there will be a bunch of green leaves generally resembling a rose.

It is often the case that when a plant is overfed, or over-encouraged in its growth, the parts which are natural to it will change their form so that a plant that is generally so-called single is often made to double up and become a double flower. Wherever this happens the extra flowers are usually made out of the organs of reproduction, thus destroying its power to produce seed. This is why double flowers produce but little seed. In fact, it is a very general rule that the higher bred the plant the weaker it becomes i

ts power of reproducing itself in its best forms. When a plant is once brought up to its highest possibility in the way of texture and color, and then abandoned, its tendency is to run into an inferior sort, or as we say, it will run out.

If it is true, as it is, that each part of a plant is the development of some other part, when we harass a plant by cultivation and succeed, it is always at the expense of some other part of the plant. The highest-bred flowers and fruits produce but little seed and show a continual disposition to get back to their primitive type. This is why weeds that are not cultivated become such persistent pests, when, if they were cultivated or food by developing the leaves, fruits, or seeds, it would be at the expense of other parts of the plant and many enemies would arise, both natural and elemental, that would tend to destroy its power of perpetuation.

There is nothing more persistent in its growth than common plantain. It grows its seed without difficulty or help from anybody. But, if it were cultivated with a view of enlarging the leaves, or increasing the size of the seeds, it would be so proportionately weakened in its other parts that it would not have the tenacity of life of its wild progenitors. This is why weeds grow so much better than cultivated plants.

* * *

THE SQUIRRELS AND THE TELEPHONE WIRES.

THE telephone officials and linemen of Madison, Wis., have declared war on the squirrels. Madison is a university town with the usual complement of fine old trees about the campus and along the sidewalks. Squirrels have been permitted to occupy the trees unharmed. Madison has been suffering from a bad telephone service and the officials could not tell why it was bad.

They have discovered that the hundreds of squirrels have been dining on the tar cement and binding strings used for the insulation of the telephone cable. In many places they have nibbled away the insulation, cut into the wires, making cross connections, and caused delay and worry in other ways.

Of late they have kept the force of linemen busy repairing damage, and have worked faster than the linemen, as there are many more of

them. The little beasts heretofore have been permitted to gnaw their way undisturbed into anything that took their fancy.

Officers of the Dane County Telephone Company estimate their loss at hundreds of dollars. The university dominates the town, however, and the faculty is strongly opposed to any retributive measures.

The telephones have been in use for only a few years, but the squirrels have been there since the foundation of the school, and the chancellor and his professors would rather have the squirrels.

* * *

THE SKUNK.

THE skunk first appears in history in the year 1630, when he was described in Theodat's History of Canada. He had been a long time on the earth before that time, however, for there are species of fossil skunks. The skunks of the genius *Chinca* range over the greater part of North America and as far south as Mexico. Other skunks are found in Central and South America. They live in burrows, either of other animals or made by themselves. Their habits are chiefly nocturnal, and they hibernate only in the severest part of the winter. Their food consists of small animals, of insects, and birds' eggs. Grasshoppers are eaten by hundreds. They have been trapped for their fur for many years. The Hudson Bay Company alone sent a quarter of a million skins to England from 1850 to 1890.

The young are born in litters of from four to ten. The adults occasionally rob the poultry yard, but such depredations as they commit are more than offset by their destruction of noxious animals and insects, especially the white grub, the pest of lawns and meadows.

* * *

LAST year in Venezuela alone 2,000,000 birds were killed for fashion's sake. One London dealer admitted twelve years ago, long before fashion was so pitiless as now, that he sold 2,000,000 small birds every twelve months. Three recent consignments to London included 10,000 birds of paradise, nearly 800 packages of osprey feathers, 6,700 crested pigeons, 5,500 Impeyan pheasants, 500 bird skins, 270 cases of peacocks' feathers, 1,500 Argus pheasants and 500 various other small birds.

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Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

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* * *

THE SPRING TIME.

WITH the breaking of winter and the coming of the spring all nature seems to rejoice. The birds sing, the animals mate, the meadows green and the sleeping flowers come in all the freshness of youth. And man, the highest of all created things, rejoices, too, in blossom time. It is a miracle, this recurrence of the wave of growth that sweeps over the face of the earth in the early part of the year.

Little wonder that the early nations peopled the groves with Pan and his pipes and dancing fauns and merry-making when the cold blasts had passed and the spring flowers came from the ground. The wonder has not ceased with the passing of legend and myth. It comes to all alike, the rich and the poor, the sick and the well, this feeling that the seedtime is on us, giving promise of the harvest when the present early leaves have grown to their limit.

One can see in imagination the black earth turned from the shiny plowshare, and a little later the green shoots in tris mark the corn field

of the Summer and the rustle of the dead leaves of the Autumn heard in fancy.

The Spring will pass imperceptibly into Summer which will wane into Autumn again. And so it will go while, one by one, we will pass with the leaves. Who knows whether in the land to which we journey there are seasons in that beautiful country? Job says there shall be no more sea. Others tell of rivers and trees. Who knows but those who have passed?

And so, when the blossoms are falling in the orchard, and the violets blue the meadow, let us rejoice that we may be in time with the season. When it comes the next year many of us will have learned the lesson taught by the bulb that slept in the dark, cold ground, to bloom forth in spring-tide. We, too, shall some day be in the land where no death comes.

* * *

Few persons have courage to appear as good as they really are.

* * *

DIRECTNESS IN WRITING.

"A large number of the articles received by editors lack directness. Many are really useful works, but the writers waste space in useless introductions and meaningless preliminaries, before they reach their real stories or arguments, and the editor gets disgusted before he understands the gist of the article, and so he returns it with his usual thanks. An efficient editor abhors indirectness, and hates to examine the manuscripts of writers who use these pleonastic, ambiguous introductions or never reach their messages until near the close of their articles. Not long ago, the writer saw a manuscript whose introduction occupied nearly three-quarters of the available space.

"Reporting on great dailies is a splendid drill for writers who never arrive anywhere. Reporters soon abandon meaningless introductions; they learn to tell a story directly and tersely,—to give it a pith, point, and purpose, for nothing else will be received by competent managing editors.

"Everybody dislikes indirectness, ambiguity, circumlocution, because they waste valuable time and clog all progress; the direct method is the winning one in every vocation.

"Cultivate, then, this great secret of focusing effort coming to the point, and striking at the heart of the subject; for therein lies a great secret of success."

THE above is an extract from the April issue of *Success*. It is so in line with what we have been telling the Nook writers over and over again that we reproduce it here. If our contributors

ll heed the above they will make a much better magazine. So many writers string out their work, and so fill it with irrelevant matter that when it is boiled down they have difficulty in recognizing their own productions. Begin with the story at once, using the fewest and most applicable words, and when at the real end, stop there, and everybody will appreciate the effort the more.

* * *

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Confucius.

* * *

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

WE often hear of the good old times, the days the long ago, when everything was so much better than it is now. Let us see about this. Is true? Whatever it may be in some ways, there are some things the man of a hundred years ago knew nothing whatever about. Here are a few of the things he did not do, and most of which he never even dreamed.

He never rode on a steamboat, and would not have believed it possible. He never rode in a Pullman car, or any other steam car, for that matter, and he never went any place faster than a horse took him.

He didn't dream of riding in an electric car, and he never heard of a telegram.

He would have doubted such a thing as a harrow or a reaper. What! Anything beat him in using a scythe? Never!

He wouldn't have known what a match was if he had seen one, and he wouldn't have known how to light it.

As for a sewing machine he would have proved to you that it was simply impossible.

His plow was of wood, and he was too ignorant to make an iron one.

He would have been scared out of his wits had he seen a bicycle coming toward him.

He would have said that a stenographer was in league with the devil. Had he received a typewritten letter he would never have been able to explain it. It would have scared him to death to have come down or gone up in an elevator. He would have laughed at the idea of seeing through a brick. He would have been one of the people to hang the man with the Roentgen ray apparatus as a wizard.

There are ten thousand things he never so much as dreamed of, and the telephone and the wireless telegraph would have dumbfounded him. Worst of all he never heard of the INGLENOOK. All in all he wasn't in such a complete state of happiness that his situation has not been improved. And as it has been so it will be. A hundred years to come and we will show up just as badly against the invention and knowledge of that time.

* * *

The faith that others have in us inspires, to a large extent, the faith we have in ourselves.

* * *

LAST year, just before the Annual Meeting, the INGLENOOK printed a list of people who expected to be present at the Conference. The results were so eminently gratifying that we feel constrained to repeat it. If our NOOK friends everywhere will immediately notify us of those who expect to attend, that is to say, of people who expect to go to the Annual Meeting at Harrisburg, we will take pleasure in putting their names before the public, so that it will be known who will be met there. One of the pleasant features of the Conference is the annual reunion; and to know whom we expect to see will add largely to the pleasure of the gathering. Therefore we request that we be immediately notified of the names and addresses of people who expect to go to this meeting, especially those from the far West. Will you kindly make the response at once?

Better a little chiding than a great deal of heartbreak.—Shakespeare.

ELKTON BRIDGE.

BY C. S. LEHMAN.

In this vicinity some years ago a new railroad bridge was built. It was a bridge of unusual height across a deep ravine. Large crowds would gather at it on pleasant Saturday afternoons, and it was not an unusual thing for young people to picnic near it on Sunday.

It was on one of these occasions that a number of young people, all of whom were acquaintances of mine, gathered here. As this was only a branch road at first no trains were run on Sunday and it became a practice of sight-seers to walk across the bridge, notwithstanding the notice, "Danger, Keep off the Bridge." The young people above mentioned were among those to venture across and landed safely on the other side. But many faces suddenly turned pale when, as they stepped from the bridge, the sharp whistle of an engine was heard a few rods away, and in an instant was on the bridge over which they had just crossed. It may be needless to say that this was held as a secret from their parents for some time.

A man once undertook to cross this bridge leading his little girl by the hand. While at the highest point the little girl stumbled and her hold slipped from her papa's hand and she fell through the ties to the depth below. The parent, almost panic stricken, rushed to the end of the bridge, down the steep embankment, then to where she had fallen. He was overjoyed to find she had fallen on the heap of brush and leaves washed together. As he lifted her up her first words were, "Papa, I don't want to walk over the bridge again."

The writer saw the place where the little girl landed only a short time after the fall, and the circumstance seemed almost miraculous. Seemingly God had provided for the safety of this child.

Columbiana, Ohio.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It is a piece of utter folly to needlessly undertake the dangerous and difficult thing. It is better to go around or wait. He who takes chances when they can be avoided is doing a foolish thing. Youthful Nookers who dare to do these things are advised that they only advertise their foolhardiness, and

those who keep away from danger when there is no necessity to face it show good sense. The latter are always the brave in a real emergency

* * *

Spending a dollar before it is earned is like eating to-day the egg that is to be laid to-morrow.

* * *

POSSIBILITIES, STILL, FOR THE INVENTOR.

In the utilization of waste products in making cheap substitutes for expensive materials, there is an attractive field for the inventor. Rubber, for example, is growing dearer every year. So much success has been had lately in making a rubber-like article from other plants, but a fortune is waiting for the man who will bring forward a real substitute. "Paper is cheap," you may hear a newspaper editor say to the young reporter who crowd too many lines on a page, but the owner of the publication does not think so, when he has to spend a million dollars or more in a year for white paper. Wood-pulp paper is growing more expensive; the man who makes paper out of some other fibre, at less cost, will not need to worry about his financial future. A company is being formed to make paper from the waste hulls of the cotton seed; nearly every other part of the plant is now utilized. Pavement materials are far from perfect. Asphalt is very expensive and there are many objections to it. What is wanted is a material that will have all the permanency of asphalt, all the silence of the wood pavements of London, and all the holding qualities of the country macadamized road,—a pavement that will be firm, but soft; that will be smooth, but slippery; that will last, and yet can be easily moved; and that, above all else, will be cheap. To be a cheap pavement, it ought to be made from some waste material. A fire-proof substitute for wood, made from waste material, will pay its inventor well. Manufacturers are searching for new materials, and for new and cheap processes of metal working. Reduce, by a dollar a ton, the cost of making steel, and you add enormously to the net earnings of the United States Steel corporation, which has funds ready to reward the successful inventor. Flexible glass is not impossible. Think what it would be worth

the trades! Mine-owners often leave neglect-great mountains of metal because they cannot extract the ore profitably.

The invention of all kinds of labor-saving machinery is occupying the attention of inventors everywhere. American inventors set the pace for the world in this field, and that is why we are able to undersell foreigners in the markets of all nations. American manufacturers will pay liberally for tools and machines that will reduce the cost of production. Go into any factory, and you will find work being done by hand that could be done by machinery, and work being done by machinery that ought to be done more rapidly and at less cost. In the development of power, its transmission, and its transformation into heat, light, and electricity, there is an unbounded field of work for the greatest inventive minds. We want cheaper power; we want to catch some of the lost tenths of the energy we lose in burning coal; we want new fuels. We want more economical-operated motors for stationary work, and also fast locomotion on land and sea.—*Franklin Forbes, in April "Success."*

* * *

*No sword bites so fiercely as an
civil tongue.*

* * *

FROM "THE CRUELTY OF WAR."

In the spring of 1812 Napoleon gathered together on the frontiers of Poland an enormous army of 680,000 men. On June 22 war was proclaimed. The French pressed towards Moscow, leading destruction on every hand, while the Russians retreated, setting fire to the towns.

By September Borodina was reached, and here was fought a terrible battle. Before daybreak on September 7 the two armies were set in array. Think of it! Picture it! 260,000 men—whom God had made brothers—are waiting only for a signal to commence slaughtering each other! At six o'clock that signal is given, the roar of artillery is heard and ere long the battle rages everywhere. Two hundred cannon are mowing down whole battalions and enveloping both armies in smoke. The wounded are being crushed by the horses' hoofs or mangled beneath the wheels of artillery. So the bloodshed continues until darkness closes the scene. Let us view the

field on the following day. Here are nine square miles covered with slain; in many places the bodies are in "heaps." In yonder ravines some of the wounded have crawled, and lie there weltering in blood and uttering groans. Realize all this. Shrink not from the task. 'Tis the "glory" of war! In the next few days the neighboring towns are plundered. The soldiers acted like demons. They sacked the houses, disregarding the piteous appeals of the inmates. Mothers holding little ones in their hands knelt imploring to be left unhurt, but in vain. The very clothing was stolen from them, as well as the household goods.

Soon the terror-stricken inhabitants were seen coming from the places where they had hidden. Sons carrying sick fathers; mothers with infants and weeping children fleeing before the flames. Aged people, whose weakness prevented their flight, lay down to die. The hospitals, containing more than 12,000 sick, began to burn, and nearly all the inmates perished. Night came on and the fire still raged. The French, maddened by strong drink which they had discovered, rushed into the very midst of the fire and smoke to procure plunder, literally "wading in blood and trampling o'er corpses."

As the French moved onward in various places where battles had been fought, the slain lay, as they had lain for weeks, unburied on the plain. Twenty thousand corpses were lying where they had fallen.

Such is the history of *one* expedition. Do not forget that these terrible details which fill us with such horror *are facts which we cannot gainsay*. In this expedition 450,000 lives were lost in 173 days! And all this wanton bloodshed *was to gratify the ambition of one man*.

* * *

A fool knows other people's business better than a wise man knows his own.

* * *

THE servant girl problem is worrying Germany as much as the United States. Like their American cousins German girls prefer factory or clerk work to housekeeping.

* * *

THE biggest sailing ship in the world is being built in Boston. It will carry six masts.

ECONOMY.

BY KATHLEEN.

It is unanimously conceded by the public in general, and the masculine element in particular, that economy is one of the elementary principles in good housekeeping. In order however, to insure the best results, economy should be combined with prudence and common sense. It is not a difficult matter to confound economy with parsimony or to follow the example of the thrifty woman who burnt a penny candle looking for a farthing. The profits resulting from the latter operation are not very dissimilar to those that accrue when one burns the candle at both ends. It is a well-established fact, however, that different people have different opinions as to what constitutes true economy. My own idea of economy—or of comfort at least, differs from that of the woman who skimps along without proper kitchen utensils and conveniences, in order that she can fill her parlor with useless, dust-collecting bric-a-brac. Neither can I conscientiously commend that of others (both men and women) who economize on the wages of their hired help and are more able thereby to donate to charitable enterprises.

The practice of economy is not relegated exclusively to womankind, as some might infer. There are numerous shining examples among the opposite sex.

Doubtless you have all read the story of the young man in search of an economical wife. With this object in view he went around among his lady friends soliciting the scrapings of their bread bowls for his sick horse. Naturally the girls had great sympathy for the poor horse, and gave him all the scrapings they could find. It has been intimated that this liberality was caused more from a wish to please the young man than from any anxiety about the horse. But who would believe such an insinuation? Finally he came to a girl who said that she didn't have any scrapings in her bread bowl. "Ah," says this shrewd young man to himself, "this is the girl for me." And he straightway went and married her, much to the disgust of the kindhearted girls who had almost scraped the bottom out of their breadbowls in order to save the life of his old horse.

Whether this couple lived happily ever after is not recorded. Personally I have always had my doubts about it. A young man who would pull a trick like that bids fair to develop into the Nancy sort of husband, if not something worse, one who keeps a watchful eye over the culinary department and treats his wife to inspiring lectures on how to cut down household expenses, one who goes peeping around the pantry and cupboard for texts, real or imaginary, from which to preach economy to his wife, who is vainly striving to make one pound of sugar do the work of two. And as for giving her a nickel to spend as she chooses that isn't to be thought of.

Confidentially however, girls, it is always better to be on the safe side and prepared for any emergency. And I would advise those with an eye toward matrimony, to run no risk of losing a possible chance by neglecting to follow the lustrous example of the young lady who left her scrapings in her bread bowl. Of course this advice does not apply to confirmed old maids.

* * *

The worst evil we have to contend with in this world is insincerity.

* * *

THE BOYS.

A CORRESPONDENT has several boys who are disobedient, and who smoke cigarettes and are generally disposed to aggravate their parents. He wants the NOOK to tell how to reach them and straighten them up.

Now the INGLENOOK does not know how to reach these boys, for it does not know the parties. It is sometimes the case that boys are naturally bad. They are disobedient and take evil as ducks do to water. It seems in the NOOK does not, as a rule, believe in corporal punishment, but there are some cases in which the less talk and the more rope's end the quicker the cure. In Chicago there is a court that deals with juvenile offenders, and occasionally punishment is remitted if the youthful culprit gets "the licking of his life," administered under the eye of an official to see that there is no dilution of the dose. Just the other day a hulking brute of seventeen came in this class, and an official stood by to prevent any "reflex action," while

other took a broom handle and let him have it over his anatomy. It did good beyond a question. In fact it is a mooted point as to whether any child can be raised correctly without punishment that causes with it pain. The rule would be to make the punishment one that goes to the spot and talks for itself.

But there is another side. There are boys who are perpetually nagged about being good till they become desperate. Their lives are one eternal don't and a continual mustn't till rebellion against natural and healthy and normal life an impossibility. As soon as they escape the paternal yoke they are into mischief. If there is bad company accessible they find it. They stay away from home because home is not pleasant. The cause for this condition is evident. The writer has had much to do with boys as a teacher, etc., and never yet found boys with this environment when the parents were not everlastingly at it with their complaining and remonstrance.

Sometimes there is a disposition on the part of parents to have their children committed to some reformatory, and unless they are out and not wicked, given to burning or killing, this is not to be recommended.

The Nook advises that the boys be sent away for a time, hired out to some good man who will look after them. The change of conditions and environment often works wonders. Very often getting away from home is the salvation of a boy. He sees things differently because they are different and he unconsciously begins to imitate his surroundings.

* * *

Self-respect is the corner of all virtue.—Sir John Herschel.

* * *

EGYPTIAN ARITHMETIC FOUND.

A BOOK was unearthed in Egypt recently which shows that the Egyptians understood arithmetic over 3,600 years ago. It is a volume evidently intended for the teaching of pupils at home. The leaves are of papyrus, and are in an excellent

state of preservation. Explorers estimate that the book was made about the year 1,700 B. C., or before the time Moses led the children of Israel out of the house of bondage.

In the elementary principles of arithmetic the system disclosed is not unlike that of to-day. Examples show that the main operations of the Egyptians, with entire units and fractions, were made by means of addition and multiplication. Subtraction and division were not known in their present form, but correct results were obtained. Examples in equations were also found in the book.

* * *

It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things.—Dr. Samuel.

* * *

HANDED OVER THE OFFICE.

NOT many people stop to think that one in every 100 American voters is a fourth-class postmaster. Yet such is the case and, as was suggested by an official of the post office the other day, there are some odd specimens of humanity among the lot. "Up in Vermont," said he, "I knew of an old fellow who kept a store across the road from the post office. There were two rival stores at the cross roads and they fought each other pretty hard. The post office was changed when Mr. Cleveland was elected and went from its old republican stopping place to the establishment across the way. One morning early in November the news came over the mountains that Mr. Harrison had been elected. Without a moment's waiting the republican storekeeper ran across the road and burst into the store kept by the democrat. 'I get the post office back!' he exclaimed. 'Harrison's been elected! Harrison's been elected!' And the democrat handed over the marking stamps and other supplies without a word. The new postmaster was appointed officially some months later, but the actual transfer occurred the day after the election and I don't believe anyone ever noticed it."

A wise man occasionally makes mistakes, but he doesn't repeat them.

“ LOOP THE LOOP,” OR ON THE WAY
UP TO SILVER PLUME.

BY GALEN B. ROYER.

THE 8th of March was an ideal spring day, and it was my privilege to be one of a party in Denver, Colorado, planning a trip into the Rocky Mountains. The party is indebted to Mr. Horace B. Davis of Denver, Colorado, for planning this fine pleasure trip, and to Mr. T. E. Fisher, G. P. A. Colorado and Southern R. R. for special favors. The party consisted of D. L. Miller, of Mt. Morris, Illinois, C. W. Lahman, of Franklin Grove, Illinois, Geo. L. McDonough, of Omaha, Nebr., L. E. Keltner, of Denver, Colorado, and the writer. One of the party who had made the trip years before said, “ We will loop the loop



BRIDGE SEVENTY-FIVE FEET ABOVE LOWER TRACK.

to-day ” and that very declaration filled me with a desire to see all that the expression really meant. The day before was my first sight of the Rockies, and as I looked upon them rising out of the great plain, I could not help but liken them to the rugged handwriting of the Creator, as with raised letters he wrote of His wonderful power on the vast prairie.

At 8:05 A. M. we were comfortably seated and rapidly moving away from the Union Depot. I paid little attention to the train except to note that each car bore the words “ Colorado and Southern.” Thirty minutes were spent in crossing the intervening prairie that lay between the “ Queen City of the Plain ” and the mountains hard by her. How strange the sensation! The train was headed direct for the foothills that rose in perpendicular abruptness all along, and the valley, or cañon, into which we were running

was so narrow that from the windows we could not see even a hint of it. At the speed we were going it made one feel as though we would surely run against the mountain and come to a sudden stop with a crash. But soon the valley came into sight and a moment later we passed within the great walls and were amidst the lower range. People around Denver call these lower range foothills, but in most places except the Rockies they would pass for mountains and be greatly admired as such. Thus I enjoyed looking at them for the first time. For no matter what was in store, these were great. High—perhaps the tops were 1,500 to 2,000 feet above us. In many places they are like great walls of masonry built out of gigantic uncut stone, crested with beautiful, artistic friezes in the form of regular palisades, almost as symmetrical as though man had hewn them according to pattern, and yet with that massive simplicity and crudeness that show the mark of a handiwork none other than the Creator.

At Golden, a village sixteen miles from Denver, yet hid from its view by mountains, the train stopped for some minutes and several of us stepped to the rear end platform. To the south could be seen the “ College of Mines ” fine brick buildings where a rich collection of minerals is kept. Among the specimens is one nugget of gold worth \$40,000.

For once the conductor or brakeman did not come round saying, “ Keep off the platform, ” and we remained out there the rest of our journey. I sat on the lower step so I could see in front and back. Soon after leaving Golden the most beautiful, the most rugged, even the wildest of mountain scenery was thrust upon us. The road followed Clear Creek in its short turn through the narrow canyon in which we were now traveling. Before me was the creek so close to the track that a wall held up the embankment. Prior to the days of the miner the water of the creek rushed and splashed over rock and boulder, bounced against mountain sides, and died here and there in a moment’s quietness over a bed of variegated gravel and stone, each showing in clearest outline in the deepest basins, so clear was this mountain stream. Now its waters are more of a “ Quaker drab,” the results of the wash from the many mines along the canyon above.

But the stream held not all the attractions, for the "newsboy," a man of at least thirty-five summers had taken a kindly interest in the party and began to show us different formations. By the way this newsboy was a student at Mt. Morris College, in 1879. I regret that I have forgotten his name.) "There," said he, pointing to a dark vein running up and down through the mountain rock, "That shows signs of ore in it, but it is not rich enough to pay to work." Indeed it was a very narrow strata of mineral to my eye, but I learned later that some of the best mines do not

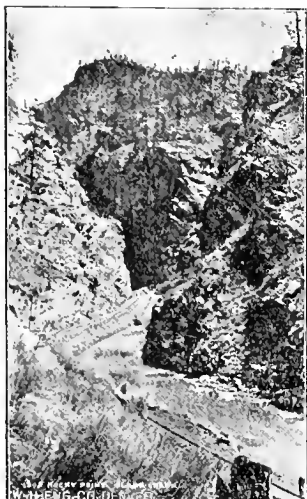
ther! And yet before reaching the mountain a sudden turn would open still another stretch of track over which the train could pass. Thus the road wound around the mountains until at last Fork's Creek was reached. Here it branches, one division leading to Central City. The train is divided, part going this route while the other continues on the line to "loop the loop."

But think of a junction in the mountains where there was hardly room enough to build a switch. Yet here was a depot and a dwelling or two. I am not sure but I think it was here a man had a few lone chickens enclosed in a yard, the back and sides of which were fenced in by the Rocky Mountains and the other two sides with wire netting to keep the feathery inmates from falling into the creek.

It was along this route that the delusion of "water running up



MOTHER GRUNDY ON LOOP TRIP



ROCKY POINT.



GRAND CANYON.

ive such wide stratas of ore after all. "Look up," shouted some one and we did. The mountains that had hedged in our pathway came so close together that it appeared as though there would be no room to let the smoke escape from our engine. I looked ahead instinctively for "more daylight" and though the train was but three coaches long, the engine and first coach were out of sight turning a short curve around the mountain on the side on which I was seated. Looking back "Old Mother Grundy," a peculiar formation of a rock overhanging the way was pointed out. At another place our train passed under "Hanging Rock." Other places were described but I confess they were not all clear to my untrained eyes.

But what sights! Now and then there would be a short stretch in the road where a few rods of track could be seen, but shortly cut off by some high mountain. Surely the train can go no far-

ther! "Old Mother Grundy" was seen. Across the stream from the railroad and clinging to the mountain side a small water way had been constructed. The ascent by rail is so steep that to all appearances this canal is carrying water up hill. In fact it took a moment's reflection to convince one's mind that the water was not running up hill.

The valley widens as Idaho Springs is approached. A roadway across the creek in hailing distance. The train had overtaken a traveler horseback. He let us pass, as his horse walked leisurely along. The stream, track and road all turned to the right around a mountain, giving

the rider the outside and longer distance to the village. All of a sudden the rider lifted his reins, the horse sprang into a gallop, up and down over the short hills in the road he rode, and in less than a half mile passed our train while we cheered him for his race and victory.

The more interesting mining regions could now be seen. Here and there over the mountain sides were holes in plain view, but many of them on account of height, so small in appearance that a sparrow could hardly enter, yet these holes were entrances to some mine, or opening left by a prospector. The mountain side was

hill?" and to my surprise he said between 1,000 and 1,500 feet. Then I thought of the Irish man who pulled off his shoes to wade across a ditch over which his companion had just stepped. When asked why he did it he replied, "I have been so fooled on distances since I am in this country that I feared this might be a creel and I had better wade."

Idaho Springs is a beautiful mountain town nicely built of brick, showing wealth and taste. Here are hot springs and in summer it is quite a resort for tourists. It certainly has every appearance of being ideal for summer residence.



" LOOP THE LOOP."

steep and only by going far back the valley and taking a slanting course, clinging close to the mountain could the miner finally make his way to these openings.

One is greatly deceived in distances. When at Sliver Plume, I recall asking a lad what was beyond that hill yonder, pointing at the same time to what appeared to me a mountain with the peak knocked off, and hence not very high. "Oh," said he, "in summer we go up there to pick berries." I then asked, "How high is the

Up the valley the train went. Georgetown was passed, a place once noted for its rich mines. As the train pulls out of this mining village it passes a Catholic church with a spire capped with a large cross. This is seen on the left side. Later it is seen on the right side, then on the left again, then on the right, until five times our party saw it, each time from a position higher than the one before; for we were then "looping the loop."

If the reader will note the picture on this page

will see a railroad passing under the bridge. Follow it up the valley a short distance and the road turns and leads back and across on the bridge and again turns and continues up the valley. Far up the road winds to the right unjust out of sight, when it suddenly turns to the left and comes down the valley, though climbing higher up the mountain side, and makes a short curve on the large "fill" seen in the upper left hand corner. Then it leads on around the mountain, out of sight, and soon Silver Plume, the end of the line, is reached. It is this twisting ground, lapping over, going back and forward in order to reach a higher altitude in a short distance of the valley that is termed "loop the loop." In the short distance of four miles the train has climbed on smooth steel rails 700 feet. Here the sights are beyond description and the feelings that come to one as he sees his road high above him or far below him, are strange indeed. Standing on the lower step of the coach and winding around and across that bridge, looking down a distance of seventy-five feet, looking up down the valley and seeing Georgetown not only at one's feet, but way below, are scenes and impressions never to be forgotten.

It is just three hours and fifty minutes since the party left Denver. Fifty-four miles have been traveled and 4,006 feet have been climbed, making the total altitude at Silver Plume 9,176 feet.

A trip into the mine until we were 1,000 feet below the surface, a dinner at a good "home hotel," an interesting chat with the principal of the public schools, and our party was back in the train ready to make the descent. While sitting in the car waiting and taking a last look on this quiet mining town so high up in the world, a train of burros came to a coal car near by to be loaded. These are the "Rocky Mountain babies," the patient little animals that carry the white man's burden" to and from the mines over mountain paths where wagon cannot go and the horse is not surefooted enough. They are an interesting lot as they were driven away with their load. Strong for their size, gentle, trustworthy, surefooted, they make themselves an indispensable auxiliary in the great mining regions of this wonderful country.

Elgin, Ill.

WHEN HEAVEN WAS INCOMPLETE.

SHE was such a wee mite of a little girl that it's a wonder she wasn't crushed in the great crowd that thronged one of the big Chestnut street dry goods emporiums. But she kept a tight clutch on a lady's hand and was happy in the delight of seeing all the wonderful Christmas things. Her companion was dressed in deep mourning, having evidently lost a near relative. At one end of the store was a pretty scene representing the flight of angels, the angels being wax figures suspended in mid-air. The little girl gazed in wonder at the sight, and her big brown eyes opened to their fullest extent. Some strange thought seemed to take possession of her childish mind and she scanned each angel face closely. Her little heart was evidently troubled and her lips quivered as she looked up into the lady's face and asked:

"Auntie, is that really heaven up there?"
 "No, darling, it's only make-believe," softly replied the lady. The little one's face brightened up, and with a beautiful smile and a little sigh she murmured: "I didn't think it was real heaven, because I don't see mamma there."

* * *

THE WAY OF EVIL.

THERE is no reasonable doubt but that for a time wrong doing is a pleasant thing, if conscience plays no part in the matter. Its very pleasantness is misleading and lures many a person to destruction. But there is this one thing to remember. In the long run the devil exacts payment. After the dance the piper must be paid.

That is the one thing most young people do not, or will not see. The wisdom and experience of the world teaches that the crop is always according to the seed, yet while the young man or woman may dimly recognize this they hope in some way to escape the harvest. But nobody ever does. The mills of the gods grind exceeding fine, though they grind slow, and in the end the way of evil leads to the bad end. Wise are they who do not expect to escape the consequences of their deed, and happy the one who walks in the paths of peace.

* * *

THE Amazon river is the largest in the world. The longest waterway in the world is made up of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers.

The Q. & A. Page.

Are there any female angels?

Only in the imagination of the artist.

❖

Of what nationality is Edwin Markham, the poet?

He was born in Oregon in 1852.

❖

How do the Jews justify the crucifixion of Christ?

They claim that the Romans crucified Him.

❖

Is vaccination an effectual preventive of smallpox?

It is claimed that it is and that it is not. No ground has been more bitterly contested.

❖

Is it any real sign that winter has passed when the birds arrive?

Only in a general way. They make bad mistakes at times.

❖

Is there a market for cat tails, the plant that grows in the neighborhood of ponds?

Yes, the demand is said to be greater than the supply. We do not know who buys them.

❖

Would you advise my getting the Revised Version of the Testament, or the old one? I am about to buy one.

Why not get an edition containing both versions? They are easy to get, and are cheap.

❖

Can a wild goose be tamed?

We have seen it done, but only by clipping a wing so that flight was impossible. It seems a piece of cruelty.

❖

Is there anything in Suggestive Therapeutics?

There is no question about suggestion working wonders, but to what extent it is a science the Nookman does not know.

❖

Has the subscription of the INGLENOOK reached its limit yet?

No, and likely never will. It has no limitations beyond which it may not well go. Its parish is the world.

Is there any way to tell edible wild mushrooms from poisonous ones?

Yes, there is, to the expert, but the Nook will not risk telling how it is done. Why not try growing them, and there will be no mistake then.

❖

Why does the Jew not take to agriculture?

Originally he was a farmer, but oppression drove him to the city and made a merchant of him, usually in a way that would enable him to gather up his effects and take them with him.

❖

I would like to buy an automobile. Which is the best and what is the price?

The price varies from one thousand dollars to ten and the "best" is a question not decided upon. Each year brings a better and more reliable machine.

❖

What is the origin of the Southern "Crackers"?

Their origin is not known, but it is probable that they are the descendants of "redeemed convicts" and convicts from Great Britain in Colonial times; added to and recruited from the worthless classes surrounding them.

❖

What is a "morganatic" marriage?

It is the law, written and unwritten, that members of the royal family, or persons of rank shall marry those of equal rank. Sometimes this is broken over and a possible heir to a throne marries a woman of lower rank, or even of a lower rank at all. Such a marriage is called a morganatic marriage. The children are legitimate but have no royal standing, and are not eligible for official succession. Sometimes, for state reasons when a man is morganatically married he will contract another marriage with one of equal rank but this does not annul the morganatic marriage and it has been the case that the man prefers his morganatic wife and family to the other. It is a scheme to keep royalty knit together.

The Home

Department



The sadness of a man who has loved and lost is frequently exceeded by that of the poor unfortunate who loved and failed to lose.

AMMONIA.

A SOLUTION of ammonia cleanses sinks and drainpipes.

Ammonia takes finger marks from paint.

Ammonia in dish water brightens silver.

Ammonia in water keeps flannel soft.

Ammonia is good in washing lace and fine muslin.

Ammonia cleanses hair brushes.

Ammonia bleaches yellow flannels.

Ammonia brightens windows and looking-glasses.

NOTES.

Table salt and a wet cloth will remove egg stains on silver.

Fish and onions, or strongly flavored foods, must be kept separate.

Brush the bottom crust of a fruit pie with white of egg and it will not be soggy.

Hot water used in making sponge cake will make it whiter; cold water produces a yellow cake.

A rich color may often be given to a soup by long boiling, instead of employing browned flour, or burned sugar.

To prevent the smell of cabbage permeating the house when boiling, place on the stove a dish containing vinegar.

BLACK cotton stockings should never be ironed, as the heat will cause them to fade rapidly. Dry them in the shade.

The color of canned fruit is quickly injured by action of light. No matter if it is kept in a dark closet, every jar should be wrapped in paper.

Carpets can be both cleaned and freshened by going over them once a week with a broom dipped in hot water that has a little turpentine in it.

If coffee is spilt on linen the stains can be removed by soaking the part in clear cold water, to which a little borax has been added, for twelve hours.

MILDEW is easily removed by rubbing or scraping a little common yellow soap on the article and then a little salt and starch upon that. Rub all well and place it in the sunshine.

In cooking macaroni or spaghetti it will be found an improvement to melt the butter and cheese together and add them to the white sauce, instead of sprinkling them, as usual, between layers of the macaroni.

SILK pocket handkerchiefs should be washed by themselves. Put them to soak in cold water for an hour or two; then wash them in water, soaping them as they are washed. If the stains have not then disappeared, wash through a second water of the same description. When finished, they should be rinsed in cold, soft water

in which a handful of common salt has been dissolved; then rinse them again in water containing a little bluing.



VERY dirty spots in a carpet should be washed out with a scrubbing brush and warm water strong with ox gall. Grease spots will disappear under equal parts of magnesia and fuller's earth, mixed to a paste with boiling water. This is put on warm and left for twenty-four hours, and when brushed off the grease is a thing of the past. Raw starch and water is another remedy for grease spots and various stains, repeating the coat of paste several times if necessary.



WARNING AS TO WATER KEPT IN BEDROOMS.

HERE is something everyone should know. A peculiar property about ice cold water is that it attracts to itself a large quantity of the poisonous gases that are exhaled through our lungs and pores. The colder the water the greater its capacity for holding impurities, and water which has stood during the night in a close bedroom is highly injurious to drink. At a normal temperature a pitcher of water will under these circumstances probably contain (in the morning) from a pint to a pint and a half of carbonic gas and a larger proportion of ammonia; when nearly at freezing point its capacity for imbibing poisons is doubled.



BREAD PUDDING.

BY MRS. SUSANNA L. SELL.

TAKE one quart of bread cut fine, one pint of sweet milk, one-half cup of sugar, two eggs and a little salt. Beat the white of eggs separate. Bake one-half hour.



INDIAN PUDDING.

BY SISTER EMMA E. KINDIG.

TAKE three pints of milk. Put in a pan and let come to a boil, then stir in cornmeal enough to make a thin batter. Let cook five minutes and then take off and add two to four eggs, just as you like, one large cup of sugar, one nutmeg, two heaping teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one of

allspice, one of cloves, one cup of raisins, and little salt. Bake slowly two hours. To be eaten while warm with good, rich milk.

Inglewood, Cal.



MACARONI.

BY BERTHA RYAN SHIRK.

INTO boiling water which has been salted drop small pieces of macaroni. Cook tender and drain. Season a few tomatoes in a frying pan with salt, butter, and sugar. Stir and cook until no juice remains. Pour over macaroni. Add a half cup of grated cheese. Stir until cheese is melted, then dish for the table.



STEWED TURNIPS.

BY LIZZIE FORNEY.

BOIL enough turnips to make about two quarts until tender. Now take two cups of sweet cream, two tablespoonfuls of flour. Mix the flour with a little of the cream and pour over the turnips. After draining off the water and adding seasoning with salt and pepper, let it boil once only, as much cooking spoils them. A lump of butter improves them.



TOAST.

ONE of the most wholesome and nutritious breakfast dishes is toast—not the so-called buttered toast, but plain toast moistened with warm milk. The process of toasting, if properly done, converts a portion of the bread into predigested food. Heat converts dry starch into dextrin, a form that all starchy substances take after the first process of digestion. This relieves the stomach of a part of its work. If the preparation of toast in the morning be regarded as too troublesome to be practical, it may be made by taking advantage of the strong fire in the range for the midday cooking or baking. Of course, in an hour or two such toast has absorbed moisture and apparently becomes stale and toughened. If, however, it is put in the oven for ten minutes in the morning its crispness is restored perfectly as if newly made. Toast should be thoroughly and evenly browned on both sides.

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FRANK'S LETTER.

ONE of the things that impresses itself firmly on the mind of the tourist is the immensity of our country and its diversity of climate and topography. The old East, in which we have lived all our lives, presents but a small part of the changes which form the whole of the panorama of natural scenery unrolling itself over the country to the wonder and amazement of him who looks at it through the car window. But a short time ago we left our pleasant home, bade farewell to the mountains, or what we thought were mountains, and passed through the crowded city of Chicago, from there by the lakes and through the forests of Minnesota; stood in wonderment on the great plains of the inland sea-bottoms of the Dakotas, where, as far as one's vision reaches there greets his eye on every side a broad monotony of plains. And then, in a day or two, we stand, as we do now, with the everlasting and eternal mountains, with their rugged sides, their deep chasms, and glaciers surrounding the lake.

We are told that there are places in the country, such as Yellowstone Park, there are sections where nature in her primitive aspect greets him who is hardy enough to penetrate their heart. But here on this trip of ours we have struck a place of which we never before heard and which may be of interest to our family. It is a side trip to Lake Chelan in the heart of the mountains. After we left the Great Northern Railway at Wenatchee the route is by water on the pleasant steamer up the Columbia River to Chelan Falls. The trip to Lake Chelan is in no sense a difficult one.

In order that you may get a correct idea of what this lake is like you must imagine a strip of low crystal water about sixty miles in length, and more than two miles wide, gemmed in the heart of the mountains, that rise snowcapped on

either side to a height from five thousand to eight thousand feet. There is a steamer on the lake and there are many comfortable hotels, while hunting and fishing are excellent.



LOOKING DOWN A CREVASSE.

After one has reached Chelan Falls from Wenatchee we leave the Columbia River and by a short stage ride of three miles we arrive at the lakeside, where there are excellent hotel accommodations and also an Indian village, which Kathleen and I did not have time to visit much



MOORE'S HOTEL.

as we should like to have done so. We were informed that later on our trip we would meet with more Indians in the Northwest, and so we pass this by, though we would have liked to have seen their national games and races. To this, the foot of the lake, we came straight upon our trip. As stated before, the lake is sixty miles in length, some say seventy. It is really an enormous inland lake surrounded by mountains. The hills are very thinly covered with vegetation because the mountains are rough and afford but a small foothold for trees. The snow-clad mountain tops with their great pockets of snow visible to the summer tourist show below them the rippling and foaming rivulets and streams dashing on their way to the lake.

On a still day the lake is a deep blue and mirrors every detail of the overhanging mountains, the waterfall, and the clouds overhead. The lake itself is simply a mass of water filling a gigantic hollow between the mountains, the sides of which extend down 2,000 feet below the surface of the lake. If this water was not here, one of the mightiest cañons of the country, nine thousand to ten thousand feet in depth, would be visible to the observer.

The fishing is good, excellent in fact. There is an ever-changing panorama of lofty mountains, abrupt and precipitous cliffs, glaciers, and

fine forests. What impressed me the most were the changing colors of hill, mo



FIELD'S HOTEL.

tain, and lake. Light green, indigo, the bluest of blue were the colors of the water of the clear, cold lake, resting so peacefully in it.

low of the mountains. If one imagines he is able to see Nature in her most primitive moods he will be disillusioned when he reaches the enchantment of Lake Chelan. He can view

are places where there are sheer falls in the rock of hundreds of feet. Above these will be the glacier, from the waters of which gather rills, large and small. They pour over the edge hun-



VIEW OF LAKE CHELAN FROM THE STEAMER.

with amazement the snow-capped mountains, the mighty glaciers, all the present variations of form and color incident to Nature when in her wildest moments. Every turn of the lake brings a dif-

ferent view. The altitude is shown by the vegetation. The lofty pine and smaller mountain trees are all found here. It must be an ideal place for the sportsman or the naturalist. There



CHARACTERISTIC VIEW IN THE MOUNTAINS.

erent view. The altitude is shown by the vegetation. The lofty pine and smaller mountain trees are all found here. It must be an ideal place for the sportsman or the naturalist. There

Almost every reader of the Nook might stand at the base of one in a few days if his inclination led him along the line of exploration. In some places the vast mass of ice has fallen apart, leaving

a giant crack, or crevasse, between the masses. One may stand on the top and look down with a shudder into the forbidding depth.

This country is the very opposite of the peaceful plains of the Dakotas. There the Turtle Mountains, the lakes, the waterfowls are found. Here the vast, magnificent mountains, and the glaciers with their blue ice here and there on the mountain slopes, making a picture as unlike a



Dakota bread-basket as Dakota is unlike our Cumberland Valley. This would be a magnificent valley in which to camp. Many parties of sportsmen come here in the season, pitching their tents by the side of some clear, ice-cold stream where there is every facility of fishing and hunting, and so spend their days and weeks away from the city's heat and discomfort.



Taking it all around there is perhaps no place in America where the scenery is wilder, or there are stranger facts to greet the eye of the Eastern tourist, or the visitor from any part of the world.

This country is not only a mass of rocky hills and lakes but in the fertile pockets of the hills

vegetation runs riot and vegetables can be grown as well as at home.

To one who is in love with primitive nature and who likes the picturesque, the rough, and the sublime; and who likes to come in touch with Nature as she came from the hand of God, the Lake Chelan country affords unequalled privileges and opportunities. Indeed, as far as my limited knowledge goes there is nothing like it.

Kathleen is in love with the mountains, and says when she gets back home and looks up from the back porch to the North Mountain she will never call it anything but a hill again.

Our next letter will describe something of the Pacific Coast States and the new and unusual forms of industry incident to the Northwest. In our next stop we expect to get letters from home and read the INGLENOOK once more. Through our friends, members of the NOOK family at Clispel, get the NOOK regularly, we have not had the pleasure of personally meeting them.

Faternally,
FRANK.

* * *

*A rose for the living is better
than a bouquet for the dead.*

* * *

WHEN LINCOLN AND BEECHER PRAYED TOGETHER.

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

DURING the year 1862 the hopes of the North were at their lowest ebb. It was in that year that the second battle of Bull Run had been fought and lost, McClellan was entrenched before Richmond, and the strength and resources of the nation seemed to have been fruitlessly wasted. Henry Ward Beecher was then in Brooklyn, and was perhaps more prominently associated with the cause of the North at that time than any other minister of the Gospel. He had preached and lectured and fought its battles in pulpit and press all over the country, had ransomed slaves from his pulpit, and his convictions and feelings were everywhere known.

Late one evening a stranger called at his home and asked to see him. Mr. Beecher was working alone in his study, as was his usual custom, and this stranger refused to send up his name, and came muffled in a military cloak which completely

his face. Mrs. Beecher's suspicions were excited, and she was very unwilling that he should have the interview which he requested. Finally as Mr. Beecher's life had been freely threatened by sympathizers with the man. The latter, however, insisted that his name be shown up. Accordingly the stranger entered, the doors were shut, and for hours the people below could hear their voices and their footsteps as they paced back and forth. Finally, at midnight, the mysterious visitor went out, huddled in his cloak, so that it was impossible to gain any idea of his features.

The years went by, the war was finished, the silent man had suffered martyrdom at his post, it was not until shortly before Mr. Beecher's death over twenty years later, that it was known that the mysterious stranger who had called on that stormy winter night was Abraham Lincoln. The stress and strain of those days and nights of struggle, with all the responsibilities and sorrows of a nation fighting for its life thrust upon him had broken down his strength, and for a long time undermined even his courage. He had lived alone in disguise and at night from Washington to Brooklyn to gain the sympathy and help of one whom he knew as a man of God, and had died in the same great battle in which he was a leader. Alone for hours that night the two men wrestled together in prayer with the God of battles and the Watcher over the right, until the silent man had received the help which he had promised to those who seek his aid. Whatever were the doubts and religious belief of Abraham Lincoln, there is no doubt that he believed in prayer, and made that the source of his strength.—S. S.

* * *

A hopeless man is deserted by himself, and he who deserts himself is soon deserted by his friends.

* * *

LIGHT FOR THE PYRAMIDS.

PERHAPS the mummies that have for many centuries lain in the gloomy catacombs beneath the sands of Egypt will shudder in their cerephalic plans of a modern electrician are carried to effect. The darkness that has so long enveloped them is to be dissipated for the benefit of tourists who flock to these ancient burial

places by thousands every year. It is announced that General Director Maspero of the society which has in charge the preservation of the antiquities of the country has been experimenting with the electric light and began his work on the temple of Karnak at Thebes. The experiment met with so much approval that he has decided to light the inner passages and catacombs of the great pyramids. This will provide Egyptian tourists with new attractions and they will be able to penetrate to the innermost recesses of the pyramids.

The lighting will be of especial value to women, who have confined their investigations of the pyramids of the left shore of the Nile to climbing up on the outside, as they were afraid of the intense darkness within. With the introduction of the electric light the tombs of the Pharaohs will be accessible to all.

* * *

Life appears to be too short to be spent in nursing animosities or registering wrongs.

* * *

SLAVERY IN CHINA.

CHINA is the great slave country of the world. Of a population of 400,000,000 there are slaves to the number of 10,000,000. Every family of means keeps its girl slaves, and a man's position is usually gauged by the number he keeps. At any age from three to fifteen girls are sold, seven or eight being the age at which most change hands. The girls are purchased to do housework, it being cheaper to buy than hire. Slaves vary in price; \$10 is about the average, but much depends on the girl's appearance. A good-looking girl will fetch \$20 or even \$40.

* * *

RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

OF equal interest with the population of the world is its division into religious beliefs. The estimate of M. De Flaix, a noted French statistician, puts the Christians at 477,000,000, the Mohammedans at 177,000,000, Confucians at 256,000,000, Hindooism at 190,000,000, Buddhism at 147,000,000, Taoism at 43,000,000, Shintoism at 14,000,000, Judaism at 7,180,000 and Polytheism at 118,000,000.

THE CRANBERRY.

FROM an article in the *Scientific American* we extract the following interesting account of growing cranberries:

Cranberry raising is an industry which, despite the popularity of the fruit, has commanded small attention from others than those directly interested. Capital is an absolute necessity to engage in it successfully, as a productive bog costs from \$300 to \$500 an acre to bring to a state of profitable bearing.

Originally a wild growth, the berry only reaches a state of perfection when cultivated. It is found in its natural state in the northern portions of the United States adjacent to the Canadian border, in the salt marshes of several coast States, in the glades of the Alleghanies, and as far as Virginia and North Carolina. The wild berry is smaller than its cultivated cousin, and, in apposition to the strawberry, is less delicate in flavor. Moreover, the yield is much less in proportion, and the vines cease bearing after awhile, something that is never true of the vines of a cultivated bog.

The preparation of a cranberry bog is a task requiring much patience and care. Sometimes a marsh is selected, but the bottoms of abandoned mill ponds are most desirable sites. The vines grow best in silicious soil free from any mixture of clay. The presence of silex or silicon is necessary to productiveness and the finest fruit. For this reason great care is exercised not to attempt cultivation in drift formation, as in only alluvial formation can success be achieved. When it is considered that the cultivation of wild cranberries was not attempted until early in the last century, and, furthermore, that it became an embryo industry less than fifty years ago, the results attained are notable.

Once the site of the bog is selected, the soil is prepared for the reception of the cuttings or uprights. The best soil is found to be clean, sharp sand, overlaid by peat. The ground is then marked out in rows fourteen inches apart. The uprights are pressed into the ground with a spade-like tool, placed on the vine about one-quarter the distance from the root to the top, in close proximity to the soil below the sand. Sometimes the vines are chopped into pieces about an

inch long. These pieces are sowed like oats on an evenly prepared surface, and then harrowed in. The hardness of the cranberry vine or bog is shown by the radical success of this primitive mode of planting, for the uprights take root most immediately. Soon after planting, the uprights send out "runners," which in turn take root. In three years' time the vine comes into bearing, and in five years the bog, if it has received proper attention, gives a liberal yield of fruit.

Cranberry bogs require a plentiful supply of water, and to provide this the grower follows a system of irrigation. Ditches are excavated through the bogs, and from these, 100 to 300 feet apart, laterals or cross ditches are constructed in which the water runs from six to twelve inches deep. The flow of water is regulated by a series of gates, and the different sections of the bog are separated by dikes. The dikes are essential features of the bog, because by their aid the flooding process is accomplished. Frost is the cranberry's enemy, and, singularly, water is the only protection for the berries. Thus, when the grower believes a frosty night at hand, he floods those sections of the bog where the fruit remains ungathered, raising the water in until its level is eighteen to twenty inches over the tops of the vines. As soon as the coming of the sun the water is drained off, and in a short time the ground is dry enough for the pickers to work. After the crop is gathered, in fact from the last of October to the first of March, the bog remains in a flooded state.

The cranberry bog blossoms in June, and it is its appearance at this stage of growth that gives the berry its name. Just before expanding into perfect flower the stem, calyx, and petals resemble the neck, head, and bill of a crane. Hence the name "craneberry," which usage has since been changed to "cranberry."

In September the cranberry harvest begins, although October may more properly be considered the harvest month. When the section of the bog where the picking is to start is selected, it is divided into rows, the boundary lines being marked by stout twine, running the entire length of the section. These rows vary in width from two to three feet. A row is assigned to a picker, and he must strip the vines therein thoroughly before he is allowed to change to another row.

ROCKERIES.

BY WEALTHY A. BURKHOLDER.

PENNSYLVANIA is noted for mountains, ridges and hills, and the people who live among the rolling prairies of Illinois and other parts of the West sometimes call our farms potato patches. While this is true, I feel certain that for scenic scenery, good water, and in some other respects, the Keystone State is ahead.

What I want in this article to tell how to make a rockery or a fernery. Here on our mountains we have ferns and ferns, and I imagine that if some of the NOOK readers were to spend a half hour among them they would think of making rockeries too, and enjoy them in the yard. If ferns are scarce as they are in many places, after a stone pile is made, which is generally composed of the inside can be filled with old tin cans, which rubbish that always accumulates. The ground is to be thrown on top and tapered off with small stones. Ferns should be lifted carefully with a shovel, and with as much earth as possible. In the crevices of this stone pile they can be planted except moist, and when the ferns grow out carefully as they will, with moss of different colors wound in among the stone, the picture is one of beauty. Any little wild flower can be hidden among the fern if care is exercised in the planting. The stones should be left in their natural color. Even the sweet, modest, trailing arbutus will grow there if properly planted in its natural soil and protected.

The first year's work on a rockery will not be satisfactory as the second. I mean every year you plant will have a better start and finish. We here have so much beauty in our valleys and on our mountains that we have no need to get trimming for our stone.

W. A. Burkholder,
Pottsville, Pa.

PEACH CULTURE IN ALABAMA.

BY J. A. MILLER.

HERE in our part of Alabama fruit culture is the main occupation. Some people have forty and eighty acres in one orchard. We plant our trees from fourteen to twenty feet apart. We plant, trim and worm our peach trees during January and February. A worm called the borer gets in to the body of the tree, just beneath the ground, which we have to take out. We trim the trees back about half the former year's growth. The ground is plowed in the early spring and cultivation is kept up all summer. We fertilize our trees so as to make hardy growths and fine fruit.

A tree will bear a full crop when three years old, and a few at one year old. They will blossom out about the first to the middle of March, when the trees are sprayed with some solution which is obnoxious to bugs and insects. The San Jose scale and the curculio are the most troublesome. We have ripe peaches by the first of May, and they continue till October.

We ship many peaches to both North and South. In the year 1900 some forty carloads of peaches were shipped from Fruitdale. The M. & O. R. R. is offering good service to the fruit and truck growers along the line. It will furnish iced refrigerator cars to ship fruit and vegetables in, this year, at reduced rates. As our fruit is so very early we usually get good prices for it. We ship in one-third bushel crates and receive all the way from thirty cents to one dollar per crate, or from one dollar to three dollars per bushel for our peaches.

We grow many plums, pears, and other fruit, but the peach extensively. We also grow early vegetables to ship. We can and do grow two crops of Irish potatoes in the same ground in one year.

Fruitdale, Ala.

*Mean souls, like mean pictures,
are often found in fine-looking
frames.*

ANIMAL DRINKING HABITS.

WHEN the moon comes up and the sun goes down the forest takes on a new lease of life. The camper may sleep and all the world seems at rest, but animal life is at the height of activity. All through the hot, sweltering day the wild creatures have lain listlessly and drowsily in their dens and caves, but with the cooling breeze of the evening they stretch themselves and roam forth from their hiding places. The feline tribe slink craftily through the forest glades after their prey, the deer go in search of food and water, the bears crash through the thickets, unmindful of human or animal foes, and the sly foxes and coyotes sniff the air and hunt for birds and fowl resting peacefully in their nests or on their roosts. The life of the Indian forests is graphically told in Kipling's jungle stories, but it is not necessary to go to India to find interesting forest life in the quietness and fullness of a summer night.

What the forest animals crave at night in warm weather is water, and if springs, lakes and rivers happen to be scarce or dried up with heat, there are large assemblies of wild animals every night at each watering place. It is on the most favorable side of such a water haunt that the observer must locate himself. Pitch the tent back a little from the lake's brim and as night comes over the woods creep up to the leeward side of the point, where the animals come to drink and wait silently in the cover till they come. A new world will then be revealed.

The procession of thirsty animals will steal out of the forest glades soon after darkness has enwrapped the landscape, and in their eagerness to quench their thirst the wild creatures of the woods will run risks that they never did before. A thirsty animal is more ferocious and determined than a starving one. Even the deer will face a foe that in ordinary times they would flee from in terror. Hunters who have seen them steal down to the brink of the lake have watched them quietly, and although it was evident from their nervous behavior that the timid creatures had winded them, the agonies of thirst were greater than the fear of man, and they took the drink that might be their last.

Down in the southern part of Florida, ten miles north of the everglades, the writer once spent a moonlight night in camp near one of these nat-

ural watering places. It had been an exceptionally hot day, with no thunderstorm for a week to water the parched earth; all the springs were drying up and the streams were running low. There was no water to be found for miles in any direction, and it was natural that Bartow lake should be the nightly resort of thirsty animals. It was moonlight and the heavy dew of night was slowly cooling the torrid atmosphere. The pellucid waters of the lake reflected the moon like a mirror of polished gold, and the blue of the sky, studded with millions of stars, formed a background of wondrous beauty for the orb of night. The only sounds were the creaking and chirping of insects, the croaking of frogs and other animal and insect noises that baffle the uninitiated.

Suddenly out of the gloom of the woods a stealthy shadow moved. So silently did it glide along that it seemed to be the shadow of a cloud upon the trees. But the sharp crack of a twig announced its true character; the slinking body of a wildcat crept out of the gloom, and, after walking down to the water's edge and hurriedly taking a drink, it returned to the bushes.

I could see it crouching in the thicket, evidently waiting for the first helpless prey which should seek the lake to quench its thirst. Presently a crash in the woods indicated the approach of another visitor. There was a sudden snort, and the next moment a magnificent buck stood silhouetted against the dark background of the woods. The moonlight cast the shadow of his magnificent horns far across the water of the lake. He stood as rigid as a statue, with his noble head erect and his nose high in the air. He was evidently scenting danger, and I was wondering if he had caught the wind of the wildcat. Once more he snorted, the answer came in the patter of innumerable feet, and out of the woods came a troop of half a dozen gentle creatures. These trotted down to the water's edge in perfect fearlessness. The buck followed slowly and with dignity, turning his head repeatedly from side to side, always on the alert to give the alarm. The deer drank their fill of the refreshing water, while the old buck watched and listened. When the last had finished the leader dropped his head to take a drink, while the rest of the creatures tensed and watched. Not an instant were they left without a keen scout.

Suddenly the wildcat in the thicket made

e. Instantly every deer bounded out of the er. The old buck covered their retreat, but n the last doe was out of the water he turned ace the enemy. He was a noble and danger-looking foe, and the bungling cat evidently ght so, too, for it did not attempt to approach nearer. The old buck stood ready for the ge until the rest of his family were well in woods. Then he slowly and majestically ed about and walked away. He would not from so insignificant an enemy as a wildcat. hen the last steps of the deer had faded y in the glades there was an interval of sev-minutes, during which time the cat changed position several times. Once or twice I felt nclination to draw a bead on the creature shoot her, for I knew that sooner or later she ld cause a tragedy.

ere was a crash and tearing in the woods ounded like some clumsy animal running. ould be no uncertain, hesitating, fear-stricken ture. So much was plain even to the hiding cat, for it crouched almost flat on its stomach. g in a china shop could not have made much e commotion on the still night air than did bruin as he trudged along to the watering e. He realized that he was monarch of the ds, and that no beast within its pathless hs could dispute his right of way. He ged into the lake like a wallowing pig in a puddle, and gulped and gurgled the clear, ng water into his mouth, dashed it over his and back with his paws and threw it up into ature jets d'eau. It was a bath as well as a k that the shaggy brute was taking. His s were so merry and jovial that the hunter's was restrained from injuring him. Again again he wallowed in the water and stirred e mud from its bottom. Then with a shake s fur he emerged from the lake and disap-ed.

ter that a wild-eyed lynx, another bear, a o of squirrels and a semi-wild hog or "razor-" came down to bathe their hot tongues in ooling liquid. In vain the wildcat waited ts prey. The small animals were either too way or too alert to fall into its power. The ing creature changed its position several , hoping to secure a better vantage point, buck seemed to work against it. The gentle t that swept across the lake may have carried

its scent to the sensitive nostrils of its would-be prey in time to enable them to escape.

Finally, when the procession of nightly visitors seemed to have come to an end, and no others appeared out of the shades of the forest to take their place, the cat raised itself from its crouching position and stole along the banks of the lake. Then suddenly it dropped in the grass as if shot. It was now so close to me that I could watch its swelling muscles and its gleaming eyes. In another moment the shadow of a rabbit hopped out into the small clearing near the lake, and with head erect listened for danger signals. None approached or sounded on the still night air, and the innocent creature hopped around in the moonlight, nipping the leaves and buds of trees and bush. Its antics drew it nearer and nearer to the waiting cat, which was now ready for the deadly spring. All innocent of danger, the rabbit landed within ten feet of the crouching animal and stopped. The flattened muscles of the cat straightened and swelled into knots.

I could see the gleam of its eyes and the gathering together of its whole body for the fatal leap. My eyes wandered to the innocent rabbit, which, without power to fight or defend itself, was sure to fall before the ferocity of the cat's attack. Instantly I shouted so that the echoes rang through the woods, but even as I raised my voice the fatal leap was made, and I saw the black, shadowy form of the cat shoot through the air. But my warning had given the rabbit one-hundredth part of a minute's warning, and it had made the most of its last chance. When the cat landed it clutched nothing but leaves. The rabbit was gone. Then, with a baffled fury that astonished me, the disappointed creature emitted a snarling scream of anger and mortification that seemed almost human. It tore up the grass and bushes like a spoiled child. It was an interesting exhibition of animal rage and uncontrolled passion over a slight disappointment.—*Our Animal Friends.*



A NOVEL system for heating cars is in vogue in Christiania and Stockholm. Under each seat is a perforated metallic box, and in this are little red-hot bricks of compressed coal, so prepared that no smoke or odor results while they are burning.

NATURE



STUDY

LIGHTNING KILLS 800 AMERICANS IN A YEAR.

FROM 700 to 800 persons are killed annually in the United States from lightning strokes, is the estimate given by Prof. A. J. Henry in a bulletin on the subject recently published by the United States weather bureau. For some years the weather bureau has been seeking to ascertain the loss of life from this cause, and in 1900 received actual records of 713 fatal cases of lightning stroke. This number was obtained from the reports of the many officials of the bureau throughout the country and from lightning cases cited in the newspapers, especially in the agency, which shows that the lightning strokes were carefully watched. Of course, most of the clippings were duplicates, sometimes as many as 50 notices of the same case being received.

The loss of life from lightning is greatest in the Ohio Valley and Middle Atlantic States, if we consider both unit area and density of population. If density of population only be considered, it is greatest in the middle Rocky Mountain region. Of the 713 fatal cases reported in 1900, 291 were killed in the open, 158 in houses, 57 under trees and 56 in barns, and the circumstances attending the death of the remaining 151 are not known. During the same year nearly 1,000—973 persons—were more or less injured by lightning.

* * *

HOW PLANTS GROW.

IN a recent Nook the statement was made that each part of a plant was a modification of some other part. This is nothing but the plain truth, and a moment's reflection will show that nothing else is possible. It is all lily, or cabbage, or maple tree. Each part is but the modified form of some other part. It may not seem exactly true that the root of a plant is simply another form of the leaf, or vice versa, but it is true all the same. It can readily be shown that it is so.

journals of the rural districts. During the years of 1899-1900 as many as 30,000 clippings were received by the bureau from one clipping.

There are some common plants that, to propagate, it is only necessary to take a leaf, or part of a leaf, and put it part way in the soil or earth. A geranium stalk, or a cutting, is a familiar instance. There is nothing in the cutting of the leaf, but the leaf stuff itself, yet after it is in the sand or soil for a longer or shorter time, the broken or cut edges will begin to harden, or callous, and from this calloused part little shoots will reach out and become true roots. Now in the case of certain plants after the roots are formed, if the growing plant be carefully taken up, reversed, and the roots left in the soil and the leaf part in the soil, there will be a gradual change, and each will become transformed again in inverted order. This goes to show that root, top, leaf, stem and flowers are all the same thing, with only modifications necessary to the functions the parts take on. A piece of the bark of an apple root chipped off with a knife, does not look very much like the white or pink flower petal, but that it is the same as all is recognizable when we consider that the leaf of the root under the ground is changed into the bark of the tree, which is continuous with the bark of the limb and twig, and that the leaf is only the continuation of the bark, while the flowers are modified forms of the leaf, and indeed all the parts of the flower are modifications of the bark and the leaf. In fact it may be put this way—wherever there is continuity of tissue it is all the same thing, only modified to meet the requirements of the organ produced.

The whole energy of the plant seems to be expended in seeding, and it will stop at not short of that end. If it is disbudded, it will forth other buds, and it will keep this up as long as it lives. Right here the Nook will give a practical hint to the reader. Suppose you in your orchard a couple of trees that bear common on what you know as the bearing y

may have wished that they bore on off-years. It is good! All you have to do is to pick the tender buds all off one tree, and nature will do the rest for you. The tree will shift its year of bearing, though if matters are worked right there will be no off-years at all.

It is often the case that people who do graft-never stop to think, or do not care, whether the grafts are taken off trees that bear on off-years or not, yet a little thought about this will very likely determine the value of an orchard. It makes a big difference whether your orchard bears when apples are ten cents or one dollar a bushel.

A little thought in other directions will enable a man who knows to save a lot of trouble later on. Take the matter of asparagus, for instance, the most persistent plant, once it gets started. Now those who have an asparagus bed know how troublesome the seed-bearing plants are when they drop their red seed vessels, drop their seeds where they are almost certain to grow, and make a forest of little plants between the rows where they are not wanted. If the planter had remembered, at the time, that the seeds were grown on but one side of the plants, and the rest of the plants were removed, so to speak, and the difference is early shown in the life of the plant, and had he selected only the male plants, all the trouble caused by the seed vessels, and the weeds they make, would have been avoided. He would have had a fine crop of good asparagus, without the trouble of the seeds getting into the ground.

There are other practical points that we will discuss in time.

* * *

S COLLIE REFUSED TO BE SOLD.

WILLIAM KIRKBY, of Stamford, Conn., is the owner of the dog which is an eight-months-old pup of the blue-blooded Scotch collies, Gallop in Mermaid. The collie was sold the other day to a Bridgeport dog fancier, but resisted all attempts to lead him away from Mr. Kirkby's kennel, and it was necessary for the purchaser to carry him off the grounds bodily.

The new owner was a corpulent man and when he reached the railroad station dragging the collie after him he was puffing heavily. The man entered the baggage car of the accommodation train, and took a seat near the half-closed door of the

car and began to fan himself while he held the dog with one hand.

The train had been in motion several minutes and was moving at a 25-mile clip when the collie, with a series of loud yelps, jumped up, slipped the rather loose collar from his neck, and leaped out through the half-closed door into the darkness, leaving the astonished Bridgeporter holding a length of rope.

Yesterday morning Mr. Kirkby was awakened by a whining and scratching at his door. Going out, he was surprised to find the collie, lamed and bleeding, but overjoyed at being back home. One of the animal's paws was crushed and he was cut and bruised, but he barked joyously at sight of his master. Mr. Kirkby has prevailed upon the Bridgeport man to take back the purchase money. He will not part with the collie now.

* * *

THE CHIPMUNK.

CHIPMUNKS are industrious little creatures. In rainy weather they quit work and curl up in their nests or hide in a knothole away from the wet. Windy weather makes them very nervous. The rustling of leaves and waving branches make them suspicious that something strange is going on in the world. A chipmunk eats while sitting on his haunches and holds his foot in his fore paws. He drinks by lapping like a dog. He is very neat about his person, combing out his fur and his long tail with paws and teeth. He washes his face by lapping his fore paws and then rubbing them both at the same time over his face with such speed that the eye can hardly follow his motions.

* * *

CURIOUS SOUTH AMERICAN ANTS.

THERE are certain ants in South America that plant and cultivate a kind of grass called ant rice and are so advanced in civilization that malting is understood by them. Then there are mushroom growing ants, who cultivate fungi, and others, again, who use umbrellas.

* * *

THERE are 103 different sorts of birds found in Iceland, but only thirty-seven of these are resident all the year round. Only seven of them are resident land birds.

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Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

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*Some men starve on hope, but
good Nookers get fat on hustle.*

* * *

RESULTS.

THE outcome of our actions is so far reaching that often we would be appalled were we able to foresee the results that follow some of our best meant efforts. Do the best we can and the best we know and often evil seems to follow, again and again, till we lose heart. We are ready to give up.

But there is another side and another view, two of them in fact. One is that God judges by our intention in the premises, and the other is the eventual triumph of right over wrong. In the end truth and right win. It can not be that for all time and eternity evil shall flourish and perpetuate itself. There must be a day when right and good shall cover all with their mantle as the greenery of spring hides the wreck of winter.

Therefore, if we faint not, the end will be all right. It is this blessed thought that sustains many a weary worker and waiter. If it were not so the torch would often be extinguished in our hands. Nothing good ever dies. It is like a seed that is dormant in the hard clay for years

till the plough of related circumstances bring it to the surface and the smiles and tears of sun and rain wake it into the spreading tree. It is a test of faith, this apparently fruitless waiting, but as God lives nothing good dies, but in due time bears its intended fruit.

* * *

*No good Nooker takes off his
religion with his Sunday clothes.*

* * *

TOWN OR COUNTRY.

WHETHER it is better to walk on pavements or on the grass depends largely on the individual and his inclinations. If he runs to shows, libraries, lectures, stores and the like, the town is the place. If running water and yellow dandelions appeal most to him then the country should be his home. The natural bent of the normal man inclines to God's make of it. It's the natural and preferable.

Probably no man ever owned a farm and lived on it, and then sold it, but regretted the deal finally. One reason for this is in the fact that the home side of life is mainly wanting in the city. Hemmed in with four brick walls, a diminutive back yard, and a busy street in front, the privacy, the room and the plenty, of the country are wanting.

The old home with its wide stretches, clucking chickens and the contented farm animals; the old garden with the hollyhocks in the corner, the early tulips and the later sweet Williams, and its row of currant bushes make a picture that done in oil, sells for sometimes half the value of the old farm. The city has its advantages, a thing freely admitted, but the Normal man loves the country best, and prefers the low lit lamp to the electric light, the secure home feeling to the clatter and whirr of the car; the fear of thieves.

* * *

*The man who refuses to take the
Nook is only cheating himself.*

* * *

THE NOOK FAMILY REUNION.

LAST year, and a short one it seems, the idea of a gathering of the NOOKERS at the Nebraska Conference, took form and color in a meeting. It was doubtful about the outcome. It was

unusual, yet when the crowd met it was estimated at twenty-four hundred. There were singing and singing, and a good time. It was expected to meet again this year. We sang together "God be With Us" and parted in the best moods.

The time is soon here again and we have arranged for another reunion. It will be announced in good time, and the whole contingent of Nookers, from the head of the family to knickerbockers and little ginger snaps, in care of parents, are invited to attend, and all other good people who want to see and hear are also invited to be present. There will be a programme and the Nookman will make the one speech he expects to get off at the meeting. Marguerite Elder has full charge of the singing, and that feature alone will be worth all the trouble.

Every good Nooker at the meeting will be present, as a matter of course, and he is strictly enjoined to bring his friends along. Others, besides the Nookman, will speak.

* * *

No Nooker is so poor as the one who thinks of nothing but his money.

* * *

A SOUVENIR.

ON the INGLENOOK desk is a handsome paper weight, the product of the Elgin Novelty Co., and the picture in it represents the Brethren Publishing House. It is an excellent representation, photographic, in fact. Those who have occasion to use such an article will find it a handsome souvenir. The third story, front, the left-hand room, is the home of the Nook. See the advertisement.

* * *

The devil tends to the bush that the most money grows on.

* * *

THE issue of April 26th of the INGLENOOK will be made up of natural history from end to end. This number is intensely interesting and will doubtless be in great demand. We are perfectly willing to furnish all the extra copies that may be needed for gratuitous and intelligent distribution on the part of any members of the Nook

family, but we cannot agree to furnish them unless we know about how many extra copies will be required. If you desire many extra copies of this natural history issue, and think you can use them by intelligently distributing them among your friends, you should advise us as to the number you will need the very day you read this. We can then print the extra copies which otherwise we will be unable to furnish.

* * *

AN intelligent reader of the Nook has suggested the idea of a register to be used at INGLENOOK headquarters at the coming Conference in order that readers of the magazine may register. It is further suggested that the inscription of some sentiment, or truth, that might subsequently be available in the paper would be valuable. Certainly such a book would be of intense interest when many of us have passed over, as it would be preserved in the archives of the church.

* * *

Do not fail to carefully read the article on another page, setting forth the idea of a system of observers acting in the capacity of co-editors in presenting to the INGLENOOK family the crop conditions of the country. It will be of more interest than appears on the surface, and its value will be recognized as we go along throughout the months, if we can get the workers organized.

* * *

SISTER LIZZIE MILLER, of Fruitdale, Alabama, under date of March 25, writes that they are through making their garden and that they have radishes and lettuce, while the wild flowers are in bloom and they are planting corn to-day, that is March 25th. Potatoes are up about six inches high and the peach trees have bloomed.

* * *

BRO. JOHN H. PECK, of Manvel, Texas, a good Nooker, under date of March 27 writes that he is busy harvesting strawberries. April 1, here in Elgin, it is still winter with a deep snow not unlikely. Surely ours is a great country.

* * *

THE INGLENOOK acknowledges the receipt of a box of flowers from the far South which contributed to the brightening of the INGLENOOK sanctum in a way that did more good than the donor probably thought.

THE BOWIE KNIFE.

BY J. M. NEFF.

My recent removal to Tennessee has given me a new interest in the pioneer life and the makers of the early history of the State. Rezin P. and James Bowie were brothers, natives of Tennessee, but when mere boys removed with their parents to the State of Louisiana.

A feud had existed for years between two parties of the parish of Rapides, on Red river. A number of the most wealthy and influential citizens of the parish, including the Bowies, were implicated in this quarrel. Finally a challenge passed between Dr. Maddox and Samuel Wells, the principals, and a duel was arranged to be fought near Natchez, Miss. The meeting place was a large sand-bar near the city. Hither the parties repaired with their friends. The parties to the duel approached the spot selected for the combat from different directions and the preliminaries having been arranged, the combatants took their positions and exchanged two shots. When the smoke cleared away both men stood erect and unhurt, neither shot having taken effect. They began to exchange friendly words and in a few minutes the difference was adjusted and the people began to disperse.

But among the friends of Dr. Maddox was a Colonel Crane and with Wells was a General Currey, between whom there had long been a deadly feud. As the dueling party were retiring, Currey approached Crane and remarked, "Colonel Crane, this is a good time to settle our difficulty," and began to draw his pistol. Rezin P. Bowie, his friend, who was at his side and armed with a huge knife, also made ready for battle. Crane quickly drew his pistol and fired and Currey fell fatally wounded. Bowie now advanced upon Crane, whose pistol was emptied; but using it as a club he struck Bowie over the head and felled him to the ground. Crane retreated a few steps and Major Wright, a friend of his, advanced upon Bowie as he was rising from his fall and struck him with a spear, but without serious effect. Bowie at this moment seized Wright and fell, pulling him down with and on top of him and held him firmly in his grasp. Wright was a slender man and powerless in the hands of Bowie, who coolly said to him: "Now, Major,

you die!" and plunging the knife into his heart killed him instantly.

This knife was made by Rezin P. Bowie of a large file and was the original of the famous Bowie knife. After this conflict Bowie took his knife to Philadelphia where a model was fashioned after it by a cutler and from this the manufacture and sale of the weapon became general.

Morristown, Tenn.

Bowie is remembered because he invented the murderous knife. A French general who never won a battle is remembered best in a rose named after him. Others live in the hearts of people for the good they have done. Which is the better?

—*The Nookman.*

* * *

Clubs are places where men go when they want to get rid of themselves.

* * *

A SMALLPOX CURE.

THE sisters in charge of St. Joseph's female orphan asylum at Seventh and Spruce streets are in receipt of many letters daily from persons who seek information concerning the preparation which is believed by the sisters to be a preventive against smallpox and other contagious diseases. A few physicians are among the inquirers, a small proportion of these having decided to try the medicine.

"These drugs have been in use by us for six years," said one of the sisters yesterday. "all that time we have not had one case of smallpox in our institution. The prescription was obtained by Mother Gongaza more than sixty years ago from a minister in Germantown. He got it from a doctor in Paris who had used it with great success during an epidemic of smallpox there.

"The prescription is one grain solid extract digitalis; one grain sulphate of zinc; one-half teaspoonful of sugar, four ounces of water. Dissolve the digitalis and the zinc separately, then compound the prescription. It is of the utmost importance that the solid extract of digitalis be used. Some druggists say there is no such thing and use the liquid preparation. This is valuable. It does not produce the same results. The dose is one teaspoonful every hour for twelve consecutive hours for an adult. For an infant ten

s for the same length of time and for children under ten years one-half teaspoonful hourly twelve hours.

We usually repeat this treatment once a day when smallpox is epidemic. It is the best medicine, we think, in cases of smallpox. The child may be bathed with it, thus preventing scars. I know of one case in which a man sent for the medicine, as his wife had smallpox. She took it all night, the eruptions having almost disappeared in the morning.

The digitalis kills the germs of the contagious disease that may be in the system. The zinc purifies the blood. Some doctors object to the digitalis because it acts on the heart. Of course preparation must be taken with care, as the medicines are powerful. Some people complain that it makes them sick. This is because their systems are not in good condition.

We are not opposed to vaccination. You can vaccinate as often as you please. It will be useful, however, if you have taken this medicine. The vaccination will not take.

We have 130 children here now. When one is brought we give her the medicine promptly. Although they come from all over the city they never have a contagious disease within our doors."—*North American*.

* * *

Hope springs eternal in the human breast and love is the star that guides it.

* * *

THOSE PICTURES.

r. Nookman,—

THERE is no question in my mind but that you will have to make a trip to the South Platte Val-

ley in Colorado so that when pictures of scenes in that country are sent to the Nook you will be able to recognize them even if the sender has neglected to mark the title on them or the printer overlooks the mark and locates the scene somewhere else. On receipt of last week's Nook the orchard scene on front cover was entitled, "A jolly crowd in an orchard on the South Platte, NEBRASKA." As my business called me to Colorado I drove over from Atwood Station, Colorado, and sure enough Harry Schneider's orchard was still in Colorado, and had not moved to "Nebraska."

This week the picture on the front cover shows that his farmyard has been moved to Nebraska. Now Mr. Nookman, if you will only visit the South Platte Valley with me and see for yourself how that country has improved since you and I were boys, there is no question but what there will be no more mistakes in the title of future halftones in the NOOK. GEO. L. McDONOUGH.

[Don't expect too much. A halftone without note or comment, signature or description, takes its chances in a busy publishing house. Are we expected, additionally, to know that it is Harry Schneider's orchard? Are we supposed to be acquainted with the names of the people shown in the picture? For the present be thankful that the picture was not printed upside down, and credited with being a scene in Norway. In the future, sign letters and mark pictures, and there will be less likelihood of errors. We'll see about the trip, recognizing the value and interest attaching to the section. Colorado's full of good Nookers we would like to meet. Finally our apologies to everybody. Even the Nook is not equal to moving an orchard from one State to another. Rapid transit is a good thing but there is a limit to it.—ED.]

Don't do any worrying in advance. The future never becomes really serious until it is transformed into the present.

ALFALFA.

ONE of the forage crops of our western States is alfalfa. It is a plant comparatively unknown to the eastern Nook farmers, but is a most important one in the arid and semi-arid countries. Its history reads like a romance. In fact the origin of the plant as a crop for domestic animals dates back to hundreds of years before the time of Christ. It was brought from Persia to Greece and long before that flourished on the irrigated plains of Babylon. As near as can be made out from historical accounts of it, it was brought to Italy before the time of Christ and from there was taken to Spain, where it was successfully grown. From Spain its cultivation was extended to many parts of the world. Its earliest introduction to this country seems to have been through the Spanish missionaries occupying the arid and semi-arid land along the Pacific Coast.

It is remarkable that the term alfalfa, although of remote Arabic origin, has persistently clung to the plant through all its vicissitudes. It has also been introduced into the eastern part of the United States under the name of Lucerne, but as the seed of this eastern product was obtained in France it is known in the East as Lucerne grass. Where the climatic conditions of the east will allow its cultivation it will unquestionably be adopted in time as the leading forage plant. Many inquiries are being made about it and possibly members of the Nook family have grown Lucerne, or alfalfa, and if so, we will be pleased to hear from some of them as to its merits, its cultivation, its varieties, the cost of the seed, etc.

One of the reasons why alfalfa is so eagerly sought for in irrigated countries is the fact that five good crops can be got from the same field in one season. This is the case in Southern California where irrigation facilities are usually available, and even as far north as the State of Washington three crops can be obtained from it. There is no reason whatever why a greater amount of weight of this plant, acre for acre, should not be obtained anywhere in the east compared with the clover or hay crop.

One of the peculiarities of the growth of alfalfa is the depth to which its roots will penetrate in search of suitable plant food. It is nothing uncommon for them to grow to the depth of fifteen to eighteen feet, and they have been known

to have gone one hundred feet in search of new moisture. Thus, it is apparent that where there is a thin soil underlaid with rock and a long dry season without adequate rainfall alfalfa will not thrive. But, in parts of the east where there is a creek, or river bottom, with a deep alluvial soil there is no doubt but that alfalfa would be eminently successful. One peculiarity of it is that it does not run out with the same readiness as red clover. Some of the fields in the West have been cut over for twenty-five years, though this practice is not to be commended.

It has been discovered by actual experiment showing conclusively the value of alfalfa to the farmer, that when it is put through the shredder and fed to stock it is not only greedily taken by the animals but is almost equal to bran in nutritive qualities.

It is altogether likely that varieties will be found that will adapt themselves to the various sections and conditions of soil found throughout this country. It would be well for our intelligent and progressive farming element to keep an eye on the alfalfa business, if to no greater extent than planting a corner of some field to ascertain whether or not the summer's sun or the winter's cold will either burn or freeze it out. Without it the western country, especially in the irrigated districts, would be practically uninhabitable.

* * *

Misery loves company—and she usually has a houseful of it.

* * *

IF.

BY THE NOOKMAN.

As a rule it takes the party who doesn't know to advise those who do know. At least that is the way it is usually done. For instruction as to the best way of raising a family of children the old maid regards herself as thoroughly competent. The writer asks no exemption from the rule, and he is going to tell what he would do IF he were a girl.

I believe I have never heard a man wish he were a woman, but I have heard no end of girls and women wish they were men. Some women have tried it with a good deal of success, even to keeping it up for a lifetime. But it is altogether

best to let things remain as God made them in this particular.

If I was a girl, or, if I were a girl, according to our notions of grammar, and I knew what I know about men and women, there are some things that I would be very careful about. If I were Miss Nancy I wouldn't be thinking of getting married day and night, and have my head full of "fellows" from the time I was fourteen. I got myself snarled up in a marriage that admitted no recall. The world looks very different at twenty-five, compared with what it does seem from the seventeen-year-old point of view. I would give the idea, that being unmarried at twenty-eight constituted a woman an old maid, a dead berth. I would remember that boys are generally taken in by good looks, while men are motivated by character. Therefore I would develop character.

How would I do this? Well, in the first place, I would acquire a college education, not the limping, graduate-while-you-wait kind, but a thorough course at some high-grade college. Men who look for a companion as well as a cook appreciate this more than the average girl thinks. And then, the world being full of reading and mental occupation, I would choose the best of

In the matter of reading it is a fact that where there is one girl who voluntarily reads *Parper's Magazine* there are a hundred who take to the swill barrel of cheap fiction. They do it because they like it—it is because they are of that kind, and no other reason is available. I would learn to like the best of everything. I would put an electro on the walls of my room until I could get a halftone, and then I would take that down for a steel engraving or an etching till I could get a painting. "Oh, well," says some girl, "what's the use? I can't have any of these things." Nonsense! None of us have all we want, but we can keep ahead, and abreast with anybody in these things. The other day I was in an art gallery, and for several hours I owned, as far as anybody could, all the masterpieces of painting and sculpture that money could buy. Seeing them, they were mine, for all the owners could do was to look at them and I did that, too. In other words, if I were a girl, I would seek out the best in this world and make it mine. And there are real men, who would be only too glad to go with you to such places, and real men and

women who would go out of their way to explain what they knew to you if they believed you were seeking knowledge.

Then if I was a girl, or were, again, I would try to be one of God's angels, not the picture kind with impossible wings, but a real angel, that is, one of the messengers, one sent by the Master to do his work. I would try not to have an enemy in the world, and do all the good I could and make the world better for having been sent to it. This is easier than one thinks, and better than we know. I would not think of it, but being a man, I will tell you that real men are continually on the alert for this kind of woman and they seek out such people, and would go to the ends of the earth for the woman so imperfectly outlined here. If I were a girl I would remember that men seek women, and though they take what is in their way, they think, in their hearts, of what they would like the best.

* * *

*The soft touch of a baby's fingers
makes a man feel just a little nearer
heaven.*

* * *

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

It is said that the human body cannot sink in Great Salt Lake: certain it is that even the inexperienced swimmer finds no difficulty in floating upon its waters. This miniature ocean is picturesquely situated among peaks of the Wasatch range, is 90 miles long by 40 miles wide, and is dotted by innumerable grassy islands. Boats for service on these briny waters have to be constructed especially for that purpose, as a craft that would sink to its water line on the ocean would ride so high as to be top-heavy and unsafe on Great Salt Lake. The most paradoxical fact, relating to this body of water, is that it is a sea almost a mile above sea level.—*Four-Track News.*

* * *

THE British possessions in North America and the West Indies are larger than the territory of the United States of America, including Porto Rico and Alaska. On the North American continent alone, King Edwards's possessions are nearly one hundred thousand square miles larger than those of the United States, and taking the West Indies and Newfoundland, more than two hundred thousand square miles larger.

THE CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE.

BY MARTHA B. LAHMAN.

TIME, pitch and tune are not all there is to music. After a fair knowledge of these come the breathing exercises which are so conducive to good health as well as good singing. But in order to accomplish much, the science of music must be studied.

It has been stated that more money has been spent on the voice than for benevolent purposes, and yet only one voice in a thousand is worth listening to. This is due partly to soulless singing, and partly to the unsystematic way in which so many study and practice music. And again so many are satisfied with a very meager knowledge of music.

It had also been said that mothers' voices are not flexible; but this is incorrect except in the case of scolding mothers, and scolding will ruin anyone's voice. The best way for parents to get children interested in music, is to be interested themselves. Pupils should vocalize daily and study intonation intensely, so they will be able to discriminate between a coarse tone, and a pure and musical one. No one should sing beyond his or her range. The voice is injured if nature's limit is overreached. There are solos now for both high and low voices.

Unlike instrumental music, one can practice while at work. And it takes the monotony from the daily routine of work. The piano is a wonderful work of man, but the voice is an instrument which God himself has tuned, and wonderful are its possibilities. He gave each bird his roundelay, but it is capable of learning the most intricate of songs.

If a teacher can not be procured, anyone that is apt in music, can grasp considerable from a reliable method on voice culture. In most uncultivated voices there is what is called a "break;" in some voices this is quite conspicuous, and requires persistent effort to overcome it. When a few solos have been well learned, singers should not allow themselves to be coaxed to sing. The day of sham modesty is past.

The voice should not be used more than a half-hour at a time, and not within an hour after eating. Tones should not be loud and harsh. There is no volume in a shrill tone. If we study music

until we are aged, we will have to conclude we have only "gathered a few pebbles." Learn should not be timid about asking questions when they are with musicians. Sir Isaac Newton became great by asking questions. There is nothing that so effectively relieves the burdened heart as prayer and song.

Sing when you are happy,
And sing when you are sad,
For singing will surely
Make the saddest heart glad.

Enter heart and soul into your song. A song rendered otherwise is merely a mechanical drill, though the singer may have a cultivated voice.

It is to be hoped the day is not far distant when music will be taught in all of the public schools, and that music teachers will teach vocal as well as instrumental music, for it is both delightful and refining study.

Franklin Grove, Ill.

* * *

*Attending the church with the
tallest spire does not insure close
standing to the throne.*

* * *

WILL YOU DO IT?

THIS is the last day of March, here in Elgin and as far as we know, at every other place where the NOOK goes. It is not so very cold, but cool enough for overcoats. There is steam on in the Publishing House, for it is chilly. The grass is just beginning to show the faintest tinge of green, but not a tree bud is swollen, as yet.

Here comes a letter with a rosebud, grown out in the open, from a California Nooker, intended for the Nookman, and another letter, to-day promises us a bouquet of peach blossoms from "down in Alabama," and another from the far North tells about the coming of the ducks. Now when the weekly outgo of Nooks is loaded on a truck and trundled out to the North-Western R. R., just back of the building, the bags are heaved on the mail car and when they get to Chicago, an hour later, they are like letting go a bagful of swallows—they scatter to the ends of the earth. There are eighteen hundred people at single post offices, who get the Nook, that is, that many subscribers are at post offices where there are no other Nooks received. We have never been able to understand this fully, though

have just enough curiosity about us to wonder if some such people ever got hold of the Nook in the first place.

However, this has nothing to do with what we want to talk about.

This is what we have been thinking of. We would like a series of reports about the weather conditions and the crops in different sections. And, if there are Nookers sufficiently patriotic and interested in the work who will agree to act as observers for the INGLENOOK, we will send them the necessary outfit and instructions. During the growing season they can send to the INGLENOOK once a month a report of the situation of things in their neighborhood. These will be put together, and when the whole family reports they will be of intense interest. Thus, in some parts of the Nook family there are growing cucumbers; here at Elgin there has not a seed even planted as yet. Down in Alabama the little laches are formed on the trees, while there will be no peaches here for months to come. Out in the "City of the Angels" roses are blooming in the open, while up in Montreal the ground is frozen solid, and so on around over the thousands of places where the Nook people live. If we knew enough of the Nook, how the things were getting on, when the corn was being planted, when the first tomatoes ripened, when peas were in blossom it would be a geography lesson of wonderful value.

Now, I would like to hear from people scattered all over the country—from Canada to Texas, from Florida to British America, who will agree to act as observers and send us this information as we ask for it. All we want to know can be put on a postal card and everything will be furnished the staff of coworkers once we get organized. We would like every live Nooker to send us a card with his address saying that he will act. Then, we will have a map of the world posted on the INGLENOOK sanctum walls and will stick a pin in wherever we have a coeditor. The result of this will be something of most absorbing interest and of incalculable value as an object lesson regarding phases of climate and productions of our great and glorious country.

Remember that what we want are volunteers for this work, which will not take five minutes a month, and that everything will be furnished

those who will work with us. Simply send us a postal card saying you will do what you can. We will do all the rest. Do not let your neighborhood go unrepresented.

By the way, in this connection, to show what we want,—the robins were observed here in Elgin March 19. Of course there are places where they have been singing for a month or maybe all winter for all we know. These are the things we want to know. Taking it altogether we will have such a geography class and crop report that will make the Nook a marvel of interest and value.

Write to-day saying that you will act.

* * *

There are some people who would trade the grandest oil painting in the world for the print of a child's hand on the window pane.

* * *

A VISIT.

BY ALDAH M. HOCH.

I AM a young Nooker, and my school having closed, I went visiting to Mrs. Wealthy Burkholder's, at Newberg, Pa. What do you think I saw her doing in her spare moments? She was spinning flax to make a web of linen, and the flax had been prepared for spinning fifty years ago, and had been in the Burkholder family all that time, waiting hands to spin it.

Mrs. Burkholder thought she had forgotten how to spin when she began it, but soon found out that she could still do it. She let me turn the reel, and empty a spool, so now I feel as though I had a hand in the flax business.

Bro. Minncih Fogelsanger, who is a grandfather, happened in while it was going on, and he saw flax spinning for the first time in his life. Are there any other Nookers who know how it is done?

Mt. Vernon, Pa.

[A very pleasant little letter, the above; short, interesting, and to the point. The Nookman remembers seeing it done when he was a curly-haired boy, and he has not forgotten the result of putting his fingers into the "fingers."—ED.]

HOW MONEY IS MUTILATED.

THE regulations of the treasury department require that at least three-fifths of a bill shall be recovered before the government will pay for the mutilated bill. Each mutilated bill is carefully pasted on a backing of paper the size of the complete bill. The expert has a piece of glass the exact size of the bill. This glass is divided into forty squares. When placed over the bill the expert can find that the remnants of the bill fill twenty-four of the squares, or three-fifths of all of them, the bill will be redeemed.

A case within the last three weeks came from a farmer of St. Clair county, Missouri, who, while stooping over to feed his hogs, dropped his purse inside the pens. An hour later, when he missed his purse, he found the leather receptacle inside the pen, but nothing of its contents. There was a slaughtering, which it had been his intention not to have until several days later. What resembled the remains of the money was found and sent on to Washington. Three hundred dollars was returned to the Missouri farmer.

Burned money is the hardest for the government experts to work on, with the exception of the money that has been gnawed by mice. On a recent day there came into the department a cigar box full of money that had been sent from Philadelphia with the necessary affidavit showing that it had been inside of a poorly-constructed safe and had been burned to the condition in which it was forwarded. Evidently with the idea that the original package ought not to be broken, the sender inclosed the charred pieces with some silver coins that had also been badly burned in the safe.

During the passage of the money through the mails the heavy silver was shaken through the charred bills until there was hardly a piece left big enough to cover more than the head of a pin. Each of the pieces looked as though taken from a grate into which papers had been thrust. Mrs. Brown, who is in charge of the experts that handle the mutilated money, all of whom are women, did not despair, although she deplored the thoughtlessness that had allowed silver and charred paper to be packed together. She called two of her assistants and the three, by the aid of magnifying glasses, soon brought out four \$50

bills, and within an hour recommended that they be redeemed by the treasurer.

The mice-chewed bills make puzzles for the experts which can only be solved with infinite patience and care. Each of the pieces is carefully laid on a hard, flat surface and then, with the assistance of strong glasses, magnified so it can be placed in a proper position in relation to any of the others. The experts have a copy of every bill that has ever been printed by the government. These are used as models as soon as enough of the bill has been laid out to establish its issue.

No bill has ever been received at the treasury department in a condition that has made it impossible for the experts to straighten it out and establish its character beyond doubt.

* * *

EVERY Moslem who can afford to do so at least once in his life makes a pilgrimage to Mecca, for that not only insures the salvation of his soul but advances him in social and religious rank also, and he then becomes a Hadji, a title for which we have no equivalent. It gives him a higher place in the mosque and secures for him certain privileges and advantages which people who have not been to Mecca do not enjoy. Hence it is the ambition of every Mussulman to make the pilgrimage, and millions go every year. The pilgrimages are regulated much better now than formerly. Sanitary rules are enforced, which tend to prevent the plagues that have invariably followed the annual hegira. Formerly thousands upon thousands died from fatigue, starvation and disease, and contagion was carried to different parts of the world by returning caravans. But this no longer occurs. The pilgrimages are so regulated that nowadays they can be accomplished without much danger, fatigue and with comparatively little expense.

* * *

It was an Irish philosopher who said: "Idleness clothes a man with nakedness."

* * *

THE BEST KIND OF HONEY.

BY BARBARA MOHLER CULLEY.

FROM time immemorial the sweetness of "honey and the honey-comb" has been a universal standard of comparison, but the idea that honey

honey wherever found admits of modification, use of the endless variety of flavors that determine the quality of the product.

In the markets the finest-looking honey passes for the best and, naturally, commands the highest price.

But, taking a group of people representing different widely-separated sections of our own country, and asking the question: What is the kind of honey? there would be as many answers as different localities represented. For the reason: The flower furnishing the nectar in which the honey is made imparts its own peculiar flavor to the ripened honey, and, as a rule, lovers of honey prefer that which they are accustomed to enjoy with the perfect appearance of childhood. Thus, beginning at the Pacific Coast and going east, the best honey will be said to be: white sage, cactus, alfalfa, white clover, etc. The old New Yorker will contend that the best honey on earth is made from buckwheat, while the old resident of the Missouri Valley, where the Spanish needle and the golden rod abound, knows there is no honey made that can compare with the beautiful, rich-flavored, clear, golden, almost waxy honey made from those flowers.

In the summer of 1899 a prominent apiarist in western Missouri cut out pure white clover comb honey and filled a six gallon jar. Over the comb honey he poured extracted white clover honey till every little space in the jar was filled, and left the jar undisturbed till its contents were completely solidified, or candied. This was a special order for U. S. Senator F. M. Cockrell, of Missouri.

Then Senator Cockrell and some of his Washington friends took their jackknives and cut out slabs of that snow-white candied honey, don't suppose they were authority on the best kind of honey? Well, perhaps they did not know if the apiarist had had his bees in sufficient numbers to store surplus honey when the apple and peach orchards were in bloom, he might have supplied them with something better.

To be prepared to get surplus honey from the peach bloom in the spring requires no little effort, care, and expense, and it is very seldom done. Hence, the extreme rarity of that most perfect of all delicious sweets—peach blossom honey.

gin, Ill.

DIAMOND BACK TERRAPIN.

HALF a century or so ago diamond back terrapin were fed to slaves and hogs. To-day they are the rarest delicacy known to the epicurean world, says the Philadelphia *North American*.

Then they sold for \$1 a barrel, and laborers, when hiring out, specified that they must not be compelled to eat terrapin more than twice a week. To-day a barrel is cheap at \$800, and millionaires travel hundreds of miles for a chance to feast on this most delicious of all meats.

Of course this means genuine diamond backs. There are many imitations.

Every first-class restaurant in the country features "terrapin a la Maryland" on its menu, but in not one case out of a hundred is the real terrapin served. The diner regales himself on what he believes to be Maryland's choicest dish. Instead he is merely eating fresh water turtles, "sliders" or "North Carolina goldens."

The reason is simple. Restauranters don't serve real diamond backs because they can't get them. The world's total terrapin population does not exceed 25,000 of legal size, and these are confined to the shores of the Chesapeake bay, the only place that produces them.

Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York enjoy a monopoly. These three cities get practically the entire output, but few ever find their way across the Blue Ridge. The epicure unfortunate enough to be born in Chicago or St. Louis must either come east or forego the joys of terrapin.

To select a real diamond back amateurs should be guided by these distinguishing and characteristic markings:

It is of a greenish, dark olive color, sometimes running to spotted gray, yellow on the plate which surrounds the shell and has concentric dark stripes along the plate on both shells. The sides of the head are a dirty white, sprinkled with small black spots. The bottom shell is of whitish yellow.

The males are much larger than the females and have the concentric streaks much better defined. The female has the more delicate flesh. The male can be distinguished by his toe nails, which are much longer than those of the female.

* * *

POLICEMEN in Vienna must be able to swim, row a boat and understand telegraphing.

The Q. & A. Page.

Is the Elgin Novelty Company reliable?

Perfectly so.



Why is there only one variety of rice?

There are 1,400 known varieties.



Is there any market for silkworm eggs?

None whatever that the NOOK knows of.



Is it right to "gather sap" on a Sunday?

Here it is again! Referred to the elders of the maple sugar regions.



What is a pindar?

Groundnuts, peanuts, goobers and pindars are local names of the same thing.



Does the NOOK advise buying mining stock?

The NOOK wouldn't take an armful of it as a gift without knowing something sure about it.



How are the different candies made and of what?

If the real thing, they are all made of sugar and the difference is only in the way it is worked.



Are the pictures in the NOOK all taken by Frank and Kathleen?

They say specifically that they are not. Read closer.



Can the NOOK recommend a good book on etiquette?

As far as we know good form cannot be learned out of a book. Go to public places and gatherings frequented by good people and keep your eyes open.



Is there a rice adapted to growth in the North?

No. Rice requires irrigation to the extent of submersion under the water, and while there is an "upland rice" it is only common rice that is planted in wet places, and trust put in timely, soaking rains.

A lady friend of mine and I disagree about the use of the fingers at table, she saying that it is never allowed. Referred by consent to the NOOK.

How about olives?



What is a "bucket shop"?

A small place, outside of the regular board trade, where gambling in stocks, etc., is practiced in a small way, generally by unscrupulous people.



What is the "Delsarte System"?

A system teaching the use of the body in assisting verbal expression. Perfect flexibility the first attainment sought.



Why will stock not eat rice?

All members of the stock family will eat and do every chance they get. Where there is a surplus it is fed to stock in the rice regions.



Who is "Mr. Dooley," quoted in the papers?

Mr. Dooley is a representation of an intelligent Irish gentleman giving his opinion, in brogue, on current topics. They are bright and interesting.



Is a mock marriage before witnesses ever valid?

Yes, first and last it is valid in law if anybody chooses to have it so. Whoever goes into such a game is not wise. Even introducing one another, and recognizing each other as husband and wife before the public, is strong evidence of marriage.



I read of the establishment of "corn kitchens." What is meant?

In European countries, especially, corn is known as a food for people. Those interested in corn established places where the multitudinous food preparations from the grain were made and served free, in the hope of inducing people to use it regularly, and thus create a market. The corn scheme was not a great success, it being hard to induce people to change their mind

The Home

Department



HERE are those short, crisp, instructive es- that were to take the place of half the recipes Home Department? We're waiting, and if do not come we will go back to garden s, and the like. That's better than the va- y of nothing. Where's the "food for the t?" The Nookman inclines to the belief the pungent paragraph and the bonsmots do grow on all bushes.

THE FIGHT WITH MOTHS.

THE following, from *What to Eat*, tells some- of interest to all our Home Department ers:

When the habits of moths are understood they be more effectually prevented. The moth ers make their appearance in early spring. ly are torpid during the day, but are very ve in the evening. During May and June deposit their eggs in dark places. When a n miller has laid its quota of eggs it dies. h eggs are very small and are hatched in ut two weeks.

he young worm begins its destructive work nce and continues until cold weather. It is oid and harmless during the winter. In late er it changes into a chrysalis and later into a ged moth. If these winged moths are not ved to enter the house to deposit their eggs he will be no trouble with moths. The widow and door screens should be placed in windows and doors early in the season and ose watch kept for the moth miller.

Moths always work in the dark. Furs and len clothing have a special attraction for n; and a soiled garment or a dirty spot on rment will attract them; hence every garment hould be clean when it is put away for the sum- . Furs and all woolen clothing that are not eled during the summer should be hung out

in the open air and gently beaten and well brushed and then wrapped in newspapers with plenty of camphor gum. Newspapers are good for wrapping about clothing because the print- er's ink is offensive to the moths. When wrapped put in a cedar chest; if a cedar chest is not obtainable, use an ordinary box and paste thick paper around the edges. Woolen gar- ments that require washing should be washed and packed away in the same manner. It is a good plan to write on the box the names of the different garments placed inside.

When the carpets are taken up in the spring the floor should be washed to remove the dust, then washed in water to which turpentine has been added in the proportion of a tablespoonful to each quart of water; care being taken not to neglect the cracks and places where heavy pieces of furniture are placed. When dry sprinkle ground black pepper along the baseboards.

GINGER CAKES.

CREAM a cup of butter with two cups of sug- ar, add a cup of sour milk, three beaten eggs, two teaspoonfuls of ground ginger, a teaspoonful of cinnamon and a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little boiling water. Now stir in just enough flour to make a very soft dough, roll this out lightly, cut into shapes and bake. Do not roll the dough thin, as these are cakes, not snaps or cookies.

RAISIN BREAD.

SCALD a pint of milk and beat into it a tea- spoonful of melted butter and one of salt. When the mixture is lukewarm add half a yeastcake dissolved in half-cup of warm water and beat in enough flour to make a good batter. Set in a warm room to rise for eight hours. Beat hard, add a cup of flour and work in a cup of halved

and seeded raisins, plentifully dredged with flour. Set to rise until light, then bake.

ONION PIE.

BY MATTIE O. WEAVER.

ON baking day if you have some dough left over roll some for the bottom of a pie. Have some onions pared and sliced; put in the dish, now sprinkle a little flour, pepper, salt, butter and pour a little milk over the onions. Put a lid on top, bake, eat while warm.

TABLE LINEN.

TABLE linen to look its best must be laundered French fashion—that is, washed as white as snow and ironed while very wet with irons not hot enough to scorch. The ironing must be kept up until the linen is perfectly dry, first on the wrong side to bring out the pattern and then on the reverse to acquire a polish. Fine damask should never be starched.

SCORCHED GOODS.

A PASTE that it is alleged will remove scorched spots from linen and any other fabric is made as follows: Shave a half ounce of white castile soap; put with it two ounces of fuller's earth, the juice of two peeled onions and a cup of vinegar. Stir well and let it boil thoroughly. Cool and spread over the scorched spot, let it remain till dry, then wash, and the spot will have disappeared.

THE white skin that lines the shell of an egg is a useful application for a boil.

CRACKS at the corners of the mouth are sometimes an indication of stomach disorders.

To prevent a mustard plaster injuring the skin mix the mustard with the white of an egg.

For inflamed eyelids or sore eyes add two teaspoonfuls of brandy to a cup of tea and bathe the eyes frequently with it.

MUTTON tallow to which a few drops of bolic acid are added will heal sores or any surface on man or beast.

To remove fish bones from the throat swallow lemon, which dissolves the mineral part of bone and makes it quite flexible.

CHRONIC nasal catarrh may often be cured by syringing the nose with warm water to which has been added a little carbonate of soda.

THE juice of a lemon taken in hot water awakening in the morning is an excellent corrective and is better than any antifat medicine invented.

THE finest of manicure acids is made by mixing a teaspoonful of lemon juice in a cupful of warm water. This removes most stains from fingers and nails.

A MIXTURE recommended as a strengthener is made by simmering a quarter of an ounce of isinglass in a pint of new milk until it is reduced to a third. Sweeten and flavor to taste.

IF you suffer from indigestion, try the effect of a teaspoonful of pure glycerin, taken after a meal. This will often cure an obstinate case of indigestion of long standing in about a fortnight. Mix the glycerin with a half wineglass of water.

IF you awaken in the night coughing and cannot stop get a small portion of powdered borax and place it on your tongue and let it slowly dissolve and it will almost instantly stop the cough as it will also relieve an ulcer in the throat. Great singers use it to aid them in keeping their throat in health.

THORNS and splinters finding their way under the skin frequently give considerable pain. If the splinter or thorn cannot be immediately extracted, for which purpose a new needle will not do, in most cases a sufficient surgical instrument, the part should be bathed with hot water. In the event of inflammation the steam of hot water should be applied.

THE INGLENOOK

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THE PRESENT INGLENOOK.

THE present NOOK is made up entirely of Nature Study, in its several phases. Every normally constituted person likes to get out into the open country at times. The trace of Gyping in all of us makes this natural and, being natural, desirable.

This NOOK is a week's outing, and it deals with bird and beast, plant and insect. It is full of information and interest. It is worth while to read it carefully. Next week we will settle down to the regular form. How do you like the idea of getting out now and then?

* * *

THE WAYS OF BIRDS.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

IT is not without significance that the Sphinx represented with wings, for the bird, with the marvels and mysteries of his life, is still a wonder to us. Early in any really close study of his life and habits one is struck with this fact. Years of careful observation and study "without a gun" will be necessary before we shall be familiar with his many extraordinary ways, and still more before we shall be able to understand the eccentricities of a life which appears at a casual glance as simple.

The whole subject of migration, for example, is wonderful and full of problems which have furnished material for miles of manuscripts and shelves of books and are still unsolved. And Herr Gaska has added one more, having discovered that the birds always travel with perfectly empty stomachs.

The remarkable feat of sinking the body in water to any desired depth and holding it there without motion and without clinging to anything is another unexplained secret. Geese, ducks,

sandpipers, and cormorants are all expert in this maneuver.

The air would naturally appear to be the domain of winged creatures, yet many of them are almost equally at home in the water. A fish itself might envy the speed and ease with which the penguin and ouzel dash about in their native element. Hardly more than a fish does that strange creature, the petrel, need to come to land; eating and sleeping on the waves, his only tie to earth is the necessity of a cradle for the helpless young. Whole families of sea birds pass their lives in and on the ocean, and come to the shore only for the nesting season.

We smile at the idea of a sea bird, which is as much at home on the water as on land, either needing or wishing to ride, yet the tropic bird is said occasionally to vary his wing exercises by alighting for a sail on the back of a tortoise which he finds lazily floating on the surface. And Major Bendine tells of a little owl at the West, caught riding on the back of an unwilling gopher, with an air of such composure that the observer was convinced that it was a common exploit of the bird.

If it seems strange to think of birds spending their lives on the water, it is almost as odd to know of whole families that spend theirs in the air and never come to the ground. In some of the tropical forests where trees are between 200 and 300 feet in height, the upper branches and the air above them are the home of countless birds and insects and monkeys. More than 200 feet from the earth below, they find not only light and air but food in plenty, and even water in the various reservoirs of the giant plants and creepers.

Birds have many extraordinary habits with which we are so familiar that we fail to realize their singularity. The strange habits of the European cuckoo, shirking the pains and pleasures

of nest making and rearing a family, and even in the cradle, it is said, evicting the rightful nestlings to secure exclusive care; the hornbill, walling up his mate, with her assistance, during the process of brooding and feeding the young, and many others.

Some persons will perhaps scoff at the idea of a bird's polite manners, and we shall hear again the old complaint of those who have no real acquaintance with birds in their homes, that we make them too human, but let me present a few trustworthy facts—explain them who can. Many of our winged fellow-creatures welcome the approach of their mates by a sudden opening and closing of the wings. The several king birds which I have studied first flew around in a circle of a few feet, added a note or two of greeting, then lifted the wings with an air that "spoke louder than words." That we have not seen more of such things in bird life is probably because we have not studied them closely enough. The bows and genuflections of the burrowing owl of the West, as one passes his mound, which gives him the name of "How-d'y-do owl," and the well-authenticated and oft-repeated account of the cedar bird's offering a delectable morsel to his neighbor, in some cases passing it back and forth among several, both call for explanation from the skeptical.

In association with one another birds show as much individuality as men. There are birds of solitary tastes who are never found with their kind, excepting with a mate in nesting time, and others who mate for life and are always found in pairs. Again there are species who separate by sexes, each sex forming a flock of its own and remaining thus except during the period of nesting. Our red-winged blackbird is an example. Still others of the tribe live always in a crowd, not even in nesting time separating from their fellows. This is the habit of grackles, martins, swallows, and others. They are not associated for mutual protection, for most of them are abundantly able to take care of themselves, but evidently for pure love of society. One of these communities is as sociable and talkative as a sewing society or an afternoon tea.

An African bird has what might be called dinner parties, where a number assemble and by dancing about in a shallow lake stir up the inhabitants—fish, frogs, etc.—and then dine upon

them. We have often heard of the trick of carrying a hard shell to a height and dropping it to break it and feast on the dweller therein, but one of the clever crow family has a gentler and quite as successful a way. He simply taps on the door of the recluse—often a hermit crab. Of course that brings him out to see what it means with the usual result.

+ + +

A GOOD STORY OF THE BIRDS.

BY MARY ALORA BILL.

THE actors in this little drama of the birds were the wren and the sparrows. On the top of the square posts supporting the roof of our front porch, and projecting far enough underneath the roof to admit of it, we had placed some strawberry boxes turned bottom up, and secured in place by small nails, with a small hole in one side to admit of the wren's going in and out as we had thought the opening too small for other birds to enter, but we found out otherwise. For several years, however, the little wrens have each season made nests in these boxes and reared their young and were not disturbed, as they had become so tame that they would not pay any attention to us when we would carry our chairs out there, and sit and watch them, nor yet when we sat in a hammock, one end of which was secured to the very post on which was the box which was their favorite, for this box was sure to be occupied every season. A climbing rose bush was trained up near it, and in the branches of this bush the wrens would sit and sing and flit from thence to their home in the box.

One day I heard unusual sounds among the wrens, and a great fluttering and chirping about this favorite nest. I went to a window opposite and looked out to see the cause, and this is what I saw: A sparrow was flying back and forth from the rose bush to this box on the post, which only the day before I had noticed the wrens were building their nest. Each year when they returned they always "cleaned house," taking out the old lining and putting in a new one. The wrens were fluttering about scolding with their might, and trying to drive the sparrow away. But these hardy little English birds are good fighters, and very stubborn, and the wren

re unable to chase them away. So all day y hovered about in the shrubbery near by and dded and fretted, but the sparrow did not ed them, but took possession of the wrens' nest, k out the new lining that they had put there, d put in one more to the sparrow's liking. e wrens continued to hover about all day, but e sparrow kept possession of the nest.

Next day I saw the sparrow go into the box ain, and after a time she flew out again and nt away. Then very soon after I saw the le wren go into the box. I continued to tch, for I was interested in seeing what would low, and soon I saw a sparrow's egg come ling out to the edge of the post, being pushed m behind by the wren with his bill. It rolled the edge and fell off on the porch floor and is broken. Then the wren flew to the rose sh near it, and called to his mate. She came d saw the broken egg and they both sat there d sang as though they would split their little roats.

Next day the sparrow came back and laid an- ger egg and went away, and the wren again ent in and rolled the egg out and broke it. his same thing was done by the sparrow and e wren for four days. Finally, after the four gs had been broken in this way, the sparrow ent away and did not return. Then the wrens ce more took possession of their home. And ey, in turn, removed all the new material that e sparrow had put there, and again put in the ing which suited them. Then the female laid er eggs and hatched her young.

Franklin Grove, Ill.

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THE PELICANS.

BY W. R. MILLER.

PELICANS are found in nearly all temperate and tropical countries; frequenting lakes, rivers, and seacoasts, getting their living from the water, generally securing their prey by wading or swimming, and scooping it into their capacious pouches; I also have frequently seen the black and white pelicans drop a distance of fifty feet or more into the water with a splash, after a silly fish that had ventured too near the surface, similar to the manner in which the fish hawk take their fish.

The pelican has an enormously distensible gular pouch, and when the term "rubber neck" is applied, it is by no means a misnomer; for I have, myself, poured into one of these pouches, fifteen quarts of water. These receptacles are used to carry food to their young, and hatching mates, and it is believed that the food is macerated in the pouch before it is given to the very young birds.

They are gregarious, and gather, in immense numbers about their rookeries. They select for their breeding ground, a small rocky island, or one covered with low stout brush, such for instance as the black mangrove, and on these they build a nest about the size of a half bushel, using mostly a very coarse grass for their nests. This undergrowth does not seem essentially necessary to their nesting, for I have seen many built on the ground. Three white eggs, nearly equally ended, of rough texture, and about the size of a duck's egg, are usually laid. When the young birds are first hatched, they are black, without a trace of down or feather, and so remain for some considerable time, and to my mind they are at this early age, a hideous looking representative of the feathered tribe.

The grown pelicans are about the size of small geese. Their short legs and web feet constrain them to an awkward, waddling gait. They measure about six feet from tip to tip of wing, and they very frequently fly in single file, most marvelously maintaining an equal distance between each one, flying with a firm, easy movement.

Their plumage is of many hues, those in Florida being black and white, and the sexes are colored alike.

Their strong mandibles are about fourteen inches long, with the lower one having a sharp upward curve at the end, and the upper one having a distinct hook on it, thus enabling them to hold firmly a very considerable fish.

Chicago, Ill.

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HUNTING WILD-FOWL IN NORTH DAKOTA.

BY M. P. LICHTY.

MILLIONS of migratory birds are returning at this time of the year from southern climes to their familiar haunts of the North and West. Many

make North Dakota their stopping place for a month or so, because there is a plenty of good feed to be found in the stubble-fields.

Geese and ducks, especially, are very numerous every fall and spring, and as our game law permits shooting from the first of September to the first of May they are harrassed almost every day in the week during these seasons, and Sundays more than any other. This, of course, is wrong, but many of the frontier people have few, if any, conscientious scruples.

Various methods are resorted to in bagging this kind of game. Booths are erected, covered with hay or brush, or, pits are dug near some pond, lake or coulee, to hide in. Then having placed either live or artificial decoys near the water's edge, this lures the unsuspecting flocks in close range of the ambushed murderer. Some approach flocks by means of a team and wagon.

Sometimes a farmer will try to get near them by driving a gentle horse or cow so as to keep him hid from view until he gets in shooting range. But the best time for success is on a foggy day or when snowing right fast, and at early dawn or dusk of evening.

There are many species of ducks, but the kind found in our waters and fields are the mallard, merganser, teal, shoveler, butter-ball, and buffalo-head. There are others but either kind will make an epicurean dish, and a crane is considered better than turkey. But for me, a domesticated barn-pheasant or Peking duck is preferred to any wild fowl.

Fabulous stories are told by the Nimrods of earlier days about the big baggings made, but laws are enacted now to prevent such wholesale slaughter, and non-residents have to procure license before they are permitted to hunt in most of our States here in the Northwest. Of course if such notables as President Roosevelt or Lieut.-Gen. Miles come along, our governor will cheerfully grant them a permit. They have been here before, and know where "the huntin' and fishin' is good."

Zion, N. Dak.

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SPRING SLAUGHTER OF WATER FOWL.

UP from the South the long line of wild fowls are swinging and in the Mississippi valley and

Arkansas, to the latitude of the great lakes, the smooth-bores are bellowing.

A majority of the American States have laws against spring shooting, but many of them have none and those in which such statutes are lacking offset the good effects of the law everywhere. It does little good for Wisconsin to enact and enforce such a regulation when Illinois declines to do so. A great portion of the birds must pass over Illinois before reaching Wisconsin and they are slain by thousands.

Below Illinois, in Missouri and Arkansas, no attention at all is paid to restrictive statutes. In the latter State, especially, the whole year is the open season for any kind of game.

There are four great streams of ducks and migratory game birds generally which annual flow northward and southward over the lands of the United States. One parallels the Atlantic coast, another goes down the great lakes, another through the Mississippi valley, another makes its way just eastward of the Rocky Mountains and the fourth has the Pacific slope for its territory.

Of these probably the Mississippi stream is the largest. It takes in all the birds hatched in the vast upper central part of this country and Canada. There are uncounted millions of them yet many as there are each year shows an appreciable diminution of them, due largely to spring shooting.

They are more easily killed in the spring for the reason that they are confined to the water courses and because of comparative scarcity of food, and are more easily decoyed to any place where they think they see their fellows feeding.

If, running into the Mississippi of Illinois or confluent rivers, there happens to be a small stream which is free of ice and contains food the ducks will flock to it from leagues around. They are in a manner concentrated, just as they mass upon small lakes in the drought-stricken region, and the slaughter is terrific.

The birds are not in the best condition, but they sell readily to game dealers and it is the market hunters who work most damage to them. A little later in the season tens of thousands of the victims will spoil on the hands of the slayers owing to warm weather, the distance from market and the lack of means of getting them there. Already in Arkansas they are havin

when it is impossible to keep game in good condition.

The professional shooters in that region when a hard spell strikes them merely dump the piles of dead ducks into a neighboring stream and let them float away, a sheer criminal waste. These losses become common in April all along the Illinois and other rivers of the territory south of Lake Michigan.

The ducks now at the north are mallards, big tails, butterballs and gadwalls. These are hardy, thickly clad birds, better able to stand cold than other varieties. Along the coast of the north they are headed by both canvasbacks and golden heads and far in advance of all is the wild grebe which does not mind a week or two of ice and snow. Some of these gray messengers went north ten days ago and some of them have already crossed the Canada line.

The teal follow the mallards and other varieties, the bluewing, first southward flyer in the autumn, bringing up the rear in the spring. Jacksnipe come after the teal and last of all the woodcock, slow and tender, which seeks the shelter of brush, the southern sides of high hills, and other windbreaks until the warm days of May.

A week hence the bulk of wild fowl shooting will be in waters north of Virginia and a week later it will be transferred to lands not more than five hundred miles below the breeding grounds.

Some plovers have made their appearance along with the ducks. Both golden plovers and witchers have left their winter haunts. They appear later in starting than the advance guard of wild fowl, but make better time on the average and reach the north ahead of the main body.

These birds, too, when they get north are poor, their skin, bones and feathers, some of them, are not worth the powder and shot consumed in their destruction. They are not numerously met in their northward journey as their flight is almost wholly overland and they select uplands for the little feeding that they do. They move mostly at night and cover vast distances between moon and sun.

Along the Illinois and other western tributaries of the Mississippi and Missouri market hunters regularly enter into camp at this season. They wait

in patience, knowing that the birds must come to them since there is nowhere else they can go.

These camps hold generally four men well supplied with ammunition, coarse food, boats and decoys. Generally they are pitched in thick woods at some distance from the banks of the streams and are not seen by passers.

The decoys are set in still parts of the river, almost always below some bend where there is an eddy, or just above the mouth of some debouching creek or slough. They shoot from blinds built on an out-running tongue of land or from blinds made by sticking branches and water flags around the edges of their boats.

They make wing shots only when they have to, preferring to permit the birds to settle before raking them with ten gauges. No. 6 shot or No. 4 are most commonly used, as the fowls are thickly feathered and tough.

The game is carried to St. Louis and other markets, sometimes by passing steamers and sometimes by trains. These men will stay in their camps until the heat has forced every duck to its breeding ground and when the season is ended they will have money enough to enable them to loaf through a good part of the summer.

Down in Arkansas below Paragould, where the ducks are dropping upon swampy lakes for a rest before continuing their northward journey, many swivel guns are used. These weapons are frowned upon by the authorities and by sportsmen, but are still worked by professionals.

Some of them are No. 4 gauge and some even larger. They are mounted on swivels at the bows of the boats and are used to great effect against roosting swarms of ducks just at daylight. At fifty and sixty yards they mow lanes through the fowls.

Two men make up a swivel boat crew and they do not count on getting more than three or four shots in a morning. That, however, is enough for them. They lose more time in retrieving dead ducks and dispatching cripples than in finding game.

When the birds have come thickly the night before, they will often kill from 150 to 200 on a morning cruise. The power of these big guns is shown in the fact that some of the birds are so badly torn as to be unsalable even when killed at forty and fifty yards.

Sportsmen desiring to stop spring shooting in

States wherein it is still permitted have little hope of obtaining effective legislation. The market hunters have no influence one way or the other, but many of the shooting clubs are opposed to a change. Their members do a great deal of shooting in the spring. This is especially true of the clubs which are in the large cities. They own large preserves and want to get as much fun from them as possible. Any one of the members if asked individually will say that spring shooting is a bad thing and ought to be done away with, but they get out their guns when the first warm days come.

* * *

OH CRUELTY.

THE Nookman has held, more and more, as the years go by, that needless killing is something a Christian cannot engage in. It is held to be murder if one man creeps near a human being, and, with intent, takes his life. Wherein lies the difference between killing a man and shooting the tern, described by some unknown writer below? In a better age of the world needless suffering will not be inflicted on anything God made, man, bird or beast. There may be occasions when taking life is essential, all things considered, but needless life-taking is cruelty, and murder, differing only in degree, and not in kind.

"I remember once, some three or four years ago, I stood on a lonely beach just at sunset. The last of the red rays was setting all the waves on fire and crimsoning the side of the sand hills behind me. There was hardly a breath of wind to disturb the waters of the bay, and everything but the gun on my shoulder spoke only of peace and quiet. I stood resting, looking out over the waters to the other side of the bay, where the hills were fast changing from a somber brown to a rich purple. I was completely absorbed in the beauty of the scene, when all at once a tern sailed slowly in range. I raised the gun and fired, and the poor tern, with a broken wing, fell, whirling through the air to the water. Wishing to end its misery, I fired another charge, but that fell short, and then, my ammunition being gone, I shouldered my gun and went slowly back over the sand hills, leaving the poor tern to float back and forth on the dark water and utter its mournful cry. In the morning I went to the beach

again and found the poor creature, half alive, half dead, dragging itself up the sand, covered with blood, and its poor broken wing hanging from its body. In mercy I wrung its neck. Never shall I forget the look of those deep, shining black eyes, that seemed to ask only for death and relief from suffering; eyes that soon glazed over in death, as its pretty head dropped and the body became limp in my hand. It was murder! From that moment I quit gunning forever."—*J. E. M.*

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MARTENS.

DRIVING to Meramec Spring from St. James Mo., one sees beside every farmhouse along the way a single tall stick with a birdhouse on top. There is nothing extraordinary about the first or second of these little cotes, nor even the third, but when one counts the third and fourth and fifth in rapid succession and the driver tells him there are many more of them yet, it becomes sufficiently unusual to prompt an inquiry to know what they are for.

"Oh, they're the marten boxes. Everybody in this country keeps martens."

"Why?"

"Don't you know what martens are good for? They keep the hawks away from the chickens."

"Hadn't heard it."

"It's a fact. We've tried 'em out here for good many years. All the people along this road raise chickens for market and if they didn't keep the martens the neighborhood would be a paradise for hawks."

"How do the martens keep them away?"

"Just a plain case of fight. Hawks go around in bunches of one, and that's where the marten gets in his deadly work. Never see one marten you can count six or eight. About that number can make things hot for a hawk. You see them at it along here almost any day in the summer. The hawks come up from the timber and the martens see them. Then there is a fight. The hawk can't fly as fast as the martens can, and can't turn on one of them without catching four or five hard pecks on the back of his head. When he turns he gets it behind the ear, and so he goes screeching and scrapping, the little martens never saying a word, but keepin' up a powerful pecking. Sometimes it's a kill, but most generally a rout.

A MAMMOTH PIGEON RANCH.

SITUATED at the sharp angle where the Arroyo Seco, or dry ditch (a ravine that extends from Los Angeles to the Sierra Madre Mountains some fourteen miles away), and the Los Angeles River (at this point eighteen miles from the sea) meet, is one of the most curious exhibits of pigeon life ever presented to the eye. Here ten thousand pigeons, mostly light in color, are found perched upon the roofs of eight frame sheds. The walls of these sheds are composed of hundreds of empty gasoline cans with one of the ends taken out and wooden boards with apertures large enough for pigeons substituted, and thousands of wooden fruit boxes furnished with square openings. The ground is generally covered with pigeons until a stranger arrives, when there is a great whirring noise, the air is full of wings, and thousands of pigeons return to their brethren on the roofs of the sheds.

This institution belongs to one of Los Angeles's enterprising citizens, and forms a great attraction to visitors from all the country round, as well as to numerous colored thieves, who make a continual practice of robbing this vast aggregation of pigeon roosts. Two large dogs properly qualified to bark and bite are located at each end of the grounds, about two hundred feet from each other. These are secured safely by long chains to spikes in the ground.

But these, fierce as they are, do not represent the entire force for the defense from thieves of the ten thousand pigeons; two young dogs, trained to bark and not to bite, are on duty also at the time; these are more sleepless and it is the uproar they make upon which the owner so much depends for the discovery of the colored thieves. Disease and rats take away a great many of this multitudinous bird population; daily some young pigeons will be found on the ground dead, having gone too far from the family nest. *Pearson's for April.*

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THE WILD TURKEY'S NESTING HABITS.

BY W. K. CONNOR.

How many of the Nookers have ever seen a wild turkey on her nest? Hands up! Almost

count you on my fingers. Not surprising though, for you might just as well try to point out the position of a flea as to point out the wild turkey on her nest. She, like the flea, is gone soon as, or just a little before, she's in your sight. She is not easily seen also because her nest is usually in pines among grass or under a treetop or other brush. She uses a few sticks, lining with grass, leaves, etc. The location is such as to permit a good view of the surroundings, yet hiding her right well. Her sight is keen and her hearing acute. "How many eggs?" you ask. Twelve to fifteen, sometimes more, sometimes less. I know of a nest of twenty having been found. She usually covers her nest on leaving it of her own accord.

Unlike some birds the male I think does not pay much attention to the female while nesting. If driven from her nest she will usually return, though not for many times. Sometimes twice will cause her to stay away and again she will return the fourth or fifth time.

We might think few would survive, yet it is believed that a far greater per cent survive than of the tame. They feed on insects, wild grapes, hawthorn berries, acorns, corn, wheat, etc. They do not grow as large quite as the tame turkey, though I once shot a young fellow that weighed sixteen pounds.

They cannot be tamed though hatched and reared at your home. I know of fourteen eggs that were hatched at home, and only one remained with the tame flock until grown and he would always fly away when a person approached. In order to get him he had to be shot.

Bridgeweater, Va.

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THE MOCKINGBIRD'S NEST.

BY MRS. JOHN E. MOHLER.

WHEN mating time comes to the Missouri Mockingbird, which is along in April, the male bird begins his seductive song, and thereby tries to charm some particular female bird into being his. The demure, but critical, little lady will let him carol away for a long while, often trying all his powers of singing before yielding to his charms. When at last she gives him a peculiar note, which he is quick to understand means the giving of her dear self to him, he quits his singing

for a time and they hunt up a convenient place for nestbuilding.

With utter disregard of cat or small boy, usually the crotch of a small tree or bush is selected near a dwelling. They seem to like civilization. Then the pair collect dry twigs, grass, leaves, and other loose, light material, and very roughly build the nest, and if possible line it with fibrous roots arranged circularly.

The female lays from three to six eggs. In the South where they sometimes raise three broods in a season she lays fewer eggs each succeeding time. While the motherbird is setting her husband brings her choice bugs and worms, and between times entertains her with his song again. In two weeks the young are hatched and he helps feed them until they are old enough to do for themselves.

Naturally, this confiding bird has its enemies, among which the chief are snakes and human beings. There is quite a market in the South for the young birds, which are taken from the nest when about ten days old.

1418 Court Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

* * *

TAXIDERMY.

BY MRS. H. L. HOGEBROOM.

NATURE has fully equipped her feathered favorites and four-footed animals for their battle for life, but has done little towards providing a postmortuary existence for them behind the glass doors of a museum. Very perishable indeed are her products in this line the minute their breath has left the body. But man, some three centuries ago, began with infinite patience to preserve specimens of bird and animal life.

The history of the British Museum tells us this much, although it is safe to say the crude beginnings are gone by this time, and are replaced by wonderful collections, in that as well as our own and other national Institutes, gathered from all quarters of the globe.

Birds themselves are often deceived by the skill of the taxidermist. I once saw a stuffed hawk made to do duty as guardian of a strawberry bed. In a short time all the small birds with homes near by gathered round, and chattered and scolded at the intruder at a great rate; soon a valiant king bird rose in the air and

swooped down on the head of the hawk with such force that the slender pole on which it was wily swayed with the fury of the onslaught. Then the jay followed until the feathers flew, and as the pole swung too near its nest in a cherry tree, the angry cat bird took up the gage, and back and forth they flew and pitched into their giant enemy until his cotton batting brains puffed out like a snowball.

Very few in this part of the country make a living by mounting specimens, not but that the work is remunerative, as all skilled work must be, but there is not enough to do in any place to keep a person busy, and every taxidermist I have known relies on some other occupation for his support, or has a bird store or museum, in connection with his business mounting birds.

So also with instructors. It would take a wide range to find pupils enough to support a teacher of this art, therefore those wishing to learn it have to hunt their teachers instead. Prices ranging from six dollars for, say, lessons in mounting two birds and a small animal, given by some one who does good work, to twenty-five dollars for full instructions in mounting large animals, deer heads, fish, etc., given by a teacher who can show a record as prize-winner.

I would never advise anyone to undertake the work with written or printed instructions, the patience of Job would not avail; but a few lessons at first-hand give an insight, and pupils soon learn if they have the natural aptitude and perseverance needed to follow it up.

The *necessary* materials for the work are inexpensive, although an outfit may be made to cost a pretty penny, if desired. I may have left questions unanswered but I am afraid of the murderous Nookman. If any one wishes the name of a dealer in supplies or any kindred information, inclose with your question a self-addressed and a stamped envelope, and I will reply.

Elgin, Ill.

* * *

THE QUAIL.

A YEAR or so ago the writer lived in the country, and one day walking about the place discovered the abandoned nest of a quail. The bird had disappeared and in a spirit of invest-

tion he put the eggs in a coat pocket and took them home.

At the house there was an incubator in operation, and the quail eggs were placed in it along with the hatch. No more was thought about for a few days, and when the drawer was pulled out later the shells of the quail eggs were empty, and on investigation the brood of seven little birds were huddled in a corner. Every effort was made to raise them but one after the other, they died to the regret of all of us.

* * *

HOW PLANTS GROW.

IT is a very interesting matter to note the distribution of plants. The matter of soil and climate governs tree distribution. This fact is often reversed in public opinion, which holds that vegetation makes climate; but unless there is a suitable soil and a proper amount of precipitation there will be no trees. And, if the country were to be planted with trees, it would not affect the climate to any appreciable degree. The plants could die and the climate be as usual.

We sometimes hear it said that tree planting will induce rainfall, but this is not the case, as plants will not grow originally without rainfall. But, when once grown, the mass of undergrowth, stercer by the fallen leaves of the trees, serve to hold moisture and prevent a country's barrenness. Cut away the trees of a country, and its streams will become torrents in wet weather and dry ravines in dry weather.

The distribution of plants throughout the United States is a peculiar one. Along the coast of the Atlantic and around the gulf of Mexico are the ideal conditions for pine forests, and they exist in a continuous strip until such a point is reached where they can no longer thrive by reason of being displaced by other native trees. One would naturally expect, according to this statement, to find many pine trees along the coast of New Jersey, North Carolina, and as far south as the Gulf States, and such is the actual fact. No other class of pines will only thrive where there is suitable altitude, and thus it comes that on the great many hills and mountains all over the United States are covered with representatives of the pine family. In the far North, of the interior, do we find pretty much the same condi-

tions maintaining because the colder climate on the North is about the same as that of the altitude of the mountains farther south, making the climatic conditions about equal. There the pine thrives as well as in mountainous regions.

In minor plant life the distribution of the specimens native to a country is a subject of absorbing interest. Let a plant once get hold of a congenial soil and give it an opportunity and its spread is limitless. Each individual section of country is an illustration of this. Between Elgin and Chicago, in its season, the wild mustard yellows whole fields. This is not a native plant but has been introduced in comparatively recent years. Along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, near Martinsburg, may be found a most beautiful flower on a most pestiferous plant known as Blue Devil. And it will be found that this Blue Devil extends almost the entire length of the old National Road from Baltimore to St. Louis, doubtless having been carried in some way, perhaps by the feed of the horses in the olden times of wagon traffic. In some sections of the country the gardens are infested with chickweed, in others the pig weed, or purslain, and again the common plantain runs riot.

A peculiar feature of this plant distribution most difficult to explain may be brought to our attention by the following conditions: If one were to go out on the prairie, fifty miles from any human habitation, and there plow up an acre or two of the native buffalo grass sod and leave it unsown, the chances are that there would spring up on the plowed ground weeds foreign to the neighborhood, which would propagate themselves and spread over the plowed area. It must not be imagined that the seeds were "in the ground," or in the hypothetical case, for they were not. Streams, high winds, birds, animals, and scores of other means may have played an important part in the seeding of the new soil. It is a further fact, well known, that when one cuts off the native forest and abandons the soil, the second growth is very likely to be something entirely different from the original native growth. Why this is so is very hard to explain at times. It is not any changed form in any instance of the previous growth. They are special varieties, and how they get there has caused no little wonder. There is no ground more hotly disputed than that under certain conditions a field of wheat will turn

to cheat, or chess. This never is and never has been the case.

* * *

HOW THE LEAF BUDS GROW.

IN some trees the bud grows all summer literally under cover of the leaf itself. If a sycamore leaf be carefully pulled off in the early autumn, the end of the leaf-stalk will be found hollowed out, fitting like a cap over a smooth, conical red bud. This rosy color is soon turned by wind and weather to brown.

Winter buds show an infinite variety of shapes and sizes. Those of the beech are typical and characteristic. Slender and tapering beyond all others, these lance-like buds covered with closely-fitting scales of reddish brown add much to the dainty grace of this beautiful tree. Very different are the big oval buds of the horse-chestnut. Their outer covering is a thick, impervious varnish. Within this gummy, waterproof storm-coat and beneath several layers of scales may be found an embryo branch, the leaves packed in wool; and still further within, the delicate pink flowers. These big buds begin to glisten in February, when the first stirrings of spring are in the air. From afar they still retain their brilliant high lights, accentuated by bituminous shadows. The rich halftones, too, are well worth a passing glance. In May, when the magnificent flower clusters appear, draped in a beautiful cloak of foliage, which grows with wonderful rapidity, the stiffness of an ungainly winter tree will be quickly lost. Buds of the Norway maple are equally well protected, but differently. In this tree the outer scales cover another pair of scales, which has a coating of soft brown hair, thick and fur-like in texture. These inclose a final pair of scales, still thicker and darker, within which at last appears the treasure of little leaves in embryo.

If the horse-chestnut buds wear a mackintosh of gum to keep out snow and rain, the fashion is not universally followed. A smooth, harder varnish suits the sweetgum and the sycamore maple better; the slippery elm prefers a woolen ulster. Its soft downy buds are covered with reddish brown hairs. Buds differ as much in color as in shape and covering, varying from the yellow of the willow to the inky black buds of the ash.

Birches have slender, pointed buds, graceful like themselves. Oaks may be known by their

upper lateral buds clustered at the top of the twig. They are generally five-sided, covered with close, overlapping scales. Little Quake are the velvety gray buds of the black walnut. Pointed buds, covered with a greenish down, distinguish the swamp magnolia.

In autumn the ground is yellow with fallen leaves, murmuring a protest as we trouble the rest. Do we stop to think that each dropping leaf marks its parent branch, with a proof of its existence, which may last for years, strange hieroglyphic of a past? If one breaks off a leaf in autumn, the resulting scar will be seen at once. The leaf scars of different trees are as characteristic and as valuable an aid in identifying a species as are the buds. Their shape may be round, oval, or triangular, broad or narrow. The short prickly, angelica tree, also known as Hercules club, has a curious leaf scar. Narrow and crescent shaped, almost encircling the branch, its humorous curve suggests the expansive smile of a brownie.

The scar left by an ailanthus leaf is the most prominent feature of the branch, and is much larger than the bud just above it. In form it is like a horseshoe, as is the leaf scar of the horse-chestnut. A close inspection will even show tiny holes where the nails of the shoe might have been. This is no fancy. The nail holes are the marks of the little fibers which held the leaf to its parent twig through many a storm, but gave way at last, as they were meant to do.

Our search for leaf scars reveals at intervals on the twig groups of concentric rings, marking a change in the texture of wood and bark. They look as though a wound had been neatly bandaged by Mother Nature. Under a lens we discover these rings to be a series of scars close together. Left by the falling bud-scales from which the new shoots sprang, these groups of rings also reveal a past, each marking the beginning of a new year's growth of the branch. A clip from a silver maple, about a foot in length, shows two sets of rings, while a rough black walnut branch of half the size has four, illustrating the difference in the rate of their growth.

* * *

A physician says raw oysters are unhealthy. Perhaps they are, but no one ever heard of a raw oyster sending for a doctor.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

BY A. G. CROSSWHITE.

WHILE walking along the banks of the beautiful French Broad River with some friends, several years ago, drinking in the beautiful scenery, something like that which the great masters have painted for us on canvas, or poets have sung in thrilling verse, we were suddenly reminded that our feet were already pressing an object of more interest than that historic stream whose mountain barricades seemed to forbid its smooth waters from coming or going any considerable distance, and so to us it was a long irregular lake.

"Have you ever seen that plant?" said a native.

"It is *poison*?"

"Well—no—not—exactly, it won't poison you, but you will poison it."

I had heard of the deadly upas tree, the tarantula, the hoopsnake, the boomerang, and many other things of which I had been somewhat skeptical, but here I was in touch with something else that I was afraid to touch. "Touch it, touch it, mister," said he laughing at my hesitation.

I did touch it to my great surprise and astonishment. It immediately began to tremble, wither, and curl up, leaf and stem, for more than a yard from my finger!

This was my first acquaintance with the Sensitive Plant.

I afterwards learned that it is of the *genus imosa* and of the Southland flora among the most curious and interesting.

Bringinghurst, Ind.

THE HUCKLEBERRY.

BY ANNA M. MITCHEL.

APPARENTLY the hardy little huckleberry finds its ideal home on the Pennsylvania mountains. Here where it is often the case that there are "two stones for one dirt" the huckleberry flourishes and yields bountifully. Generally the best crops are those of the second and third years after a forest fire has swept over the mountain, burning off the old bushes and making room for new.

The huckleberry is propagated from seed and several distinct varieties grow promiscuously on these mountains. The principal varieties are designated in local parlance as the low and the high blue. The former grows on bushes but a few inches high, and begins to ripen in July. The latter ripens later, and the bushes are from one to two feet high. The latter variety is generally considered the best berry, but the high blue is the firmer berry and better adapted to shipping.

The varieties that grow on the mountains are far superior to those growing in the woods in the valley. The latter are usually hard and seedy. Huckleberries may be picked from July to October if there has been a full crop. It is a plant that may be successfully grown in the garden, though care is required in transplanting.

Newburg, Pa.

+ + +

A STATUE 6,000 years old has been discovered in an Egyptian village. It is the representation of a chief of the domain in which it was erected.



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THE STUDY OF NATURE.

ONE of the most commendable traits of any person's nature is a love of life of all kinds as it is found around us. Happy the boy and girl who is so surrounded that they are encouraged in their love of nature. One reason for this is in the fact that it is all a practically unexplored field. This may seem a strange saying, but in spite of all the observation of the past world's history, the field is so great that it is practically untouched.

Life is not long enough for any man, or woman, to take some of our commonest surroundings in an animal way, and master the mysteries of their lives. We may think we understand a chicken, but not in any sense as the chickens understand each other, or as they look on us. Neither do we understand a word of the talk of the dog that follows at our heels, though he, in his brief life, has learned much of our vocabulary.

When we pass from the domestic animals about us daily, into the realm of the wild and untamed, the mysteries deepen. If we go to the bottom of the sea we see with the upcoming of the dredge how little we know. If we take a good microscope and look at the little worlds our naked eyes never see we are astounded at the teeming life in existence all around us. And best of all

there are no forbidden fields, no closed doors that may not open at the call of him who intelligently knocks at the gate of knowledge.

WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE ?

SUPPOSE that you met a man on the road some day, and he asked you to sit down and talk a little about yourself. Suppose him a man from Mars one who understood your talk, and one to whom you could talk. He asks something about your senses, and points out things he sees in the sky and calls attention to the infinitely small in the under world, each of which is away beyond the reach of your senses,—things you have never seen, and which, the way you are made, you can never hope to see.

Now suppose this Martian should tell you that for a small sum, say ten dollars, he would give you an instrument that would so add to your sight that it would open up a whole world of the invisible around you. Would you not close with him immediately?

This is all possible without the man from Mars. It is simply buying a microscope. That is adding a sense that opens up a world now invisible to you. It makes one a new man, opening up a new world, limitless in extent to him who looks through the wonderful tube, with its lenses and the tiny insect at the other end. Even an ordinary pocket magnifier opens up a field unthought of, because unseen without it. Any optical store will give you a lifelong ticket for less than a dollar.

STRANGE THINGS ABOUT PLANTS.

STRANGE things are found among the plants and vegetables. A well-known student of nature once tried the growing forces of a squash. When it was eighteen days old and measured seven inches in circumference, he fixed a sort of harness around it, with a long lever attached. The power of the squash was measured by the weight it lifted, the weight being fixed to the lever. When it was twenty days old, two days after the harness was fixed on it, it lifted sixty pounds. On the nineteenth day it lifted 5,000 pounds.

The seed of the globe turnip is about the twentieth part of an inch in diameter, and yet in the

course of a few months this seed will be enlarged by the soil and the air into 27,000,000 times its original bulk, and this in addition to a bunch of leaves. It has been found by experiment that turnip seed will under fair conditions increase its own weight fifteen times in a minute. Turnips growing in peat ground have been found to increase more than 15,000 times the weight of their seed in a day.

* * *

CAT TAILS A PROFITABLE CROP.

UNTIL the recent heavy snowfall the farmers living along the shores of several shallow ponds in the vicinity of Watertown, N. Y., are engaged in a profitable sort of winter harvesting.

The common cat tail, which grows in profusion at the water's edge along the shores of small lakes, brings readily a cent a pound when delivered at the railroad stations, having largely superseded wool, cotton and hair for mattresses and upholstery, as the cat tail "wool" costs far less.

With a mowing machine the farmers cut the top of flags, driving up and down the smooth, level surface of the pond, and then gathered up the crop with a horse rake and hauled it away to their barns in a hay rack, where with knives the cat tail head was severed from the rushlike stalk, the latter being used for bedding cattle and the head of cotton fiber being dropped into a basket to be bagged up for shipping. The demand is said to far exceed the supply and is increasing.

* * *

THE ALMOND.

BY PETER FORNEY.

THE almond is a nut tree; larger than a peach tree, thriving from China to Spain, and on both sides of the Mediterranean, and nowhere better than in Syria. It is the earliest tree to blossom

in spring, beginning as early as January here in Arizona. The pink-white blossoms appear some weeks before the leaves. The leaves and bark resemble that of a sweet cherry or wild cherry tree.

In form it grows like the Tallman Sweet apple tree, straight and compact in limbs. There are a good many varieties, but all come under three general heads, the hard shell, paper shell and the soft shell. It is an admirably quick bearer, comes in bearing the second or third year after transplanting here.

There is an instance on record where it budded, bloomed and bore ripe almonds in one night. See Num. 17: 8, R. V. A full-grown tree will yield one hundred pounds of fruit per year, I am told.

Glendale, Ariz.

* * *

BUFFALO GRASS.

BY JOHN E. SPRINGER.

BUFFALO grass is a grass on which the buffalo subsisted both winter and summer. It is a short, woolly grass, adapted to western Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, and a few more of the western States. It is very nutritious. Cattle do well on it both winter and summer. If the season is not too wet it ripens in June and July, making it as good as the best of hay. It grows from four to six inches high and it spreads something like white clover. At each joint it forms roots, and so spreads very fast. It forms seed close to the ground, but is not propagated from seed. It resembles blue grass very much when it first starts in the spring. It makes fine grass for the western farmer to burn, and where fuel is scarce it takes the place of cobs and wood in summer when you wish a quick fire. As a grass for the west it can not be surpassed.

Quinter, Kans.

Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best.—Sidney Smith.

THE MISSOURI MOLE.

BY JOHN E. MOHLER.

THE Missouri mole prefers a light, loose soil, and his presence is indicated by slight ridges of broken earth bulged up by the mole shoving his way just beneath the surface in search of food. He is adapted to pushing his way through the soil in this fashion by having front feet like strong paddles armed with sharp claws, and flattening his feet beside his snout-like nose he presses the dirt apart on each side, while with his hind feet he shoves his whole body forward. The process has been described as "swimming in the earth."

Earthworms and the larvae of insects which feed upon the roots of grasses and other plants are the mole's favorite food, and it is in pursuit of these that the farmer's corn or the housewife's plants are uprooted. The mole does not feed upon the plants, but without doubt in search of his prey he ruins a great amount of vegetation by rootcutting and upheaval, and it is a disputed question as to whether he is a blessing or a curse to the vegetation of the earth.

This is a question however, upon which few who cultivate a garden or have a nice lawn, speculate, and when the depredations of a mole are apparent the impulse is to put an end to him. This is not so easy a matter as his shallow burrow would indicate, for he is not to be found here. His road of constant travel is some four or five inches underground, and it will run from one feeding ground to another, and at each end of this underground route the earth is raised in the form of a mound, by the excavations from his tunnel, usually called a molehill.

Beneath this mound is the home of the mole, but it is ingeniously constructed to deceive the person who is on the hunt. There are rooms and galleries, and upstairs and downstairs in his abode, and a number of connecting roadways, so that almost from any point of search the mole can easily appear "not at home." There are so many ways of escape that the usual method of catching him is in the lower underground tunnel or highway, and there is a long list of patented traps and pitfalls to outwit him. If any of these are perfectly satisfactory the writer does not

know it, although many a mole has met his death thereby.

The mole is a voracious feeder, and the evening and the morning are his dinner hours. He locates his prey chiefly by smell, and in eager pursuit of it occasionally finds himself landed upon the surface. By far the best mole trap ever knew was a Maltese cat that watched for just such breaks as this, and then woe unto the mole, for the cat never failed.

1418 Court Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

† † †

VIC AND HOW MUCH HE KNEW.

BY JULIETTE M. BABBITT.

HE was a red brown setter, part Gordon, part Irish, with a white "shirt frill" and the softest curliest ears. His full name was Victor Louis and he answered to it as readily as to "Vic," which he was usually called. He was an apt and willing pupil and, though comparatively little time was spent on his education, he learned great many things not usually taught hunting dogs. His master and mistress made a great pet and companion of him and talked to him as they would had he been a child, answering many un-mistakable, want-to-know-all-about-it questions in his expressive brown eyes. From the first he was taught to have perfect confidence in them to know that they always meant just what they said and expected obedience and truthfulness from him. The theory of "instinct" would never explain the things he did. It was plain that he reasoned them out and gave much thought to many of them, quick of comprehension as he generally was. He learned, very easily, the names of things about the house and knew the difference between shoes and slippers and to whom they belonged, rarely making a mistake when asked to bring either. He understood that he must not come into the house with dirty feet and, no matter what food was in reach that he must not touch it until it was given to him. He was very fond of cake and for it learned to say, "Yes, ma'am," so distinctly that no interpreter was necessary. This was the most difficult task set him and, sometimes, he would try again and again before his mistress was satisfied.

In the "side hunts" between his master's club and others, there was no better retriever. He could go anywhere his master told him to, often where other dogs refused to venture. If sent into icy cold water, he knew very well that he could be wrapped up, dried, and taken care afterward. He afforded much amusement to the hunters by a little way he had of going hand over hand up a fence instead of running about, as the other dogs did, hunting for a place to squeeze through.—*In Pets and Animals.*

* * *

ABOUT CATS.

AGNES REPPLIER, in her book on cats entitled "The Fireside Sphinx," writes: "There was we may trust the Arabic chronicles as set down by that devout scholar Damirei, no cat in the garden of paradise. Lion cubs and tiger cubs, little leopards and little panthers. Eve had in numbers without doubt; but no pussy to grace and decorate her domestic hearth. How far this loss was responsible for the lamentable *ennui* which, Charles Lamb says, forced our first parents to sin themselves out of Eden, it would be difficult to determine; but in that desolate world of toil which lay beyond the gleaming gates and sacred rivers of paradise no cat was found to comfort the sad exiles on their way. She sprang into existence at the deluge, for during the long weeks in which the ark floated over the waste of waters the rats and the mice increased so alarmingly that the comfort—if there was any comfort—of the inmates was threatened with destruction. Then Noah, equal to the emergency, passed his hand three times over the head of the lioness and lo! she sneezed forth the cat."

The cat's eyes seem to have been used as a sort of rude clock for centuries in the East, where people have few household utensils and plenty of leisure for observation. Pere Hue tells us that when traveling in the interior of China he asked a peasant boy who was leading a buffalo to graze if it were yet noon. The child glanced first at the sky, where the sun was hidden by driving clouds, and reading there no answer to the question he ran back to the house, reappearing in a moment with a large cat in his arms. Pushing open its eyelids with his forefinger—an operation to which the animal submitted with a patience evidently born of long habitude—he said

carelessly: 'Look; it wants still an hour or more to noon.' When the missionary expressed his amazement at this primitive timepiece other natives explained to him that on cloudy days their cats always served them as dials. They pointed out that the pupils of the creature's eyes grew gradually narrower until noon, when they were little more than thin, perpendicular lines, and that with the descent of the sun began their slow expansion.

* * *

A TERRAPIN'S INTELLIGENCE.

BY PERRY MOHLER CULLEY.

ONE day in the summer of 1899 my uncle brought from the country a terrapin. First it was put into a pen ten inches high. The first thing it did was to climb over the boards and get away.

It was first captured and put into a box twenty-four inches high, twelve inches wide and twenty-four inches long with three or four inches of coarse shavings and sawdust scattered over the bottom of the box. The terrapin would burrow under the shavings, we thought to get out of sight, but each morning we found the shavings piled higher toward one corner of the box. One morning we found the shavings piled as high as they could be toward the corner, and the terrapin walking leisurely across the yard. It was recaptured and put again into the box. The next morning we found the shavings as before and the terrapin was gone for good.

Elgin, Ill.

* * *

NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

BY E. T. FIKE.

THERE is a rock on the Backbone Mountains, Garrett Co., Md., a few miles south of the Northwestern Pike which lies on the side of the mountain, which at this place is about as steep as a house roof. The rock is probably fifty by one hundred feet. There are on this rock hundreds of tracks, exactly resembling cat tracks, in the solid rock, and there are at five places bear tracks crossing the rock. The ball of the foot, as well as toes and claws are plainly visible. What is the cause of this?

There is a ledge of rocks, probably one hun-

dred feet high in Braxton Co., W. Va., known as the "Honey Comb Rock." The rock has many holes up the side. The rocks project out over the ground at the bottom, probably ten to twenty feet. The under side of this rock is full of holes, varying from one-half inch to two inches in diameter and six inches in depth. The walls of the cells are probably one-half inch thick and probably contain some mineral, as the rock in the cells is constantly giving way, as the large beds of sand on the ground show.

There is the Little Kanawha Falls, a few hundred yards from here, supposed to have been formed in the following manner. The river once ran around a high hill and came back within probably one hundred feet. The hill at this place was probably fifteen feet high. During a high water a gorge formed at this point and the river broke over and caused a ten-foot fall. In high water some of the water still runs around the hill, a distance of one-half or three-fourths mile.

* * *

A HAIR BALL.

BY HATTIE YODER GILBERT.

EVERYONE perhaps has observed the habit among cattle of licking each other. The country boy and girl have seen this and doubtless watched the spot of pretty, wavy hair, made on the calf by the treatment of its friendly neighbor.

In the pasture two cows may engage in this licking process for a time and then resume their feeding upon the grass, and now follows the formation of the hair-ball. The hair received in the "licking" remains on the rough surface of the cow's tongue, and is swallowed with the next mouthful of food. After being sodden with digestive fluids in the Rumen (first stomach) the cud is thrown into the mouth from which, after mastication, it passes into the Reticulum (second stomach). The hair being insoluble remains in the stomach unless carried out with the digested substances. If retained the hair is rolled round and round by the perisaltic action of the stomach. In this way it soon forms into a ball. More hair is swallowed and attached, thus making new ones and increasing its size. The sizes of these hair-balls vary from the smallest to that of a

small orange. The shape is somewhat spherical. We have one decidedly flattened in one diameter. It is over three inches in one diameter and little more than two inches in the other. The color is almost black, and the surface is smooth. The odor by which it could readily be recognized when we first got it, about four years ago, has entirely disappeared. It was taken from the stomach of a cow by a Montana rancher.

Hair balls are not uncommon and no doubt many others might be obtained by simply opening the stomach of cattle when killed for beef.

Daleville, Va.

* * *

FREAKS OF NATURE.

NOTED BY N. J. ROOP.

A LITTLE dog in St. Louis had her tail cut off close up to the body, and her little pups came with no tails.

A pet cat of our neighbor lost her forefoot in a trap, and her kittens came minus one fore foot and the foot was off just like the mother's.

Sister Keim, born in Carroll County Maryland, lived to good old age and never had a tooth. I know nothing more of this remarkable woman as she was much older than I, and my mother told me of the circumstance.

Warrensburg, Mo.

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ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

BY MINNIE B. SHERRICK.

WHETHER the people of Ann Arbor are more humane and nature-loving or his Majesty, the squirrel, more inclined to civilization I know not but true it is that Ann Arbor and its squirrel are one and inseparable. Enthroned in the hearts of the people and rigidly protected by law well he may presume to be according to his fancy, either monarch or mendicant. Is he hungry he simply posts himself very unceremoniously in the path of the wayfarer, where with forepaws crossed upon his breast in the most appealing manner, and an entirely irresistible expression on his upturned face, he proceeds to

ring from the pockets of his victim the nut he
 o much desires. Nor is he any respecter of
 ersons, whether it be the rollicking school-boy,
 he laborer with his dinner pail, the bustling doc-
 or, the busy student, or the man weighed down
 with business or degrees. It is all one and the
 ame to our friend in fur. Having received
 he trophy, he flashes into a tree or to the
 oof of a building and thanks the giver profusely
 with his bark and a jerk of his jaunty tail. Not
 ontent with the outlying districts and nothing
 aunted by learning and accomplishments ga-
 ore, he sedately takes up his abode on the forty-
 cre campus, setting his seal upon every tree
 nd roof and cupola as if by right of discovery,
 nd barking saucily from his lofty retreat to even
 he best of them, "I'm one ahead of you."

Like other squirrels he goes through the proc-
 ss of nut-gathering most industriously, though
 his seems to be more a matter of instinct, or
 erhaps out of respect for the rules and regu-
 ations of his ancestors, as he does not as a rule
 esort to his own storehouse. Evidently he
 refers "begging" to "digging" and contrary
 o the adage is not ashamed. And why wonder
 t his preferment?

If the pocket supply runs short, he has only to
 ot demurely down the street where he settles
 himself with much dignity in one of the nut-
 askets outside of the grocers' window. He paus-
 s not for an "if you please" there being none to
 ay him "nay." The passer-by greets him with
 smile, while the wise grocer seems fully to ap-
 preciate him as the best possible advertisement
 or his wares. Nor does this spirit of dotage
 erminate with the human population but per-
 ades even the animals of the place, for while
 here as elsewhere, "cats do scratch" and "dogs
 elight to bark and bite," Master Gray squir-
 el is severely excepted. All, from the meanest
 o the mightiest appear to accord to him abso-
 ute right of way.

The wary gopher and envious red-squirrel
 lone remain inexorable,—sworn enemies to
 his "pride of the city," and are in turn hunted
 elentlessly, even unto death. No question how-
 ver, but that deep in the solitudes of Forest
 Hill, the common battle ground of the foes, with
 only the green peaceful graves beneath and the
 colding crows above, many a tragedy has been

enacted, and many a victory applauded, that will
 be famous in squirrel history to the end of time.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

* * *

HE GOT IT.

THE Nookman once owned an English mas-
 tiff, Pup-dottie, but it was neither a pup nor a
 dot, unless 115 pounds could be called a dot.
 Also a white rabbit, Fuzzy, kept within the con-
 fines of a large lawn. It was everybody's rabbit,
 and the dog was not allowed on the lawn at all.

Pup-dottie from without the palings watched
 the rabbit for hours and days. When not eating
 or guarding the place the dog's eyes, evil and
 savage, watched the hopping rabbit which seemed
 to regard the dog as a part of the landscape.
 For nearly six months the watch was kept up and
 then one day a strange child left the gate open a
 moment. There was a mad rush, a snarl and a
 roar, a white mist about the dog's head and it
 was all over.

* * *

A SINGING WELL.

A SINGING well is one of the natural curiosities
 of Texas. In fine weather a sound like that of
 an æolian harp is given out by the well. At
 times the sound is clear; then it recedes, as if
 far away, and then it reaches the ear very faintly.
 These changes take place every few minutes, and
 with great regularity. With an east wind blow-
 ing, the water in the well gets very low, and the
 mysterious musical sound is faint. A strong west
 wind causes the water to rise, and the sound to in-
 crease in volume and clearness. Before a north
 wind the well plays its wildest pranks. The water
 rises nearly to the top of the well, which is
 about sixty feet deep, and gives out wild, weird
 noises.

* * *

HOMER METZKER, of Rittman, Ohio, a Nooker,
 has a cat that he calls by whistling. Wherever
 he is a whistled tune will bring the cat to his
 side, showing every sign of pleasure at the sound.
 When Homer goes to the woods or fields, and
 wants the cat to accompany him, he begins to
 whistle, and puss runs to meet him and goes with
 him.

HOW ANTS CONDUCT WARS.

Was it the attempted application of the doctrine of territorial expansion; was it a case of forcing a higher order of civilization upon an energetic and unwilling race; was it retaliation for real or fancied insult to national honor; was it perhaps because of an interest in the slave trade or a gold mine or a diamond mine; was it any or none of these reasons that led to the terrific and decisive battles of which I was an interested witness some years ago? It will perhaps never be determined what were the causes underlying a struggle of three days' duration, marked by carnage, feats of strength and deeds of valor such as is rarely the lot of historian to record.

I was sitting one summer afternoon in the shadow of my cottage near a stunted lilac bush when my attention was attracted to a horde of black ants crossing a narrow roadway which lay between my house and that of a neighbor in the same yard. Their objective point, I soon perceived, was the foot of the lilac, the ground around which had been honeycombed by little red ants half as large as the others. There seemed to be an unusual excitement here. Possibly a sentry or scout had brought news to the colony of the approaching army. At least they were not being attacked unawares. The invaders were met near the foot of the bush and the war was on. The battleground was confined to a space perhaps three feet square, but here among the hillocks and ravines in miniature all the tragedies and triumphs of war were enacted.

There was at first arrangement and order when van met van, but the conflict solved itself into a general catch-as-catch-can encounter. Woe to the red ant luckless enough to get into the jaws of its larger foe. One closing up of those powerful instruments and a crushed, helpless mass was flung aside. The smaller, however, had the advantage both in numbers and agility and fought in pairs or triplets. Thus, while the black ant generally killed one or more of its antagonists, it was itself doomed. The duration of a battle varied from five to fifteen minutes, ceased by the disappearance of the invaders, to be suddenly renewed later.

It was pathetic during these periods of truce to note the casualties and the movements on the

fateful field. Busy little army surgeons or possibly members of the Red Cross corps hurried from one mangled body to another. Sometime a feeble response on the part of the wounded soldier to the anxious inquiry of the relief was noticeable. The solicitous and universal sympathy of the unharmed for their less fortunate companions was a sight never to be forgotten. The ground was strewn with bodies in all stages of dismemberment—legs gone, antennæ missing, head severed from the body, the body itself sectioned. Here and there one mortally wounded dragged itself slowly and painfully to some obscure spot to die. Others were helped away to a place of security, but in such condition that it is safe to infer they passed their remaining days in a hospital or some home for the disabled. For three days, in at least as many battles each day, the conflict raged. Each day witnessed a perceptible thinning out of the ranks, but the vigor and spirit of the contest kept up till near the close.

Desirous of knowing what effect the presence of strange surroundings would have on the combatants I procured a large glass dish and captured several of both species. This I repeated at various times. Invariably, while at first trying to escape, upon becoming aware of each other's presence they grappled and fought to the death. Valor, honor, hatred, revenge—what was it?—dominated entirely over fear.

Against the stubborn resistance and greater numbers of their antagonists the invaders could not hold out. A panic finally seized the survivors such as comes upon human warriors—an unutterable, unreasoning fear—and, thoroughly defeated in their object, whatever it might have been, for days after hostilities ceased any unusual noise near their dwellings would send each individual hurriedly to shelter as if an avenger were at its heels.

* * *

HOW TO PRESERVE INSECTS.

BY JAMES Z. GILBERT.

To mount and preserve insects in a dry state is a nice task. While the process is more difficult than that of preserving in liquids, yet the specimens are also more valuable than when preserved wet. Although somewhat tedious yet almost anyone with patience and great care can, in

short time, feel himself amply rewarded by a very interesting and instructive collection of insects.

After the specimen has been killed, while yet moist and limber stick a pin through the thorax, one part just back of the head, and place the specimen firmly upon the "setting board." Bring the specimen sufficiently high upon the pin that the legs, antennæ, etc., may be placed in the natural position most life-like. Let the specimen remain upon this board in position until thoroughly dry, then transfer the specimen, pin and all, after loosening carefully the pin from the board by turning it slowly, to the permanent box or case made for safe keeping. In this case the specimen should be carefully and firmly set.

The case of mounted specimens should now be carefully noticed almost daily, at first, to see that one of the specimens droop owing to imperfect drying, and afterwards as often as once a month to see that nothing is disturbing them. To prevent moths place here and there among the insect small pieces of camphor or moth-balls, or sprinkle snuff. Should moths or other destroying insects get into the collection, drop a few drops of chloroform here and there in the drawer or box and close. This will bring the intruders from their hiding and give you a chance to destroy them. Of these preserve a few for specimens.

PRECAUTIONS.

Keep in a dry place.

Look out for mice.

Case or box should be mouse-proof and air-tight.

Study your collection.

Look after the collection carefully and regularly.

Don't try to change any part of the body when dry.

Don't let the inexperienced handle your specimens.

Dalzellville, Va.

* * *

A SIAMESE ANT CAVALRY.

Not long ago a French explorer, M. Charles Meissen, in traveling through Siam, observed a species of small gray ants which were new to him. These ants were much engaged in traveling; they lived in a damp place and went in

troops. To his surprise he noticed among them from time to time an occasional ant which was much larger than the others and moved at a much swifter pace, and each of these larger ants, M. Meissen saw, always carried one of the gray ants on its back. This discovery led him to watch their movements closely. He soon saw that while the main body of gray ants was always on foot, they were accompanied by at least one of their own sort mounted on one of these larger ants. He mounted and detached himself now and then from the line, rode rapidly to the head, came swiftly back to the rear, and seemed to be the commander of the expedition. The explorer was satisfied from his observation that this species of ant employs a larger ant—possibly a drone of the same species, though he had no means of proving this—as we employ horses to ride upon, though scarcely more than one ant in each colony seems to be provided with a mount.—*St. James Gazette.*

* * *

SMALL, BUT STRONG.

THERE is a certain little fly that was observed to run three inches and make, in doing it, 440 steps—all in one-half a second of time. To equal this, in proportion to his size, a man would have to run at the rate of 20 miles a minute.

The common flea leaps 200 times its own length. To show like agility a man six feet tall would have to leap a distance of 1,200 feet. The cheese mite is about one-quarter of an inch in length, yet it has been seen to take the tip of its tail in its mouth, and then, letting go with a jerk, to leap out of a vessel six inches in depth. To equal this a man would have to jump out of a well from a depth of 144 feet.

* * *

A SMART DOG.

BY E. W. PRATT.

IN the spring of 1890 I had a collie, that after a heavy hail storm saw me searching for little chickens. He went to work, of his own accord, and soon brought one to me in his mouth, taking the greatest care not to hurt it. He had the bad habit of sucking eggs, but once found one that had a young chick in it, and after that never touched another egg.

Welsh, La.

MAKING AN AQUARIUM.

It is the easiest thing to make a good aquarium, and easier to make a good one than to buy one of the globular kind. Now the Nookman is going to tell how it is done, and this in answer to a query from a little girl who would like to know how.

In the first place there must be something to hold the water. This may be anything water tight, but the best thing is something in white ware, an old wash bowl is a good thing. The thing the Nookman used was made of tin, and if you want to go to the expense, which is not great, have the tinner make you a box a foot wide, a foot deep, and two feet long. This should be made of tin, and not zinc, or some galvanized material. Tin is the best, and will last a long time.

Now, then, have a wooden box made, at least two inches in every way larger than the tin box. See that this is nailed well together at the corners. Then on the back porch brad on the outside of your wooden box pieces of the rough bark of trees till it is completely covered. I think it looks rather better when put on up and down, not horizontally. The larger the pieces of bark the better the job.

When the bark is all nailed on, the box may be placed in position at a window and it is better set up on something solid, flush with the window, and just level with it, in the room, of course. When it is solidly fixed in place the filling is in order. The tin box is set on several inches of earth spread over the bottom of the box. If it has been made as directed there will be several inches of space between the tin box and the inside of the wooden box. This space should be well filled with good earth clear to the top. It is better to ram it down with a hammer handle, pretty solid. Then there is a little garden two inches wide, all the way around the box. This should be planted with very small plants, ferns will do, and right here is where the first bad mistake will be made. The average person is apparently unable to bring himself to planting small specimens. However, if you must spoil your work at this stage, there is no law to prevent your doing so. Anything over an inch or so high is out of place.

Then comes a very important part. About

two inches of clean sand and gravel are to be put inside the tin vessel, on the bottom. Right here it will occur to the reader that there might be so put in, but no, No, NO. Clean sand and gravel are all that will be allowed if you follow instructions. The denizens of the aquarium would have the pond continually muddy by their perpetually rooting in the mud, if there was anything that they could get at. If there are any aquatic plants anywhere near they may be planted in the sand and gravel, and these should not be many and must be small. Every run down in the meadow will furnish a lot of specimens ready for planting. Let them be small.

Now when all is ready pour in your water, rain water, or its equivalent, and level up your box so that it is even full. When everything has settled then you are ready to put in your "cattle." A few small fish, a few crabs, some snails, if you can get them, water insects, and perhaps a little turtle. If they are not about all of a size they will be nicely stowed away, inside of each other in the first twenty-four hours.

The water in this box will not need renewal, if it is balanced off with vegetable growth, more than once in six months. Very little food is needed, in fact short of nothing at all, the less there is the better. Nothing will breed disease quicker than unused food lying around on the top of the water. After the aquarium is stocked it will get along with intelligence, in the way of not letting the hot sun cook the animals living in it, and keeping it filled with water to its normal level. The presence of the aquarium in a room is healthful, and may be made an endless source of instruction.

* * *

A BROKEN HEART.

BY HATTIE EBERLY.

I HAVE read in recent NOOKS about animals love. I really believe animals and birds can and do love, the same as human beings. I will write you the following story which I believe will show it.

About seven years ago, when I was a child of six, I had a bantam given to me. She wanted to set, whereupon we bought the eggs for her. When we got them the merchant had two odd turkey eggs; then, because I was small he gave

em to me. One of them hatched. Susie bought a great deal of all her chicks, but, somehow or other, appeared to think more of the turkey. The chicks all left the hen and would not stay with her any more. She never weaned her chicks.

She was laying again, but the turkey kept running with her. Imagine a little bantam perched on the roost with a nearly full-grown turkey with its head under her wing! Sometimes he would push to get under her until she would sit on his back! He showed great affection for her, and she for him. He would fight for her, and she was still scratching for him. But we decided to kill the turkey on mamma's birthday. We did, but what followed? Susie would go about the house and call the turkey as she used to do, and where she had seen him last. She would not eat or drink, but called in a most plaintive tone for her turkey, we supposed. In less than a week Susie was dead.

Garden City, Mo.

* * *

CONCERNING SMELT.

BY JENNIE STEPHENS.

ONCE every ten years the fish known as the smelt run up the rivers here in Oregon, from the coast to the breeding grounds. When the word passed everybody far and near drops all and hurries to the river with every conceivable contrivance, from a wire bird cage to a bag on the end of a pole, ready to scoop up the fish. They are caught by the wagon loads, and are salted down.

The smelt is uniformly about seven inches long, white-meated, and excellent to eat. Their numbers, and the sight of people scooping them up in their hands, would astonish the eastern angler.

Orient, Oregon.

* * *

A SALT PLAIN.

BY NELLIE R. ROBINSON.

ABOUT five miles east of Cherokee, Woods Co., Okla., a town on the new Stillwell railroad, beginning at Kansas City, Mo., and terminating at Port Stillwell, Mex., lies a level tract of land

commonly spoken of as "The Salt Plains." Perhaps some of the Nookers may be interested in a brief description of this plain.

It covers an area of about twenty-four square miles, being about four miles wide and six miles long, and is bounded on the north by the Salt Fork River. Its appearance from a distance is very beautiful, as it greatly resembles a vast body of water, or at times, a level field of snow. The ground is as level as a floor, and absolutely without vegetation, except in a few places where there are large clumps of grass. At a distance these grassy places look like islands in a lake.

This plain slopes from west to east at the rate of about one foot per mile. When dry, it assumes a whitish appearance; but after a rain its color is that of freshly-ploughed ground. When the ground begins to dry, a white coating will be formed, and, if the wind blows hard, it will drift and catch on any obstacle which may be in its way. When examined, this proves to be salt—finer than the finest table salt, and as white as snow. In low places, where water stands, an accumulation of salt will form to the thickness of an inch or more. This salt is not much used as it is too tedious to obtain.

Inspectors have recently examined the plain for salt, oil and gas, and report that there are indications that all three are present; and it is said that they are expecting to begin operations for obtaining these products early next summer. If this movement is successful, the plain will be a source of great wealth to this part of the country. The Salt Plains are constantly visited by travelers, and seem to be of great interest to tourists. In crossing the plain in rainy weather, it is necessary to be careful, as it is marshy in some places. On account of the smoothness of the ground, it is very nice for bicycling and driving, and is a famous resort for young people.

My home is only a mile from the plains, and it is a curious fact that they are at times plainly visible, at other times, cannot be seen at all from that distance.

Cherokee, Okla.

* * *

THE PAMPAS.

BY DIANTHA CHURCHMAN.

THE Plata basin or pampas makes a vast extent of country, almost from the base of the An-

des to the Plata river, which separates Argentine Republic from Uruguay. This includes many provinces.

In appearance the pampas are beautiful to behold, especially in the summer or rainy season, when the grassy plains are a sea of green. The grass is of rich quality, producing excellent beef and mutton. It forms a complete sod resembling blue grass. The soil is rich and deep, seemingly no wear-out to it. The pampas are different from the plains of North America, no sandy wastes, rocks or ravines, and the land is almost entirely tillable. The marshy grounds bordering the streams are covered with pampas grass, or *paja*, from which the natives sometimes build houses, which are quite durable, weathering storms, wind and hot sun for many years. In growth this *paja* attains quite a height. The silvery plumes look graceful.

On a March morning, when the air is pure and balmy, we will take a ride across the pampas. We can travel hundreds of leagues and find very little to impede our journey. The scenery is quite changeless. Now we will see a solitary *O'mbu* in the distance, and we will know an *estancia* is there. Here comes a gaily-attired *guacho*, with a herd of cattle and horses, as happy as can be. See the pretty wild flowers growing among the grass,—*verbenas*, *portulaca*, *amaryllis*, and *valerian*!

Yonder is a group of ant hills looking like a lot of mounds! Those little grey birds, we ride close to, suddenly disappear. Where have they gone? We will examine, and find a large hole in the ground. This is their home. This den is occupied by these birds, owls, a kind of animal resembling the badger, and snakes. They have different apartments. And over yonder see that pearly, dreamy light. That is where the horizon borders the Parana river. Such is a glimpse of the South American pampas.

Ashland, Oregon.

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A BLIZZARD.

BY SADIE HECKER.

THURSDAY was a beautiful day. Friday morning the wind came from the North, blowing a good stiff gale, and about eleven o'clock it started to snowing. By evening it was blowing quite

hard and snowing. The snow was very fine. It felt like little balls of ice striking one in the face. Saturday it snowed and blowed all day and it was almost impossible to be out. Snow that was out drifted with the storm and without any shelter, finally perished.

Sunday it stopped snowing, and if anything the wind blew harder and it grew colder. At no time from Saturday morning till Monday morning could a person see over two hundred feet away, and much of the time you could not see twenty feet away, so that during that time was unsafe for anyone to get away from the buildings that he knew. When a person is once bewildered he could pass within ten feet of a building and not see it, because the swiftly-driving snow is so blinding, and it penetrates even the smallest opening. A keyhole not shut will let in enough snow in a day to fill two or three bushel baskets. And the sights after the storm is over! Buildings, hay stacks, sheds and even box cars are nearly covered up with drifts sometimes fifteen to twenty feet deep. People are shut into their houses by the drifts against their doors. And the whole face of mother earth is covered with one broad sheet of white snow unbroken save by now and then a few buildings. And then the bright sunshine, and another blizzard is gone into the past, to be long remembered by those who passed through it.

Carrington, N. Dak.

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HOW AN INTERMITTENT SPRING WORKS.

BY C. E. BARKDOLL.

AN intermittent spring works exactly on the same principle that water is drawn from a tank with a syphon. Bore a hole in a tank a few inches below the top the size of a rubber hose, then run the hose through the hole and place the inner end near the bottom of the tank and the outer end below the level of the bottom of the tank. Now pump the tank full and as soon as the water rises in the tank to the height of the bend in the hose the water will begin to flow and will flow till it gets the water lowered in the tank to the end of the hose and gets air from the inside. Then the water ceases to flow and the tank is filled again.

Now the spring has a reservoir or basin back the hill above the level of the outlet. From the outlet to the basin runs an air tight passage.

The highest point is near the same height as the top of the basin, but not higher and it enters the basin near the bottom. When the water in the basin rises to the height of the highest point the passage the water begins to flow. And soon as the water in the basin lowers to the level it gets air and stops running, till the reservoir fills again. If the flow into the basin is strong, as in wet weather it will fill quicker and consequently discharge oftener than in a dry time when the spring is weak.

Warrenville, Ill.

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A SALT MOUNTAIN LAKE.

BY MARY J. SHELOR.

THIS lake is in Giles County, Virginia, and has only been known for a few years. It is on the mountain, and a large number of cattle used to range there. At the place where now lies this body of water was a large sink hole, full of tall trees. At the end of the sink hole was a very small spring. People would go there to salt their cattle near this spring. The tramping of the cattle closed up the place where the water appeared. In a few years this sink hole stood with water, which is now over the tall trees.

This lake is about one mile long, but not near so wide. It is on the top of a large mountain, at least you go up a large mountain to reach it; and yet when you reach the lake you find a high mountain still above it. It is a great summer resort. It is very level and nice on one side of the water. The first time I was there we went to the lake in a small paddle boat and sailed over the tops of the great oak trees still standing.

McDonalds Mill, Va.

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THE MIRAGE.

BY J. A. REED.

A LITTLE after sunrise, on a calm, clear morning, here in Nebraska, we can sometimes see considerable farther in all directions than usual. Houses and groves, ordinarily below the line of vision, are plainly to be seen. Ponds of water

appear in low spots and although it has a dreamy, indistinct appearance, yet the way the waves rise and fall, dance and play, would deceive a person unacquainted with the country. I have seen a team and carriage pass through an apparent pond, the water coming nearly to the top of the carriage. The occupants seemed to enjoy their cold bath, though it was zero weather, and they passed right along as though nothing had happened. Of course the water was only a mirage.

McCool Junction, Nebr.

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A MONTREAL WINTER.

BY LIZZIE HILARY.

As a general thing the snow begins to fall about the middle of November and continues to fall during the winter. It does not go away until April 1st. I remember of hearing a man say that one winter he ran his delivery sleigh five months right along.

I have made inquiry in regard to the depth of the snow. Some say it was five feet on the level and some say deeper. Last winter it was four feet. This winter there has been less snow than for four years. It left about the fourth of March.

The Canadians are happy when it snows. Thousands of people depend upon the snowfall for their support the year around. That is, they make enough in winter time to support them during the summer. The toboggan slides are not so numerous, or as much patronized as they were some years ago. Too many people got hurt.

Montreal, Canada.

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MRS. A. B. WELLS, writing about calla lilies in Los Angeles, California, says that they are a very common plant, and that many houses have them in profusion. They bloom the entire year, the new bulbs springing up, budding and blossoming, flourishing continuously. The calla requires much water when it is growing. Acres of them are grown in California.

* * *

BE sure to preserve your INGLENOOKS, for they become valuable as time goes by. There have been more demands for back numbers of the magazine than could be supplied, by many thousands.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

What is Kaolin?
 Is a potato a root?
 Has a bird kidneys?
 Can an owl see in daytime?
 What animal has green fat?
 Can the hickory be grafted?
 What is the Southern Cross?
 Did you ever see a white colt?
 What country is the home of corn?
 What animal has hair in its mouth?
 Does an evergreen tree shed its leaves?
 What is compressed yeast made out of?
 How is a seedless raisin brought about?
 When is a people said to be aucthonous?
 What is the Bertillon system of measurement?
 What is ambergris and where is it produced?
 What are the dried currants sold in the stores?
 Is rosin a direct or a by-product and of what?
 How is the hole in a thermometer tube made?
 On which side of you is the vermiform appendix?
 What is the procedure in turning iron into steel?
 Are there colors we cannot see? What makes color?
 What becomes of the insects of the fields in winter?
 Why do red hair and freckles generally go together?
 The baker uses yeast. Why? How does it operate?
 What's the difference between a cyclone and a hurricane?
 Why are the noses of all babies pugged and pudgy at birth?
 Which of our senses is almost, if not entirely, wanting at birth?
 Where does a prairie dog in an arid country get water to drink?
 What idea had the ancient Egyptians in mummifying their dead?
 What part of a man or woman continues to grow as long as life lasts?

What animal prefers the society of man that of his own kind?

Why does the electricity in an electric bulb make the filament glow?

Why does a horse crop grass one way, and cow another? Why is it?

If the sun is the source of heat why does it get colder the higher we go?

A white cat with blue eyes! What is usual the matter with it? Why?

What makes hair turn grey? Why don't older people have grey hair?

Is there any difference in the shape of a naturally curly or a straight hair?

Are all little chicks ground squirrel striped? Why? What classes are not?

Lead is heavy. Why? What does weight really mean? What causes it?

How is the white of an egg arranged about the yolk, in a mass or in layers?

A lens magnifies. How? In what way do they make the object appear larger?

What animal not a squirrel moves by flying yet brings forth its young alive?

Why does a dog turn around two or three times before lying down to sleep?

Why are little chicks, just out of the egg, often striped like a ground squirrel?

What common domestic plant, known everywhere, has a flower but never seeds?

At what time, or epoch, in the world's history did men split up into races and colors?

At the bottom of a page in a book there is sometimes seen a printed letter. What is it there for?

When there are two layers of clouds traveling rapidly in opposite directions what does it portend?

Where can the best coffee be made,—on top of a mountain or in the depths of a prairie well? Why?

Are animals which have a summer and winter coat born with it in the seasons? Does a pup born in winter have its winter coat of hair?

Why are little birds in the nest not frightened at the approach of man, and the very day they get out of the nest they are scary?

THE INGLENOOK

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No. 18.

MY BROTHER.

will not ask my brother of his creed,
or what he holds of doctrine, old or new,
or what the rites by which his soul may need
To worship God, the only wise and true—
or what he thinks of Christ himself, the Son,
or through what waters he hath put him on.

ask not what temptations have beset
His doubting heart, now self-abased and sore,
or by what Jacob's well he met
Divine suggestion—"Drink and thirst no more;"
between his soul and God those matters lie:
not mine to cavil, question or deny.

ask not by what name, among the rest,
That Christians go by, he is known of men;
whether his faith has ever been "professed"
Or whether proven by his deeds, for when
we see the Christhood in him, all is well
he is my brother, and in peace we dwell.

will not ask him through what dusty street
Of Bethany, of Nazareth or Nain,
how cobblestones have bruised his weary feet
While he bore healing balm for others' pain:
he alone has hungered, or if he
has fed ten thousand by the sounding sea.

grace and pity in his actions speak,
Or fall in words of kindness from his tongue,
which raise the fallen, fortify the weak,
And heal the heart, by sorrow torn and wrung,
he yield good for ill and love for hate,
friend of the fatherless, poor and desolate.

find in him discipleship so true,
So full that nothing further I demand:
he may be bondman, freeman, gentile, Jew,
Yet we are brethren, walk we hand in hand,
his clear life, let me the Christhood see,
is enough for him, enough for me.

—Eugene Whitney.

* * *

FROM OUR KATHLEEN.

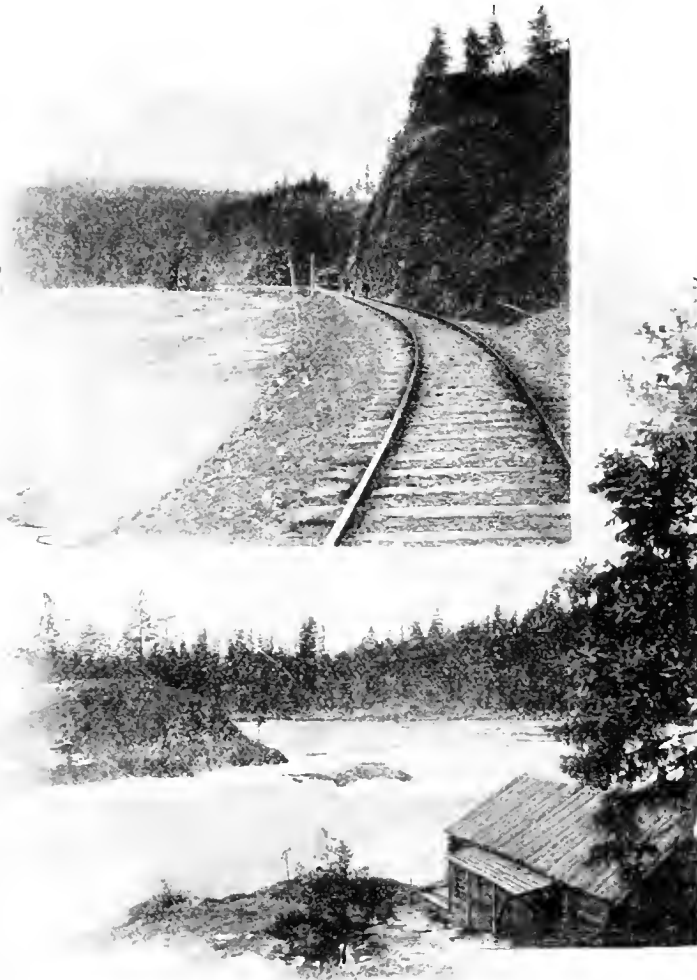
THERE is such a thing as being satiated with
traveling. One can see too much, and in fact

lose interest in what is seen. We have been
traveling so fast and so far that things do not
have for us the interest they did at the beginning.
But we are looking at matters in a different light
and see more of actual facts:

Here we find ourselves at Seattle in the State
of Washington. In the first place let us say a
few words about the state itself. It is in the
extreme northwestern corner of the country. It
is about two hundred and forty miles wide,
north and south, and three hundred and sixty
miles long, east and west. It has sixty-six thou-
sand, eight hundred and eighty square miles of
land surface alone, and two thousand, three hun-
dred square miles of water surface. As these
figures convey no idea of the actual facts, suppose
we put it in this light. The State of Washing-
ton is larger than the State of Pennsylvania,
which has about forty-six thousand square miles.

Washington is a wonderful state as far as we
have been able to see. It has enormous moun-
tains covered with eternal snows, from the tops
of which one can look down into the valleys
where it hardly ever freezes. The climate is such
that two, and even three, crops of wheat have
been harvested from one plowing and planting.
In the fruit sections there are many varieties of
fruit that develop into great quantities, excellent
in yield and flavor. Its enormous forests with
countless water powers afford a very wide field
for the investor, the manufacturer, and the busi-
ness man generally.

Seattle is the largest city in Washington. It
is one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three
miles from St. Paul, and, though it began as a
saw-mill, it has developed into a city of eighty
thousand six hundred and seventy-one, according
to the census of 1900. A good many of the peo-
ple here, with their large western ideas, claim
that it has over a hundred thousand but the of-
ficial figures are quoted by us.



A RIVER SCENE ON THE TRIP.

Looking out from Seattle, Mt. Rainier on the south, snow-capped, is plainly visible. Mt. Baker on the north, the Cascade range on the east, and the Olympic Mountains on the west are readily seen.

From the business center of Seattle the ground rises in every direction except towards the Sound. The avenues are broad and well paved. They slope gradually but the cross streets rise with such rapidity to the highest point that is something like going up the hills of Kansas City.

On the east of the city is Lake Washington, a fresh water lake many miles in extent. It is about three miles from Puget Sound. Lake Union, a smaller fresh water lake nearly cuts the city in two. The people get their drinking water from Lake Washington. Being so

near the lake there are naturally many steamboats, launches, sail and row-boats. The country is so cut up with lakes and waterways that from here to Tacoma the round trip can be made in four hours.

Being so near the ocean Seattle does a great business in fish. Halibut and salmon are the principal varieties. Down along the wharf are two big canneries. Some of the largest canneries in the world are on Puget Sound.

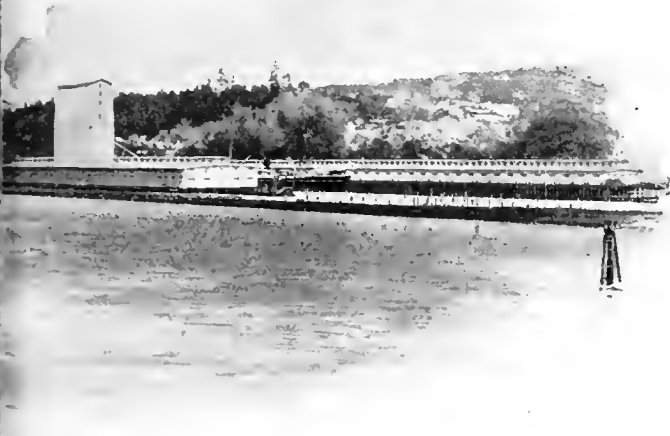
The extent and character of the business houses are astonishing to the eastern traveler. Those of us who live in the East are in the habit of imagining that the west is a new country, which it is and therefore raw and unformed, which it is not. There are endless manufactures here and everything goes with a rush, the characteristic energy of the western country.

If Frank and I were not going down through California but had made up our minds to cross the Pacific to Japan after leaving the Great Northern railway we could have taken the line of steamer running between this country and the Orient. Sometimes I regret that we did not plan our trip so as to include an ocean voyage. Then we might have left Se



SEATTLE SHIPPING.

attle here and visited the Oriental countries which are so accessible. Back in the East v



WHARVES AND ELEVA TOR.

think of Japan and the Orient as something infinitely remote from us. Here at Seattle we are

would seem to be a country of ice and snow and limited vegetation.

On the other hand it is really a place where roses bloom and where sub-tropical fruits and flowers grow in abundance. Why this is the case, considering its relative position north and south, I will leave to Frank to tell. It is a fact, however, that some parts of this western country in the extreme north are not unlike, in climate and productions, the state of North Carolina. Why will appear later on. Frank is going to tell something more about this wonderful Washington country in his letter which will follow mine tomorrow, and which will appear in

the next week's NOOK.

KATHLEEN.



A SALMON CATCH.

within a short ride to the steamship that would take us there.



AND THIS WAS THE TREE.

P. S.—There is only one person that we feel as though we know here in Seattle. That is Mr. Chas. T. Hewitt, of 341 Sixteenth Ave., for he



QUITE A STUMP.



AN OX TEAM IN A LUMBER CAMP.

This entire northern country is a revelation to us. In looking at it as it appears on the map it

is the only Nooker in all this big city. And even he did not see us.

EUROPEAN TIPS.

BY D. R. YODER.

ON a bright August day in 1900, we landed in Liverpool, England, and for the first time in the history of our lives we set foot on the soil of another continent. Being American born and bred there were a great many interesting scenes to meet our gaze upon every hand. But with true American style we proceeded to take in some of the more interesting sights of this great commercial city. Next morning we proceeded to the great Lime Street station to take the train on our way to London. Here we first missed the American system of checking baggage. Instead of presenting a check for baggage we were obliged to hunt our own without a check, as such things are to a large extent an unknown quantity among the traveling public of Europe. After many inquiries, however, we finally succeeded in locating and identifying our trunks in a large basement room, among hundreds and hundreds of other pieces of baggage. Not at all unwillingly one of the numerous depot attaches waited upon us, and got our trunks up on an elevator to the depot platform and proceeded with trucks to take them to the baggage car of the train on which we were to go. Meanwhile, however, incidentally he inquired what might be among the contents of our rather oddly constructed trunks. With true American candor we replied that among other things we had packed in each of them a bicycle. "A bicycle! bicycle! Ah, that is against the Queen's rules!"

Hesitatingly we stammered out that we were not aware that such was the case. "But never mind. Keep quiet about it and we will try and pass them through for you," he replied, and with us following proceeded to wheel them to the baggage car where he handed them to the baggage master in the car with oral instructions as to their destination. Then very accommodatingly he accompanied us to our car and assisted us in, and stood by us, and hesitated to leave us, until we could not fail to recognize in this our first introduction to a "European tip."

Again, after wheeling it from London to Dover, and crossing by boat to Calais, France, in making our landing at this place, our bicycles were taken in charge by several attendants who took good

care of them by continuing to hold them while we finally succeeded in getting our bicycle permits to tour on wheels in France.

Then we kindly offered to relieve them of the charge by taking our wheels and proceeding on our journey. But to our astonishment they did not seem so anxious to be relieved just yet, while presently the customs officer, who could talk broken English a little, offered his services as interpreter and kindly informed us that it was only a franc apiece they wanted for taking care of our wheels.

Again this same customs officer, realizing that we were strangers in a strange land, and among a people whose language we could not use, kindly volunteered to show us on our way and to a good place to get our dinner, inasmuch as it was right on his way to dinner. This he did until we had reached a place in the city where cafés and "restaurants" were plenty when he directed us to a certain one and then very politely intimated that a few francs would be very acceptable for his trouble. Of course we "tipped."

Thus we found the "European tip" in evidence almost wherever we went, sometimes as extras in table service, oftentimes in favor of those who would volunteer to guide or direct us from place to place, and in a hundred different ways in which a "tip" of course would be very much appreciated.

Upon one occasion, however, and possibly to our discredit, our Americanism rather took the upper hand of us. It was as we entered the city of Rome about ten o'clock in the evening and passed out of the station among a throng of people and began to look around, possibly somewhat bewildered, wondering where in this wonderful city we might find an acceptable place of lodging. Here, as elsewhere, we needed not stand long and wonder, for presently we were fairly surrounded by a throng of lodginghouse attaches, jabbering away in their unknown language to us, and each one fairly endeavoring to pull us in the direction of their place of lodging. We, however, took a course of our own and boldly struck out, followed by about two-thirds of their number who followed us for some distance, until they would finally drop out one by one. One, however, more persistent than the others, offered additional inducements by endeavoring to tell us that at his place "spea

nglise." Finally, to his great satisfaction, we included to accompany him, and were shown at far distant into a quite large, and well-equipped hotel, the landlord of which could speak English fairly well.

Here we were shown a comfortable room, on the fourth floor, which we agreed to take at a certain price "everything included." The room being placed in readiness by the chambermaid, we went in to occupy and began to make ourselves at home, while our guide, who had followed along up to the room still stood at the door, as if unwilling yet for some reason to leave.

Innocent-like we proceeded with our dusting and washing until finally he ventured, in his way, to remind us that we must have forgotten something and that it was customary for them to receive some compensation for such services. We, however, pleaded ignorance of such customs and even went so far as to boast that in our great country of America no such customs prevail. This, however, did not seem to satisfy, he still insisting upon having his "tip," whereupon we actually were rude enough to remind him that we felt inclined to think that he was getting no compensation from the landlord for his time and services, that we had engaged the room at so much "everything included," and that if such were not satisfactory we could very quickly vacate the room and find lodging elsewhere. This, however, would be the last thing he would have to do, and the last hope of the coveted "tip" having vanished, he took his leave of us, muttering something in his language as he went, and which we might have meant well wishes for a good night's rest, sweet dreams, etc.

Although we enjoyed a good night's rest yet did not feel altogether guiltless of violating the good old adage of doing while in Rome as the Romans do.

Goshen, Ind.

* * *

CITY LIFE IN SWEDEN.

BY ALICE VANIMAN.

IN many respects city life in Sweden is similar to that of America. Houses are nearly all substantially built of brick or stone, the interior of thick, heavy walls being covered with cement. They are not more than five stories high, many of them being built all around the lot with a

court in the middle. One must enter the court from the street through a port.

In some of the courts are found trees and small beds of grass. There are tables and rustic seats furnished for the benefit of the pleasure-loving ones who prefer to sit in the open air while drinking their coffee and beer. The courts of the most modern houses are cemented and are as smooth as a floor. Unless a house is built on the street corner not many of the inmates can have a street view, as most of the rooms face the court. Only two families on each floor have access to the same stairway, so in one large flat there are many stairways.

The newest houses are beautiful in the interior. They have elegant marble or stone steps with cemented walls, elaborately decorated, some with paper some with paint. Some have carved work and paintings.

A suite of rooms is called a *lagenhet*. I think two-thirds of the renters live in one and two room *lagenhets*. This includes a kitchen. All rooms have the stoves furnished. These stoves are built into the walls when the house is built, the side to the room being covered with porcelain except the cook stove, which is iron. The cook stove is quite different from the modern range. Some of them have a short piece of pipe, others have no stovepipe, as the stoves are built against the chimney. There is a tank on one end for water. In old houses the water must be taken out of the tank with a cup; in the new ones they have faucets. There are from six to ten places for cooking vessels, ranging in size from a pint cup to a very large kettle. There are from three to eight rings fitted around these holes which can be removed to accommodate any size cooking vessel.

The *Svart Men*, or soot men, go to every *lagenhet* once a month to remove soot and ashes from the stoves and chimneys. This is very necessary as there is much soft coal used here. We always dread the Svart Man, for he never fails to put his dirty hands on every door and chair that happens to be in his way.

There is usually but one *tvatt hus* or wash room to each house, and the clothes must be dried in the *lind* or garret. The "tvatt hus" is furnished with a furnace with a huge boiler at the top. A faucet opens directly into the boiler. There are also tubs, washboards and buckets,

all heavy and substantially made. People generally do not get to wash oftener than once a month, and in many very large buildings where there are from twenty-five to forty families living, each family can have permission to use the wash room every three months, taking two or three days for the task. This way of doing requires many changes of apparel.

In this country clothes cannot be dried out of doors in the winter. The days are short. The sky is cloudy, accompanied with much fog and rain. In such weather it takes about one week to dry heavy clothes in the "Vind." During the long warm summer days hundreds of servants can be seen spreading clothes on the green grass in some open place or vacant lots at the edge of the city. Here they are free from soot and dust and have good chance to bleach nicely.

Swedish people drink their coffee before breakfast. The laboring class eat the ordinary three meals, breakfast at eight, dinner at twelve, and supper in the evening after the day's work is done. Professional people, merchants, and those of high rank, often drink coffee before they get out of bed. Breakfast hours for them are from nine to eleven, dinner from two to four, supper seven to nine. Meals are usually served in courses. At one dinner during the holidays they began to serve at five o'clock. First was coffee with dainty cakes. After an interval of one-half hour we had nuts and fruit, and a few minutes after eight, the final supper of meats and vegetables was completed.

When a lady makes a call she is served with coffee, tea, or cocoa and cakes. Swedish people like pretty, white floors, with rugs. Servants must do a great deal of scrubbing to keep the floors clean and white. They love pretty lace, and white curtains. One seldom sees the blinds drawn over a window during the day, unless it is to keep out the sunshine in summertime. Their love for flowers is so great that hundreds of them who cannot afford to buy real flowers use paper flowers instead, to decorate their homes.

Malmö, Sweden.

* * *

ITALY and Spain have the fewest number of houses in proportion to population. The Argentine Republic has most, with Uruguay a close second.

ABOUT SALT LAKE.

BY WALTER E. FELTHOUSE.

THERE is a striking similarity between the Valley of Great Salt Lake and Palestine. It seems strange indeed, that two tracts of land on opposite sides of the globe, should be so much alike in general features. If one was to compare the two regions more closely, Utah Lake will correspond to the Sea of Galilee, and flowing from this is the River Jordan which resembles the river by the same name in the Holy Land. This river empties into Great Salt Lake which is known as the Dead Sea in the other part of our comparison. Salt Lake City, known as the City of the Saints, corresponds to Jerusalem, the great religious center in the time of Christ.

Salt Lake City is situated about eighteen miles from Great Salt Lake, in a valley of unusual greenness and into which descend many mountain streams fed by the snow-capped peaks of the Wasatch mountains, which are to the east of the city. As you look to the west under the bright rays of the summer sun you will see the mysterious lake, its silver bosom quietly and peacefully resting as the sunlight plays upon its surface from shore to shore.

The city was founded in 1847 by Brigham Young, a man of great shrewdness and ability as a leader; he also possessed great engineering skill, as can be seen from the general plan of the city. According to tradition, he came into the valley with a small band of followers and upon reaching a high mound, now known as Ensign Peak, which overlooks the city from the north, he ascended where an angel stood pointing to the south. He took this to be a sign from God and said, "Here I will build my city."

The city, as it now is, struck me as being one of the most ideal places I ever saw. After being in Chicago it seemed like a different world. The wide streets glistening white in the sun, for they are washed in the evening, were quite a contrast to the narrow, walled in streets of Chicago. State street is a beautiful thoroughfare twenty-two miles long, and bordered on either side by shade trees, back of which are the low cool dwellings which, if they be old ones, are built of sun-dried brick. The streets are nearly all named from the Temple, thus making it easy for stran-

ers to find their way without inquiry. As the city has an elevation of 4,228 feet the air is much clearer and seemingly purer than that of the Middle States.

Brigham Young skillfully harnessed nature when he conducted the strong and rapid mountain streams into the city and distributed them into many smaller ones on either side of the streets. The great object of interest to the tourist is Temple Square, in which are situated the Temple, Tabernacle and Assembly Hall. These with the Assembly Halls in each ward constitute the Mormon places of worship.

The Temple, which was under construction for forty years, is an imposing gray stone structure with six high steeples. The middle one facing the East is surmounted by the gilded figure of the angel, with trumpet in hand, who was supposed to have been the guide to the pioneers. The stone of which the edifice is built was found in abundance in a canyon near the site.

Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution is one of the largest mercantile houses in the city. It is owned by Mormons, and consequently all the employees are Mormons. Business in general is more enterprising than in the cities of the West. There are many more places of interest than might mention. One in particular is Fort Douglas, which is located at the foot of the Watchtower on a "bench" several hundred feet above the city.

With the delightful climate, and all the modern conveniences, Salt Lake City is surely a beautiful place to live. But I might say that wherever one is contented and happy that place ought to be the most beautiful and dear in his mind.

Elkhart, Ind.

* * *

Egotism is an alphabet of only one letter.

* * *

OUR EXPERIENCE WITH SMALLPOX.

BY FRANK M. CALVERT.

RUSSELLVILLE, a quiet little village on the Illinois side of the "Wabash far away," was awakened on its dreaming by the report that a case of the dreaded smallpox was within its borders. A young M. D., of Freedom, Indiana, contract-

ed the disease and came with his wife and child to "die among friends," as this was his former home. In their endeavors to keep the truth from the citizens many persons were exposed by calling, but it was not until by threats and expostulations they left, and when a few evenings after the aged aunt, with whom they had been stopping, attempted to light a lamp when the burner falling off, set fire to papers on the stand and wall, and falling to the floor caught her dress, which she did not notice until the flames had reached her head, when she was seen by some boys passing and the fire was extinguished though she was burned so badly that she died the next night.

As it was well known that a smallpox case was, or had been, in the house, not a woman could be persuaded to give any assistance. I was told of the accident by my little boy who had helped put out the fire. A few moments later two other men arrived and a doctor, who dressed her burns, and put her to bed where she seemed to rest easy. By sweeping the floors, making the beds and moving the furniture we, for the other two men also contracted the disease (the doctor suspecting contagion used a preventative and escaped) in from two to three weeks broke out and as this particularly relates to myself and family's experience they will be left out.

Just twenty-one days from that time red pimples, very small and unnoticed except for an instant stinging sensation, would break through the skin here and there over the body, and only by closely looking could they be seen. These continued to enlarge for three or four days when they would reach their full size, and begin to turn yellow, which would take from two to four days, when a black speck would form on the top, enlarging till the entire blister would be a scab which, by the fifth day, could be brushed off as easy as other foreign matter, leaving nothing but a smooth red spot, which in a month goes away like a charmed wart.

As soon as I found that the disease had hold of me I had the doctor come to my house, and make an examination, when he was not slow in saying that I had the real thing and vaccinated my wife, two women helpers, and five of my children,—one little girl four years old sensibly, as we found out afterward, refused and stoutly protested against it. The infant babe of a few days,

through mercy escaped also. To insure the rest from catching it I secluded myself in a separate room, and will not soon forget the looks of all when the room was ready and I entered it to pass a season of enjoyment, or of misery, and I was favored with everything that goes to make for me a secluded life pleasant. I employed my time in reading, singing, and meditating of that land of eternal spring.

My appetite was ravenous and I slept well, and contrary to the general opinion could eat meat, butter, eggs, and drink milk which, with rest from work, caused me to gain ten pounds in weight, and at no time was I unable to wait on myself, though from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, between fingers, and toes, in one eye, and in my mouth, were near two hundred sores from the size of a grain of wheat to that of a large pea. Finding that there was no unpleasantness about it but the stench of my body, and the quarantine, which was over all the family, after two good baths I was once more admitted to the family circle, but it was no use, as the rest of the family were one at a time beginning to show the pimples, but as I had experienced no bad results fears were all gone.

One boy whose arm was very sore from vaccination, and the little girl referred to, had about the same number of pox as myself and suffered some from those on or coming through the thick skin on the side of the heel, but it was not to be compared to the suffering from a vaccinated arm. The others had but few sores on them and were not prevented from work.

I was released from quarantine two weeks before the others, as the babe was last to break out, and was covered with sores, as many as five hundred on her body, and wife says she was less trouble to her than with any other disease.

Now as to symptoms and cure. The breaking out is preceded for a few days by chills and fever, with vomiting or nausea, which is the only sickness and may not be the same in all persons. The remedies we used were a blood medicine used much among the Brethren, sulphur and syrup or honey, and by taking four ounces of cream tartar, pouring on it one-half gallon boiling water, and when cold drinking half a teacupful three times a day, and keeping the sores well rubbed with any simple ointment. We surely were given

the cold shoulder by both friends and relative as far as personal visits, and not a piece of paper, bucket or other article was allowed to be taken from the house, and the fumigating, washing and general cleaning up is immense.

Russellville, Ohio.

* * *

An old bachelor says it is evidently a greater pleasure to die for some women than it is to live with them.

* * *

A SAD AFFAIR.

On last Tuesday, the 15th, while crossing State Street, Elgin, Mr. John Brown was struck by a passing train and instantly killed.

Mr. Brown is the well-known groceryman whose store stands at the corner of State and Washington streets. His residence is on Washington St. with the C. & D. Ry. tracks between his home and the store and it was while on his way from the store to his home that the sad affair happened.

The details, as far as they are known, seem to be that Mr. Brown, who is in the habit of leaving for home precisely at 5 o'clock, P. M., crossing the railroad on his way, was delayed out of the ordinary by the presence of a customer. Concluding the business he seized his hat and coat and started rapidly for home. Thus he met the train which caused his death in attempting to cross before it. Those who witnessed the affair say that Mr. Brown came down the pavement at an unusually rapid gait, and though the track was barred by the watchman on account of the approach of a rapidly-moving freight train, he passed under the gates and attempted to cross the track. Several persons present on the sidewalk, seeing the impending danger, shouted to the unfortunate man, who only hurried the faster. The engineman whistled and rang the bell, but it was unavailing. The locomotive struck him fairly, knocking him down, and the wheels passed over him, mangling him beyond recognition.

His family, personal standing, business affairs, etc.

The object in writing the above imaginary sketch is to give a little boy in British America a lesson in reporting and writing generally. The boy, should he attempt the account, would spread the facts, mix them up, and get out of proportion. Then he would wonder why the ignorant editor of the paper cut and scarred his work giving only the *facts* in the case.

Now observe the character of the account. The main facts are given before the first dash. Then comes another and another detailing of the accident, all interesting enough, perhaps. But the editor wanting to get the news into his paper, which is either full, or just going to press, has not the time to hash and recast the matter, so he cuts the copy across at one of the—marks and has as much of it as he wants, blessing the boy in B. A. for his intelligence. He may even top everything and write a note of thanks to his contributor.

Now, will the little boy in British America please tell his friends something about presenting an occurrence in accordance with the sequence of the facts, and urge on them the moral excellence of brevity and directness? Incidentally, if any of the Nook readers happen to get an idea, all the better for the Nook.

* * *

Time well arranged indicates a well-ordered mind.

* * *

PLATINUM.

THE uses of platinum are varied. On account of its infusibility and its resistance to the action of chemicals, it is extensively used in apparatus for conducting chemical experiments, and in the manufacture of sulphuric acid. It has a property of expanding and contracting at the same rate

as glass, which is taken advantage of by electrical manufacturers in the making of globes for incandescent lamps. The platinum wire is thrust through the softened glass and remains tightly imbedded when the glass cools.

Only a few years ago platinum was of no great value but since its production has decreased so rapidly of late, its worth has increased at as great a pace, and the metal which so short a time ago was worth half the price of gold, now is worth more than gold.

* * *

CAREFUL OVER THE WILL.

A NORTH country miner, aged seventy-three visited a lawyer to make his will. The old man's property consisted of two small cottages, which had cost him £150. The lawyer asked him how he wished to dispose of it.

"Ma auld woman is to hev it all so lang as she's ma widow, after that bairns to hev all," replied the client.

"What age is your wife?" asked the lawyer.

"Seventy-two," was the reply.

"How long have you been married?"

"Over fifty years."

The lawyer suggested that under the circumstances he should let his wife have the little property during her life, whether she remained a widow or not.

"Aa winnot, Aa winnot," exclaimed the old man; "Aa'll hev ma ain wey."

"But surely you don't expect an old woman now over seventy would ever dream of marrying again?"

The miner looked the lawyer in the face and answered, very solemnly:

"Well, sonny, thor's na knowing what young chaps like yoursel' will dae for siller."

In the face of mothers whose children have died, there is a look of placid purity and resignation, bearing a semblance to what we deem divine.

NATURE



STUDY.

HOW PLANTS GROW.

ONE of the things that trouble people who make a business of raising vegetables, fruits, or flowers is the tendency on the part of the plant to "run out." We have often heard it said of a particular variety of potato or corn, or, indeed of any vegetable whatever, that through continued use the variety will run out, and that the product is not as good as it was originally. Now let us consider this proposition in connection with the growth of plants.

While no special fault can be found with the phrase, "run out," yet the actual fact does not justify its use. It may never have occurred to the average Nooker that the running out process never takes place among wild plants. Nobody ever heard of a pine forest running out and the trees deteriorating into smaller specimens and different sorts. The wild tree is a wild tree and under identically the same conditions will repeat itself along the same lines. What, then, is it that causes the running out of vegetables, fruits, and flowers? In order to understand what takes place we must consider in the first place how the varieties originate.

A great many new varieties originate from chance seedlings in which some one out of a million of plants possesses marked features that entitle it to cultivation. But more commonly man enters the field with a knowledge of botanical science and proceeds to hybridize and harass plants until he has succeeded by cultivation and, most of all, by natural selection in producing a distinct variety. Thus a man may cross-fertilize the flowers of the early rose potato with those of a peach blow and if they happen to produce seed, that is to say, produce a seed ball, and this seed is planted, out of numberless trials one may result in the production of a single potato having the good qualities of both. This has been produced by cross breeding and now if he plants a crop of potatoes, year after year selecting the largest and shapeliest of last year's crop for his seed he will, in the course of time, have

bred a new and distinct variety which has especially valuable features of its own.

After a while some progressive seedsman, than whom no more energetic persons live, gets hold of the entire crop and proceeds to grow it extensively for the market. He then sells his potatoes at a high price and every man who gets these high-priced potatoes naturally keeps his own seed. But now something happens in almost every instance. The man neglects the high breeding of his potatoes,—he does not select the best for seed, he is not particular about extra cultivation and gives them no more attention than a common variety and the plant speedily responds in an attempt to get back to the primitive type of its parents. Scientifically speaking it is a case of avatism, or atavism, both words meaning the same thing, that is, the disposition on the part of a plant or vegetable to forsake a forced type and get back to the original form from which it was derived. It will be clear to the reader that this forcing never happens among wild plants and that is why there is no "running out" among them. But in the case of an early rose potato, or any other variety of vegetable or fruit, unless there is intensive cultivation and intelligent use made of it, Nature simply steps in and readjusts the conditions to their natural level. The plant has not run out, or anything like it, but has simply settled down to where it naturally belongs.

+ + +

ITS WINTER SLEEP.

AN Italian naturalist kept a dormouse in his study, where he could watch its actions when the time of its winter sleep came. On the 24th of December, when the thermometer was about 40 degrees—that is, 8 degrees above the freezing point—the dormouse curled himself up among a heap of papers and went to sleep. On the 27th of December, when the thermometer was several degrees lower, Mr. Mangili ascertained that the animal breathed and suspended his respiration at regular intervals; that is, after four minutes of

perfect repose, during which he appeared as if dead, he breathed about twenty-four times in the space of a minute.

When the thermometer fell nearly to the freezing point, the intervals of what appeared suspended animation were six minutes. As the thermometer became higher—that is, as the weather was less cold—the intervals of repose were reduced to three minutes. As the winter grew intensely cold, the times of perfect repose, during which no breathing could be perceived, became much longer.

Within ten days of the time of its falling asleep the dormouse awoke and ate a little, food being provided on the shelf near him. He then went to sleep again, and continued to sleep and wake at about these intervals throughout the winter. As spring approached his sleep became lighter, until the warm days caused him to shake off his drowsiness altogether.

* * *

GREEN MOLD ON FRUIT.

THE housekeeper who finds a layer of gray-green mold covering her preserves when she removes the lid from the jar is so far from seeing anything interesting much less beautiful, in it, that she throws it away in disgust. But if she would examine it with a microscope, as the botanist does, she would find it a mass of fungous plants, with branches of delicate, frost-like tracery and as dainty and clean in the midst of decay as are the lilies in a stagnant swamp.

The mold that thus annoys fruit canners is the most common of the species. It grows in the form of a grayish-green mat, which gives off a fine dust consisting of millions of spores that correspond to the seeds of larger plants. The spores sprout in every direction on the surface on which they lie, and a little later the sprouts turn and grow upward.

* * *

ARIZONA'S BIG ICE CAVE.

SEVERAL years ago a man who was wandering over the lava fields in the pine woods, nine miles from Flagstaff, Arizona, discovered a narrow slit in the lava, which appeared to lead into a lateral and much larger opening. The slit was wide enough for a man to squeeze his way into it. At the bottom, about twenty feet from the surface,

a low chamber opened on one side, which was found to extend about 300 feet. At the further end the roof was high enough for a man to stand erect. It was in the month of August, a large bank of ice was heaped against the farther wall, but the rest of the cavern seemed to be dry.

In the following March the cave was visited again and found to be as full of ice as it could hold. It is now a source of ice supply for the hot months of summer. The ice melts away as the summer advances, but early in the season there is a large amount, most of which is now utilized. The ice is split into large pieces, hauled to the surface with block and tackle, and carried away by the cart load.

In this hollow under the ground the cold air settles in the winter months, producing temperatures below the freezing point. There are times during the winter when a good deal of water runs into the cave. This is frozen solid and as water continues to flow in it is added to the frozen mass until the cave is completely filled with ice.

There are similar ice caves in various parts of the world. One of them is in Iowa. The *Ice Trade Journal* recently published an account of deep crevices in the basalt, near Ehrenbreitstein, Germany, where the air, even in midsummer, is below the freezing point at night and ice is continually forming.

* * *

SPEED OF RUNNING WATER.

If we could be present at the birth of a rivulet we should find, in the vast majority of cases, that it arose out of a spring. However humble its beginning, in the course of time, by constant work, it would dig a bigger and bigger bed for itself, till at last it became a mighty river. A stream on level ground clearly does not run so fast as a stream on a slope. It has been reckoned that, with a speed of three inches a second, it will tear up fine clay; with a speed of six inches a second, it will carry off fine sand; flowing at the rate of twelve inches a second, it will sweep away fine gravel, and at three times this speed it will roll along stones as large as eggs. Thus it is easy to see how a tiny hillside burn can do great damage when it is in flood, for then it bears away even bridges and villages in its fierce rush, and lays miles and miles of field and meadow under many feet of water.

THE INGLENOOK

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Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

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Why is the Nook like a good natured person? Because it makes the best of everything.

* * *

INSTINCT.

INSTINCT is a good word for something we do not understand. It is a convenient term to cover up ignorance and is often misleading. Take the so-called instinct of insects, for example. The bee is ordinarily supposed to be a very intelligent part of creation. It is about as intelligent as a Waterbury watch. Catch an ordinary bee and put it into a glass jar, holding the closed end against a window-pane, leaving the outer end open. The bee will die struggling to get out through two thicknesses of glass, where the light is the strongest, and never thinks of exploring its prison.

In filling up a cell with honey it goes in head foremost, disgorges its honey, and then turns around and backs into the cell where it rubs off the pollen it may wish to deposit there. When in this act, if it is taken up on the end of a straw and put some distance away, it will return to the cell and go through the same maneuvers the second time,—going in head first, although there is nothing to disgorge, and then turning

around, and backing in again. If there is an opening of the cell at the bottom through which the honey may run out, the bee pays no attention to it, but goes on dumping its load after load all the same.

In the animal creation there is sometimes shown just as little intelligence in cattle trying to get in or out of a field. A dog will turn around two or three times before lying down on the pavement because certain of his ancestors thousands of years ago went through that motion in order to round out a nest in the grass or weeds. A squirrel in captivity in hiding a nut in the corner of its cage will go through the motion of covering it with leaves when there are no leaves in sight any way near.

Now and then there are exceptional cases among animals where it can be shown clearly that the action is not a blind one of an automatic character, and that intelligent reasoning from cause to effect does take place. At all events instinct is a very deceptive term, in the use of which we should be guarded when it comes to accounting for the actions of the lower orders of creation. Inherited automatism is not reason. The method of study for the Nooker is to note whether or not variations of effort to do a thing are noticeable.

* * *

Be good and you'll be happy; also lonesome in some crowds.

* * *

THE ZION MOVEMENT.

THE Zion Movement is an effort of the Jews being now considered, to buy the Holy Land and occupy it. At least settlement, if not entire purchase, is contemplated. The Nook does not think it is feasible. The area of the country is about 6,040 square miles and the number of Jews is legion.

Politically the Sultan owns the Holy Land and he would not sell it, nor would he be allowed to by other nations which would object on state grounds. There is not a state in Europe which has not its monuments and sacred places. Russia has erected churches and monasteries all over the land, and Germany is strongly in evidence. Would the Czar or the Emperor agree to the Sultan's summary turning over the whole land to an alien race of an opposite religion?

Bethlehem has become a Christian town, and its people would not give it up to the Jews on any grounds of an ideal, sentimental movement, based on racial and religious inheritances. The Jews recognize this, and have said they would not interfere. But what sort of a state would it be where the dominant party had within its domain the very elements of its destruction?

Then the Moslems themselves would not assent to turning over their shrines and sacred places to the Jews. As it now is soldiers have to be placed at the most frequented places to keep the rival factions from fighting. The wealthier Jews are not in favor of a state based on their religion, and, all told, the day of the realization of Palestine for the Jews seems remote indeed.

* * *

The editor has made a wonderful discovery. The sun has been getting up earlier of late.

* * *

BEING BUSY.

THE man who lets his business run him instead of managing his affairs himself, is not the right man for the place. There are endless people who get to singing the song "I'm too busy, haven't time," and they simply proclaim their infitness for the place that is too much for them. If one hasn't time for matters pertaining to his business he is generally to be regarded as unfit for the work. He has all the time anybody has, all the time there is, and if it is not long enough for the completion of his task his judgment was mistaken in the start when he undertook it, or he has frittered away his energies in a useless effort.

Everybody ought to be busy at something, but not to the extent of becoming rickety and untrustworthy. He is foolish to undertake more than the possible, and the habit of being driven instead of driving is about the worst thing that can overcome one. Yet nothing is commoner than the expression "I haven't time!" The answer ought to be "Get out of the way for some other person who knows better how to make use of the same time you have."

* * *

The Nooker may be every inch a gentleman and still not be very tall.

RAIN OF FEATHERS AND BLOOD.

At the Blue River Park, Kansas City, where the 8,000 pigeons set apart for the Grand American Handicap are being shot to pieces the ground around the traps and shooters looks, says a press correspondent, as though snow had fallen. It is covered with feathers, and with the falling feathers there is a rain of blood. All this in order to show the skill of a few men in shooting straight, and to exhibit the qualities of certain guns and brands of powder.

But what a disgusting spectacle, looked at from the standpoint of a manly man or a womanly woman. New York has decided, through its people and its legislators, that such spectacles shall not disgrace its fields any more. It has decreed against wholesale slaughter for sport. Such slaughter is not necessary; it is brutal and degrading.

The above is from the editorial columns of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, and the INGLENOOK says amen to it. Cruelty is cruelty, no matter under what name it is practiced, and it ought to be stopped.

* * *

The gospel of success is being preached everywhere now. The Nook rises to observe that goodness pays better in the long run.

* * *

Do not forget to visit the INGLENOOK headquarters while at the Annual Conference, at Harrisburg. We would be very glad to make the personal acquaintance of every member of the NOOK family, as we expect to be present if our life is spared.

* * *

"I will do what I can to make the NOOK the very best magazine in America."—*E. L., Iowa.*

That's the talk, and it's just that kind of people who have made the INGLENOOK what it is. Hurrah for the live NOOK family!

* * *

The Nook room, at this writing, is fragrant with orange blossoms, the gift of an appreciative reader out in California. Thanks for the pleasure they have given. When the blooms have withered a fragrant memory will still live.

THE LOCUSTS, SO-CALLED.

THIS is locust year, and for the benefit of our natural history Nookers we will say something about the coming invasion of the locust. Locust is not the correct word for this insect, although it has become so engrafted on our speech that it is difficult to oust it. The insect is really a cicada (*ki-kay-da*), and one of about five hundred species known to science.

The periodical cicada we are writing about, or the locust as ordinarily known, is a remarkable insect in many ways. It is the seventeen-year locust; and the actual facts are that it does require seventeen years from the egg to the insect. The crop of cicadas that will appear this year is the result of the army of insects that was with us in 1885.

Now, in order to get at this matter intelligently, in the year 1885 the millions of insects each laid hundreds of eggs in the green twigs of trees. After a couple of weeks had elapsed these eggs hatched out the little baby cicadas which fell lightly to the ground and burrowed out of sight. Each one kept burrowing until he came to the rootlets of the tree and there he fastened himself and lived and waxed fat on the juices of the root. He was probably about two feet under the surface, and at first was about the size of a small bird-shot, but he gradually grew in this absolute solitude year after year for seventeen years, and, at the time this article is being read by the Nook family, there are millions of them getting ready to come out of the ground the latter part of May.

It is not known what mysterious influence is at work to tell the cicada that it is time to get to the surface, but for all that about the 15th or 20th of May the army will begin to come out. Now, the Nookman would like the Nook family to keep open eyes and see a sight that will not happen again until we are all seventeen years older.

The Nookers who live west of the Mississippi River will not get to see it at all, but there will be a chance in Indiana, the western part of Ohio, the southern part of Pennsylvania, Maryland, the northern part of Virginia, and the adjacent territory to see this most wonderful and interesting thing in natural history. The Nookman would like to have a number of bright boys and girls take notes of this and send in the results of their

observations. Here is the way they will have to go about it and what they will see.

There can be no given time set when the insects will come to the surface, but from the middle of May to the last of the month, depending upon the location of the Nooker. The farther south the earlier, and the farther north the later they will appear. Now, the way to go at it is to select some apple tree, or other tree where the ground is open, and keep watching this just as the sun is going down. The whole thing will happen between sunset and nine o'clock. As soon as the sun has gone down, if the time has arrived, thousands and thousands and thousands of these brown insects will come out of the ground and be scrambling to the nearest tree, weed, pole, stump, or fence. In some places there are so many of them that the ground will be literally alive and covered. By selecting two or three likely places and watching for them just after sunset one can tell where is the best point of observation, and by calling one to another you can meet together and watch the operation.

As soon as one crawls out he will go up the first tree, or plant, and there fasten himself and proceed to get out of his shell. In a very short time the shell will split down the back, the insect will hump itself and pull out of it. What you will see is apparently a creamy white worm with pinkish eyes and heavy eyebrows. On each side of its neck are two fin-like arrangements that almost resemble ears. Now you must watch one particular insect.

These ear-like appendages will begin to swell and expand, and before you have time to realize it they will grow out into long, beautiful, transparent wings with white veins. It is only about twenty minutes from the splitting of the brown shell until the wings will have grown in full. During the night-time the insects will turn the dark color that characterizes them during their brief stay on earth, so you will have to watch for their transformation in the night time.

The insect when grown will live about five or six weeks. They hardly ever eat anything and rarely fly, except to change location when frightened and it is not an easy thing to scare them.

It will not be long after their wings are grown until Mr. Cicada will begin his singing. Mr. Cicada is a quiet insect and it is the gentleman of the household that makes all the music. He does

not do it with his mouth, but on the under side and near his waist line is a pair of small inflated drums. These he flops in and out just as you would flop in and out the bottom of a milk can to make a noise, only the cicada does it with inconceivable rapidity.

After the eggs are laid the cicada will finally die in a few weeks, and that is the last you will see of them and their children for seventeen years to come. Wherever it happens that a young tree has been planted in the locust section the chances are that a great deal of damage will be done. But nobody west of Elgin need have any fears, for it is doubtful whether the locusts will get as far west as this section. They, however, may appear here. In Indiana, Southern Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Northern Virginia, the people will be sure to see them.

Nobody need be at all afraid of a locust. It cannot sting, will not bite, and never was known to hurt anybody in good health. There are some people so constituted that the bite of a mosquito or fly will poison them. To the few such probably the unintentional sting might cause trouble. But in the main they are no more to be dreaded than the common house flies.

Now, will some of our intelligent observers please note the birth of the insect under ground and write it up for the Nook? Be sure you are not guessing and that you are exact.

One thing more. Instead of being afraid of the locusts if you live near a stream where there are fish, catch a tin can full of the insects, take your rod and line and transfix a good, big, fat one on the hook, throw in and you will be astonished with your luck if there are any fish about.

+ + +

True philanthropy should be measured, not by what we give, but by the amount of self-sacrifice attending it.

+ + +

YOUR GASOLINE STOVE.

SINCE the introduction of the gasoline stove almost everywhere there has been a corresponding increase in the number of fires and accidents to their mismanagement. A great many people are mortally afraid of gasoline, and with good reasons too. The writer has heard it said that at

least sixty per cent of the fires here in Elgin originate from the mishandling of gasoline stoves, and from the words of an expert we glean the following that cannot but be of interest to all who have to use the inflammable stuff.

In the first place it is a by-product of kerosene, produced in the operation of refining the crude oil. It is cheap and is effective, and therefore widely used, and is likely to be of still wider application.

A great many of the fires originate in the attempt to fill the tank while the stove is burning. Some of the gasoline runs down the tank rod and the fire is started to burning. The flame runs up the rod and gets into the tank. Right at this juncture most people get scared out of their wits and start to carry the stove out of the house. Naturally this jolts the oil and causes it to splash out, resulting in burns on those with whom it comes in contact. On the contrary, instead of carrying it out, those who know best say that if it were simply allowed to burn it would flame up like a torch and burn itself out without any trouble.

What really causes an explosion by gasoline is not the burning of the gasoline itself but the gas generated by it. This gas is heavier than air, never rises but always sinks, and never explodes until it has absorbed a certain proportion of air. If there is a tank of it in the cellar and the tank leaked and gas was formed most people would be afraid to go into the cellar with a candle, thinking it would certainly result in an explosion. The actual facts are that the cellar might be half full of it and if the light were held above the level of the gas there would be no explosion at all. Ordinarily the gas lurks in the corners and in the lowest places, lying level like water, and it is in these corners that the man exploring with a candle or a lamp to find the leak sets off the gas because he prowls around the corners and low places with an open flame.

If there is a barrel of gasoline in a burning building one would naturally suppose that when the fire reached the gasoline there would certainly be an explosion, yet there would be nothing of the kind. It would simply burn. If it is remembered that an explosion is caused by a mixture of air and gas there would be no danger of an explosion.

In case of a stove catching fire, instead of be-

coming confused and frightened, the best thing to do is to stand back and let it burn itself out. There would be no explosion at all and no danger whatever if the burning fluid did not come in contact with the woodwork surrounding it. And there can be no explosion whatever until the gas has formed and is mixed with the air and then fired with a naked light. With ordinary care this is not likely to happen.

* * *

The more we study the more we discover our ignorance.—Shelley.

* * *

THE STORY OF SIF.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

AMONG the legendary myths of the ancient Norse people, there is none prettier than that of Sif, the goddess, or rather, personification of the summer growth of the fields. She was the wife of Thor, the thunder-god, before whose mighty hurtling hammer the frost-giants fled, giving place to the welcome season of sunshine and harvest.

Sif is represented as having beautiful, long, golden hair, (the grass), and one day the mischievous Loke, who was but another name for destructive summer heat, cut it all off, as we often see the grass dried and browned by the scorching summer sun. The gods, who are one and all personifications of the invisible forces surrounding mankind, were very angry, and threatened Loke with immediate death if he did not restore to Sif her beautiful head-covering.

Frightened and repentant, Loke went down underground to the workshops of his friends the dwarfs, who are the hidden forces of the lower earth, and got them to spin for Sif, out of their mysterious resources, new and still more luxuriant golden locks. So, when the people saw the fields newly clothed with waving green, at each recurring summer season, they used to say: "It is the bright hair of Sif restored to her again."

In the old myths and legends, there found expression the grand and rugged strength of the Norse people, and of their surroundings of wild stormy sea and solemn mountains as well. Their heathen deities were very dear to them; but they knew, from the teachings of their Eddas, or in-

spired writings, that the mystical beings they honored would sometime die and be lost to them forever, in a mysterious and gloomy time called Ragnarok, or the "Twilight of the Gods." They knew, too, from the same source, that another would come in their stead, and remain, a teacher and representative of the one Supreme Creator of all things, whose name, through reverence, they never ventured to take upon their lips.

So it proved, too. The people of that wonderful, faraway land, though they still love to relate their wild old legends and myths, yet they hold them as myths only, for they have been followers of the religion of Christ for many centuries.

Elgin, Ill.

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The far-seeing, clear-visioned man of action is the bulwark of modern advancement.

* * *

GEROMINO AGAIN.

BY N. R. BAKER.

WHEN Geronimo was first brought from Florida he was not taken direct to Fort Sill but was kept four years at Mt. Vernon, Ala., near Mobile. Here was an army post and the notorious chief, and his tribe of about 400, were ensconced in modest two-room cottages just outside the wall.

They had been removed to Florida so as to isolate them from their wild western environments. But the difference in elevation, the rain fall, or other causes, made them succumb so rapidly to disease that their removal was imperative.

While at Mt. Vernon Geronimo was appointed a Justice of the Peace by the governor of the State. This was to enable him to govern his people consistent with the laws of the State. In true southern fashion he was called "Judge Geronimo." His cottage contained a porch, while the others did not. Thus was his royalty and dignity recognized by the government.

In the pine woods of Alabama, around Mt. Vernon, to this day many a child is scared into outward show of goodness, at least, by its mother's threats of sending for Geronimo.

Whistler, Ala.

IMITATION BUFFALO HORNS.

THE days when white men traded pot-metal muskets and non-explosive gun-powder to the Indians for rich furs and valuable tracts of land have long since passed away, and it is now poor Lo's turn to retrieve his losses by swindling the pale faces at every turn. This he is doing with a degree of shrewdness and success that would put to shame the most accomplished buncoist in America. Colonel George E. Boos, chief of the census bureau printing office, states that out in Montana Flathead Indians are furnishing tourists and travelers with buffalo horns, made up into hat racks and other wall ornaments, which in reality are nothing more than ordinary cow horns.

The Flatheads have learned of dyeing ordinary cow horns a deep brown-black, in imitation of those of the buffalo. These they polish and make up into hat racks and other knick-knacks, which they sell to strangers, tourists, and people passing through the State on the transcontinental lines of railroads, and thus it happens that over half of the buffalo horns one sees in Eastern households are nothing more than those of the domestic cow. There is, however, a way of detecting the cheat that never fails, and which those contemplating a Western trip would do well to bear in mind.

The tip of a cow horn is exceedingly dense, hard and compact, so much so, in fact, that it resists all attempts at dyeing, and hence it is that in the bogus buffalo horns the tip is generally white, or lighter colored than the rest of the object, for the length of an inch, and sometimes more, from the tip downward to the base. Such is not the case in the true buffalo horn, which is as dark at the point as at the base. Buffalo horns are scarce these days, and hard to get, but the Indians have found a means of supplying the demand that indicates their shrewdness.

* * *

THE CENSUS OF HENS.

A CENSUS report shows that of the 5,739,657 farms in the United States 5,096,252 reported poultry. The total number of fowls three months old and over reported was as follows: Chickens, including Guinea fowls, 233,598,085; turkeys, 5,599,637; geese, 5,676,863; ducks, 4,807,358.

The numbers of nearly all these classes of poultry are smaller as reported in 1900 than in 1890, owing to the fact that in 1890 they reported all fowls of whatever age, while in 1900 only those three months old and over were reported.

The eggs produced in 1899 were 1,293,819,186 dozen, against 819,722,916 dozen in 1889. An increase in the number of eggs produced rather than an increase in the number of different kinds of fowls marks the opening of this branch of the industry. The value of poultry on hand June 1, 1900, was \$85,794,996; the value of poultry raised in 1899 was \$136,891,877, and the value of eggs produced in 1899 was \$144,286,158. The total income derived by the farmers from their poultry industry in 1899, representing the total value of the eggs produced, as well as the poultry raised, was \$281,178,035. This total makes the poultry industry one of the largest connected with agriculture.

The foregoing figures do not include any statistics of poultry and eggs raised outside of the farms and ranges.

Iowa leads the States in the number of chickens, including Guinea fowls, having 18,907,673. Illinois is second, with 16,600,728. Texas leads in the number of turkeys, with 648,671; Missouri is second, with 466,665. Kentucky leads in the number of geese, having 541,665. Missouri is second, with 428,307. Iowa raises the largest number of ducks, reporting 487,752; Illinois second, with 362,857. Iowa reports the largest value of poultry on hand June 1, 1900, \$6,535,464. Illinois is second, with \$6,415,033. Illinois reports the largest value of poultry raised in 1899, \$11,307,599; Iowa second, with \$9,401,819. Iowa reported the greatest number of eggs produced, 99,621,920 dozen. Illinois reports the second largest number, 86,402,620 dozen.

* * *

IN not a few of the granite cutting yards in Aberdeen, Scotland, female draughtsmen (or draughtswomen) are employed. This opens up a new field for female skill, and demonstrates once more that women are filling with considerable success avocations which formerly belonged exclusively to men. In England and France, if not in Scotland, lady architects are not uncommon, and display considerable skill in monumental drawing.

GOOD CLOTHING THAT GOES TO WASTE.

THOUSANDS of dollars worth of laundered shirts, collars and cuffs that have not been called for are burned or otherwise destroyed in Chicago every month. It is estimated that the linen thus consumed in the city in a single year amounts in value to \$231,000. Nearly \$14,000 worth was either burned or consigned to the rag heap during the last month.

"To successfully put them on the market," said a laundryman, "the articles would have to be assorted in sizes, and this would be impracticable, as they would have to be sold at a price that would not justify the trouble. In consequence they are taken out and burned, but in a short time the shelves are again filled with unclaimed packages. The value of these packages usually ranges from 30 cents to \$5.

"All bundles are kept on the shelves of the various laundries for sixty days, and if no one has called for and claimed them by that time they are thrown into a large basket and opened. If the shirts are in good condition they are given to tramps or turned over to the charitable organizations. The collars and cuffs cannot be disposed of in this way, and are usually burned. The question of disposing of unclaimed laundry is a constant thorn in the side of laundrymen in Chicago and other large cities of the country."

This heavy loss is due to the carelessness of the linen wearing public of Chicago. One laundryman who has been in the business here for years, and who has seen enough linen go to waste to clothe half the population of the country, said:

"The remarkable number of shirts, collars and cuffs left at laundries can be accounted for in several ways. Frequently strangers come to the city, send their soiled clothes to the laundry and hastily leave without calling for them. They rarely go to the trouble of sending back for them, and the package is consequently burned.

"Another reason is gross carelessness. A man often starts down town with a bundle of linen and leaves it at the first laundry he happens to see. He forgets where he left it and some poor laundryman is frequently the victim of abuse from an irate citizen who had never been in his establishment. I have callers nearly every day

who fiercely demand their linen, which they had left at some other place.

† † † A DOG HERO.

A NEW YORK bull terrier, named Boozer, the other day stopped a runaway team. Leaping at the heads of the flying pair and seizing the reins, the intelligent dog headed the horses into a fence and ended their long run.

Boozer's feat followed a serious collision between a trolley car and a carriage. Three ladies and a gentleman were on their way in a carriage driven by Patrick Bennett from the Manhattan Hotel to the Knickerbocker Theatre.

Bennett thought he had time to pass in front of a trolley car bound south and running fast. The horses cleared the tracks safely, but with a crash that was heard blocks away the car drove into the side of the carriage, carrying it about ten feet and pinning it against an "L" pillar. Through the door opposite the car, thrown open by the shock, the occupants were hurled into the street. Windows in the carriage were broken, showering glass upon the passengers.

When car and carriage drove together the horses snapped off the pole. The driver, thrown to the street, had lost the reins. Without restraint the horses plunged off.

William Sullivan, the proud owner of Boozer, was strolling up Broadway with the dog at his heels. Sullivan saw the frantic team coming.

Boozer, too, saw the horses, and was in the middle of the street in a second. His owner, fearing the dog would be injured, sharply called him. Boozer obeyed, but only for a second. Back to his master he went, but by that time the runaways were abreast of the dog, and Boozer yielded to the excitement.

With long, powerful leaps, the beast cleared the car tracks and was at the heads of the horses in an instant. They paid no attention to the dog at first, but Boozer kept jumping at their noses, barking savagely.

For two blocks this continued. Then the pace of the horses slackened and they were running close to the curb. The dog then caught the rein of the right horse near the bridle in his teeth giving it a firm pull. The horses swerved onto the sidewalk and against a fence. A policeman then caught the runaways.

JAPANESE HOUSES ARE COLD.

THE American people and the Russians are the only western races that really keep warm in winter. Still those who dwell in other countries admit that they have the same ideal by their inefficient effort to attain to it. The Japanese winter is most trying on account of its continual dampness, but the Japanese are content to remain cold. They make almost no effort to overcome it. The old "Bushido" (chivalrous) idea of the "samurai" (knights) was that it was effeminate to feel cold and such is their severe training that they do not really feel it as we do. The wearing of some extra "kimonos" and the use of a "hibachi" or brazier in which are a few tiny sticks of lighted charcoal are the only concessions to winter weather. With the "hibachi" they never pretend to heat more than their finger tips, which they hold over the coals. It is used when the house is entirely open. The houses, as everyone knows, are built of thin, light wood, and the sliding panels which serve for doors and windows have paper panes. They are as apt to be open as closed during the day.

The coolies wear thin blue cotton clothes and are always paddling through the mud. The store-keepers sit out in their open booths and the women go bareheaded about the streets. In the houses of the rich the still cold behind the closed panels is often more intense than that outside in the sunshine, where the air is stirring.

The schools and public buildings are equally frigid. It seems that the only warm things in Japan are the babies, who looked like bundles of gayly colored crepe, their round heads covered by knit caps. They slumber peacefully tucked down their mother's backs. The attempt to keep warm in winter is not entirely a "modern improvement," though it goes with western civilization. The Koreans do it very thoroughly, the Chinese to a certain extent. The Japanese, as a race, continue to scorn it as they always have done and this is merely one of a hundred examples which prove that the Japanese are still true to their traditions in their daily life and as yet little affected in the ordering of their homes by the ideas adopted from the west.

In spite of these qualities of easily aroused antagonism, of pride and Spartan ideals, the Japanese are an essentially gentle race — more so

than the Anglo-Saxons. Broils in which one man fights another are of rare occurrence. Blows are generally the preface of a death struggle. The woman may often suffer from the prevailing ideals of morality, but there are few wife beaters and the home atmosphere is almost always outwardly peaceful. It follows that a little true politeness on the part of the foreigner goes a long way and almost invariably meets with a warm recognition. You rarely appeal to the Japanese in vain. They are as quick to respond to an act of real kindness as they are to resent an act which has a tinge of arrogance.

+ + +

The greatest liar is he who talks most of himself.

+ + +

AMONG the birds that are living a higher life, it is the female bird who carries the hod during building time. The husband sits about on twigs and tells her how to do it. A woodpecker should be a very pariah among decent birds. The moment a woodpecker's mate gets through nesting, he tells her "to take her clothes and go" — then he establishes himself in the house she has built — and she goes and builds another for winter. She is fool enough to take another woodpecker to boss the job, if she can find one willing, but as a general thing all the male woodpeckers at that time are as comfortably provided for as their legitimate spouse, so she has to work without getting kicked for it.

+ + +

THE resistance of cedar wood to decay has long been famous, and cedar fence-posts often last for generations. A remarkable instance of the indestructibility of cedar has been noted in the State of Washington, where a forest of hemlocks, near Acme, has grown up over an ancient buried forest of cedars. The trunks of cedar, although lying in a moist soil, have been almost perfectly preserved for at least 150 years, the length of time that the rings of growth show the hemlocks to have been growing above their fallen predecessors.

+ + +

TEA was introduced into England about the middle of the seventeenth century. At first it was sold only in public houses as beer is now sold.

THE LIFE OF TWO LAMBS.

BY EMMA LANDGRAF.

In the year 1866, my brother, who lived on a farm near us in DeWitt County, Illinois, had a mother sheep with two lambs. The mother was sick and weak and so was one of the lambs. The other was very bright.

My brother, thinking that the weak lamb would die, carried it over to mother, and said, "I guess I will put an end to this lamb's suffering." But mother said no, that she would care for it. Soon its mother died and then mother cared for both the lambs. We fed them on cow's milk and kept them warm. They began to thrive and to nibble grass. They were tame and graceful and would play in the yard for hours, coming at our call. One day when I was playing with them my brother came over and asked me which I would rather have, the lambs or two dollars. I said I would rather keep the lambs.

Now, knowing that the lambs were my own, I named them Rosy and Posy. For a long time they were my only playmates, and precious ones they were. When it was time for me to come from school, you might see my pets coming to meet me. We were all happy to see each other.

Posy was a fat, chubby lamb with a black nose and one black foot, which she used repeatedly, stamping it and shaking her head, when she was very saucy. Rosy was very unlike her sister, being slender with a pink nose and white feet, and she was very gentle and quiet.

My lambs would come in the house, lie down behind the stove, follow me upstairs and everywhere I went.

We moved away and took the lambs with us. They enjoyed their new home. Their shearings brought me a big price as their wool was very fine. I still have a piece of it. Sad to say papa stopped farming and my little pets went the way of all good mutton.

Elgin, Ill.

* * *

HOW WOMEN EARN A LIVING.

BY A. E. WORKMAN.

I STARTED this life's battle with only a country school education, by teaching in the public

schools. After teaching six terms I took what cash I had saved and went to town with the purpose of obtaining a finished education. But being of delicate constitution my health failed, and I had to quit school with only a first-class certificate. I taught for a while at \$40 per month. I then married a poor man for love. You all know what that means,—a struggle for support.

After some years I found myself a widow with four little children. What to do for a living was now the question. I had not a dollar, but a fair sized stock-ranch, poorly fenced, some stock and a mortgage on the land. I now not only sold the best furniture, but my organ, the finest of my dishes, etc. Now, after some six years I am not only clear of the mortgage but have the land well fenced and very well stocked. I also see my way clear to give my children a good education. I feel that any woman can earn a living if she will only try.

Marcella, Oregon.

* * *

WILD FRUITS OF IDAHO.

BY JOHN M. PLANK.

IN Clearwater County, in northwestern Idaho, wild fruits are not very plentiful but include a variety of berries of more or less value. Best among them are the blackcap raspberries which excel in sweetness and flavor the cultivated raspberries. Next in abundance we have wild gooseberries, which though considerably smaller and more tedious to pick than the cultivated ones, are not so sour and make fine pies. Elderberries grow wild here but are not generally considered good for use. The Indians gather them and make elderberry wine and the result is "bad Indians" while the wine lasts.

Service berries grow on bushes that resemble hazel brush. These berries are black, about the size of gooseberries and have rather large seeds. They are very good dried and used with either dried gooseberries or dried rhubarb for pies.

Bears are fond of the service berry and in the fall of the year it is not uncommon to see bearsigns in the service-berry patches.

Huckleberries grow quite abundantly away up in the mountains and in huckleberry time, which is in July, many people take a week or two for an

outing and pleasure trip up in the mountains to pick them. These grow on low bushes and are excellent for pies, shortcake and sauce. In this country the wild fruits are not used very much on account of the abundance of cultivated fruits, and in most cases the wild fruits are hard to gather because of the density of the underbrush, steep hills and deep canyons.

Southwick, Idaho.

† † †
GHEE.

BY MRS. WILBUR STOVER.

THOSE of us who live in India find *ghee* one of the most common articles of food used by ourselves, and also by the people of India, except the poorer classes. Ghee is made by melting and boiling butter until it becomes clear. In this state it keeps fresh in our hot climate a considerable length of time, while butter soon becomes rancid. We use ghee for the most part for cooking purposes as lard is not used here, and for the table we use butter. But the Indian people are more fond of it, and often pour it over rice or bread or other food. We have often been urged, when dining with them, to have more ghee over our food. Few of us, however, relish as much of it as they would like to give us, for with them the more ghee they can give us the greater is the respect shown us as their guests.

The price of ghee usually averaged, in our locality, ten cents a pound, until the last two years since the famine it has been higher in price, as are many other foods. The working classes, and poor people, can not afford to use much ghee, and do not, except on special occasions, such as wedding feasts or feasts in memory of the dead. Then perhaps they go in debt for the bill of fare for one meal, more than they can repay by months of hard work and scanty living.

The cow is considered by the Hindus a sacred animal, so the products of the cow are also highly regarded. Ghee is often taken together with grains and spices as a gift to an idol. The l-shaped idol often has its ugly red face rubbed with ghee until it shines. Then a few flowers in a string forms a necklace and perhaps in the eyes of the poor, deluded Hindus it appears beautiful, but surely not to us.

Late of India.

HOW PEOPLE LIVE IN THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS.

BY S. L. GROSS.

I AM from the mountains of eastern Tennessee, and I know how most of the people live there. When I saw an article in a recent *Nook*, telling how the people in the Eastern Tennessee mountains lived I did not fully agree with it. I am now in Arkansas and I know how the people live here, and I never in my life saw or heard of a family using poplar chips and leaves for dinner plates. This may be true in instances, but I do not believe it to be general.

I know the mountain people and they are the happiest in the world. They enjoy more of life than anybody else I know about. They have plenty of good, cold water to drink, all kinds of fruit and everything else that is good in a wild game way. I know that there are poor folks in the mountains as well as anywhere else, but I have never seen a family, no matter how poor they were, that had only one cooking vessel.

The writer says that the men of the mountains are lazy. I guess there are about as many lazy women as there are men. I never saw a woman going to mill on an ox and I never heard tell of it. There might be a family here and there as poor as she said but I never heard of one.

Here where I am in the Arkansas Mountains is the finest fruit country I ever saw, and there are all kinds of fruit. The people are clever and hospitable. When you go to church a half dozen or more will ask you home with them and they always have enough to eat. They live in all kinds of dwellings but the houses all have windows in them. Both men and women are good looking and they are not lazy and it is the men who go to the mill.

I like to read the *INGLENOOK* and when anything is printed in it I believe it, but when I saw the article about the Tennessee mountains I thought it was a joke, so, I for one, having lived in the mountains the writer described, say I have never seen anything answering to her kind of people there.

† † †

THE longer a man remains a bachelor the more some sensible woman doesn't want to marry him.

The Q. & A. Page.

Of what nationality is Marconi?

Born at Marzabotto, Italy, in 1875.

❖

Is Prince Henry of Prussia married?

Yes. It's no use. Her name is Irene.

❖

When was the first American newspaper started?

In 1690, called "Publick Occurrences."

❖

Have insects intelligence?

Possibly of the grade known as instinct.

❖

What is cavassa?

A plant very rich in starch, grown in the South.

❖

Why are all poisons mineral in character?

The most virulent poisons are not mineral at all.

❖

What makes gasoline explode?

It will only explode when mixed with nine parts of air.

❖

Were all the ancient statues of white marble?

No, not at all. Some were in black and some were even painted.

❖

How did Cape Horn get its name?

So named by Schoulten, a Dutch mariner, born at Hoorne, North Holland.

❖

What is the greatest painting in the world?

Raphael's "Transfiguration" in the Vatican at Rome is generally so regarded.

❖

What is shoeblacking made of?

Generally of oil, molasses, lampblack, and perhaps some acid. Formulas vary.

❖

Why does cooking vegetables attract flies?

It is not clearly known. Cooking cabbage will attract bluebottle flies as nothing else will.

Is the abbreviation V. D. M., meaning a minister, allowable after a man's name?

Only when he is a preacher who does not know Latin.

❖

Two of us disagreed about an absolute and inflexible standard of morals. Does it exist?

The Nook thinks there is a highest ideal in Christianity, but no living, perpetual standard of morality in action.

❖

The Nook says mongrels are smarter than thoroughbreds. Why?

Mainly because the high breeding has been at the expense of the dog's freedom and consequent experience.

❖

What is the Greek Slave?

A perfect statue of a perfect woman done by Hiram Powers, an American. It is now in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, D. C.

❖

Are the small letters on the face of a watch printed there or done by hand?

All we have seen done was hand work. We refer to words, not figures. The artist does it with a small brush and a steady hand.

❖

Can I sell large snakes, common to my part of the country, Arkansas.

There is a pretty steady demand for snakes for exhibition and scientific purposes, but the Nook can not name a dealer. Get a city daily and look up animal dealers and write them. Reference is had to the people who sell monkeys, parrots, white mice, etc.

❖

I read of statues being unearthed in Italy. How do they come to be buried?

A good many were buried by their owners at the time of foreign invasion, to be dug up when danger had passed. Something happened to prevent, and they are stumbled on occasionally by accident. The invading hordes smashed things on general principles.



The Home




Department




THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER AND A NEW-FASHIONED ONE.

BY FRANCES KNAVEL.

THE new one simply does all the work herself and lets her girls do as they please. I heard a young girl remark not long ago, "I have a splendid mother. She does all the cooking, washing, making, fancy ironing, and makes my dresses, and I don't need to work at anything." The old-fashioned mother, when you went to visit her, would have her daughter out in the kitchen doing up the housework, getting a splendid dinner, while she would rest and talk with you. The old-fashioned mother would consider not only her daughter's welfare in the settlement of life's question, but would also have some consideration for the man she had captured, and not want to lumber up his premises with a child of hers who could not cook a meal or dust a room. She tried to train her girls into housekeepers and homemakers, and set them the example of looking well to the ways of their household, "eating not the bread of idleness." How careful they were of everything that nothing should be wasted or destroyed! Children were also taught to look out for their best clothes and not wear them to play or work at the house. Thus there would never be a time but all could dress up in plain, neat clothing, and present a pleasing appearance without spending so much cash as those do nowadays who buy everything made-up because it seems cheap, and obtained so easily that the inducement to save is gone and money too. Selfishness was conspicuous by its absence in the old-fashioned mother. The best room upstairs was selected for the guest-chamber, and the bed and bedding were all kept good as new for company to use, and the sheets came out of the drawer snow-white and spotless. What pride the young

housekeeper took in having everything in apple-pie order when her mother or mother-in-law came to see her! The parlor also was a haven for visitors and when opened and aired how fresh and inviting it looked, and the soul of the housekeeper had not been worried out of her by trying to keep it so when in constant use.

The up-to-date mother uses the best furniture and the best spring bed herself. The parlor is always open and the young folks make havoc therein. The young girl in her father's house would raise the roof if she could not have the very best of the land for herself. The old-fashioned mother carefully nursed her children through the measles, whooping-cough, sore throat, colds, bruises, cuts, burns, etc., without the aid of trained nurses or doctors. The old-fashioned mother was a helpmeet indeed.

Geistown, Pa.

• •

Good pastry can only be made when the ingredients are absolutely cold.

• •

SOAP should be kept for some time before it is used; it will then go further.

• •

To prevent the irons from sticking to starched linen, add a pinch of salt to the starch when mixing.

• •

FISH as a food contains much the same proportion of nutriment as meat, only in a much lighter form.

• •

FRESH grass stains can be taken out by saturating them with alcohol and then washing in clear water.

• •

PICKLES should never be kept in glazed ware, as the vinegar forms a poisonous compound with the glazing.

If a small box or jar filled with lime be kept uncovered in a cellar or pantry, the air will be found dry and pure.

To soften boots and shoes, wash over with warm water and then rub castor oil into them. This makes the boots soft and elastic.

TRY removing tar from either the hands or the clothing by rubbing well with lard and then thoroughly washing with soap and water.

If one ounce of alum be added to the water used for rinsing children's frocks, pinafores or petticoats, they will be rendered unflammable.

A LITTLE cayenne pepper, if strewn in the kitchen storeroom, will keep ants and cockroaches away. A cloth wet with cayenne in solution and stuffed into a mouse hole, will prevent the intrusion of these troublesome visitors.

AN easy and satisfactory way to remove dust from a painted floor is to wet a flannel bag, wring it out as dry as possible, put it on the broom and drag it in even strokes over the floor. All the dust will in this way be collected in one place, and can be easily taken up without leaving streaks of dust on the paint.

NICKEL-PLATING must be kept quite dry and polished. For this purpose use a chamois leather, which should be wound around the nickel and pulled to and fro. On no account use sand, glass, or emery paper. If it gets very discolored, clean with whiting or prepared chalk, mixed to a paste with water, to which a little ammonia has been added.

HORSE-RADISH SAUCE—GERMAN.

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE LANDGRAF.

ONE cup of soup stock, one-half cup of fresh grated horse-radish, one-half cup of dried currants, one small salt-spoon of salt and one heaping

teaspoon of sugar. Put all together and simmer till about like ordinary apple sauce. Serve with boiled meat.

Elgin, Ill.

ORANGE PUDDING.

BY ANNA R. STONER.

TAKE four large oranges, which, after peeling and seeding, cut in small pieces, add one cup sugar and then set aside. Into one quart of nearly boiling milk stir two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, softened with water; add the yolks of three eggs and when done let cool. Then cover over the oranges and make a frosting of the whites of the eggs, and one-half cup of sugar spread on top and brown in the oven.

Union Bridge, Md.

FRUIT SALAD.

BY MRS. MINNIE C. CHRISTOPHER.

TAKE one box of gelatine, dissolved in one pint of cold water, and add two pints of sugar, the juice of two lemons, and five pints of boiling water. Stir until dissolved and put in a cool place till it begins to set. Then stir in the following,—one can of grated pineapple, four slices bananas, one or more sliced oranges, a few white grapes and cherries to give it color.

Make the day before and set aside to harden. Pink gelatine may be used. This is to be served with the meat course.

Warrensburg, Mo.

TO CLEAN IVORY.

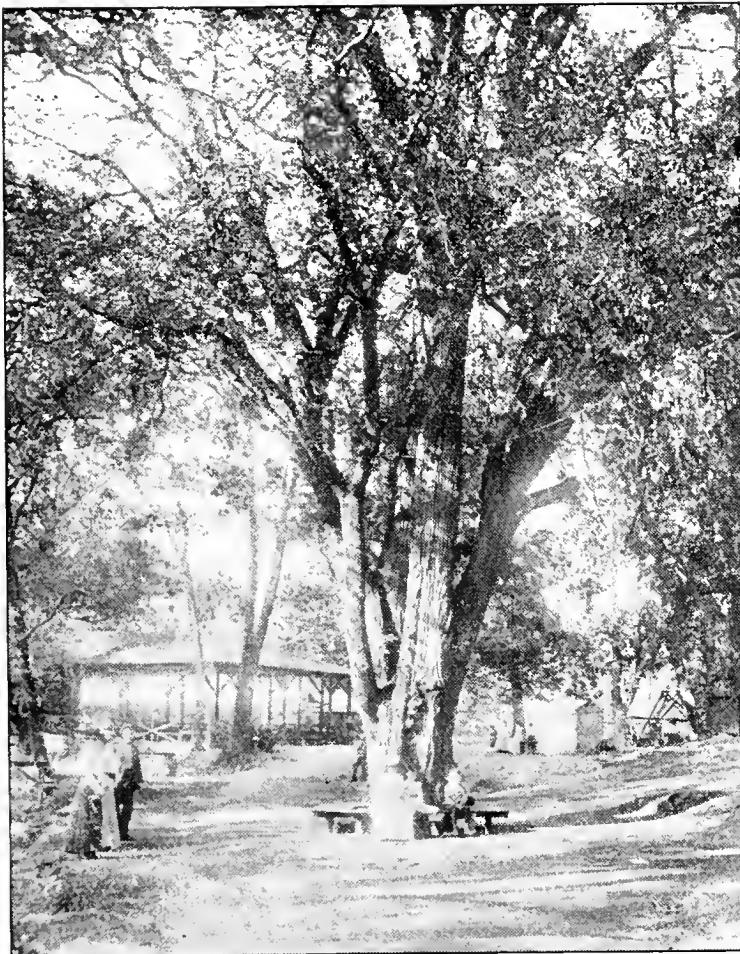
To clean ivory that has gotten of a brown or a blackish tint, dissolve rock alum in rain water, boil this and keep the ivory in the boiling solution for about an hour, taking it out from time to time and cleaning it with a soft brush; then let it dry in a damp linen rag, when it will be found thoroughly cleaned. Ivory is often bleached by the simple process of dampening it and exposing to the rays of the sun, a process which must be frequently repeated.

THE INGLENOOK

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A VIEW OF THE "BIG ELM" TREE

In Paxtang, said to be one of the finest specimens of elm trees in this part of the country.

A flower to the
ick is better than
bouquet to the
lead.

"I told you so," is
what the man who
never did know
says after the
event.

HARRISBURG.

HARRISBURG is the capital of the State of Pennsylvania, and is the chosen site of the coming Conference. It is a very old town and a characteristic inland city. It is situated on the Susquehanna River, a wide and shallow stream, with occasional islands here and there, and watching hills on either side. This is a romantic river and as the railroad above and below winds along the mountain's base one gets a very good view to where the river bends, and then, when at the curve, another vista presents itself.

One of the things that will strike our western brethren visiting here is the absence of the largeness and freedom in the western town. The western city is built openly and scattered far about, with a wide-spreading suburb. The eastern city, of some decades standing, is built out to the pavement and bears every expression of solidity and permanence. The builders do not seem to want to waste any space in open parks and breathing places. The city of Harrisburg is no exception to this but is a solid, Pennsylvania-German town. It is not by any means, the principal city in the state, although the capital of the commonwealth. On one side of it is the river and on the other the fertile fields of Eastern Pennsylvania. It contains many places of interest, some of which are presented in this issue of the INGLENOOK.

The site of the city was originally an Indian meeting place, called Paxtang, so when the Park was laid out they called it Paxtang Park. It is in this Park that the Conference meets and a better place could hardly have been found. It is about three miles from the center of the city to the Conference Ground. A trolley system will carry passengers from any part of the city right into the Park.

The place of meeting lies immediately on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, the station known as Paxtang being the entrance to the grounds. The Harrisburg Traction Company also runs into the grounds. And, doubtless, there will be endless numbers of private conveyances, hacks and the like, which traverse the Harrisburg and Hummelstown Pike.

The park itself is admirably arranged for our purposes. There are several springs on the ground and a large number of native forest trees,

some of which are said to be the finest in the country.

There will be much to see that will interest visiting brethren. There is the Capitol, now nearing completion, on the hill, and it will be a magnificent building. The surrounding grounds are beautiful, and home-like. In the public buildings there will be much of interest, and as they are all open during certain hours, there will be no infraction of rules in visiting any of them.

If any of our Western people care for additional trips when they are as far east as Harrisburg there are a number of them that may be taken. For a short one there is Lancaster City or York, both not far away, and the trip takes one through some very pretty farming country. The celebrated Cumberland Valley is readily accessible, and if one runs to towns and cities there are Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington, within a daylight ride.

Taking such a trip as that involved in going to the Harrisburg Conference may be made a very pleasant one if the visitors agree to make it so. In good company, with a clear conscience and a resolute putting behind of all care, with the determination of getting the best out of all that is going, there is no reason why the Annual Meeting trip may not be a memorable one.

* * *

FRANK'S LETTER TO THE NOOK FAMILY.

HERE in Portland we are just one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five miles from St. Paul, not as the crow flies but as the Great Northern runs. The people here will tell you that they have over a hundred thousand of population but the hard facts of the census of 1900 give them ninety thousand four hundred and twenty-six. However, what is a matter of ten thousand in population to a city like this?

While Portland is a city of the interior, rather an inland city, that is, not a sea port, it is one of the largest shipping places of the country. The flags of the merchant vessels from all parts of the world can be seen flying at the Portland docks. It is a mercantile distributing place for a very considerable portion of the country. It is on the "edge of the wood," for back of it is one of the greatest forests of America.

About fifty years ago it was nothing but

straggling city and now it is one of the most attractive places in the Northwest. It is the leading city of the State of Oregon, and is a strong competitor of Seattle, lying to the North in the State of Washington. If one expects to find the crude, raw and unformed west in Portland he is mistaken. There are beautiful parks, the largest of which is the City Park, and in the fashionable Nob Hill country there are perhaps more palatial residences than may be found in any sim-

They are found clambering over the laborer's humble home and enlivening the grounds of the millionaire. They perfume the air in their season most delightfully. I am inclined to believe, and Kathleen backs me up, that Portland is the prettiest city we have seen yet. In talking about this to a mutual friend we picked up in our travels, he smiled and said that Portland was a beautiful city but that we should wait until we got to Pasadena or Los Angeles.



A SCENE IN RESERVOIR PARK,

Located in East Harrisburg, owned by the City of Harrisburg, under a Special Park Commission.

Note the City in the Distance.

any city anywhere. At least there are more of them than are found in any of the cities or towns we have visited thus far.

Being so far north one would naturally suppose that it is miserably cold and unpleasant, but on the contrary its proximity to the Ocean with the warm Japan current makes it anything but a frigid country. It seems to Kathleen and me that the Portland people would run to roses. Roses bloom here from March to December.

We are farther north than our eastern home, which is just three thousand and twelve miles away, yet everything in the line of vegetation is so much farther on that it seems like another country. This is due to the Japan current with its warm water which influences this entire section of country.

When one stands on the bridge and looks across the city, the everlasting Mt. St. Helens with her snow cap gleams white in the sunlight

and makes a picture that when once seen is not likely to be forgotten. Neither Kathleen nor myself have become accustomed to the majestic grandeur of the mountains and when added to it is the eternal snow it is fixed in our minds as something life is not long enough to let us forget.

Down in the city proper, traversing Morrison Street, we find all the accompanying features of any great city, street car lines, skyscrapers, wholesale stores and a busy, surging mass of humanity representing every State in the Union. Taking one of the cable cars and riding to Portland Heights, a short distance back of the city, we would get a view of the entire city. One is further impressed with the fact that it is not all level ground in the immediate vicinity of Portland, although the town itself is mostly built on the level. Portland Heights is a place much frequented by pleasure seekers and sight seers. If any of our Nook family should visit the city of Portland they should not fail to take this trip to which we refer.

The Willamette River runs right through the city, is spanned here and there by iron bridges, and on its bosom majestically ride the steamships that will take one to the Hawaii or the Orient. Twelve miles from the city one comes to the Oregon City Falls. Oregon City Falls, as far as the river is concerned, is simply a large ledge of rock over which the river pours, and around which there is a system of canals and locks through which the shipping passes either way.

Thirty miles from this beautiful city is the snow-covered Mt. Hood, and although so far away its huge bulk makes it appear in much closer proximity from where one is looking at it in the open square.

Portland is one of the shipping points to the Orient. Down along the docks may be seen countless thousands of bags of wheat being loaded on vessels bound across the Pacific. All around the city, as a center, is a great lumber country and, of course, much of this is exported.

In wandering about the town the other day Kath and I came to a section, some blocks back of the river, that seemed to be a perfect Chinatown. The almond-eyed Mongolians in accordance with their gregarious habits had herded together in this one part of the city where they live upstairs and down and even burrow under the ground. We had been told that it would be just as well to defer

our exploration of these Chinatowns until we get to San Francisco, where I will visit them and Kath may go along if she wants to. The Chinese here have their stores, their Joss houses, and their other places of business. They completely take possession of the streets in their quarter. Exposed to view in their stores are queer China vegetables and other products imported from their far distant home even the names of which we do not know. A great many of them are employed as cooks, etc., in Portland homes and they make excellent servants.

One of the peculiarities of the country around Portland, and indeed, it might be said of all the Willamette Valley, is its exceeding fertility and productiveness. During the winter time there are a great many damp days when the sun is not visible and yet the temperature is such that plowing may be done, and often is done, every month of the year in the hill country. One of the characteristics of the agricultural surroundings of Portland is the fact that plowing and seeding can be done on the hills in the winter time when they cannot plow in the valleys below. The reason for this is that there is a somewhat excessive rainfall which makes the valleys and lowlands too wet for this work, while on the hills plowing can go on.

It may surprise some of our eastern Nookers in looking for Portland on the map and considering its relative position to the north to learn that there are only a few weeks each winter when the ground is frozen to any great extent. Snow may sometimes fall as much as three feet in depth. This amount of snow at home would probably be the foundation of a month's sleighing, but here the Chinook wind, that is the warm wind from the warmer ocean current, would cut into it and cut it down in a day, or less than that time. In fact what makes this entire country what it is is its proximity of the ocean and the Japan current. Without this current this country would be frightfully cold, but, as said before, as it is it is a city of roses and flowers.

Kath and I are going down through California where there are strange sights, though the many familiar INGLENOOKS lying around in the California homes will make the place seem not entirely unfamiliar. The Nookman says that one of the largest bunches of INGLENOOKS sent out through the mails goes to Los Angeles, California.

FRANK.

THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

Oh yes, I'm Jemima. I'm going on sixteen, and I am having the good time of my life. I'll tell the Nook family how good it is. In the first place, if there is any consultation among the members of our family, I'm of as much account as the rest. They consult her and me just as much, one as the other. When there is anything going on away from home it's "Jem" who stays at home. It's "Jem" this and "Jem" that until I'm sick of it all.

doesn't make any difference about Jemima. Jem's only a child—Jem doesn't understand.

The other day after Mr. Hutchinson's Johnnie had asked to come and see me I consulted Maw about it and she said, "Why, Child! at your age I wasn't thinking of such things at all. I had to work." Then I mimicked her and said, "Why, Maw! How old were you when you *did* think of such things?" Maw turned red and looked at Paw. Paw's awful rough at times and he fairly roared out, "Jemima!" and I walked out without another word. Maw was thirty-five, pretty near



THE CITY RESERVOIR.

Located in Reservoir Park.

have three sisters, Gwen, Ida and Barbara. She's the oldest, and she gets most all the new things. When they're scuffed they're made over by Gwen and then Jem gets them. Outside my Sunday clothes I haven't a rag but that's all. Gwen, Bab or Ida has had it. Ida had the business to ask me to break in a pair of shoes for her. I told her it was enough to have to wear them out when she was done with them. It

thirty-six, when she was married. I saw it in the family Bible at Grandma's.

My other sisters have beaux and I can sit in the back room or go to bed. When by accident I'm in the way and just have to be introduced it is always, "Jemima's the baby of our family," and I'm expected to act the part and get out of sight as soon as I can. Oh yes! I'm having the time of my life. If I do happen, by chance, to get any-

thing nice either of my sisters thinks it her right to take it and no words about it. Jemima's only a child!

When the INGLENOOK comes, Pa says, "Jemima, here's your little magazine," and then he sits down to read it through. The moment he puts it down Bab grabs it and when I do get it from her, Ma says, "Jemima, dear, let your mother see the Nook for one little moment. There's something in it I want to see." Then she sits down and begins on the first page, and "dear Jemima" can sit down with her doll rags and wait.

If I ever have children to raise the youngest is going to be the same as the oldest. No I don't mean that—the oldest is going to be the youngest. No, nor that either. You know what I mean. There's going to be no difference in their ages.

The only thing Gwen and Bab can't take from me is my complexion, and, yes, my hair. They'd do it if they could, and I'm having the good time of my life. Only the other day Maw said, "Jemima, dear, at your time of life with all your advantages, life ought to be a bed of roses." Oh yes, roses! And I had twenty cents in my pocket and couldn't get down to the store where I could get a pound of beautiful candy and have a nickel over. I didn't say anything, but you know one can't help thinking.

* * *

*Love does for nothing what
many a man wouldn't do if paid for
it.*

* * *

TEA MANUFACTURE IN AMERICA.

A BRIEF summary of the routine followed at Pinehurst, South Carolina, will give an idea of the interesting process of tea-making.

First in importance is the picking of the tea-leaves, which is a careful and delicate operation performed mostly by colored children who are carefully taught the art. They earn from twenty to fifty cents a day, and have the advantages of a free school.

The various grades of tea are determined by the leaf which is picked from the tender shoots on the branches of the plant, and each leaf of the shoot is named. The tender leaf at the tip is called the Flowery Pekoe; the small leaf next, the Orange Pekoe; the third larger leaf, Pekoe;

and these three leaves furnish Pekoe tea. So chong tea is made from the next two leaves of the shoot. They are larger and more mature and are known as the first and second Souchong.

The leaf-plucking varies somewhat with the season and is so carefully conducted that often from a young and tender plant only the leaf bud and the next following leaf are pinched off between the thumb nail and forefinger.

The tea leaves are taken from the field in baskets to the "withering lofts" in the factory. In the manufacture of black tea the first step is that of "withering," which is a preparation for rolling. A great amount of space is necessary for the drying and withering of even one pound of tea and this is partially obtained by means of cloth trays which, loaded with leaves, are submitted to a mechanical contrivance which exposes them to hot air. When sufficiently withered, the leaves are rolled by machinery, the bad leaf removed, and, after being left to the oxidizing influence of the air for a while, they are "fired" in a drier, and the finished tea is then weighed and boxed for shipment.—*Pearson's Magazine for March*

* * *

*The royal road to wealth is paved
with industry and frugality.*

* * *

GOATS ARE HER PRIDE.

MRS. MARY ARMER, of Kingston, Ariz., is the proud possessor of one of the largest goat ranches in the United States. Her fad is the raising of Angoras, in which she has met with remarkable success and from which she derives an income that makes her one of the richest women in the southwest. She attended the goat and sheep show at Kansas City a couple of weeks ago and went about with the goat and sheep raisers with as much interest in goats and everything pertaining to them as the biggest goat raiser among them. She brought with her a fine lot of fleece youngsters she had raised herself on her ranch in Arizona and she sold these at a good price.

Mrs. Armer comes from a part of the country where the Angora goat is as much at home as a cat on the Isle of Man. It is a goat country. There is a great deal of acreage which is of no value as pasture for these thin-chinned grazers, for whom the grasses cannot grow too short.



SCENES IN RESERVOIR PARK.

This park is free for everybody. During the summer months free band concerts are given one evening each week. This place is much frequented by the people of Harrisburg.

or too tough. There are many thousands of goats in the neighborhood of Kingston. Mrs. Armer alone has 1,000 of them. She is one of three women in that part of the State who have engaged in the goat industry and is the best known, having the largest flocks and attending the goat and sheep shows as an exhibiter, seller and buyer.

The extent to which Mrs. Armer invests in thoroughbred stock is indicated by two purchases she made at the show. She took a buck at \$1,050 and a doe at \$220, both fine animals for her Arizona flocks.

"I went into goat-raising for two good reasons," said Mrs. Armer. "I wanted to make money, and goats are a profitable stock in our part of the country. I started twelve years ago. I had at first but a few Garst goats of the Peters flock. These were well-known goats in the south west a few years ago. I have increased my flock until I have now 1,000 goats. I brought 100 does to Kansas City with me and sold them all.

"I am not the only woman in Arizona engaged in the goat industry, but I am perhaps more extensively engaged than anyone else. We have two other women in the business at Kingston, but they have about 300 goats and do not come out to the market and shows.

"I went to Kingston when it was a silver mining camp. My husband was a miner. I have been married twice and have raised nine children, principally by my own efforts. I am now in a position to handle my own stock in numbers and deal in the finest thoroughbreds. I have made some purchases here this week that will enable me to appear next year with some youngsters which will win ribbons."

* * *

Tenderness actuated by regret is generally applied more as a salve to our own wound than anything else.

* * *

TAMING WOLVES.

THE Chicago News tells of Bert Decker, a young wolf hunter of Tuscola, Ill., who would delight animal-lovers by his skill in developing the capabilities of the wolf in being tamed and trained. His success has been such as to attract

the notice of persons in several sections of the country. The other day he got a letter from Boston asking for a picture and making inquiries about his pair of young gray or timber wolves, which he captured when they were mere kittens and has brought up to an unusual state of intelligence. After digging them out of their den he soon tamed them and they began to do his bidding in a variety of tricks.

Decker says the young wolves when brought up and trained in town behave themselves commendably and seem to lose at least some of the tastes that nature gives them, but the moment they are allowed to nose around in a farmer's yard there is trouble. Feathers begin to fly and everything with wings is driven to a high perch.

Decker undertook to train wolves to hunt. They developed wonderful acumen in this respect. They would raise a rabbit from a brush pile, run him down and bring the game to their master. They readily obeyed Decker's call and would trot along at his heels, ready to obey his further orders.

The locality is a famous haunt of wolves. For years there was an annual drive that attracted the sporting element from a large Illinois territory and from neighboring States. The hunts were attended by representatives of the city papers and hundreds of columns were wired to metropolitan newspapers.

* * *

Conventional considerations often gall and bind us, yet we yield without protest to their essential laws.

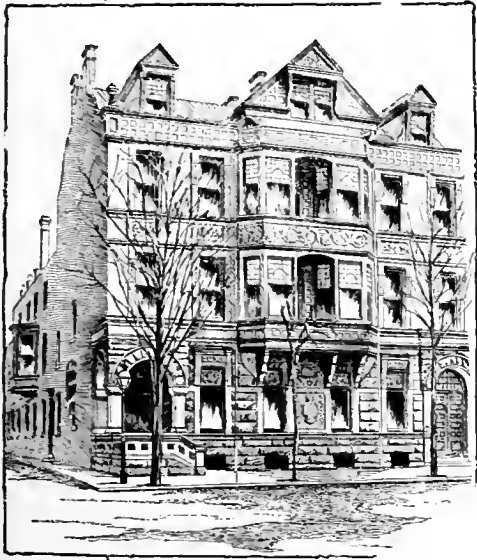
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THE SOCIAL SIDE OF IT.

Did you ever stop to think of the social side of our Annual Conference? In order to understand it clearly it must be remembered that the church in its geographical distribution is almost wholly the result of emigration. People went westward and still farther westward until they have reached the shores of the Pacific where they have spread north and south along the ocean. There has been but limited emigration southward and consequently there are but few of our people who are found in the Southern States. Naturally the people in Iowa and all other western states have their friends back east. They are acquaint

ed with all the people with whom they are related, though a thousand miles intervene. These take advantage of the Annual Meeting to visit the old homestead and meet old friends. The man who went west last year to Lincoln, Nebraska, saw many of his acquaintances and relations. This year they will see him and his kin at the Pennsylvania Meeting. Thus it comes that the social reunion side of our Conference has an enormous value.

The railroads issue tickets good for going and coming and include only the meeting, but the uni-



GOVERNOR'S MANSION.

Located at Front and South Streets, Harrisburg.
The official home of the Governor
of Pennsylvania.

ersal demand for a longer period of time to allow friends to visit one another and meet old acquaintances is fully recognized in the extension of me given the Brethren.

It would be hard to tell which is of the greater value—the real work of the Meeting, that is, the official work done, or the handshaking and the meeting of friends who had not seen one another for a year. And this is all right too. Life is hard enough in its ordinary phases and it is well that people take a week off. And in no better way could they spend it than in the interchange of thought and the recalling of old days when we were all younger.

PROFESSIONAL shoppers are employed by a large London firm of drapers to test the ability of shop assistants. This firm owns over thirty large shops, and employs nearly one thousand assistants. To find out whether every customer is politely served, a number of women customers are employed to call at the various shops. They are told to give as much trouble as possible, and sometimes to leave without making a purchase after looking at nearly everything in the shop.

✦ ✦ ✦

HATTIE EBERLY, Garden City, Mo., writes a belated natural history story about a bird that would sing outside in a tree while she sang about her work. When she stopped the bird would stop, and when she began again the bird would begin. There is nothing very unusual about this. The writer of these lines has heard the mockingbird at night repeat the notes whistled by someone near at hand. It is rather a case of automatic imitation than of an attempt to rival the singer's music.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE wild duck, the hawk and the sea gull while in flight over long distances, usually remain at an altitude of from six hundred to fourteen hundred feet. If they pass below the level of the highest flying kite of a tandem line the fact is easily discerned by allowing for perspective. The kite measurements are relatively accurate, because during the prolonged flight of thousands of wild ducks the kite string can be hauled in and paid out until the altitude of the ducks is exactly measured by the altitude of the kites.

✦ ✦ ✦

REFERRING to our youthful Pennsylvania Nooker's account of spinning flax Mrs. A. J. Thomas, of Indiana, writes the INGLENOOK that she has a homemade linen towel that has been in the family nearly a hundred years. It was made near Boston, Mass., not long after the Revolutionary War. It has a knotted fringe and the name of the maker in sampler stitch. Mrs. Thomas says she intends to present it to a coming bride as a wedding gift; and it ought to make a very acceptable gift.

NATURE



STUDY.

HOW PLANTS GROW.

IN the last issue of the INGLENOOK we discussed the question of cultivated plants running out, as the phrase goes. In this talk we want to say something about the evolution and the natural selection of plants.

It is one of the characteristics of all plants that they produce infinitely more seed than there are possible opportunities for the development of plants. If every seed that matured grew and developed into a plant the world would soon be a tangle of vegetation unfit for the habitation of man. But the facts are that a very few of them survive.

The course which nature takes in natural selection of plants is the survival of the fittest. Take, for illustration, an oak tree covered with acorns. There will be on the tree an infinitely greater number of acorns than there will ever be oak trees, and the acorns will differ in size and quality. Some of them will be much larger than others and, all things being equal, these stand the best chance of survival. When they ripen they will fall to the ground and those that escape the ravages of bird and animal and find lodging in the ground germinate and make the start of the plant, or a tree. But there are countless conditions that militate against the development of the acorn into a plant, such as the weather, accident, and the like. And as these come to all alike the weaker specimens are not able to pull through, and give up the struggle, while the stronger ones survive and develop into healthy trees. In other words out of a whole lot of plants some of them will be so well equipped that they will survive, while others, either of poorer material or different surroundings, fail. This process results in the propagation of only the strongest of the species, and the operation is known as natural selection, or, in other words, the survival of the fittest. The weak go to the wall while the strong live. It is a mistake to imagine that in the

vegetable world there is no competition and no struggle for existence, for there are infinitely more plants than there are animals and there is that much more struggle for existence and survival. Of course it is not a matter of intelligence or perception on the part of the plant, but the fact still remains that in the forest, along the roadside, in the field, and in the garden is a perpetual struggle for existence and a rivalry to appropriate available nutrition. It is the robust and strong that survive while the weak perish. There are no moral issues in the matter. It is a case of take who can, and keep all that can be had.

And now we come to where man steps in and from the best of what he finds in the wild state he takes therefrom and perpetuates it, and thus propagates a new variety. It is thus that the Concord grape was given to the world. And, while it may not be generally known, yet nothing is truer than the statement that every established variety of grain, vegetable, or fruit was at one time a single specimen and a novelty in the plant world. It is a little hard to conceive of the Concord grape being a novelty, for everybody has it all over the country. Yet there was a time, and not so very long ago, when there was but one Concord grape in existence, and out of that single specimen, by propagation and assistance from man, every Concord grape in the world sprang.

There is not much difficulty in repeating this process at any time anywhere. In many an old orchard is an apple tree, a seedling, bearing apples of excellent quality known to all the family, and possibly to the entire immediate neighborhood. Yet the tree is often allowed to die without an effort being made to perpetuate it. Its evolution into a good apple ceased with the plant itself. If man had stepped in and taken its grafts and perpetuated it a new variety might have been spread over the country.

This thing of evolution in a single specimen unique from its fellows is sometimes called a sport. They are continually occurring. It is the wise Nooker who will see whether or not they

can be perpetuated. Thus, for some cause unknown to us, the branch of a geranium may be colored different from the parent plant. This shoot is called a sport, and it is just possible that by taking a cutting from it the product may be perpetuated, and if of sufficient commercial importance there is no end to its division and distribution.

Most farmers unconsciously apply the principles of natural selection when they lay by the largest ears of corn for seed. And if they applied this principle to everything around that grows, and did it intelligently, there would soon be a vast improvement in every form of economic vegetable life.

* * *

HOW A BOA EATS.

THE snake is built especially for eating things much bigger than he is. Give a snake a whole kitten and he will proceed to put it down his throat. The snake has two sets of upper teeth, both sets pointing in. He has a set of lower teeth, also pointing in. Inside there is a toothy lining, and even his palate has teeth pointing in. Once start a kitten upon the downward path and it is doubtful if even the snake could dislodge the kitten.

When the snake sees its prey—say the kitten—it writhes and wriggles its way toward it. Suddenly out darts its head and the kitten, who has been watching the moving mass, finds itself in a big dark hole. Thousands of needles, all pointing from the back, are pressing into its body, and there is a big, throaty cavern ahead, all lined with needles, that seem drawing it onward like quicksand. It is impossible to retreat, impossible to do anything, even to scratch, and the snake, feeling the great lump within, keeps swallowing and working the needles, while the kitten is driven remorselessly onward and inward.

Pretty soon, imbedded and drowned in saliva, it finds itself in a long, narrow tunnel, the snake's body, and the snake, feeling its throat empty, stops and the kitten sinks into its long sleep.

Naturalists, who know many unnatural things, say that death is painless and that the snake, just before he takes the animal in his mouth, stings it gently with its poisonous fangs and kills it so that there is no suffering, and the kitten dies without a pang, not feeling as much as the qualm of a pulled tail.

To accomplish this miracle the snake not only has sharp teeth pointed in, but a hinged jaw. Its jaws are not set in a bony structure, capable of dislocation, but are sort of hinged at each side in an India rubber way, so that there is a ligament which is capable of stretching.

Besides this the snake can give its jaws a rotary motion and so open and twist them very wide. There is no telling just how widely its jaws can separate, but it has been known to swallow a large dog with apparent ease, while as for rats and chickens, it takes them without winking.

* * *

A BANYAN TREE.

BY LAURA PECK FISHBACH.

THERE is a banyan tree growing at Key West, Florida, and it is the only one in the Western Hemisphere as far as is known. The banyan tree is a native of the East Indies and Ceylon. It grows to a great height and branches widely. It has entire heart-shaped leaves which terminate in acute points. Every branch from the main body throws out its own roots. At first these are simply tended fibers several yards from the ground. These roots grow thicker and longer until they reach the surface of the ground and strike in and take roots, and these become parent trees.

This new division of the massive tree continues to throw out new branches from the top, which again, in time, send out their roots. This is repeated again and again as long as soil and proper nutriment are found.

It is an interesting sight and, as before remarked, is the only one of its kind in America.

Beatrice, Nebr.



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*A chance opportunity often
makes a man known to himself.*

* * *

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Do you ever stop to consider that few people, readers of the Nook, would hesitate to answer affirmatively if asked whether they understood English? Understand English? Of course! But it is only the approximate understanding after all. There are about 250,000 words in a standard dictionary, and it is an ordinarily smart man who knows 10,000 of them. There are numerous people who know not more than 500, if even that many are at their command.

Pick up an English work on electricity, a botanist's description of a plant, and a trade description of millinery, and they are not understood at all by the average reader. Why? Because the flexibility of the language is such that it is adapted to infinite expression, and universal demands of trade, science, and common thought, as well as higher metaphysics. Nobody gets it all.

A good many people make the mistake of thinking that effective writing consists of an extensive vocabulary. The opposite is true in practice. The writers and speakers who go to the spot direct, who nail their ideas with words, and

who do it the best, are successful because they use the fewest and simplest wording. That is the secret of their art, given, of course, the primary idea.

Shakespeare had no thought common men of to-day have not, but it is in the telling, the phrasing and the grouping, that he did the trick that stands to-day a living wonder of expression. If our rising literary people will learn to be simple, direct, and avoid useless stringing out they will be successful just in proportion to their ideas of brevity and fitness between words and ideas.

* * *

*Memory is the tax-gatherer of
the past.*

* * *

GETTING AT THE GOOD.

It is said that a French cook can take the leftovers of the average American family and construct a palatable and nutritious meal, and perhaps it is largely true. What we want to urge upon our people this time is the application of the idea to the affairs of everyday life.

There is much of happiness that lies so close to us that we fail to notice it. There is good in pretty nearly everything, if we will only stop to notice it. It is in the little, neglected things, that real happiness roots. An intelligent walk in the woods or an hour in a rustic seat in a garden is better than a day at the circus. A great many, having the capacity to know do not understand this condition, while, unfortunately, there are others who prefer the poster on the dead wall, with its glowing colors to the line engraving.

After all it is in the things just around us that happiness is to be found, if we seek the best of life. It may not seem so, but it is true. The diamond in the rough and the gold in the rock may not seem to be there, but the miner knows better. So the best of life is within reach if we really care to have it.

* * *

*Life is too short to be wasted in
hatred and petty worries.*

* * *

WHO IS SUCCESSFUL?

It all depends on what you call success. A man may have made money, and so be called suc-

cessful in a financial way. He may have attained position, but whether it is real success depends on how he did it. But to stand well, and finally so, in the face of difficulties, attaining the highest ideal common to men, and doing it honestly,—that is success.

It is said that this opportunity comes to all of us, at least once in our lives, but, unfortunately, most of us are away from home when the chance comes our way. This element of chance aside, there is no such thing as luck. A man may have merit and fail, but nobody ever really and truly succeeded without some abiding merit.

If the 'Nook were to define a successful person it would say that it was he who did the greatest good to the most people, in the best way. This cuts out no man. The ditcher in the field did the best that was in him and he was therefore successful. The men who can build a steamship, make a railroad, write a book or tell their story on the rostrum, are all successful if the element of resultant good is present.

Therefore strivers after success may well enquire for the greatest good and work up to it in every honorable and right way, assured that successful attainment of the end can be readily measured by the extent of their opportunities and the completeness of their effort to use them.

* * *

*Carelessness is composed of
about equal parts of indifference
and neglect.*

* * *

SUNDAY SCHOOL MEETING.

THE Annual Sunday School Meeting of the Brethren Church, to be held at Harrisburg, Pa., on May 19, 1902, promises to be one of the largest and best ever held.

Some of the churches' best and most enthusiastic Sunday-school workers have accepted a place in the program. Some of the liveliest and greatest twentieth century Sunday-school topics will be discussed. The report of the Sunday School Advisory Committee will be full of interest and more complete than any previous report. Then think of the song service! This will be conducted by the gifted author and singer, Prof. Geo. B. Holsinger, of Virginia. All this will insure one of the most interesting, instructive, spir-

itual, enthusiastic and glorious Sunday-School meetings ever held. You are invited to be present and share in the enjoyment of this Pentecostal Sunday-school feast. Full program will appear next week.

LEVI MINNICH.

* * *

*A guilty conscience is like a
whirlpool, drawing in all to itself
which would otherwise pass by.*

* * *

PERPETRATED BY THE NOOKMAN.

"Shaney feddern mache shaney fögel," but not always good ones.

*

If afraid you will fail the chances are that you will, and conversely.

*

Birth and breeding are all right, but personal good behavior is better.

*

Clothes do not make religion, but religion governs clothes.

*

"Do as I tell you" is good preaching, but "Do right always," is better practice.

*

Faint heart never won a fair lady, and neither did brazen insolence ever win a good one.

*

The man who is so busy that he hasn't got time is always a born poke and a natural putter-off.

*

The girl who can't do housework is a good one to picnic with, and a mighty bad one to marry.

*

It is all right to be courteous and considerate, but remember the adage about pearls and swine, too.

*

Why are Dunker sisters like diamonds, do you ask? Because not everybody who wants one can get her.

*

Hope and faith are very good things, in their way, but the bank will loan more money on a well cared for farm.

AN OLD LETTER.

EVERY reader of the INGLENOOK reads the Bible more or less, and the chances are that he does not get out of it all of its real meaning. This is not due to any lack of intelligence on the part of the reader but the fact that the Bible itself, as ordinarily read, conveys thought in an obsolete form of language. It was all right at the time it was written but the language has changed wonderfully since then, and there is a much clearer way of conveying the ideas presented by the sacred writers. Happily the language in which the Bible is written is dead, that is, it is no longer spoken. It is not liable to any change or subject to misconstruction, and there is more than one translation of it.

There are a good many thousands of the Nook family who delight to read the Bible, and the Nook thinks that this large class would be benefited by having a different book from the one to which they are accustomed. A great many passages are cleared up and all of them are more forcibly presented when the language is that of to-day and not of several hundred years ago. In fact it is so different that when one reads the modern English version new life is infused into it and new meaning is attached to the old truths. There is such a translation and it is known as the Twentieth Century New Testament. This has been translated by a company of twenty eminent scholars, direct from the Greek text, and to one who knows Greek, in which the Testament was originally written, the presentation of the idea in English in this work seems almost without fault. There is, of course, too much of it for us to more than mention in passing. In order to show the Nooker what it is like we will make a quotation from this Twentieth Century New Testament, which they will immediately recognize and also cannot fail to observe the greater interest that attaches to the presentation of the subject.

In early Christian times where churches had been founded human nature was pretty much the same as it is now. People misunderstood, and they wrangled and quarreled, made up and blundered again just the same as we do now. The holy men of God were appealed to at the time and they wrote letters to the churches which had all the force of inspiration. The Nookman does not know whether all the letters that were written

to the early Christian churches by Paul and those like him have been preserved, but he is inclined to believe that not all have come down to us. But the fact remains that those that are bound up in the book called the New Testament have everything in them necessary for our temporal and spiritual welfare.

In order that the Twentieth Century New Testament may be better understood a quotation from one of the letters will illustrate clearly what I mean. This is a quotation from a letter believed to have been written by one of the brothers of Jesus. It is addressed to the converts from among the Jews, and is eminently practical in its character. It is only given here for the purpose of showing the make up of this Twentieth Century New Testament.

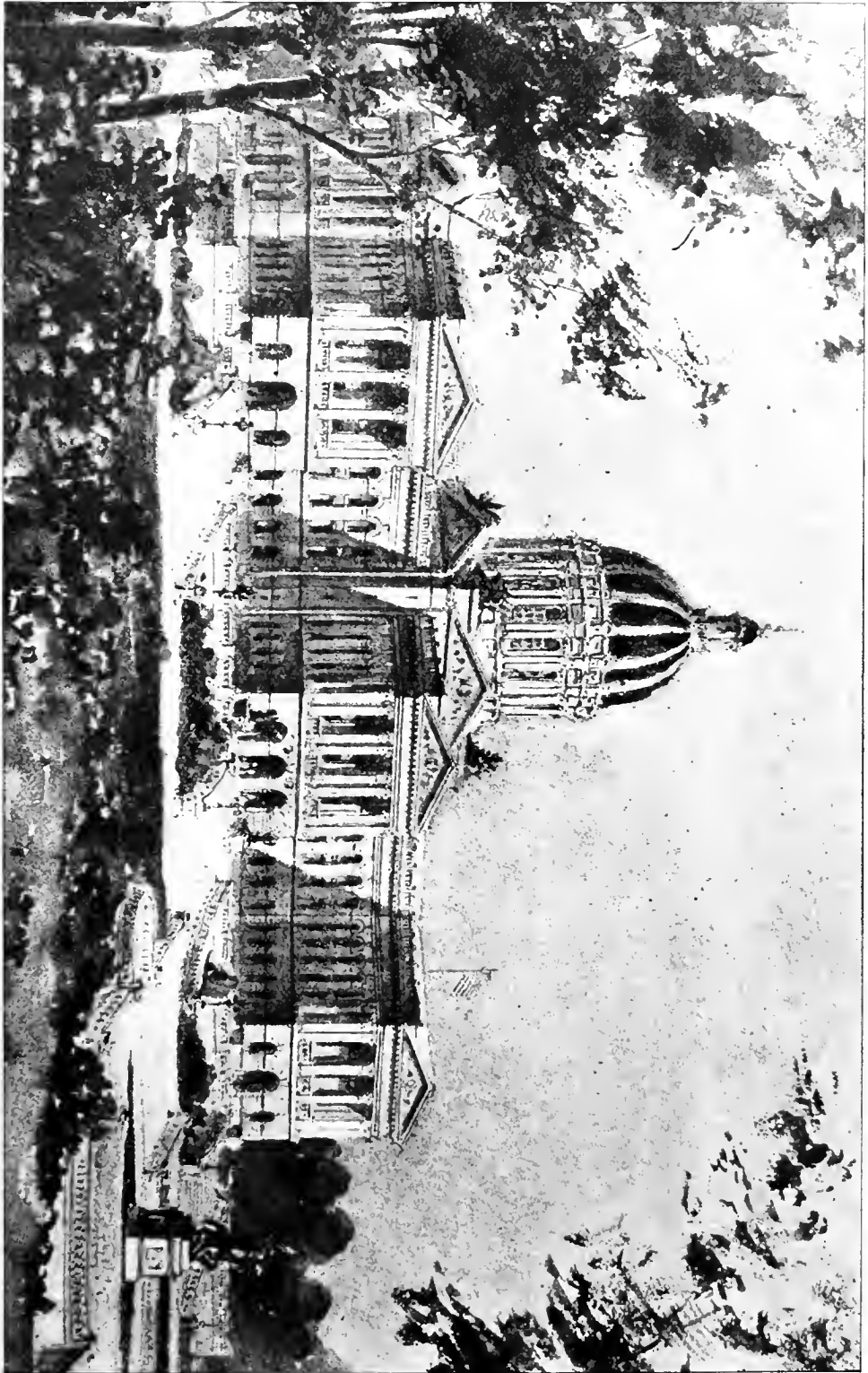
“ My Brothers, are you actually trying to combine faith in Jesus Christ, our glorified Lord, with the worship of rank? Suppose a man enters your synagogue, wearing gold rings and well dressed, and suppose a poor man comes in also, dirtily clad, and you are deferential to the man well-dressed, and say—‘ There is a comfortable seat for you here,’ but to the poor man—‘ You may stand; or sit down over there by my footstool,’ is not that, I ask, to make distinction among yourselves, and to show yourselves to be judges full of wrong prejudice? Listen, my dear Brothers, has not God chosen that those who are poor in the things of this world should be rich through their faith, and should come to possess the Kingdom which he has promised to those who love him? But you—you insult the poor man! Is it the rich who oppress you? Is it not them who drag you into law-courts? Is it not them who malign that honorable Name which has been given you? ”

It will be seen from the above that while the ideas are identically the same, yet they are presented in such a way as to make them of exceeding interest. This Twentieth Century Edition is recommended to the consideration of everybody in the belief that it will add new interest to the revealed word of God.

* * *

THE finer the engine you owned the more care you would take of it. Then see that what you put in the boiler does not cause it to run wild,—rum, for instance.

As it will appear when completed. THE STATE CAPITAL. It was burned down a few years ago and is now being finished.



THE STATE CAPITOL

As it will appear when completed. It was burned down a few years ago and is now being finished.

HOW TO CATCH CATFISH.

BY WM. D. NEHER.

It is impossible to catch a large catfish on a hook in July, August, September and October, for in these months they feed very little if any. You may take the choicest bait and drop it into the water where you can see them and they will pay no attention to it, or you may leave the bait all night by the side of one that is under a log and in these months he will never touch it.

These large catfish, such as the mud, blue, yellow and channel, will lie under logs, bark, roots, rocks, or anything that they can get under. They generally stay in shallow water from two to four feet deep. If the thing they wish to get under is too close to the ground they will fan out the place with their tails until it is large enough for them, and when once there they leave but seldom, and are hard to drive away. This is the reason it is so hard to catch a catfish in a drag seine or a set net where you drive fish in. The fishers will say, "There are none here or we would catch them. They all went out last spring." But they did not. They are there, and big ones too, and this is the way to catch them:

Let two men get into a boat or a dug-out, one in either end, one with the oar or paddle, the other with a trammel net or a seine, some thirty to fifty yards long, and a stick six or eight feet long. The one who rows the boat must run it along one side of the stream, going to every snag or log but not letting the boat hit. The man with the stick must keep feeling along for a log or anything of the kind. When he finds one he must punch along under it and if a catfish is there he will find it out, for Mr. Catfish will hit the log with his tail, making a deep thud, and if he is very large the water will boil on the surface.

Now go on and find another. When you have located enough go back quietly to the first one for he will return to his bed as soon as you leave him. Let out your net easily around him, in a circle ten or twelve feet across. If your net is of small thread make a double circle, being very quiet in your movements. Push the boat into the circle, both men jump out in the water and tuck the net close around the log where it crosses the log. Then punch the fish out. He will try the net. Make him take it again and again. You

think he is out but he may be only "possuming." Walk around the net feeling with your foot. You will find him lying against the net. You can now easily rub him and he will not budge. Now pull the boat up alongside. One man get on each side of the catfish and reaching down get hold of the lead line. Place the lead line against the cork line and lift the fish into the boat. He is awake now but you have him safe. What fun! And he weighs anywhere between ten and one hundred pounds.

Forrest City, Ark.

✦ ✦ ✦

Time spent in bemoaning the failure of yesterday will not insure the success of to-morrow.

✦ ✦ ✦

A TRUE STORY ABOUT MAMMA PUSSY CAT.

BY H. E. G.

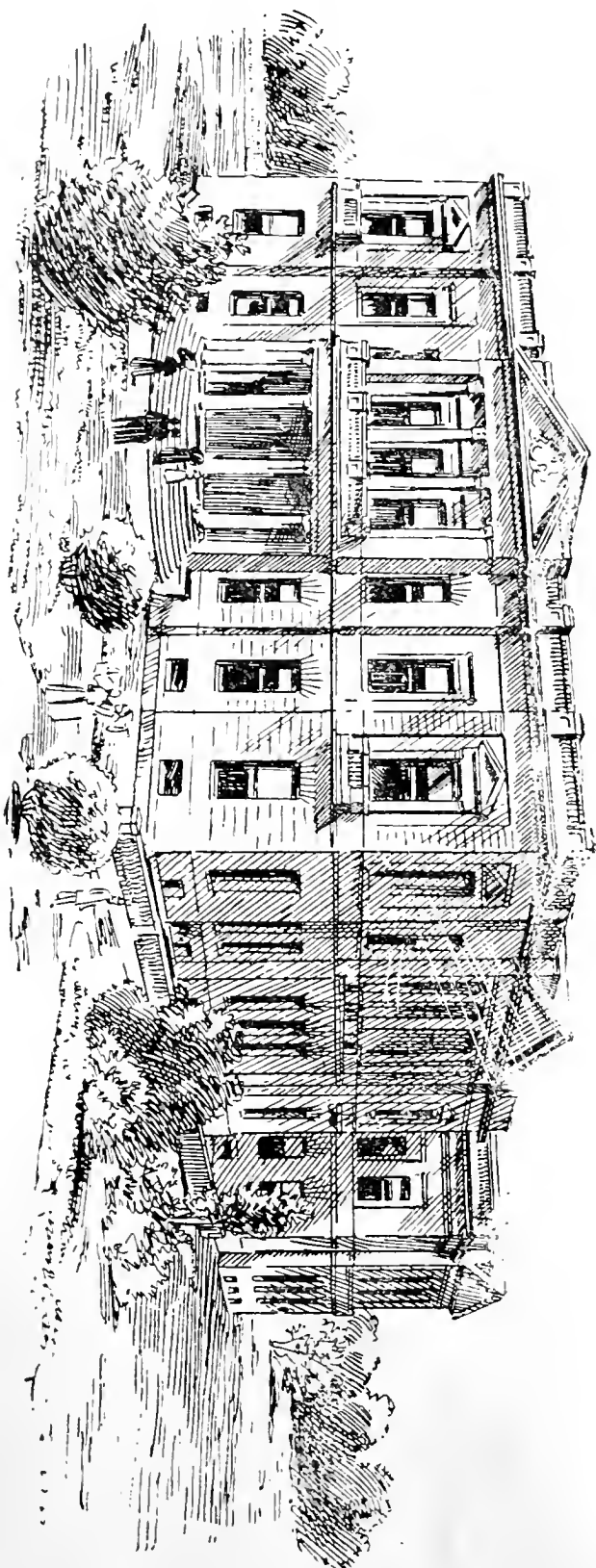
"LET me show you my chickens," said my cousin with whom I was calling. So we went into the back yard, and in addition to the chickens, there was a friendly mamma cat and two kitties. Then my cousin told me this story: "There were two Mamma Pussies and they were very cross and disagreeable to each other. By and by kittens came to them both at about the same time. At once their dispositions changed to perfect gentleness. They occupied the same bed with their families and each cared for the other's kittens as her own. After awhile one mother died and now the whole family is cared for by the other mother."

Here is another, related to me by a lady living in our home. A family of kittens were left motherless and a cat that had never been a mother came to their rescue, and adopted them as her own. But the strangest part of it was discovered in this way: One day the cat, being in the way of the housekeeper, who put her foot under and lifted her out of the way, began to cry, and an examination proved that she was feeding her family in the natural way.

Pasadena, Cal.

✦ ✦ ✦

You can pretty nearly tell what your girl will be like, when you are married to her, by noting the mother's qualities.



THE STATE LIBRARY,

Located in Capitol Park, Harrisburg. This building contains the old flags used by the Pennsylvania soldiers during the war of the rebellion. In it is also the famous painting of the battle of Gettysburg. It also contains the Executive Office of the Governor of the State. This is a very poor picture of a very interesting place the Nook family should not fail to visit.

CANDY'S CASTLE.

RY J. FRANCIS HOCKMAN.

Two miles south of Forks of Capon, Hampshire County, W. Va., is located the famous Natural Castle known as "Candy's Castle," from the fact that Capt. Candy, of Virginia, with a party of hunters was compelled to take refuge from the Indians at the above named place.

In the early settlement of Virginia at one time the provisions became scarce, and the settlers were compelled to hunt for a living. As game was scarce in their vicinity, and abundant in what is now West Virginia, a party started for the mountains in the vicinity of what is now Hampshire Co. Here they found game and plenty of it, and also plenty of treacherous Indians who were a constant annoyance to them. The hunters met with success for a few days, when they were terrified at finding that they were surrounded by Indians. But luckily nature had prepared a place of refuge, for they were in sight of the "Castle."

They saw that there was no chance of escape, and the "castle" was the best place of retreat in sight, although they would be trapped, and a long siege would exhaust their supplies. They managed to reach the "Castle," which is a solid rock protruding upward, about five hundred feet, from Capon River, which flows at its base. A passageway leads from the foot of the rock to the top, making one circuit, and is from three to five feet wide until near the top where it becomes very narrow. When within fifteen feet of the top there is an opening or cave back in the solid rock, which will comfortably seat ten or twelve persons.

At the end of the path, by the aid of a pole or ladder ten feet long, a person can reach the summit of the rock, which is almost level and has an area of about one hundred and fifty square feet. They had plenty of provisions with them, such as deer meat, and other game, together with some other supplies brought from their homes. They could secure wood enough to cook their food. But they found in a short time that they were shut off from water by the Indians.

So they made a cord out of their leather leggings long enough to reach the river below, and by tying a canteen to one end they could lower it

to the water and thus overcome the difficulty of securing water.

The Indians now tried every conceivable way to dislodge them. They built a fire below, thinking they could smoke them out, but all to no avail. Finally as a last resort they undertook to ascend the "castle," by winding around the pass leading to the top, but as soon as they were in reach of the cave at the top, one of the guards would push them over the edge of the rock and down they would go into the river hundreds of feet below. Finally they began to rush up the path in a solid body, but the result was, every Indian was thrown below and after a few days they gave up the siege, and the hunters finally reached their homes after many hard struggles.

This place was visited by George Washington, who stood upon its summit and threw a silver dollar across the river. The hundreds of names engraved upon the rock by people from various parts of the country is sufficient evidence of its fame.

Pleasant Dale, W. Va.

* * *

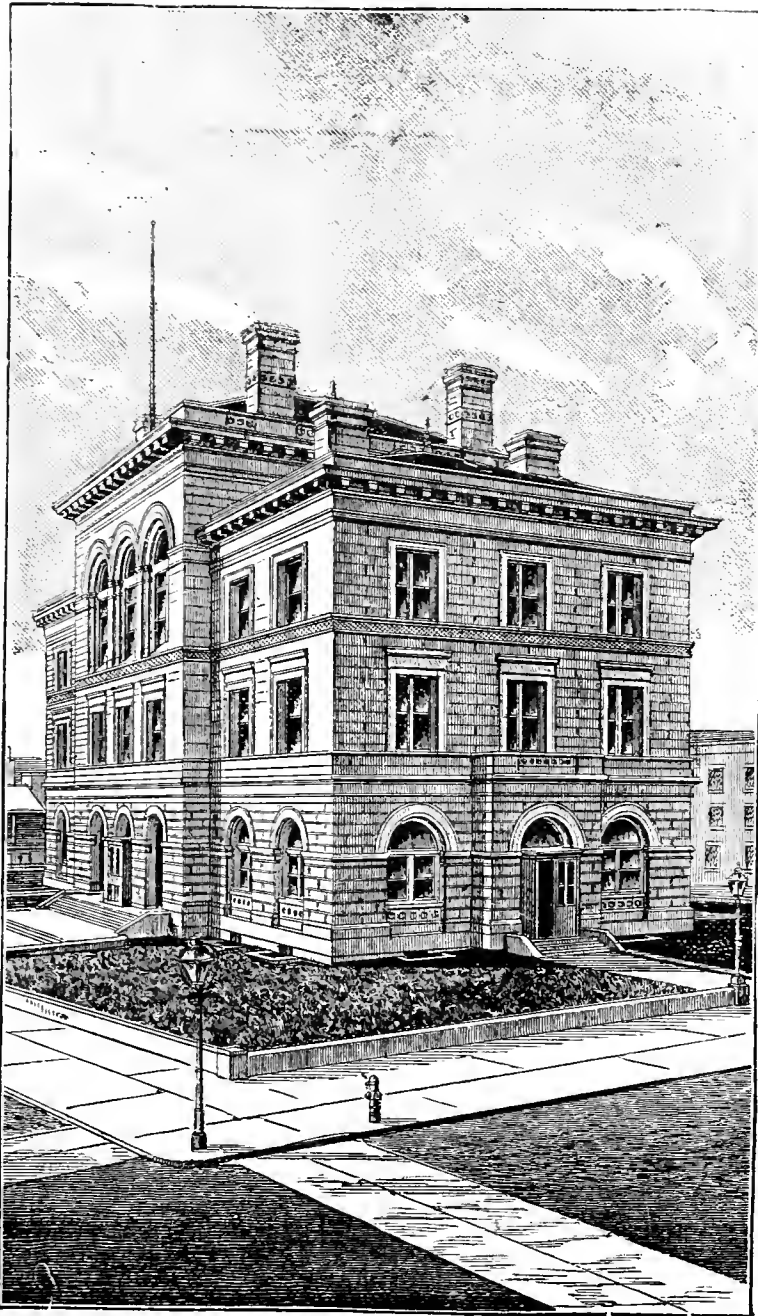
A NOVEL plan is designed to do away with the lighthouses for night navigation between Montreal and Quebec, and to substitute an electric system. The idea is to sink a cable in the center of the navigation channel of the river for power transmitted from a power-house in Montreal. Lines of colored lights, supported by cork buoys, will be placed at the water level on each side of the channel, the lights on one side being of a different color from those on the other side.

* * *

EVER see the man or woman who makes a medicine chest of their insides? Some people are always ailing and never feel so good as when they are trying some new nostrum. Usually there is nothing the matter with them, but they think so, and the house is a litter of bottles and drugs, past and present. The Nook believes that with a good conscience, a good breakfast, a fine day and the latest unread INGLENOOK on the table, everybody in reach ought to be happy instead of dosing himself with drugs. Suppose you pass a resolution that, hereafter, you'll be less of a drug store and a better Nooker. It will pay.

* * *

BEAUTY is often disparaged, generally by those who have the least of it.



A good many
people hide de-
famation behind
They Say.

What you don't
say you don't
have to take
back.

THE POST OFFICE BUILDING
Located at the corner of Third and Walnut Streets,
Opposite the County Jail.

ICE MOUNTAIN.

BY J. FRANCES HOCKMAN.

ABOUT one mile north of North River Mills, in Hampshire County, W. Va., is a natural curiosity, a description of which may interest some of the readers of the INGLENOOK. I will attempt to describe it briefly.

North River is an ordinary stream, flowing northward on the west side of North River mountain. But the place I wish to describe is the famous Ice Mountain, located at the above named place, which is simply a cove in the west side of the mountain extending east a short distance. The west side of the mountain is barren, and is covered with stones of various sizes from ten feet in diameter down to four or five inches. The mountain at this point is not very steep and is not more than four or five hundred feet high. At the foot of the mountain are large openings in the rocks from which comes a blast as cold as a December wind, even on the hottest summer day. By throwing away a few stones you can find ice in abundance any day in the year. Between the river and the mountain is a strip of level ground about twenty-five feet wide, which affords plenty of room for the crowds that throng the place during the summer months.

Here also spouts out of the white sand a stream of ice water from the icy mountainside, which is so cold that it is just right for lemonade. Deep holes have been sunk in order to reach the ice, and a person cannot remain in one of these places long on account of the frigid current of air which rushes out from between the rocks. There is also an old milk-house which has stood for years and which is covered with names cut with pocket knives, by the many visitors. I visited the place last June and the maple trees were just coming in bloom, while in the surrounding country they bloom in the early part of April. The cause of their blooming so late is due to the cold atmosphere which is not affected in early spring.

This is an ideal place for pleasure seekers, as the surrounding mountains afford fine hunting ground, and on the other hand the river affords fine fishing. The time will probably come when this place will be developed into one of the most famous summer resorts in the East. At present

the place is owned by a farmer who allows every one free access to the place. Anyone who visits this place in the hot summer months will surely appreciate it as much as any other natural curiosity to be found in the "Mountain State."

Pleasant Dale, W. Va.

* * *

*Pianos enable girls to show
their fingerings and their finger
rings at the same time.*

* * *

HOW TO MAKE A RAIN GAUGE.

BY D. A. LICHTY.

GET your tinner to make a large funnel with two inches at the top inclining a little from the perpendicular towards the center to keep the water from blowing out. The top of this funnel must measure exactly eight inches in diameter. To guard against water running down on the outside of the funnel and going into the bottle have him solder a strip two inches wide to the lower part of the funnel which will turn it off and down the neck of the bottle.

Now, take a wine bottle, which will hold nearly two and one-half inches of rain, and by exact measurement put in three and one-half ounces of water. Then make a mark on the outside of the bottle at the top of the water. Then put in another three and one-half ounces of water, making another mark, and so on until the bottle is full. These marks represent an *eighth of an inch* of rainfall. An eighth of an inch of rainfall eight inches in diameter is three and one-half fluid ounces exactly. This is the government test.

Set your gauge far enough from obstructions and from side winds, and at least five feet from the ground.

Morrill, Kansas.

* * *

LITTLE GIRL BLUE AND OLD
MAN GRAY.

THEY are both going to be at the Annual Conference. The little girl will have on a blue bonnet and by that token you will know her. Time has touched the old man, and his hair and his beard are gray and by that sign you will know him. They do not live in the same world. Little Girl Blue's life is all ahead of her; Old Man

Gray's is behind him. One has reached the top of the hill and is journeying towards the setting sun. The glamour of morning is around and about the little girl. She lives in the dreamland of what is going to be; he lives with the ghosts of what has been. Both will reach the same si-

into her life nor can she enter into his, yet the same dear Lord watches over both.

Years to come when all that remains of the old man is under a neglected mound out in a graveyard somewhere Little Girl Blue will be in somber black, with cap and bonnet sitting well up



Don't make sport of the old maid. Do you think she would be much better off with a man like yourself.



Some men have no visible means of support other than the neighborhood wash their wives have done.



THE CITY WATER WORKS,

Pumping Station and Standpipe, located at corner of Front and North Streets, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

ent river, only that Little Girl Blue will be a later comer. You can contrast them as you see them. She may have in her pocket, or likelier yet, in a paper bag, a few cookies and probably you may see the rounded outlines of an orange. He has in his pocket a well-worn Bible. The thoughts he has are not hers. He cannot enter

in front among the mothers of Israel. Perhaps she may think in the lull and quiet just after prayer of the old man who has gone. And then, as the summers come and go she, too, will follow the never ending procession which is always moving to its last long home. And such is life and so do we all fade as a leaf.

The Q. & A. Page.

Are the cheap printing outfits any good?

They are practically only toys.

✦

Do seedmen grow their own seeds?

None of them grow all the seeds they sell.

✦

How did the vote on the continuance of the recipe page turn out?

About evenly divided.

✦

What do bedbugs live on where there are no people to bite?

The sap of plants.

✦

Is oleo unhealthy?

It is said to be. Good oleo is better than bad butter.

✦

Where did the bedbug originate?

It is said to be a legacy of the original Spanish conquistadores.

✦

Is it an easy thing to manage an incubator?

Anybody with ordinary intelligence ought to be able to do it.

✦

Is aerial navigation possible?

Yes, sure. The birds, and some animals do it. Man will yet be able to do so.

✦

Is it true that some people can dictate articles for printing?

Thousands can and do actually do it. What is strange about it?

✦

Can I get a complete file of the Inglenook from the first?

Not that we know of. There are such, but none for sale.

✦

Is there any real difference between ordinary spectacle glasses and rock crystal ones?

Only in the fact that the crystal ones are harder than glass and will not scratch as easily.

What is the best system of stenography?

There are many systems, all of which the writer does not know, but Pitman's is the foundation of all of them.

✦

Where does the most rain fall in the world?

At Cherrapongee, in Southwestern Assam, where the annual precipitation is 610 inches. In Chicago it is about 35 inches.

✦

Is it a sign of future scholarship that a child is a rapid learner?

Doubtful. Some of the greatest scholars were dolts in youth. It is more a sign of undesirable precocity.

✦

Is there any way of getting absolutely pure maple sugar in the market?

Yes, by buying either of the people who make it or of some reputable dealer. It is often very much adulterated.

✦

Can peonies be grown from seed?

Yes, but it is too slow. They will not show above the ground for two years, and will not bloom for several years afterward. Better set roots of known plants.

✦

What is King Edward's real name?

The invitations to his coronation have it Albert Edward George Plantagenet William St. Ledger Henry Gtolph James Bittinger Gower Wettin Fitzmaurice. If he had been named as the rest of us are it would have been Edward Wettin, following his father's name.

✦

What is wireless telegraphy, and how is it done?

Telegraphing without intervening wires. In and through everything is a something, like air in some respects, invisible and responsive to disturbance, called ether for want of a better name. This is set in motion with an instrument and the waves are caught at some distant point, and translated into words.

SUGGES
Don't bo
Don't pu
wrappings
Save bee
net for pu
etc.
Don't ker
essel. The
A very ho
ids or woo

 The Home

 Department



When the office seeks the man it usually finds him; but, unlike Diogenes, the office doesn't require an honest man.



PAXTANG STEAM FLOUR MILL

In South Harrisburg. One of the Largest in the State.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Don't boil milk for coffee. Scald it.

Don't put butter in your refrigerator with the wrappings on.

Save beef marrow from soup bones to add to suet for puddings. Marrow is more delicate than suet.

Don't keep custards in the cellar in an open vessel. They are liable to become poisonous.

A very hot iron should never be used for flannels or woollens.

Calicoes, gingham and chintzes should be ironed on the wrong side and only on the wrong side.

A few drops of turpentine in hot starch adds luster to ironed linen.

Lemon juice and salt will remove rust stains from linen without injury to the fabric. Wet the stains with the mixture and put the article in the sun.

Arrowroot tied in a thick cotton rag and boiled with linens and cottons imparts an odor to them that is pleasing.

MACARONI CREAMED.

BREAK twelve sticks of macaroni into one inch lengths and boil in one quart salted water twenty minutes; turn into a colander and drain; make a cream of one tablespoonful each of butter and flour rubbed smooth and added to one and a half cupfuls of hot milk; when thickened, season and return macaroni to heat; a little grated cheese may be added just before serving.

**CORN CUSTARD CAKE.**

Two eggs, one-half cupful sugar, one cupful sour milk, one cupful sweet milk, a pinch of salt, one teaspoonful soda, one and one-half cupfuls Indian meal, one-half cupful flour; pour the mixture into an iron spider with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, then pour into the middle, without stirring, one cupful of sweet milk; bake for three-quarters of an hour.

**STUFFED EGGS.**

CUT off the tops of hard boiled eggs and carefully remove the yolks with the handle of a spoon; cut off the other end of the egg so that they will stand, then fill with the following mixture: the white meat of cold chicken chopped fine, a small piece of melted butter, a pinch of salt, the yolks of the eggs and one teaspoonful of cream for each egg used. If eaten cold, garnish the dish with parsley; but if hot, serve with drawn-butter sauce.

**VEGETABLE HASH.**

CHOP equal parts of boiled vegetables, such as potatoes, beets, carrots, onions, parsnips, etc.; mix well together; put slices of salt pork in a frying pan, and, when well cooked, take them out and chop fine; add to the hash; turn the hash into the pan in which the pork was fried and cook until very hot; turn out in a hot platter and garnish with parsley.

**MEAT CAKES A L'ITALIENNE.**

MIXCE fine any kind of cold meat, add a quarter of its weight in bread crumbs, a few drops of essence of anchovy, little parsley, pepper, salt and

egg to bind and moisten the whole; flour the hands, roll meat into little balls size of a marble, then flatten them with back of spoon, dip in egg and then in fine bread crumbs, fry in butter until delicate brown; garnish with boiled Italian paste.

**CHILI CON CARNI.**

CHOP together six small red peppers, three garlics, six bay-leaves and three tomatoes. Stew all together twenty minutes. Now add a pound of lean beef that has been cut into cubes and simmered in fat for fifteen minutes. Set at the side of the stove and stew gently until done. Season to taste with salt, and serve.

**POTATO GEMS.**

TO one cupful of warm, mashed potatoes add one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt; beat the yolks of three eggs, add to them one cupful of milk; pour this upon one and one-half cupfuls of sifted flour and mashed potatoes; add the beaten whites of the eggs and two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; fill buttered gem pans two-thirds full, and bake in a quick oven twenty minutes or half an hour. Do not brown them too much.

**BEEF OMELET.**

CUT one pound of raw beef very fine; roll three crackers to a dust and mix with them one-half a teaspoonful of baking powder, add two well-beaten eggs and mix all together thoroughly with a seasoning of salt, pepper and powdered herbs; put a lump of butter in a baking dish, let it melt and then put in the mixture; let it bake one-half hour; turn out on a very hot platter, fold over as you would an omelet, and pour any kind of a meat sauce around it.

**HAM AND CHICKEN SANDWICHES.**

INTO a pint of cold roast or boiled chicken, chopped very fine, stir a cup of minced ham, season with a few minced olives and moisten with salad oil. Add white pepper to taste and spread between thin slices of crustless white bread, buttered lightly.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IV.

MAY 17, 1902.

No. 20.

THE RIVER OF AFTERWHILE.

Its bosom is calm and its current slow,
Its waters are deep and wide;
And the soft winds blow through the trees that grow
On the banks at either side.
And the lapping waves croon a restful tune
As they kiss each grass grown isle;
While a silver moon and the balm of June
Guard the stream of Afterwhile.
But under the banks that the great trees deck,
Where the waters murmur low,
The light waves fleck full many a wreck
Of the current smooth and slow.
For out of the depths do the dangers creep,
While the happy hours beguile;
And lost hopes sleep in the waters deep,
Of the stream of Afterwhile.
The whitening bones of a million hopes
Are washed by the moon-kissed waves;
And the soft wind gropes up the grassy slopes
That shadow their watery graves.
But, singing and shouting, men gaily glide,
Ne'er noting each passing mile—
No compass to guide on the bosom wide
Of the stream of Afterwhile.
But the happy shouts die away in moans,
And the travelers sink to rest
Midst the crumbling bones on the wave-lapped
stones
'Neath the river's fatal breast.
For never a mortal has sailed that stream
But moaning has killed his smile—
For the silver gleam is a treach'rous scheme
Of the stream of Afterwhile.

* * * KATH'S LETTER.

ONE thing has come to us in this trip of ours and it has grown upon us unconsciously, that is our desire to get to the larger places and points of more general interest instead of stopping by the way and going off to wayside places as we did in the start of our trip. So without offering further excuse Frank and I decided to go direct from Portland to San Francisco over the South-

ern Pacific Railroad. It is seven hundred and seventy-two miles, and while thousands of miles intervene between us and our home there is a sort of feeling that we are on the homeward run. There are many places of interest on the way between Portland and San Francisco and it would be difficult to tell where it is best to stop for pleasure or sight-seeing.

California is a great big state and San Francisco, where we are, has a population of three hundred and forty-two thousand, seven hundred and eighty-two, according to the last census returns. In fact California is a great State in many ways. It has the biggest trees and a great number of other big things out of the ordinary. Frank and I had choice of going by water or by rail to San Francisco, but I remember once when I was at Atlantic City and took a short boat ride I became sick and so we determined to come by rail. We find as we go along that unless we note things at the time carefully we are apt to forget, this being the result of "seeing too much."

Ever since we were school-children we have had a longing to see California, and now that we are here a great deal more is to be seen than we ever dreamed of. It is a bigger State than we thought it was. It is seven hundred and seventy-seven miles long and three hundred and thirty miles wide. Even at its point of least width it is one hundred and fifty miles. It contains one hundred and sixty thousand square miles. Frank and I used to think Pennsylvania was the biggest place in the world; but you could hide Pennsylvania in California so successfully that it would be hard to find it were it capable of subdivision. The proximity of the ocean makes it what it is in a climatic way. The old Spanish discoverers first applied the name California, which means "a hot furnace," but this has especial reference to their knowledge of Lower California

as it anything but a furnace where we are. Originally it was settled by the Spanish who had

is six miles from it on a peninsula about three miles long. It is on the shore of San Francisco



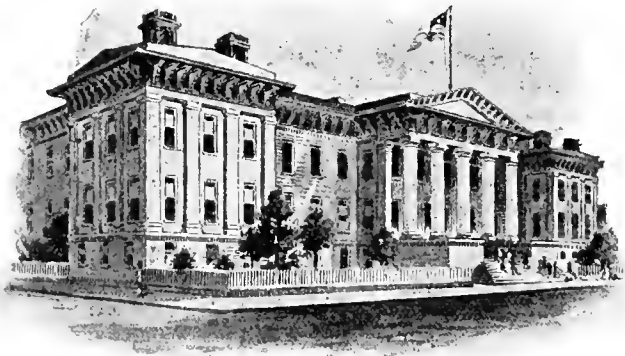
UNION PACIFIC STATION, SAN FRANCISCO.

a knack of naming their towns after saints; thus it comes that a good many cities of California

Bay which covers about six hundred square miles. When one lands in San Francisco at the foot of Market Street he feels that he is in a different sort of place than Portland or Seattle. In the East there is nothing like it at all. It is never so warm as to be uncomfortable in mid-summer. San Francisco is cooler than New York in July. It has all the advantages of an eastern city and good many that the eastern towns do not possess.

The oldest building in the city is a mission church founded in 1776 by the Spanish. There are at present in the suburb towns palatial residences occupied by the wealthy and cultured classes of the city. As remarked before this is a city of big things and this is borne out in the hotel line as well. The Palace Hotel is the largest in the world and cost about seven million dollars. It is capable of accommodating about twelve hundred guests.

There are endless places of interest to which we would like to go but which we cannot take in for lack of time. Yet we have not seen a city



SAN FRANCISCO MINT. THE LARGEST MINT IN THE WORLD.

through their Spanish names suggest saints when one first hears them.

San Francisco is not on the Pacific Ocean but

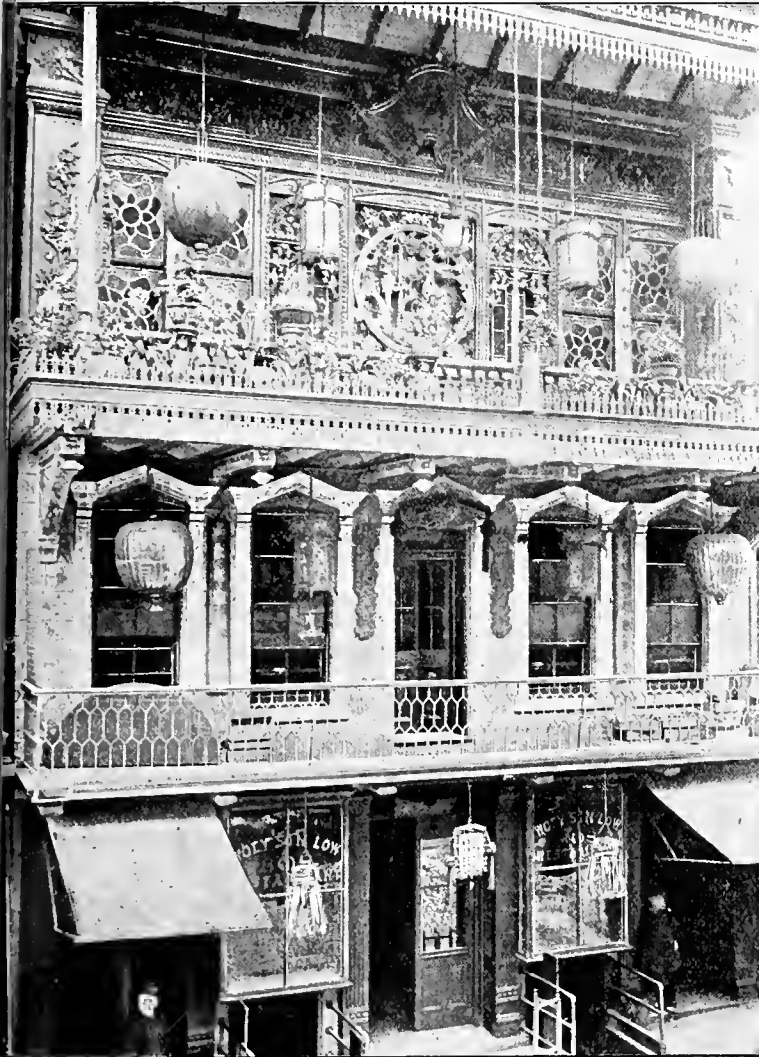
were going around on the street cars is so easy. Here is where we see the Chinaman in all his glory. There is said to be about thirty thousand of them in the city. Indeed one part of the town occupied exclusively by Chinamen. They have their own joss houses, where idol worship is car-

Street and is open to visitors from nine in the morning until three in the afternoon. It is the largest mint in the world. To hear some of these California people tell about their country would make one believe that they had the biggest of everything in the world. We have already said

that the Palace is the largest hotel, that the largest mint is in San Francisco, and the State also produces more honey than any other State. There are about ninety miles of street car lines, which is said to be a greater mileage than that possessed by any other city. On the Chronicle Building is one of the largest clock dials in the United States. The first street car cable line ever constructed was worked here on Clay Street. The principal industries of the city are its many manufacturing establishments.

A great many side trips can be taken and yet done in one day. We will not be able to see many things because of the lack of time, and nobody knows how hard it is to write a letter descriptive of a city which contains so much and the space in which to do it is so limited. The Nookman is authority for saying that the hardest thing to do in writing is to describe a large city and yet avoid statistics and meaningless figures.

We have not yet decided as to whether we will go to Southern California where



CHINESE RESTAURANT

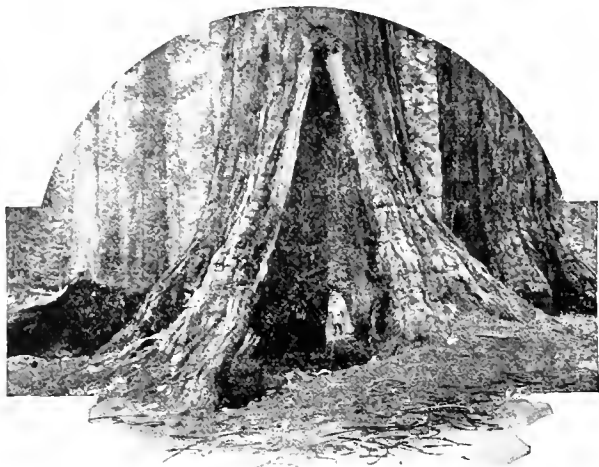
ied on, if indeed it might be called worship at all. There are also Chinese theaters, two of them in fact, and they are the only ones in America. It is said that no eastern visitor's education is complete until he has seen Chinatown. Frank says that he is going to take it all in while I have made up my mind that I have seen all that I want to see from a street point of view.

The United States Mint is situated on Fifth

most of our people live or whether we will start back across the continent homeward. We have learned to economize in traveling and it is not costing us half as much as it did in the start. We had money enough for an extended trip and were told that if it did not hold out more would be sent us. But Frank and I have calculated everything so economically that we have a good deal of money left, over

and above what half of our trip was figured to cost. We could even go down into Old Mexico if we wanted to, and who knows, maybe we will.

For all while we are in this great big, hilly,



ONE OF CALIFORNIA'S BIG TREES.

city sometimes there is just a creepy sort of feeling at nightfall that I would like to be at home. Oh no, I ain't homesick—I am just thinking. You know how it is for yourself.



CALIFORNIA'S PRODUCTS.

Frank and I are going to settle the way we go from here this very night. He is out riding on the street cars somewhere.

Lovingly.

KATH.

* * *

THE INNS OF CHINA.

CHINESE inns are without register or clerks. On riding through the gateway your bridle rein

is seized by a dirty boy, who helps you to dismount, shouting loudly meanwhile for the proprietor, who presently looms up through the wilderness of carts and mules. Proprietor and he then hold a parley as to what rooms are eligible and then a door is pushed open and the traveler is shown to his apartment. It is usually about twelve feet square. The walls and floor are of hard mud, and so are the beds, which extend entirely across the side of the room, with only space enough between them for a small table and one chair. The room is lighted by one window, in which paper takes the place of glass.

The first duty of the proprietor in making patron comfortable is to stop up the holes in the paper window pane. He never tears the paper off entirely and replaces it with a new one, because the sheet of paper is worth about one-tenth of a cent, and the innkeeper is not wasteful. Indeed he pastes little slips of paper over the holes until all the light that filters through it is of a mottled hue.

At one end of the mule shed is the kitchen of the inn. It is here that the meals for all the patrons are prepared, to be eaten in the rooms. The menu is not elaborate. It consists only of bowls of rice and tea. Should the traveler desire a greater variety of food, he can buy it himself in the market, and his own servant can cook it in the kitchen of the inn. To sleep on the bed of a Chinese inn would be for a foreigner an impossibility were it not that he is always so exhausted at the end of each day's journey that he finds it difficult to remain awake ten minutes after alighting from his pony. He lies down on the mat that covers the hard heap of mud and surprises himself at the soundness of his slumber.

The one redeeming thing about the inn is its cheapness. Just as the traveler is about to depart in the morning the proprietor tells him the amount of his bill. Everything is charged on the "European plan." Every cup of tea, every rushlight candle, the paper window pane, are all itemized in the long list which the proprietor reels off in singsong, but the total is surprisingly low. The cost of food and lodging for one night for a traveler and two servants, with stabling and fodder for his ponies and cart mules, is about fifty cents.—*New York Mail and Express.*

AN APRIL DAY IN PASADENA, CAL.

BY H. E. G.

AT the first peep of day, my ears were greeted by a jubilee among the birds that have their lodgings in my neighbor's evergreen trees, as well as in the Lady Banksia rosebush which completely covers the end of the house and part of the roof. Here the mockingbirds vie with one another in singing the sweetest and most tantalizing songs, while swinging on the very topmost bough, which reaches its graceful tendrils higher than the chimney top. Here in this bower they often break forth in their loudest songs at the midnight hour, awakening the sleeper below by their music. Stepping out on the front porch behold the beauties of nature, such as the Nook gardeners might see in the east in May or June.

The Apricot tree on the lawn is a mass of delicate pink and white. From a distance it somewhat reminds one of a belated snow, in the east, resting heavily on the budding trees—a picture greatly admired years ago in "My Maryland." The peach-tree, also, is robed in pink and green, while the almond, closely resembling the peach tree, has been dressed in its summer garments for more than a month, with almonds almost full-grown, having blossomed in February. The fig is just peeping forth with its bright green leaves and fruit almost at the same time. Apple and pear trees seem to need a little longer rest. Last, but not least, we notice the beautiful glossy dark-green leaves of the orange and lemon trees, laden with an abundance of fully ripe and most delicious fruit.

Here and there we still see a few scattered roses, which come in spite of the resting season between January and April. Now that the April showers have come they will soon burst forth in all their sweetness and beauty and by the latter part of April will be in full bloom.

Then, too, the fragrant sweet pea and the violets coax the dimes from the purses of the wealthy christians as the flowergirl goes forth with her basket laden with flowers.

Here, also, we see the landscape covered with a carpet of green, and the farmer is happy, as he beholds the efforts of his hands being so richly rewarded with an abundance of beauty and plenty while the "Tenderfoot," who has recently

arrived from "snowland," almost imagines paradise is something like this. With health and friends, who should not be contented to live in this California springtime?

Pasadena, Cal.

* * *

*Is the reader a self-made person?
Then don't talk shop.*

* * *

KING EDWARD'S COOK.

IF the viands served at the table of King Edward of England are not to the liking of those who are favored with invitations to dine with his majesty it will not be for lack of a cook who enjoys a reputation second to none in Europe and a salary that the ablest statesman of the world might envy. In making his arrangements for the public feasts of the coronation season this king of the kitchen is to have a free hand, for by the king's mandate his slightest wish is to be complied with.

It was a decree promulgated by King Edward when he ascended the throne that Mr. Menager, his cook, was not to be interfered with. Mr. Menager receives a salary of \$10,000 a year—about the same as a lieutenant general in the British army or an admiral of the fleet. It is the same as the official income of two members of Lord Salisbury's cabinet and it exceeds that of the keeper of the British museum and of sundry bishops.

Mr. Menager's position is much firmer than the ministry's. The king has referred to him again and again as a "perfect treasure."

Mr. Menager's career goes to substantiate the saying that great cooks are born, not made. He is not more than forty now and the compliment of being asked to become chef to the Prince of Wales was paid him more than five years ago. He is a Frenchman, probably of the south, tall and comely, with a black beard trimmed on the model of his master's.

He says with conviction that he does not believe that feminine nature can rise to the greatest heights in his art any more than in painting, poetry or music. Yet, in his rare moments of comparative humility he will half admit that his women assistants contrive great works for which he, as chef, gets credit, and he knows other re-

owned kitchens in London, Sir Edward Lawson's and Julius Wernher's, which have frequently served dinners to his royal master and are controlled absolutely by women cooks.

He does not sleep under the king's roof, but has his private residence in a street not very far away. Breakfasts are not his affair on ordinary days; they are the task of his assistant. It is not looked for that any artist can produce three masterpieces in one day, especially when the greatest, the dinner, has to come last. Thus Mr. Menager need not quit his own roof-tree till after 11 o'clock.

Then he steps into a hansom and drives to Marlborough house. His kitchen is big and bright and has all the windows on the ground floor facing the lawn. The carte for luncheon is brought to him and his work begins.

The king never draws up the list of dishes for his own meals. That is done by Lord Farquhar, the master of the household, or Lord Valentia, the comptroller, but of course it is always varied enough to include anything the king wants, for it is a chief qualification of these functionaries to know his tastes.

Mr. Menager selects everything he needs. The master of the kitchen, Mr. Blackwood, a much more prosaic personage, a mere man of figures sees that all the articles come in and that the items on the tradesmen's accounts correspond. When he has verified them they are taken to Sir Nigel Kingscote, the paymaster, who writes out checks for the payment.

At six o'clock he returns to Marlborough house to prepare the king's dinner. He is frankly proud of his early creations and will often include cutlets à la reform or other dishes named after the great whig resort in the king's menu. Timorous cooks might hesitate to thrust the word "reform" under the eyes of a king when he was dining, but Mr. Menager and his master understand each other.

Before the king touches a dish a senior member of his household tastes it and puts it before him. No waiter touches the plate after this tasting performance.

* * *

HOW THEY EARN PIN MONEY.

Most women the wives and daughters of well-to-do men usually have a fixed allowance of

money which they may expend for their own use. Of course, this allowance is not always large enough to satisfy them and many are the means devised by some to increase the amount. The wide-awake woman always finds a way to do it when she tries. She may have a dancing class or decorate china, and one makes use of a tax for millinery by altering, and sometimes entirely trimming the hats of her friends, requiring payment something more substantial than a mere "thank you."

The advent of the turn-over collar has opened quite a field for the woman clever with her needle who embroiders these dainty accessories by hand for 25 cents each, finding a ready market among acquaintances whose talents do not run along such lines.

Another young woman, whose sole useful accomplishment is the rather old-fashioned one of knitting, does a thriving business in underskirts and slumber robes. She has been asking and receiving \$5 each for the results of her industry but it is to be feared that she will not be quite so fortunate in the future, as the shops are now offering those articles at rates lower than she could possibly afford.

Laces were never more beautiful, nor more lavishly used than they are this season, and the presence of a "lace loom" upon the market promises wonderful things to the woman who can use it. It is said that with this instrument the making of valenciennes and torchon laces is easily learned at home. This is a new departure in this country and is well worth trying.

To one who has the facilities and is blessed with the knack of raising flowers violet culture would be remunerative in the highest degree. In the opinion of this column, however, those who are successful with flowers are, like poets, "born not made." Some persons never can learn how to deal with these lovely members of the plant world. However, everyone may try. With each season the dainty purple flower has grown in popularity and it is safe to prophesy that the state of affairs will continue. The prices which it brings are enough to encourage anyone in search of "pin money" to attempt its culture.

* * *

If a man's personal associates respect him for any given thing one may be sure that he possesses it.

HOW A PURCHASING AGENCY IS MANAGED.

It is the proper thing when people want anything about the house or the farm to get it through the nearest dealer. As a rule this is in perfectly good form. In almost every transaction the local dealer who has invested his money in a store looks to his immediate neighborhood for his customers. It is an obligation most satisfactory and effective when mutually adhered to. It is a mistake to imagine that the farther one goes from home the cheaper things are.

Suppose some one living in the country at a considerable distance from the large mercantile center wants to buy something that the local dealer does not carry in stock. For instance if you should want to purchase a brass bedstead or a carpet for the guest chamber. Ordinarily the local dealer does not have what is wanted and all that you can do, and really the best thing for you to do, if your merchant does not have what is wanted, is to get it through a purchasing agency. Ordering through your dealer, or through some catalogue house, you take your chances and if you are not suited you have no recourse. This is where the purchasing agency in the city comes in for the intending buyer. You go into correspondence with them, telling what you want and about how much money you desire to put into it and after coming to some understanding you forward the price and in due time receive the goods.

Now, how does the purchasing agency manage its business? In the first place the agency makes arrangements with all the wholesale dealers and jobbers with whom they are likely to have business, getting the lowest prices for the merchandise they either handle or manufacture. The object of the agency is to buy at as low a figure as possible and to get the goods to sell at a small margin, often at a lower price than the local dealer could buy the same goods. This is possible by reason of the purchasing agency dealing with the manufacturers direct, while the home merchant would purchase of his wholesale dealer. Thus there would be two margins of profit, the wholesaler's and local dealer's against the one of the purchasing agency. Having arrangements of this kind the purchasing agency is enabled to meet any requirement made upon it, and

especially is this true and possible in a city like Chicago.

The question often arises in the mind of the intending purchaser as to whether the agent's reliability may be best settled by some knowledge of the people running the business. Where they are known it is absolutely safe and the transaction is as satisfactory as though you were present in person and made your own purchase. A great deal naturally depends upon the judgment of the buyers and they are always exceedingly careful not to turn their patrons away from them; but rather to make friends and thus expand their business. The agency managers know that if they do not give satisfaction it will be the last of them in the neighborhood from which the order comes. Further, they do their best to please their customers, and as a rule they succeed admirably.

A great many people are under the impression that a purchasing agency is like a large wholesale store, carrying its goods in stock. This is never the case except possibly in an exceedingly small way. It is the best done by an arrangement with the manufacturers.

One should remember that if he himself does not know what he wants he should not expect it of a stranger, and so in ordering through a purchasing agency it is well to be accurate and definite. Under these conditions the agency will likely do better for you at less cost than if you were personally present.

As there are some of our people are engaged in this business in Chicago it would be invidious to single out one of the firms. All advertisers in the Nook are believed to be reliable, and if the purchaser knows what he wants and cannot get it at home the purchasing agency is recommended.

* * *

*Atheists and infidels waste time
talking to a mother who gazes
with tear-wet eyes at a baby's
empty shoe.*

* * *

HOW RAILWAY MAILING CLERKS GET THEIR MEALS.

ON every through train, especially those that are devoted to carrying mail as a specialty, the Government employs a number of men known as railway mail clerks who sort the mail, tie it in

bundles, and throw it out in sacks, ready for distribution at points along the line or for further transmission at the end of their line. These trains do not stop but where they must, and only carry passengers as a concession to the public. They are really mail trains, devoted in the main to carrying first-class mail matter. The question is often sprung, or perhaps never thought of where these clerks eat and how they manage it.

A few of the employes on the train carry their meals with them in tin buckets, or the conventional dinner arrangement, but the most of them desire a warm meal and plenty of it as their work is such as to demand care and great personal activity. The railroad has its several stations set apart for that purpose, or there may be individual enterprises devoted to the same end. The authorities of the road allow the employes to telegraph ahead gratuitously how many breakfasts or dinners are to be ready when the station is reached. On one of the largest mail trains in the country, that running between Kansas City and St. Louis, there are a dozen or more employes who will take this method of having a meal ready for them. On this particular train referred to the meal is always breakfast.

One would imagine from what has been said that the crew would disembark, go into the house, sit around a table and eat their breakfast, but the actual facts are that the number of breakfasts ordered are handed in the train in baskets.

These baskets always contain a liberal supply of coffee which constitutes the leading feature. The employes eat their breakfast on the run. If it is not high living it is certainly fast living. At the next stopping place after breakfast the empty baskets are put out and returned to the breakfast place.

An ordinary breakfast consists of chicken, potatoes, eggs, and coffee, all hot of course. They pay twenty-five cents for this. To use an Irish bull the china is nearly always tinware. Eating in a mail car going at the rate of sixty miles an hour is not conducive to the longevity of chinaware.

What is true of the ordering on the part of the railway mailing clerks is also applicable to the crew of the train. As they have been on the train all night and have worked hard the breakfast must be ample and satisfactory. At least nothing ever goes back as a left-over.

CHICAGO SPENDS \$250,000 ANNUALLY FOR PIN MONEY.

How would you like to supply Chicago with pin money? If you took the contract and carried it out it would cost you no less than \$250,000 every year.

Enough common pins are sold in the city of Chicago annually to reach more than halfway around the world if welded into one continuous chain. They would run from New York to San Francisco almost five times and if stacked up in papers of the ordinary commercial size would stretch more than three miles into the air. This shaft would be fifty-two times higher than the Masonic Temple, from the top of which Chicago discloses its panoramic effect. It is doubtful, even, whether the smoke of the city ever gets as high as this narrow spire of pins would reach.

These are the common iron and brass pins alone. The millions of safety and fancy pins sold in Chicago every year have not been taken into consideration. If their combined length and height were added the figures would be almost incalculable.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the pin industry in Chicago is one of the smallest and one of the greatest in the commercial field. This statement is borne out by figures showing that 1,000,000,000 plain, 20,000,000 fancy and 32,000,000 safety pins find a market in the city every year.

Women who enjoy the luxury of an allowance are inclined to reckon their pin money as a convenient way of providing for numerous small items that enter into the column of expense. It is generally supposed that almost anyone could engineer a pin money contract without resorting to any great amount of delicate financiering. But with the city of Chicago pin money is a big proposition. Ten average men working throughout their lives couldn't earn enough in wages to meet it.

The amount expended annually in this city for pins is not one cent less than \$250,000. This seems like an enormous expenditure for a commodity that can neither be worn out nor eaten, but those who are in touch with the pin trade assert that the yearly outlay for pins is not one cent less than the sum named, and that it may be more.

Most of the money spent for pins in Chicago

ges for the common iron and brass articles which come neatly packed in papers containing from 200 to 360 pins each. They range in price from one cent to ten cents a package, and it is largely on account of their cheapness that the volume of trade in this line is so great. No one considers for a moment the loss of one pin, or a dozen pins, for that matter, hence the manufacturer finds a field for his product.

Practically all of the common pins sold in Chicago are made in Connecticut. There is but one factory in the West, and that is located in Detroit, Mich. The reason for this is that brass is not so easily obtained in the West as in the East and the better grades of pins are made almost exclusively of brass. Cheaper pins, those selling as low as a cent a package, are made from iron, but they are not desirable for general use because of their susceptibility to rust. Most of the fancy pins sold in Chicago are imported from Germany and are made from steel with bead heads. Safety pins without exception are brass and their sale plays no small part in the pin trade of the city.

An interesting phase of the pin industry is that as the volume of trade increases rather than decreases each year. In this connection the question, "What becomes of all the pins?" naturally arises. They are not consumed, they are not worn out, and they do not become too old for satisfactory usage.

The truth is that nine out of every ten pins are lost. In homes, in factories, in stores, and in offices scores of them are swept up, and few persons care enough about them to pick them up. The result is that they are swept into the street, and their way into the gutters, and in time reach the ground. They are trampled under the surface and in this way disappear. Thus it is that the pin market is kept in active condition.

The manufacture of pins is a simple process, involving little work and admitting of an enormous output. The wire is first prepared by rolling it to the proper thickness. It is then strung onto reels and fed into automatic machines, which turn out pins in the rough at the rate of several hundred a minute. One man can operate six of these machines.

The pins are then washed in acid and placed in a nickeling vat. Then they are dumped into tumbling barrels and polished with fine sawdust, after which they are placed in hoppers, from which they are stuck in rows into sheets of paper, making an ordinary package familiar to the trade.

* * *

The composite part of unjust and adverse criticism too frequently consists of envy, with ignorance as its residuc.

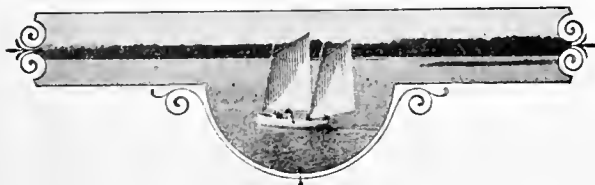
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PEOPLE at the Annual Meeting can enjoy themselves sight-seeing between the services by taking short trips on the Traction Company cars. You can go to Middletown some ten miles away through some very pretty country, or to Oberlin seven miles away. Cars also run to Rockville five miles up the river. This line parallels the Susquehanna River, and the river hills will be new and strange to our western people.

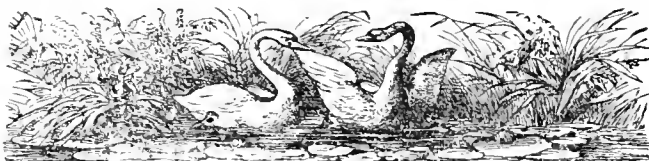
The short trips here indicated are especially to our young people who would like to see the country inexpensively.

* * *

God is sometimes thought to stay away from a house where there are no little shoes and never have been any little finger-prints on the window pane.



NATURE



STUDY.

HOW PLANTS GROW.

EVERY NOOK reader understands more or less about the pollenization of plants. The pollen from a plant, either accidentally or through other natural agencies, reaches the spot to which it is fitted and a union of the component parts of the pollen with the cell or cells of the seed to be gives rise to the means of perpetuation in a plant. Just at this present writing, in many parts of the United States, this is going on in countless millions of instances. It requires but a very small amount of pollen to properly fertilize the seed, and yet there are countless millions of pollen grains produced. These are mainly wasted.

Now it is a peculiarity of the pollen of a given plant that it always retains the same shape and general form. The pollen taken from an apple blossom resembles a grain of wheat, while the pollen from a dandelion is round and covered with spines. It is too small to be seen with the naked eye, and yet with the microscope it is an easy thing to determine from what plant pollen comes. However, as said before, each one has a distinct shape of its own.

This pollen is produced in such abnormal quantities that it is sometimes borne on the winds a great distance in such quantities as to be plainly discernible. Many a Nooker, after a rain in the early spring time, has noticed in a rain-barrel a sort of yellowish scum resembling sulphur. This may even be skimmed off in small quantities, and it does not feel unlike sulphur. Yet if a small quantity of it is taken up and placed on the slide of a microscope and examined it will be found to be pollen, in infinite numbers, carried by the winds and caught up by the rain-drops and washed into the barrel. Or it may be in the open that this pollen dust is seen, in puddles and ponds formed after a heavy rain, in pollen time, and never at any other season of the year. Where the writer lived, when he examined this fine dust, he found it to be the pollen of pine forests on a mountain eight or ten miles away.

Of course the most of the pollen carried by the wind is lost to all practical purposes and yet occasionally some of it goes to the spot and succeeds in producing an unusual and abnormal seed. Thus a high wind may bring the pollen from a hill of sweet corn growing in the distance and so produce a sweet grain in the field corn growing behind the barn. In fact this is not an uncommon occurrence.

A great many plants are so made that they cannot fertilize themselves, and for all such nature has made some provision which induces insects to unconsciously take a hand in the pollenization of the plant. Everybody who has ever watched a big, fat, fussy, bumble-bee going into a hollyhock blossom, or squash blossom, and getting covered with yellow dust which he tries hard to get rid of, and then going into the next nearest flower, and so on, will readily understand how easy it is for anything in the pumpkin, squash, or melon line to get mixed. In fact they are the most difficult crops to grow for seed, and absolute purity in the pumpkin or squash line is most unusual.

Some of the tropical plants are so constructed that they could not possibly fertilize themselves. An eminent scientific man, having examined an orchid made the prediction that although it was not yet known there would surely be discovered an insect of the butterfly order with a tongue at least six inches long. And it was only a short time after this that a moth was discovered in the vicinity of these flowers which answered to every requirement originally suggested.

Man frequently takes a hand in the crossing of species by taking the pollen from, say a red petunia and impregnating a white one with it. He then plants the seed so cross-fertilized and may, and often does, get an entirely new and distinct variety which he then proceeds to propagate from, if he so desires. It is something that any Nooker could do but it is almost impossible to describe the process without cuts or actual demonstration.

TWO FAITHFUL SHEPHERD DOGS.

A. M. HOLTER, of Helena, Mont., who is largely interested in the cattle and sheep industry in that State, says that last October a cold spell killed several sheepherders in the Great Falls district, one of whom was taking care of Mr. Holter's flocks. At that time two feet of snow covered the range in places, and the thermometer indicated 40° below zero. The herder was frozen to death on the prairies while caring for the sheep, and it was three days before his fate was known to his employers. Two shepherd dogs were with him when he died, and one of these stayed with his body while the other attended to the sheep, just as though the herder had been with him. The dog drove them out on the range in the morning and back again at night, guarding them from the wolves and preventing them from straying off. Neither dog had anything to eat during the three days' vigil, so far as could be ascertained; but the 2,500 sheep thrived as well, apparently, as though directed by human agency.—*Portland Oregonian.*

* * *

TRAVELS OF AN ICEBERG.

FROM the regions around the North and South poles there are perpetually starting on journeys, which may be long or short according to the currents of the ocean, a great number of icebergs. Many of these ice hills are of large size and wander far before they are at last melted by the heat of the tropical seas into which they have been carried. Bergs setting out from Baffin bay, up Greenland way, have traveled as far as the Azores before vanishing forever—that is to say, some 2,500 miles or even more. Sometimes they are a source of serious danger to the greyhounds of the Atlantic and other vessels because they cross the track of many of these steamers. It is no joke to run into a berg at dead of night, and close watch has constantly to be kept at certain seasons. Bergs setting out from near the South pole have occasionally reached close to the cape of Good Hope ere disappearing, a journey almost as long as that undertaken by some of their northern relatives.

* * *

THE hair from a curly head is flat instead of being cylindrical. Hence the curl.

CHURCH-GOING ANIMALS.

THERE is a dove in Lewiston, Me., which has been a regular attendant at church for eight or ten years, being attracted by the music, of which it is very fond. After church the dove is taken to the Sunday-school class by a boy, and seems to enjoy the proceedings. Unlike many church-goers, the weather makes no difference to the dove, but every Sunday, summer or winter, he is at his post on the organ.

There is a church bell on Salt Lake City's east side that seems to have a peculiar attraction for the dogs in the vicinity. Each Sabbath morning, as soon as the bell begins its noise, many of the canines in the neighborhood prick up their ears and start in single file for the church. Arriving there, they array themselves in front and start on a yowling obligato. This beautiful vocal effort is persevered in as long as the bell keeps going, and when it stops the dogs feel that their duty has been done, and, dropping their ears and voices, start home again.

* * *

THERE is one State of the Union which now produces all the sponges which are brought to the market locally. Along the coast of Florida the industry has been pushed to its limit until the annual sales of sponges amount to \$600,000. The product sells for as high at \$2.50 a pound, which makes the business most profitable. There are sixty schooners in the trade, and the business is the staple of many of the towns along the coast of that State. The fishermen have brought the business to a high state of perfection, and they are able to make large catches in season.

* * *

ONE reason why certain cold-blooded animals retain what seems to be life, after their hopeless mutilation, such as decapitation, is found in a simple muscular activity. Thus it comes that eels will squirm in the hot pan, after they have been skinned and cut to pieces, and sometimes a headless snake will strike as it does in life. In none of these cases is there any pain, and outside of the looks of the thing it is not to be avoided as anything specially uncanny or supernatural. To a certain extent muscular activity is present in all animals for a short time after death.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY...

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

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Entered at the Post Office at Elgin Ill., as Second-class Matter.

*Child-life innocence wields a
greater influence than pulpit elo-
quence.*

* * *

LOSING YOUR "WALLET."

AFTER the coming Annual Meeting there will be the usual outcry from those whose pockets have been picked, and in most cases those who lose deserve the loss. For the benefit of innocent Nookers let us consider the ways and means of the pickpocket.

Nearly all of them work in a crowd. Taking advantage of a jam they mix with the people where they get in their work without any certainty of detection. Now the moral of this is to keep out of the crowds. There is no necessity of jaunting around the door of the eating place, and still less at a train. The train is not going to leave till all are on, and the disgraceful swarming and falling over one another to get a seat is not a necessity at all. It is in these mad scrambles that the thief gets in his work. Keep out of the crowds. It cannot be a very pleasant sensation to be jammed into people you never heard of and would have nothing to do with if you did know.

A good many losers are women, and this is the result of their miserable habit of carrying

their pocketbooks in their hand. A pocketbook in hand in a crowd is an outward and visible sign of a receptacle for money, as well as an inward and unintentional lack of knowledge. The woman who carries her pocketbook in sight is simply baiting a thief and advertising her verdancy. If such lose their wallet at the Conference after reading this the Nook is a poor thing for sympathy.

Here are a few precautionary methods that will save trouble and worry. Before starting put all your money, save enough for the day, in some safe place where it cannot be got at. The inside pocket of a vest is a good place for that, and for those who do not wear vests some equally safe place will do. A good deal of worry about losing your return ticket and the money you have along, will be saved.

A little ordinary intelligence, and keeping out of crowds, and away from close touch with strangers, will save you possible trouble. All the same the thief will get in his work, and the suggestions made here will be remembered too late.

* * *

*A man never poses as a hypocrite
when he is alone.*

* * *

MOUTH AND EARS.

THERE is an old nursery song that as we have only one mouth to two ears we should talk less and listen more. There is a degree of truth in the saying that would save much trouble if heeded. He who tells all he hears tells more than he knows. We can't help hearing but we have full control over our tongues, or may have if we try.

They Say is generally a slanderer, and often a liar, and is the author of half the trouble in the world. They Say's family is a large one, and none too reputable. If any of the Nook family are more or less related it would be a good thing to break away and keep from all association. In the immediate future, and all time, the world will be better off.

It is not even desirable to hear too much. What a man knows and thinks is what he is, and out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh. Care as to what we know and how we talk makes most of the difference between upstairs and downstairs people.

NOT WORTH WHILE.

It is not worth while to take revenge even though the opportunity offer. In the first place it is written in the Book that it shall not be done. In fact it is said that the exact opposite must be rendered the evil. Secondly, it accomplishes nothing in the long run. It is supplementing one wrong with another and this rights no wrong.

It is one of the hardest lessons to learn in the whole round of Christian activities. It is the hardest thing to do; this giving a kiss for a blow, but it is Christian and may not be otherwise. As we deal with others so shall we be dealt with. So it's not worth while to retaliate. It mends nothing, helps nothing, makes a bad matter worse and in the ending hurts ourselves. Love's a better rule, but it is often a hard one to apply, but it grows easier in practice.

* * *

Kites rise against, not with the wind. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm.
—John Neal.

* * *

THE BITTER THOUGHT.

THE bitterest thoughts that come to vex us are of the things we might have done, and which we did not do. The time for them has passed and now we could not say the word if we would, could not render the service now no matter how earnestly we might wish it done.

There's a lesson in this, and it is to be thoughtful of the present, to be more careful of what we say and do, so that when opportunity has passed, not to come our way again, we have no regrets as to what might have been said and done. Yes, the hardest thoughts we have are of the things we should have done, and which we did not do.

* * *

One way to test a man's piety is to put him at fixing up a refractory stovepipe.

* * *

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

A GREAT many people from the west, visiting the Annual Meeting, will be within easy reach of Washington City. This is especially true of the western people who take the Baltimore and Ohio

railroad to get there. It will be an undoubtedly interesting trip to extend it to Washington and return as there are so many things to see that it will amply repay the visitor's time and attention. Washington City, itself, is one of the finest cities in the world. The public buildings, the museums, and the magnificent vistas are really well worth while to see. Going in on the Baltimore and Ohio you will land in the shadow of the Capitol.

* * *

No fun is honest which is not fun for both parties.

* * *

VIA NIAGARA.

WHILE a number of railroads have made rates to the Conference and there is a choice of ways in getting there, there is only one Niagara Falls. The Wabash Railroad which will carry many of our people that way affords an excellent opportunity of seeing something of world-wide interest which will doubtless be taken in by many of our people very much to their subsequent gratification. With the opportunity of seeing Niagara Falls and Washington City the trip may be made an exceptionally interesting one in an educational way.

* * *

Every man can and should do something for the public if it be only to kick a piece of orange peel from the pavement.

* * *

THE INGLENOOK acknowledges the receipt of a large box of flowers from Alabama. We divided them and every sister in the House looks brighter and feels better while wearing her part of the contribution to the NOOK's happiness. Thanks to you, Alabama.

* * *

THERE has been such a demand for space in the INGLENOOK, the current issue, that much goes over. The literary page is crowded out entirely this week, and a number of excellent contributors go over. The press of advertising has been such as to compel an enlargement of the advertising pages. In one way this crush of business and overflow of matter are entirely satisfactory and should be hailed with satisfaction by all the friends of the magazine.

THE TREASURE OF COCOS ISLAND.

COCOS ISLAND is a desolate spot buried in the heart of the South Pacific, and yet there is more real romance connected with this unpretentious island than is often accorded to a great and mighty nation. Cocos Island is invested with all the glamour of the Arabian tales, for it is supposed to have concealed somewhere in its breast a secret of hidden gems and gold estimated to be worth millions upon millions of dollars.

For nearly a century this isolated island has been the focus of countless eyes in every part of the world. From England, many parts of America, and from Australia men have voyaged to it and attempted to wrest from its grim silence the secret of its hidden treasures, but it has baffled them all, and still remains as inscrutable and seductive as it was at the beginning of the last century.

That this solitary island holds treasures far beyond the dreams of avarice is beyond all doubt, and the story of the hiding of these treasures reads like a thrilling chapter of romance.

In the early years of the last century one of the most successful of the pirates who preyed on Spanish ships was Don Pedro Benita, whose brig, the *Relampago*, was the terror of all honest men who "went down to the sea in ships." One rich prize after another fell into his clutches, Spanish galleons laden with treasures of all kinds, and after filling his ship with them Don Benita would take them to Cocos Island and bury them there while he sought for more.

Among his spoil were 130 tons of silver, nearly 1,000 heavy ingots of gold, vessels full to overflowing of gold coins, and hundreds of swords incrustated with jewels. But neither he nor his crew ever survived to enjoy their ill-gotten gains, for they fell out as thieves sometimes do, and slaughtered each other; and those who were left were captured by a British warship and hanged to a man from the yardarm. The ship which thus brought the pirates' career to an end went to Cocos Island and recovered a small part of the buried treasure, but the bulk of it defied discovery.

A few years later, in 1835, when an English ship, the *Mary Dier*, anchored in Callao harbor, at a time when Peru and Chili were at war, the Peruvian government sent its treasures for se-

curity on board the vessel. But it proved a false security, for one night the English ship disappeared. It, too, made for Cocos Island, and there its piratical crew buried the millions that had been intrusted to them—eleven boat loads in all, and each load representing the ransom of kings. But their shrift was short, for the vessel was driven by storm to the Peruvian coast, the crew was captured, and all but three were hanged.

Of the survivors none lived to reclaim any part of their spoil, but one of them, a man called Thompson, before his death revealed the secret to a friend of the name of Keaton, and he, in company with a Captain Bogue, went to the island and carried away twelve thousand pounds in gold. As they were leaving the island, however, their boat upset, and Captain Bogue sank under his burden of gold, while Keaton, clinging to the boat was ultimately saved.

In the South Atlantic there is another treasure island, Trinidad, which is said to hold as many millions even as Cocos, and a sumptuously equipped expedition is now being prepared to discover them. These twentieth century gold hunters will go on their quest under conditions of luxury hitherto unknown. Their vessel will have all the appointments and comforts of a first-class liner, from an excellent chef to a grand piano, baths, and refrigerators; and even the charm of feminine society will not be denied them.

* * *

*Some young men are so smart
that they discover God is a myth
long before they discover what they
were created for.*

* * *

OUR CROP CONDITIONS.

THE editor is gratified to be able to announce that volunteer observers for the crop conditions are coming to the front grandly. In an organization covering the whole United States, some time and much care are required. Everything is working favorably, and it will not be long until the Nooker who reads the magazine will know as much about the condition of the crops as anybody can know.

It is not the intention of the Nook to stick to a dull crop report, but to cover in a simple way not

only the field, but the garden and the orchard. It will make a big difference to a cultivator of the soil to know whether potatoes, apples or similar articles will be a drug or in demand. It is also designed to include a market price.

Two things are under consideration now. One is whether to place the observers along the parallels of latitude or along the isotherms. The parallels of latitude are straight lines curved over the earth. The isotherm or isothermal lines are lines that follow equal temperature, and these turn in a very peculiar way, due to the presence of ocean currents, warm winds, etc. Elgin has a pretty well established climate and given products of the soil, but to follow a line directly west of Elgin to the Pacific ocean would bring one into entirely different climates and productions. Roses will bloom in March in Portland, further north, while May and June are the rose months in Elgin. These isotherms are well-known and once studied and the general principles once fixed in the mind, will be a great help. The Nook family is nothing if not intelligent, and once we get fairly started, our work, in the monthly showing, will be of intense interest. Readers of the Nook will *know* how things are doing over the country.

Volunteers are still in demand. Offer your services and we will send you the papers when they are ready.

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The word no is one of the easiest words in the language to spell, but sometimes one of the most difficult to pronounce.

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THE GOLDEN ORIOLE.

BY MRS S. E. BARDER.

THE Golden Oriole is not often seen in this section of California, and there being but one brood a year this interesting species does not multiply very fast. We feel confident that we have, by good treatment, made him our friend, for our last year's visitor of gay plumage, and short crisp note, has returned to us, and shown his appreciation by building his nest, and beginning his housekeeping in the same old fan-palm tree that sheltered him last spring.

Usually his purse-like nest is swung from

the extreme end of a branch of the loftiest tree that he can find, thus being out of the way of bad boys and bird-egg "hunters,"—but this pair have chosen the leaf of our palm tree. From this leaf hang long threads or fibers, which the pair ravel off, and weave into their elegantly-formed and well-constructed nest, which they fasten securely to the under side of the leaf, where the mother bird is sheltered from the sun and rain. As she swings to and fro in her snug little nest with her dingy looking little head just visible over the edge, the words of our baby days' song come to us voluntarily: "Rock-a-bye baby on the tree top," etc.

The eggs are usually four and of a purplish white color with blotches of deep red and ashen grey. The male bird is a true feathered "Knight Templar" being most gorgeously attired. His resplendent yellow plumage, with tips of black on tail and wings and the same colored "four in hand" at the throat make a most pleasing sight as he sits by his mate keeping her company during the long hours.

Although the Golden Oriole is a shy bird, this pair show no fear of our presence, but sit and look at us most composedly and contentedly as we work in the garden near them.

We trust that the brilliant coloring of the Oriole will tell all folks who he is and that it will be his protection and not his undoing and soon the air will be filled with the gay little fellows with their whirring call.

+ + +

LUTHER CATO, of Pritchards, Alabama, tells that in a large cotton mill he visited in one department they had two hundred and twenty-five hands working day and night, and that they turn out about fourteen thousand yards a day. It takes three and a half yards to weigh a pound. Thus a thousand yards into which a bale is woven would weigh three hundred and fifty pounds, the bale losing one hundred and fifty pounds in the process. This is the separation at the various machines of the dirt, waste lint, etc., from the cotton. Much of this refuse matter is used in making mattresses and none of it is absolute waste.

+ + +

"SOME folks," said Uncle Eben, "seems to think dey is havin' an ahgument, when 'tain' nuffin' but a hollerin' match."

EARNING HER WAY.

BY AUNT JENNIE.

THE woman who is mistress of the art of housekeeping, capable of managing a house, from parlor to kitchen, in a systematic manner, need never come to want as long as she has health and strength. She can always earn her way by her domestic art, while Fortune may not always smile on the woman with the good education to fill business positions.

Years bring changes to us all. I have in mind a dear young girl-friend of mine who was a scholar and in her youth commanded good wages as a typo. As long as she continued in that work all was well. But, like most girls, she married, family cares multiplied, and after a while a wonderful change confronted her, which, as a good true mother, she could not ignore. The day of office work for her was gone. The rearing of her children was her first duty, and far more to her than the money she had earned when a young lady. But when she found herself a widow, compelled to meet life's struggles alone, she saw that she could not do that without money, and how was that money to be made?

She advertised in one of the daily papers in the city in which she lived, for the care of young children at her home. In a short time she had answers from more people than she could accommodate. Besides caring for as many little ones as she could, she gave a room to the mother of one little one, with the privilege of preparing breakfast and supper on her kitchen stove. While the mother was working all day in the city laundry, her little one was being cared for by loving hands. Another little one's father, a mechanic, rented one of her rooms and cared for his child at nights, while through the day he worked at his trade. She served his breakfast, as he preferred home-cooking to that to be had in restaurants. In this way my friend made a good living for herself and her two children, without leaving her home.

Even washing away from home at twenty cents an hour brings a fair remuneration, but the woman who can satisfactorily fill a position as domestic, cook or housekeeper, possesses an art not to be despised, and the world cannot dispense with the homely art and for such services good wages can be secured.

Orient, Oregon.

HOW I GET OUR SALMON.

BY D. W. EARLY.

IN the fall of the year, when the grain has all been gathered in and the potatoes are about ready to dig, there seems to be a lull in the work that is looked forward to as the time to go to the coast for salmon. We keep a net hung up in the barn, and when it is decided that it is about the right time to start for the fishing grounds it is brought down and with the camp equipage is loaded on a hack or light farm wagon and off we go for a trip to the ocean.

We do not venture into the main part of the sea, but select some small bay or inlet for the scene of our exploit. The net is placed in the back end of a small rowboat, one end we usually tie to a root, limb or stake driven in the ground for that purpose. Then one person takes the oars and the other will see to the net that it gets strung out in the water rightly.

For a small net like a person would want for home fishing we usually select a place where it is narrow enough to stretch a rope clear across the water and thus fasten both ends of the net. When the net is thus set, we usually go on shore, build a fire somewhat away from the net, as the darker it is the better fishing, and sit or lie down and wait for an hour or two, or if *too* anxious that we can't wait we go sooner and see if perhaps there may be some poor wandering fish entangled in the net. The net is what we call a "gill net" and is made with meshes just large enough so a salmon can get its head through but not its body then when it can't get through tries to back out but as it does so the twine gets into its gills and there holds him fast. There are a number of different species of salmon, but the most sought for are the "chinook" which are the largest, usually weighing from twenty to thirty and sometimes as heavy as forty or fifty pounds.

When one of these large salmon gets into the net sometimes the experience is rather interesting. One incident perhaps would be interesting. One night after having waited all night with not a sign of fish, and daylight was just beginning to show itself, all at once there was a great commotion in the water, the net was jumping up and down and the water was all in a boil for some dis-

rance around. Having had some experience in that line before, we knew at once what was up. Drawing up the net to the side of the boat I could see his blue sides and saw at the same time that he was a monster. I was lucky to have a gaff hook with me, and fastening this in his gills the war began. It was hold and pull, pull and hold, and tug. As he came to the top of the water you can imagine what a commotion. There was a perfect foam for twenty feet in every direction and I was as wet as I could well be, but in he came. But before we had time to catch our breath another struck, a larger one than the first, and when this one was in the boat, and daylight was fully come, when we could not expect any more fish, what a sight! We were wet all over, from head to toe, but there lay two forty-pound salmons, the night's catch.

Next comes the cleaning. First comes off the head, then the knife is run along the back-bone, —they are always opened on the back. The back-bone is taken out, fins cut off, and they are ready for the barrel. We put them down in dry salt as they will make their own brine. When we arrive at home they are taken out and again put down in dry salt and we have fish till the next autumn.

Once we had two long lines about a hundred feet in length with a feathered hook and a silver colored spoon attached, that would revolve when drawn through the water.

One morning about daylight we jumped into the boat and off we went to try our luck. Our little boys were holding the lines and I would row and whenever a fish would get on the hook I would drop the oars and take the line. They cannot be drawn in directly, as they are sure to get loose in some way if you try that. We just let them run in the water till they are tired out. If they are drawn up to the boat, the first thing you know they are again at the end of the line. They will soon give up and then they can be drawn in. On this special occasion we were out about two hours and came in with ten nice fish for our reward. I told somebody that pulling those fish into the boat put me in mind of the time when a boy in Ohio, we led the calves out to pasture after they had stood in the barn all their lives. But a little preference is to be given to the fishing.

Salem, Oregon.

MADE OUT OF THE NOOK- MAN'S HEAD.

A grave is the boundary line between here and over there.

Now and then a woman's face is her family's misfortune.

What makes a man a fool is not what he is, but what he tries to be.

Beauty is only skin deep, and occasionally it is to be had at the drugstore.

Stopping to think before speaking may save the necessity of talking at all.

True there's no fool like an old fool, but two of them are twice as bad as one.

A good way to elevate doubtful literature is to heave it out of the back door.

If you are a worm of the dust you may still be a silkworm. That's something.

As a rule women like men who are not so entirely goody-goody as they might be.

Every Nooker thinks his troubles greater than Job's who made a fuss about boils only.

Dirt is relative. Applebutter in the dish on the table is food. On the baby's face it is dirt.

Ever think what real good people, and discerning, they are who speak well of us? Funny, isn't it?

It would do us good to hear the real opinion of our neighbors as to the good qualities of our own Gaggle Goos.

If we could cure our own failings as readily as we think we could our neighbor's we would be models of propriety.

Get wisdom, my son, but there's such a thing as paying too high a price for it if you seek it in the school of experience.

Some people take good care not to break the commandments, but they crack them so that they wouldn't be taken at the junk shop.

You wouldn't plant thistles in your garden and expect a crop of cabbage, would you? Then be careful what you sow in the heart.

Would you know the requisite of being a successful writer, speaker or indeed being first in anything? It consists in being born to it.

Ever see a man do a mean thing, get caught, and make no apologies? Then you have seen a man who is neither a Christian nor a gentleman.

THE UTE INDIANS.

BY S. Z. SHARP.

THE word *Ute* means *Mountain dwellers*. The tribe which bears this name originally occupied the most scenic portion of the United States, embracing the southern portion of Wyoming and Idaho, the State of Utah to which they gave the name, the mountain portion of Colorado, northern New Mexico and Arizona. They roamed through the Garden of the Gods, drank the healing waters of the Great Spirit, Maniteau, and scaled the Rocky Mountains to the western slope through a notch of the Snowy Range called the Ute Pass. They hunted the elk, deer and grizzly bear in Middle Park, and still persist in doing so to the chagrin of the game warden, and in defiance of the law. They pitched their wigwams in the shadow of Pike's Peak and caught the speckled trout in the many mountain streams flowing into Grand River. They dipped their canoes into the Great Salt Lake and occupied the plains of Utah many centuries before Morman ever set foot on this territory.

The Utes differ from the Apaches, Moquoi and other neighbors of theirs, in this, that they do not take kindly to education. They are Indians and wish to remain such. They own no cultivated farms, herds of cattle, horses and sheep like some other tribes. They have erected no monuments to perpetuate their memory and when they shall have passed to the final hunting ground beyond, they will have left no more trace behind than did their shadow which once darkened their pathway along the mountain streams. Not many generations hence their last sun will have set, and another tribe will have checkered these regions with railroads, pierced the mountains and brought out millions of tons of precious ore; irrigated these valleys and planted them in orchards and vineyards, and built large cities filled with teeming thousands. Only the State of Utah and the Ute pass will remain.

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GOOD MANNERS.

A GOOD many inquiries, first and last, have come to the Nook about etiquette and the books teaching it, or, at least, those so advertised. Now the INGLENOOK does not claim to be an

authority in these matters, but the number of inquiries seems to demand some sort of attention and the Nook will have its say.

In the first place so-called good manners is a relative term. What would be all right in one place would be ridiculous in another. No one supposes that the methods due at the coronation of King Edward would be available at an Annual Meeting, or that the ways of a number of well-bred old people would do for a party of modern young folks. So much depends, in a question like this. What answers the requirements in one place is out of order in another.

Yet there are some underlying principles that go everywhere, and these the Nook will undertake to talk about. First, it is hard to define good manners. A man with gray hair and a liberal waist measurement can say and do things that the flip young man would get severely turned down should he attempt them. An old lady can talk to a young married couple in a way that would ensure a deserved snubbing to sweet sixteen who might try it. As said before, a good deal depends. In fact it all depends. An aged Quaker lady might call the President, "Theodore," but the general of the army better not try it.

As far as the bowing and scraping part of good manners is concerned anybody can accomplish that. The colored waiter, the flunkey and the trained servant, have all that to perfection. That is not good manners. It is simply mannerism. But the real thing, the good form and the gentle ways, are subject to no rule. A gentleman is just what the world means,—a gentle man. A lady is its feminine complement,—a gentle woman.

The best way of learning the correct thing in a social way is for the one who really wants to know to ask some lady who does know. The Nook ventures the assertion that no real lady will ever be found to refuse information, but on the contrary will feel flattered by the implied compliment to her knowledge in the premises. Most women know intuitively what is good form, and the man who asks her, and who heeds what she says, will, beyond a doubt, make no serious break. After all, good manners is only what is pleasing to others. Find that out and you will be all right. A low voice, a good heart, and a

desire to help and please others bring their own desirable way with them.

Boys and girls, raised in the country, often find themselves in positions where they do not know just what they ought to do. No book can tell. No written code is worth a cent. It is all relative.

The NOOK's advice is to ask a gentleman or a lady, quietly and courteously, saying that you don't know. The dread of appearing "green" is all folly. Asking the way to go and to do is just like asking the road to a strange place. Nobody will blame you and anybody will tell you.

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The minister who does not hit somebody in his talk is well acquainted with the size of the contributing members' subscriptions.

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FEEDING DELICATE CHILDREN.

BY SARA REESE EBY.

I WAS reading an article, not long ago, on this subject, and as it contained some good ideas, I will pass them along, for the benefit of the NOOK readers, who may sometime have to coax the appetites of sick babies. One of the happy thoughts of this mother, who had two delicate little girls to rear, was to make of their morning meal a play-time, for instance, the oatmeal was heaped in a mound on the saucers, this was the island, the cream that surrounded it was the ocean, and two lumps of sugar, one white, the other brown, were Crusoe and his man, Friday. The children were the savages, who were first to drink the ocean, then eat Crusoe and Friday, then eat the island; the mother, in the meantime, telling the story and progressing only as fast as the "savages." This game did not pall for months.

Another game came from the nursery tale of the "Wolf and Pig." "Little pig, little pig, let me come in." "No, no, by the hair on my chinny-chin-chin." "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in and I'll eat you right up, little pig!" House after house was built of thin strips of buttered bread and piled up, log-cabin fashion. Inside was a nice bit of hot beefsteak representing the pig. The children, of course, were the wolves and first ate the house, then the

pig. While the house was building the story was told of the pig, who going out to seek his fortune, trusted in the wolf, and, taking his advice as to the house material, perished miserably.

When pills or powders were to be given a few raisins were seeded, the medicine placed in them, and while the child opened its mouth the mother (bird) dropped the raisins one by one and the little one never knew it had taken medicine. Of course all this takes time and trouble and we, who have strong, healthy little ones that need no pampering can be very thankful, but to those who have weakly children, nothing can be too much trouble to insure good health to the little ones intrusted to their care. How much happier we would all be if we lived more with our children and in the mad rush of our busy lives paused occasionally to note the effect of this or that on them, and learned to be one of them. For all too swift the years are rushing by and will soon leave us behind; our babies flown; some to that Better Land—others gone to homes of their own, others perhaps—we know not where and our hearts and homes will be empty, and then we will look back and think that the days were sweetest when they were all clustered around us, and the trouble we had with them then will seem little enough.

West Elkton, Ohio.

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Most of our duties are too plain to be attractive.

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A TRIP TO SOUTH AMERICA.

BY DIANTHA CHURCHMAN.

TAKING a steamer at San Francisco we cross the beautiful Pacific ocean and land at Valparaiso, a flourishing seaport town of Chili. Though lively, it is not a desirable residence city. The situation is low, and the streets narrow and not very cleanly, which, all included, makes it not very conducive to health. But as we journey to the more elevated regions, we find the climate delightful and healthy, and the soil fertile, though somewhat limited, as the country is narrow and mountainous.

Chili is not a stock country, the beef mostly coming from the pampas of Argentine Republic, but it contains good mines, and produces good

fruit. Chili is noted for excellent peaches and fine honey.

We can take the cars at Valparaiso and go to San Felipe where we get mules and prepare to cross the mountains,—the famous Cordilleras of the Andes, or Copper Mountains. The highest peaks of this magnificent range lie farther north. Mt. Aconcagua, the highest, is almost 24,000 feet above the sea-level. Untouched by the fierce sun of the equator, upon these lofty peaks lie the snows of centuries, their vast solitudes unbroken save by the scream of the condor, the largest bird of flight, who makes his home in the elevated regions of the Andes. These barren steeps are also inhabited by the llama, and the vicuna, from whose wool is made a beautiful soft fabric. These mountains form the western boundary of Argentina. When we reach the foot of the mountains we find a level country, very rich and fertile, for hundreds of leagues unbroken by stones or any obstacles.

The Argentine Republic is divided into fourteen provinces of which Catamarca, Salta, Rioja, San Juan and Mendoza border the Andes. Buenos Ayres, the largest city of Argentina, is in Buenos Ayres province. It is a very wealthy, busy city, situated on the LaPlata (meaning silver river). This is a magnificent stream of water, bearing vessels to and from many parts of the world.

At Buenos Ayres we take a steamer for Parana. Soon after leaving Buenos Ayres we enter the Parana river. This is a beautiful river, placid and calm unless disturbed by the fierce pamperas, a strong wind that comes from Cape Horn, blowing over the wastes of Patagonia. The scenery of Argentina is much the same,—treeless, grassy plains (called pampas), and timber-bordered streams.

One of the wonders of sunny Argentina is the "Rolling Stone of Tandil." This stone weighs hundreds of tons, and is balanced upon a rocky protuberance, where it sways and trembles. There it has stood for centuries, and perhaps will remain while the world lasts.

Ashland, Oregon.

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THE human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something and those who sit still and inquire why it was not done the other way.—*Holmes.*

WATERING DEAD TREES.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

THE fact is that the majority of us do a great deal of watering dead trees, thoughtlessly or perversely, spending time, strength, and substance over things which do no one good, but perhaps evil; and often, in our misdirected efforts, crippling the higher powers of the mind by holding it in narrow grooves. Take, for example, the feminine fashion of wearing garments so tightly compressed about the waist as to render deep, full breathing, an impossibility and digestion a problem. It seems incredible that a thinking woman should not realize that by so doing she is shortening her own life and usefulness, as well as that of those who may come after her. Why is it that a woman who would walk through a fiery furnace or a lion's den to save her child from a threatening danger, is not brave enough, for its sake and her own, to insist upon her dressmaker's fashioning her garments comfortably?

This same woman, however, shows hopeful signs of a time when she will discard entirely the street-mopping, germ-collecting, untidy long skirt. Common sense points its finger unrelentingly but approvingly to the trim skirt of the athletic modern woman.

What an absurd custom it is that women, because other women do so, should wear upon their heads small forests of flowers, feathers, velvet and chiffon, in places of public worship! If one has conscientious scruples against removing the hat in the house of God, or like assemblages, surely there might be devised some sort of head-gear that would not tempt one's rear neighbor to harsh criticism.

It is possible that a woman may be clothed daintily and becomingly, yet with such comfort and neatness as to suggest the manner in which a rose wears its exquisite petals. The dress is then an outward expression of refined, inner womanliness. Deny it though we may, there is something about one's clothing and character, whether it be of the fashion-plate, sloven, or ideally-dressed woman, that acts and reacts mutually.

Garments we must have. But let us have them comfortable, neat and hygienic, for such clothing means health, and health means at least a degree of good looks, and ability to live a life that

is worth while, in every sense. Nature is a better artist than custom; her works are beautiful, but not showy at the expense of their fitness for perfect development and obedience to the higher laws of their being.

Elgin, Ill.

† † †

LONELY WOMEN.

BY X.

WE are reminded of a dear friend who, like many other girls, was reared in ignorance of the bustle and hustle of all pertaining to practical business. Her education was limited, but she was taught to be a good housekeeper.

In her young womanhood she became the happy wife of Mr. B., who did all that he could for her comfort and happiness. Children came to bless their home and Mrs. B found her time fully occupied with the duties of a mother. But as her husband provided well for the material needs of the little family, and even devoted many spare minutes to lightening the burdens of her household duties, she knew nothing of real hardship. She was a frail woman, and they had not much of this world's goods, but they were rich in love and therefore happy.

Knowing little of business Mrs. B may not have spent her husband's earnings as judiciously as she might have done, had she been able to realize what it was to earn money, but all went pleasantly for a few short years. Then, one day when she was watching for her husband's return from his run on the railroad, a messenger came with the news that he was hurt in another town. With her little ones she hastened to his side, only to speak a few last words before he fell asleep to wake no more.

Sadly she laid the dear body away, and after that the most perplexing problem of her life had to be faced, alone with three little children, a frail body, and no father, mother, nor anyone on whom to depend, and no such thing as giving up. She was naturally very timid about attempting anything in the way of business, but, with a strong determination to make her own way, she was just beginning to solve the problem of self-support when her oldest child died. Bravely she faced her trouble. Though no words could convey any idea of the agonies she suffered she real-

ized that brooding over her sorrows would not keep the wolf from the door. Friends advised, but after all she had to decide for herself.

She gathered together her little means and bought a small home and went to work. To-day she keeps boarders and in that way makes a living. She has many trials and some things to learn but is full of courage and determination and God gives her strength for the hour.

May I say to my dear unmarried sisters, let us prepare to do at least one thing well before we ever marry? Understand the worth of money and never marry to be supported but be able to support yourself. Let us be ever ready to help our widowed sisters, but if in the meantime we prepare for such emergencies, if they ever come to us, while we may be lonely, we will know how to take care of ourselves.

Let us extend our pity to the lonely sisters, remembering that a kind word spoken or a kind act performed will increase our joys on earth and in heaven.

Chicago, Ill.

† † †

Contested wills often result in divorces.

† † †

HOW TO EARN A LIVING.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

A WOMAN can make a good living by coming to Pasadena, California, and either going out cleaning at fifteen or twenty cents an hour or hiring out by the month at twenty-five or thirty dollars a month and her room and board. If she has children that she can not leave, she can take home all the washing that she can do at a good price; or she can raise chickens. Eggs sold all winter at thirty-five and forty cents a dozen. They are never lower than fifteen cents a dozen, and chickens sell at from fifty cents to seventy-five cents apiece. Or she can raise onions at five cents a pound, but she must have grit and energy about herself.

Good working women can do much better here than men. There is always a demand for women, and if it is necessary to borrow the money to come here, a good working woman can soon earn it, and return it if she is only true and honest.

Pasadena, Cal.

The Q. & A. Page.

Is wireless telegraphy used for commercial purposes?
Not yet, at least not to any great extent.

*

What is the difference between Scarlet Fever and
Scarlatina?

None. Both mean the same thing.

*

Can a western settler be called a pioneer?

Yes. The word means a foot soldier—one
who goes ahead.

*

What gives water its color?

Suspended coloring matter, vegetable, etc., and
in case of shallow water, the color of the bottom.

*

If one has ability would the 'Nook advise going on
the stage?

The Nook's advice is to keep away, for many
reasons.

*

Why do all Jews get rich?

They don't. The majority are miserably poor.
Most of them attain a competence by unending
toil and saving.

*

Where did Rudyard Kipling get his first name?

His parents spent their honeymoon on Lake
Rudyard, England, and named him from the lake,
we are informed.

*

Is there any telling the origin of phrases and common
sayings?

No reliable way. Some of them are older
than the Christian era. They are terse, familiar
crystallizations of truths common to all people
and all nations.

*

Do the students of a big University all meet in a class
room?

No, as a rule they do not meet at all. They
may never see the attendance all together. Each
student goes to his own recitation room, and has
little or no knowledge of the others.

What's the 'Nook's idea of cosmetics?

Intelligently and sensibly used, there is no
great objection. Indeed they may be desirable,
as in the case of painful sunburn.

*

Is a seam of workable coal on a farm worth much?

It all depends on the proximity and accessi-
bility of a market whether it is worth anything,
and even then the quality and ease with which
it may be mined mean a great deal.

*

Have all secret orders the same secret?

The probability is that not one of them has any
secret whatever outside of the forms of initiation.
As a rule they are social and business organiza-
tions, which might as well be held out on the
common as far as any great secret is concerned.

*

Is oleomargarine as bad as it is made out?

No. Elgin people eat tons of it. It lacks
some of the better qualities of real butter, and is
also a lot better than a good deal of the so-called
real butter. You might board in Elgin a long
time and not get a taste of real butter, and not
know it.

*

Is all the "Elgin Butter" offered for sale made in El-
gin?

Considering the amount of butter masquerad-
ing as Elgin butter, all over the country, there
is not really enough made in Elgin to constitute
a smell. Buttermakers far and near work the
name.

*

What is the "Merger suit" talked of in the papers?

Two railroads, to a certain extent parallel and
competitors, are not allowed by law to pass into
one control. Where tried, as it has been, the
"merging" of one road into another is contested
by law and hence the term "Merger suit." One
ownership of competing lines raises rates and
and kills competition and operates against pub-
lic welfare. Hence the law against it. All the
same, in effect, it is done.



The Home






Department



CHOP SUEY.

“ONE-HALF chicken (or quarter-chicken and as much fresh pork, or you can make it all pork, but chicken is much better), one large onion, a handful of mushrooms, a stalk of celery, six Chinese potatoes, a bowl of rice, small dessert dish of Chinese sauce (which answers for salt).

“When the chicken is cleaned scrape the meat off the bones and cut into strips about one and a half inches long, half-inch wide. If pork is used, cut the strips the same length. Slice the onions thin; soak the mushrooms ten minutes in water, then remove the stems; cut celery into pieces one and a half inches long; Chinese potatoes require no cooking, simply wash and slice.

“First put chicken (or chicken and pork or pork) into a frying pan with fat (whatever you use) and fry until done, but not brown or hard. Then add the sliced onions and cook a little. Add mushrooms. Now pour enough sauce over the ingredients to make them brown. Then add some water and stew a few minutes. Add celery and after a minute add the potatoes. Finally add a little floured water to it, making gravy of the water which stewed it.

“The Chinese potatoes, mushrooms and Chinese sauce can be procured at any Chinese grocery. If the rice is not cooked properly it will detract greatly from the good taste of the chop suey. Otherwise it is a very palatable dish.

“To those who do not know how to serve it I will say: Put some rice in a bowl, then add as much chop suey as you want. Mix and pour in enough of the sauce that was used in cooking it. Tea is usually taken with this dish.”

CHOCOLATE CUSTARD.

ADD a pinch of soda to a quart of milk and bring to the scalding point in a double boiler. Beat the yolks of five eggs light with a cup of

sugar and add to them the stiffened whites of two of the eggs. Rub four heaping tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate to a paste with a little cold milk. Now stir the chocolate paste into the scalding milk and boil for a minute. Pour this gradually upon the eggs and sugar and beat hard. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla and turn into a greased pudding dish, set this in an outer pan of boiling water and bake until the custard is firm. Make a meringue of the three remaining whites, beaten stiff with a little sugar, draw custard to the door of the oven, spread the meringue upon it and return to the oven long enough to brown delicately. Serve cold with rich cream.

SALMON LOAF.

MELT two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add two eggs, well beaten, two-thirds of a cupful of cracker crumbs, salt and pepper to taste, and all from one can of salmon; remove the bones and skin from the salmon and add to the above mixture; work until very fine; put in a greased baking powder can, cover, and steam one hour; remove from can while hot and set on ice. Serve sliced on platter, garnished with hard-boiled eggs, parsley and quarters of lemon.

JELLIED CHICKEN.

COVER a small chicken with water and boil until the meat slips from the bones and the water is reduced to half a pint; pick off the meat in good-sized pieces, removing all the fat and bones; skim the fat from the liquor and add pepper and salt to taste, with one-half an ounce of gelatine; when this dissolves, pour over the meat. The liquor should be seasoned highly, as the chicken absorbs much of the flavor; put the mixture in a cool place in deep bowls to form.

GOING TO ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

From Waynesboro. Pa.: D. M. Baker, C. R. Oellig, J. B. Ruthruff, F. D. Anthony, Sam. J. Oller, Daniel Oller, J. J. Oller and family, J. E. Rohrer and family, M. E. Sollenbarger and family, Geo. T. Snyder, Allison Benedict and family, Geo. Heefner, W. B. Stover and family, Samuel Foutz and family, J. Kendall Wordebaugh and family, Lizzie Myers, Dora and Zella Funk, Lizzie Buzzard, Lizzie Knepper, Nellie and Annie Heefner, Maye Hawbecker, Elizabeth Saylor, Suddie Wingert, Florence Hess, Annie Mört, Seth and Bashor Oller, H. M. Stover and family.

From Summit Mills, Pa.: Ida Summacker, Mary Kimmel, Eliza Miller, Anna Lichty, G. D. Lichty, S. J. Miller, Joel Gnagey.

From Mill Creek congregation, Va.: Mr. and Mrs. Sam Cline, Mr. and Mrs. John Good, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cline, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Wampler, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Lam, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kyger, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Shirey, Misses Ottie Long, Katie Shirey, Eliza Spitzer, Dora Good, Florence Cline, Lizzie Harshbarger, Etta Cline, Effie Showalter, Ottie Showalter, Messrs. Jacob Harshbarger, Jacob Bowman, Joseph Pence, H. C. Early, Joseph Diehl, Harvey Diehl, Luther Wampler.

From Hutsonville, Ill.: J. C. Stoner.

From Nickerson, Kans.: M. Keller and wife, Lizzie Miller and daughter, F. P. Dettis and wife, F. J. Price and wife, Mrs. Wm. Dettis and mother.

From Girard, Ill.: D. B. Vaniman and wife, Fred Riffel and wife, Willie Shull and wife, Henry Snell, Aurelia Watson, Ella Watson, Keyser Watson, J. W. Stutzman, Mattie Neher and two daughters, M. Flory.

From Virden, Ill.: S. S. Brubaker and wife, Chas. Vaniman and wife, J. W. Harshbarger and wife and daughters.

From Auburn, Ill.: Chas. C. Gibson and wife, Henry Hamly and wife.

From Overbrook, Kans.: J. W. Fishburn, J. T. Kinzie.

From Ottawa, Kans.: Frank McCune.

From Gardner, Kans.: George Abel, S. M. Wenger.

From Daleville, Va.: J. Z. Gilbert and wife, Gertrude Layman, Bennie Nininger, E. D. Nininger, Mrs. T. C. Denton.

From Madisonburg, Ohio: Isabella Irvin.

From Cloverdale, Va.: Emma Eller.

From Bonsacks, Va.: Samuel Crumpacker Mrs. Samuel Crumpacker, Delia Crumpacker Jennie Crumpacker.

From Blue Ridge Springs, Va.: Robert W. Riely and wife.

From Trinity, Va.: S. A. Shaver and wife, Mrs. C. N. Huff.

From Troutville, Va.: S. C. Showalter and wife, Jas. Layman and wife, Janette Boone, Mrs. J. C. Riely, Myrtle Riely, S. L. Shaver, Lizzie Shaver, Susie Shaver, G. B. Kinzie, Eugene Riely, A. Bauserman, Lulu Showalter, Birda Harris, J. W. Layman and wife.

From Brugh's Mill, Va.: Joseph M. Graybill and wife.

From New Hope, Va.: Walter Kahle, Katie Kahle.

From Shannon, Ill.: Wm. Lutz, David I. Lutz.

From Huntington, Ind.: Eld. Aaron Moss.

From Mt. Morris, Ill.: Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Bollinger, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Messer, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rittenhouse, Nelson Shirk, Mrs. Levi B. Shirk, M. R. Pyle, Levi Shively, Frank Sheller, Harvey Allen, Sam'l Allen, J. M. Lutz, Mrs. George Windle, Mrs. Emanuel Slifer, Mrs. Ida Emmert, Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Felker, Miss Edna Felker, Miss Anna Trostle, Miss Eva Trostle, Mrs. Clevidence, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Cripe, Mrs. Daniel Shaw.

From Alfred, Kans.: J. L. Hoover.

From Morrill, Kans.: Martin Myers and wife, Emma Bearkley.

From Aden, Va.: J. A. Seese.

From Accident, Md.: C. J. Hanft.

From Tub, Pa.: P. S. Davis.

From Timberville, Va.: D. W. Crist.

From Nokesville, Va.: S. H. Flory and wife, J. S. Flory, Miss Daisy Early, Miss Vernie Flory.

* * *

Wan du nach Harrisburg komsst, tsu der jeerliche Versammlung, kum in die offis vom Publishing House, un sehn der Nookman. Er is nit so feel (tsu selne, so weit as Sheenhet geht, aver es is tsimlich feel tsu em. Wan du nit English schwetza komsst do is es jusht der same. Es werd epper do sein, der tsu dir schwetza kan, un bisness thun. Bring die Kinner mit. Der Nookman will enna an Inglenook gewwa frei.

THE INGLENOOK

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MAY 24, 1902.

No. 21.

ONLY ONE WAY IS RIGHT.

My boy," said Uncle Hiram, once, while giving me advice,

The saw that doesn't wobble is the one that cuts the ice.

He saw that close applies itself, within its narrow groove,

Will soon or late fulfill its work by keeping on the move.

When halfway through, temptation may beset it, like as not,

To leave the place that seemeth hard and seek a thinner spot;

But shifting saws will learn, at length, when failure they invite:

There's many a way o' doin' things, but only one way's right!

And bear in mind, my boy, through life, if tempted tasks to shirk,

Success is but a second crop, the aftermath of Work.

Lubricator tried and true is Perseverance Oil, and Fortune's smile is rarely won except by honest toil.

A safe cross-cut to Fame or Wealth has never yet been found,

The men upon the heights to-day are those who've gone around

The longest way, inspired by the sayin,' somewhat trite:

There's many a way o' doin' things, but only one way's right."

I knew my Uncle Hiram had achievement's summit reached;

I knew him as an honest man who practiced what he preached.—

And so I paid the lesson heed, and rapt attention gave.

Then, in an added afterthought, he said: "My boy, be brave!

Do your part; tenaciously to one straight course adhere;

Though men declare you're in a rut,—work on, and never fear;

You'll realize, when you, at length, have reached achievement's height:

There's many a way o' doin' things, but only one way's right!"

—Roy Farrell Green, "Success."

FRANK'S LETTER.

THERE was so much to see and to write about in San Francisco that we decided on Los Angeles. Kath and I have about made up our minds that as we cannot stop everywhere we want to see the best, and hereafter we will only take in the larger towns and cities unless there is some special reason for going to the smaller places.

Los Angeles is a very old town, started by the Spanish a long time ago, in fact to-day presents



SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY STATION AT LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

two distinct parts of the city, the new and the old Los Angeles. When California belonged to Mexico the Spanish priests settled down anywhere wherever they found what they thought a favorable location to establish a mission. Some of these old Spanish missions are still standing. But the climatic situation, geographically and otherwise, has changed everything from the dreamy days of the old Spanish priests.

The population of Los Angeles by the last census was 102,470. It is really a beautiful city. There are two settlements of our people in Los



SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES.

Angeles—the Channing Street Mission and the East Side. Our members in Pasadena belong to the Los Angeles Church.

The town is twelve miles from the ocean and there is a railroad running down to the port. In the old part of the city the streets run very irregularly but the newer part, which is largely made up of residences, is laid out in squares.



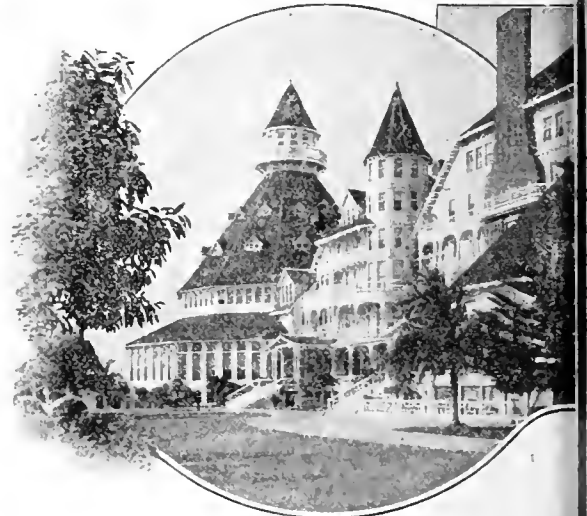
BATHING DOWN ALONG THE COAST.

Among the principal streets are Broadway, Spring and Main. There are some fine stores here as may be always noticed in a place frequented by many tourists. The town is very

much spread out, like all western towns, but we are inclined to think that Los Angeles is a little more so than some of the others we have seen.

There are few fences here but many flowers that bloom the year around. Seeing the flowers grow in Los Angeles is a revelation to an eastern person. Here the heliotropes, lantanas, and geraniums grow in perfection. They even grow so large that they are trained up the sides of the houses. They live out in the open air the whole season through although there are rare frosts.

Sub-tropical fruits are in evidence everywhere and a good many of the food products are put up here although this is not a manufacturing place in a machine sense. If one wants to see



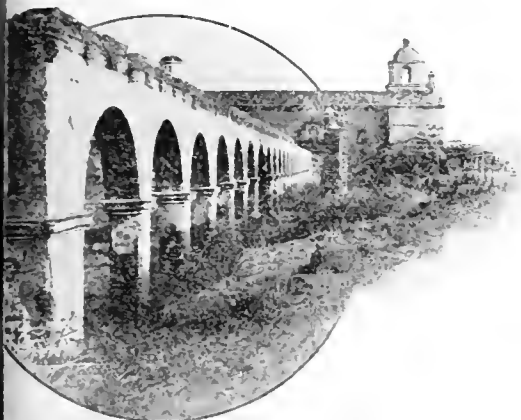
ONE OF THE COAST HOTELS.

flowers he ought to go out to the East Lake or W. Elysian Park, for there they are in full bloom. There are magnificent California violets which grow in perfection. Speaking of flowers Grandma Gnagey and her grandchildren who live in Pasadena are much interested in them. Sometimes when they have been unsold the surplus stock finds its way to the church where the Brethren worship. And the custom is a very pleasant one.

The town is full of visitors the year around attracted by the climate and its advantages for those afflicted with some kinds of diseases.

While the sun is hot it is always comfortable in the shade, and there are always ocean and mountain breezes which make it pleasant at all seasons. There are a great many clear and sunny days.

The mountains may be seen in the rear of the city at any time and the people are not unfamiliar to the sight of snow on these mountains. But the main feature that is surprising and striking to strangers such as Kath and I are the peculiar



AN OLD SPANISH MISSION.

arrangement of vegetation. Of course not all is unfamiliar to us but the bananas, the century plants, and the roses climbing to the top of the houses give the general appearance of the city a sub-tropical one. There is no lack of color scheme about Los Angeles, and as said before there is



SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

the crowding of houses together in the residence part of the city. It is a magnificent sight to stand on some elevated point and look at the city bathed in bright sunlight and then along the Sierra Madra Mountains rising into the sky and fading in the distance. There is no wonder in

the mind of the on-looker why so many people have chosen to live here.

It is said to be a splendid trip over to Pasadena, only nine miles away, at the western end of San Gabriel Valley. Marengo Avenue in Pasadena is said to be a beauty. However, this is a description of Los Angeles and not of Pasadena. One thing sure about Pasadena is that we want to take in the ostrich farm in South Pasadena.

Taking it all together Los Angeles with its fruit, its flowers, and its magnificent suburbs has caused Kath and me to wonder whether or not we have not come to the jumping-off place as far as beauty is concerned. Kath says that perhaps there are other places prettier than Los Angeles, but I doubt it.

Somewhere in this section of the country the writer has a good many warm personal friends that he would be glad to meet but whether we will get there or not is a little doubtful.

Faternally.

FRANK.

+ + +

*Luck walks while work rides in
a carriage.*

+ + +

A DISPATCH from New Orleans to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: General Pearson, the Boer agent, who, with E. Van Ness, the New York attorney, brought the suit for injunction to restrain further shipments of mules by the British from this port for army use in the Transvaal, which suit was afterwards dismissed, recently gave out a most significant interview, in which he practically said that privateers would be fitted out in the interest of the Boers to accomplish what the law had denied. He was much disappointed over the action of the court, and when asked for a statement as to his ideas over the outcome of the suit, he said: "I am not as much surprised as disappointed. You can say this for me—British commerce will, in the near future, receive a great surprise." Gen. Pearson went on to talk of the situation at length, and there was but one inference to be drawn from what he said—that the Boers had friends who were willing to pay for fitting out privateers for the purpose of capturing all vessels containing further shipments of mules, and injuring British commerce in general as much as possible.

HONEY-BEES AND HONEY.

BY JOHN M. MOHLER.

WHEN I was a boy I heard people talk of the king bee who controlled the manner of working of the whole colony, as each bee family is called, issuing orders from his throne, about all the work done. The big broad bees were called the brood bees, and the little ones with the sharp wings were the honey-makers. I also learned that the pollen which the workers carry in in the little baskets on their legs was the material of which they made the honeycomb.

The bee that they supposed to be the king is really the queen, the mother of all the bees, the brood bee of the old idea is the drone, or male bee, while the honey-makers are truly the workers. They are undeveloped females.

The queen bee lays two kinds of eggs, the impregnated and the unimpregnated, and she is so constructed that she can lay either kind at will. The unimpregnated egg always produces drones or male bees, while from the impregnated eggs the workers and queens are reared. The workers can lay eggs, too, and sometimes do, when the colony has no queen, but their eggs necessarily produce only drones. The bees build three sizes of cells, drone, worker and queen cells. The drone cells are hexagonal in shape, like the worker cells except they are larger, but the queen cells are long and conical in shape.

When for any reason the bees wish to supersede their queen with a younger one, or if, the hive being over-populous and the honey-flow plentiful, they wish to send out a swarm, they build a queen-cell or any number of queen-cells. The queen lays eggs in these cells and the bees proceed to deposit around each egg a peculiar bluish white jelly-like substance which we call royal jelly. The egg develops rapidly into a larva, then a pupa, and in about fourteen days from the time the egg is laid the young queen gnaws the cap off of her cell and goes forth in search of other queens to conquer. Her first business is to find the other queen, if the hive contains another. When they meet there in a death grapple and an example of the survival of the fittest. The first young queen to emerge from the cell does not wait for the other to hatch but goes about and stings the other queens to death in

their cells. When a colony swarms the swarmer goes out before the young queen emerges from her cell.

In cases where colonies become queenless and there are eggs in the hive, the bees, as soon as they discover that they have no queen, proceed to rear one by building out an elongated cell around the egg in a worker cell, making a queen cell of it and feeding the larvae on royal jelly. If they have no brood young enough for the purpose they are helpless in the matter, and, unless man interferes, there will soon be nothing left of the colony, for bees are short-lived. Workers live from four and six weeks to as many months according to what they have to do, their lives being shortest during a strong honey flow.

The pollen, gathered from blossoms and carried in in the little baskets on the bees' hind legs is used to make beebread on which young bees are fed. It is unloaded in cells when brought in and other bees whose business it is mix with honey and pack it down in cells and cap over for future use. When a young bee hatches out it goes in search of food and helps itself to royal honey from the cell. Its babyhood does not last long. It has a few days for play and then it becomes a nurse bee and soon a honey-gatherer. The nurse bees prepare the food for the unsealed brood, filling the cells around the larvae with a mixture of bee-bread and honey.

Her Royal Highness, the queen, is always fed by worker bees. She would starve to death surrounded by food rather than help herself.

In the strictest sense the honey-bee gathers neither honey nor wax. It gathers the nectar secreted by nature in the flowers, and by a process impossible of successful imitation by man makes it into honey. First it carries the honey in its stomach to its home and deposits it in the cell. Then in its own way it proceeds to ripen it into honey by a process of evaporation, and when fully ripened, which takes some days to accomplish, the cell is capped over.

The wax is another story. When the bee is making honey it is at the same time secreting wax in quantity according to the demand. The wax exudes in liquid form between the rings of the bee's abdomen and hardens and the bee scrapes it off and uses it to make the honeycomb in which to store the honey. The bee gathers nectar from various sources, and

color, as well as the flavor, of the honey depends on the source from which it gathered, and whenever the bee has the wherewith to make honey he can also make wax. Bees store honey regardless of their needs, that is, if there is an abundant flow of nectar in the blossoms the bees will gather and store as long as they have any place to put it.

Some bees are more industrious than others and some are more easily handled. Even the most timid bees do not sting unless disturbed and the best way to handle bees with the least trouble is to go about it in a quiet, easy manner, not moving about. Smoke is a great helper in handling bees that are disposed to sting. Blow a little smoke from a roll of cotton bags into the entrance of the hive and you can soon take off the cover and lift out the frames of comb with little fear of being stung.

The sting is the one objectionable feature about the honey-bee, and we are indebted to that weapon for all the honey, that most wholesome and delectable of sweets, for without that weapon of offense the bee would be at the mercy of greedy man and would soon be left to starve and ere long there would be no bees left alive.

Leeton, Mo.

+ + +

*Luck pictures a dollar, while
work earns it.*

+ + +

RETROSPECTION.

BY A. W. REESE.

In May, 1900, myself and family took an outing. Our destination was Wyoming—the scene of the massacre of the white settlers by the Indians on July 3, 1778.

We were on historic ground. We visited the spot where once stood the old "Forty Four" fort, but not a vestige of that memorable structure remains. We wandered through the cemetery, inspecting the moss-covered tombstones that marked the spot where, "each in his narrow bed forever laid," the hapless victims of that awful tragedy sleep. We went inside the ancient church building, over a century old, where the early pioneers met to worship. It is still in good state of preservation. We saw the mass-

ive monument, erected over the spot where rest the remains of those who fell on that bloody field. We saw the famous "Queen Esther's" rock, upon which that brutal squaw beat out the brains of sixteen men captured in the fight. The rock is about two feet high by four feet long. Originally, we are told, it was much larger, but relic hunters have, from time to time, chipped off pieces, until it is reduced to its present size. In order to arrest vandalism, it was put under the care of the Daughters of the Revolution, by whom it was enclosed in a net-work of iron, and surrounded by a substantial iron fence.

The beautiful Susquehanna flows at the base of the gentle summit whereon the memorable tragedy occurred. We stood and looked, that delightful May morning, on that queen river of the world, while the lovely willows, fringing its peaceful banks, caught the gleam of its flashing waters, and waved as gently as if no such scene of sickening horrors had ever been enacted there. As we returned I stood on the bridge that spans this noble stream, at Pittson, and enjoyed the view of a landscape as beautiful, picturesque, and romantic as the eye of man has ever beheld. Then these reflections came to my mind:

How little we, of the present day, surrounded by all the comforts of life, and in the enjoyment of tranquillity and peace, can realize the hardships of those pioneers, who, in face of the Indian's deadly rifle and tomahawk, hewed down the forest and laid here the foundations of an empire.

While in this reminiscent mood, my mind went back to the pioneer's experiences of my ancestry in the wilds of Kentucky, when that illustrious State was a wilderness, the home of wild beasts and hostile redskins. John Reese, my paternal grandsire, was born in Germany. He came to America prior to the colonial struggle for independence, enlisted in the American army, wore his "ragged regimentals," froze and starved at Valley Forge, marched barefooted over fields of snow and ice, carried his old flintlock musket under the stars and stripes, until the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown.

When he was finally mustered out of the service, he found himself the possessor of a ragged shirt, a pair of shoes full of holes, and a wad of continental money. It took a \$50 bill of said

money to pay for his dinner. It had its counterpart, in later times, in the circulating medium of the Confederacy. "Old Granddaddy Reese," as he was familiarly known, shortly after the War of Independence, drifted out west and squatted on a piece of land in old Kentucky, in what is now Scott County. He came to that wildness with the advent of Daniel Boone, James Harrod and Simon Kenton. My father, whose name was also John Reese, was the youngest of five children. Even when he was a boy, the nearest gristmill was fifty miles distant from his father's place. My father was raised on corn bread. Flour was an undreamed-of luxury. Hence the origin of the term "Corn-crackers," by which the natives of the present bluegrass State have always been known.

Old Granddaddy Reese was a man of many expedients, and, in the absence of milling facilities, he procured a couple of flat stones from the creek, pecked a hole in one of them and constructed a sort of rude hand mill. The task assigned the boys when they came home at night from the clearing, was to grind corn on this machine for the bread to be used the following day. This was necessarily, a slow process and it was, generally, late bedtime before the sound of the grinders became low.

Old Granddaddy Reese was a "cob-e-ler by trade." He tanned the hides and made the family shoes. My father being the youngest of the family, and, consequently, not as valuable for pioneer service as Joe and Ben, his older brothers, was the last one to get his shoes. These shoes were made on straight lasts, and were changed on the feet every day. This was before rights and lefts became the fashion. My father said that the shoeing process got round to him about Christmas. On Sundays, when old granddaddy went off to his "app'ntments," the boys would slip away from the house to the creek, to slide on the ice in their new shoes. John Reese, Jr., my prospective father, invariably accompanied the expedition, a youth who went through snow and ice in his bare feet to share the sport. He carried under his arm a big chip, from the woodpile, and when his feet got too cold he would put the chip down on the ice, hop up on it and stand awhile, until his feet got warmed up.

2312 North 12th St., Kansas City, Kans.

QUAINT USES OF COMMON WORD

BY JOHN E. MOHLER.

Titter originally meant courtship.

Crowd was the old English name for a fiddle or violin.

Good-bye is a contraction of "God-be-wi you."

Deuteronomy is from two Greek words meaning *second*, and *law*. The fifth book of Moses is so called from its being mainly a repetition of laws previously enumerated.

Fashion was the old name for a certain disease of the horse. It is alluded to in "The Taming of the Shrew," where Petruchio's horse is said to be "Infected with the fashions." The complaint is a common one now, but not among horses.

Bug originally meant a goblin. The Welsh word *bug* means a ghost. The Hebrew word which in Psalms 91: 5 is represented by "terrors" was in the early translations rendered *bug*, the reverse being, "Thou shalt not need to be afraid of any bugs by night."

At first sight there would appear to be little connection between *flattery* and the wagging of a dog's tail. Yet in nearly all the Northern languages the same word signifies both, and *flattery* is certainly derived from the word signifying to wag the tail. In the old Norman, *flagra* signifies to flatter, and also to wag the tail. Danish, *logre* is to wag the tail, and *loger for* is to fawn on one. In Dutch, *vleyden* is to flatter, and *vleydsteeften* is to wag the tail. In old German, *wedeln* is to wag the tail, and English, *wheedle* is to gain one's end by flattery.

"*The Ladies' Leap Year Privilege*" took its origin in the following manner:—By an ancient act of the Scottish Parliament passed about the year 1228, it was "Ordinait that during ye reign of our maist blessit majestie, Margaret, ilka maid, ladee of baith high and lowe estait, shall have libertie to speak ye man she likes. Gif he refuse to tak hir to be his wyf, he schal be mulct the sum of ane hundredty pundis, or less, as he estait may bee, except and alwais, gif he can make it appeare that he is betrothit to anither woman, then he schal be free."

1418 Court Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

WHAT HAVE THE HEBREWS ACCOMPLISHED?

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL, IN MAY "SUCCESS."

EVEN if the Jews succeed as individuals, they fail miserably as a people. Eleven millions of human atoms scattered incoherently throughout the world, devoid of any common territory or common power; unable to concentrate their force in any desired direction; devoid of a national art, and almost destitute of a contemporary literature; even their ancient unity of religion broken into a dozen fragments: half of their number crowded into the Pale in Russia, congested in ghettos, and forbidden even the fields of the Pale itself; while hundreds of thousands of others are almost denied in Roumania, the ordinary rights of animals; liable, even when they are prospering under normal equality, as in France and Germany, and also, now, in England, to perpetual backwashes of anti-Semitism: excluded in free America from the general social life; the serfs of the world, fighting, at one time, on the Boer side, at another time on the English side, next for the French, and then for the Germans,—the Jews present anything but a picture of a successful people. As Max Nordau pointed out in his great speech at the last Zionist Congress, even the Eskimos are better off in their huts amid the snow.

Their very religion—at once the cause and the compensation of their isolation,—is lost to the Jews by the impossibility of reconciling its observances, especially the observance of the Sabbath, with the necessities of a fiercely competitive civilization. If observed, it tends not only to render the struggle for life still severer, but also to shut them out from many forms of industrial activity, and thus cramps the whole people by confining them to comparatively few occupations.

But, leaving on one side the people as a whole, the idea that the Jews succeed as individuals is equally illusory. As already stated, half the Jews of the world live in Russia, and, according to the most recent statistics, the value of the aver-

age possessions of a Russian Jew is under five dollars. The average Roumanian Jew has not even one dollar; in Persia, Morocco, Algeria and the East generally, there is nothing but a mass of swarming poverty, varied as in Palestine, by perpetual mendicancy. In the sweat-shops of London and New York, the Jews, as a rule, are the victims.

Whence, then, comes this singular illusion that the Jew does succeed? It dates from those dark ages when every Jew was shut out from the arts and crafts by his inability to take the Christian oaths of the guilds which united and restricted them, and was forced, moreover, by more direct legislation, into a few sordid occupations. His sole status was in the money he could acquire. Having no defensive army, he owed his existence to the bare sinews of war. He was thus necessarily driven into the important role of the world's financier and friend of the money-lender and spendthrift.

* * *

*Luck longs for a dinner, while
labor goes out and earns one.*

* * *

HOW POSTAGE STAMPS ARE ENGRAVED.

ENGRAVING the plates which are used in the production of postage stamps is a delicate operation. Perhaps a dozen different engravers, each an expert in his particular line, contributes to a design for a stamp that is not an inch square. One supplies the vignette, a second cuts the delicate scroll work, a third furnishes the artistic lettering and so on. The original plate bearing a stamp design, although baked until it is almost as hard as a diamond, is never employed in the actual printing. It is much too precious for that, since, were it destroyed, it would in all probability be impossible to engrave a new plate that would be an exact duplicate in every delicate detail. Accordingly, the original plate constitutes a steel die, with which impressions are made on soft steel, and these latter, termed replicas, are used after hardening for the actual printing.

*Luck goes barefooted, while
work never lacks for a pair of
shoes.*

THE CHICAGO TRAMP.

IN a city like Chicago the tramp question is a serious one, and the way they manage the nomads is told by Raymond Robins.

The first attempt in the west to apply a scientific method of treatment and business organization for the solution of the most difficult problem in modern municipal correction has been in operation for three months. Over 6,000 homeless and indigent men have been housed, bathed and fed for from one to four nights. Of this number 1,206 have been given work through the employment bureau of the municipal lodging-house and some seventy per cent permanently replaced in the ranks of industry.

Every evening at 12 South Jefferson street for the last three months from twenty-five to one hundred and forty hungry and homeless men have stood up for registration. The police officer in charge separates this group into two lines, "first nighters" and those previously sheltered. As the newcomer steps up to the desk the registration officer, with a pile of blank cards before him, begins his inquisition.

Name and age, place of birth, length of residence in the state and city, occupation, with the names and addresses of his last three employers and when and how long he worked for each—all this and more goes down in black upon the white. The man is given two duplicate numbered checks tied with a string and then begins his ascent toward supper, a bath and bed. Woe unto him if he has been led by fear or vain desire to deceive and lied while telling his brief but pointed story. Within twenty-four hours his tale is brought to proof, and at 12 Jefferson street, as in that better hand, a liar is an abomination, and, once discovered, there he may not enter into rest again.

Entering the first room upon the second floor and sitting down upon a wooden bench before a plain board table, our lodger receives his one-third loaf of fresh bread with a pint of hot coffee. This despatched, he is ushered into a large room supplied with wooden benches, and directed by the attendant he walks to the dispensing window of the sackroom, and getting a large meshed clothes sack fastens upon it his duplicate checks. Sitting down, he forthwith "shucks" himself and every rag of clothing, hat and shoes and all

the contents of his pockets are put into this sack. The draw string pulled and tied, this bag of dead and living matter is taken into the fumigating room and subjected for some eight hours to the fierce-destroying fumes of ten pounds of brimstone sulphur, burning out all life within its walls.

Next in order is the bath. This is administered in an open, well-lighted room, 18x24 feet containing eight hot and cold water showers strong soap, brushes and towels without stint. Should this job be poorly done through laziness, repugnance or unfamiliarity with the task the officer in charge returns him willy nilly, and should the lodger seem unequal to the labor a husky attendant does him to a turn, and he comes forth if not as beautiful as the lily, surely with a not unpleasant shining, and if cleanliness be next to godliness, then much nearer the Almighty than he has been for many days.

Putting on a pair of carpet slippers, and arrayed in that informal fashion that prevailed in Eden before the fall, he presents himself to the skilled and keen discernment of the examining physician. This disciple of Galen, having found the facts of the lodger's physical condition, writes them upon the same record card that holds his story given at the desk below. He is now recorded beyond the possible success of "fake" excuses in an attempt to evade his reasonable stint of labor on the morrow.

The physical examination finished, our lodger dons a clean nightrobe, and, going up another flight of stairs, finds himself in a warm dormitory. There are two sleeping-rooms, each containing 100 small enameled iron beds supplied with springs, mattresses, blankets and pillows. Here he is met by an attendant, who takes him to a bed of corresponding number with his check and our lodger enters into silence—and perchance a dreamland musing over better days.

At 5:30 o'clock each morning all the men are called and, coming down to the dressing-room, each gets his sack of clothes and, after toilet and breakfast of just the same menu, quality and proportion of the supper supplied the night before, our lodger, with his fellow sojourners for the night, is sent to the office for distribution.

When all the men have filed in the superintendent calls attention to the rule of three hours' labor on the city streets for all the able-bodied men,

and then explains that the city's interest is in having her citizens engaged in honest, independent work, and if they have a fair chance of remunerative employment for that day and can tell a straight story they will be excused from street work and sent at once upon their way to industry.

Now begins the rarest chapter in all the book. Hard luck stories of dissipation, disease, accident, industrial displacement and fairy tales that would turn Hans Andersen green with envy flow like a troubled river for an hour and a half. All the evils in Pandora's box have here a victim and every vice a votary, but John Barleycorn is easily the greatest potentate among them all. Full seventy per cent of the unfit are his vassals and carry his stamp upon their brow. With the handicap of the record card containing last night's story in black and white against him, the only way of safety for the lodger is to tell the truth. If he varies a hair's breadth from his original story he is promptly brought to book and checked into the street gang for three hours' labor with a hoe.

* * *

*Luck is the weather vane with
the distinguishing points broken off.*

* * *

THE HOLY CITY.

JERUSALEM is literally "buildded upon its own eap." Below the houses, courts and paved streets of the present unkempt city are the distinguishable remains of eight older cities—those of Solomon, Nehemiah, Herod, Hadrian, Constantine, Omar, Godfrey, Saladin, Suleiman, writes Valter Williams from the "Holy City" to his paper in Columbia, Mo. Jerusalem has been besieged twenty-seven times, a record of vicissitude unparalleled in the history of the world's cities. It has been burned, sacked, razed to the ground, its inhabitants of every faith put to the sword, all the woes uttered by its own prophets against it have come to pass, yet Jerusalem still resembles a great fortress of the Middle Ages. Seen from the Mount of Olives, its massive gray walls, its flat-roofed houses, its mosques and churches, with their conspicuous towers and minarets, present a marvelous picture, beautiful, sublime, unfading from the picture gallery of the mind. The city itself has narrow, dirty streets—the water supply for its seventy thousand people

comes in a four-inch pipe. The open courts are few and small, the houses are bunched together with no regard for room or cleanliness. Some houses are underground and others on top of the high inclosing walls. The people are fanatical, ignorant, selfish. There is much to detract from the ideal city but despite all this and more Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives is the same in its essential details, the same in the framework of its setting, the same in fascinating suggestion, as the Jerusalem of which David sung and over which Jesus wept.

* * *

*Hard luck is almost a synonym
for laziness.*

* * *

WHAT A BILLION MEANS.

So glibly, indeed, do we use the word "billion" that few of us pause to consider the immensity of the sum. How long would it take an ordinary industrious person to count a billion? A few years perhaps? Well, yes. At the rate of 100 a minute—a very liberal allowance of speed—and calling eight hours a day's work, 48,000 would be counted in a day; in a year of 300 working days the score would be 14,400,000, and it would require sixty-nine and one-third years to count the full billion. The prophet's span of three-score years and ten—minus a few months—would be consumed in the simple counting of the sum that trips so lightly from the tongue these days.

* * *

A FACE at the window is better than a friend at the bar.

*

A GREAT many people grow cross-eyed looking at themselves.

*

A LITTLE lock of golden hair binds many a man to home and God.

*

LONDON is said to be the healthiest of the world's great capitals.

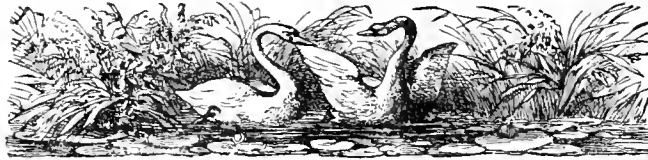
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SOME men go through life with their definitions of character and reputation badly mixed.

*

WOMEN often marry men to reform them, but men never marry women for that purpose. This is the difference between women and men.

NATURE



STUDY.

HOW PLANTS GROW.

A KNOWLEDGE of how plants are propagated is sometimes of great interest to the general public when it comes to perpetuating or duplicating some valuable specimen. Plants do not all grow alike and some of them have more than one way of reproducing themselves. Thus you can propagate a lily by planting the little bulbs or the larger ones that cluster around the base of the parent plant. You can also reproduce lilies by planting the seeds which form in the pod after the flower has been properly fertilized. Or, in the case of some other plants, cuttings may be rooted. One of the commonest things illustrating the propagation of plants is in planting a cutting from a geranium. Probably every woman reader of the INGLENOOK has had more or less experience with this sort of thing and yet it would puzzle most of them to tell what actually took place.

In order to better understand the *modus operandi* it should be remembered, as has been said before under this heading, every part of a plant is a continuation or modification of some other part. However, it is clear that the roots of a geranium cutting are unlike the bark, or the leaf or flower. Nevertheless roots are made from the parent plant, and in growing from it in the soil, the changes are wrought from one kind of tissue to another. Now what are the changes that are necessary to this rooting process?

The first thing that happens to the geranium stock, or cutting, severed from its parent plant, is for nature to build up a sort of repair works around the cut or broken end. In other words it hardens and forms into a callous—a vegetable arrangement of cells midway between the plant itself and the rootlets to be. The rootlets never come before the callous is formed, and for a short time after the cutting is set any intelligent Nooker can pull up the cutting and see the operation as it is progressing. There being no roots, as yet, no damage will be done the plant.

After the callous is once formed the cells begin to reach out for nutriment and finally project themselves into threadlike, white, rootlets, which subsequently become true roots.

An economic feature of this subject may be shown in the preparation of grape cuttings. They, like the geranium, and all other plants that will root from cuttings, must first form their callous. If you were to go into the vineyard and make a lot of cuttings, as many as you wanted say, forty or fifty, and tie them together in a round bundle with the cut ends level one with the other you could put them on the cellar floor late in the autumn, where the cut ends would be in touch with the moist earth, or you could put them in a box of sand properly dampened, and during the winter the callous would form and fine roots might be grown, making them ready to set out in the early springtime.

Another method of propagating artificially is where man steps in and marries a twig from one kind of a tree to another by the process of grafting. This is so common as hardly to be worth while talking about. But there is this to remember which may sometime be of interest to every one who reads this article. It may happen that you want to perpetuate a plant of which you have only the seed, say an apple. If you plant the seed it will grow very readily, but it would be a very long time before the tree became a bearing one. Now it is entirely feasible to hurry matters by taking a yearling growth, cutting it up into proper grafting lengths, and grafting it on a bearing tree. Thereby you furnish it a parent stalk to draw from which it would not itself acquire in less than four or five years at the least.

Each plant requires a different method of propagation. The study of the results of reproduction, especially when the plants have been harassed by intelligent and scientific handling, is very interesting and sometimes is very profitable. A great many of the new fruits and new flowers are produced **in this way.**

We learn that there are many different ways of reproducing plants and right here at this point it will be well to bear in mind this one fact. A great many people anxious to secure plants seeing a number of suckers coming up from around the tree think if they plant the suckers they will get the same kind of tree. This may happen if the tree is on its own roots but under no circumstances will a sucker ever develop into a thoroughly well-grown tree or plant. It will always have the sucker habit, although it may readily be grafted upon and then removed.

+ + +

HOW A SPIDER CROSSES A STREAM.

THE stream that now intercepted Araneina's path was so narrow that the lower branches of the trees reached to within two or three feet of each other across it; but, as she was unable to swim, she might as well have thought of crossing the Atlantic so far as traversing the water itself was concerned.

Right below her, in a shallow pool close to the shore, still another of Araneina's cousins, a waterspider, had built a domed residence beneath the surface, to which she rose occasionally to seize a waterfly or other insect, or to breathe, carrying down again air bubbles in the fur which covered her body. She had spun a thimble of silk and festooned it to the stem of a water-plant, and into this thimble she had carried the air bubbles, which had gradually displaced the water and filled the whole chamber. Here she lived quite dry and comfortable, and was making preparations for rearing a family.

Araneina, however, wasted no time in envy of this relative's acquirements either. She was a creature of resource. Nothing daunted by the brook, she let herself lightly down from the wall and laboriously climbed one of the trees at the verge of the stream, going out to the extreme end of a limb that projected over the water. The air was almost perfectly still, and the little spider rose up on her four hindmost legs and lifted the first two and her feelers to ascertain in what direction any slight current of air might be setting. Now she emitted from her spinnerets a very light thread, which streamed out to the length of two or three feet, floating on an almost imperceptible breath of wind—one of the phenomena that led

some naturalists to believe that the spider shoots out her web against the air. This thread moving very slowly, seemed to be feeling for a mooring place, and it was, after several minutes, lifted up until its gummed end touched the leaf of a branch higher over the water.

The moment the gossamer cable touched this leaf it stuck to it, and Araneina, on the alert, pulled at it to see if it held. Finding that she was able to draw it taut, she ran across it and held the more advantageous position. Throwing out another thread that lodged on a longer branch, she found herself at the end of a limb, whence she was able to cast a line to the leaf of a tree on the opposite side of the brook, where she at last reached *terra firma*.—*Pearson's Magazine for March*.

+ + +

ABOUT ANIMALS.

AN instance of the possibility of living under a snowdrift is recorded during recent severe storms in England. On Dec. 9 a large flock of sheep belonging to a cattle dealer of Garsdale were out on the open moor. The shepherds with their dogs collected the sheep and drove them to a more sheltered locality, dreading a threatening storm which soon followed. One sheep, however, escaped and made its way back to the pasture, where it was overtaken by the heavy fall of snow and imbedded in it. There it remained until the snow melted, when the shepherds were astonished to find it alive and well. It had stayed under the snow for twenty-two days. On its release it was found perfectly able to walk home, a distance of a mile and a half.

Giraffes in zoölogical gardens seem to be aware of their pecuniary value and ready to take advantage of it. Failing their natural diet of leaves which they strip from the trees with their long, black prehensile tongues, they eat only the finest clover hay. Moreover they are lazy, wasteful brutes, spilling the hay on the floor of their paddock and rarely troubling to recover it. For this reluctance, however, their proverbial fastidiousness may be partly responsible. Only an occasional onion, apple or lump of sugar pleases them apart from their hay and there is even a belief that, fond as a giraffe is of a whole apple, nothing will induce it to eat one from which its keeper first takes a bite.

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The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

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Entered at the Post Office at Elgin Ill., as Second class Matter.

"The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun

"The mind has a thousand eyes
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."

* * *

NOT THE WORST.

MANY of us are in the habit of thinking that our lot in the world is harder than common. Not once in hundreds of times is this true. It is a further fact that most of us have not even a knowledge of the depths of misery that sometimes wait on humanity. Indeed it may be set down as a rule that people who are often the most blest do the most complaining.

No person blest with health need set up a wail over the impossible, just out of reach, or the immediate pin-scratching of life. It might all be much worse. The man who walks down town, complaining as he goes, forgets the man who cannot walk at all. He reads the paper, not remembering the blind man. He listens to the song, unheeding the deaf. He sits down to a table loaded with good things, not remembering the classes who could not eat, and those who have

not. No reader of the Nook is so situated but that there are lower depths, right around him, he knows nothing of. Then let us cultivate the brighter view.

* * *

THE MERIT OF A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

OUTSIDE of the moral merit, which is beyond computation, there is a physical aspect to a correct life, along the line of Christian teaching, that will bear inspection on the part of those who think the better side of life all foolishness and a delusion. Let those who think a fast life a good and desirable one consult the death record of those who have been closest to the pace that kills.

The fast women all die young. The pugilist and the dissipated never live long. Their gait carries them quickly to the grave and a doubtful hereafter. The young person without knowledge or wide experience, does not either see or consider the end. Now let such take his own community, wherever it is, and compare the ages at death with the next nearest number of Christians and the evil doers. The result will be appalling, but it will be instructive, as well.

* * *

No man has a right to be a spectator of any amusement at which he would be ashamed to assist.

* * *

WOODMAN, SPARE, ETC.

DON'T do it. Don't cut down any tree without a reason for it that is simply unanswerable. A man with an axe can undo in an hour the work of a hundred summers and as many winters. He who sees in a tree only so many cords of wood, or so much money the mill man will give him for it, has missed some of the noblest and truest facts in nature. Is there nothing in the faint greenery of the Springtide, the growing leaves and the naked arms swinging in the Winter's blast?

It may have been growing when the man with the axe was in long dresses, and, undisturbed, it will be spreading its branches when he is at rest out on the hillside. True the economics of life may demand its downfall, but not heedlessly, not without much thought.

CHANGE MY ADDRESS.

THERE is hardly a day that letters are not received at the Publishing House requesting the change of the address of some publication taken by the writer to some point where he expects to go. It is impossible to do this unless we first know the former address of the writer.

The reason for this is in the fact that subscribers' names are set up on the linotype, put in galley and locked up in a vault to be used from week to week as occasion requires. The little yellow slip containing the address that you notice in your copy of the INGLENOOK is cut from the roof taken from these galleys of names and addresses. There are many thousands of these names and when John Smith writes us to change his paper from his present address, which he does not give, and send it to some place in North Dakota, where he is going, there is no possible way of finding out what his present address is, only by looking over an endless number of names until his is reached. This cannot be done, and in every instance the original address must be given in order to receive attention at the office. Following this form there will be no trouble at all about it:

INGLENOOK:

Please change the address of John Smith, Jonesville, Pa., to John Smith, Brownsville, N. Dak.
(Signed) JOHN SMITH.

This letter, or postal card, will insure the prompt change of the address at this end of the line. And yet, every day we are compelled to write people who make this request without telling where they are now getting their paper. We cannot make the change they desire unless we know where the publication is now going.

* * *

LITERARY.

OWING to the unusual demands on space, only passing mention of current literature is made. *The Era*, ten cents, an unusually bright number.

Pearson's, for the month of May, rather better than ordinary.

Lippincott's, with the usual complete story, and other desirable articles.

A detailed notice will appear later, when more space is available.

MADE OUT OF THE NOOK-
MAN'S HEAD.

Every crow thinks its own children white.
Do you want to rise? Then settle down first.
There is no medicine equal to a hearty laugh.
Now put foundations under some of your air castles.

None are so prejudiced as those who see but a little.

You'd better have a wooden leg than a wooden head.

Never pass your time at the pawnbroking uncle's place.

If the good all die young how about some of us old people?

Common sense never hurts anybody, at least not its possessor.

If the early bird gets the worm how about the worm's idea of it?

"All men have their price," but some sell to the highest bidder.

Our conscience may be a small voice, but it is not often a still one.

Shakespeare says all the world's a stage and we all get a box in the end.

It takes a woman to put implicit confidence in some scallawag of a man.

It is the man with the unusual knack who stands highest on the payroll.

That a thing is true is no reason why it should always be blurted out regardless.

Clothes do not make the man, but they go a long way toward his place in society.

The time is coming when father will take the children to the circus just to see the animals.

The Nook and the Nook family can get along with what comes, but the best is none too good.

Women have married men to reform them, but did you ever know a man to marry a woman to reform her?

Many an old miser would give half of what he has to feel like a barefoot boy with a can of worms and a rod and line.

If things get away from you cut around and head them off. Nobody ever turned a herd by sitting on the fence crying about it.

When everything is going all right men do not pay much attention to women; but when he gets in trouble good and deep,—that is another story.

CONCERNING DAMASCUS.

MR. W. E. CURTIS, in the *Chicago Record-Herald*, writes entertainingly of Damascus, one of the oldest cities of the world. He says:

There may be older cities than Damascus in China, but we do not know them, and we do know that there are none more venerable on this side of the world. Its origin is lost in the mist of the early ages. It was pretty close to the beginning of things. According to Moslem tradition the foundations were laid soon after the creation of the earth, and Adam was one of the original town site owners. After his expulsion from Eden he crossed the desert from the valley of the Euphrates with his family, and settled in the valley of the Barada, which he preferred to Paradise in many respects. There is a difference in taste about places just as there is about people and food and jokes, and it must be said in defense of Adam that he had not seen much of the world. Mohammed never entered the city of Damascus. He first caught sight of it from the top of a hill in the suburbs. A temple stands there now to mark the spot. He gazed and gazed and gazed, enraptured with the scene, and then, making the greatest sacrifice of his life, turned away and would not enter the gates. "Man can have but one paradise," he remarked to his companion, "and mine is above."

There is a charming view from Mohammed's temple. There is no doubt of it. The landscape is lovely and the domes and minarets, the towers and the roofs of the city are wonderfully fascinating, but according to our notion, there can be no Eden without a good deal more turf and foliage and flowers than can be found around Damascus. At the same time it is one of the best shaded cities in Syria. The valley is well watered and there are a good many groves in the neighborhood, while at this season of the year the entire surface of the country is livid with the young shoots of wheat that are giving their greeting to the sun. To the dwellers in the desert, therefore, Damascus must have a refreshing and grateful appearance, and so much of the surface of the earth in this section is covered with sand that we who live in an endless oasis cannot fully appreciate the feelings and the pride of the Syrians in their metropolis.

Damascus is not in the Holy Land. It is not a part of the heritage of Israel, although it was the goal of all the great thoroughfares and the envy of the Jewish people. It has seen the rise and fall of many empires. It was old when Jerusalem was founded and it flourishes still when the great cities of the Jews have perished. During all the successive civilizations and religions which have supplanted each other for four thousand years, the old city has remained intact as if possessed of the secret of perpetual youth, perhaps because, as a market and a trading place alike indispensable to the civilization along the interior. In its bazaars for more than forty centuries the traders of the east and the traders of the west have met to exchange merchandise.

It occupies a remarkable site on the edge of the great Assyrian desert, and its preservation is a phenomenon, for the most enduring city in the world is entirely incapable of defense. It was once surrounded by a great wall which is still preserved for a considerable distance, but which never much protection against an enemy. Invaders have come one after the other and occupied Damascus as their own. Dynasties have arisen and made it their capital, erected palaces and temples and embellished its dwellings and have passed away. All the great generals of Eastern history have captured it, made it their headquarters and departed. More history has been written in Damascus than in any other place. It has been a harbor of refuge upon the desert, the earliest sea that mankind learned to navigate, the source of the supplies of the Bedouins, the terminus of the voyages of the "fleets of the desert" the market for the merchandise of all the East.

The valley through which the railway approaches Damascus is called Ghutah, and is said to be the most fertile in Syria, being freely watered by the Abana and other rivers which bring life and carry away decay. There are about 150 square miles of brilliant fields and meadows, just now looking fresh and vivid, broken here and there by orchards of olive trees and figs and other fruits. Just before reaching the city there is a group of villas, occupied by exiles, pashas and other officers of the Turkish government, who for some act or another have offended the sultan, and through the reports of spies have excited the suspicion of their imperial master, who has sent them to Damascus, where they can be close

watched. It is considered a great act of forbearance for him to banish them here instead of sending them to Bagdad or some of the other cities of the interior that are much farther out of the modern world and have very few of the attractions of Damascus.

There was a great tumult at the railway station as the train rolled in. Everybody in Damascus seemed to have come down to give us a welcome, and the vociferation of the railway officials, the hackmen, the policemen and the porters was enough to frighten a nervous person out of his wits. Trains have been arriving and departing from the old city for more than five years, and yet the people do not seem to get used to the novelty. Every idle man in town makes it his business to come down to the station every day at train time. Fences have been built to bar them from the platform, and yet they will gather an hour before and stand behind the barricade six or eight rows deep for the pleasure of witnessing the arrival of the cars and the movements of the passengers.

+ + +

*Do not be ashamed to confess
your ignorance whenever you see
an opportunity of acquiring knowl-
edge.*

+ + +

LEGAL INSANITY.

WHEN is one insane in the eyes of the law?

It is a curious fact that a man may be mentally unsound to a striking degree and yet be sane legally.

If a man stopped you on the street and pointed out a herd of blue elephants on a housetop and you looked up and could see no elephants of any kind, you would naturally consider the man insane and believe it a duty to have him put in charge of the law. Yet if that were as far as he went he would not be legally insane. He would be simply suffering from illusions.

To be insane he must have delusions.

If a man whom you knew to be a prosaic keeper of a delicatessen shop were to tell you he was John D. Rockefeller and that his brother was the Ameer of "something somewhere on the Bombay side," you would naturally consider him insane. If you can show that these statements of his are delusions he may be declared legally insane.

But you would have to declare in writing that the man was not John D. Rockefeller and to prove that the other things were as equally untrue. This, nevertheless, is a well-marked case of delusion and outright insanity.

But supposing the man claimed that he was nightly visited by Banquo's ghost and that he could hear trumpets throughout the day, you could not incarcerate him. In these cases he saw the ghost and heard the trumpet. There was a physical basis for his concepts. They were merely illusions.

We all of us suffer from some hallucinations. We look down a railway track and see that the two lines converge. That is a hallucination of the optical sense. The lines do not converge, but only appear to do so, owing to the tendency of our eyes to concentrate to a given point.

The law is equally careful in deciding whether or not a criminal is prompted in any offense by insanity. To be held guiltless for a crime a man must be proved unable to distinguish between right and wrong. Thus, supposing that you are in a railway carriage and the man in the opposite corner suddenly tells you you are an evil spirit trying to claim his soul, that he will not allow you to do so, and that he seizes you and strangles you—that man will be brought up for trial and sent to a lunatic asylum. The reason is that he thought he killed you in self-defense, being under the impression that you were attacking him.

But, supposing a man you had never seen before murdered you, and when brought up for trial said, without the slightest foundation, that you had plotted against his position and property, and were always seeking to destroy him, he would not be exempt from punishment, because he killed you with full knowledge that he was doing wrong. He is not exempt from punishment on the ground of insanity in the eyes of the law, because he has killed you deliberately and shown that he has had the power to reason and plan out your destruction.

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BURNING THE DEAD.

FROM an unidentified source has come to us an interesting article on cremation which cannot fail to interest the NOOK family.

Cremation is the reduction of the human body to bone ash by exposing it to extreme heat in a

closed retort, the latter being installed for the sentimental reason to keep the flames from actually touching the body. The retort, with a temperature raised from 1,200 to 2,000 degrees of heat, is practically no more than a huge super-heated bake oven which consumes its remains.

Only in certain places far removed from the body is the retort perforated, the perforations being to allow the escape of gases during the early part of the reduction. Before these gases can escape into the outer air they are led into a combustion chamber above the retort, where they are burned and purified.

A body brought to the cemetery for incineration, until it is placed into the retort, is treated the same as though it were prepared for earth burial. The undertaker remains in charge of the body until it has been consigned to the furnace. No extra clothing is substituted before the cremation. The ashes of the clothing are readily removable from those of the body, the former being light, while the latter are heavy.

Before a body is placed in a retort a sheet soaked with alum is stretched over it. The alum has the property of being noninflammable, and in this way while the body is guided into the red-hot furnace the clothing worn will not ignite until the doors have been closed and the body has been excluded from the gaze of the mourners.

Depending upon the size of the body, the furnace is kept at full blast from one to three hours. During that time the furnace is heated up to a temperature of not more than 2,000 degrees. Otherwise the ashes would be converted to bone black. As a rule the temperature, according to a pyrometer, is not above 1,400 to 1,500 degrees. Nothing is gained by heating above this temperature and a considerable excess of it would be a waste of coal.

Once a body has been placed in the retort, the mourners do not wait for the reduction of the remains any more than they wait for the dissolution of a body placed in a grave. When the time comes that the body has become ash the temperature of the furnace is lowered so that men can remove the ashes from the bottom of the retort. For this steel scrapers are used.

The weight of the ashes depends, of course, upon the size of the body. The ashes of a little child weigh half a pound or less, while those of an adult weigh about five pounds. Once these

ashes have been removed from the retort they are cleaned. Small particles of iron (the remains of metal buttons or perhaps pins worn in the clothing at the time of the reduction) are removed by a magnet. The lighter ashes of the clothing are easily fanned out from the bone ash, which then is in a condition of absolute purity.

In appearance the ashes differ widely, no two ever being exactly alike. The general tone of the color is gray. In the case of young people the color is frequently a perfect white. In older persons it darkens.

When examined closely specks of brown or tan or black or even yellow and green may frequently be found mixed with the predominating gray. This is thought to be due to the embalming fluid used by the undertakers, though cases are on record where the bodies were not embalmed and where this strange and unaccountable coloring could still be plainly recognized.

To the touch human ashes are not fine and light, like the ashes of a cigar or of wood. On the contrary, the ashes adhere and only upon slight pressure do they come apart, breaking into grains, like a dry ball of sand when crushed.

Once the ashes have been purified they are collected in a canister, wherein they are sealed with the seal of the cremation society, after which they await the orders for disposal. Some prefer to take with them the ashes of their deceased. Others leave them at the columbarium. In either case they are placed in an urn which forms the last resting place.

The urn may consist of metal or of stone. They run from the cheaper metals to highly expensive urns made of bronze or rare marbles. When left at the columbarium a niche is secured, and in this the urn is placed among hundreds of its fellows, to await the visits of friends and relatives. Some place the ashes of their dead in safe-deposit vaults.

In cases where a man has neither family nor friends, it is frequently the case that he makes arrangements with an undertaker for his own funeral. Cases of this kind are frequent. No niches are secured as a rule by these lonely wanderers. They specify simply that they want to be burned, and that their remains are to be interred in the cemetery of the society.

Here and there cranks thirsting for notoriety even after death provide that their ashes be

strewn to the four winds. Not many years ago a man in New York had his ashes thrown to the breezes from the top of the statue of liberty. One of these peculiar notions that catch the fancy of cranks now and then is to have the urns containing their ashes thrown into the sea.

As real estate becomes of more and more value near the great cities, and as cemeteries are thrust farther and farther from the midst of the living, thereby increasing burial expenses, cremation is looked upon as the solution of cheap funerals. says the New York Times, as well as the most sanitary manner of disposing of dead bodies.

Ten dollars for each cremation, including a spot where the urn or the canister may be sunk into the ground, is the possibility of cremating a body, once the practice has become general. Owing to the increased demand on the furnaces during the last five years, prices of cremation have come down \$10—in itself a strong argument showing the favor with which the process is regarded in these days. A crematory with only four retorts and a total capacity of forty bodies a day, could operate successfully from a commercial standpoint at the price of \$10 a body.

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The practice of economy is no disgrace: it is better living on a little than outliving a great deal.

+ + +

FLOWERS.

BY IDA M. MOHLER.

FLOWERS are God's sweet messengers, carrying brightness into many a sick-room and whispers of hope and courage into many a sad life. Every home is sweeter for their presence and none should be without at least a few.

In the country or wherever one can command a few square feet of ground there ought to be no

excuse for the absence of flower-beds. Mother may have her hands too full of work to devote much care to them but she can spend ever so little time on the subject and setting apart perhaps a corner of the yard or garden for the purpose, and lending a few suggestions, tell the children how and let them make a flower-bed. I think the work and trouble will be repaid even if you have to cover the bed at first with brush to keep the marauding chickens from making havoc, and little hands are ready to pluck the first blossoms.

If poverty is on every hand and you cannot afford seeds of rare or expensive varieties, get the common ones. Make a flower-bed any way. The children will be interested in it and you will enjoy it on Sunday evenings if you are too busy to notice it during the week. These little things can brighten life's way and that makes them worth while.

Lecton, Mo.

+ + +

None are so old as those who have outlived enthusiasm.

+ + +

A STORY AND A QUESTION.

BY E. C. RUST.

ABOUT two years ago, in Benton County, Mo., there was a little sick boy who had scarcely any appetite, but thought he could eat some frogs' legs, so his father went out and shot a very large "bull frog." After sticking it through the head to kill it, he cut off its hind legs and carried them home. The next morning they were cooked and the little boy ate them. Later in the day, the father, in passing the place where he had killed the frog the day before, was surprised to see the frog raise itself on its front feet and sit up. He made sure of the killing this time, but I would like to ask how a frog or anything else can live in that way.

Luck is a disease for which hard work is the only remedy.

SENDING FOR SAMPLES.

PROBABLY every woman reader of the INGLENOOK has, at some time in her life, sent for samples of dry goods, possibly at the invitation of the city merchant in his printed advertisement. It will probably surprise the INGLENOOK readers to know that in Chicago the material cut into samples yearly amounts to three hundred and seventeen thousand dollars.

The first thing that is done when a department store gets a piece of goods that it desires to put before its customers is to snip off a yard for samples, perhaps two of them. There is a boy upstairs whose work consists in turning these pieces into samples to send out in answer to inquiries made for them. They are laid upon a table, one piece over another, all of the same price, that is, the same priced goods constitutes one pile, and then the pins of the price tag are stuck through the cloth, which is then cut across just a little longer than the tag. Sticking a couple of pins through six or eight thicknesses of dress-goods is easy but when it comes to putting them through as many thicknesses of cotton cloth that is another matter.

In order to facilitate this the pins are first stuck into a cake of soap lying before the boy. This enables him to put the pin right through.

After that the samples with the accompanying tag are put into envelopes and sent out to those requesting them. Sometimes there is a request made by the management to return the ones sent out, but as a rule they never expect to get them back and, indeed, they would be of little use after being pulled about by the family, and perhaps a good many of the neighbors.

A great many people send for these samples expecting to see them in a crazy quilt they have in contemplation and to head off this class, or at least to keep from contributing to the quilt directly, some firms so cut and haggle their samples as to render them useless in that respect.

There is a season for everything and the sample season begins about the middle of February for spring and summer goods and about September first for winter goods. It would seem that the merchants would lose money sending out samples to people with whom they were not acquainted, and that hardly enough of an income would result to pay for the out-go. But it evidently pays

or they would not do it. It is a strange and probably a new idea to most people that a fortune of over three hundred thousand dollars a year should be put out by ten of these Chicago firms for samples, and if not casting bread on the waters is casting dry goods on the sea of humanity

+ + +

*To govern one's self, not others,
is true glory.*

+ + +

EXPERT AS A CABINET-MAKER.

MINNEAPOLIS has a successful cabinet-maker in the person of Miss Helen Heisser, whose work is equal in point of excellence to that of any of her masculine competitors. She has set up her bench in her own apartments and there she may be found any day fashioning some artistic piece of work out of the rough boards which she procures from a neighboring lumber yard.

Miss Heisser is her own designer and her work not only shows excellent workmanship, but originality along lines that are soundly artistic. Her work has ranged from an ordinary kitchen shelf to the finest kind of delicately-wrought little mahogany boxes and chests of drawers. The young cabinet-maker has had no assistance, and the transformation from rough boards to the polished and carved work is accomplished wholly by hand tools. Woods are bought in rough boards and Miss Heisser even does her own veneering.

The finest piece of work turned out this fall is a tiny mahogany chest of drawers four inches in height and five and a half inches in width. This miniature piece of furniture is for a man's writing table and intended for small articles of dress—pins, studs, cuff links and collar buttons.

Quite in contrast to this is a heavy, solid dark walnut reading table with a sloping top on which to rest heavy books. A substantial bench belongs with this table. A large and handsome piece of work is a screen six feet in height in three panels. This was carved and stained green.

Some of the finest carving has been done on boxes and jewel cases, but bookracks also afford an opportunity for carving and work in color. Until this fall she has been occupied chiefly in teaching. She took the manual training course

at the central high school and followed this by a course in kindergartening. While in school she executed several good pieces of construction work and wood-carving, following designs made by her sister, Miss Margaret E. Heisser, art teacher at the Moorhead normal school and formerly a leader of the Minneapolis art colony. For nearly two years Miss Helen Heisser taught manual training at the school for the feeble-minded at Fairbault, giving up that work last summer.

* * *

*The natural selection is usually
the best umbrella in the rack.*

* * *

ABOUT YOUR BOOK.

THE number of people who think they can write acceptably is legion. It is one of the hardest things the Nookman has to do, this turning down and away articles that would be no credit to either the magazine or the writers. Sometimes, often in fact, it takes the turn of writing a book, and many a weary page the Editor has read only to be maligned by the author, who is sure of a combination against him. The following is the story of what often happens when a writer is determined against better judgment, to bring out a book. It is from the *New York World*.

"Everybody is writing nowadays," sighed a magazine editor, disgustedly, as he ran through a pile of manuscripts heaped up on his desk. "Here is a sonnet from a cabman, a story from a policeman and an essay from a soapmaker at Penobscot, Me." It is true. All the world is pushing the pen or banging the typewriter, and one never knows at what moment his best friend may not draw a deadly historical novel on him or demand that he peruse a driveling narrative of "rustic life."

In this era of well nigh universal authorship there has arisen a band of unscrupulous knaves who, with the skill of a confidence man, endeavor to turn the popular desire for literary fame to their own advantage.

"It is the greatest 'graft' that ever happened, my boy," said one of the most cold-blooded of these rogues, as he boasted of his achievements. "We have our hands on the most potent valve of the human mind—the conceit of

literary authorship—and when we press the button the money is sure to follow. We keep a sharp lookout, and as soon as we learn of an aspiring author who is engaged upon a 'magnum opus,' or has had one turned down by a big publisher, we camp on his trail, and we never let up until we land him.

"Of course we adopt a 'stand-offish' policy as soon as he begins to nibble, tell him that we can never consider his book until it has run the gauntlet of our readers and critics, but that is only for the purpose of increasing his own belief in its great qualities. Bless you, if it is the veriest nonsense ever penned we will handle it. An adverse criticism upon a book is an unknown quantity in our shop.

"Then we inform him that the expense of the publication will be about \$300, which we expect him to stand. He demurs, whereupon we ask him how many copies he thinks he can dispose of himself. Incautiously and ignorantly he estimates the number at 1,000. In reality, if he has good luck and lots of friends he can sell about fifty. We show him, however, that by his own statement he will be able to publish at his own risk to much better advantage than if we offered him terms, and so he is at last firmly hooked.

"That \$300 is merely a first contribution, though. He speedily finds that his manuscript must be thoroughly revised, corrected and punctuated, at a cost of \$100; illustrations must be secured, the proof must be read and a hundred other little things done, each of which has its separate fee. I may say that I never let an author get away from me for less than \$300.

"Finally, when he is milked dry, we turn over 1,000 printed and bound books to him and give our attention to a fresh victim."

"Do they ever come back with a second book?"

"Never. That is the sole drawback to the business. One never has the chance to make steady connections, for our clientele is always changing."

* * *

*The man who relies on luck is
lucky if he keeps out of the poor-
house.*

* * *

THE thickest people in this world are those who are unable to see a joke or appreciate humor when presented to them.

MAKING WINDOW GLASS.

THE popular supposition that glass is made of sand is a correct one, but a quantity of other articles enters into its composition. Window-glass factories are divided into two departments—a tankhouse and a pothouse. The process of glass-making in one of these departments is practically the same as in the other. In the tankhouse the glass is all melted in immense tanks, which will hold thousands of tons. In the pothouse the glass is made in pots. After the fires are lighted and a tank is heated, the glass mixture is shoveled in. It includes glass left over from the former season, glass refuse, sand and salt cake. As one mixture melts and flows to one end of a tank, fresh supplies are shoveled in at the other end.

The molten mass seethes and "works" in a manner similar to that of mash in a distillery. From the salt cakes comes a salt water that has to be separated from the mass, and the easiest way to remove it is to burn it out. This is done by throwing stove wood into the tank on top of the molten glass. The water is converted into steam, which is destroyed by the intense heat from the glass. The melted glass is then skimmed by an automatic skimmer, and it is ready for the gatherer. A gatherer thrusts a long steel blowpipe into one of the rings at the lower end of the tank. He twists and turns it until a small ball of glass gathers on the end. This ball is partially cooled, polished by being turned in a box of sawdust and then passed on to the blower, who heats it again until it becomes like taffy. The blower swings the ball over a pit that is twelve feet deep and rapidly blows it into an elongated pear shape. When a blower is through, the melted glass becomes a perfect cylinder about five feet long and two feet across. It then passes to a "snapper," who takes it to a rack and breaks the roller loose from the blowpipe.

The snapper gathers a small lump of melted glass on the end of a rod and dexterously runs a narrow ribbon of the stuff around the ends of the roller, both at the blowpipe end and the closed end. The little ribbons of melted glass cool in a few seconds, when they are removed, leaving a narrow zone of almost red-hot glass around the rollers at each end. Then, taking a tool that

resembles a soldering iron, the snapper rubs it for a moment on his forehead, and when the point of it is moistened with perspiration, he runs the iron around the rollers at the heated spot. The glass cracks and separates as cleanly as if cut with a diamond, the blowpipe is removed and the closed cylinder has become a roller—a sheet of glass rolled up the same as a sheet of music, only in a continuous roll, without edges. The roller is then ready to go to the flattener.

The flattener works in another part of the building, where are located the flattening ovens. These ovens are heated to a temperature sufficient to soften the glass, so that it may be rolled out into sheets. A series of fire-clay tables, placed in a circle, like the spokes of a wheel, revolve in the ovens, and on these tables the rollers are flattened. They are placed inside, allowed to become hot, and then a cold iron is run along the inside from end to end. The contact of the iron cuts the glass, which is then straightened out upon the table. The flattener has a number of billets of green wood, attached to long iron handles, and with these billets, which are shaped in such a manner as to do the work expected of them, he "irons" the softened sheet of glass until it is perfectly flat and smooth. The tables inside the oven revolve, the flattened sheet is carried away and another roller is brought into position before the flattener. As the flattened sheets cool they are lifted to a place on a long, traveling rack, on which they are, by stages, removed from the ovens, being allowed to cool as they go. This is done in order that the glass may not be shattered by too quick an exposure to the air.

When the sheets are taken from the flattening ovens they are covered with a greasy, dirty-looking coat of chemicals—soda, potash, silicates of the different salts, etc.—which must be removed, and for this purpose the rough sheets are placed in an acid bath, composed of hydrochloric and sulphuric acids, more or less diluted. After their immersion in this bath the sheets are taken to the cutting room, where workmen cut them into sizes and make them ready for the packers. Hardly a scrap of the glass, except the rough edges, is wasted—in fact, none is wasted, as all refuse goes back to be melted. After the cutters have finished their work, the glass is packed in boxes and is then ready for the market.

Each branch of glass-making is a separate

trade. A blower more than likely knows nothing about gathering, and a snapper could not do the work of either, although working alongside of both. A "teaser," who mixes the batch, does nothing else, while the flatteners and cutters all have their own unions and are a distinct branch of the industry. Glass makers, as a whole, are better paid than workmen employed in any other branch of labor. Blowers make from \$50 to \$125 a week, working shifts of eight hours; snappers can make from \$15 to \$30 a week, while gatherers' wages will vary between \$20 and \$40 weekly. Flatteners make all the way from \$25 to \$50 a week, and a "master teaser" will earn from \$75 to \$100 weekly.

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*Luck dreams of a home, but
work builds one.*

* * *

SOMETHING ABOUT RUBBER.

HONDURAS is a rubber country. The rubber tree abounds in all its tropical forests and rubber gathering is one of the chief pursuits. The major portion of the forest is wild and belongs to the government and the rubber gatherer can only work in it when he has a government license to gather rubber. There is a great abuse of the privilege. A rubber tree should not be tapped before five years old, and then should be tapped during the rainy seasons, which come twice a year. But the Honduras woods are full of natives who do not hesitate to tap a tree not more than three years of age. This is killing the goose that lays the golden egg, for the chances are that a tree tapped so early will die; but the natives care not. They often organize into bands, and go from place to place in the forest, tapping trees the year round, and oftentimes following each other closely through the same rubber groves, so that many a Honduras rubber tree is tapped as many as twelve times a year. The natives bring the rubber to market and receive about fifty cents a pound for it.

The rubber trees on the plantation are secured from seed planted from the last of May until the first week in August. These seeds are taken from a large pod much like a large overcup acorn. There are from sixteen to twenty-eight seeds in a pod. A gum which adheres to them is washed

off, and they are planted within a few days after being taken from the pod. A rubber tree may be transplanted from the time it is six inches high until it is three years old, when it is about eighteen feet high. Its maximum growth is from sixty to eighty feet high and from forty to fifty inches in diameter. The rubber we use is the coagulated sap of the tree.

* * *

*To trust to luck is like fishing
with a hookless line.*

* * *

LAWS OF ABRAHAM'S TIME,

PROFESSOR MORGAN, the archæologist, has succeeded in deciphering the laws of King Kammouradi of Babylonia, a contemporary of Father Abraham. The law books, written on clay, were discovered by the French exploration party digging up the ancient city of Suza and will be the principal attraction of the archæological exhibition at the Grand Palais.

The parts of the code deciphered by the professor deal with criminal, civil and commercial law. Here are extracts from the fundamental laws of the ancient Babylonian:

"The man who robs a house afire shall be thrown into the fire."

"The burglar discovered in the act has forfeited his life if he carries weapons on his body. He shall be buried on the spot where he entered the house."

"He who destroys a fruit tree shall be fined ten pieces of silver."

"He who drives another man's ox to death shall give ox for ox."

"He who injures an animal shall be fined half the worth of the animal."

"A woman inheriting house, field or orchard from her husband must not be molested in her possessions, which she shall be free to leave to her favorite son. Her husband's children shall not be entitled to fight the testament."

"He who enters into a contract without witnesses or without any instrument in writing shall not be allowed to carry his case before the courts."

* * *

FEW men are satisfied with the simple reward of virtue, but want something additional.

The Q. & A. Page.

Can I get a divorce for cruelty?

Yes, but better not do it.

❖

Is there coal in India?

Yes, and in almost all other countries.

❖

What is a Pueblo?

Pueblo is the Spanish word for a town.

❖

Who writes "How Plants Grow?"

G. A. Hoke, stenographer, from dictation.

❖

When do the crop conditions begin?

We are now making the schedules to send out.

❖

I read in a book about trading in copra. What's copra?

Dried cocoanut meat.

❖

What makes one feel stupid and sleepy before a rain or on a muggy day?

Usually it is increased air pressure.

❖

Is there much difficulty in getting a school to teach in Chicago? Public schools are meant.

Depends much on social and political pull.

❖

Does it ever rain fish-worms?

Never. Wet weather brings them to the surface.

❖

How is paper colored after it is made?

The coloring is done in the pulp before the paper is made.

❖

How are diamonds cut?

On a flat wheel with the pounded dust of diamonds and oil.

❖

How are fossils made?

A plant or animal sinks into mud which afterward hardens into rock.

What is chewing gum made of?

At its best, of the gums of certain plants, spruce, or chicle.

❖

When were Herculaneum and Pompeii destroyed?

In 72 A. D. by an eruption of the adjacent volcano of Vesuvius.

❖

What is sisal?

The fiber of a plant not unlike a century plant. It is used for cordage.

❖

Where do the Zunis live?

On the western slope of the Sierra Madres mountains. They number about 1,000.

❖

Are the machines for milking cows any good?

We have never seen them in operation, but imagine that a woman beats them all.

❖

If meat is so high why do not the owners of stock get more for their animals?

Because the meat trust is not organized as a gift concern in the interest of the farmers.

❖

What is required to be a professional elocutionist?

Natural qualification, supplemented by a course in elocution by a professional teacher.

❖

Is the split infinitive wrong in speech or writing?

Anything is right that helps forceful expression, and all that hinders is wrong, rules or no rules.

❖

How can I learn shorthand?

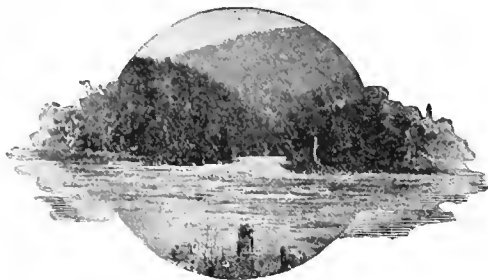
Just as everybody else has done. Get a book and study it, or take instruction from someone who knows.

❖

If stones in the field do not grow, why do they appear larger?

Because the earth is washed away more and more, or more of the stone is uncovered by natural means.

 The Home



 Department

*It takes a smart man to conceal
from a woman what he doesn't
know.*

 THE WAY ONE WOMAN MADE A
LIVING.

BY F. T.

My resources to start with were the best of health, a determination to always look on the bright side, a good reputation, and a common country school education. These enabled me to secure a certificate and a school to teach. I taught several terms of school prior to marriage. Had I foreseen the future, I would have spent a goodly part of my earnings in fitting myself for my work, but I did not, hence I used my income in securing as good a housekeeping outfit as I could.

My married life was of short duration,—less than two years. During this period I was so situated that I could teach, and did so for two terms. At the end of the two years I was left with a dear little daughter on my hands and a few hundred dollars. Through the kindness of my parents I was given a good home for myself and daughter and I immediately went to teaching again.

In a short time I had succeeded in supporting ourselves very well, and had secured a lovely home to which I invited my parents and sisters who had done so much for us. In a few more years I had succeeded in securing a snug sum ahead by my continued teaching, notwithstanding I had spent a year in attending a high-school and a normal school in order to more thoroughly fit myself for what I looked upon as my life work.

With the means I now had at hand, I betook myself and daughter to a small college, where by doing some tutor work, etc., I was enabled to remain till I completed a line of work that I have been teaching in the same institution ever

since, and making good enough wages to keep my child in school seven years until she had completed her several lines of work, then was married.

I also have a snug sum laid by for a "rainy day" and have traveled some, and consider myself a happy, well-blest woman.

I attribute my success largely to the kindness of my parents and helpful friends, and above all to the One who has promised to be a father to the widow and orphan.

 HOW A WOMAN CAN EARN A LIVING.

BY M. P.

HERE is a suggestion for some woman who is wondering what she shall do for a living. Let her get up a neat business card stating that she is prepared to do all kinds of mending for gentlemen, work to be called for and returned, and leave the cards, with some self-addressed postal cards, with the landlady of each good boarding-house she knows of, to be distributed among the boarders whose laundresses can neither darn, mend, nor sew on buttons.

If she does it in a business-like way and at reasonable rates, she ought to get enough trade soon to employ two or three girls to assist her. A man hates to throw away a silk handkerchief because the hem has raveled out, or give away a garment that happens to have a rent that could be easily mended.

Lordsburg, Cal.

TEA made from cabbage leaves is popular in Siberia in hard times.

FARINA CUPS.

MAKE a syrup of one pint orange juice, two cupfuls sugar, one cupful water, rind of one-half an orange, juice of one lemon, and sufficient liquid to make one quart of whole; bring to a boil, and add gradually one cupful farina; cook for ten minutes, stirring constantly; fill cups, or punch glasses, previously wet with cold water; when hardened and ready to serve, turn out, and garnish with whipped cream and fruit. Strawberries, cut peaches, or almost any fruit may be used.

FRENCH FRIED POTATOES.

PEEL potatoes, cut into strips and lay these in iced water for at least an hour. Drain and pat dry between the folds of a clean dishtowel, that should absorb every drop of moisture. Have ready a kettle of deep fat, boiling hot. Test this by dropping in a bit of the potato. It should rise to the top and brown immediately. Put in the potatoes, fry to a golden brown, drain first in a hot colander, then shake in tissue paper before transferring to a hot dish lined with a napkin.

RICE OMELET SOUFFLE.

BOIL a quarter of a pound of well-washed Carolina rice in a pint and a half of milk until stiff; stir in two ounces of butter, half a pint of cream and four egg yolks, beaten light, with two ounces of granulated sugar and vanilla to taste, add a quarter of a pound of citron, cut fine, and two ounces of almonds, blanched and pounded fine in a mortar; stir all well together, adding at the last four whites of eggs, beaten very stiff; put in a pudding dish and bake until firm, about half an hour. Serve immediately in the dish in which it was baked.

SNOW PUDDING.

DISSOLVE half a box of gelatine in one pint cold water; when soft, add one pint boiling water, the juice and grated rind of two lemons and two and one-half cupfuls sugar; let it stand until it is cold and begins to stiffen, then whip in the well-beaten whites of five eggs; pour into wet moulds and place on ice; serve with soft sauce made of

one pint milk, yolks of three eggs and half a cupful sugar; flavor with vanilla.

DRIED APPLE CAKE.

TWO cupfuls sour, dried apples covered with cold water and soaked over night; in the morning add one cupful molasses and let cook until thick; take two eggs, one cupful sugar, one of butter, one of sour milk, cloves and cinnamon to taste, two teaspoonfuls soda, five cupfuls flour.

EGGNOG.

SEPARATE the yolk of one egg from the white and beat each very light; add to the yolk a glass of cold milk, a tablespoonful of sugar, a little grated nutmeg, and vanilla to taste; add the beaten white of the egg and stir as little as possible.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.

SCALD one pint sweet milk and, while boiling, stir into it one-half cupful cornmeal and a little salt; when lukewarm, add two well-beaten eggs, one-half cupful sugar, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon and one-half cupful chopped raisins; bake two hours in a slow oven.

PORK CAKE.

THREE quarters of a pound of pork, chopped fine, one-half pint boiling water poured on it, two cupfuls sugar, one cupful molasses, two eggs, one pound raisins, two teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one each of cloves and nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one of soda, seven cupfuls flour.

DANDELION SALAD.

PICK the young, tender leaves of the dandelion, wash and lay in ice water for half an hour. Drain, shake dry and pat still drier between the folds of a napkin. Turn into a chilled bowl, cover with a French dressing, turn the greens over and over in this and send at once to table.

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COURAGE.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
The tumult and the strife;

Because I lift my head above the mists,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kissed
That God's love doth bestow.

Think you I find no bitterness at all?
No burden to be borne—like Christian's pack—
Think you there are no heavy tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To vex my friends and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears
Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow shine.
Grateful, I take the slightest good. No fears
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must lift; and when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year.
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last,
Will sound his voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be,
I must be glad and grateful to the end;
I grudge you not your cold and darkness, me
The powers of light befriend!

FROM OUR KATHLEEN.

Los Angeles is a typical part of California. It and Pasadena, nine miles away, are two of the prettiest places we have ever seen. While I say that Pasadena is nine miles from the city of the angels, it should be remembered that it is practically built up between the two places, with homes, and beautiful ones, till it is a continued suburb.

Grandma Gnagey, living in Pasadena, has a pleasant home. As there are many of the Pennsylvania Gnageys interested in her we will say that she lives in a frame house, originally a small house, but added to twice by her daughters, Mary and Sarah. In front are orange trees and flowers, while across the street she has several lots on which fruits and flowers are grown, and these are sometimes sold by her granddaughters. Grandma Gnagey's place is much frequented by our sisters in Pasadena, and those who run in for



LICK OBSERVATORY.

a pleasant call. The church on South Hancock St., East Los Angeles, is sometimes brightened by the flowers from Grandma's garden.

Another of our Pennsylvania brethren, now living here, is Bro. Peter Myers, who has a beautiful home on the corner of Main and Sichel streets. His house is surrounded by flowers and shrubs. What interested us is that about two blocks away, in a northwestern direction, Bro. Myers is engaged in an interesting natural history attempt to cross some Mongolian pheasants

he got from Salem, Oregon, with the bantam. He has three pheasants, and when he has fully tried the experiment doubtless the Nook readers would be pleased to hear the result of the effort. Bro. Myers is grieved over the fact that, a week or two ago, a dog worried one of his pet bantams to death, or at least one of the neighbors reports that as happening.

On Downey Avenue, in a beautiful cottage lives Bro. S. G. Lehmer. He has a home surrounded with palms and flowers, while in the house is a large and well-selected library. Until a year or so ago he was identified with the fruit business, but is now doing nothing but preaching, in fact is off at that work at this writing.

The friends of Sister Fannie Light, back in the East, will be pleased to hear that she is doing well at her profession, that of nursing. Formerly of Manheim, Pa., she has here a seven-room cottage, flower covered, at 752 Hull St. Bro. Buckwalter, of the firm of Buckwalter and Myers, has a store at 236 North Avenue Twenty. Entering his store from the door on Avenue Twenty, to the right are the canned goods, and on the left the green and dried fruits, while hard-

about three hundred when the other rooms are thrown open. There are four additional rooms in the rear, entered by a door on either side. These are used as school rooms for the Sabbath school.

Taking it altogether this country is unquestionably beautiful and is settling up at such a rapid rate that in the course of another gener-



TYPE OF OLD SPANISH MISSION.



AVENUE IN PASADENA.

ware, some stoneware, and the other belongings of a good store are noticeable. The family live over the store.

Right adjoining the mission is the home of Sister Nannie Murray, now occupied by Bro. Hugh Taylor, formerly of Des Moines, Iowa. On entering the mission church there are two ante-rooms, to the right and the left, used as Sunday school rooms, and walking up the aisle, facing the pulpit, one looks over a room that will hold

ation there will be hundreds of thousands of people added to the population here,—brought in by the perfect climate and the advantages that accrue in the way of business where many people congregate. Our people were wise in making the selection of the towns they have for residences. We used to think that there was no place like Pennsylvania but we have reached that stage where we have found out that there are others. We have mutually agreed, if it happens to hold out, that we will never say that there is a better place. We have changed our minds so often about things, as the result of our travels, that we are not going to be sure of anything or make any positive statements of any character about what we will do in the future. At home we have the mountain behind us, with the broad reach of valley in front, and in our old stone house on the hillside and the Ridge church not far away we have sacred associations that we would not willingly break up. The chestnuts on the mountain, the shell-barks along the creek, and an occasional persimmon tree may not be a palm and an orange tree of this country but it is home after all. These people, while they are in love with their country, are still very anxious to

near from old home folks. Looking at the country from our room at the Angelus Hotel we are divided in our hearts between the land of the palm and the home of the pine. After all home is where the heart is.

We are going down to the ocean from here and possibly may do some fishing, and then we are in doubt as to whether we will go home or extend our trip down through old Mexico. Frank doesn't say much, but I believe he would rather go home and then take in Mexico and Spanish America next fall. As for me I ain't saying anything, but between you and me I would like to see the old place dreadfully bad. I wonder if the dog would know me and the chickens fly upon my head and shoulders as they used to do when I went out to feed them. Here I have on the table before me a magnificent lot of flowers, and the table of this expensive and luxurious hotel is covered with them, but sometimes I think I would like to be down in the meadow gather-



PRIMITIVE HOUSE ROOFED WITH TILES.

ing Johnny-jump-ups or see the umbrella-like mayapple plants shooting through the soil in the fence corners. And then there are Ma and Pa and the rest of them—I guess I had better stop writing here.

Lovingly,

KATHLEEN.

+ + +

In selecting a boy from a score of applicants, a shrewd employer will take the one who gets to his subject directly, states it concisely, with the fewest words, outlines his position briefly and stands or falls by it, and does not bore him by telling of the great things he has accomplished or of what he can do.—*Success* for April.

AN OKLAHOMA HAIL-STORM.

BY LORA SAMPSON GIPE.

ON the tenth day of April, 1902, we witnessed our first hail-storm in Oklahoma. During the forenoon we saw a few clouds gather in the north and west, and thought we were going to have a refreshing April shower, but as the thunder continued to roll, and the clouds grew thicker and darker, we realized that we were going to have a storm, and by noon it was upon us.

Some friends, driving in from the country, arrived just as the first drops of rain began to fall. We hastened into the house and immediately the rain fell in torrents. Soon hail-stones began to fall, first small ones and then larger until the last ones were as large as a silver dollar. Window panes were broken, nice growing vegetables in the garden were cut to the ground, and peach and apricot trees that before the storm gave promise of a fine crop, were stripped of both fruit and foliage.

In thirty minutes' time creeks were overflowing, and the hills to the south of us looked as if covered with snow. The storm traveled southeast but did not reach far, so the prospects for fruit are promising yet. In a few hours' time the sun came out, and we were permitted to enjoy a pleasant spring evening.

Cordell, Okla.

+ + +

As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.

+ + +

ALEXANDER'S COSTLY FUNERAL.

THE most costly state funeral which has ever taken place was perhaps that of Alexander the Great. A round million was spent in laying Alexander to rest. The body was placed in a coffin of gold, filled with costly aromatics and a diadem was placed on the head. The funeral car was embellished with ornaments of pure gold, and its weight was so great that it took eighty-four mulcs more than a year to convey it from Babylon to Syria.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.

THE new government printing office is approaching completion, and will be a gigantic affair. It will cost \$2,000,000 and will provide a total floor space of over fourteen acres—more than two and a half times the floor area available in the present establishment. As yet the building is entirely covered with scaffolding, but it is substantially finished except for the interior woodwork and painting.

It will be the greatest printing shop in the world, employing the services of nearly 4,000 people. Accurately speaking, 3,889 persons will toil under its mighty roof, nearly 1,000 of them being women and girls. Each year it will expend the enormous sum of \$4,000,000, nearly three-fourths of it for labor, and in its main composing-room 824 printers will be engaged in sticking type. Eight hundred and eighty-five employes will be occupied in binding the books and documents produced, and an additional 665 will do nothing but fold the printed sheets.

Figures like these give a notion of the gigantic scale on which the shop will be conducted. Each twelve-month it will consume for bindings the skins of 36,000 sheep and 11,000 goats, in addition to 75,000 square feet of "Russia leather," made from cowhide. It will use up in a like period 8,000 tons of white paper, 40,000 pounds of printing ink, and 37,000 pounds of glue, together with 7,000 pounds of thread for sewing books and pamphlets, and 4,000 packs of goldleaf for the titles of volumes de luxe.

One hundred and twenty-seven presses will be constantly in operation in the great building, their total output in a working day of eight hours being just about 1,000,000 impressions. These presses are of every conceivable kind, one of them being capable of printing cards on both sides from a web of bristol board at the rate of 65,000 cards per hour, while four other machines turn out 40,000 printed envelopes every sixty minutes. The quantity of type actually employed will be approximately 1,500,000 pounds, or 750 tons.

No other government spends anything like the amount of money on public printing that is squandered by Uncle Sam. In this particular Congress is always disposed to a reckless extravagance,

and hence the huge size of the plant required. Public documents are an important requisite of Senators and Representatives, who scatter them broadcast among their constituents. One hundred tons of a single report now in press will be issued and distributed in this manner, and the total number of volumes of various kinds of literature turned out by the office in a twelve-month is about 1,000,000, representing a total cost of more than \$1,000,000.

Nowadays government books, like other kind of publications, require illustrations, and the cost of these ran up to about \$300,000 last year. It is safe to say that ten years from now Uncle Sam's printing shop will spend pretty nearly \$500,000 annually for pictures. Those most costly illustrations are for the reports for the Department of Agriculture and the bulletins of the Bureau of Ethnology, many of these being in colors. Each bureau furnishes its own pictures, but the printing office has them reproduced by firms in Boston, New York and elsewhere. These firms print the illustrations and return them to Washington ready to be bound with the text.

The most important job the big shop has to execute is the printing of the Congressional Record. This daily newspaper, which records nothing but the doings of the national Legislature, is written from beginning to end by the official reporters of the House and Senate, who take down in shorthand every word that is said at either end of the Capitol. They dictate from their notes to typewriters, and the material, thus reduced to typescript, is sent over to the printing office in batches by messengers. It begins to come in about 6 P. M., at which hour the compositors come on duty, and all of it is likely to be delivered by 11 P. M. unless there is a night session.

In any event, the Record is ready for distribution early next morning. One hundred compositors are employed exclusively in the business of setting type for it, one department of the printing office being devoted exclusively to this publication, which is "set up" and sent to press just like any newspaper, being delivered every day to about 9,000 subscribers. Each Representative in Congress gets twenty-two copies daily, while a Senator is entitled to forty-two. Anybody may subscribe, the price being \$1.50 per month; but

the paper is not directly profitable to Uncle Sam, inasmuch as it costs \$125,000 a year.

The printing of bills is another important feature of the work of the establishment. Though only a few hundred of the measures submitted to Congress in a year become laws, millions of copies of them have to be printed. A bill must go through a great many phases before it can become a law, and during the process of its evolution it has to be printed again and again—perhaps dozens of times. If finally passed, a single copy of it is printed on the finest parchment, and this goes to President Roosevelt for his signature. Having received that august autograph, the bill is law and is handed over to the Department of State, to be filed away in the nation's archives. No such blank books are manufactured anywhere else in the world as are produced in this printing office. Nothing is too expensive to be put into some of them, and the lettering on their backs is of pure gold. Three blank books are made each year for the use of Congress at a cost of \$65 each. They are designed to contain the names and addresses of Senators and Representatives and their accounts with Uncle Sam. Each of them weighs eighty-five pounds, contains 1,200 pages, and is composed of the finest imaginable paper. In fact, the paper alone for the three books costs \$60 and the materials for the bindings come to \$48. No fewer than 350,000 blank books of all kinds are turned out every twelvemonth.

The paging of the blank books is done by an ingenious machine which enables a single operator to page a book of 600 pages in ten minutes. Women do this work as well as the stamping of titles in gold letters, which is performed by hand. For the sake of economy, however, a mixture of brass and lead called "German metal," is used for most of the books instead of gold. Hand sewing is chiefly employed in the binding of volumes. There are about two hundred sewers, all of them women. Department reports are

mostly sewed by machines with huge spools of thread.

One of the most striking illustrations of the capabilities of the establishment for executing hurried orders was the printing of the message of President McKinley, transmitting the report of the naval court of inquiry upon the destruction of the United States battleship Maine. This publication consisted of 208 pages of text, twenty-four full-page engravings, and one lithograph in colors. Although the originals of the illustrations were not in the possession of the office until 3 o'clock P. M. of March 28, and the manuscript of the text was not received until 6 P. M. of the same day, complete printed copies, in paper covers, were placed upon the desks of Senators and Representatives by ten o'clock the following morning.

The annual messages of the Chief Executive to Congress are always nightmares to the Government Printing Office, and until they are formally received by the National Legislature there is no sound sleep for the officials in charge. Their task is like the guarding of a treasure. Once, and only once, was the message stolen. It was one written by President Hayes, and was not obtained from the Government Printing Office, but from the printing shop of the Treasury, to which it had been confided for greater secrecy.

When Mr. Roosevelt's last message was delivered at the Government Printing Office a few picked compositors were chosen to put it into type. While they were at work on it they were held under the watchful eye of the foreman. The copy, delivered in typescript by a trusted messenger from the White House, was cut up into "takes," so small that no individual could make head or tail of his own. No one was allowed to see a proof of other takes than those which he himself handled. The galleys full of type, as fast as they were made up, were placed on shelves in an iron room built like a safe. Two proofs were taken finally of the completed message, one for the office and the other on fine paper for the President.

*Good luck is the twin brother of
hard work.*

BIG MONEY IN INVENTIONS.

TRIVIAL novelties that have chanced to take the popular fancy have been the foundation of some very large fortunes, both in this country and in Europe, where the patent laws protect inventors in the product of their ingenuity. The popular toy known as "Dancing Jimerow" for several years is said to have yielded its patentee an annual income of upward of \$75,000. The sale of another toy—"John Gilpin"—enriched its lucky inventor to the extent of \$100,000 a year as long as it continued to enjoy the unexpected popularity that greeted it when first placed on the market. Mr. Plimpton, the inventor of the roller skate, made \$1,000,000 out of his idea, and the gentleman who first thought of placing a rubber tip at the end of lead pencils made quite \$100,000 a year by means of this simple improvement.

When Harvey Kennedy introduced the shoe lace he made \$2,500,000, and the ordinary umbrella benefited six people by as much as \$10,000,000. The Howard patent for boiling sugar in vacuo proved a lucrative investment for the capitalists who were able to remunerate the inventor on a colossal scale. It is estimated that his income averaged between \$200,000 and \$250,000 per annum.

Sir Josiah Mason, the inventor of the improved steel pen, made an enormous fortune and on his death English charities benefited by many millions of dollars. The patentee of the pen for shading in different colors derived a yearly income of about \$200,000 from this ingenious contrivance. It is stated that the wooden ball with an elastic attached yielded over \$50,000 a year. Many readers will remember a legal action which took place some years ago, when in the course of the evidence it transpired that the inventor of the metal plates used for protecting the soles and heels of shoes from the wear sold 12,000,000 plates in 1879, and in 1887 the number reached a total of 143,000,000, which realized profits of \$1,150,000 for the year.

The lady who invented the modern baby carriage enriched herself to the extent of \$50,000, and a young lady living at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, devised the simple toilet requisite known as the "Mary Anderson" curling iron, from which she derives royalties amounting to \$500 a year. It was the wife of a clergyman who des-

ignated an improvement for the corset and made a fortune out of it. The gimlet-pointed screw the idea of a little girl, brought many millions of dollars to the clever inventor. Miss Knight a young lady of excellent talents, was gifted with wonderful mechanic powers, as will be seen by the complicated mechanism of her machine for making paper bags. We are told that she refused \$50,000 for it shortly after taking out the patent.

+ + +

A bachelor's wife is always well managed and old maids generally bring up their children in prime style.

+ + +

HOW SOME WOMEN MANAGE IT.

MRS. KATHERINE WALLACE DAVIS, who is about to leave Chicago for a new field, affords a fine example of the woman who conquers. Thrown upon her own resources a number of years ago, she created a field of activity and has achieved triumphs which have made her name familiar wherever there are large bodies of school children in the United States. Brought face to face with stern necessity, Mrs. Davis undertook to get up a children's entertainment, although she had no previous experience. This suggested the idea of making a collection of "The Cradle Songs of All Nations." It took her two long years to gather these songs in the original language, for she wrote direct to various persons in foreign lands to get the material she needed. It was such slow and discouraging work she was often inclined to abandon the undertaking, but her persistence was finally crowned with success. She had the songs translated literally. Taking them in this rough form she deftly put them into good English verse herself. That was four years ago. Then followed a collection of "The Christmas Songs of Many Nations" and afterward "Singing Rhymes and Games."

Each of these collections has been published in book form and is thus scattered through the country. Beginning with the cradle songs, Mrs. Davis has been engaged for four years with the school children of Chicago in giving entertainments for the benefit of the libraries or other features of the schools. She has generally used from 200 to 250 children, dressed in costume, and

the drilling continues for four weeks. These singing entertainments have not only enlisted the hearty interest of the children, but they have proved very profitable. The Marquette school had a \$747 audience, the Ogden school \$600, the Ravenswood \$579 and the Lincoln \$500. The Ogden school sold its seating capacity twice over, and the Newberry school turned people away besides refunding money to many who could not be accommodated. These entertainments have been given in all the large schools of the city with great success. Mrs. Davis also receives a royalty for the use of her work in other cities, and the entertainments have proved popular wherever tried. In Buffalo 700 children took part in three performances. Mrs. Davis will soon leave to begin work in Denver.

+ + +

*Some men practice economy
chiefly when buying for their
wives.*

+ + +

DUALISM OF FAMILY NAMES.

THERE is nothing new about the idea of dualism in family names, now being discussed with freedom in this country and abroad. Centuries ago it had ceased to be an innovation and to this day it is the custom in some countries for women to retain after marriage in some form or other the names they bore previous to approaching the altar. In Belgium, for instance, man and wife often unite surnames when they bind hands and hearts and "double-barreled" names are as plentiful as blackberries in autumn. They have usually a distinguished ring about them as if they were titles of nobility. Sometimes they are alarmingly long; that, however is not the fault of the system, but only of the country. It was a terrible jaw-breaker, for instance, that was offered to friends of the bride and bridegroom in

the invitations issued by the two families. Vandenhoogstraaten and Kinkvervankostdorsprakingatchdern. When these two surnames were welded by a hyphen bashful ladies and people in a hurry never ventured near the temptation.

In Russia the lady's patronymic always differs somewhat from that of her husband. Countess Tolstoi's name, for example, is Tolstaya in the nominative. If one were addressing an envelope to the married couple her name would then be Tolstoy and his Tolstomoo. At first sight the Russian ladies seem to have stolen a march on their English sisters and to have saved some appearance of independence. But this fancy is illusive. In Russia the family name when borne by males is a substantive and can stand by itself; when the bearer is a lady it is a mere adjective, which needs a substantive expressed or understood in order to give it vitality and existence.

But nowhere is the right of women to their maiden names so universally admitted or so strictly enforced as in Spain. When a Spanish don solemnly pledges his troth to a smiling girl at the altar he adds her appellation to his own and ever after the two names are linked as indissolubly as the two persons. This blend is often very picturesque and pleases fanciful foreigners. But it sometimes has its drawbacks. The husband's patronymic is at the end, in the possessive case, and when it has a meaning of its own may become awkward.

A name in central Europe is an heirloom not to be played with. A girl takes over not only her husband's surname, but also his title, and by this she is always addressed—Frau Doctor, Frau Professor, Frau Privy Councillor, etc. She must be very poor, indeed, who has not some such handle to her name after marriage. Hence the desire of a wedded lady to retain name and title, even after she has lost him who conferred both upon her—for instance, after she has been divorced.

*The fool is not always unfortun-
ate, nor the wise man successful;
yet never had a fool thorough en-
joyment, never was a wise man
wholly unhappy.*

STRANGE CHARACTER OF SNOW SLIDES.

THERE is something absolutely unaccountable about a snowslide. It may follow a certain path for years, and then something will turn it and it will plunge over a course that has been deemed out of the way of danger. The Ophir slide, near Telluride is a sight that no man can ever forget. Every year a great mass of snow packs in a certain place far up the mountain side, and every year, when the warm rays of the early spring sun have sufficiently melted it, this slide comes thundering down into the gulch below. Before the Denver and Rio Grande road was built past this slide statistics were taken and the course of the slide was very carefully averaged. Then, being satisfied that they had selected a course that would be out of the way of all danger, the roadbuilders went ahead and laid their tracks. The first spring after the road was built the Ophir slide took a sudden whim to blaze a new trail and shot off at a tangent. Twenty-five loaded freight cars were buried, most of them being ground into kindling wood. Last year this slide was watched by a great number of persons. When the great mass of snow, 200 feet high, came thundering down the mountain side a rush of air filled the gulch for miles. Giant trees were snapped like toothpicks and boulders were hurled like marbles many miles.

There are some grim jests played by these mighty avalanches. Recently in Ouray County, a young man was riding along a mountain trail when he was caught in a great slide. The avalanche buried the young man nearly one hundred feet deep, but the horse did not even have any snow on its feet and was unharmed. At Telluride two young miners were taking the body of a comrade from a mass of wreckage at the bottom of a gulch. A second slide came down and killed the rescuers, burying them many feet. The corpse which they had been carrying was found on top of the snow.

A few years ago the cottages at the Pandora mine were threatened with destruction. The superintendent ordered all the men out of the buildings. The slide came down, but it did not touch the cottages. It whizzed by several hundred feet away, and the cottage on the end collapsed like the proverbial house of cards. It had

not been touched by the slide, but the vacuum caused by the rush of the great mass of snow caused the house to fall to pieces. Every window on the north side of the mill, a great long building, was broken by the rush of air and yet not a particle of snow had touched the structure.

Several years ago a mail carrier whose route lay between Ophir and Telluride was caught in a slide. His body was not found for three years. Strapped to his back was his mail sack, which was forwarded to Washington. In 1896 a slide caught a herd of forty mules and carried it a considerable distance, yet not a mule was killed.

The same slide played a remarkable trick on a telegraph operator at Telluride. The operator, whose building was far out of the path of the slide, heard the rumble of the avalanche and rushed out of the building to get a look at it. A pine tree about six inches in diameter was shot out of the slide with the swiftness of an arrow. It crashed through a window in the telegraph office, striking the chair in which the operator had been writing and tearing out one side of the building.

Several Colorado men have ridden avalanches, though unwillingly, and their testimony proves that this is about the roughest and most dangerous riding in the world. Dr. J. Q. Allen, of Telluride, has twice escaped what seemed like certain death. Nine years ago at Creede Dr. Allen was carried 800 feet on the crest of a slide and escaped unhurt. When the Liberty Bell mine buildings were carried away Dr. Allen started to the rescue. Three companions were on the trail ahead of him. A slide came down and killed the doctor's three friends and carried Dr. Allen and his horse several hundred feet, but left them on the surface unharmed.

Two years ago a miner on the western slope was saved through his own coolness. He was picking his way over a rough trail and had stepped on a fallen tree, when he heard a rush and roar above him, telling that a slide had started. Acting on the instinct that always stands the prospector in good stead, he dropped astride of the log and clung to the branches. In this position he literally rode the crest of the avalanche, his tree remaining on the surface of the surging mass of snow.

The mining town of Silver Plume, like the town of Telluride, has been the scene of many snowslides. Two years ago a slide nearly overwhelmed the little town. Snow had been accumulating for months on the mountain side, and the people knew that it threatened danger, but there was no means of avoiding it. Finally, when the great mass of snow was loosened, it swept away several mine buildings and turned into a gulch that pointed directly at Silver Plume. Had the slide gone the full length of this gulch it would have torn out the center of the town. But fortunately its progress was arrested just before reaching a particularly steep incline, and here it hung for weeks, suspended, like the sword of Damocles, over the little mining community.

* * *

CAMELS DRAW AMERICAN MACHINES.

A RUSSIAN team hitched to an American machine is a queer combination that even makes the Russians smile. The latest improved American farm implements are being drawn by camels in Siberia. Russians with the praiseworthy spirit of progress they are now manifesting, are perfectly willing that their territory be invaded by American mechanism, but they refuse to acknowledge the superiority of the horse over their beloved camel.

"Hitch an Asiatic camel to an up-to-date farm implement," said one Russian, "and you have a modus operandi that is just one on the Yankee." The camel, the Russian claims, has superior endurance to the horse, he can cover more ground in a day, requires less careful attention, is hardier and can pull a greater load. Some of them declare that the camel would be as great an addition to the farming industry of America as is the American farm implement to Russian agriculture. The American farmer, however, is inclined to consider the Russian over-zealous in his appreciation of the camel, and is content to stick to the horse.

Heavy shipments of American farm implements into Siberia by the firm of D. M. Osborne & Co., Auburn, N. Y., are working a revolution in the old Russian methods. Everywhere may be seen plows, reapers, mowers, rakes and every

other kind of device for tilling the soil, all of American manufacture. The shipments are yet being made and the demand is increasing. Siberia, once the home of the Russian exile, is as a result blossoming forth with verdant fields, adding wondrously to the world's commerce and to the power of Russia. To American farm implements and the Trans-Siberian railroad equal credit is due in the development of Siberia.—*Popular Mechanics.*

* * *

BIRDS OF MYSTERY HAVE COME AGAIN.

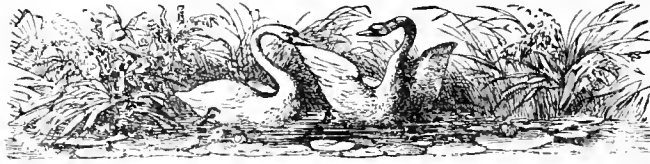
THE Evening Grosbeak, known as "the bird of mystery," has made its appearance in the vicinity of Chicago this spring in large numbers, after an absence of many years. As a result, all the woodlands in the vicinity are thronged with ornithologists anxious to study these strange birds, which have no system in their migration and which seem to disappear from an entire country almost in an hour. It is useless to search for a Grosbeak in the afternoon. They keep up an awful chattering throughout the woods until noon, when not another note issues from their throats and they seem to vanish as completely as if swallowed by the earth. Where they hide themselves during the afternoon hours is a mystery. Although there have been hundreds of expeditions in the quest for years past, until last June but one Evening Grosbeak's nest had ever been discovered. The first and only man to find their nests during the nesting period and discover the secrets of their methods of rearing their young was Francis J. Birthwell, the ornithologist, while traveling in Mexico.

* * *

JAMES R. WINE, of Tennessee, writes the *NOOK* about picking up a tortoise on the under shell of which was carved the letters "D. K. S.," together with the date, September 10, 1865. Taking it home he found out that the letters stood for Daniel Krouse, Sr., and the circumstance of the carving of the initials was well remembered.

It is not an uncommon thing for a tortoise to be discovered within a very short distance of where it has been marked many years before. They do not travel far from their immediate location.

NATURE



STUDY.

HOW PLANTS GROW.

PASSING down the street the other day we noticed a basket of potatoes intended for seed, and they were considerably covered with "scab." They looked for all the world as though something had eaten them. And indeed, in digging potatoes with scab sometimes small worms are found in rough holes in the potatoes, thus giving rise to the popular belief that they are worm-eaten. Nearly everyone has noticed a case of smut on corn in the ear. Everybody who has ever gathered roasting ears has frequently come upon a misshapen, glistening, soft mass of vegetable stuff inside the husk, and frequently growing from between grains. Here we have two very common and distinct forms of vegetation.

Now how is this brought about? In the first place there is a considerable number of plants that do not reproduce themselves by seeds. Instead of having a seed from which the plant grows they propagate themselves through the agency of what are called spores. The difference between a seed and a spore is something as follows: In a true seed, such as a grain of corn, there is a well-defined eye and a mass of vegetable tissue about it that serves to give the plant its nutriment until roots are formed. The body of the seed and the eye are distinctly seen, and the difference between the two is well defined. Seeds put up on this plan vary greatly in size, from a minute form to one as big as the head of a child, as in the case of a cocoanut.

Now a spore is always small, so small as to be very frequently invisible to the naked eye. The difference between one of them and a grain of corn consists in the fact that while a grain of corn has a distinct eye, or point of growth, the spore is all eye. The grain of corn will not grow unless the eye is under ground and operated upon by moisture, light and heat. To the spore it makes no difference whatever what part of it touches the ground. One part of it is just as likely to sprout as another.

The course of growth of the different kind of spores is a very interesting thing, but too complicated to be presented in such a brief article as this must be.

The plant on which the others are produced by spores we will call fungoid growths. They are much commoner than one unfamiliar with the subject has any idea. It is the fungoid growth which causes the potato scab, the smut on grains and the dry rot in wood. He who plants a scabby potato must expect as a result a crop of scabby potatoes, for he has planted with the cut seed thousands and thousands of spores that only need half a chance to set up in business for themselves eating their way into the body of the potato, and eventually producing other spores. The ground is full of them, although if clean seed is planted there is apt to be very little scabbiness in the resulting crop. The scab is produced by reason of planting spores of the fungoid growth together with the seed.

There is a way of readily killing spores by soaking the potatoes in a weak solution of chloride of mercury or corrosive sublimate. Even then care must be exercised with the potatoes, as they must not be put back again in the same bag from which they came. Otherwise spores adhering on the bag will again affect the potato. It is a further fact that soil conditions increase them wonderfully. If anybody has noticed a crop of potatoes coming from the proximity of an ash heap, or where coal ashes have been liberally distributed, they have perhaps observed that the potatoes are much scabbier than usual. That is not all due to the coal ashes, but to the fact that they present more favorable conditions for the spore development than plain soil does. The same thing is true when liberal manuring with animal manure is practiced. The least of it occurs where commercial fertilizers are used.

In the case of the corn the fungoid growth, if allowed to ripen, will spread to adjacent ears, or, perhaps, every ear of corn in the field will be more or less affected, though not to the extent

of being harmful to animal or human life. If a few of these spores are adhering to a grain of corn which is planted, and the conditions are entirely favorable to its being carried into the soil and growing up with it, when the ear is formed the conditions seem just right for the fungoid growth to produce millions of spores in the form of a dry dust penetrating everything and affecting everything around it.

A familiar instance known to every school boy is the case of the puff ball often found on the roadside and in the meadow. When dry and broken open they come apart like a piece of rotten sponge, and the dust flies in every direction when the ball is squeezed. Young folks have said, or, at least, said when the writer was a boy, that if this dust got in their eyes they would go blind. While it is not advisable to get this dust, or any other dust, in one's eyes, it is not at all true that blindness follows. But it is a fact that every particle of that dust is a spore, round in shape and ready to grow at the first chance where the conditions are favorable.

The first thought that comes to one in the consideration of these questions is the fact that the whole earth ought to be covered with the fungoid growth if the spores get a chance. But untold millions of them perish while other millions start and fail to reach their maturity, and few succeed in surviving—enough of them in fact to make themselves a decided nuisance in the grain field.

* * *

SOME DOGS.

MUCH attention is being paid at the present time in Switzerland to breeding a large and powerful race of dogs for life-saving purposes. Just as the celebrated St. Bernard dogs are taught by the monks of the St. Bernard Monastery to track out and rescue unfortunate travelers who are overtaken by snow-storms while crossing the mountains, and are in danger of perishing, so these dogs—which are a cross between Newfoundland and other large breeds—are trained to save men from drowning. In Zurich the other day a life-saving competition for these dogs took place. Sacks full of sand, equal in weight to that of a boy fourteen years of age, were thrown into the water, and also some boys, who, of course knew how to swim, sprang into the

water and imitated the actions of a drowning man. At a given signal the dogs were let loose and promptly brought both sacks and boys to land, the animal that accomplished his task in the shortest time receiving the prize. According to a correspondent the dogs even succeeded by diving and bringing to the surface the sacks which had sunk in water of some considerable depth.

* * *

FISHING ON A BIG SCALE.

THOSE who have a fancy for fishing on a really large scale should go to Reikiavik in the spring and help in the line fishing for large Greenland sharks. Even the bait is original, consisting as often as not of the head of a small seal; otherwise, immense strips of seal flesh are used. The line is everynow and then given a jerk by the way of stimulating the shark's appetite and it is finally hauled to the surface, its desperate revolutions being neutralized by a stout swivel, the liver cut out, and the huge carcass as a rule cut adrift, though at times the flesh is eaten after being hung for some time.

* * *

NATURE STUDY NOTES.

THE apple and the cherry are botanically akin to the rose.

The parent bumble-bee never sees his children. He is dead before they come.

The queen bumble-bee lives about a year, or a little over.

The whitehead bumble-bee is a male, and as every Nook boy knows, can not sting.

Chimney swallows, when there are no chimneys, build in hollow trees.

Wheat never turns to chess or cheat, no matter what anybody tells you.

Poison from ivy can be cured by painting the surface affected with tincture of lobelia.

The coloring of leaves is due to minute colored crystals in the leaf cells. It is called chlorophyll.

Some birds remain unmated while others marry. In case of death or disaster the left-overs are chosen in the place of those gone.

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A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.

THERE is an old saying that man proposes but God disposes. It was something like this in the case of the Nookman and the Harrisburg Conference. He proposed to be there and a week or so prior the malaria stepped in and summarily disposed of the proposition without argument. It was a great disappointment to the Editor who expected to meet many friends and had made all arrangements to that end. Those who know what to-day's chill and to-morrow's fever are, coupled with the stupor interval, will understand. Cool nights, hot days, wet weather, water in the cellar, and the malaria microbe rises up and remarks, "Oh no, you don't go this time!" It was a great disappointment to all concerned.

* * *

SPRING FEVER.

WE laugh at the idea of Spring fever, and call it laziness, and other undignified names. But it is a fact, all the same, and if not a disease, which it hardly is, it is a very pronounced condition. The facts are that it is likely a sudden readjustment of the system from Winter conditions to Spring surroundings, and there is a certain torpor, physically and mentally, while it

lasts, and until one is keyed to the warm days, and the rejuvenating sunshine.

If a cure is needed, it generally suggests itself, in the shape of a desire for greens, horseradish, and the like, and these are Nature's own restoratives. The lower animals show it in the stretching, claw-sharpening process, and the disposition to hunt out certain kinds of grass to eat. Just about the time of the attack if you will allow William Henry to go fishing for a day he will hoe corn better a little later on.

* * *

THE CROP CONDITIONS.

SOME time ago we suggested reports on the weather and crop conditions of the country, and the responses indicated a widespread and wonderful interest in the idea. A great many volunteered to furnish the information sought, and the services of everyone of these have been accepted. A schedule has been prepared, and it has been sent out.

This schedule, when received by the two hundred people to whom it has been addressed, should at once be filled out and returned. If its return is delayed it will be useless. The schedule for the month of May can be filled in a few minutes, and must be returned at once. There is no necessity for anyone to go into a trance of a couple weeks to determine whether the outlook from the month of May for crops is fair or otherwise. It can be done as soon as the schedule has been received. And to a certain extent, the outlook must be submitted somewhat before the end of the month.

Nookers will be thus informed of every other part of the Brotherhood, and if, further, our interested friends will write us of the crops as they are, it will be of great additional interest between the regular reports. It will be interesting to know the relative status of the seasons at both Fruitdale, Alabama, and Cando, North Dakota, and intervening points, East and West. Here at Elgin, Ill., May 20, no corn has been planted, as yet, and gardens are just fairly starting. It would please the Elgin people to know what people have out of their gardens in Washington, Idaho, Virginia, and other places. It will be a good lesson in geography. Now watch for the general conditions to be published in a week or so.

THE ORDINANCES.

ASIDE from the spiritual things Christ taught there are rules of life and external observances that go with them. The spiritual side reads for itself and on this there may be diverse interpretations in which exactness is impossible. In the rules of action there is absolute accuracy, and in the observances that go with them there is no field of church life so vigorously contended for, nothing connected with church experience over which there has been so much contention. With almost every effort primitive Christianity has suffered a loss. The actual facts are that when Christ established his church on the earth wherever there was a great principle involved He also instituted an ordinance illustrating it. Why this was done we do not know. Why the forms he laid down were so chosen we do not understand. They may not be what you and I would have instituted, but they were what Christ did, and he who follows Christ the closest is the one who does what is directed and raises no questions.

* * *

*The older a man gets the less
sense he has about eating.*

* * *

THE DINNER BUCKET ARMY.

ELGIN is a place where they make things. Its watch, shirt, shoe, case, silverplate and other factories employ an army of people, and morning and evening the streets and the cars are full of men, women and children, going or coming, with the dinner bucket or other receptacle in evidence everywhere. There are old ones with little of their previous conditions of shininess, japanned folding boxes, and all sizes and shapes of them. They are badges of honest toil and a certificate of usefulness to those who carry them. The deadbeat and the shirk have neither a place nor a dinner bucket.

When the factories stop, the dinner bucket is in the cupboard at home. When the smoke pours out of the stack it is filled with its burden of bread and butter, meat, pie, red apples or bananas. When the dinner bucket army is on the move it means dresses for the baby, shoes for the schoolgoers, and an outing now and then to the park. God bless the dinner bucket and keep it going. It is only empty when it is idle.

THE GREAT CATASTROPHE.

THE volcanic eruption at Martinique, which destroyed the city of St. Pierre, is an instance of a tremendous catastrophe that periodically visits the world, and for which there is absolutely no means of prevention. It appears that St. Pierre and its suburbs had a population of about forty thousand people. When the volcanic eruption occurred these people were killed by one all-consuming blast of poisonous, burning gas. It is said that only one escaped out of the thousands who lived there. There was not time for them to run or cry out. The chances are that they all died by breathing the suffocating and burning gas, and it was only a matter of a few seconds until they were all dead. Then came the shower of red-hot rock and the streams of lava which burned up every combustible thing. There was a continual discharge of stones, ashes, and lava until everything for miles around was completely burned and scorched out of existence. As near as can be learned about fifty thousand square miles of the island are in this condition. It must have been an awful sight to witness. A few persons who were out at sea, on vessels, had the opportunity of a lifetime to see something of the destructive effect of the eruption. One of them said the volcano was smoking, and flames issued from its crater. A great mass of fire and big streams of lava were running down the sides of the mountain. Above all was an immense pall of smoke that blotted the sky like a late twilight. The mountain appeared to burst asunder and from the crevice a huge ball of fire rose high in the air and swept towards the city. In an instant every living thing, animal and vegetable, was a charred wreck. The sea was made boiling hot and the vessels in the harbor all perished.

It appears that there is a string of volcanoes, of which Martinique formed a part, and that all of them are more or less active. The noise is so tremendous that it can be heard for a hundred miles. Immense balls of colored fire issued from the crater and lightning played around the crater while everything that was in touch of the burning mountain withered and was destroyed instantly. At this writing there is no telling how many people perished but it runs into the thousands.

HOW CHEWING GUM IS MADE.

IN spite of the fact that gum is on sale most everywhere, excepting, of course, hardware stores, much of that consumed in Chicago is an important product. There are only two or three pretentious gum factories in the city, and at the largest of these, which makes that sold in most of the slot machines, the daily output is 1,000,000 sticks.

The making of gum is a rather tedious process and involves much painstaking labor. The raw material, chicle, from which all gum except that manufactured from paraffine is made, comes to Chicago in immense loaves not unlike bread in general appearance. Each of these loaves weighs from twenty-five to fifty pounds, and they are placed on the market in large bags, holding from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds each.

Chicle is the sap of the sapota tree, which flourishes in Mexico, and is prepared for the market much the same as resin. The sap is boiled down to the proper consistency for molding it into the loaf which reaches the factory. After the chicle has been received by the manufacturer his first step is to clean it thoroughly so as to remove all particles of sand, bark, dirt, and other foreign substance.

This is done by granulating the loaves until the chicle resembles sand. In many factories this process is still carried on by hand, but in others improved machinery has been invented for the purpose. After the chicle has been thoroughly cleansed—and this is one of the most delicate steps in the manufacture of gum—it is stowed away in barrels and is allowed to cure. The curing process consumes from seven to fifteen days, depending upon the condition of the raw material when it is received.

After the chicle has been properly seasoned the real work of gum making begins. The granulated material is taken from the storage barrels and deposited in large kettles. There it is cooked under a fixed temperature and is churned and stirred by heavy ladles operated by steam or electricity. While in these kettles powdered sugar and the desired flavors are added and the sticky mess is kept in motion by the paddles until it has been reduced to the proper consistency for working.

When gum in the rough is taken from the steaming kettles it is not unlike unpulled taffy in appearance. Aproned workmen scrape it from the sides and paddles of the heated receptacles, and it is carted away in the form of a large ball. Then for the first time it begins to assume shape and to look like gum.

The balls of sticky material are fed into a roller machine called a "brake," and here the sticky material, with the aid of flour, is rolled down to the thickness of the ordinary stick of gum. It comes out of the "brake" in sheets, which are carted away to a marking machine. There the lines are deeply traced in the pliable stuff for the girls whose duty it is to break it up into sticks for packing.

This practically completes the process of manufacture. After the sheets have cooled and hardened for a brief period they are taken to the wrapping-room, where the most tedious part of the work is done. For many years the sticks were wrapped entirely by hand, but automatic machines are now in use which lighten this work on certain brands. There are many styles of package which resist these machines, and such are put up by girls whose nimble fingers handle on an average 6,000 sticks in a single day.

At the plant of the Zeno Manufacturing company a machine has recently been put into operation which turns five sticks at a time into the hands of a girl whose sole duty it is to encircle the package with a rubber band and tuck it away into a fancy box. This machine has a capacity of 400 boxes a day. The average wrapping machine can grind out 140,000 sticks in a day, while 10,000 is an exceptional record for a girl working with her hands alone.

After the tiny sticks have been carefully wrapped they are made into packages, and when placed in pasteboard boxes are ready for the trade.

There may be some questions as to what becomes of the 24,000,000 sticks of gum consumed in Chicago every year. If this point suggests itself to you look on the bottom of a stenographer's writing desk or under some of the chairs in your sitting-room.

* * *

The hat factories of the United States give employment to 125,000 people.

ABOUT ANIMALS.

IN the journal of the Lewis and Clarke expedition early last century the following is told: "On the north we passed a precipice about 120 feet high, under which lay scattered the fragments of at least 100 carcasses of buffaloes, although the water which had washed away the lower part of the hill must have carried off many of the dead. These buffaloes had been chased down the precipice in a way very common on the Missonri, by which vast herds are destroyed in a moment. The mode of hunting is to select one of the most active and fleet young men, who is disguised by a buffalo skin round his body, the skin of the head, with the ears and horns, being fastened on his own head in such a way as to deceive the buffalo. Thus dressed, he fixes himself at a convenient distance between a herd of buffalo and any of the river precipices, which sometimes extend for some miles. His companions in the meantime get in the rear and side of the herd and at a given signal show themselves and advance toward the buffaloes. These instantly take the alarm and finding the hunters beside them they run toward the disguised Indian or decoy, who leads them off at full speed toward the river, when, suddenly securing himself in some crevice of the cliff which he had previously fixed on, the herd is left on the brink of the precipice. It is then in vain for the foremost buffaloes to retreat, or even to stop; they are pressed on by the hindmost rank, which seeing no danger but from the hunters, goad on those before them till the whole are precipitated and the shore is strewn with their dead bodies."

Commander Whitehouse of the British navy writes as follows of his experience with the rhinoceros in Africa: "As a rule they do not interfere with travelers that let them alone. In some cases, of course, they are dangerous, but it was easy to get close to many for photographs. It is often said that a rhinoceros will charge the persons that he gets the wind of; such is not my experience. I walked close up to the first I saw by accident—a cow and its calf. They certainly got my wind at a distance of less than twenty yards, but after looking at me for a few seconds they both bolted. On another occasion, on the Athi plains, one came up toward us and, stopping less than two hundred yards away,

watched the caravan go by, with the wind blowing straight from us to him. Probably he was used to seeing Masai and other natives, and rhinoceroses in less frequented places might have been more dangerous. Two are allowed to be shot by license. It is very poor sport shooting them, but, like the hippopotamus, they are a cheap present to gain the natives' good will in famine time. One shot at Kin was entirely eaten that day, and the next morning we found some poor starved creatures picking off what flesh was left on the head and eating it raw."

* * *

A BREAK.

ON the farm of Henry Good, ten miles northwest of Lima, Ohio, early in the eighties there was born a calf without any hair or teeth. The hair soon grew out, as soft as velvet and speckled like a turkey egg, only the specks, red and white, were a little larger, but it had no teeth up to three months old, when it was killed.

* * *

THE LOFTIEST AMERICAN MOUNTAIN.

A FEW score of miles in the interior of Alaska, near the head of Sushitna river, and north of the head of Cook Inlet, is an enormous mountain mass, the central and highest peak of which is Mount McKinley, 20,464 feet in height. No attempt has yet been made upon this great mountain; indeed, no one has yet approached it nearer than forty miles, the height having been determined by vertical angles taken at that distance. Even the camera fiend has not succeeded in stealing his portrait.—*Henry Garnett in May Everybody's*.

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JACOB IHRIG, of Avery, Mo., writes the NOOK that he visited a cave seven miles east of Climax, Mo., with a party of twenty. The entrance to the cave is about fifty feet high and about thirty feet wide. They penetrated about one hundred and fifty yards and found large rooms with smooth walls and plenty of bones of different kinds, and some human teeth. There is a sink on top of the hill, over the cave, which the writer thinks is perhaps the end of it, but, really it may be simply a cave-in and much of the real cave may be on the other side of this break.

SOME THINGS PLANTS DO.

FROM London Answers we have the following:

A single leaf of an apple tree has 100,000 pores, and through every one of these water is constantly passing off into the surrounding atmosphere. Air has an enormous appetite for water and the drier it is the more it takes up.

Considering the way in which the atmosphere is constantly forcing the apple tree and every other plant to give up its moisture, the marvel is that, after a very few days of hot sunshine, every plant does not wither and dry up. Yet even those growing in light soil, and exposed situations, manage to withstand weeks of drought without losing their greenness. More marvelous still, acacias and cacti will grow and remain green out on the wastes of fiery desert in North Africa and in Arizona.

Plants, like all other living things, have learned to adapt themselves to their situations, and to take precautions accordingly. Water to plants is more valuable than gold is to human beings, and where the supply is scanty they have learned to hoard it as carefully as a miser does his treasure. Plants cannot refuse to give up water altogether, for otherwise they could not grow. All their food is taken up by their roots, dissolved in water. This sap rises through their veins and feeds them. They make use of the mineral matter, and then let the water which contained it escape through their lungs—that is, their leaves.

But their methods of holding on to sufficient water to keep them green and flourishing are many and ingenious. Go out and pick a leaf from any plant or shrub—a hawthorn leaf, for instance. You will notice that its upper side is much smoother than the under.

The upper side looks dull in comparison. This is because the upper side is exposed to the direct rays of the sun. The glaze prevents the hot rays sucking all the water out of the surface of the leaf. Some plants, indeed, refuse entirely to part with water through the upper side of the leaf. Laurustinus and lilac leaves have no pores at all on the shiny upper surface of the leaves.

Pine trees inhabit dry, sandy soils. These refuse to grow wide leaves, but confine themselves to producing thick, fleshy needles, which have very few openings through which water can es-

cape. Cabbages need an enormous quantity of water, but unless the supply was absolutely unlimited, their big leaves would grow up so much to the air that, without some means of checking this over-liberality, they would wilt and die.

Cut a fresh cabbage leaf and examine it. It has a sort of dusty, mealy look. Put the leaf under a microscope, and you will see that this "bloom" is composed of tiny needles of wax. The cabbage has produced the wax to protect itself from the water-stealing rays of the sun.

Australia is the driest of all the continents; yet it has plenty of trees. They never grow any more leaves than they absolutely need, and they take the additional precaution of turning these leaves edgeways, so that those water thieves, the sunrays, cannot fall direct upon their broad surfaces.

Australian acacias go a step further still. When they are fully grown they shed their leaves altogether; they keep the leaf stalks and produce two tiny wings, which present their edges to the sun.

In spite of all these various precautions, the amount of water which growing plants part with to the air is almost beyond belief. A square foot of long pasture grass gives off nearly four and two-fifths pints of water every twenty-four hours in dry weather. That is to say, there rises into the air 106 tons of water from each acre of meadow within one summer day and night.

One single cabbage has been measured to give off two and one-half pints of water within a similar period. As for the amount big elm trees give off, it is enormous. A sixty-foot elm will have about seven million leaves. If spread out, these would cover 200,000 square feet, or five acres. From these leaves there pass out into the air within a summer day over seven tons of water in the form of vapor.

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W. ROBERTSON is 78 years old, but is serving as a private soldier in the ranks of the British army in South Africa. He is a veteran of the Crimean war.

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SUGAR-RAISERS are turning their attention to Central Africa. They say that section will be the chief sugar producer of the world inside of fifty years.

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG JOURNALIST.

BY T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.

I TURN to the training of the young aspirant on the literary side of a paper. First, I repeat the warning I have already given: It is not wise for any man to take up journalism unless he has distinct gift for writing. Let me, however, immediately add that it is not easy always for the young man to answer that question satisfactorily in his own case. He may err on the side of want of modesty; but he also may err on the side of excess of it.

It is difficult for most of us to know what powers we have or what we lack, until we have been tried—until the opportunity has come to us. There is one way of testing your powers of writing that is a snare. Young writers constantly come to me with what they call essays. I never look at them; life is too short now for essays. When you have become a literary man of repute, and can write like Matthew Arnold or Mr. Birrell, you can do something with essays; but until that moment arrives it is difficult for you to get anybody to look at your essays. Take an incident within your own knowledge—departure of volunteers, say, for the war; a trial at the Assize town in which you live, if you live in one—or something of that kind; try to seize the human and dramatic points of the story; and then let your article be read by some competent critic; and so you will get something like a judgment worth attending to as to whether you have or have not the gift of writing. I use the word "gift" advisedly.

The longer I live, the more I see that though you may enormously improve natural gifts by training and practice, you cannot supply them if they be wanting. At schools they still compel unfortunate children, who have not a note of music in their brains, to spend years at the piano. It is just as wicked a waste of time to send to journalism anybody who has no original gift for writing from the hand of nature; for journalism is one of the professions where one ought to be really good. Mere moderate ability does not bring sufficient remuneration or sufficient certainty of work to make journalism a good profession. It is like painting: either a man is a good painter

and then makes a handsome income, or he is just a middling painter, and then he is liable to starve.
—*Pearson's Magazine for May.*

TOBACCO USERS.

THE effects of tobacco on the youth were recently presented by Dr. Herbert Fish of the Northwestern University in an address before the Cook County League in Chicago.

"A student should quit using tobacco," said Dr. Fish, "or conclude in his own mind to leave school. Not a single student using tobacco has stood in the first rank this year, and this has been the case for the last nine years, with one exception. It is a fact that as the scholarship lowers the ratio of tobacco users increases.

"Nine years ago we commenced to keep a record on this subject," continued the speaker, "and we have found that the boy who fails usually uses tobacco. When asked to sign our pledge he usually answers that he does not use very much, but we find that he continues to fail in his studies. One of the questions submitted in our record blank is whether or not the pupil thinks the use of tobacco is necessary to his success. I must admit that many answer this question in the affirmative. In our chapel we frequently ask all those who have not had tobacco in their mouths for twelve months to arise and be counted. The average varies from 60 to 78 per cent."

Dr. Fish's theme was "The Student and the Cigarette," and, while he took the stand that tobacco in any form had a tendency to dull the mind of the pupil, he said that he was compelled to admit that the cigarette form was the most objectionable and most injurious. He showed by reciting statistics taken at the university during the last nine years that the student addicted to the cigarette habit made a much lower average in his class percentage than those who were not given to the use of the little paper cylinders.

A NEW YORK florist declares that 6,000,000 palms decorated American churches last Easter Sunday.

CALIFORNIA lemons yield 50 per cent more citric acid than the famed Mediterranean lemon.

ABOUT ANTS.

MISS FIELD, of New York, has made a study of the ant has this to say:

No insect lives so long as the ant or is so interesting to study as a domestic pet. A queen ant in Sir John Lubbock's ant colony reached the age of fourteen years.

My ants are quite tame, though when I first caught them they would sting me savagely, leaving a mark that remained for over an hour. But now they are accustomed to human beings and will not bite me or anybody else.

To those who have not spent years in studying them their intelligence and social arrangements are most remarkable. Every nest is a little co-operative town, in which the welfare of each is the concern of all.

Under a microscope they are seen to do all manner of odd and interesting things. For instance, if I pick up one of the female workers she will spend a half hour or more in rearranging her toilet as soon as I replace her in the nest.

On each of her two front legs, near the lower joint, she has a little comblike cluster of hairs with which she combs her legs and sides and antennae carefully as if she were going to attend a society function. Sometimes one ant will help another in the combing and licking process.

They are very cleanly in their habits. In every nest they choose a fixed place for the throwing of rubbish, always at the opposite side of the nest from the nursery. If I drop a little fruit juice on one of the pupae, the ant nurse, who undertakes to clean it will, if it does not like the taste of the juice, pick up the young pupa and rub it against the wet sponge which is always kept in the nest.

These tiny creatures love and hate, sorrow and rejoice. They have their personal likes and dislikes. Some ants are more quarrelsome than others, or are better workers, or more devoted to the queen of the home.

The queen is always a good deal of a coquette and decidedly coy. If she does not like a suitor she is very liable to kill him.

But when she finally makes a choice her love is strong and lasting. No queen ever has more than one husband. If he dies she in no case marries again.

A queen in one of my nests showed great sorrow when, after a hundred days of wedlock, the king died. She piled her twenty eggs on top of his body and refused to leave him. Again and again I separated queen, king and eggs, but the poor little widow brought the body and eggs together again and stood with her head lowered and her mouth near the king's mouth.

The workers exhibit great affection for their queen. She is followed about, tended, licked and patted. It is very evident that her authority is respected, for I notice that the others do more work when she is present than when she is absent.

It would seem as though they had a regular method of trying and punishing offenders. Twice I have seen an assembly of ants standing in a circle, with all heads pointing toward the center, and remaining almost motionless for hours.

Both these assemblies were followed by an execution, one of the ants being in each case torn asunder. The head of one of these victims was picked up by one of the members of the court and carried about for three days in the food room, perhaps as a warning to others, just as the heads of executed criminals used formerly to be exposed on London Bridge.

The ant does not develop from the egg to the full-grown stage for at least sixty days and sometimes it takes three times as long. Much depends upon heat and food.

Every ant goes through three stages. It is first an egg for twenty days, then a larva for a variable period of from 20 to 140 days, and last a pupa for 15 to 20 days. At the end of this time it has become a full-grown ant, though quite weak and timid, seeking protection by herding as close as possible to the queen-mother.

The tiny eggs, almost too small to be seen without a microscope, are very sticky. The ant nurses make them into little packets of sometimes 100 eggs. When the eggs begin to break and expose the larvae, two or three of the ants will hold the packet of eggs up, clear of the ground for days at a stretch. When one ant becomes tired another takes her place, so that the weight of the packet will not injure the little larvae.

A larva is a tiny white worm, with a curved neck and little mouth. The feeding of these larvae takes a great deal of the ants' time.

Sometimes to save time, the busy ant-nurses will place the larvae where they can feed themselves. I have seen five larvae set on end around half of the abdomen of a housefly, with their little mouths over the edge and feeding voraciously like tiny white pigs at a circular trough.

Another odd habit of the ant-nurses is that of sorting out the larvae and placing all of one size together. A difference in the amount of food will regulate the size of the ant-children, and the nurses are not able, it seems, to feed all alike.

My most important discovery, made public at the meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences, was that the five last segments or joints of the ant's antennae are in reality five little noses, each one having a different function to perform.

The last segment at the extreme end of the antennae tells the ant when it is in its own nest. There is a peculiar nest-smell, which is different in every case, and which an ant cannot notice if the tips of its antennae are cut off.

Ants, it must be remembered, live most of the time in the darkness. They have eyes but cannot see farther than one-quarter of an inch, even in the brightest light.

* * *

IN THE MATTER OF SUICIDE.

IN the opinion of Sergt. Hastings of the Chicago detective bureau the will to commit suicide is a good deal like the disposition to commit murder. One man may think he wants to die, may go just to the sticking point, and then back out; another in the same mood may shoot himself or jump into the water, and, escaping, decide that he has enough of it; or the person of another type, once making up his mind to die, dies if three or four attempts are made necessary.

Sergt. Hastings, who has been registering for the police department the suicides and the attempts at suicide which take place in Chicago, is skeptical of certain attempts at self-destruction.

"One type of person who tries to kill himself," said the sergeant, "has his inspiration in the fact that he is full of drink, has lost his money, perhaps, is discouraged and is afraid to go home. Such a fellow most frequently hunts up the lake or the river and jumps in. If he is pulled out and drained, he's most likely to let it go at that.

Dying wasn't as easy as he thought and the cold water has sobered him.

"Women frequently may be suspected of making a show of suicide for the effect it may have on a husband who isn't doing just to suit her. By attempting to kill herself she may scare him into behaving himself; or if she has lost hope of that, she knows that she can create sympathy for herself and make it uncomfortable for him.

"Every little while, however, some man or woman commits suicide, and afterward it develops that the person had tried it perhaps three or four times before. In such cases the person is 'off' in general. A person of this kind usually has 'moods,' and whenever one of these moods strikes him his friends and relatives have learned to look out for him.

"There are so many causes for suicide however, and so many persons of different temperaments attempt it that figures and speculation can prove nothing. One can say only that when a person of a certain decision of character goes after his own life he's just as likely to get himself as he would be if he started out to kill somebody else."

As a general observation it may be said that young men and women at a sentimental age are about as likely to succeed at self-destruction as are persons much older and more worldly wise. Gas has been noted as unusually common in attempts made by elderly men and women, while the young and sentimental seem to prefer the revolver or carbolic acid.

"Without knowing," said a physician, "I should guess that no person who ever tried to kill himself with carbolic acid and failed would ever resort a second time to that agent. It is a horrible death—a death in which the victim retains consciousness almost to the last, and yet suffers indescribable agonies.

"It is quite possible that the physical pains of an attempt at suicide discourage many despondent ones from another trial at crossing the Styx. At the same time I should say that a removal of the inciting cause of the first attempt would be a much more logical reason."

* * *

THE new Theatre de Francais, Paris, is the largest in the world. It covers three acres of ground space.

THE OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER AND
HER DAUGHTERS THROUGH
THE YEAR.

BY REBECCA BOWMAN.

THEY were not only housekeepers but homemakers in the full meaning of the word. This required a great amount of labor, coupled with no small degree of skill in homely arts.

With the household furniture could always be counted a loom, spinning wheels, small flax wheels, spool racks, spool wheel, warping bars and reels. These did not occupy a place in the parlor, under a coat of gilt, but, in natural wood and shining spindle, stood ready for service in the work room. Thus equipped, with sheep in the pasture and flax in the field, would this mother by skilled industry and good management, flanked always by the willing efforts of her daughters, create from the raw materials almost the whole of her family's wearing apparel, besides sheets, towels and tablecloths of linen, and blankets and coverlets of wool.

The writer recalls vividly the process through which the flax stalks were put after the drying out, overhead in the barn, was completed, how the vigorous beating broke and separated the glistening fiber into heaps of tow, and, after much skutching through iron hackles, the flax for the daintier spinning lay in silken, silvery coils ready for the distaff and the spinner.

Then, during the cold winter months, the little wheels were kept busy twisting out, guided by patient fingers, the heaping store of stout thread for the warp and weaving later on. By the time the flax was finished the days would begin to lengthen and grow warm. Then came the time of the leach tub, the dripping lye and boiling soap. Potash from the wood ashes and all scraps of grease carefully saved throughout the year gave the old-fashioned mother ample means of producing in her home that cleanliness that stands next to godliness.

When the sheep were shorn the fleeces were plunged, one at a time, into a kettle of boiling suds. After a vigorous souse and rub they were thrown into large baskets and carried to the creek near by, to rinse by dipping the basket in and out of the running water until the water ran clear. The fleece was then ready to spread out on the grass to dry. After the wool was dry it was

picked and sorted by hand. How the little girls sighed over this work! For they, too, must lend a helping hand, and few games could be indulged in until the snowy wool had all been pinned into large and bulging quilts and sent on its way to the carding house.

At this interval the loom is brought into service, and the linen cloth grows daily into rolls of honeycomb pattern for tablecloths or plain twill for the sheets and towels. After the linen has been cut out of the loom and laid away, the wool rolls are brought out, and for many weeks, through the long warm days, the low hum of the flying wheel or the sharp click of the reel accompany the clear song of the old-fashioned girl as she draws out the endless threads while pacing to and fro.

Even before the spinning is finished, some of the yarn is washed and wound into large balls ready to be knit into warm stockings. The little maid of ten or twelve must knit her own store of hosiery, while the mother and older ones knit for father and the boys as well as for themselves.

After the wool has all been spun into yarn the weaving begins again, and the muffled "boom-boom" of the batten, beating the threads into place, can be heard almost constantly while the cloth stretches out into soft warm linseys, stout jeans, coverlets of intricate pattern, and snowy blankets.

By this time the air is full of frost again, and the warm garments, the product of the home loom, are in order. But while this mother has been providing clothing for her family, she has also been mindful to provide food. Long rows of jars filled with applebutter, jelly and honey, and a heaping store of dried fruits, corn and beans, bear eloquent testimony to her housewifely care. There are also delicate cheeses and fresh butter such as the old-fashioned mother knew well how to make.

There was sure to be a flock of noisy geese whose regular pickings filled soft pillows and huge featherbeds with fluffy down, and with her hens, her garden, the patient stitches in the beautiful pieced quilts, the family sewing all done in the home, all requiring thoroughness and knowledge of the most practical kind, the life of the old-fashioned mother, beautiful and rich in service to others, makes a glorious picture to hang on memory's walls.

Small room had an old-fashioned girl, living in a home whose every day meant labor for the comfort of each member therein, to remark, "I don't have anything to work at." But the mother's loving testimony would truthfully be, "My daughters are the strength of my hands."

Harrisonburg, Va.

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A KANSAS CATTLE RANCH.

BY A. L. MILLER.

ONE does not need to go to Texas or California to find an example of typical ranch life. In the near vicinity of Kansas City there are many ranches, large and small, which are mostly adapted to cattle raising; Short-horn, Galloway and White-face, or Hereford, predominating.

The cattle on these ranches are of a high class and are used for breeding purposes. They are sold at regular cattle sales in the great cattle pavilion in the "west bottoms" in Kansas City, Kansas, sometimes bringing fabulous prices, one thousand dollars being a very reasonable price.

Twelve miles south of Kansas City, in the extreme eastern portion of Johnson County, Kansas, bordering on the Missouri line, is the M. R. Platt Galloway cattle ranch. This ranch comprises one thousand acres of some of the richest and most fertile land of Kansas.

The soil is peculiarly adapted to the raising of bluegrass, and the luxuriant growth on nearly a third of the ranch rivals the famous bluegrass pastures of Kentucky. The rest of the ranch is sowed with timothy and clover, all of which is pastured during the entire year except December, January and February, and a great part is not only pastured but is also mowed for forage during the three months named.

The breed of cattle with which this ranch is stocked is imported from England at great expense and trouble. The grandmother of the bunch, from the late Queen Victoria's own herd, was marketed in Kansas City, April 20, 1896, at the ripe age of fifteen years. She weighed just eighteen hundred pounds.

The cattle range over the great fields without any restrictions, and become used only to the pony and rider, and are badly frightened at the sight of anyone on foot. They are marketed at all ages, in Kansas City, and at one time brought

great prices, but of late other breeds are rivalling them and they bring less money.

The ranch has four houses on it, occupied by the hands who work it. It is superintended by a foreman and all men employed are required to work on Sunday and are requested to stay on the place, not leaving without permission. They receive from fifteen to seventy-five dollars per month and board.

The ranch is watered by ponds and wind-mills and is divided into twenty acre, forty acre, eighty acre and one hundred-and sixty acre fields, all fenced with hedge and wire. On the place there are over twelve miles of hedge, five ponds, more than forty gates and twenty-five buildings of various kinds.

Olathe, Kans.

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FAITHFUL CANINE.

BY MINNIE B. RODES.

FOR more than a year a little dog has stood faithful watch over the grave of his former master and has refused to leave the place or to relax his vigil. Joseph Wolfe died a year ago and was buried in a little cemetery in a churchyard. The dog followed the funeral procession to the grave and saw the coffin lowered into the earth. Since that day the dog has become a constant and solitary watcher at the grave of the man he loved. Only in the coldest weather does the little animal seek shelter under the little church in the cemetery, sleeping beside the grave at all other times. When hungry it trots quickly to the nearest house, a few rods away, where he is fed and then returns to his post, a faithful sentinel, guarding all that he holds dear. The dog is friendly to all visitors to the cemetery but will not permit any one to step on his master's grave. All efforts to induce the faithful beast to give up his self-imposed task have failed.

Bays, W. Va.

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THE crocodile's lower jaw is not socketed in the skull, as is the case with other animals, but the skull is socketed in the jaw, so that the animal can lift the upper part of its head as upon a hinge and so capture whatever prey may be at hand without going to the trouble of getting upon its legs.

The Q. & A. Page.

What country governs Palestine?
Turkey.

How could I learn to take pictures with a snap-shot camera?

Only by practice.

What is understood by "the heart of man" from a Bible standpoint?

His inner consciousness.

What relation are first cousins' children?

They are second cousins.

Is the juice of grapes called wine before it is fermented?

It depends upon what you call wine.

What is the evil of swearing in court?

Because it is forbidden in the Bible.

What is lard oil made out of?

Lard not fit for domestic purposes.

Is it wrong for second cousins to marry?

We feel inclined to advise against it.

What will drive away little black flies on plants?

A mild application of snuff will do it.

Why is thirteen called a baker's dozen?

There are various legends about it widely differing.

Where was the first flour mill built?

In New York, in the early days of Manhattan Island.

Who wrote "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night?"

A schoolgirl, who afterward became Mrs. Thorpe.

Where can I get pure olive oil?

Some friend in California might get it for you where it is made. If absolute purity is wanted bottled goods are not desirable.

Why does burning a brick increase its weight?

The NOOK does not know that such is the case.

Why does not the INGLENOOK pay for its articles?

Because there comes to us as a gift ten times as much as we can print.

Give reasons for keeping the first day of the week instead of the seventh as Sabbath?

Referred to any of our readers who can summarize the reasons.

Where can I get information as to the population of the principal cities in the United States for 1900?

In the "World Almanac." Address: The World Newspaper, New York.

How are naval signals made on warships?

By means of flags and combinations of them according to an understood code.

What kind of liquid is it that will keep rats away?

Any strong caustic, such as concentrated lye placed in their holes, will drive them away.

Are there special medical courses for missionaries to take?

Yes, but they do not differ much from the regular medical courses except that they are shorter.

Is Sappho a safe book to read?

There are better books. In case a book is doubtful why meddle with it at all? There are thousands of good books readily accessible.

Who prepares the Sunday-school lessons that all denominations use?

A committee appointed for the purpose. Of ten their commentary on the lessons is rearranged and remodeled to suit different denominations.

Is it possible to speak with absolute correctness?

Yes, but nobody does it. All strong saying are in rugged English regardless of rules. In fact, strong utterance must not be fettered by rules.

 The Home



 Department

EARNING A LIVING.

BY A. H. BAUM.

I LIVE in the country but work is coming to me from all quarters for I am a carpet weaver. Carpet weaving is not a hard trade to learn. I had never woven any before I bought my loom in 1892, and I learned from the printed instructions that came with the loom. Mine is a four harness loom, works easy and is a delight to use. I often wove fifteen yards a day and walked five miles in the evening after my day's work. I have woven more than a thousand yards every year since I got my loom, and worked at it only about six months in the year. If any of the INGLENOOK readers wish any information on this subject I will gladly answer any inquiries sent to me with self-addressed stamped envelope.

Ashland, Ohio, R. D. 4.

* * *

TRY IT.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

"SPEAK up, not down," said a mother, brightly, to her ten-year-old son, who was complaining, one rainy morning, that he could find nothing to do. She repeated his words cheerfully, with little upward inflections at the pauses, and then made him do so after her. It was surprising how quickly the indoor clouds scattered, for he could not help laughing at the funny change in his own voice, and almost before he knew it, the "something nice to do," was right at his hand, fairly begging him to get at it.

Try it, little boys and little girls, when things go wrong, and see how quickly it will straighten out matters, to "speak up, not down."

Elgin, Ill.

KITCHEN HELPS.

Discolored knife handles may be rubbed with brick dust and vinegar.

Don't put egg dishes into hot water. It makes the egg adhere. Soak the dishes first in cold water.

Don't wash omelet pans. Rub with soft pieces of paper, wipe them out and keep in a clean closet.

Tinware can be cleaned readily by rubbing it with a damp cloth dipped in soda; rub briskly and wipe dry.

Two tablespoonfuls of washing soda dissolved in a gallon of boiling water make an excellent disinfectant for the kitchen sink. Pour in while hot.

To clean a kettle in which onions or other rank vegetables have been cooked rub with a cloth dipped in hot, strong soda water, then wash in soapy water.

Save the round, shallow pieces of cork that fit in wide mouthed pickle bottles to use as scourers of fine steel knives. Rub the corks first with sandpaper to make them perfectly smooth.

The best dishcloths are made of knitted cotton, for they wash again and again and look like new. After using always wash a dishcloth with soap and water, then rinse thoroughly and hang in the air to dry.

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PEANUT MOLASSES CANDY.

BOIL together a cup each of molasses and brown sugar, a tablespoonful of vinegar and two of butter. When a little dropped in cold water is brittle add a cup of shelled and skinned peanuts, remove at once from the fire, add a teaspoonful (scant) of baking soda, beat hard and pour into buttered pans.

TO CAN RHUBARB.

BY ADALINE HOHF BEERY.

To can rhubarb, cut in small pieces, shake them down in a glass jar and fill up with cold water, allowing it to run over till all air bubbles have come to the surface. Adjust the rubber and screw down the cap the same as when canning fruit. The acid of rhubarb is so severe as to preserve it without boiling.

Huntingdon, Pa.

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RHUBARB PIE.

BY SISTER STELLA WHITE.

BAKE the crust as for lemon pie. Take one cup of stewed rhubarb, one large cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour and two eggs, saving the white of one egg for the top. Boil this in a double boiler until thick, add a few drops of lemon extract, place in the baked crust, cover with the icing and serve.

Connersville, Ind., R. R. No. 2.

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RHUBARB PUDDING.

BY MINNIE B. S. RODES.

CUT rhubarb pretty fine, put into a pan or pudding-dish and sprinkle plenty of sugar over it. Make a batter of one cup of sour milk, two eggs, butter the size of an egg, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and flour enough to make a batter as stiff as for a cake. Spread the batter over the rhubarb, and bake done, turn out on a platter, upside down so the rhubarb will be on top. Serve with sugar and cream.

Bays, Wis.

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RHUBARB SAUCE.

BY ADALINE HOHF BEERY.

WASH and cut the rhubarb into pieces but do not skin it. It is not necessary and the skin gives it a prettier color. Put into a granite kettle without any water except what clings to it from washing. Sprinkle with half as much sugar as you are accustomed to using. Stew

slowly till soft. Now, add half a teaspoonful of baking soda, and you have saved the other half of the sugar. Serve cold in a glass dish. The sauce may be varied by adding a half-cup of milk thickened with a little flour, and bringing to a boil before removing from the fire. This gives it a milder flavor.

Huntingdon, Pa.

* * *

LEMON CREAM PIE.

CREAM a tablespoonful of butter with a cup of sugar. Dissolve a heaping tablespoonful of cornstarch in a gill of cold water and stir it into a cup of boiling water. Stir until smooth, then pour over the sugar and butter. Mix well and when cool stir in the juice and grated rind of one large lemon and one beaten egg. Line a pie plate with puff paste, fill with this mixture and bake. When done cover with a meringue and return to the oven just long enough to brown lightly.

* * *

DOUGHNUTS.

CREAM a half cupful of butter with one cup of sugar, add a cup of milk, two beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of mixed cinnamon and nutmeg and two cups of flour, into which a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder has been sifted. Add enough flour to make a soft dough that can be rolled out: roll into a thick sheet, cut into rings and fry in deep fat.

* * *

DIRECTIONS FOR A SCARECROW.

TAKE a big potato. Have a lot of feathers, some short and some long. Stick the feathers into the potato, using the quills for the purpose till there is a fearful and wonderful bird constructed. With a little care a very schrecklich bird may be made. Stick it on the top of a pole where a scarecrow is needed, and not a bird will come near it.

Construct it along the general lines of a hawk.

* * *

WHEN an insect gets into the ear don't try to dig it out, as you will only push it in deeper. Put a drop or two of sweet oil into the ear; this will kill the insect, which may be removed by a stream of warm water from a syringe.

THE INGLENOOK

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A BEAUTIFUL HYMN.

I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou done for me?
My Father's home of light,
My glory-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;
I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for me?
I suffered much for thee,
Far more than tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?
And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

* * *

FROM OUR FRANK.

HERE we are down along the beach watching the waves rolling in from—nobody knows where. One peculiarity of the bathing along the Pacific Coast is that it can be enjoyed every day in the year. Anybody who has ever been on the pier at Atlantic City, in New Jersey, in midwinter, when the storm was blowing across the water knows what a terrible cold place it is, and how forbidding the ocean and the beach look. Out here not only the configuration of the country and the beach is different but the temperature of the water is such that in midwinter anyone who wishes to may bathe without discomfort.

The people of Los Angeles are within easy access of Santa Monica by the suburban train

service. Sixty miles east of Los Angeles is San Bernardino in the heart of the valley. One peculiarity of all of these cities is the fact that from each one the traveler can radiate out in many directions to various summer resorts, many of these among the mountains. Perhaps no place in all this country has developed as rapidly as Redlands. It is only about a dozen years ago since it was founded in the southeast corner of the San Bernardino Valley. One peculiarity of the city is that it covers thirty-six square miles, though really the most of it is set to orange groves. There are about four thousand people who live there, most of whom are interested in fruit growing. No end of New England people live at Redlands.

They tell a story of a man who went to a certain place down in the tropics to spend a day before he committed the suicide he contemplated. It was a land of flowers and a balmy atmosphere, and he lengthened his day to a week and at the end of that time he made up his mind that if the world held so many attractions he would not kill himself, at least, not yet, and the outcome was that he remained in the city to the end of a long life, never leaving it at all. This same story might be repeated with a great many of these California places as a foundation.

One would suppose that in a country like California there would not be very many lakes, yet we are told that there about one thousand; some of them are the most beautiful lakes in the world. Of course this applies to the mountainous neighborhoods and not to where we are. We have not seen them, but have been told that some of them are beautiful beyond description and picturesque in the highest degree. Some of these lakes are considerable in extent. Lake Tahoe is in the heart of the Sierra Mountains and is twenty-three miles long by twelve miles wide, and

from a hundred feet to two thousand feet in depth. Where the water is shallow the color is a sort of yellowish green and where it is deep it is an indigo blue. The water is so clear that everything on the bottom of the lake is visible at a depth of sixty to seventy feet.

Here at this hotel where we are stopping there are a good many other tourists. We have met some very interesting friends. I met a lady from Ohio and I think that she is one of the handsomest and best informed young women I ever saw. I would like to know why Kath is so dreadfully set against her. Kath takes great pains to inform me that she has not got a drop of jealous blood in her, but sometimes I think she is mistaken. At all events she said positively there would be no stopping in the State of Ohio on our return.

We have not been able to make up our minds as to where we are going from here. In all probability we will start directly back, passing through Kansas and Nebraska and will tell something about our friends and brethren who live there. We will hate to leave California. I wish father and mother would take a trip and come out here. Sister and I could take care of the things at home in a way that we never could have done before, had it not been for this trip. There is nothing like traveling to broaden one. The world isn't pasted up on the side of our mountain at home as we used to think it was.

Faternally,
FRANK.

❖ ❖ ❖

*If a man has no temptations it's
easy to remain honest.*

❖ ❖ ❖

LIVING WIDOWS OF UNITED STATES PRESIDENTS.

BENJAMIN HARRISON is dead, and there remains but one living ex-president of the United States, Grover Cleveland.

Mrs. Harrison is a widow, and the other widows of national chief magistrates who still survive are Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Garfield, three in all.

Mrs. Harrison was never the first woman of the land, socially speaking, because she was

married to Mr. Harrison after his term of office expired and he had become simply a distinguished private citizen.

President Buchanan died thirty-three years ago, and President Arthur fifteen years ago, yet their queens of the white house, Harriet Lane now Harriet Johnson, and Mrs. McElroy, continue to take an active part in the work of the world.

Congress has provided pensions for the widows of presidents, and Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Garfield are to-day drawing \$5,000 each from the government treasury annually. Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Polk and Mrs. Lincoln received similar sums up to the time of death.

Mrs. Harrison is a comparatively young woman. Should she be granted a pension by congress she may be expected to live to use it for many, many years. Mrs. Polk, it will be remembered, survived as a widow for forty-two years and she did not die until 1891.

Buchanan alone of the twenty-four presidents of the United States never was wedded. Tyler, Fillmore and Benjamin Harrison were twice married. Fillmore and Harrison were both married the second time after they had laid down the reins of government. Cleveland had the exclusive honor of becoming a benedict within the very walls of the White House itself. Three of the twenty-four presidents were childless: Washington, Madison and Polk. William Henry Harrison had the largest number of children: six boys and four girls. Hayes was next with seven boys and one girl.

Mrs. Grant, widow of President Grant now resides in Washington at 2111 Massachusetts Ave. Her mansion was purchased from Ex-Senator Edmunds, and was occupied by Richard Olney when he first went to the national capital as attorney general. Her income is the pension of \$5,000 and the royalties accruing from the sale of the general's memoirs, which are reported to have reached more than \$500,000. She is aged seventy-five. Within the last decade she has devoted herself to writing a book of her own descriptive of the home and public life of the family of Grant. During the Spanish-American war she was the active president of the Woman's national war relief association, and to the cause she gave her time, her money, and her influence.

he has spent some summer seasons at Mangolia in this State. She has the companionship of a daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, and her three sons are a delight to her heart and the pride of her declining years.

Mrs. Garfield, widow of President Garfield, will be sixty-nine years old next month. Shortly after the assassination of her husband the citizens of this country contributed a considerable sum of money and presented it to her. For a time she made her home in Cleveland. She visited Europe, and sojourned in Bournemouth, England. Returning to the United States, she settled in the Garfield homestead in Mentor, Ohio, where she resides to-day. The winter months are often spent in the south or in California. At intervals she has come to Boston, where one of her sons practices law. Mrs. Garfield is passing her days in quiet retirement, doing good work for those about her in the unostentatious manner that distinguished her when she held the position of mistress of the White House. One of her philanthropic deeds was the donation of \$10,000 to a university in Kansas which took the name of her martyred husband. Her life has throughout been an illustration of American womanhood, wifehood and motherhood of the loftiest character.

Mrs. Harrison, widow of President Harrison, was formerly Mrs. Mary Scott Lord Dimmuck. Her first husband lived but a short time. Although very young she then dwelt in semi-retirement, being a home-loving body and fond of quiet, womanly pursuits. During the residence of the Harrison family in Washington she was often with them, and as a relative of the first Mrs. Harrison was warmly welcomed wherever the white house party was invited. She was married to Mr. Harrison at the end of Lent in 1896, three years after he had retired from the presidency. The home is in Indianapolis. Whether or not she will return to the scenes of her former life in Washington or New York is a question not yet answered. She has a little girl who bears the gentle name of Mary.

Living within a few blocks of the White House to-day, so near to it that the strains of the Marine Band at the President's reception can be heard within her parlors, is a woman who more than forty years ago was a famous mistress of

the executive mansion. She was known as the most beautiful, the most intelligent and the most accomplished woman of the United States. Now, at the age of sixty-eight this woman is intellectually as bright as ever, even though her luxuriant mass of golden hair has been turned to silver hue. Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston, niece of President Buchanan, has trodden a pathway marked with sorrow. First her uncle, then her husband and her children, one by one, have passed away. But she has not allowed her troubles to sour her and she keeps abreast with the spirit of the times. She is still one of the wealthy queens of Washington society. Mrs. Johnston was received privately and dined with Victoria of England but a few months before the death of the latter. This special compliment was paid because Mrs. Johnston, as Miss Lane, was hostess at the White House when the Prince of Wales was entertained at Washington during the administration of Buchanan.

Pres. Arthur's wife did not live to occupy the executive mansion. She died just previous to inauguration. Mr. Arthur had a bevy of married sisters, and the youngest, Mrs. McElroy, went to preside over the White House and assist in the social entertainments. She is now living in Albany.

Mrs. Washington was a widow for about three years before her death, Mrs. Madison thirteen years, Mrs. John Quincy Adams four years, Mrs. William Henry Harrison twenty-three years, the second Mrs. Tyler twenty-seven years, Mrs. Polk forty-two years, Mrs. Taylor two years, the second Mrs. Fillmore seven years, Mrs. Johnson one year.

Mrs. Garfield has already survived her husband twenty years, and sixteen years have passed since the death of Gen. Grant.

Twelve Presidents of the United States have outlived the wives of their young manhood, but the three of the twelve who remarried were in turn outlived themselves.

Of the twenty-two Presidents deceased one lived to be ninety, four passed the eighty mark, eleven passed the seventy mark and eighteen the sixty mark. Only Polk, Lincoln, Garfield and Arthur died before reaching the age of three score, and two of them were victims of the assassin.

FROM CAMP INGLENOOK, WASH.

Dear Nook Family:

At first we were undecided whether we should take our outing early in the summer, in midsummer, or late in the autumn. We chose the late spring, something out of the ordinary, and we decided that if we liked it we could come back again. It is this way. There's father, mother,

from our Camp, there were the horses that he had engaged, and a flax-headed Swede to help get the things back to the lake. We got everything tied on the horses and away we went. The boys said they could walk it, and we girls said we could do anything the boys dared do, and as for Ma,—well, Ma had times of her own. First she said she would die if she walked another quarter mile. So we bundled her on a horse, and the



AN OAT FIELD IN FLATHEAD VALLEY, MONTANA.

two boys, and two girls,—I'm the oldest girl. And that's all you're going to know about it. Name? Oh well, call me Tommy if you want to. I'll come if I want to.

It was a good long study what to take along to our camping place. Pa had been there before, and he said there was nothing nearer than twelve miles, and then not much. So we had to take it all with us. There were two tents, and one can buy better tents than he can make. One of them was for pa and ma, with lean-to and the other for the provisions and the boys. We had a camp outfit, consisting of a stove, knives, forks, dishes, and all that goes along, and as it was made for the especial use of campers it was a model of neatness in the package. It went together almost solidly. Of course there were blankets, and all the little things one wants under such circumstances.

Pa had made all the arrangements and when we arrived at the railroad station, twelve miles

after a few miles, she said that she would die if she rode. Pa asked her to defer it till she got there, and Ma said that was what happened people who had so little sense as to leave a good home for the edge of a lake with an unpronounceable name. But finally we got there and Ma just fell off her horse.

Then we pulled up at the spot, and with the help of the Swede we pitched our tents, and got everything ready, to swinging the hammock. Ma gave it as her opinion that if we wanted anything done we could do it ourselves, and then just like her, when we got to unpacking she was everywhere at once. Finally we got our things in place. The tent had a deep bed of spruce twigs in the bottom, over which blankets were laid, and that night we slept the sleep of the just made tired.

The boys woke up first in the morning, and Sis and I got up and we agreed that we would get breakfast quietly and then call Pa and Ma

he boys went to the lake to catch some fish, and after we had washed in the cool water, oo-oo how cold it was, we made a fire in the camp stove, and cut a lot of bacon, and fried it, when the boys came in with thirteen mountain trout. These we cleaned, and there were two apiece, and one left over which the same the cook got. After they were fried to a turn, and the coffee made, and yes, I forgot to say that I made some warm bread, we called Pa and Ma and we sat down around the white tablecloth on the ground under the big pine tree, and we had bacon, fried trout, warm bread, coffee, condensed milk, butter, and Saratoga chips for our first breakfast. Ma said that the biscuits were not so bad,—considering who made them, but this was mean, almost, but pa said he never ate better, and then there was no more talk about it. What was left of that breakfast wouldn't have disturbed a dyspeptic.

After breakfast we looked around. There were two big pine-clad mountains, on either side of the lake. A little brook purred down the hill and crept along the level place where we had our camp, and floated into the lake. There were a lot of squirrels, some wild ducks, and over all the eternal silence. It made me feel queer to get out of sight of the camp. The waters of the lake were changeful in colors. Here they were black, blue perhaps to the overhanging black spruce, over on the other side of the lake they were dark green, blue at times, and they were of different colors as the sun or clouds passed over them. It was a scene of quiet wilderness beauty. There were a few birds, but on the lake, and sometimes pretty near us, there were some ducks, and a laughing, crazy loon, out in the middle, shouted out his opinions of the crowd, and from the tone of the remarks, they were not complimentary.

Our camp life was not without interest. Pa and the rest of us studied the botany of the neighborhood, and made excursions along the lake, while Ma mostly remained at home, and looked after the meals. Ma is a good cook, and so is her daughter, for that matter. But not many know it. Clara, that's Sis, and I made a discovery. It was a nesting place of the wild ducks. I almost stepped on a nest, before the mother duck flew up, and that's the way we discovered

her. I often wondered where the wild ducks nested, and now that we have seen them in the Northern part of the State of Washington we know. Pa says that they nest all over this Northern country, as far North as man has gone. A pair of wild ducks swimming in a mountain lake is as graceful an exhibition as one may look upon.

I tell you this sleeping on a bed of pine boughs, with a blanket over one, and the stars over all is getting near Nature, and as Pa says, "If one doesn't get along all right, there is something wrong with his insides." The way we eat is a caution. About half past four those boys get up of themselves, something they never did at home, and they go off to catch some fish. Then Sis and I get out, and take a dip in the clear waters of the creek, and get breakfast, then when all is ready we sit down and, well, don't we eat? Then come the duties of the day. Yesterday Pa brought in a pair of ducks he had shot. I reproached him and called up the nests I had seen. He asked a few questions, and when I told all I knew about the poor little motherless ducklings he had orphaned, he put his finger on the curled-up tail-feathers, and looked at me. They weren't mother ducks at all. And I subsided.

Our Swede is coming over Saturday, and I am going to send this letter back with him, and if we stay out the time we intended there will be two more letters beside this one, if the Nookman will print them.

Good bye,
ME—TOMMY.

* * *

By avoiding their first quarrel a married couple will never have a second.

* * *

AN AMERICAN WIT OUTWITTED.

It is not always that American wit is quicker than that of England. A party of travelers from this country were approaching Stratford-on-Avon. One of the men thought he would have some fun with the guide. When the party arrived at the town and as the guide was pointing out the places of interest the gentleman pulled him aside and said: "Say, guide, who was this man Shakespeare?" The guide looked at him a moment and replied very seriously: "Why, he was the inventor of condensed milk."

FROM THE OIL FIELDS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY D. F. HOLMES.

DOUBTLESS you have all heard or read of many wonderful things in California, the land of sunshine, fruit and flowers, and I wonder if you think there could be a place in such a fine country where good drinking water is almost a luxury and costs thirty-five cents per barrel, and this in sight of a lake that covers several hundred acres, and only about fifty miles from the flourishing county seat of one of the best counties in California.

Such is the case in some of the oil districts. I have spent the winter months here, camping in tents, with very little to do except to cook my own food and watch the development of the oil fields, the land of one company in particular.

Many hours have been spent watching the machinery operating a string of tools weighing over a ton, suspended by a strong cable and sometimes twelve hundred feet below the surface. These tools are raised and lowered into the well by means of a huge windlass run by the engine.

It often takes six months to finish a well and many are abandoned without finding the treasure sought for. The oil industry is the only means of making a living here and laborers are paid from three to seven dollars a day drilling for oil. The crude oil is used for fuel and is hauled from producing wells by teams of eight to twelve horses or mules.

A pipe about sixteen miles long carries water for drinking and cooking. This water is also used in boilers, as the water in wells is hardly fit for any use.

Among the natives are horned toads, snakes, lizards, owls that live in holes in the ground, tarantulas, centipedes, coyotes and jack rabbits. The horned toad is harmless and can be handled with the hands. His only means of defense is his rough skin and a small spray of blood thrown out from the top of his head. The tarantula, or trapdoor spider, is a mechanic and builds a very neat trapdoor to his home in the ground, which closes automatically when he enters. When it is torn from the flexible hinge he soon repairs the damage by making a new one. Tarantulas are poisonous, but not considered dangerous unless

crowded. Much care is taken lest one should be in your bed, shoes or clothing. The centipede is a horrid looking worm, with a poison briar in every limb with which he clinches into his victim in a fight. His favorite resort is among trash or under old boards, in a moist place.

There are only a few birds that care to visit this locality, and nothing grows higher than sagebrush. A band of about forty elk is seen occasionally, which are not molested by hunters and are not at all surprised when approached by teams at a very close distance.

It is not at all uninteresting out on these plains for in the distance are the green foothills and higher up, the snow-covered mountain peak. The oil towers are to be seen on the lower hills, pretty stones of all shapes and colors can be picked up on the surface, and wild game can be found in a few hours' travel.

Visalia, Cal.

* * *

Sometimes a woman makes a fool of a man—and he never gets over it.

* * *

A CITY SKETCH.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER

VIOLIN case in hand, Herr Gustav pushed his way with the hurrying throng across the drawbridge. The grim humor of his haste, since he had nothing to hasten for, did not strike him as it might have struck a native of the great city whose composite roar throbbed in his ear. It is your thorough American who can make a jest of his own loneliness and discouragement, and Herr Gustav had made but indifferent progress in learning the progressive ways of this strange new country, during the five homesick years spent within its borders.

Five sad long years they were since the steamship, Bertha, went choking down at night in mid-ocean, painting the sea for leagues around with the glare of her destruction. Out of the glow of her burning an overladen boat had carried Herr Gustav's young wife, Greta, and their baby Röschen, into the blackness of oblivion as well as of earthly night, as they were unheard of after. The death he braved behind them passed him by, but

what, when he reached it, was the golden land of promise without his beloved?

He worked. But work is toil when there is no hearth-fire at home to hearten one. Hard lines cut themselves around his gentle mouth, and his fine shoulders drooped. Then sickness and the hard times tried their hand upon his fortunes, till this July evening found him weary, friendless, and but one degree from starvation, in a large city.

Clouds of smoke and dust, heavy with the sultry heat, hung over the grimy shipping in the river. A tug boat bayed hoarsely at the lower bridge. Hundreds of early lights twinkled here and there, as if with attempted cheerfulness. An Italian vender of fruits and confections lounged behind his stand, at the turn of the street toward the great Union Station. The harsh, reiterated warning of the oncoming tug drowned the soft drawl of his voice, as he answered Herr Gustav's question concerning the price of his wares. A moment later the violinist's last nickel was transferred to his grimy palm, and a paper sack containing three bananas likewise changed ownership.

Fifteen minutes later two of these found their way into the tiny hands of the only friend Gustav laid claim to, his little neighbor in the barren lodging house on C street, whom he knew by the pet name of "Tröster kind." He had first been attracted to her by her beautiful blue eyes, that somehow reminded him of his lost Greta's, but Herr Gustav, like the true son of the *Vaterland* he was, had a deep vein of child-love and likeness in his soul that went out to the womanly baby who "kept house" in her quaint and patient fashion, for the mother who worked out by the day and whom he had never seen. He found his first and only bit of the day's sunshine in her pleased "*Ich danke schön.*" as she vanished down the dusky passage with her treasure.

Late that night, out of the coppery west, a terrible storm arose. Frail buildings in its path were wrecked like houses of straw. Around the weather-beaten lodging house it raved and howled, and a lightning bolt added the horror of fire.

Herr Gustav, sitting in his room, violin case in hand, woke from his apathy of despair at the thought of the child with his Greta's eyes.

Where was she? Down the dim passage he found her hastening with her white-faced mother toward the crowded exit. He quickly barred their way. "It is not fit—the street," he said, entreatingly, "The fire is yonder"—waving his hand. "The storm comes from the other side and drives the blaze back. We are safer this way. Will you come with me, Little One?"

He spoke to the child who had clutched his hand, but he was staring with dilated eyes at the mother. A sweet mysterious something out of the past suddenly reawakened within him, setting his pulses throbbing. The next instant he understood. Like God's own revelation, a blaze of lightning lit their two faces. "Greta!" he gasped huskily. "Greta!"

"For the sea, it does sometimes give up its dead before the last great Day," said Greta, when in safety she recounted her story. Her eyes were shining through happy tears. But Herr Gustav, who held her hand and the child's in his, could not answer in words.

Elgin, Ill.

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*Little things console us because
most of our afflictions are little
ones.*

❖ ❖ ❖

THE TASTES OF PRESIDENTS.

MR. WILLIAM T. SINCLAIR, steward of the White House, under Presidents Cleveland, Harrison and McKinley, unbosomed himself recently on the tastes of the noted men whom he has served.

"I have now catered for four Presidents," he said, "and I don't think there is another man living who can show that record."

"Presidents have their tastes, to be sure, but after all they are not so much different from other men when it comes to eating and drinking.

"President Cleveland was fond of fish, oysters and game, and I have hunted the market here and have sometimes had to go to Baltimore before I could get what he wanted. We could have the finest of meat for him, but it was nothing at all unless he had the particular kind of fish he liked. Mrs. Cleveland would eat anything you put before her, but she was very particular when she was to have a luncheon.

ABOUT YOUR BOOK.

DOUBTLESS a good many members of the Nook family have thought about writing a book at some time in their lives. Some have even done it. For the benefit of those who know little about it in detail suppose we have a little talk about the ways and means of bringing out your book. Very few people know anything about it. Nearly every publishing house is beset from time to time by book people who have not the least conception of the eternal verities in the case, and who, in the very nature of things have to be turned away ruthlessly. Now, let us suppose a case.

You have selected your subject and have written your book. Up to this point there is not much difficulty about it and nothing suffers very much except your other work. After your manuscript is once prepared then your troubles begin. It is the result of the writer's observation that about nine people out of every ten prepared a book on some religious subject, forgetting that the world is full of that sort of thing, and that it has been going on for at least five thousand years. But let an individual once get the book idea into his head and, like being in love, he is amenable to neither rhyme nor reason. The first thing he ought to do is to find a publisher. Now there are publishing houses and publishing houses. Some of them bring out religious publications, while others devote themselves entirely to fiction. Others publish translations from foreign languages, and so on around. Clearly the man who is writing a book on "The Beauty of Holiness" need not take it to a publisher getting out nothing but scientific works. Most would-be authors have no sense whatever about this thing, and want anybody to print their books, providing they are in the book-printing business. Now, right here is where a man may bring out his own book. There is perhaps no publishing house that would not undertake to print a book providing it is paid for at the regular rates. Publishers do not look upon a book as anything else than a source of revenue to them. This does not mean that any reputable house would bring out an obscene book, but that the books they do bring out are looked at solely from the point of financial reward.

Now the publisher has never heard of John Brown, and knows perfectly well that his book

would not sell, so he suggests to the author the idea of his paying for it and pushing it himself. The people who do this are legion. A good-sized book on good paper, and well bound, will cost about five or six hundred dollars for a thousand copies. The people who publish their own books in this way are very numerous. What happens is about as follows.

When the author has paid his money, gets his



NEVADA FALLS. A YOSEMITE SCENE.

thousand books, and begins to sell them, he will find that he may be able to sell, at the outside, perhaps fifty or sixty copies. The balance of them he has on his hands. He might even find trouble to give them away. The facts are that a great many reputable publishing houses have brought out really good books on the strength of mistaken judgment and these books you can buy for next to nothing, less than it costs to make them. A publisher having had his fingers burned must be very sure that the book is going to sell before he invests five hundred dollars in it. Now suppose the publisher has really agreed to print the book. In a well-ordered shop it will require about two weeks to lay down the thousand volumes. A great many things enter into the consideration of the case. First there is the author's name, and this counts for a great deal. If one hundred thousand people have heard of him and are interested in his work, and believe

in him and in it, by persistently and continually keeping at it five thousand copies might be sold. If so many were sold the book would be regarded as a success.

Now, how would the publisher proceed to sell the five thousand copies? In the first place he would have to have some means of reaching a very considerable reading public. This usually is had by the publishing house having some periodicals through which they can advertise their new books. Then some hundreds of copies must be sent out to other publications for review and advertising. All this costs money.

Additionally the book must be something of real and genuine interest or it will not be sold at all, no matter how it is being pushed. It will appear from all this that the person who brings out his own book, and has it unloaded on him by his printers after it is paid for, finds that he has an elephant on his hands. The chances are that nobody will buy the surplus lot he has failed to sell except it be the junk-man.

Of course it is understood that where there is a man or woman of marked genius publishers may make mistakes. Many a successful book has been the round of a dozen publishers, each of whom declined it with thanks before the thirteenth bought it and scored it a tremendous success. There is not one person in a million in the population of the United States who can do this thing. Out of the books actually brought out by publishers but a very small per cent are steady sellers. If we could take some of our would-be authors into our business confidence and show them the stacks of books that were never sold, and will never be, they would be surprised at the situation and give up the idea of ever figuring in the literary world.

However, in case any reader has the book idea in his head, or in manuscript form, which he feels sure would be a success and a seller, we advise him to submit his copy to a level-headed friend who will tell him the truth, and then let him be governed by what this critic says. Under no circumstances whatever do we advise any member of the Nook family to bring out his own book, for it is almost certain that he will lose himself in the category of those who are clients with themselves for a lawyer, or patients with themselves for a doctor.

CARCAZONNE.

CARCAZONNE is a small European town, nestled in the hills. It is a pleasant place. About ten or fifteen miles away there lived a peasant who wanted to see Carcazonne. When the weather was fair he could see glimpses of its steeples. At the time he was a boy he was not allowed to go, and when he grew up he kept putting it off, and one thing after another interfered, till he was an old man who had never been to Carcazonne. Then when he came down to die he kept lamenting his loss, and asked that he be moved to the window where he could look in the direction of the town. He could faintly see its distant steeples. But he kept on lamenting "I ne'er shall see Carcazonne," and so he died.

Each life has its Carcazonne, and with all of us, though we may not say much about it, we shall never see our Carcazonne.

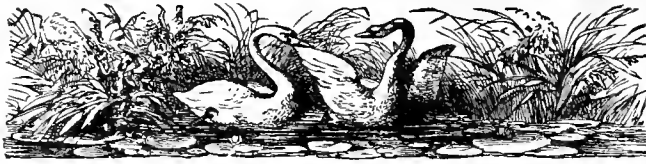


A VIEW OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

GOLD FROM RIVER DREDGINGS.

IN the operation of dredging navigable channels at the mouth of the Moruya and Shoalhaven rivers in New South Wales it was discovered that the mud contained much gold dust. An automatic gold saver was then attached to the dumping machinery and it is estimated that enough gold will thus be obtained to defray the expenses of keeping the channels open.

NATURE



STUDY.

HOW PLANTS GROW.

IN a recent INGLENOOK we described some of the means whereby various varieties of plants are mixed in the seed. The pollen of one variety accidentally gets into contact at the right point with another and produces a hybrid. This does not ordinarily happen in wild species for the reason that the differences are not so well marked as in the cultivated plants. Man has worked with wild varieties and either intentionally or unconsciously developed certain parts of them in such a way that they present marked differences from the original plant and this, in the course of breeding, shows most markedly. However, it does not happen frequently in the case of wild species because the differences are not so wide.

In the propagation of a plant through the agency of pollenization some unusual things happen that may be of interest to our readers. One of the most potent factors in the pollenization of plants is the bee. In fact there are some plants, red clover for illustration, that cannot pollenize themselves without the aid of the bee. However, it is the bumble-bee that is the guest of the red clover because no other insect of the bee family can get at its honey.

With some plants the time of pollenization is extended over a considerable period, a number of days in fact, while in others the period of possibility lasts less than an hour. Now suppose that when an apple-blossom opens up the honey-bee makes a visit to it and succeeds in pollenizing four out of the five stamens and for some reason the fifth escaped. Now if, when that apple ripened, there appeared a shrunken space on one side and when you would cut the apple across you would find that at the base was a deformed apple-seed that had not been fertilized. And in the case of a strawberry, which has its seeds on the outside of the berry, when the bee settled on the top of the flower to secure the nectar in it certain of the little pistils, through some agency, failed to receive a share of the precious pollen, and so

there was no seed there. The result would be that around that point would be a green withered place in the strawberry, something that you can readily verify for yourself. In other words if there is no seed formed there will be none of the receptacle that constitutes the fruit part of the plant. The more pollen and the greater the chances for pollenization the better the fruit. If some bright Nooker will take a just opened raspberry or blackberry blossom, and with a pair of fine scissors snip away the stamens so that there will be none pollenated he will notice that there will be no fruit following that particular flower. And this is true of all the berry family. If there is a miscarriage in the first place there will be no well-developed growth of the fruit subsequently.

Thus it will be seen that the bees play an important part in the production of fruit. Many a time the fruit crop is a practical failure, the cause of which men lay to the presence of frost when the real facts are that it was too chilly for the bees to fly and properly impregnate the blossoms.

It is not so much to say that if there were no insects there would be very little fruit. The more favorable the weather for the outing of bees and other insects the better the fruit output.

One reason why fruit sets well is because the amount of pollen is many millions of times in excess of the demands upon it. Not one pollen grain in tens of thousands ever finds its way to the spot for which it is intended.

It may occur to some intelligent boy or girl who reads these articles that he could take a hand in hybridizing, and nothing is truer than this very fact, provided he has intelligence equivalent to the demands of the occasion. It is possible for a youthful Nooker to take a plant with an open blossom and, pinning it down before him, dissect it carefully and see just exactly how it is made, where the seeds are, how the stamens are related to them, and how the pollen gets where it belongs. And then after he has mastered the

mechanical make-up of the plant let him proceed to take some flower just ready to open, snip away the top of it, cut off the stamens bearing the pollen and then from an allied variety lightly touch the top of the pistil with the pollen. Then let him mark the plant and the particular blossom or blossoms operated upon and await results. If he has been successful—which is conditioned entirely upon being careful—and the seeds are planted the chances are that the resulting plant will show in its flowers or fruit, or both, the cross breeding or hybridizing he has done.

This is something that any intelligent Nooker can do for himself, though it is infinitely better to see some one who knows doing it before him. Practical gardeners and florists hybridize their plants in this way and the girl who has sometimes wondered where all the different roses come from will now understand that some intelligent man has hybridized several varieties and planted the seeds and got a third plant unlike either of the other two.

This, however, being mechanical, is not along the line of our talks upon how plants grow, but is introduced to show that the uncertainties of vegetable growth as well as the varieties may be very largely controlled by intelligent manipulation. What insects do some bright boy or girl may do equally as well and with a great deal more success.

It may be added right here that it has been the writer's practice immediately after hybridizing plants to slip a paper bag over the bunch of blossoms operated upon, in order to keep the bees and insects away from the blossoms. This bag should be closely tied around a twig and does not in any way interfere with the development of the fruit, as it may be taken off in a week or less time after the operation.

THE wasp and the fly are irreconcilable enemies. The presence of a wasp's nest is a guarantee to the whole neighborhood of the absence of flies.

BAMBOO pens have been used in India for over one hundred years. They are made like the ordinary quill pen, and for a few hours' writing are said to be very serviceable.

ANIMALS AS THEY SLEEP.

"IN mild weather," says a gentleman farmer quoted by the *Philadelphia Record*, "my horses and cattle sleep afield, and sometimes I wander softly among them in the moonlight. It is strange to see how they lie, with every head pointed in the same direction, the direction from which the wind is blowing. Do you know why that is? It is because they have in them an instinct of fear, and they front the wind so that their keen noses may catch instantly the first breath of an approaching danger. Poor things! All you have to do is to approach softly from behind, and you can be right in among them before they are aware of it. My horses are even more cautious than my cattle, for they, in addition to facing the wind, sleep also with one ear cocked backward. Then I have a dog that sleeps not only facing the wind and with one ear cocked, but with one eye open also. He is, for sure, a coward."

THE FORCE OF CYCLONES.

CAREFUL estimates of the force of a cyclone and the energy required to keep a full fledged hurricane in active operation reveal the presence of a power that makes the mightiest efforts of men appear as nothing in comparison. A force fully equal to over 400,000,000 horsepower was estimated as developed in a West Indian cyclone. This is about fifteen times the power that can be developed by all the means within the range of man's capabilities during the same time. Were steam, water, windmills and the strength of all men and all animals combined they could not at all approach the tremendous force exerted.

MAMMOTH DAISIES.

CALIFORNIA is producing daisies a foot in circumference.

AIR IN THE LUNGS.

THE human lungs usually contain about one gallon of air.

A SEA anemone taken from the Firth of Forth in 1828 lived and flourished in captivity until 1887.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY...

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

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*The smaller the man the greater
his vanity.*

THE BETTER SIDE OF HUMAN NATURE.

THE tremendous catastrophe in Martinique, where thirty or forty thousand people lost their lives in less than a minute, while it stunned the whole world it also brought forward its compensating side in the rapidity and unanimity of the help accorded the remaining sufferers who were in want. Nearly every government, and hundreds of private individuals, have contributed to the assistance of the people they never saw, and of whom they knew nothing. This shows one of the best sides of human nature—that, in the presence of a great calamity, or an overwhelming catastrophe, the heart of the world is in the right place.

A few weeks ago the people of Martinique were practically unknown to the world at large. In less time than it takes to read this article death and destruction overwhelmed them. Then the whole world waked up and out of its stores, great and small, sent help to the survivors. It is one of the best exhibitions of the good side of human nature open by disaster that the world has seen for a long time.

HEALTH FOODS.

UNDOUBTEDLY there are people who cannot eat everything set before them. Some things disagree with them, and others positively sicken them. It may be news to a good many people that everybody is more or less affected in this way. With every person there are some articles of food which the stomach repels and resents. When this idiosyncrasy covers a good many articles the individual is likely to turn hygienic and take to the so-called health foods.

Now the Nook has no quarrel with anybody about either food or drink. People may eat what they please. If one man wants to lunch off a boiled ham and another takes some grain preparation, well and good with the Editor. But there is also another view of it. The Nook believes that people ought to eat what they crave. It is wronging a child to deny it a piece of boiled beef and fill it up with a gluey mush of oatmeal that it does not want. Nature seems to set the pace and creates demands that should be gratified. The writer believes that the man or woman who longs for a lot of fried bacon heaped with horseradish ought to have it and no lecturing about it or over it. By the same reasoning whoever wants some mess of ground and prepared grain ought to have it. But nobody has the right to starve others on any mistaken health notion or food crankiness. The Nook ventures the statement that healthy people will best continue healthy if they eat all they want of everything they crave and can get, and keep doing it till it is definitely settled that some articles are not for the best, by their results, and then abandon such.

The makers of health foods with their seductive literature scare more people into starving themselves than they help by offering sick people better food.

*Sensible men are always deaf to
unjust criticism.*

SOMETHING INEXPLICABLE.

ELGIN is a city where people work. Thousands of people, of both sexes, work in the several factories and there is no sickly sentiment against it. Yet when it comes to hiring out for work about a house often great difficulty is experienced

in getting women to accept places. For some reason, inexplicable to the Nook, most women seem to have an instinctive dread of going out to service. They will go into a factory without question, but shrink from domestic service.

The INGLENOOK does not understand the situation. All honest labor is honorable and the only difference between the girl who does the work and the lady of the house is an artificial one born of environment and the accident of marriage. The real facts are that a girl is better off in a Christian home than in a factory and living in rooms or boarding with a miscellaneous lot of people. It is character that tells, and a good girl, in a good home where she is well treated, is as safe as she can be. It is a mistake to think that people "look down" on a woman who does housework for others. It seems a remnant of mediæval ignorance to consider that service is degrading and undesirable. It is coming when all this will be changed. Working for others is just as honorable in one capacity as another. The man who sells boards is engaged in a no more honorable work than is he who peddles strawberries. And he may not be half as honest. The woman of the house and the woman who sweeps are one as good as the other if they behave equally well. The NOOK wishes more of our readers had better ideas about these things.

❖ ❖ ❖

*Great enterprises often result
from small beginnings.*

❖ ❖ ❖

Hot days, cool nights, wet weather and the thin blue haze lying over the fields mornings and nights! That's a combination for you, and the next chapter is the box of quinine capsules. Oh no, one doesn't die of malaria, pure and simple, but he loses all interest in current happenings. A blessing on the bitter white of the Jesuits' bark.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE Pharaohs wore their beards when in mourning for a relative. Court mourning in Egypt seems to have lasted a year.

❖ ❖ ❖

PAUL of Russia was insane during the greater portion of his life.

❖ ❖ ❖

MANCHESTER, N. H., claims to have the largest shingle mill in the world.

SAYS THE NOOKMAN.

ONE can never tell, under a smiling exterior may be a breaking heart.

What have you done with the talent the Master left in your care?

The candle love places in the cottage window shines farther into heaven than the electric light of Mammon.

The wasted hours of morning must ever trouble the eleventh hour saint.

Think well. Will the present hour's gratification pay for the years of regret?

He who gives to the poor lends to the Lord. Do you trust the security?

We can get away from everybody else, but not from ourselves.

There are some things we think we know but never do till we personally meet them. The death of a certain one, for instance.

Christ saves us, but he puts us where we have fitted ourselves for.

We can outrun a sin to-day, but sooner or later it overtakes us and clutches our garment.

When you are absolutely perfect yourself, the Nook gives you the right of harsh judgment of the failings of others.

The man who needlessly kills either bird or beast is neither a gentle man nor a Christian.

Why is it that most of us are ever ready to blame others for our misfortunes?

They say Death and Taxes are the only sure things. How about old age?

Nobody ever regretted a kind word. Did you ever think of that?

When we come to die we think most of what we didn't do.

No matter how bad the day nor how hard the storm, the sun is shining over it all.

Beware of the man children and dogs dislike.

You can never clean a dirty penny dishonestly acquired.

When you hear that he is dead you'll be sorry you weren't kinder to him.

One is a fool to wrestle with rum when for five thousand years it has thrown all who tried it.

The person who blabs an unimportant secret will give away a really important one if you are foolish enough to trust him.

It doesn't pay to joke with Death. It might take you literally.

THE RUG DESIGNERS.

THE designs of eastern rugs are often the spontaneous outcome of the fancy of the weaver. Sometimes they are handed down from one generation to another. In some cases young girls are taught the design by an adult, who marks it in the sand. At other times a drawing of the rug is made on paper, the instructor showing her pupils the arrangement of every thread and the color to be used. When all this has been done, the pupils must make the rug without looking at the drawing.

Persian rugs excel those of other countries in artistic design as well as in harmonious coloring. The Persians seem to have a natural intuition in the use and blending of different shades, and in the designs that contain these certain colors they achieve the happiest results. It is really wonderful what exquisite fabrics these people, born and reared in ignorance and poverty, produce.

The designs in Persian rugs are generally floral, and in some districts, especially Fars, the women weavers invent the designs, varying them every two or three years. The Mohammedan religion does not allow any direct representation of animal forms, consequently rugs woven under its influence take floral, geometric and vegetable forms. The Shiah sect of Moslems, however, numbering about 15,000,000, of whom 8,000,000 are Persians, do not regard representations of animals as unlawful. By the industry of this sect and that of infidels and of all who disregard the law of the Koran animal forms are seen on some Persian rugs.

The prayer rug was evidently invented for the purpose of providing the worshipers with one absolutely clean place on which to offer prayers. It is not lawful for a Moslem to pray on any place not perfectly clean, and unless each one has his own special rug he is not certain that the spot has not been polluted. With regard to the purity of the place of prayer Mohammedans are specially careful when making their pilgrimages, the rugs which they take with them having been preserved from pollution by being rolled up until the journey is begun or until the hour for prayer arrives. It does not matter to these followers of Mohammed how unclean a rug that is on the floor may be, because over it they place the prayer rug when their devotions begin.

The Turkish rugs made at Sivas are always woven of wool, and almost every hamlet carries on the industry of weaving in the homes. There are no factories, the young girls and women doing the work here as in other parts of Turkey. Sivas rugs are in most cases small, measuring about eight by four feet, but in these years larger and more attractive rugs are being made. Even the poorest families have fine rugs, for they regard them as valuable property, to be sold only under the pressure of great extremity. The weavers are so frugal in their manner of living that their daily earning of 15 to 19 cents is sufficient to supply their wants. Their food consists usually of rice and crushed wheat, with occasionally a small piece of mutton.

Smyrna is only a mart for the sale of comparatively inferior rugs that are made in the interior from the coarse hair of the Angora goat. These are woven in irregular designs and, although not artistic, are largely sought as cover-



CATHEDRAL SPIRES, YOSEMITE REGION.

ings for the bare floors and to add warmth. The weaving of these rugs is crudely done by girls and women. Sometimes the loom is primitively constructed from the trunks of trees. The designs are very simple and have either been handed down from earlier generations or are supplied from the city.

Yuruk rugs are so called from a band of nomads who dwell among the mountains of Anatolia. They have large flocks of fine sheep and weave rugs of firm, even texture. The colors are very good, the field often of dark brown, ornamented with large designs.

About two hundred years ago small embroidered rugs were largely made in Persia, chiefly at Ispahan. These were prayer rugs, and on each of them, near one end, was a small embroidered mark to show where the bit of sacred earth from Mecca was to be placed. In obedience to a law of the Koran that the head must be bowed to the ground in prayer this was touched by the forehead when the presentation was made, and so the letter of the law was carried out. The custom prevails. The Persian women who weave the finest prayer rugs seldom weave any other kind of rug.—*Rugs, Oriental and Occidental.*

* * *

*Some girls are as full of airs as
a music box.*

* * *

RAISING COTTON.

BY W. E. WHITCHER.

In raising cotton, as in other crops, there are different methods used by different people in different localities. Our way also applies where they do not raise such large crops of cotton.

The first thing we do is to cut or "knock down" the old stalks with a cotton-stalk cutter, much like a corn-stalk cutter. Next we "list" by throwing two furrows together with a one-horse plow. This is done about the middle of April. Then we throw two more furrows to the ones already thrown, and this is called "bedding out." After this we "bust the middle" with a single-shovel plow. This puts the land in ridges.

About the first of May we begin to plant. The planter, if home-made, consists of a drum, about the size of a nailkeg, with holes around it large enough to let from four to six seeds out. This drum is fixed in a frame so as to roll on the ground. Some planters have a board fixed behind to drag over the seeds to cover them, while others cover with a harrow. This is easy work in which we can use boys and girls not more than twelve years old.

The men scrape the cotton with a scraper which is shaped something like the moleboard on a plow. When scraped it leaves the top of the row from two to five inches wide. And now comes the time for the women and children. "Now, be sure and cut out all the grass and

leave a full stand," is the first thing that greets the ears of the helpers. One hand can hoe about an acre a day. Now we cultivate with a sweep ranging from twelve to twenty-four inches, till laying by time comes in August.

The next thing of interest is the picking. Oh, what a jolly time the youngsters have then! We pick from twenty to one hundred pounds apiece in a day. From our actual experience, we would agree with the man who says, "It takes thirteen months in the year to raise cotton," yet there is plenty of enjoyment in it for the children and young folks.

Austin, Ark.

* * *

*Even well water has been known
to make people sick.*

* * *

HOW TO PREPARE A MANUSCRIPT.

IN preparing manuscripts use plain white paper and good black ink. Don't use paper that is flimsy or transparent or so spongy that the ink is likely to blur, or sheets that are of different sizes or that have been torn out of a note-book and left with the rough edges untrimmed. The two sizes of sheets that are most generally used are commercial note and letter paper. If you have to send out hand-written copy, never write it in pale ink or in lead pencil, or in back hand, which, as a rule, is extremely difficult to make out. Cultivate a round, clear, good-sized, almost vertical hand, and form the habit of leaving a wide space between the lines. Write, of course, on only one side of the paper, and if you find near the end that you are going to run a few lines over what you thought would be the last sheet, don't squeeze the final lines together at the bottom of the page, or write them on the back of it in order to save another sheet. In both hand-written and type-written copy leave a margin of at least an inch at both sides of the sheet, as well as at the top and bottom.—*Franklin B. Wiley, in the April Ladies' Home Journal.*

* * *

A SALMON can leap to a height of twenty feet. This has been demonstrated by the fishery commissioners of Norway, who, by means of standards erected below waterfalls, have measured the leaps of this agile fish.

DOWIE.

THERE is no man more talked about in the city of Chicago than John Alexander Dowie. You will see him abused in the papers and hear him maligned on the streets, and yet he has gathered about him a following of intelligent people who stick to him and stand by him at all hazards. If anybody expects to find a fool outcropping in John Alexander Dowie he will be badly mistaken. He is a man of more than ordinary ability, an educated man and a born leader. Here is his own description of himself. "Anyone coming to Chicago to see me will find a man by the grace of God endowed with a healthy constitution, a bald head and bandy legs." He is fifty-five years old and is a Scotchman by birth. He made his start in a religious way in Australia. Those who think he is a man without ability in a literary way should remember that the Government of Australia offered him the place of Minister of Education, which he declined, regarding the church as his special field. He has only been in Chicago about ten years. Arriving practically penniless, in that time he has established the Christian Catholic Church in Zion, and he has thousands and thousands of members in his church. And they are people who are in earnest about it, because they have to pay one-tenth of their income regularly to the church. And this is regularly done.

It is a little difficult to learn just exactly what Dowie believes but he hates tobacco and rum, does not believe in medicine nor a salaried ministry, and does believe in Divine healing. His meetings are attended by thousands and there is always a great deal of earnestness about them. Many of his followers are people of intelligence.

Dowie has embarked in outside business that if successful will result in millions in the end. He has been arrested one hundred times and he has paid out more than twenty thousand dollars for fines and costs. While he is the spiritual head of his following he has thirty-eight active departments to the church. He has selected men of the greatest ability and they are not necessarily members of his own following. The president of his bank is not a Dowieite and his lawyer is an outsider.

As to his personality he is a quiet, unassum-

ing, courteous and well-read man. With his crankiness we have nothing to do in this article. There is no predicting the outcome of the work he has undertaken, but the Nook ventures the assertion that they will quarrel among themselves and go to pieces once that Dowie has passed over.

* * *

*When a society girl marries she
imagines the world eclipsed by her
honeymoon.*

* * *

ONE DOG'S CLEVERNESS.

FOR some time articles were stolen from a large store in Paris. Every effort on the part of the proprietor to discover the culprit proving useless, many detectives were employed. The Parisian detective has a great name for skill, but in this case one and all were baffled; although it was a police inspector who happened at last, by accident, to get on the track of the thief. This adroit scoundrel turned out to possess four legs. It had never occurred to anybody to suspect a certain dog. Yet this particular animal had been trained by his mistress to become a perfect accomplice. Having indicated the article she desired to acquire, she left the stores. By and by she halted in an adjoining street and laid down her basket as if tired. Presently her dog came along in a leisurely fashion, with the stolen goods hidden, as well as he could hide them, in his muzzle. When he reached the basket he sniffed at it, and finally, as if curious to see what it contained, thrust his head beneath the lid, where, of course, he deposited the article. His mistress, having rested, or anxious to remove her basket out of the strange dog's way, picked it up and walked off.

* * *

LOVE OF A CHILD.

HERE is something which every parent should know, says the Washington Times. It is the secret of attaching children to themselves in an abiding and devoted love which will be a delight all the days of the life of both the child and the parent.

There is nothing difficult in the method. It is simplicity itself, for it is merely the art of allowing the child to love by service.

You, as the parent, have made yourself necessary to the child. Your boy leans on you. He looks upon you as a full spouse that he has only to squeeze and goodness will flow out. He loves you—after a fashion, but not as you would like to be loved. Your little girl is the light of your eyes. You stint yourself to make her happiness—you would go down to be walked on if it would serve her need.

But you are not the light of her eyes, as you would like to be. And why not? Simply because in the case of both you have atrophied their power of love by depriving it of opportunity of service. You are necessary to them—so is the dining table—but they are not necessary to you. Now make them so. Lean on them. Deny yourself some of the luxury of self-denial that they may have a share. As your love grows by their dependence so their love must grow and grow fully in no other manner.

* * *

*About the worst thing a person
can take for a cold is advice.*

* * *

BIRDS MIGRATE AT NIGHT.

SUBURBAN residents are welcoming the return of birds these days and one observing citizen has this to say about the feathered wanderers:

"You may have noticed that the birds appear some morning without anybody's having noted their arrival or knowing about their flight hither. Of course, a great many persons have noticed the migration of robins and blackbirds and other species that gather in flocks. You can see them flying overhead in the spring like V-shaped files of ducks and geese, but who ever sees the thousands of smaller birds flying southward in the fall and north again when the winter is over? Really, nobody. The reason is that nearly all of the birds that flock together like ducks and geese migrate at night. Let anyone go out into the country on a clear night during the period of migration and he will be pretty sure to hear the chirping of birds passing far overhead. Or another way: Let him focus a telescope on the moon as it rises over some river valley. Then he will be sure to note passing specks of birds against the bright disk.

"The whole system of bird migration is wonderful and no investigation has yet done justice

to it. The method by which birds accomplish such long flights, finding their way back, perhaps, to the very tree where last year's nest was built, is one of the most remarkable things in nature. All we know about it so far is that birds start their migration on clear nights; that they shape their course by a sense of direction inherent in them, and that old birds that have been over the course before probably act as leaders to a more or less scattering flock of many species. It has been asserted, too, that adults always precede their young in the fall, but this has by no means been proved conclusively.

* * *

*It takes a telegraph operator to
make a few words go a long way.*

* * *

A RIVER'S WIDTH.

It is necessary to make use only of the eyes and the brim of a hat to measure the width of any ordinary stream, or even a good-sized river, and here is the way to do it:

Select a part of the river bank where the grounds run back level and, standing at the water's edge, fix your eyes on the opposite bank. Now move your hat down over your brow until the edge of the brim is exactly on a line with the water line on the other side. This will give you a visual angle that may be used on any level surface and if, as has been suggested, the ground on your side of the river be flat you may "lay off" a corresponding distance on it. To do this you have only to hold your head perfectly steady after getting the angle with your hat brim, supporting your chin with your hand if necessary, and turn slowly around until your back is toward the river. Now take careful notice of where your hat brim cuts the level surface of the ground as you look over the latter, and from where you stand to that point will be the width of the river—a distance that may readily be measured by stepping. If you are careful in all these details you can come within a few feet of the river's width.

* * *

DR. TANNER, the fasting expert, says poverty can be cured just as soon as people learn to hibernate in winter like the bear, opossum and other animals.

SOMETHING ABOUT VOLCANOES.

VOLCANOES are nature's steam boilers, as erratic and irresponsible under extraordinary high pressure, as any tubular affair of man's inclosed in the sheathing of a modern locomotive.

A volcano and a volcanic region are good things to let alone—to keep free from permanent settlement. Zorion estimates (1891) that since earthquakes and volcanic eruptions were first recorded by man more than 13,000,000 people have lost their lives through them. The property damage inflicted at the same time can never be estimated. It must run into the billions of dollars.

Take a map of the Barbadoes, Bermudas, the West Indies, Central America, and ask a geologist of note or a traveler of judgment where in the region there is freedom from volcanic action and quakes. He will rub his nose and ask for a larger map, and then, beginning at Tierra del Fuego far to the south, make dots all the way north to Salvador, east to the Indies and west to the Pacific, and then north again through the Rockies and Sierra Nevadas to the Selkirks, and then on to the arctic regions, and he will say:

"All I have dotted came from the depths by volcanic action or quakes, and that it should return by the same action is not only not impossible but probable. If the earth is cooling within, the process so far has been so slow that cessation from quakes and eruptions must be yet a million years away.

"I confidently expect that the face of the major part of the continents of the world, these United States, Asia, Europe, will be destructively altered over and over again before the earth reaches the last stage of solidity prior to again becoming gaseous."

The best explanation or answer to the question ever given was prepared by Professor John Milne. He said:

"The eruptions that build up mountains are periodical wellings of over-molten lava, comparatively harmless. The eruptions accompanied with violent explosions occur irregularly and bring widespread destruction. It is easy to see in the building-up process how each streaming over of lava makes a mountain grow; each fresh outgush hardens as it pours, and forms a fresh shell of lava for other shells to form on.

"And, finally, when a certain height is reached

—one, two, three miles—we may suppose the impelling force beneath no longer equal to the task of lifting this great column and the crater crusts over at the top; and so generations pass, and men, with their short lives and shorter memories, say that the volcano is dead.

"But the fires are there at the core, so much latent energy ready to be stirred; and if something stirs them it is like rousing a thunderbolt. The fact that the natural vent above is blocked with the coolings of centuries only makes the discharge the more terrible when it comes, just as hard-rammed bullets make powder more effective.

"The cause that rouses the volcano's latent energy is the same that makes a boiler burst—the sudden and excessive generation of steam when the hot part of the volcano comes in contact with water. This contact may be due to various causes, as, for instance, the readjustment of strata or materials beneath, so that a lake or water course is turned into the crater. It may even be due to an eruption of the sea, as at Krakatoa in 1883."

The professor was asked:

"Does molten lava never come out in one of these violent explosions?"

"Sometimes it does, sometimes it does not. It did in 1783, when Asama, a Japanese volcano, blew its head off, and the lava track may still be seen along the face of the mountain like a huge black serpent. But in cases like that the lava does not well out; it is driven out by the steam, just as rocks are driven out.

"When no lava comes out the mud river gets the liquid to make it flow partly from steam and partly from water it absorbs from springs and streams in its course. The mud river from Amasa, for instance, lapped up two ordinary rivers as it went, so that no sign of them appeared thereafter.

"There are volcanoes in the world at present, in Europe, in the United States, in England, that will one day or another blow their heads off, although there is no telling when they will do it. England has at least a dozen basal wrecks of volcanoes, mostly in the western Highlands, regarded as extinct, but Bandasian has shown us what 'extinct' volcanoes will do. An 'extinct'

volcano is very much like an old rusty gun—it may be loaded.”

I stood one morning on the summit of Mount Hood, some 11,000 feet above the sea's level. Hood is a volcano, not extinct, although long silent—so long that on the cascades about her the pine trees have risen for ages and the whole valley and gorge to Portland is a mass of verdure and bloom. An Italian friend with me commented on how much more beautiful the scene was than at Vesuvius, and I made the half-jesting remark:

“No lava will ever again disturb this spot.”

Our half-breed guide looked at me incredulously and when we began our descent called attention to the rings of sulphur smoke rising from what I suppose would be called the “mother crater.” We drew as near to the edge as we dared, and laid down, and a throbbing within the bosom of the peak was distinctly heard. It might be described as the sound of a far-away train coming through the hills with a continual roar of effort.

“Some day,” said my friend, “Hood will lift her crown of snow and hurl it into the distant ocean; she will fill this gap through which the Columbia cuts and create an inland sea; she will shower fire and destruction on Portland and the towns of this green valley, and the survivors of that day will wonder why they never thought of such horror before.”

Perhaps he was right. The same was said of Pelee years ago and has come true. But we descended into the valley and we came to Portland, and from City Park we looked back to the beautiful head of Hood, pink in the sunset, and my imaginative companion exclaimed:

“I should like to stand here when that day of fire comes and witness it—and escape.”

* * *

THE voluntary contributions offered in the Church of England last year amounted to nearly \$40,000,000.

* * *

THE record height for a kangaroo jump is eleven feet. The deer record is nine feet six inches.

* * *

FARM hands are scarce in England. The glories of war have tempted the laborers away.

CORK AND WHERE IT COMES FROM.

MORE than one-half the world's supply of cork is furnished by France and her North African possessions. The entire production, estimated at 2,204,000 pounds, comes from these countries whose shores are washed by the Mediterranean sea and the Atlantic ocean, extending from Morocco nearly to Bordeaux. The only producing countries, therefore, are Portugal, Spain, France, Italy and North Africa (Tunis, Algeria and Morocco). The corks with which champagne bottles are stopped come from Catalonia, which probably produces the finest cork.

Cork is the outer bark of a glandiferous tree. It is a thick, rough, fungous cleft bark. This outer bark is taken off and a new epidermis is formed, which in six or seven years becomes fit for use.

Eighty-five per cent of the total consumption of cork is absorbed by the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany and Russia. The demand is increasing every day and it may soon exceed the supply. A fortune awaits the man who may devise a wood pulp or other composition that will serve as a substitute for cork.

* * *

FAST MAIL SERVICE.

FREQUENTLY a traveler can leave the Pacific coast for the East on a fast express train. The forward end will be composed of mail cars. Before reaching the Rocky Mountains the traveler may go forward on his own train and mail a letter to himself. When he arrives at his destination he will find the letter already delivered. The explanation is that as soon as the train reaches an upgrade it splits into sections and the forward mail section rushes ahead.

* * *

THE CZAR'S BLACK MARBLE KITCHEN.

THE walls and ceiling of the czar's kitchen at St. Petersburg are of black marble, covered with valuable ornaments. The kitchen utensils are of solid gold, and date back to the time of the Empress Catharine. The value is enormous, and there are among them several saucepans worth \$250, while a fish kettle is worth \$5,000. The kitchen staff consists of 267 persons, and the head cook receives a princely salary.

THE BLUE LAWS.

THE Blue Laws of Connecticut were so called because they were printed on blue-tinged paper.

These were some of them:—

“No one shall be a freeman or have a vote, unless he is converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the Dominion.”

“No dissenter from the essential worship of this Dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for electing magistrates or any officer.”

“No food or lodging shall be offered to a heretic.”

“No one shall cross the river on the Sabbath but an authorized clergyman.”

“No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.”

“No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or feasting days.”

“The Sabbath shall begin at sunset Saturday.”

“Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver, or bone lace above one shilling a yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the estate £300.”

“Whoever brings cards or dice into the Dominion shall be fined £5.”

“No one shall eat mince pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet, or jewsharp.”

“No man shall court a maid in person or by letter, without obtaining the consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offence, £10 for the second, and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.”

* * *

THE SCHOLAR AND HIS MATTRESS.

A FAMOUS scholar, whose hobby was the derivation of words, had occasion to store his furniture while proceeding to the continent in quest of the origin of the term “Juggins.” During his researches in Berlin he received from the warehouse company the following letter: “Sir: We have the honor to inform you that the mattress you sent to our store had the moth in it. Since the epidemic would expose the goods of other clients to injury we have caused your mattress to be destroyed.” The scholar replied: “Dear Sir: My mattress may, as you say, have had moth in it, but I am confident it had an ‘e’ in it also.”

COSTLY PAPER WEIGHTS.

“Of all the furnishings of the writing desk none has received more attention than the paper weight and none is more expensive,” said the clerk in the stationery department of a large jewelry store. “Those mæsthetic people who hold down their papers with an ink bottle or a five-cent metal knob can never realize the thrill of genuine delight that comes to the fastidious writer who utilizes expensive little brass dogs and such things to keep his accounts and manuscript in place. To one of this latter class it is a pleasure to open the window once in a while and let the wind scatter loose leaves seventeen ways for Sunday, just to be able to have the satisfaction of clapping down a high-priced dog in the midst of the disorder and saying triumphantly, ‘There now. Stay there, will you?’ There are cases where a proceeding of this kind can produce as high as \$50 worth of satisfaction. It all depends, of course, upon the value of the dog or whatever other animal or product—of nature is reproduced in the paper weight.

“Styles in paper weights are as varied as the tastes and financial resources of writers. The average business man has a weight made of a little bar of glass which costs anywhere from five cents to \$1, according to the solidity and detail in workmanship. Most of the weights here come in silver and bronze and range in value from \$5 to \$75. Bronze is most expensive. It is a funny thing, but nothing stands so high in favor for a paper weight as a bronze dog or lion. Perhaps this is because the tail and head of these animals form such handy projections for the fingers to close over when the writer reaches out in a hurry for something to clap down on flying papers. But it is not to be inferred from the foregoing remark that these two specimens of the animal kingdom monopolize the paper weight market to the exclusion of other birds and beasts. All prominent representatives of the fauna and flora of the earth are reproduced in bronze and are made to subserve the utilitarian purpose of holding down papers.

* * *

AN OASIS.

DR. WRIGHT, a well-known missionary for forty years in the west, once said: “During my long

service I remember no more helpful personal encouragement than was once given to me by a poor rancher's wife in Colorado. Drouths had prevailed for a long time; the fields were scorched; the whole surface of the country was a bare, desolate wilderness.

"After traveling several days through this arid desert, I came one morning in sight of a little cabin surrounded by a green patch of grass. Beside the door grew a honeysuckle vine covered with blossoms. I confess that I choked, and the tears rushed to my eyes at the sight. It was as

"I have not forgotten the lesson of that cheery little home," said the missionary. "None of us can make the great wilderness bloom, but each one of us can have his own little patch which he can keep green if he will."

* * *

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

An Irishman took a contract to dig a public well. When he had dug about twenty-five feet down he came one morning and found it caved in—filled nearly to the top.



A MOUNTAIN VALLEY IN MONTANA.

if all the dear folks at home had suddenly risen in my path. I rode up to the cabin door and dismounted. A cheerful, tidy woman came out smiling. 'How is this?' I cried. 'What has worked this miracle?' 'I did it,' she said. 'It is no miracle; but I was so tired of the almost barren desert, dry and hot sun around me for days and weeks that I resolved to keep my own home free from it. I have carried water five times a day to this little bed of grass and to the vine. I tended and nursed them. My husband thinks my grass has warded off the fever, and some of the people who have passed by have said it gave them fresh strength and courage to go on their journey.'

Pat looked cautiously around and saw that no one was near; then took off his hat and coat, hid himself and awaited events. In a short time the citizens discovered that the well had caved in and seeing Pat's hat and coat on the windlass, they supposed he was at the bottom of the excavation.

Only a few hours of brisk digging cleared the loose earth from the well. Just as eager citizens had reached the bottom, and were wondering where the body was, Pat came walking out of the bushes, and good-naturedly thanked them for relieving him of a sorry job.

Some of the tired jokers were disgusted, but the joke was too good to allow anything more than a hearty laugh, which soon followed.

The Q. & A. Page.

Is the Koran anything like our Bible?

No, it is not.

❖

Where was paper first made in the United States?

Near Germantown, Pa.

❖

Of what nationality was Swedenborg?

Born in Stockholm, in 1688.

❖

Can lobsters be raised artificially?

Yes, they are hatched from eggs.

❖

Who was Socrates?

A Greek philosopher born about 475 B. C.

❖

Why do not the southern forests covered with long moss get afire and burn as the northern woods do?

The long moss mentioned will not burn.

❖

What is spermaceti?

A waxy stuff found in cavities in the head of the sperm whale.

❖

Is the paraffine, advertised as sealing wax, unhealthy?

No. It has no injurious medicinal properties. None at all, in fact.

❖

Is there any fruit or diet specially adapted to the one afflicted with malaria?

Yes. Lemons, limes, pineapples, and sour fruits generally.

❖

Of what country is sugar-cane a native?

It is not known, but seems to have been first cultivated in China.

❖

Who invented the monkey-wrench?

It was named after its inventor, Thomas Monkey, of New Jersey.

❖

Who are the Slavs?

Members of the Slavonic family, such as Russians, Bulgarians, etc.

What is Suttee?

The old-time practice in India of burning widows when the husband died.

❖

Is iron made with charcoal or with coke?

Since 1840 mineral fuel has been used. Prior to 1840 it was made with charcoal.

❖

How is beet sugar made?

Briefly the beets are ground up, washed out in water and the solution boiled down.

❖

How do water snakes keep from drowning in water?

Their nostrils are placed on top of their heads and can be closed when under water.

❖

Will X-rays burn?

Yes, if applied too long they burn severely. It is of a character similar to sunburn.

❖

What is the Stock Exchange?

Simply a place used as the market for the purchase and sale of all descriptions of securities.

❖

We have a mineral spring. Is this water of any commercial value?

Impossible to tell without analysis. The sale of mineral water depends on continuous advertising.

❖

What is a sponge?

A sponge is an animal, and as we see it it is practically the skeleton of the original glittering thing.

❖

Is it against the law to sell oleomargarine?

Laws differ in different States. In Illinois it is allowed to be sold for what it is, plainly marked as such.

❖

Can I make oxygen gas?

Yes, but you had better buy it already made as its manufacture is attended with trouble and some danger.

 The Home



 Department

 CROPS AND THEIR CONDITION.

THE co-editors of the INGLENOOK, to the number of two hundred, are sending in their schedules for May very rapidly, and very intelligently, though that was to be expected. A glimpse of the conditions now in, and partly printed in the INGLENOOK, are of absorbing interest. At first glance it appears little more than a lot of uninteresting figures, but after the final tabulation an analysis of the statement will make every Nooker the master of the crop situation wherever our people are to be found. To show that the matter is of general interest, the government at Washington has requested copies for its use.

Our observers and reporters are urged to return their reports as soon as received. That may necessitate anticipating the crop conditions for a week or ten days, a thing that may safely be done. It is a matter of sincere congratulation that the outlook at the end of May is favorable for the whole country. Of course there may be a dry spell later that will alter the situation, but at present the whole country is in good shape, and the prospects are that there will be plenty to eat, and some to sell. And all that pleases the INGLENOOK, for the prosperity of the great Nook family means much to all of us.

In handling an enterprise that takes in the whole country it is necessary to have a little time to get matters running smoothly. Once fairly started the monthly reports will show a picture of the Brotherhood, and what is more to the point, it will be perfectly reliable.

❖ ❖ ❖

IN Austria a "man" and "woman" of 14 are supposed to be old enough to marry and conduct a home of their own.

❖ ❖ ❖

"To think well, eat well, and breathe well, is to live well, and thus be well."

 SWEETENING THE DINING-ROOM.

LET me tell you a pleasant method of sweetening your dining-room after your meal is ready and you are about to have it announced. Into a cup of boiling water pour a teaspoonful of lavender extract; a delicate, penetrating, refreshing odor results, which soon performs its duty. In default of fresh air and sunshine, nature's disinfectants, this is one of the most practical and satisfying methods I know of. If you care to invest in a bottle of lavender salts you have always a means of perfuming your bedchamber, by leaving the stopper out; but this takes more time to be effective.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

✦ ✦ ✦

 WORKING WOMEN.

A LIVELY controversy has been going on as to the propriety of women earning their own livings. The question always seems hardly worth arguing about. As a matter of fact, the large majority of women are earning their livings already. The drones of the human hive (in this case females) are confined to a comparatively small class—the aristocracy and the upper middle class—and even in their ranks there has been a notable inclination of late years to come out into the labor market and compete for a living. Ladies of high birth and breeding set up shop, turn photographer, miniature painter, doctor, nurse and what not; the daughters of professional men turn actress, fiddler, journalist, secretary, typewriter or agent for this, that and t'other. Nobody is ashamed to work to-day.

✦ ✦ ✦

 SUGAR COOKIES.

ONE cupful butter, two of sugar, one of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar; one of soda, flavor to taste, flour to roll them; bake in a quick oven.

SPAGHETTI BAKED WITH CHEESE.

BREAK the spaghetti into two-inch lengths and boil in salted water until tender, then drain. Drop in cold water, leave for five minutes and drain again. Put a layer of the spaghetti in the bottom of a greased pudding dish; sprinkle with salt, pepper and bits of butter and strew cheese thickly over it. Now add more macaroni and seasoning and proceed until the dish is full, having the top layer of the cheese. Pour in carefully a cup of hot milk and bake covered for half an hour, then uncover and brown.

* * *

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.

Cook together in a saucepan a tablespoonful of flour and one of butter, until they are blended. Pour upon this white roux a cup of rich milk and when you have a smooth white sauce stir in a cup and a half of minced roast or boiled chicken. Season to taste with celery salt, white pepper and a dash of nutmeg. Cook until well heated, then add the yolks of two eggs and cook for just two minutes before removing from the fire. Set aside until cold and stiff, then mold into croquettes, roll in cracker dust and in beaten egg, then again in cracker dust, and set in the ice for two hours before frying in deep, boiling fat.

* * *

GLACE NUTS.

BOIL together a pound of granulated sugar and a half pint of water without touching until a little dropped in cold water is brittle and the sirup begins to "yellow" slightly. Remove at once from the fire and, with sugar tongs, dip each blanched walnut or almond in the sirup and lay on greased paper. Or have the nuts on tooth-picks with which you can dip them.

* * *

HOREHOUND CANDY.

MAKE a strong solution of horehound leaves, strain this and put a quarter of a cup of it over the fire with a pound of brown sugar and a very little water. Cook until a little dropped in cold water is brittle. Add a tablespoonful of vinegar, boil up once and turn into greased tins.

LINOLEUM.

To clean linoleum take equal parts of cotton-seed oil and sharp vinegar and rub well with a flannel rag. If the linoleum is very dirty, first wash it with soap and water or water to which a little turpentine has been added. Washing soda should not be used on linoleum because it readily attacks oil and paint, of which this floor covering is chiefly made.

* * *

FRIED SMOKED SALMON.

WASH, soak and parboil the salmon, as usually done. Wipe very dry, roll in egg and cracker dust and set in a cold place for an hour before frying in hot lard. Serve with sauce Tartare.

* * *

NUT SALAD.

SHELL two dozen English walnuts, throw into boiling water, leave for five minutes, then drain and skin them. Set in the ice until very cold; arrange on lettuce leaves and serve with a French or Mayonnaise dressing.

* * *

It is sometimes difficult to serve dessert with every dinner and occasionally have something new for the family. A very easy and simple dish can be made by baking little cakes in gem pans—when cold cut center, leaving a-shell and fill with preserved strawberries or any preserved fruit or jelly—cover with whipped cream. And still another is made by lining each gem pan with pie crust, pricking the dough on the bottom to prevent puffing and bake. When done slip out carefully, and fill with stewed fruit of any kind or preserves. A dainty dessert, and quickly made, is a custard flavored with vanilla and poured over sliced bananas. Cook beaten whites of eggs by dropping spoonfuls in hot water for a moment, then place on custard.

* * *

To remove varnish stains on cloth, first moisten the spots with alcohol two or three times, then rub with a clean cloth, turning it as it gets dirty. If the color is injured, sponge afterwards with chloroform to restore it, unless the color is blue, in which case vinegar is used instead. Remember that chloroform must be used very carefully.

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LIVE FOR YOUR FAITH.

BY ERNEST CROSBY.

So he died for his faith. That is fine—
More than most of us do.
But, say, can you add to that line
That he lived for it, too?

In his death he bore witness at last
As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the past
From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died
For a wish or a whim—
From bravado or passion or pride.
Was it harder for him?

But to live—every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt
While his friends met his conduct with doubt
And the world with contempt:

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he led,
Never mind how he died.

* * *

KATHLEEN'S LETTER.

THIS California country is beyond all question a beautiful one. It is not because it is warm in winter time, that is, not so for this alone, but it is a land of sunshine, flowers and health. What astonishes us are the flowers growing here. There are certain sections of the country devoted to their cultivation. A field of calla lilies in bloom once seen is never forgotten. The soil and the climate are such that our prized pot-plants in the east attain the size of shrubs and a great mass of vegetation.

One of the flowers that is of especial interest is the yellow poppy. They grow here by the millions. The yellow poppy has been adopted as one of the State flowers. Where they grow as far as eye can reach is an immense sea of yellow bloom.

The people make up bands and take the cars to the poppy fields and return from their excursion loaded with the golden flower with the saffron eye and Maltese cross in the center. Frank and I have talked often about getting some of the seed of these plants and taking it along back home, or sending it home for them to plant, but we know we cannot send the climate, and we can only enjoy them as they are here-before us.

The Nookman writes that a Nooker out here sent in a box of orange blossoms, and their fragrance was throughout the room at the time of his writing. Here he would see miles and miles of the flowers. It speaks well for these people that the very frequency with which they abound has not dulled their love for them.

This must have been a wonderful country in the old days of Spanish occupancy. When one comes to think about it the history of the Spanish mission is something wonderful. Nobody who knows ever doubts the zeal and earnestness of the earlier priests. As Mexico was an intensely Catholic country, naturally the priests were everywhere. They thought nothing of tramping a thousand miles, and when they found a location that seemed suitable for a mission there they stopped, built a church, and proceeded to establish themselves on enormous grants of land the extent and the metes and bounds of which neither they nor anybody else knew exactly. When the Indians were converted to the Catholic faith they rendered service gratuitously in the building of these old churches and convents. There were so many Indians that it was not a difficult matter when they worked but a short time to accomplish a great deal in the end. There was nothing hurried about these early Catholic priests, or their churches. It was a land where, at that time, it was always two o'clock in the afternoon on a sunny day. What the Indians got of the religious instruc-

tions came through the missions that were established. The Spanish haciendado had his enormous herds of cattle and a system of peonage among the Indians that made life very tolerable for both parties. The Indian wanted nothing, and got what he wanted, for his work. The land owner had more cattle than he knew what to do with and overhead was the yellow sunshine.

In talking about the matter with Frank both of us wished that we had an opportunity of seeing life on some of these old-time ranches, but the chances are that could we have lived a while on one and known the lack of conveniences then unheard of a short time would have satisfied our curiosity.

There are remains of the old Spanish missions all over this southern country. The Indians have disappeared and are no longer a factor to be considered. The Spanish Don has gone the way of all flesh and the land is occupied by people who are raising fruit and building up the country into a practical garden.

A great many of the people of the east are attracted here by the glorious climate and many of them settle down and stay permanently. Down along the beach there are places where the bathing is excellent and the fishing is something undreamed of as we look at such things. There is a line of road from Los Angeles to Santa Monica, about nineteen miles in length, and from there it runs along the coast to the terminus of Los Angeles Wharf, three miles further down.

Santa Monica is one of the pleasantest places along the beach. The Hotel Arcade faces the ocean, and from the front room one may see the sun set in all its glory. Not only is Santa Monica a temporary summer resort but it is a town of pleasant homes.

At Santa Monica there is a pier and a long, broad walk in front of the Hotel Arcade facing the beach. In addition to the big hotel there are also cottages on the more elevated portions and also in the season people tent out along the beach. To those who wish to test their skill with rod and line the fishing affords excellent opportunities.

The beach along the coast of California is marked by extraordinarily interesting and varying surroundings. Along the Atlantic sea coast, or, at least, those parts of the east with which we are most familiar, the scenery is altogether different. The country in the east is level, that is the beach

neighborhood is level, while here mountains are in the immediate neighborhood of the ocean, and can be readily seen, and the sea is visible from the hills.

Port Los Angeles' wharf is four thousand six hundred and twenty feet long. It consists of a big pier, or railroad trestling, built out into the waters of the bay to such a point of the shore that the vessels can load and unload from the cars to the ship immediately. No one who comes to Santa Monica should fail to visit Los Angeles wharf and take in the scenery. From the end of the pier is an excellent view of the bay and the ocean.

Frank wants to stay along the seashore longer than we had originally contemplated, and I do not know but that I am willing to remain with him. There is a reason for this. Frank says he will tell what the attraction here is, but he had better not try it. I, too, have seen some things in the hotel parlor, but I will not say anything. At least, I won't begin it.

Lovingly,

KATHLEEN.

* * *

THE THIEVES' MARKET OF MEXICO.

IN the City of Mexico there is a place known as the thieves' market that has a large patronage, some of it coming from presumably respectable and honest citizens. That such a place should exist in any city appears almost incredible, yet it conducts business with the full knowledge of the police, and with that of every resident of the city. What is more, it is directly opposite one side of the national palace, the winter home of President Diaz, and is only one block from the offices of the city administration. And it is no small establishment, either, such as might be overlooked, for it occupies a court as large as a city block, and is crowded from morning to night with persons who are looking for bargains, and know that the place to find them is in the "thieves' market."

Naturally, the thieves themselves do not act as the salesmen for the stolen goods. They keep out of sight, and either dispose of the stolen goods for a lump sum to the hucksters or allow them to sell for them on commission. In either case the thief gets little, the dealer is content with a small profit and the goods, whose original

owner is unknown, can be obtained for a tenth of their value.

To the visitors to Mexico the market is well worth a visit, even if scruples of conscience should prevent the purchase of what are admittedly stolen goods. There will be no trouble finding the place.

Any policeman or any citizen will direct you to it. It is just east of the Zocalo—the park of the peons—and across the street from the south front of the national palace. Even with this knowledge you might pass but a high wall, such as surrounds many of the private parks and grounds of Mexican homes. But at the end of the wall is a huge gate, large enough to drive a loaded truck through. Passing through this gate you enter the market. It is a big, open court, stonepaved and surrounded by buildings on three sides and by walls on the fourth. Scattered over this, arranged in streets, are the booths, where the stolen goods are displayed for sale. These stalls are crude affairs. Usually they consist of a few boards, laid on supports which raise them two or three feet off the ground. Sometimes the goods are piled up carelessly on the stone pavement. But over each of them is the awning of coarse cotton cloth, supported on rough poles, which the Mexican huckster invariably has.

Crockery, tinware, cutlery and cooking utensils form one of the staples of the market. There is always a demand for these among the poor, and so the ratero gathers them in wherever and whenever he can, knowing that they will find a ready sale. And it is not only the poor who buy these things. One restaurant proprietor in this city whose place is one of the largest here, admitted that nearly all his table knives and forks as well as the pots and pans used in the kitchen were bought by him in the thieves' market. He is a regular visitor to the place, and not long ago he picked up a bargain in the edible line for his customers in the shape of a young pig, which some enterprising thief had gathered in.

How long the thieves' market will exist as it does now there is none to tell. It is an old institution, and no one thinks of interfering with it. Now and then a stranger, hearing of its nature for the first time, wonders how the city authorities can allow it to do business as it does. But the native Mexican and the acclimatized foreign-

er accept it as it is, and instead of objecting to it find it a very convenient place in which to pick up a bargain and save themselves considerable money.

* * *

A MORAL HERO.

WHEN General Grant was in Paris, the president of the republic, as a special token of respect, invited him to occupy a place on the grand stand to witness the great racing which occurs in that country on Sunday. It is considered a discourteous act to decline such an invitation from the head official of the republic. Such a thing had never been heard of, but General Grant in a polite note declined the honor, and said to the French president: "It is not in accordance with the custom of my country or with the spirit of my religion to spend Sunday in that way." And when Sabbath came that great hero found his way to the American chapel, where he was one of its quiet worshipers.—*Humanity.*

* * *

DIRECTNESS is a cardinal virtue of the man who succeeds. He does not go over a thing, or around it, but to it and through it. If he calls to see you on business, he does not spend fifteen minutes in introducing his subject; he strikes directly to the heart of it; he does not waste your time on preliminaries or non-essentials, but proceeds to attend to the business in hand, and, as soon as he finishes,—stops.—"*Success*" for *April.*

* * *

PLANTS breathe. Not perhaps exactly as man breathes, but none the less they breathe in carbonic acid gas, assimilate the carbon and exhale oxygen. Thus vegetables help animals to live and vice versa, and each is the true life partner of the other. Neither could do a living business without the other.

* * *

THE striking point in success is its individuality. Each great achievement is part of the man who accomplished it,—his own handiwork.—"*Success.*"

* * *

NOBODY changes from bad to better in a minute. It takes time for that—time and effort and a long struggle with evil habits and tempers.—*Susan Coolidge.*

FROM CAMP INGLENOOK.

WELL, the Swede came over according to programme, and I send my correspondence off with him. We are enjoying this outside life wonderfully well, though if we stay more than another week we will be living on ducks and fish, for almost everything we brought along has been eaten. Our appetites are something out of the ordinary. At home Ma is one of those food cranks who think they can not eat anything good without getting sick, but now she can take a second helping of potpie or chowder and never say a word about it. As for the boys they just eat and eat, and then eat some more. At home in our town there is a butcher-shop where they keep a lot of fish packed in ice, which they offer for sale. When I get back I do not think I will be able to look one of those fish in the face. It is different here. These fish are fresh. At five o'clock in the morning they are swimming in the cold water of the creek and at six they are disappearing just as fast as they can. There is a difference between a fish that has laid around a butcher-shop for a week and one that has just come out of the water. And then there are wild ducks and some smaller game, and Johnnie Johnson, that's the Swede, brought some chickens and eggs along over with him, though half of the eggs were broken when he got here.

This is the way we catch fish. I will tell you how we do it, that is Sis and me. We cut a long, slender, pliant, sprout, attach our line and on the end tie an artificial fly, or impale a natural one, and then we quietly go to the deeper shallows of the creek and flick that fly out on the surface. Sometimes when everything is all right, the moment the fly touches the water there is a swish and a whirl of a broad tail visible in the water and the line twangs taut. Sometimes we haul him right out if he is a little one, and then again it is necessary to play him to tire him out so that we can pull him in hand over hand without much resistance. Standing under a big spruce tree on a bed of pine needles and casting a fly over the dark surface of the water, when a strike is made there is that peculiar trembling of the line and rod that sets the fisherman all aquiver with excitement. I suppose we ought to feel sorry when we see a good-sized fish gasping its last and flopping around on the pine needles, but we are not,

and we keep it up until we have all we want for a meal. I am ashamed to tell you how many it takes to go around since we have come to our appetites.

Then there is the wild duck family. When Ma hears Pa's gun boom out up along the lake she studies a while and says: "That means a potpie for dinner."

This mountain air and mountain water are simply delicious. When we rise in the morning the forest is full of the balsamic odor of the pines, and it is always cool enough to be just a little chilly. After taking a drink of the cold water that comes from the glacier and taking a cold bath we are glad enough to huddle around the crackling fire until we get warmed up before breakfast. It is in the evening and at night that things are at their best. The silence is almost unendurable just about twilight, and flocks of ducks, widely separated, wend their way across the lake noiselessly, and when they alight we can hear their quacking up along the marshy edge. The loon laughs to himself, probably at some bird joke he heard a good while ago. The stars come out one after the other and the cool mountain breezes settle down over us. We throw a few dead limbs on the pine fire in front of the tents, and as they crackle and laugh into flames the scene is a weird one.

We are beginning to show the tanning effect of camp life. Sis looks like a fright, and when I look in the looking-glass hung on a convenient tree I hardly know myself. I am tanned all over. My clothes are torn, and if we stayed another month we would be candidates for moccasins, for our shoes are wearing out fast. We have only another week to stay here. Although I will be glad to be back yet I will be sorry to leave the pines, the creek and these everlasting hills that look down upon us.

One thing about our trip and that is the way we sleep. It is probably because we are all tired out at night, but then there is also something else. It must be the pure air and the piney smell for when we go to bed about eight o'clock in about a half hour the camp in as dead as so many logs lying around in the forest primeval.

Johnnie Johnson tried to tell us of something that happened in the world that makes us very anxious to get the details. He had heard from somebody who had read somewhere about an ex-

plosion of a volcano somewhere that had killed thousands of people. He said he thought it was in Massachusetts but he wasn't sure about it. And as he does not know a volcano from a lime kiln there is no getting anything out of him. Evidently something happened some place though what it is we do not know.

We have another week of it here and I am going to write you one more letter and mail it from home, telling how we broke up camp, and maybe, we will tell you how to get here. But Pa said it we gave away the place everybody would be wanting to come, and there would be no peace nor quiet another time for us. From that I infer that Pa means for us all to come back again sometime, and as Ma did not say anything it is almost certain they have made up their minds to repeat it and we are glad of it.

Now, then, I am going to cover up the fire with ashes and fill the camp stove with dry pine branches, say my prayers and go to bed. If everything is all right you will hear from us just once more.

TOMMY.

THE CHANNEL CATFISH IN KANSAS.

BY A. L. MILLER.

THE channel catfish, varying in color from a bluish black to a muddy yellow, is quite common to our Kansas streams. Its young are raised in the sloughs and little creeks out on the prairies many miles from any large stream, and it is a fact that streams one year dry may teem with myriads of little fish the next.

They are of a very fine flavor and are eagerly sought after by the average farmer who organizes fishing parties, going for miles in gay companies, young and old, to fish in the small streams. The catch in small streams usually vary from three to six inches in length. They cannot be caught with a seine even when large except on rare occasions, but are fished for with trot line (a line with many hooks attached to it and running across the stream), barrel trap, which is made of lath in the shape of a barrel with a funnel-shaped opening in one end through which the fish enter the trap but through which they cannot return, and with hook and line.

In our rivers and large creeks these fish attain to a good size. I know of one weighing forty-five

pounds caught on a trot line in the Kaw river, and another of nearly the same weight in the Neosho river in Woodson County. Several years ago two young men made a barrel trap and set it in the Neosho river after baiting it with fresh liver. For several nights they caught nothing but on the third morning they found in it fifteen catfish weighing from one to fifteen pounds. They traded the largest one to my grandfather for a crate of berries and when we



ELK MOUNTAIN, WYOMING, ON U. P. RY.

cleaned it we hung it up on a nail, cut its hide in strips which we pulled off with a pair of pincers. Slices were then cut from it and fried like ham. The head was cooked until the meat was tender, then the meat was picked off and cut into fine bits, seasoned with butter, salt and pepper, milk was added and the result was a delicious soup.

Olathe, Kans.

PLENTY OF PEAT FUEL IN NORWAY.

ALTHOUGH coal is scarce and forests cease to grow many miles southward, the people of the frigid zones of Norway have an inexhaustible supply of peat, which is more easily worked into shape for fuel than either coal or wood and makes a hotter fire than either. Peat bogs are found everywhere in arctic Norway.

PLATED DOORS.

By the use of a process invented at Bridgeport, Conn., wooden doors are being electro-plated with copper or brass.

THINGS PRISONERS DO.

ALTHOUGH convicts in the various prisons of the country are kept under strict surveillance and have little opportunity to carry on "crooked work," some of them manage to escape the vigilance of their keepers long enough to conduct what the commercial travelers call "a side line" to their business. It was quite recently discovered that one of the prisoners in Moyamensing penitentiary at Philadelphia had a complete counterfeiting plant, by means of which he was turning out a considerable quantity of spurious currency and, through the agency of confederates on the outside, put in circulation.

Such incidents, or others bearing a resemblance to them, are not peculiar to Philadelphia. A few years ago in the Kansas penitentiary the convicts had established a thriving business in the line of bartering and exchanging their property.

Gradually they extended it and their friends who visited them finally carried so many things to them and sold so many for them outside that the local tradesmen saw in it a real injury to their business and clamored to have it stopped.

It is only a few years since a syndicate of enterprising convicts in Sing Sing cornered all the tobacco which is issued to the convicts at stated periods. The prison speculators had made deals in advance with nearly all their fellow prisoners for various articles and things, the consideration in each case being that the tobacco was to be turned over when it was issued. Each convict acceded to this cheerfully enough, because each one, being ignorant of the fact that any others had been approached, thought that he could easily borrow enough tobacco from his cellmate to tide him over until the next distribution. So the conspirators managed to collect all the tobacco readily, and then, when the full gravity of the situation dawned on their victims, they screwed the prices up into the air. Convict after convict denuded himself of all that he had to obtain a little piece of the precious cornered stuff—the more precious because it was cornered. There was nearly a riot. The guards could not understand what the trouble was for several days, because, bitter as the prisoners felt against their tormentors, prison etiquette is strong and it forbade complaint to the authorities. When the plot was discovered finally and the corner was broken by

the same drastic method on the part of the authorities as that used recently in the case of another and similar corner in Wall street the manipulators had succeeded in reaping so golden a harvest that they didn't care.

Up to a recent date gardening was carried on in the prison at Jommeliers, France, where a philanthropic government aimed to reform convicts by being good to them and making life sweet. The convicts live in dear, cute, little houses. Each had his or her own garden. They kept poultry and pigeons, sold eggs, and nobody visiting the place could have distinguished it from any other village. And yet abuses crept into even this Eden. Liquor was sold on the sly. An official inquiry was held and one day up drove a dozen prison vans and the whole colony returned to a common stone prison.

Oak tables, surmounted with mirrors and piled with papers and magazines, a "conversation room," a bathroom, a beautiful garden planted with shrubs—all these belong to a handsome clubhouse. But they and other luxuries are in the new Parisian Sante prison in the Pont Royal boulevard. The government is even going to supply a band during the summer months. The Sante prison is a sort of glorified Elmira, and is only for first-class misdemeanants.

Games, besides work, are provided by the authorities of the Rauhehaus juvenile prison at Hamburg. Music, mathematics, languages and gymnastics are taught. The warders are practically schoolmasters, who live with the young convicts and share their sports and work. There are twenty-five houses, standing in the middle of a beautiful cultivated farm of a couple of hundred acres. No prisoner ever runs away from this luxurious convict home.

But the world's record for luxury belongs to the reformatory prison at Concord, in the State of New Hampshire, where the prisoners have been allowed by the authorities to form a club. Admission to this club is by ballot, and members can be expelled by a general meeting. The club gives evening parties, which the prison authorities attend only by invitation. The prisoners wear correct evening dress, white ties and flowers in their buttonholes. There is a capital piano, and songs and music continue till 11 o'clock.

When Borstal prison in England was built all the work was done by convict labor. Parties of

convicts were sent from Chatham, a distance of four miles, in open vans. They were under escort, of course, but were unchained. Temporary huts were put up, and it was sixteen weeks before the buildings of the new prison were far enough advanced to accommodate the workers. Every bit of the work—from making the bricks to digging the foundations—was done by convicts, and not an escape was attempted.

The prison at Chattenden, near Upnor, on the Medway, was built in similar fashion, and a number of large ammunition magazines were built by the same gangs, who were at work for about ten years. Although the tramway on which these men traveled up and down from Chatham passed through thick woods and heavy undergrowth there were no attempts at escape.

One of the strangest prisons in the world is the Australian convict prison at Fremantle. It has walls the biggest, perhaps, of any prison in



CASTLE TOWER ROCKS, ECHO CANON.

the world. They are granite and seven feet through. But they are no longer needed for guarding the few tottering remnants of the once immense convict population which inhabited the place. When the duke of Edinburg visited Fremantle the warders who went down to the wharf to meet him did not trouble to lock the gates behind them, and a few of the old convicts walked down after them and then returned "home." There have been no new inmates of

the Fremantle jail for many years, and the old ones are all "lifers," who have been there so long that they know no other home. They potter about and cultivate their gardens, and have altogether a much easier time than the average workhouse inmate.

Italy lately tried the experiment of settling about a thousand anarchists and other undesirables upon the island of Tremeti, in the Mediterranean. The attempt was a ghastly failure. Quarrels began, and throwing all their beautiful theories of humanity to the winds, the whole number entered upon a savage battle, which ended in the death of four and serious injury to a large number of others.

* * *

ANOTHER JAPANESE SIGN.

THE library of the great Max Muller was sold in London quite recently.

When this library was sold there were many very rich and public-spirited individuals who knew of the sale.

Some of these were buying old pictures of doubtful origin, others were buying trashy bric-a-brac simply because of its age and rarity, others were buying fine wines to put in their stomachs and fine clothes to put on their backs.

There was a Japanese scholar, Baron Iwasaki, who bought the library of Max Muller and presented it to the University of Tokio.

Who would have thought a few years ago that such a library would ever have found such a resting place?

In the memory of men living, to gain admittance into Japan for such a library it must have gone backed by an army to force it in.

And please note this:

In Japan they never beat children.

Baths for the body, books for the brain, kind treatment of children—such is the programme of modern Japan. It will carry the nation along well.

* * *

THE quality of directness is characteristic of all men of great executive ability, because they value time too much to squander it in useless and meaningless conversation; it is an indispensable quality of the leader or manager of all large enterprises.—*"Success" for April.*

WEALTH OF THE CACTUS PLAIN.

THE immense area in the western part of the State known as the "chaparral region," formerly, to all practical purposes, unexplored and considered worthless, has come to the attention of the English cabinet wood brokers through the agency of Mr. Louis G. Hester, an English commercial agent of Houston and Galveston, and indirectly through Prof. Attwater, of the Southern Pacific industrial department, who furnished specimens of the products of the soil. Within a few months expeditions will be fitted out for further investigation.

Mr. Hester is something of an explorer during his periods of rest, but generally spends his winters in London. On the eve of his return this year he took with him specimens of wood, spices and medicinal herbs. Dealers in cabinet woods have been particularly interested and propose to make a thorough investigation of the territory.

As most Texans know, the "chaparral region" is a wonderful country, at present devoted to stock raising. Here are millions of acres of land not suitable for agriculture, because of the uncertainty of the rainfall. It is literally covered with a growth of small plants, shrubs and small trees, but in the Southern Pacific industrial exhibit are specimens of the products of the soil destined to bring forth riches. Spices obtained nowhere else except in the jungles of the tropics, the hardest and the rarest of fine grained woods and the best qualities of medicine, the value of which cannot be overestimated. Nuts, seeds, tanning products, gums, berries and galls, fibers and the rare insects upon the leaves of the cactus plants, from which cochineal dye is manufactured, are found in great quantities. In the opinion of Prof. Attwater the "chaparral region" contains a wealth that can scarcely be estimated. At present it is ready for the taker. For years it has existed, but the value of the products have remained unknown. Now for the first time it is to be thoroughly explored. A nation could scarcely produce a greater wealth than is contained in the vast cactus plains of Western Texas.

For years the Indians of Texas and Mexico have been utilizing the roots for medicine, berries for food and the spices in their natural state, and but little attention has been called to them. Now at last it is hoped by those who are

advertising the State the true conditions have come to the attention of the parties who will take advantage of them. More samples of woods are to be forwarded to England for inspection. They could not be used by lumbering men, but to the cabinet maker they are of inestimable value.



A FIRST SETTLER.

WALKING IN ONE'S SLEEP.

"SLEEPWALKING is somewhat better understood now than formerly, but psychologists are not thoroughly agreed in regard to many of its phases," observed a well-known physician to a *Star* reporter. "One of the recent cases, that of a young man out west walking ten miles to visit his father, and of an even more recent case, that of a young lady walking three miles on a cold night in her night gown, without awakening, upsets many of the previously accepted theories. It had been thought that exposure to intense cold as well as intense heat would awaken the sleepwalker, but in these cases, which are well authenticated, it appears that this opinion, while correct possibly in the main, is not always so.

"In my early days, when attending lectures at a medical college in Baltimore, I, with some other medical students, witnessed one of the famous sleepwalking cases that is quoted in many of the standard books. One night we were passing along Lexington street, where the Lexington street market is located. One of our party called attention to a moving figure clad in white on the roof of the market building. It proved to be that of a girl about 17 years of age. She had lost a canary bird in the afternoon before, which was last seen on the eaves of the roof of the mar-

ket house. Darkness came on, however, before a thorough search for the bird could be made, and it was given up. The girl went to bed and during the night left her bed and returned to the market house and climbed to its roof:

"This in itself was not a very difficult task, for there was a series of sheds leading to it. She walked the entire length of one side of the market, along the extreme edge of the roof. At every step it seemed she would step over the edge and had she done so she would likely have been killed. Our party divided up, and one, now the leading physician of Charleston, S. C., climbed to the roof and seized the girl. She woke the instant he touched her, and it was then with the greatest difficulty that he could keep her from falling, for, while in her sleep she appeared to be an expert, she was a very poor climber when awake. It was a clear case of sleepwalking, and had she gone ten feet further she would have found the bird, which had roosted for the night in the rain gutter which ran along the roof, and where it was found a few minutes afterward. Sleepwalking is much more frequent than is generally understood, though as a rule it is confined to children. I have known of several cases of adults who would take walks in their sleep as often as once in a week."



A LITTLE GIRL SUGGESTED THE INVENTION OF A TELESCOPE.

SOME of the most important discoveries have been made accidentally, and it has happened to more than one inventor, who had long been searching after a new combination or material for carrying out a pet idea to hit upon the right thing at last by mere chance. A lucky instance of this kind was the discovery of the principle of the telescope.

Nearly three hundred years ago there was living in the town of Middleburg, on the Island of Walcheren, in the Netherlands, a poor optician named Hans Lippersheim. One day in the year 1608, he was working in his shed, his children helping him in various small ways or romping about and amusing themselves with the tools and objects lying on his work-bench, when suddenly his little girl exclaimed:

"Oh papa! See how near the steeple comes!"

Half startled by this announcement the honest

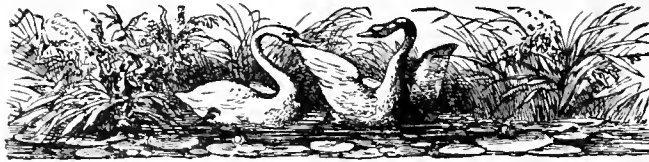
Hans looked up from his work, curious to know the cause of the child's amazement. Turning toward her he saw that she was looking through two lenses, one held close to her eye, and the other held at arm's length; and calling his daughter to his side, he noticed that the eye lens was plano-concave (or flat on one side and hollowed on the other,) while the one held at a distance was plano-convex (or flat on one side and bulging on the other.) Then taking two glasses, he repeated his daughter's experiment, and soon discovered that she had chanced to hold the lenses apart at their exact focus and this had produced the wonderful effect which she had observed. His quick wit and skilled invention saw in the accident a wonderful discovery. He immediately set about making use of his new knowledge of lenses, and ere long he had fashioned a tube of paste-board in which he set the glasses firmly at their exact focus.

This rough tube was the germ of that great instrument, the telescope, to which modern science owes so much. And it was on October 22, 1608, that Lippersheim sent to his Government three telescopes made by himself, calling them "Instruments by means of which to see at a distance."

Not long afterward another man, Jacob Adriansz, or *Mutins* of Alkmaar, a town about twenty miles from Amsterdam, claimed to have discovered the principle of the telescope two years earlier than Hans Lippersheim; and it is generally acknowledged that to one of these two men belongs the honor of inventing the instrument. But it seems certain that Hans Lippersheim had never known nor heard of the discovery made by Adriansz, and so, if Adriansz had not lived, we still should owe to Hans Lippersheim's quick wit and his little daughter's lucky meddling one of the most valuable and wonderful of human inventions.—*St. Nicholas*.



ONE of the commonest causes of bad teeth is that of taking very hot food. If you take a cup of very hot tea or coffee the enamel on the teeth expands, and breathing the cold air afterwards causes it to contract. This alternate expansion and shrinking of the enamel works havoc with it, and when it cracks, as it soon does, the inner part of the tooth crumbles away in no time.

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HOW PLANTS GROW.

WE do not expect in this article to tell so much about how plants grow as how they die. The span of life of the plant will vary from a few hours to more than a thousand years. Some of the small microscopic plants are very short lived but reproduce themselves enormously and thus keep up an existence. Others come from the seed, flower and fruit and then die in the course of a season. Others fit themselves for blooming in one year and flower and seed the next, while others last from year to year, some of them old enough to almost stagger belief.

When a tree dies its death may be variously caused, and strange to say the most frequent cause of the natural death of a tree consists in the action of other plants on it. An oak tree will live for a long time, resisting all attacks of insects and microscopic plants, but finally the spores of some plant find their way into the dry wood of the tree, multiply and die there and keep this process up until the whole heart of the tree is eaten out, or, as we say, is hollow. This is really one of the most frequent causes of death among plants. After the tree is eaten out in the center a heavy storm will blow it over where the process of disintegration goes on slowly from day to day. Pull apart the rotten wood of a dead tree and you will observe shooting through it fine, white, threadlike roots. These are the mushroom growths that have taken hold upon it and, finding a congenial home, in the end help to eat it up. Mosses grow on the outside and winds, rain, heat and cold help along the process of what we call rotting.

It is altogether possible that in the rotten wood of a fallen tree there is a vast degree more of vegetable life than when the tree was upright and at its best. This process is going on continually in every forest. If the Nooker who reads these articles will keep his eyes open as he passes through a woods he will see evidences of disease in the knots, bumps, and burls, on many trees. These are the results of accidents

originally making a place for minor vegetable growth that in the end will be the cause of the death of the tree.

There are, of course, other reasons for a tree's dying, but there seems to be nothing that is as sure death in the long run as a vine climbing over a tree. Wherever there is a tree to which a wire is fastened to hold up a telegraph wire or pole, the steady strain is almost sure to cause its death eventually. Down in the tropics orchids sometimes grow upon large trees; they interlace and intertwine their aerial roots until the tree is entirely covered from the ground up. These finally kill the tree, which rots away, while the orchids are so thick and so woven together that they stand up in the rough form of the original tree.

Nearly every tree has its natural enemy, either plant, animal, or insect. The peach tree borer will ruin a tree in a year or two. The underside of a raspberry or the blackberry leaves will become affected with rust and insects in the form of plant lice, and frequently so deplete the plant of its functions that it dies. It would not be amiss to say that each tree has distinctive enemies of its own, and in the end none of them escape altogether.

And here end our talks on how plants grow.

WHERE NATURE IS UPSET.

NATURE is all turned topsy-turvey in Iceland. Most people regard the island simply as an out-of-the-way spot of no particular consequence to anybody under the sun, yet it supports a frugal, industrious and pious people. It has almost a right to be called fireland, for there frost and fire are strangely mingled. The lofty mountains, towering skyward, are clad with snow fields and glaciers, yet at the same time send forth fire and steam and molten rock. At times the eruption, bursting forth suddenly, melts the ice and snow on the mountain sides, and great floods rush down into the valleys. On the cooled surface of the lava flow, ice and snow accumulate, and then

perhaps a new flow of lava covers up the ice without melting it. The ice is thus shut up as in a great natural icehouse, and may be so preserved for thousands of years. Dr. Geikie mentions a case in which a layer of ice occurs between two beds of lava in a geological section. The antiquity of such a bed of ice is to be measured in thousands and tens of thousands of years.

On a smaller scale is the famous Eis-höhle, a natural icehouse not far from Casselburg, in the Eifel. There on the hottest day in summer ice is to be found. This ice is famous, and was always served at the table of the elector of Cologne.

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SPIDER IS WEATHER WISE.

MOST birds and animals have the faculty of discerning the approach of a storm with more or less accuracy, but in Yucatan they have a spider that is a marvel as a weather forecaster. This insect is known as "am," on account of the effect produced by its poison. As far as its own conduct goes the insect is inoffensive and can be handled with impunity, but if anybody had the misfortune to get one mysteriously mixed with his food he is certain to die after a few hours, and meanwhile, for some unexplained reason, will frequently ejaculate "Am! Am! Am!"—hence the name of the spider. Throughout the peninsula this is affirmed to be a fact, and if an "am" falls into fodder of horses or mules the animal that swallows it surely dies.

This spider is shaped like a crab, minus the claws, and is of a bright yellow color, with brown spots; the biggest could be accommodated upon a silver dime. Its favorite abode is among the leaves of the banana shrub—commonly, but erroneously, called tree. There it spins, with extreme rapidity, its web, which is prodigiously large, considering the size of its architect, and proceeds to devour flies that are unlucky enough to get entangled in the meshes of this astonishing little glutton, that is not satisfied with less than a dozen a day; that is to say, it consumes a good deal more than its own bulk. Its progeny are numerous, and appear, at first, like mere black specks, smaller than the smallest pin's head.

The sky may be blue and cloudless when suddenly the am commences taking in its sails, or, rather, gathering in its net, with neatness and dispatch, cramming the whole of the material into

its diminutive body entirely out of sight. A few minutes completes the job and the spider takes up its position on the under surface of one of the great leaves, to be lulled by the gentle swaying and sheltered while the storm rages. It is for this that the am has prepared, and never is it mistaken; when the web is taken in rain will certainly fall within an hour.

The moment the am is touched it feigns death and lets itself drop, showing no sign of life until again placed upon a leaf or on the ground. Many a one has lain in the palm of the writer's hand, inert, all its legs drawn close to its body, while it was examined at leisure, even being picked up in the fingers without its manifesting any life.

* * *

SAVING THE GUTTA PERCHA TREE.

THE scientists in France are now engaged upon the problem of acclimating the *Isonandra gutta*, the tree which produces gutta percha, indispensable to the construction of submarine cables. It seems that no other product known at present replaces the gutta percha found in the forests of the Malay peninsula and in certain districts in Malacca. Inferior qualities have not the requisite durability for submarine use. The plantations in the above-mentioned districts have been so ruinously exploited by the natives, who uproot full-grown trees and cut young plants before they come to maturity, that it is feared there will be a shortage of the supply of this quality of gutta percha in the course of fifteen years unless means are taken to protect the forests or to propagate the plants elsewhere.

* * *

WONDER-WONDER FLOWER.

ONE of the strangest botanical plants in the world is the "wonder-wonder" flower found in the Malay peninsula. It is simply a blossom, without leaves, vine or stem, and grows as a parasite on decayed wood. This extraordinary flower is something like a yard in diameter, and has a globular cup in the middle with a capacity of five or six quarts.

* * *

THE largest bird of prey in the old world is the lammergeier, or bearded vulture, which has a wing expanse of nine to ten feet.

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STRENGTHENING THE BRETHREN.

WHEN Christ turned to Peter and told him to strengthen the brethren, once he was converted, he gave us a good rule for to-day. Many a man or woman, now in the church, is of the weak weakest. They are that through no will or deed of their own, and recognizing their own shortcomings they do the best they know, and it is their absolute right to have all the help possible from their brethren. Sometimes they don't get it, and thereby are wronged.

The fact is that Christianity is a field and a fold where rendering help is the especial work of acceptance. Without works all profession is dead. It is more blessed to give than to receive, and that does not necessarily mean money, but assistance of all kinds that is needed. There are some things of more value than money. Every kind word or good deed hid from view is a rung in the ladder rising skyward.

TAKE A DAY OFF.

A GREAT many people would be helped in every way if they took a holiday. Most of them plead business, but this is not a valid excuse. In fact it is none at all, for the time will come when all must lay off for good, and without consultation.

It is everybody's privilege, that sometimes passes into the domain of duty, to rest at times. The machine that never stops wears out the quickest.

Things will go quite as well, better often, if we arrange matters as far as possible, and betake ourselves to distant friends or to the woods or lake, so far back that the mails and telegraphs cannot penetrate. There, lying on one's back, in leafy June, drinking pure water, eating good food and, above all, letting the hours come and go as they may, one comes out of it with rejuvenated body and recreated abilities. It is a good thing to rest betimes.

The world has not fully accustomed itself to living in houses the year around. Children go wild to get to the woods and the whole household looks longingly to the green fields. Now that we come to think of it, better take the family along.

But how about the country people, themselves? Let them go to the city or to the seashore. A week among the sky-scrappers, or along a booming beach surf, will make the old home a better and a happier place when they get back on the wheel again.

* * *

A DAY IN JUNE.

IN the early June every tree is at its best. Every plant has its singing leaf and all the blossoms are dancing. Out on the mountain side, where the hand of man has not carried disaster to the leafy boskage, the sunlight checkers the moss and the fern after it has kissed the leaves on one side and then on the other. The wild flower blooms unnoticed, opening its cup to the blue sky through which the cloud ships go sailing. The squirrels frisk, the woodpeckers in galloping flight, seek the dead limb on which to rattle out their notes of home-building. The day is just warm enough to be pleasant. The leafy flutter of leaves overhead is like the dying note of the anthem in the cathedral.

And if there be one by your side and love looks love to eyes that speak again, we may have all there is in life that is really worth the living. Nay, the latter is even better, the fern and the oak and all the leafy days of June shall pass away and be forgotten, but love still liveth on forever. St. Paul himself has said that of faith, hope, and love, these three, love is the greatest.

MISCEGENATION IN NEW YORK.

DURING the past five years there has been a decided increase in the number of marriages in New York between white and colored people. In 1895 there were 729 such marriages, 369 negroes having married white women and 360 colored women having been married to white men. Last year there were 1,846, in which 920 negro women were married to white men and 926 negroes married white women.

One man whose position has enabled him to make continued and thorough observations of conditions in the lives of the other half of New York's population has this to say on the subject:

"I have met scores of these mixed couples and so far as the principles are concerned I do not believe that they are, as a rule, either more happy or more miserable than their neighbors who have wedded like with like. They have as few squabbles and as few divorces proportionately as couples that are wholly white or wholly black.

"The children, however, are not so fortunate. It is difficult for the little tots to place themselves. They are outcasts from both white and colored flocks and when members of the same family are ranged on different sides of the color line, as is frequently the case, their situation is pitiable.

"My observation has further taught me that a colored man makes a better husband for a white woman than a white man for a colored woman. The reason for this is not far to seek. The former seems to feel that he has been honored beyond measure by being accepted by a white woman and he will willingly work his fingers to the bone to support her and her children in good style.

"The white man, on the other hand, figures that he has degraded himself by marrying a colored woman and he vents his displeasure over the situation by letting his wife bear the burden of supporting the entire family. It is such despicable fellows as these that are at the root of the trouble whenever the woes arising from a mixed marriage are aired in court.

"So far as I can find out nine-tenths of these mixed marriages result from coemployment of the races. The selection of servants without regard to racial characteristics is common in most city families and public houses, and men and women of all shades of black and white are thus thrown together.

NAPOLEON'S TOMB AT PARIS.

A LITTLE while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a deity dead—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man, says "Our Dumb Animals." I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army in Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge at Lodi with the tricolor in his hand. I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm, and at Austerlitz. I saw



ONE OF THE GATES TO THE WEST—THE OMAHA BRIDGE.

him in Russia when the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of the former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his

glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kiss of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my loving wife by my side knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon my knees and their arms about me. I would rather have been that man than to have been Napoleon the Great.

* * *

TAKING THE OATH.

EVERY monarch has to take an oath when he ascends the throne. Any man is liable to break his mere word—kings and emperors as well as anyone else.

In England, Spain, Italy and Austria the oath is taken on the Bible; in France and Belgium the oath is taken with the right hand raised over the head.

Mahometans are much opposed to swearing. When they do swear it is a solemn ceremony, and is performed by holding the Koran in the right hand, placing the left on the forehead and bringing the head down to the book. A Mahometan seldom commits perjury.

The Buddhist swears "in the presence of Buddha," and says: "If I speak false, or if by coloring the truth others are led astray, Dhamma and Pro Sanga, together with the devotees of the 22 firmaments, punish me also and my migratory soul."

Hindu law says: "Let the judge swear by his veracity, and the soldier by his horse or wagon; the merchant by his cattle, grain, gold or other possessions, and the servile man by imprecating curses upon his own."

In Mexico many people still adhere to an ancient form of oath, says *Stray Stories*. They touch the earth with the tip of their finger and then place the finger on the tongue, which signifies: "If my tongue speaks false, then may I be turned to dust."

The Chinese swear in many ways. A solemn oath is made by writing certain sacred characteristics on a paper and burning it, praying at the same time that he be burned likewise if he does

not speak the truth. Sometimes he swears by burning a piece of straw.

* * *

FACTS ABOUT FANS.

IX Egypt fans were used in religious ceremonies, made of parchment or feathers.

The Romans used a circular fan on occasions of state, and the Greeks made fans of the flax leaves of the lotus.

The Japanese and Chinese have from periods of great antiquity used fans of all possible varieties.

Queen Elizabeth had as great a love for pretty fans as she had for gowns, and had a large collection of them.

Mme. de Pompadour encouraged fan painting and also collected fine specimens of the work. Greuze, Watteau and other great artists did not disdain to lend their talents to the art. These pictures were done mostly on vellum or chicken skin.

* * *

JAPANESE DO NOT SWEAR.

MANY good things can be said of Japan and the Japanese, but nothing reflects more credit upon that people than the fact that profanity is a vice entirely unknown among them. In answer to an inquiry on this subject, the *Ram's Horn* gives this interesting information: "Very high and competent authority asserts that it is true. A writer in the *Evangelist* asserts that there is in the Japanese language no word that is equivalent to an oath. Not only is there no native word in which profanity may take refuge, but there is no imported word. During the last ten years, foreigners have added thousands of new words to the language; but not one profane word. In this respect, Japan is believed to stand alone among the nations."

* * *

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

WOULD you like to be truly beautiful? Thoreau says: "We are all sculptors and painters and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features and any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them." So there now, you sour-visaged, plain-faced people, go along about your business and grow handsome.

THE LESSON OF A PICTURE.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

On the studio wall there hangs, framed in soft tints of gray, a platina print of Hoffman's "Head of Christ." It is a profile, and is represented as drooping slightly forward, with the face clear-cut against a dark background. It is more striking because it bears small resemblance to similar conceptions by the old painters, upon which our ideals of the likeness of the great Teacher are unconsciously founded.

It is a face that appeals, that moves one irresistably to draw nearer and look more closely. Then the charm works: all the yearning love, the unselfish devotion and unswerving integrity of that divinely human existence speaks mutely from the pictured face, reaching out to draw one into the circle of its radiance, uplifting and glorifying. Petty evils and perplexities fade away shamed into a realization of their littleness: harmony and uprightness possess him: they fill the air, and penetrate every fiber of his being. He begins to understand that they are the real, and wrong and evil only the shadow, the "absence of the good." He feels awakening within him the courage and strength to do and endure, like the white-souled knights of old. He gazes and gazes, and goes, and turns back again and yet again, enthralled by the spell which is so sweet it holds almost a touch of pain.

It is a precious experience to feel one's self so lifted into the divine atmosphere, yet, after all, the great point of the picture is not that. A sentiment, however exalted does us no special good without practical application. It is improbable that the artist has embodied in his portrait the actual likeness of the physical features of Christ. It is, rather, his conception of the Christ-character, wrought into detail of attitude and expression, which we see. He has gathered to himself, by the most careful and sympathetic study, phase after phase of that wonderful personality, till his whole soul is, for the time, at least, filled with its presence, uplifted, transformed.

Then with what patience and skill has he transmitted his thought to canvas, eagerly, but faithfully and perseveringly, with the divine image constantly before his mind, till as he sees it mentally so we see it in the work of his hand.

Is not this the Christian task, the Christian life? Ah, but, you say, we are not all artists. We cannot paint a face of Christ which shall fill every one who looks upon it with a sense of the presence of God. Are you sure of that? Dear heart, may not our daily lives be a more helpful and inspiring picture than ever artist painted, if they breathe the spirit of the Christ-life, its purity, its steadfastness, its absolute honesty, its faith in good, its patience with ignorance and weakness? All the genius of the born artist is not worth the wave of your hand without his painstaking care over every brush-stroke, and his repeated effort, the practice which makes perfect, with courage to try again and again, where he failed to reach his high ideals. So we have each in us, too, the power to give to the world, in every thought and action, a living representation of our clearest conception of that pure and self-giving Life.

Elgin, Ill.

* * *

SAYS AMERICA WAS FOUND IN 492.

SCHUYE SONODA, a Buddhist priest of Japan, has just returned here from Mexico with what he regards as convincing proof that his people discovered America 1,000 years before Columbus and carried their faith along the Pacific Coast from Alaska to Mexico. Sonoda has been assisted by Senor Batres, archæologist of the Mexican Government.

Sonoda followed the Chronicles of Hoer Shin, a Buddhist monk, who in 499 A. D., returned to his native land with an account of explorations that reached to a land he called Fu Sang, now identified by Sonoda with Mexico, because of the maguey plant.

Sonoda says he found innumerable evidences of Buddhist influence over the natives of Mexico. Some of these were the Mexican zodiac with its twenty-eight hours, Oriental letterings and signs on temples, stone image and pottery and hundreds of names which are slightly corrupted from Japanese. He found the temples invariably facing south as in Thibet, at the home of Buddhism, and in mosaics at Uitla he found the common cross of Thibet.

He also found strong racial resemblances in features between the Mexican and California Mission Indians and the Japanese. So strong

were these resemblances that, when a California Mission Indian was dressed in Japanese costume and photographed, Prof. John Fyer, of the chair of Oriental languages, University of California, declared that the photograph was of a Japanese of the northern islands and bore no resemblance to a California Indian.

Sonoda will write a book on his researches, and says he will submit proofs that will convince the scientific world that the Japanese discovered America.

BEESWAX USED AS MONEY.

It will surprise many people to learn that in almost every part of the United States there is



MONUMENT TO MORMON PIONEERS, SALT LAKE CITY.

something that merchants regard just as good as the cold cash. That something seems commonplace, for it is nothing more than beeswax. But it is only in one branch of trade that beeswax is current, and that is one the average person would least suppose—the hardware line. The reason why hardware stores handle beeswax was explained the other day by a prominent wholesale dealer. It appears that all through the south, as well as in other parts of the country, the tin peddlers swap their wares for beeswax, which they get very cheap.

They make a nice profit on their tinware in the trade, and they also get a profit on the beeswax when they turn it over to retailers of hardware. The beeswax passes from them to the wholesale hardware men in the cities and they ship it in barrels to New York. Wholesale hardware dealers often receive notices from customers that they

have shipped a certain number of barrels of beeswax to apply on account. Beeswax is always a staple article and in the trade is just as good as the cash at all times.

Like many other goods it sometimes fluctuates in price, but there is always a steady demand for it at the market value. Before the patent hives and honeycombs came into use some years ago the wholesale price of beeswax was twenty-five cents a pound. Where large numbers of bees were kept the patent comb was used, and the consequence was that bees didn't have to manufacture any comb, and in the course of a year the production of wax decreased so much that the price went up to seventy cents a pound wholesale. It even went up higher than that for a while, and then it fell again, but it never was back to where it was before the patents were adopted. If it were not for the use of thousands of small bee-keepers who cling to the old style of handling bees the price of beeswax would be more than \$1 a pound.

TOOK EVIDENCE WITH HIM.

A SOUTHERN correspondent writes: "A little brother of mine, quarreling with a negro of about the same age, threw a rotten apple at him, which took effect between two very large-sized lips and liberally bespattered the rest of his face. The little fellow spit and sputtered for a moment and indignantly marched off, saying: 'Mas Horace, I take dis countenance right in and show it to your father.'"

PLENTY OF DOCTORS.

THE United States have a physician to each 637 persons.

A HABIT of constantly looking on the bad side of things, thinking something terrible is going to happen, that we are unfortunate, that fate is against us, that we are born under an unlucky star, and that our lives are comparative failures; a habit of thinking that we, perhaps, are not so smart as others who have succeeded, and that we have overestimated our ability; in other words, a habit of worrying or of self-depreciation will, after a while dwarfs the highest ideals.—*April "Success."*

ALL GEMS ARE IMITATED.

WHEN one purchases what purports to be a precious stone, be it a diamond, ruby, emerald, or sapphire, he can never be sure it is genuine. In these days the art of imitation has reached such a state of perfection that even connoisseurs are often deceived and none but the expert lapidaries can detect the true from the false.

It is nothing new for counterfeit diamonds to be upon the market. They have been common for more than a century. The process of making them was first discovered by a German named Strass, and the peculiar kind of glass that bears his name exactly resembles the diamond when cut. Strass is nothing more than rock crystal, to which borax, arsenic, potash and other chemicals have been added. The ingredients when thoroughly pulverized and sifted are placed in a crucible and subjected to enormous heat in a furnace. The melting occupies from twenty to thirty-five hours and skill is needed to see that the proper temperature is maintained or the strass comes out cloudy and utterly useless.

At the expiration of that time the crucible is removed and placed in a chamber where the heated atmosphere is permitted to gradually cool and solidify the strass, which is then ready to be cut as required. Exactly the same process is followed in making emeralds, except that large proportions of fine white sand and green oxide of chrome are melted into the strass. Opals are by far the most difficult stones to imitate; indeed, it is only within the last decade that they have been successfully copied with the aid of electricity and the solution of silicates.

Everyone is aware that when real diamonds are cut a quantity of fine dust is given off which is apparently valueless. But lapidaries collect the sweepings from the tables and sell them to the makers of artificial gems at \$20 per pound. These manufacturers purify them with an acid that destroys everything but the pure diamond dust. This is mixed with another acid and placed under enormous pressure, which results in sheets of diamond dust as thin as paper being given off. The facets of the sham stone are then covered with transparent cement and a layer of diamond "paper" laid upon them. When dry the false jewels, veneered with the real dust, are so similar to the genuine stones that they are

often set in pure gold, for no one but an expert can detect the difference, and then only with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. This is, of course, the most expensive artificial gem made, inasmuch as one that has been properly veneered cannot be purchased for less than \$2.50 for the unset "stone."

* * *

GAVE OUT FOUR-DOLLAR NOTES.

THE officials of the secret service bureau in Washington were kept busy the other day in explaining the use of so-called \$4 notes by the proprietor of a local restaurant. The report had been circulated that the proprietor was violating the law. The "\$4 notes" consisted of sheets of four one-dollar bills, just as they came from the press at the bureau of engraving and printing. Shortly before the holidays the restaurant man circulated an advertisement in which he offered the greatest of holiday novelties, "new \$4 notes." He announced that in giving change to his customers, when bills were sufficiently large to warrant it were tendered him, he would give each of them a new "\$4 note."

The card was a drawing one. The shrewd host was besieged with requests for the new notes, and the demand soon exceeded the supply. A great many persons really expected to get \$4 notes. Others knew that such could not be the case, for the reason that the government had never issued any notes of that denomination. Quite a number expected to find the whole thing a hoax and were surprised when they learned that the man was giving out "\$4 notes" in accordance with his advertisement, that is, sheets containing four \$1 notes.

Several persons assumed that he was violating the law, and reported the matter to the secret service bureau. Each of them was informed by the secret service officers that there was nothing illegal in the restaurant man's action. The Secretary of the Treasury is allowed by law to give out sheets of four \$1 notes before they are cut, to persons of good standing who may desire them as curiosities or souvenirs, in exchange for other money representing the face value of the notes.

* * *

WHISKEY makes you forget your trouble for a short time and then rubs it into you for a long time.

PARTS OF A WATCH.

THE minuteness of some of the screws made in a watch factory may be measured by the statement that it takes nearly 150,000 of a certain kind to weigh a pound. Under the microscope they appear in their true character—perfectly finished bolts. The pivot of the balance wheel is only one two-hundredths of an inch in diameter, and the gauge with which pivots are classified measures to the ten-thousandth part of an inch. Each jewel hole into which a pivot fits is about one five-thousandth of an inch larger than the pivot to permit sufficient play. The finest screw for a small-sized watch has a thread of 260 to the inch and weighs one one-hundred and thirty thousandths of a pound. Jewel slabs of sapphire, ruby, or garnet are first sawed into slabs one-fiftieth of an inch thick, and are shellacked to plates so that they may be surfaced. Then the individual jewels are sawed or broken off, drilled through the center, and a depression made in the convex side for an oil cup. A pallet jewel weighs one one hundred and fifty thousandths of a pound; a roller jewel a little more than one two hundred and fifty-six thousandths. The largest round hairspring stud is four-hundredths of an inch in diameter and about nine-hundredths of an inch in length.

* * *

A STRONG PEOPLE.

It now seems probable that not all the Innuits of Alaska are so small as has been supposed. Indeed, if one is to believe the tales of travelers who visited an island south of Bering Sea, these Indians must be classed among the tallest people in the world. The travelers' story is given in *Popular Science News*: On King's Island Indians were found who by their physical characteristics belong to the Innuvit or Eskimo family, having small black eyes, high cheek-bones and full brown beards which conceal their lips. The majority of the men are over six feet high and the women are usually as tall as and often taller than the men. These women are also wonderfully strong. One of them carried off in her birch bark canoe an eight-hundred pound stone, for use as an anchor to a whale boat. When it reached the deck of the vessel it required two strong men to lift it, but the Innuvit woman had

managed it alone. Another woman carried on her head a box containing two hundred and eighty pounds of lead. Both men and women are also endowed with remarkable agility. They will outrun and outjump competitors of any other race who may be pitted against them. Their strength is gained from very poor food, and they frequently travel thirty or forty miles without eating anything. They live on carrion fish and sea oil. The fish, generally salmon, are buried when caught, to be kept through the winter and dug up as consumption requires. When brought to the air they have the appearance of sound fish, but the stench from them is unbearable. In the matter of dwellings these Eskimos are peculiar. Their houses are excavated in the sides of a hill, the chambers being pierced some feet into the rise, and walled up with stones on three sides. Across the top of the stone walls poles of driftwood are laid and covered with hides and grass and lastly with a layer of earth. These odd dwellings rise one above another, the highest overlooking perhaps forty lower ones. Two hundred people live in the village.

* * *

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher recently told her class about the cruelty of docking horses. "Can any little girl tell me," she said, "of an appropriate verse of Scripture referring to such treatment?" A small girl rose and said solemnly, "*What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.*"

* * *

TAKING the census in Japan is a very original proceeding. Instead of counting the people they count the houses, to each of which they allow five inhabitants. As might be supposed, the result is only to be depended upon for its inaccuracy.

* * *

THE most highly paid actress on the London stage is said to be Miss Ada Rehan. Some time ago she refused a guaranteed offer of £200 a week for a year in America.

* * *

AFTER the wedding is over a Hungarian peasant bridegroom gives his newly made wife a kick in order that she may realize her subjection to him.

THE WHEN AND HOW OF BUTTONS.

THE button is comparatively a modern invention. Its earliest appearance, in its modern application, is found in the time of Edward I. As a trade of any importance the making of buttons dates back no further than the reign of Elizabeth, when, in connection with the newly invented buttonhole, buttons were often used as a means of holding garments together. These buttons were wholly a product of needlework, with the exception of the wooden mold. A manufactory for the making of brass buttons was established at Birmingham, England, in 1689, and that city soon became the center of the industry, and remains so to this day.

It is stated that Casper Wister manufactured brass buttons in Philadelphia prior to 1750. This is the earliest mention of button manufacture in the United States. The manufacture of covered buttons by machinery was not attempted in the United States until about 1827. Samuel Williston and his wife, of Easthampton, Mass., commenced covering buttons by hand. By the gradual introduction of machinery the industry grew.

The vegetable ivory button industry was introduced into the United States in 1859, when A. W. Critchlow, an Englishman, started a factory at Leeds, Mass. The raw material is the seed of the fruit of *Phytelephas Macrocarpa*, a low-growing palm of South America; the principal shipping point for which is Colon, Columbia. The seed is commonly known as the ivory nut, and is about the size of a hen's egg. The albumen is close-grained and very hard, resembling the finest ivory in texture and color. These nuts are either cut in halves, from which the buttons are sawed out, or sawed in small blocks, from which the larger buttons are formed. The vegetable ivory is especially adapted to the application of colors. The methods of manufacture of the vegetable ivory buttons have changed very little since the time of its introduction here, but great progress has been made in the dyeing of the buttons in various colors and patterns, and also in the finish, and to-day the products of the home factories rival the European product.

A peculiar branch of the button industry in the United States is the manufacture of campaign and society buttons, mostly from celluloid. An-

other kind which has been manufactured in large quantities during the last few years is the photo button. Buttons are also made from potatoes, and can not be distinguished from horn, ivory, and bone buttons save by careful examination. It is not commonly known that if the common Irish potato be treated with certain acids it becomes almost as hard as stone. A few years ago there was a factory in Brooklyn, N. Y., at which buttons, etc., were made from potatoes, but there is no record of its present existence. Buttons made from *skim* milk—casein—were introduced in London some years ago, and small quantities have been made in the United States. Buttons made from *blood* have also been on the market, and during the last decade buttons were made in Massachusetts from *Lamaniaria*, a brown seaweed. From the establishment of the United States Patent Office until the year 1900, 348 patents were granted for button machines and 1,355 for the making of buttons.

The most important branch of the button industry of to-day in the United States is the manufacture of pearl buttons. It embraces buttons made from mother-of-pearl and from the shells of the *Unio*, which are so abundant in the Mississippi River. The making of buttons from mother-of-pearl was introduced into the United States on a small scale about 1855.

The technical name for buttons made of mother-of-pearl is "ocean pearl," while those made from the shell of the *Unio* are called "fresh-water pearl" buttons.

In 1890 there was not a single fresh-water pearl button made in the United States. In 1900 the making of these buttons constituted the second most important branch of the button industry.

* * *

ESKIMOS NOT SMALL OF STATURE.

THE old tradition that the Eskimos are a people of small stature is without foundation. On the contrary, in Labrador, Baffinland and all around Hudson bay the height of the men is probably above rather than below the average of the human race, but as a rule the women, although very strong, are considerably shorter than the men. They are brave, industrious, provident and communicative, in all of which characteristics they contrast with the northern tribes of Indians.

THE MAY OUTLOOK.

FROM the reports of the 200 observers of the INGLENOOK we condense the following. It should be remembered that these monthly reports are, in the first of the season, not to be regarded as final. The next month may show up entirely different. The following statement may be regarded as correct.

The spring has been a cold and unfavorable one everywhere.

Planting was delayed in all sections. On June 1 farmers were planting corn from the Cumberland valley to Iowa. The corn in the vicinity of Chicago was up about two inches in places. The weather east was not only cold but dry. In the northwest conditions were more favorable. The prices of butter and eggs have been averaged in every case.

Pennsylvania shows a fair condition of crops, but short grass and none too good showing for wheat. Corn late. Average price of butter 25, eggs 15.

Maryland. Only fair, with short wheat crop in the east, better west. Butter 25, eggs 15.

Virginia shows a very poor wheat crop, and only fair in other crops. Too dry. Butter 20, eggs 13.

West Virginia. Crops show light, winter killed and dry. Fruit on high ground fair. Not encouraging in West Virginia. Butter 22, eggs 14.

North Carolina reports wheat poor and other crops fair. Butter 20, eggs 13.

Florida, dry, but hopes that fruit and truck will do well. Butter 30, eggs 20.

Ohio has been dry, but has had rain. Wheat good. Other crops fair to good. Outlook in Ohio favorable. Butter 18, eggs 15.

Indiana has been dry, but has had rain. Outlook from fair to good. Season started bad. Butter 16, eggs 14.

Tennessee reports wheat bad, but in other crops from fair to good. Butter 18, eggs 11.

Illinois reported season slow but that the outlook is from good to very good. Butter 16, eggs 13.

Michigan shows fairly good. Butter 22, eggs 18.

Minnesota. All reports show a wet season and the outlook good. Butter 18, eggs 13.

North Dakota. All reports show a wet season and say that the outlook is very good. Butter 18, eggs 10.

Texas reports only fair, wheat bad in places. Much variation in reports. Butter 25, eggs 15.

Alabama. Outlook good. Truck ready for market. Butter 33, eggs 15.

Louisiana in good shape. Butter 21, eggs 13.

Arkansas. Outlook very favorable. In good shape. Butter 16, eggs 11.

Missouri. Wheat good, dry but had rains. All reports point to a big crop. Butter 14, eggs 12.

Arizona "could not be better." Butter 33, eggs 20.

Iowa. Reports from Iowa are flattering. Good crops in prospect. Butter 21, eggs 14.

Nebraska. Dry first half, heavy rains later. Wheat from half to full crop. Outlook fairly good. Butter 17, eggs 12.

Kansas. At first dry, now wet, outlook from fair to excellent. If rains come later the State will be all right again. Butter 18, eggs 12.

Oklahoma. Very wet. Outlook most favorable, if nothing happens later. Butter 16, eggs 11.

Colorado. Started dry, now from good to very good. Butter 22, eggs 16.

Wyoming. Conditions fairly good, outlook fair. Butter 25, eggs 25.

Idaho. Wet, fairly good crops in sight. Butter 25, eggs 15.

Washington. Wet, and everything in good shape. Outlook good. Butter 23, eggs 15.

Oregon. Wet, and all things in excellent form. Butter 18, eggs 15.

California. Reports not in in most cases. Outlook as reported, good.

* * *

THE bottom of the Pacific, between Hawaii and California, is said to be so level that a railroad could be laid for 500 miles without grading anywhere. This fact was discovered by the United States surveying vessel engaged in making soundings with a view of laying a cable.

The Q. & A. Page.

What are the merits of the chain letter business?
It is a grand fraud, good to keep out of.

✱

Are Ian Maclaren's books recommended?
Yes, assuredly, if you can understand them.

✱

How are snails brought into the world?
They come from eggs, in a small perfect shell.

✱

From what did Mexico derive its name?
From a tribe of Indians calling themselves
"Mexico."

✱

Where can I best learn to prospect for gold?
In the company of one who has had experience
and who knows.

✱

What becomes of the cabbage worm?
It passes through the pupa stage as all other
moths and butterflies.

✱

Who and what were the "Yorkers?"
A religious sect not unlike the Brethren.
They are mainly in Pennsylvania with a few in
the west.

✱

What is a "cooter?"
A cooter, slider, terrapin, tortoise, and turtle
are different names for the same thing, according
to local usage.

✱

How long does it take a locust to become fully
developed from the time it emerges from the earth?
Those the Nook watched completed the entire
change in about an hour.

✱

Why cannot the Nook take birds or insects and
deal with them on the same plan as "How Plants
Grow?"

A good idea, and it will be considered.

✱

Is Pennsylvania a great manufacturing State?
Yes, it was second in the Union in woolen
goods in 1900. It has always been a great manu-
facturing State.

Would the Nook recommend the silkworm business to
young people?

No. It would be difficult to do, and hard to
find a market.

✱

Can a wild turkey's eggs be hatched at home and
the young raised?

They can readily be hatched but will go wild
every time, and may even take tame ones with
them.

✱

Is it possible for a poor talker to become a good
conversationalist?

Yes, if no impediment of speech exists. It is
necessary, however, to be much among people
with alert minds and ready tongues.

✱

Are eels a fresh water fish?

They live in all fresh waters but must have ac-
cess to salt water to breed. The little ones can
be grown in any closed pond but will not breed
there.

✱

Why have not the varying divorce laws been com-
pacted into one general law?

Mainly because it is impossible to get the leg-
islatures of the several States to see alike in the
matter.

✱

Two of us disagree and submit to the Nook wheth-
er butterflies grow from small to large ones.

They are born as big as they ever will be.
The same is true of the house-fly, but there are
different sized house-flies.

✱

How is the center of population in the United States
determined?

The entire country is represented as a plane
with the people standing on it and the pivotal
point where their weight would exactly balance
the plane is called the center of population.

✱

What is the story of Milo and the ox?

Milo was a great Grecian athlete before the
time of Christ. One of his feats was carrying
an ox on his shoulders as a demonstration of
his strength.

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The Home Department.

Kissing's No Sin.

Some say that kissing's a sin;
But I think it's none ava,
For kissing has wonn'd in this world
Since ever that there was twa.

Oh if it was not lawfu'
Lawyers wadna allow it;
If it wasna holy
Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,
Maidens wadna take it:
If it wasna plenty,
Puir folk wadna get it.

STONE HOUSE CAKE.

BY SISTER FANNIE HERSHBERGER.

TAKE one cup of butter, one and two-thirds cups of sugar, three cups of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, four eggs and one cup of milk. Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar slowly, then beat in the eggs one at a time, then the milk, and lastly the baking powder mixed in the flour. To one-half of the batter add one-half cup of currants, two thirds of a cup of raisins seeded and chopped, one teaspoonful of ginger, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon and two tablespoonfuls of syrup. Bake in four layers and when cold put together with icing.

* * *

GREEN BEANS.

BY MRS. H. P. ALBAUGH.

FOR two quarts of green beans put one cup of butter and lard into a kettle, and when very hot add one tablespoonful of flour. Brown well. Add one cup of water and then the beans. Stir well, cover with water, and when tender cook dry.

Chicago, Ill.

* * *

LEMON CRACKERS.

BY MRS. JOHN D. BONSAK.

TAKE six cups of flour, three cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of lard, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, and two tablespoonfuls of lemon extract. Roll, cut in squares with a knife, and bake in a quick oven.

Rock Lake, N. Dak.

PRESERVED CHERRIES.

BY MATTIE O. WEAVER.

TAKE one and one-half pints of seeded, red, sweet cherries, one-half pint of currants. When your pint measure is full of fruit pour water in to fill all the space between cherries. Bring to a boil with two pints of granulated sugar, and boil till thick enough. The more rapidly they boil, the nicer they will be. You can try a little on a saucer to tell when thick enough.

Hinkletown, Pa.

* * *

SALAD DRESSING.

BY SISTER M. E. ROTHROCK.

TAKE the yolk of one hard-boiled egg, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of mustard, one tablespoonful of drawn butter and two tablespoonfuls of thick cream. Mix thoroughly and add enough good vinegar to make a pleasant acid. This will make dressing enough for six persons. It is good for cabbage, lettuce, or cold potatoes.

Hartland, Wash.

* * *

CANNED STRAWBERRIES.

BY MRS. S. A. LONG.

MAKE a thick syrup, put in the berries and let them come to a boil. Can as usual but about a half-hour after sealing lay the can on its side and turn frequently until cool. If this is done the berries will mix through the juice, keep their rich color better and not rise to the top as they generally do.

Dayton, Ohio.

SPICED CURRANTS.

BY SISTER M. E. ROTHROCK.

To one gallon of prepared currants take three pounds of white sugar, one pint of good vinegar and one tablespoonful each of ground cloves, cinnamon and ginger. Put the vinegar in a porcelain lined stewpan. Add the sugar and let it melt. Put the spices into a thin muslin bag and drop into the syrup. Bring to a boil, skim and put the ripe fruit in and let come to a boil. Skim the fruit out, boil the syrup thick, and pour over the fruit. Place the spice bag in the top of the jar.

Hartland, Wash.

* * *

VEGETABLE SOUP.

BY SOPHIA E. GERBER.

COOK three or four pounds of good fat beef well-done and use the stock for soup. Take one pint of snaps or beans, one pint or more of cabbage cut as it is for slaw, one large or two small onions and one or two turnips—chop your onions and turnips,—one pint of corn cut from the cob, one pint of tomatoes peeled and chopped, pepper and salt to taste, and a little parsley and celery if you like the flavor. Cook all your vegetables well-done before you put your corn and tomatoes in. Boil just a little while after this, stir in a little batter and boil a few minutes. Then it is ready to serve.

Knightly, Va.

* * *

NOURISHMENT FOR THE SICK.

BY DELILAH HESS.

To one cup of cold sweet milk add one fresh raw egg, well-beaten, one teaspoonful of sugar and a little lemon or nutmeg to flavor. This is very nutritious and can often be taken when solid food cannot be eaten.

Marshfield, Mo.

* * *

FOR BURNS AND CUTS.

BY ELLA W. REIFF.

FOR burns mix equal parts of linseed oil and lime-water, and shake in the bottle until it is

like cream. To apply, pour on cotton and wrap with old linen or muslin. I keep cotton, muslin and cord around the bottle so it is ready in case of emergency. To make lime-water, pour hot water on unslaked lime and let settle, being careful not to inhale the fumes.

* * *

FINELY powdered rosin will stop the flow of blood, and heal an ordinary cut. Put on until a crust is formed and bind up with old white muslin.

* * *

To make a good and perfect chest protector take a piece of brown paper, lay on it half a sheet of wadding, and on top of this tack a pocket handkerchief, and it is ready for use.

* * *

The apple stimulates the action of the liver and aids it to produce a healthy bile flow, which, going onward in the digestive tract beyond the stomach proper, aids the smaller, narrower food-absorbing region, there to change all its oils and fats into the soaplike substance which is churned up into milky, lathery chyle, that is absorbed as fast as it is made into the blood vessels.

* * *

FOR rice waffles, rub through sieve two cupfuls of warm boiled rice, adding one tablespoonful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a seasoning of salt. Beat the yolks of three eggs with three gills of milk and add to the flour, working all well together. Add one ounce of melted butter. Add the well-beaten whites of the eggs and bake in a hot, well-greased waffle irons.

* * *

GRATE enough dry and rich cheese to measure four tablespoonfuls and mix it with one pint of whipped cream and one tablespoonful of dissolved gelatin. Season with salt, cayenne and a pinch of dry mustard. Mix thoroughly, then pour into small individual moulds and set away to harden. Serve with French dressing on crisp leaves of lettuce. Or, for another cheese salad, use cream cheese, forming it into small balls and pressing English walnut meats on two sides of these. Serve on lettuce and with the French dressing.

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EACH HAS HIS PLAYHOUSE.

A little boy with heart so light
Built for himself, with his blocks so bright,
A castle, and left it to stand all night;
But, ah! when he came to look next morn
All the joy from his heart had flown.
His house was wrecked and I heard him mourn:
"Somebody tore my playhouse down,
Somebody threw my blocks around,
Just as I got the work all done—
Somebody tore my playhouse down!

Mother spoke to her baby low:
"Hush, little dear! Don't you cry so!
This is the rule of life, you know;
You'll find as you travel the world around
Just when you get your work all done
Somebody'll tear your playhouse down.

"Somebody'll tear your playhouse down;
Somebody'll throw your blocks around;
Just when you get your work all done
Somebody'll tear your playhouse down."

This is the old world's ways with us all;
Often we've seen our castles fall,
See dream castles, fair and tall.
Weary we toil and plan alone;
Just as we think to claim our own
Somebody tears our playhouse down;
Somebody throws our blocks around;
Just as we get the work all done
Somebody tears our playhouse down.

—Puck.



OUR OWN HOME.

BY BOTH KATHI AND FRANK.

It was this way. We made up our minds out on the Pacific coast that we would go home from here. It was not that we were homesick, but because we thought we ought to be home helping with the spring work. Nobody suggested this to us, but we thought it out ourselves.

We are both sitting here taking turns in writ-

ing this farewell letter. A great many people who think they know everything are very sure that the Nookman was the "whole thing." It will perhaps not do any good to tell these critics any different, but it is a thoroughgoing fact that two people have been concerned in these letters and that a girl who answers to the name of Kathleen pencils these lines. But all that's a state secret that we don't have to tell. Moreover, when you sit down to a feast, it is not in good taste to inquire too closely as to the names and looks of the cooks. Now what we are saying is the solemn truth. This letter is written nearly a thousand miles east of Elgin, on the front porch of the writer's home.

Let us tell you what our home is like. For generations our people have lived here. Right back of our home is the mountain that doesn't look as big to us as it did. Then there is a broad green valley, then another mountain, while in between, for miles and miles, everything is as pretty as a picture. There are rounded knolls, tree-embowered homes of the historic valley, while springs bubble from under the trees, and rills rattle, brooks babble and creeks flow through the land.

When we got home we found everything unchanged. It was a blessed haven of rest. As we crossed the bridge over the run old Rover sighted us and instead of having forgotten us he pretty nearly had a canine fit at meeting with us again. Old Whiteface down in the meadow actually mooded, but that might have been accidental. The antics of the dog set the chickens to cackling, while our old gobbler grew red in the face and said something in Turkish, and the ducks quacked assent.

What a blessed place home is! The lilacs were gone, but the locust blossoms hung white and sweet, and on the table in the front room was a mass of red cabbage roses from the old

bush in the front yard. The pinks were glowing in the garden while the hollyhocks were doing their best to overtop the palings. The wheat in front of the house was a velvet sea of waving green.

They were all glad to see us but none gladder than we to get back. Travel has its advantages. It is an educator, but there are some things better than education. Some of the very best things worth living for lie around us, the gold dust of life, and the very fact of its being so close to us, often makes us forget its existence. Here at home are quiet and peace, health and happiness as far as may be. It is true our home may be not so palatial as some we have seen, the mountains are not so high, and the trees have not the grace of the palm, but they are our mountains, our own home, and our own trees. Be it ever so homely,—you know the rest of it.

On the evening of our arrival we turned over to our parents one hundred and seventy-five dollars, the unused portion of the money given us. We learned to travel and live well, yet not expend large sums of money. There's a knack in this that only experience gives. We have enjoyed ourselves, and thousands of readers, we have been assured, have followed us with pleasure and profit. We are glad we went, glad we saw what we did, and gladdest of all that we are back again safe and sound. Things look a good deal different to us now. We know that the sun does not rise and set in this valley.

Here I asked Frank what he had to say, and he says, "Tell them, good-bye." He says that what I have written is about what he would have said and he is willing to let it go at that. Unitedly we want to thank the great Nook family for the interest they manifested, and without absolutely knowing it we have felt encouraged by their unseen help, and now one and all,

Good-bye and Farewell,

FRANK AND KATHLEEN.

* * *

WOMEN AS INVENTORS.

BY SARA REESE EBY.

ALTHOUGH it is the general impression that women are more sentimental and imaginative than practical, the fact remains that many of the labor-saving inventions of the world must be

credited to woman. The Chinese Empress, Tao, for instance, worked out useful ideas in her fertile brain. She invented the spinning of silk 2,000 years B. C., never dreaming of the vast industry destined to grow out of her invention. A luxurious woman of Asia discovered that sweet and subtle perfume called Attar of Roses, and this same woman invented the handicraft by which was produced that marvel of lovely creations, the cashmere shawl.

The women who are kept from want by the making of pillow lace have reason to bless the name of Barbara Uttman of Saxony. Wood engraving was first done by the Cunio sisters, two Italian women. It was the widow of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, of Revolutionary fame, who made the first suggestion of the cotton gin afterward perfected by Eli Whitney.

This invention startled the world, revolutionized the agricultural methods of the South, intensified the slave interest and finally plunged the country into civil war in the interests of King Cotton.

The grandmother of the celebrated Clara Louise Kellogg invented an attachment to the loom machinery of mills, and another woman genius worked out a device for deadening the noise of railway trains. A Miss Knight invented the paper bag, and at once people wondered why so simple a thing had never been thought of before.

Madam De Long invented metal cutting machinery which has been used in France for some time. This machinery is worked by steam, and, from the solid metal, cuts out gates and other architectural work without casting. She has cut brass plates a foot thick into lattice work at a single operation, and has also made picture frames and lace pins, turning them out of the metal fully finished, every operation being performed by steam-driven machinery. She first conceived the idea of her remarkable invention over twenty years ago, when a paralysis of the right arm compelled her to give up her trade as a jewel worker. The first laureate crown ever offered to a woman has been bestowed upon Madam De Long by the Society of French Architects, in Paris. She has also received many medals from various Paris expositions.

Mrs. Barton Parnell, who has worked for over forty years in the Australian gold mines, has made fame and fortune for herself as an as-

sayer. She discovered the secret of treating ore before smelting it so that as much gold as brown-stone could be obtained from it. Mrs. Parnell intends founding, in England, a college for women, where they will be trained to be practical miners.

It is stated that there are very nearly five million women who are self-supporting in the United States alone, and it is difficult to find a branch of trade in which they are not doing successful work. In this country, as far back as 1790, a woman is said to have secured a patent but no information either as to her name or the nature of her invention can now be found. The first invention by a woman mentioned in the patent office reports is that of a device for weaving straw, with silk and thread, by Mary Kies in May, 1809. From the founding of our patent office in 1790 to October, 1892, three thousand, four hundred fifty-eight inventions were patented by women, nearly one hundred of whom were of foreign birth. Since October, 1892, many more inventions by bright women have been patented.

The wife of a New York banker perfected a machine for twisting wire rope, the patent for which she sold for fifty thousand dollars in cash, besides securing a royalty on all sales of the product. In the invention of baby carriages, toys, dish-washers, games, etc., women have been in the lead. Among simple inventions, simple *only* when once invented, is the attachment for sewing machines invented by Miss Helen Blanchard, out of which she made a fortune. A hand refrigerator-lunch-box invented by Miss Philips of Dorchester, Mass., promises to be a boon to those who enjoy picknicking. This box may be had in different sizes, the smallest holding, in a zinc-lined box about three pounds of ice, which it is said will last all day.

A Philadelphia woman is responsible for the invention by means of which hundreds of ready-made barrels are turned out in a day. These are furnished to sugar and oil refineries, at a comfortable profit.

Miss Montgomery, of New York, has made an enviable reputation as an inventor. As far back as 1864 she introduced an improvement in locomotive wheels, and, later, a patent was granted her for an improved war-vessel. A patent type-writer attachment was invented by Mrs. Mills of New York, who is closely identified with the

movement for the advancement of women in industrial occupations. Catharine Boost has recently patented a machine for sewing fur, which is said to be winning its way among manufacturers in that line. Another ingenious invention is the flexible wire-chain washboard, invented by Mary C. Burke, of Montpelier, Idaho.

Mrs. Bachelor is a famous inventor among women. Her earholder is a device intended to straighten out errant ears. She has also invented a spring or set of springs that may be attached to the teeth in such a manner as to relieve of their severity misshapen features, especially the mouth lines.

A working-man's dinner pail is an invention that brought a considerable sum to a Michigan woman.

It is claimed that from one barrel of Lima oil ten thousand feet of illuminating gas can be extracted, through a process patented by a young woman of Lima, Ohio.

Curious and even fantastic have been many of the inventions of women. For instance, no less than three women have taken out patents on so-called Corpse-coolers.

Also an improvement in cigars is the work of an Iowa woman.

Among useful things is the invention, by Mrs. Lena Sittig, of Brooklyn, of a new water-proof garment called the "duck's back." Its special claim to favor is the protection it affords to their skirts and ankles. Miss Cynthia West has patented an improved dumpcart which has been tested and works like a charm.

A great many others have taken out patents on great and small things, but the above suffices to show that women stand in line with their brothers in the great field of invention. And this is but the beginning. Within the past twenty years women have been more active as inventors, in this country, than they were in all the preceding years of the century. Nearly four hundred applications for patents were made by women during the last year. Knowing the progress made during the later years of this century, what may we not expect of the century ahead? The foregoing furnishes some idea of what "we" have accomplished, and of the field opened up before us. Who of us has not at times dreamed of the time when some inspiration should flash through our brain, whereby our

names might go thundering down the ages as inventors? But these dreams, with most of us, fade away and leave us bearing our everyday burdens, nowise unhappy because our names are not among famous women inventors.

West Elkton, Ohio.

* * *

FROM CAMP INGLENOOK.

WELL, Johnnie Johnson came and we broke camp. We had intended to remain but three weeks in the woods, as that is all the time we had at our disposal. That is one reason why we quit and another is that we had eaten up everything in sight and were living on ducks and fish. Sis said she felt as though she was going to grow feathers, while I felt that with another week or two of fried trout the bones would be sticking through my skin. I forgot to tell you before that Pa, being a botanist, found a large number of what I took to be puff balls, about as big as your two fists, though he had a long name for them. These cut down and treated as mushrooms were just as good to eat.

I wonder what would be the effect on people to live here for keeps along this lake. If you will look at the picture you will see the snow-covered mountains, and in the smaller picture you will see in the background a strip of white and this is a glacier. A glacier is nothing more than an accumulation of the snow and hail of the ages packed down into a thick mass, sometimes hundreds of feet through and miles broad slowly moving down the valley.

By the way I had a chance to stay in this country. Mr. Johnson, though that is not his name,—I really do not know what is his name or what my name might have been, but Pa called him Yohn Yohnson—made the following suggestion:

“You laik dis countree?”

I replied that I did.

“You laik stay in dis countree?”

And I replied that I did not know about that, whereupon Mr. Johnson volunteered the information that “A know where two pig homesteads can be had; git 'em togedder.” Now you can all see for yourselves how close I came to it. I told him to ask Sis, but that took the romance out of the thing for he actually did before we got to the station.

We were sorry to leave the camp as we were just getting beautifully tanned. In the long warm days of the coming summer we will often think of the cool shades of Lake Wenawatchee. It is never warm there, though sometimes the clouds of mosquitoes and gnats render life unbearable. We learned a recipe for preventing their attack and it is a good one. Take equal parts of tar and olive oil and, after mixing them, paint your hands and face with the mixture. This will effectually keep the insects away, and after a week or two of its use the skin, when the mixture is washed off, comes out beautiful—as smooth and clear as a baby's. It is only in the woods, that one can use this, on account of the looks. There is something in the tar that has a wonderful effect on the skin. I heard of it from a hunter at the station though we did not have occasion to use it.

Before we broke camp we stacked up all of our old tin cans and rubbish under the spreading branches of a pine tree, and if we are spared to come back there we can expect to find them just as they were left, for not enough people get in there to turn things upside down. This thing of living in the woods with all of its drawbacks has its charm. It would be an ideal place if we were within reach of magazines, daily papers and the like. Pa said we were forty miles from a paper, so you may imagine we were pretty well back from civilization.

Hoping to see the INGLENOOK when we get home I will close my letter, which has been written in a sleeper and will be posted at the first opportunity. We had a good time and hope we shall never have a worse one. MISS TOMMY.

* * *

SOME SUGGESTIONS TO THE FARMER BOYS.

BY MORRIS KELLER.

AT this time there is an increasing movement of young men from the farm to the city. I believe this to be detrimental to the interests of the individual and to the best interests of society.

A large number are divorced from the farm through attendance at college, where they acquire more or less superficial views of life. The schools intend to stir up the ambition of the student and develop his self-reliance, his ideals and

his power. In many cases it is overdone. These young men regard the rural community as too small a field for the full exercise of their talents. They must plunge into the midst of a crowd of competitors and by persistent efforts "show the tuff they are made of" in gaining the mastery.

The world is in a "rush." To succeed in anything one must specialize, and concentrate his faculties on his own pursuit with the most intense application. This is wearing. Young men are soon greyheaded. Many city people would be only too glad to enjoy the quiet peace of the country. Calling farmers "hayseeds," "simple," "ignorant," etc., is out of date and it ever made them so. As a rule, for purity, soundness and grasp, the rural mind is far ahead of the nervous city brain, and, especially in the matter of *original* thinking, will far outclass it. The superiority of city people over country people is mostly *assumed*.

Generally speaking, the city does not promote



CATTLE ON RANCH NEAR CONCORDIA.

religious life. Business holds first place. Many feel compelled to work on Sundays. I wish some of our city 'Nookers would give us articles in the different phases of city life, detailing both the advantages and disadvantages.

There is plenty of room for the ambitious young man in the country, and there is plenty to do. The social atmosphere needs purification. The moral and political standards should be raised higher. The church and Sunday school need you. You may derive more real satisfaction and pleasure, and accomplish more good in this work than perhaps any other. Do you love pleasure? What can give more pleasure than the society of pure intelligent young men and women? What

about outdoor sports,—hunting, fishing, picnicking, sleighing, etc.? These pleasures are yours to enjoy and yours alone. Besides all these, the farm home may be, and is, one of the greatest centers of human happiness. Is there musical talent in the family? Who can cultivate and enjoy it with a purer taste than the free rural family circle? Good books and magazines are within the reach of every home; the young man who chooses to read them in preference to "going to town" is wise.

The city soon loses all the charm it may at first create. The stone of the "sky-scrapers" possesses no beauty, the noise and confusion are very nerve-wearing and monotonous. Besides you see only a small part of the city. You soon find a route to and from your work and seldom change it.

Your future happiness demands earnest thought before you determine to leave the farm permanently. Look for the bright side. It is easily found.

Lincoln, Nebr.

THE MARKET MAN.

BY KATHLEEN.

THE marketman in rural Pennsylvania is an individual managing an institution not found all over the United States. It may be of interest to the NOOK family to describe his ways and means. Generally he lives in some railroad town or near by, and he drives a two-horse covered wagon. He has a route through the richer parts of the country and he makes schedule time as near as possible, once, twice or thrice a week. He has his regular customers, who have their produce in the way of butter, eggs, chickens or the like ready for him. These he buys, paying therefor a trifle less than the market price in town. Thus if butter is twenty-four cents a pound and eggs sixteen a dozen, he will pay twenty-three and fifteen respectively. He has not much opportunity of successfully evading the ruling price, as farmers read the papers as well as he does and know the quotations.

The marketman or huckster very often carries with him some of the more staple articles of household use which he furnishes at the regular price. Thus the woman on the farm may sell him butter and eggs amounting to two dollars,

and she may take of him sugar, thread, and matches to the amount of forty cents, taking the difference in money. Then she may remember that she would like a new broom and a kit of fish. He books the order and on his next trip has the articles with him.

In summer he may load his wagon before starting out with watermelons and a box of lemons or something of some similar character, which he will sell to the farmer's wife if he can. In winter he may have oysters and fish. Periodically he ships his accumulated produce to dealers in the city. The arrangement is an excellent one for all concerned, save to the village storekeeper who is not apt to see much beauty in the marketman's business. It is a well-established industry in Pennsylvania, though I am informed that it is not so well known in the west.



A FEW REMARKS ON SHORTHAND.

BY N. O. CONGER.

STENOGRAPHERS were known as far back as during the time of the Ptolemys of Egypt. One of the Ptolemys, we are told, had an amanuensis who wrote a sort of shorthand from dictation. Then, also, in the time of the great Roman Empire we have mention of letter writers using a somewhat improved system of rapid writing. But not until 1837 when Isaac Pitman of Bath, England, gave sound-hand or phonography to the world, do we come to a practical system by which thoughts can be recorded as fast as spoken. But, as is the case with nearly all beginnings, the system started by Isaac Pitman was rather clumsy. This was improved upon somewhat by his brother, Ben. Pitman, and others. These substantially are the Pitman systems in use to-day. There have been numerous modifications, improvements and one or two entirely new systems originated since then.

As to which of the many existing systems would be best adapted for one to take up, intending to make stenography a profession, I would say that one may become proficient in almost any one of the several systems now in use, if the proper amount of application is used. As to speed and legibility there is very little difference in any of the most popular systems of shorthand.

The Pitman systems are practically a back

number, principally because of the many sharp angles and unnatural strokes which take up time. The improved systems are much freer in that all the strokes are more natural and more like what we shorthand people call long hand or ordinary writing.

A great many schools are now advertising short and rapid courses in stenography, and while wonderful achievements have been made in that line and apt students after a short course in school are able to take ordinary dictation fairly well, the fact yet remains that in shorthand as in any other art, perfection is only attained by long and hard application. One seldom attains to court reporting and rapid work where it is necessary to take down 250 words per minute without at least four or five years of close and hard application, while a speed of seventy-five or one hundred words per minute may be attained in six months or a year.

The field of stenography, as at present known, is a recent development of our civilization, and like many other good things which have come to us with the past great century, it has come to stay. In many cases it is an absolute necessity. It is growing, enlarging and developing, and for the good stenographer there is an ever increasing demand. There are thousands of young men and women only half qualified for their work who are holding positions that they could not retain for twenty-four hours if good stenographers could be obtained. Why? The times demand people to fill positions, and many are content to become well enough equipped for the requirements of a low-priced position and get to work. If there are any chances for advancement such persons cannot take advantage of them. Why? They are not prepared. If we only knew it, amid the bustle and rush of Twentieth Century activity there is more time for preparation than we think there is. The demand for men and women to fill positions is not so great but that they can wait for us, or at least tide over until we become worthy of fifty or seventy-five dollars or more per month, rather than that we should struggle hard to hold down a position paying only twenty or thirty dollars per month. The efficient man, in no matter what line of activity, is the one who figures in the progress of the world's development.

McPherson, Kans.

KANSAS CYCLONES.

BY A. L. MILLER.

THE average Kansas cyclone can hardly be termed a cyclone, but is more properly a hurricane. Sometimes they assume the character of the genuine cyclone, funnel-shaped and traveling in a snake-like track. As a rule our average cyclone does little damage to the lives of people or stock but makes havoc of property and orchards.

In 1881 or '82 a cyclone passed through Anderson County, destroying a great deal of property. Persons who saw it say that it had the appearance of a vertical blue-black cloud, reaching from the clouds to the ground, bending and swaying with a rapid revolving motion. Where it touched the ground things appeared to observers to separate, wiped from the ground as by a fire, carried aloft and dropped in the rear of the storm as corn shucks are dropped by a whirlwind. The storm was followed by rain and hail in an immense quantity.

Several years later, on Easter Sunday, a cyclone passed over the same region. This was my first experience with a cyclone. Easter came late that year and garden vegetables were large enough to eat. Corn was up and everything in a prosperous condition. The day was extremely warm and sultry, and shortly after dinner a cloud began to rise in the southwest. At first it was apparently not much larger than a man's hat but in a few minutes it had grown in size and could be seen advancing at a rapid rate. In less time than it takes to tell it, it was upon us, but it did not strike the ground until several miles to the southeast of us, where it tore up a barn and a new house, and rose again.

As it passed over us it was but a mass of blue-black clouds, boiling, seething and whirling, and the air about us was very calm, but immediately afterward the wind began to blow and the trees fairly bent double. Then hail began to fall, followed by a heavy rain, destroying all the gardens and damaging corn and grain in all the fields.

About five years later, still another cyclone passed within a quarter of a mile of the former one. This one started about two miles west and south of us. At first it was a huge whirlwind, but before it had gone a mile it had assumed the proportions of a small cyclone. Where it passed

through the timber it cleared a path, over a rod wide, as clean as fire could have done it. One great elm tree that stood in its track had every limb twisted off, and the top was splintered as if by lightning. The cloud was funnel-shaped and traveled in a northeasterly direction, followed by little rain and no hail.

One of our neighbors had a long shed built on to the east end of the house, connecting the main part of the house with a small log house. Mrs. ——— had remarked but a few days previous to the cyclone that she wished a storm would come and tear the old shed down, and on the day of the storm she had just left the shed when the cyclone struck it. It had swerved by a few feet, missing the main house, and completely demolished the shed, grinding it into splinters, and, passing through the orchard, destroyed a row of fine apple trees. The apple trees were, of course, not included in the wish.

Olathe, Kans.

* * *

YELLOW POPPIES.

BY TIDERA.

OF course you have seen them, an occasional bunch here and there, but here, in California, with climate and situation favorable, we have them by the millions, and have adopted them as our state flower—*Eschscholtzia*,—named for a great naturalist and traveler.

As far as eye can reach is an immense sea of yellow bloom, giving welcome to all who come, and filling with hope the breast of the seeker after health. From about February the fifteenth the cars are loaded each day with people en route to the poppy fields. People carry them to all places. Churches, homes and stores are decorated with them. Brave dear little flowers of sunlight gold, with saffron eye, brown cross of Malta center and feathery green leaves! They have a big place in all our hearts and they make a most cheering picture to the stranger within our gates.

* * *

What is sometimes known as wisdom in older people is only indecision and fear born of a lack of mental alertness.

* * *

Anybody can be either rich or famous if he will pay the price. It will only cost one's soul.

THE COBRA, AND HOW I CAPTURED AND KEEP ONE.

BY S. N. M'CANN.

PERHAPS one of the most deadly snakes in the world is the Indian cobra. He is not large, but something like our blacksnakes, and looks so much like a blacksnake when gliding along, that if it were in West Virginia you would not think of any other snake than a blacksnake until you examined the head or saw him stand up and spread his neck and blow like a gander, but with a little coarser sound.

The natives are especially superstitious in reference to the cobra. They often worship him, and would by no means kill one. They fully believe that the cobra can talk. When he bites anyone they believe that that one in some way has trespassed upon the cobra's rights, and that if they will ask him why he will always tell them. Our head carpenter tells of three persons who were bitten and asked why and the cobra answered, giving reasons why he bit them.

Three days ago, at Jhagada, a village where we have about twenty-seven children in care of a native Christian, a large cobra came up and struck a native man in the fleshy part of the thigh while he was asleep in bed. The Doctor, a state physician, in charge of a hospital at the place, was called at once. He told me that he applied the chicken remedy, that is he applied the naked part of the chicken to the bite. Thirteen chickens died in being applied thus, and by that time the man was also dead. I relate this true instance to show the deadly venom of the snake.

Some weeks ago, in going to one of our out-stations, twenty-five miles away, we captured a very large cobra. About nine o'clock in the morning on the second day out, just ahead of our bullock cart on the road bank about eight feet high I noticed a snake, and called to the cart driver to stop. He did so. I at once made a snare of a strong string and tied it to a stick about three feet long. Then I took a very broad hoe, in order to ward off the stroke of the snake. The driver had seen the snake and said "A nog!" "A nog!" meaning a cobra, a cobra. He insisted that I should not go near, but I told him to give me his ox goad, a bamboo stick about three or four feet long with a sharp nail

in the end of it, protruding about one-half inch. The snake had noticed our commotion and crept into a hollow-sided tree, and coiled himself in a hole about two feet from the ground. He was there ready to spring upon any intruder. I came up with my broad hoe as a shield, and with the ox goad I pinned him fast to the tree at the first thrust I made at him. I then slipped the snare over his neck and loosed the goad, expecting to have quite a pull to get him out. To my surprise he shot out at me like an arrow, but, my snare being short, I controlled him easily. I thought I would walk to the village and carry him, but soon I thought of the superstitious reverence of the people and I got into the ox cart, letting my cobra hang out behind, with a blanket thrown over him to hide him. As soon as the blanket was thrown over him he grasped it like a dog and hung fast until I loosed him. He had made the blanket quite wet with saliva and poison where he had hold of it. I put him in a basket with a lid and brought him home, chloroformed him and put him in alcohol where I still have him.

I have received much advice never to try to capture another cobra. When I had this one I let him on the ground with the snare. He tried in various ways to get to me, he tried to wrap himself and draw his head up to me, but I had him secure. He made no effort to get away, as a rattlesnake will do when you snare him.

When I brought him home and put him on the ground to chloroform him he stood up about two feet and spread his neck, blowing and trying to get at me. This frightened little Henry very much. He cried, and his mother had to take him where he could not see. He had never been afraid of anything like that before that time but since then he has been afraid.

Anklesvar, India.

INTERESTING THINGS IN LANCASTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

BY M. T. KING.

IN a recent trip to the southern part of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, we had the pleasure of seeing what is known as the "Fulton House." This house is located near the village of Little Britain, and is the birthplace of Robert

Fulton, the inventor of the first successful steam-boat in America.

It is built of limestone, and, while it appears odd and somewhat dilapidated, as one may view it from a little distance, we were informed that it is still a substantial structure, so much so that the people who occupy it at present seem to live very contented. They are not descendants of the Fultons, hence we could not find out the exact time when it was built; but as Robert Fulton was born in 1765 it may perhaps date back well on to two hundred years.

Robert Fulton's parents emigrated to this place from Ireland. Afterward they removed to Lancaster City. In 1772 this property was sold to

and a large amount of freight daily. The track is only three feet wide and the cars are small.

Denton, Md.

THE ILLUSTRATION.

OUT in Kansas and Colorado, along the line of the Union Pacific Railway, there are many ranches where sheep are raised on the boundless prairies. The buffalo grass cures into a natural hay, and this affords an ideal pasturage for sheep. In the picture is shown a flock of five thousand herded in the corral. The business is a profitable one, though somewhat monotonous. The sight of these sheep, spreading out over the prairie, cropping the succulent grasses



SHEEP RANCH, EASTERN COLORADO, FIVE THOUSAND SHEEP IN FLOCK.

a Joseph Swift, grandfather to the Swift family who own and occupy it at present.

Another curiosity that we observed while at the Fulton house was a narrow-gauge railroad, which is not over a hundred yards distant from the above named place. This railroad extends from Oxford to Peach Bottom, a distance of twenty miles. At both points it connects with the Pennsylvania Railroad. It is known as the Lancaster, Oxford and Southern Railroad.

There is only one locomotive used on this road at a time. Compared with the locomotives on our main lines it is simply a toy, yet in appearance it is up to the standard, and it is kept in perfect working order. We were informed that over this short road are taken many passengers

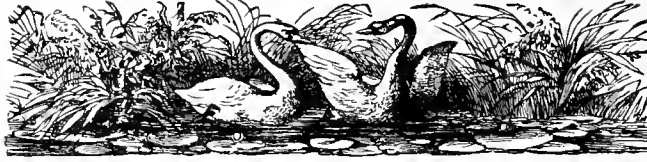
is always an interesting one to the eastern visitor. Visitors are always welcome at these places, as they relieve the monotony and make life on the plains more bearable.

Don't worry over a man's inordinate vanity. He is made that way. Rather give him a ladleful of the black molasses of adulation.

There is no such thing as moderate drinking of rum. It's only a question of degree between the one glass man and the sot.

People generally find what they look for, therefore look for the best.

NATURE



STUDY.

SOME BIRD TALK.

BRO. D. L. MILLER, of Mt. Morris, Illinois, writes the INGLENOOK as follows:

"I have in my yard, about twenty-five feet from my library window, a pail of water constantly kept full for the birds. You ought to see my collection. Now I have a pair of red-headed woodpeckers coming to drink and bathe. A few days ago I scattered a handful of corn around the pail in the grass. Mr. Red-headed Woodpecker immediately began carrying away the corn grain by grain. He hid it under the bark of a tree a hundred yards away, under the shingles of a neighboring house, in an old apple tree and in the cracks of a telephone pole. The whole thing was a surprise to me. I did not know that Mr. Red-Headed Woodpecker stored away any food.

"Crows and blackbirds are plentiful in my yard, but they do not disturb the corn. I was told years ago that these birds pulled up the sprouting corn and ate the grain. I now doubt it."

There is no more interesting study than that of birds and their habits. And the whole field of natural history is interesting. He is a dull man indeed who does not find something in God's creatures to admire and think about.

A member of the woodpecker family hiding grain in chinks and similar places is a very common instance. On the edge of a forest surrounded by a rail fence it is not an uncommon thing to find a crack in a rail packed full of acorns put there by the woodpecker, the yellow-hammer, or others of that family.

The Nookman does not think that the birds remember these places, and he regards the action as being more automatic than anything else. The reason for this belief lies in the fact that the woodpecker in confinement will wedge acorns and similar nuts between the bars of his cage, showing that it is more so-called instinct than any provision against the winter. The birds who remain in our country throughout the winter have

a habit of consulting all likely places where nuts or grains have been cached, and then take what they find whether or not they have had anything to do with the storing.

The instinct among animals to hide things is very strong. The writer once had a red squirrel and let it out of the cage one night in the kitchen. There was a half-bushel of hickorynuts in a bag and by morning, at breakfast time, the hickorynuts were all taken out of the bag and hid in every conceivable corner all over the lower part of the house. A pair of shoes under the stove was filled, a row was placed under the tablecloth, and wherever there was a likely or unlikely place to put a nut the little animal had taken advantage of it. There seemed to be no attempt at concealment but simply a desire to store things away. It is altogether probable that the apparent aimless running about of squirrels and animals is an automatic search after these hidden provisions whether laid away by themselves or others.

BOLD MONKEY SLEW SNAKE.

At Bangalore, India, not long ago a battle between a monkey and a snake was witnessed by a party of Europeans. The reptile, a cobra, was enjoying a sun bath near the highway, far from the beaten track of jungle travel, when the monkey espied him and deliberately put an end to his siesta by hurling at him every missile he could find. The snake wriggled awhile under the punishment, and then in a fury gave chase to the monkey. The little Simian was far too agile for the reptile, however, and kept him at a safe distance until a pile of rocks was reached. On this the monkey calmly perched, with his back against a boulder, and awaited the onslaught.

The snake came on in blind rage, and again and again struck at the monkey, who dodged every blow, allowing the venomous head to strike the rock at his back. The cobra seemed more and more infuriated as he battered himself against the boulder, and at last, bleeding and exhausted,

lay at full length with every fighting instinct subdued. This was the monkey's opportunity. Seizing the snake by the neck he quickly rubbed the head off against a sharp point of rock, and then climbed a tree and chattered gleefully at the admiring human spectators, who showed their appreciation of the spectacle he had afforded by leaving a banquet of Indian corn and sugar cane for the victor.

* * *

HORSE SAVES TWO DROWNING GIRLS.

AGNES and Pauline Bain, aged 14 and 11 years, respectively, attempted to ford Cicero Creek on horseback last evening. The horse's feet became entangled and he threw the girls into the stream. Pauline had sunk twice when her sister caught her by the hair and the horse swam to them.

The elder sister caught the beast by the tail with one hand, and, holding Pauline with the other, they reached the shore safely. The horse started home on a gallop and neighed as if in great trouble, which attracted the attention of its owner on its arrival. The animal immediately whirled around and went in the direction of the little girls with great rapidity, with the parents in pursuit, and they were met making their way homeward bound. The horse ran up to them, rubbed his head on the little ones' shoulders and nickered as if he was very glad they were alive. Only a short time ago Mr. Bain offered the animal to a dealer for \$100, but the sale was not consummated. Since the heroic deed of the animal in saving his daughters' lives he refuses any price, and avers that at the death of the animal a monument will mark his grave.—*Daily Tribune, Newcastle, Ind.*

* * *

VEGETABLE PYTHON.

SUCH is the clusia of tropical forests, which, instead of growing up from the ground, grows down to it from the tops of other trees.

Its seed is provided with a pulp very pleasant to the taste of many birds, and it is carried from tree to tree by them and deposited on the branches. There it commences to grow, by putting out innumerable delicate roots that look like small streams of pitch flowing down around the tree trunk. When they reach the ground they be-

gin to harden and spread wider and wider, throwing out side branches, which run together and unite, until the whole tree is bound with a series of irregular living bands. The bark between them bulges out and tries to overlap, but the clusia prevents this by making its roots more numerous and wide.

As the tree becomes more tightly bound its leaves begin to fall, and finally it is strangled to death. After a few years it rots to the ground, leaving only the clusia's column of tangled roots to mark the place where it stood.—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

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THE LEATHER TURTLE.

THERE was captured recently on the coast of California, near Santa Barbara, a huge turtle of a kind never seen before by the fisherman, who found it entangled in the kelp from which it was trying to extricate itself. It proved to be the little-known sphargis coriacea, or leather turtle. Living in the high seas and apparently at home in all waters, the sphargis has so successfully eluded the investigations of man that little more has been learned about him than that he is the largest and rarest of the five known species of marine turtles. The Santa Barbara specimen weighed a short five hundred pounds and measured five feet nine and a half inches from the end of the nose to the tip of the tail. They have been known to weigh 1,200 pounds or more.

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ANIMALS IN TURKEY.

IN Turkey the partridge is detested because once it betrayed the prophet to his enemies, and its legs are red because they were dipped in the blood of Hassan. If a man kills a panther he is imprisoned for twenty-four hours and then is handsomely rewarded. The crane is respected, and it is a crime to kill it.

* * *

GOATS THAT CLIMB TREES.

IN the Atlas mountains of northern Africa there are goats which climb trees to browse on the foliage. Some of them have been seen standing erect on the branches thirty feet from the ground, while others were lazily reclining on the boughs gently rocked by the wind.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY...

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois.

The subscription price of the Magazine is one dollar a year. It is a high-class publication, intended for the Home, and for the interest, entertainment and information, of old and young.

Articles intended for publication should be short, of general interest, and nothing of a love story character or with either cruelty or killing, will be considered.

Manuscript submitted to the Editor will be at the entire risk of the writer, and its return is not guaranteed.

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Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled.
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

—Browning.

THE HIGH PRICE OF MEAT.

THE whole country at the present writing is involved in a discussion over the price of meat. It is claimed that the packers have combined to purchase for a small price and sell for a greater one, and that through this beef trust the prices of meats have raised proportionally. Their case is now in the hands of the United States Courts in order to test their right to combine against the public welfare.

While there is no doubt about the combination there is also another side to be remembered, and that is that it is not wholly due to the trust that beef is high in price. A year or so ago there was a drought that practically suspended the development of all forage crops. Streams ran dry, springs failed for the lack of moisture, and the man with a large number of cattle foresaw that he would be unable to feed his cattle during the

winter and hurried his unripe cattle to the market. Those who knew predicted that in a short time high-prices would rule because of the scarcity of stock. It is altogether likely that these high prices will continue until under more favorable circumstances the production of cattle is rendered facile again by reason of increased and better pasturage. However, there are fewer cattle in the United States now than there were ten years ago, and the chances are that the high price will continue in this country, perhaps permanently. At the present time the packers are in court with the Government and people everywhere are complaining of the high price of meat, and all stockyard products. The chances are that these conditions will not change for a long time and may never permanently settle back to old times of cheap cattle and cheap meat.

MOUNT MORRIS COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

COMMENCEMENT week at Mt. Morris College was a very busy one. There were ten regular graduates, nine of whom were members of the Brethren church. Sunday morning there was a missionary sermon on "Our Present Opportunity," in which the speaker dwelt very forcibly on the need of development in the rank and file of the church. In the evening the baccalaureate sermon was delivered by W. B. Stover. His subject was "Quit You Like Men." It was a very able effort, long to be remembered.

On Monday evening the Commercial, Short-hand and Art students were treated to a special lecture on the subject "Not Machines but Men and Women." After the lecture the class with a few friends retired to the dining room of the College where ice-cream and cake were served. There were a number of speeches made by persons present.

Commencement day—Tuesday—the ten literary graduates made their addresses and some sixty different graduates in the various departments received their diplomas. There was the usual large crowd and the exercises were of more than ordinary interest.

The institution has done excellent work in the past and is better equipped than ever for the future.

OUR FRIENDS.

SINCE the INGLENOOK started there have been friends who were not slow in recognizing its merit, and testifying thereto in some very pleasant ways. There is an INGLENOOK creamery, an INGLENOOK cottage, an INGLENOOK club, an INGLENOOK radish, and now we have been informed that in the east an enterprising Nooker has chosen the word NOOK for the name of a newly-made postoffice. All these things show that our NOOK is appreciated wherever it is known

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"WHERE WAS THE NOOKMAN?"

"COUSIN NORRIE," in a very pleasant letter, says that the above question with all the variations was on the lips of many Nookers at the late Annual Meeting at Harrisburg, Pa., and that great was their disappointment on learning that he was not able to be present, but that the dear Brother who told them this gave them such a good talk, telling them so many things of interest to them as Nookers that the meeting was very much enjoyed. She also serves notice that if the Nookman is permitted to attend the next Annual Meeting he will be expected to tell things about Gaggle Goo that have never appeared in the NOOK, and kindly expresses the wish that his health will allow him to meet the great family of Nookers next year.

* * *

THE attention of the NOOK family is called to an advertisement in this issue of the INGLENOOK relating to people who expect to travel. The offer made therein is extended to every member of the NOOK family, or friends thereof. It is done with the view of helping our friends, and we trust it may be of service to them. For short trips along one line of railroad we can be of no service to anybody, but on through trips across the country it is likely that we may be of use to those who apply. Do not ask about going unless you expect to go, and know how many there will be, whether one or more.

* * *

THE Elgin Novelty Company is turning out some handsome paper weights with pictures of our buildings and public institutions of the church. They are decided acquisitions to any office or library.

SAYS THE NOOKMAN.

Pride costs us more than food.

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Pay as you go or don't go at all.

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Pick up things by the smooth end.

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Don't burn your own house down to roast your eggs.

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Wash your hands before you point out my spots.

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Better revel in bright dreams than mope in despair.

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If you are going to scatter thistles you ought to go barefoot.

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Nearly every bushel of chaff has a grain of wheat in it.

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Some sermons are a flood of words with only a drop of reason.

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Don't undertake to please everybody. You will not live long enough.

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Advice unsought, and gratis experience are hardly ever valued highly.

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If you were hungrier you would complain less about your home cooking.

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Men and women have their playthings as well as children, only they cost more.

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When two men arguing get cross both are wrong; if one loses his temper that is the one in the wrong.

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Adversity, prosperity or rum, put nothing new into a man. They simply bring out prominently what is naturally in him.

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Look out, girls! If he wants to die for you it is likely that he will not be able to earn a living for you.

GAGGLE GOO TALKS.

It has been a good while since I wrote you a letter. I'm going to now, again. I've been busy all the while. First I do one thing, then another, and they interfere a good deal with most that I want to do. My life's made up of don't and you mustn't nows. I'm learning their talk, too. It is the funniest thing! What really is a "mooch" they call a dog, and a "maion" they call the cat. The baker man who comes to our house, said that he would give me a cookie if I said "cake." I said it and he gave me one.

What is the most interesting thing that happened here for a long time is alive and kicking. He is my little "Buddie." The storks brought him one night when I was asleep in my little bed. When my Pa carried me down stairs there he was beside my Ma. He was a little, red-faced, blinky baby. He was asleep, but they left me look at him, and I kissed him, and took to him from the very start. His head is loose, but that doesn't matter much, and he is awfully wabby on his legs when they stand him up. He doesn't do much but sleep and drink milk out of one of my old bottles. But he doesn't howl and cry, not even nights. His eyes go crisscross when his head wabbles, and once when he looked at me he laughed a three-cornered laugh, and seemed to know me. Maybe he did.

I get to do lots of things now that a while ago they wouldn't think of letting me do. The other day they were talking to Buddie and I slipped out into the dining room, pushed a chair up to the table, crawled up, and ate about half a pound of butter before they began to look for me. If Buddie holds out I expect to have better times than I have had. He's funny, too. Once they let me put the milk bottle to his mouth, and he took right hold, drank a little, and then dropped off to sleep, and laid there with his mouth open. I wonder if I was ever as little as that. They take as much care of him as though he was made of glass. But as I said, they can't be all the time tagging after me, now. When I am a little bigger I will be able to reach the cupboard latch from a chair. I can't now for I tried several times. Since they filled the sugar bowl on the kitchen table with salt, and then left me alone with it, I have learned where they keep the sugar. If I once get at it there'll be a sweet time in our

house. Buddie is too wabby on his legs to have fun with me, but if he grows up, we will have the time of our lives. He doesn't do anything now but sleep nearly all the time.

Wherever Buddie came from, or whoever brought him, they forgot to have him fitted out with teeth, and he has no hair to speak of. His eyes are all right, but they're blinky, and, as I said, his head's loose. They think more of Buddie now than they do of me. He's a roll of fat. When he gets his bath in the evening, and they lay him on the floor, on a big pillow, he just kicks and laughs at nothing at all. Then he goes to sleep. Maybe I'll tell you about him from time to time. I'm learning, too, and as we are such good friends, I'll tell you. Never try to pull the cat out from under the stove by the tail. The scars are on the back of my hand yet.

* * *

YOU KNOW HIM.

I REALLY do not know his name in your neighborhood but I can tell you what he looks like and describe him so that you will know who is meant. O yes, he is a brother all right enough but you never would know it by looking at him. The tailor made his clothes and the barber fixed him up, and if he was allowed to have his own sweet will he would wear finger rings and who knows but that he might have his ears pierced. He has a flashy cravat and sometimes he attempts a white one. Occasionally he wears a flower in his buttonhole, and he looks more like a fashion plate than he does like a brother.

Really he is a pretty good fellow and he can't help what he is doing. It is pretty generally recognized that he would make more fuss and trouble if he were put out of the church than to keep him in; so he is allowed to remain. The NOOK poses him as a sort of frightful example of what some people do when they are left alone.

Generally he thinks that if the restrictions were less rigid and the church would swing into line with other people there would be a great many more accessions than now. He does not know any better, and it is just as well to let him alone in his belief. He is harmless. Some people develop slowly and it is just possible that as the years go by he will gradually change from what he is to a real member. In the meantime do

not harrow him up with any talk or advice. He is like a calico horse in the barnyard—pretty good for all of his looks.

Now, what is his name with you?

* * *

AND HER.

YES, she is a member too. Don't look like it, you say? Oh, yes, I know that but she cannot help it. If she had half a chance she would have a hat on with old-fashioned hollyhocks all around it. Indeed, it has been said that she has one somewhere at home. It is whispered that when she went to Pittsburg she landed with a bonnet on her head and a box in her hand, and walked out of the station with a hat on her head. But then, we can never believe half we hear: maybe it isn't true after all. She is not one little bit like her ma. Her ma has good common sense, and maybe Araminta will come around herself one of these days. Just now she is a thorn in the side of Uncle Jake, the ruling elder. He has talked to her until he is tired and until she cried, and then the next Sunday she blossomed out just the same.

Now, the NOOK has a kindly side for her. Just let her alone awhile. She will get married one of these days and then she will settle down for good. And as she gets older and children have come she will give it as her opinion that if her neighbor's daughter wants to be a sister she had better be one and not have so much foolishness about her dress. Furthermore, she will add that there is no use whatever in having laws and making decisions unless they are carried out. Yea, verily, the world will look different to Araminta thirty years after this. In the meantime the NOOK beams on her kindly.

* * *

DUNKARD CREEK.

BY WILBUR STOVER.

IN the southeastern corner of Pennsylvania there is a creek called Dunkard creek and a township called Dunkard township. These things having aroused my curiosity, I began to make inquiry as to the reason of these names, even before I got there, but no one could give me any satisfaction. As I came near the place I was more surprised to learn that there were no members at all living in the vicinity of this

creek. Yet I thought I would like to wade it or do something.

Finally a good brother said he could give me the information I was seeking. He was the man I had been looking for and I give you his story as he gave it to me:

Long years ago when the Indians had full possession of the hills and vales of western Pennsylvania, a brother and his family emigrated to the far west, to Greene County, Pennsylvania, and made their home there by the side of this creek. They lived there for some time and were respected by all who knew them. They told, as to their religion, who they were and what they believed. One time when the Indians were on a raid, doing all the damage they could to everyone, they murdered the whole family of these good people by the side of this creek, and while the names of the people are known to no one, the creek and the township are, to this day, called in memory of the religion of these early settlers. It is again the story of a good man and his religion.

Waynesboro, Pa.

* * *

HOW TO BUILD A TELEPHONE LINE.

BY D. A. CLAAR.

GLANCING at the advertisements in the INGLENOOK I noticed, among other things advertised, telephone instruments.

One can never estimate the advantages of a rural telephone line, yet those in use are strangely few. While millions of dollars are spent in the large cities in equipping the large telephone exchanges, there are comparatively few rural communities where a line could not be built and maintained.

Let us do some calculating. No. 11 wire costs about two dollars and seventy-five cents per hundred pounds; two hundred pounds makes a mile. Thirty poles to the mile are required. These can be bought for fifteen cents each, or four dollars and fifty cents per mile. Insulators cost about two and one-half cents each, or seventy-five cents per mile. Brackets are worth about two cents each, or sixty cents per mile. Nails for fastening would not cost over twenty-five cents. Summing up, we have the cash cost per mile, eleven dollars and sixty cents.

Almost any man can put up the poles, which should be set four feet deep, and should not be less than twenty-four feet long, and four or five inches thick at the top. A good splice in the wire at joints, which should all be soldered, and you soon have a line. A ladder can be used in tying up the wire.

The most essential thing on the line is good instruments. The best to use is a bridging instrument. This can be bought for twelve dollars and fifty cents. The most skilled workmen are employed in building the instruments. All companies furnish instructions for setting up phones, which are so simple that it is an easy matter.

As many as twelve phones will work very satisfactorily on one line, and twenty are doing well on the one wire with which I have the privilege of connecting. Without difficulty I installed seven on this line, each one of which pays twelve dollars per year, which, with the toll received at the home office amounts to one hundred dollars per year. The line has not cost more than two hundred dollars, thus paying a handsome amount for the amount invested. I speak of this to show what can be done.

The purchasing agency could furnish all the material needed, or it could be had from any telephone supply house.

Queen, Pa.

* * *

PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

BY LIZZIE FORNEY.

PHOENIX, interpreted, means rising from the ashes. Many years ago, so the story goes, a major part of the town was burned down and afterwards rebuilt, hence its name. This beautiful city is situated near the center of the Salt River valley, at an altitude of 1,080 feet. It has 17,000 inhabitants, consisting of nearly all races, whites and Mexicans predominating.

Phoenix has three large school buildings, and a \$30,000 high school building is now under construction. The city has two wholesale houses, two ice factories, three planing mills, two creameries, four banks, twenty-one hotels and three public halls. There are several Chinese and Turkish stores. Most of the restaurants are run by Chinese.

Near the end of Washington street is the new

capitol building, a very beautiful one. The surrounding grounds comprise ten acres which are beautified by a tasteful arrangement of native forest, and tropical trees, fan and date palms, and flowers, all well kept and irrigated by a gardener employed for the purpose. The courthouse and city hall are also fine buildings with beautifully-kept grounds.

Nearly every residence is surrounded by the broad canopy tops of the umbrella trees. Mexican-town abounds in adobe houses. These are not sod, but what is called adobe soil is mixed into mud and shaped like brick and dried in the sun. It gets very hard. After the houses are finished, plastered on the outside, and doors and window frames painted, they present a very neat appearance and last for years if put up right.

One can never go on the streets of Phoenix without meeting numerous Indian women, carrying their wares around for sale. Sometimes they are seated on the sidewalk, with their goods on exhibition. Among other things they sell is the olla, used in the summer for hanging up to hold water. They are so constructed that the water seeps out through them and is kept cold. They look something like the oriental water pots, that are used in Palestine, large at the bottom and small and flaring around the top.

Near Phoenix is the Indian training school, where the children are not only taught "book larnin'" but the girls are taught housekeeping and the boys are taught business and men's work. The boys are also drilled as soldiers, and they have a band which is very skillful.

Near the Indian school is the asylum for the insane, costing \$100,000. The grounds surrounding the building are very attractive, waving palms and blooming roses bordering the numerous walks and driveways.

Five miles southeast of Phoenix is the noted Heard and Bartlett ranch of several thousand acres, where fifty men are employed the year round. They have a fence gang that has been busy building fences for over a year.

Between Phoenix and Glendale, on the Grand Avenue road is the government experiment station. Last year a successful crop of cotton was raised here, the first ever raised in the valley. Convenient to Phoenix is the largest ostrich farm in the United States, with one thousand birds.

Some people imagine Phoenix a resort for

cowboys and outlaws, but I have never been in a more quiet town. I have only seen one fight and two drunken men in my three years' sojourn her. The Mexicans are a quiet, peace-loving people, and noted for their honesty. We never hear loud, boisterous talking, and the large transient population, composed of tourists and health-seekers, gives the city a very busy appearance. Everyone seems to have some important aim in view. The business men always know a "tenderfoot," as the easterner is called. One can buy things as cheaply in Phoenix as anywhere if he happens to know the price. Hardware is expensive, owing to the enormous freight rates, as the Santa Fe, Prescott and Phoenix Railway Company has no opposition.

The city of Phoenix at present is very attractive, and one visit will attest the fact.

Phoenix, Ariz.

DAMMING A DRAW.

Out west where there is an uncertainty about rain and waterfall it is the custom, where opportunity offers, to construct a dam across a "draw," what in the east would be called a hollow or ravine, and this when filled with water constitutes not only a place for stock to drink, but also a means of irrigation, under which this western country blossoms like the rose. The picture is from the Land Department of the Union Pacific Railway.



ARTIFICIAL POND MADE BY DAMMING A DRAW.

BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS.

THE INGLENOOK recently had the pleasure of being in receipt of a small box containing live moths from Nebraska. The writer, a very intelligent brother, states that they were exceptionally numerous this year, and that, being a member of the NOOK family, the Nookman might tell something about their history.

The butterfly and the moth families are very closely related. They constitute one of the great divisions into which insects are separated scientifically. They belong to the Lepidoptera. This word is derived from two Greek words signifying a scale and a wing. In other words the wings of all moths and butterflies are covered with scales which almost everybody has rubbed off between his fingers. Under the microscope they show like a badly-shingled house, the shingles overlapping one another. Taking the wing of a butterfly and rubbing these scales off between your thumb and forefinger would be very much as though a giant were to pick you up and rub all your clothes and skin off of you as a sort of experiment.

All butterflies and moths run pretty much the same course of life. Butterflies without exception are day fliers while moths are mainly, but not always, nocturnal in their habits.

They lay their eggs near places where food is available for the caterpillar which hatches from the egg. These caterpillars have a most voracious appetite and do nothing but eat continually. They soon outgrow their skins which they shed and eat again, repeating the shedding process from five to ten times according to their variety.

When the period arrives for the worm to pass into the pupa state, it sets about building a cocoon, which it proceeds to do always after the same pattern. That is to say, the common yellow butterfly of the mud-holes always makes one kind of cocoon and every other variety one of its own kind.

It is then an apparently lifeless organization, showing no motion unless disturbed in some way. Really, however, the occupant of the cocoon is very much alive. And in the course of time, which may be from a few weeks to several years, according to the variety, he emerges from his home fully developed, and ready for every duty of life.

The first thing they do is to proceed to mate, then to lay their eggs, after which they live an idle, vagabond life for a few weeks and die. The kind our brother sent us is a moth preferring the dark to light, and it is probable that the weather conditions have been such as to make them appear in extraordinary numbers.

The whole history of insect life reads like a fairy tale, and the NOOK has in contemplation, if other matters allow, the preparation of a series of articles on insects. In the meantime contributions to this end, or upon any other natural history subject, will be cordially welcomed.

* * *

DEFORMED FEET.

BY N. J. ROOP.

IF you meet a woman who professes to be a servant of the Lord and yet goes mopping up the sidewalk with a good dress skirt, you will feel like saying, Shame! Shame! Don't do it. She may only be trying to hide her deformed feet. At one time I lived in the same house where such a poor unfortunate one lived, yet I never saw her feet. She kept her skirts touching the floor and often dragging. Another had sadly afflicted ankles. She too dragged her skirts in the dirt to hide her misfortune, and when you meet such just say to yourself, Poor creature!—deformed feet.

Warrensburg, Mo.

* * *

CARE OF THE WATCH.

ALWAYS wind up a watch as nearly as possible at the same time every day and do it as smoothly as possible to avoid sudden jerks. Most watches are now made keyless, but if a key has to be used it should be kept perfectly clean and free from grit or flue, says an exchange. If a watch is hung up it must have some support at the back, and if laid horizontally it is well to place some soft substance under it for more general support, otherwise the action of the balance will cause a pendulous motion of the watch and cause much variation in time. The watch pocket must be kept as free from dust and nap as possible.

* * *

THE more you do for some people the more they will want you to do and the angrier they will be for your not doing it.

ENCLOSING LOCUST PUPA CASES.

Dear Nookman:

Do you know what these are? If you were here now you could see myriads of them on trees, fences, porches, bridges and even on the ground. But the babies are gone and only their empty cradles are seen. They are singing very happily, however, in a low musical tone, not nearly so harsh as their cousins which come every year, neither so monotonously.

Unfortunately—well, perhaps fortunately, too—they made no appearance in our immediate vicinity. I was unfortunate in not seeing their development but I suppose some other things are very fortunate. The sparrow is their deadly foe. I hear nothing that they are yet very destructive, at least that is what some have said where they are quite numerous. They have been singing for about a week and a half.

MINNIE FLORY.

Center, Ohio.

Enclosed were the shells, or skins of the locusts, or rather the harvest fly, or the seventeen-year locust. A week or so ago I saw, out at a very pleasant mountain resort where I had gone to recuperate, and to get rid of the malaria, some thousands of the first of the crop. Taking several and fastening them on the post of the porch we watched the birth. Taking a firm clutch with the fore legs the insect, inside, began a series of struggles and wriggings. In the course of half an hour or so, the shell burst down the back, the insect crawled out, white and hopeless.

In this stage it is the prey of everything that gets at it. Then the wings begin to either unfold or grow, and the growth of those under observation came on about as fast as the hour hand of a watch moves, say that it took fifteen minutes. Then the color began to darken, and by the next morning they were ready to fly to the nearest tree.

It is only the male that sings, and in the locust districts, for one of the myriads heard singing there are as many silent females. Then comes the mating, the egg-laying period, and the long, really seventeen year sojourn, in the dark earth. When they come again a good many of us will be silent enough when the "Pharaoh" calls are heard in the land.

THE CUBAN BAG-WORM.

THERE is a certain species of caterpillar that not only litters the outside of its home with twigs and small bits of wood, but also has the power of taking its shelter with it whenever it decides to move. It is a habit peculiar to the bag-worm or housebuilder moth, a caterpillar found in certain parts of Cuba.

The bag-worm first weaves for its use a silken sac. It then collects all kinds of splinters and tiny wood fragments, which are fastened in some way to the outside of the sac. There it makes its home until fully matured, at which period it enters the sac entirely, and is changed to a grub or pupa. Here the female (a grub-like creature without wings) lays her eggs, remaining inside till death. The male pupa, however, has a better future, for in a short while it works its way out from the lower end of the sac, and then, by some process similar to that of the butterfly, is changed to a beautiful moth, with brightly-colored wings, having white stripes across its back. This, of course, ends its career as a bag-worm.

It is before it is grown that the bag-worm lives in its portable home and has the habit of moving from place to place. This is done by stretching forth the body, getting a foothold, and crawling along with the sac dangling behind. This would seem awkward; and, indeed, the bag-worm presents a peculiar appearance crawling from limb to limb, and almost pulled off by its load of wood. In this way, though, it is not only sure of a home, but the entrance is so constructed that the sides can be pulled together, thus affording protection in time of attack. It seems strange, though, that when the bag-worm is almost grown the sac hangs down from the body; when young, it is carried in a straight line with it.

These caterpillars are naturally, a source of much wonder to the natives of Cuba, who are superstitious regarding a worm which litters its house with so much wood, and this in a country where fire for the sake of warmth is not a necessity. The old Spanish legend has it that bag-worms are the incarnation of kindling-wood thieves, who now, after death, must carry on their backs their load of plunder, thus atoning for their thefts until they become moths.

* * *

Love blunts many a man's sense of taste.

PANAMA HATS.

PANAMA hats are made by old men, women and little children in the interior of Ecuador—whence the best come—and of Columbia, and of Peru. They are woven of the leaves of the screw palm, which the Indians call jipijapa (pronouncing it hippyhappa), and which naturalists call the *carludovica palmata*. Of this palm Charles Richard Dodge, the United States government expert upon fibres, says: "It is a stemless species, common in shady places all over Panama and along the coast of New Granada and Ecuador. The leaves, plaited like a fan, are borne on three-cornered stalks, six to fourteen feet high. They are about four feet in diameter and deeply cut into four or five divisions, each of which is again cut. The leaves are gathered while young and stiff, and the parallel veins are removed, after which they are split into shreds, but not separated at the stalk end, and immersed in boiling water for a short time and bleached in the sun."

These fibres, which are a half-inch in width and a yard in length, are rolled by the weavers from either edge. They thus become each a yard-long straw, round, with two little circles showing on the under side. Then they are pressed out flat, and are ready for the processes of weaving. They are rolled in that peculiar way in order that they may have no raw edge.

The Indian weavers can work by natural light during only the first hour of daybreak and the last hour of twilight. Through the rest of the day the sun is so warm and the air so dry that the fibers of the palm become brittle and break in the weaving. But at dawn and at twilight the air is sufficiently moist to permit of the making of hats of an ordinary fineness, though the extremely fine ones—those that cost from \$100 up—are never worked on save by candle light.

The Indians—old men, women, boys and girls—sit on the ground before their little houses to work, the hat block, a wooden sphere, between their knees. Their straw is pliable, and every moment they dip it in water. They begin to weave from the center of the crown, and their little circular beginning, which is the size of a ten-cent piece, is called the button. By this button an expert can tell where a hat was made, for the Panama of Ecuador has a button of one shape, that of Columbia another, that of Peru

another and those of Jamaica and of France another still.

A hat of the very finest quality takes six months in the weaving; its texture is like damask, and its fibers are as delicate as threads of linen. A straw broken, a knot obtruding on the pattern, decreases the value of this hat from 50 to 75 per cent. Hence the care the natives use may be imagined.

Woven from end to end by hand, Panama hats cannot be made save by those born and bred to the art. The little children down there are set to work on little native hats of coarse palm fiber as soon as they are six or seven years of age. They pursue the work daily, advancing each season to a fiber of finer quality, and in twelve or thirteen years—by the time, that is, that they are twenty—they are able to make Panamas of fairly good sort. The majority never become expert enough to weave the finest hats.

* * *

DEVIL'S LAKE.

FROM the Minneapolis *Tribune* we learn that the broad expanse of water in North Dakota, known as Devil's lake or Lake Minnewaukan, as it is called by the Indians, is the only lake of good size in North Dakota. It is in the northern part of the State, lying between the basins of the Red River of the North on the east and the James, Missouri and Mouse rivers on the west. Devil's lake belongs to that numerous class of lakes formed by the great ice sheet upon its final retreat northward. It is very irregular in outline, being about thirty miles long, measured in a straight line northwest and southeast, and varying from four to fifteen miles in width, having numerous long arms or bays extending several miles inland. The lake is for the most part shallow, being from six to ten feet deep throughout most of the bays and for a considerable distance from the shore, while the middle of the lake is very deep, measuring in places over 100 feet.

Until recent times this has been a fresh water lake. During the time it was receiving abundant water from the melting ice sheets or from the more abundant rainfall in the period immediately following, it had an outlet through Stump lake into the Cheyenne river, where it has left a well-marked channel. Just how long it has been since



ALFALFA FIELDS, WATSON'S RANCH, KEARNEY, NEBRASKA.

the lake overflowed is not known, but since the first settlers came to the region, about 1880, it is generally known that the lake has been gradually falling.

Fish were found in the lake in great abundance up to about 1888, but have been rapidly growing less each year since that time until practically no fish are now to be found and the water is becoming salty. Captain E. E. Heerman, the pioneer boat captain, who has been running boats on the lake for nineteen years, carefully marked the height of the water in June, 1883, and in watching the lake found that the fall has been almost constant from 1883 to the present time, excepting in 1896 and 1897, during which the lake rose on account of increased rainfall, but has continued since to fall away rapidly.

The large natural groves of trees which once bordered the fresh water lake are now separated from the water's edge by a broad strip of sand, gravel and boulders and the trees are already showing the effects of the falling water level and retreating shore lines.

Devil's lake is among the last of the postglacial lakes to change from fresh to salt water. No

systematic observation had been conducted on this lake until 1901, when the United States geological survey placed a bench mark near the lake and will hereafter maintain a gauge in the lake to record its rise and fall carefully. The lake has fallen ten feet since June, 1883, which has left bare many long arms and bays, and should the same rate of fall continue for another twenty years fully half of the area covered by the present lake will be left bare.

However, there are reports among the Indians that the lake has been as low as this before, subsequently filling up. The series of careful investigations by the United States geological survey promise most interesting results, as they may throw some light on the climatic conditions of the past.

* * *

THE illustration on this page is one of a Nebraska ranch where alfalfa is grown. This wonderful forage crop probably affords a greater bulk of cured feed for stock than any other available plant. The picture does not show the dense mass of waving green, which would be a sight to the easterner.



The Q. & A. Page.

OUR Q AND A DEPARTURE.

THE INGLENOOK has been running a question and answer page for its readers for a long time, and with what we think a good deal of interest and success. Queries have come from all sources, and on all imaginable subjects. A large number of queries have been proposed and are on file. It is now intended to send these queries out for answer. In a short time quite a few of the Nook family will receive a letter with a query for answer, which we wish them to reply to in an easy, brief, and accurate way, returning the question and the answer at as early a date as possible. It is not expected that all who receive these questions will always know off hand what to say in reply, for some of them are difficult to answer. However, if recipients do not at once know, do as the Nookman does with his—find out in some way. The Editor has written around the world for an answer to a question not involving more than one sentence. When you get your query, find out and send it to us.

In no case will we tell the name of the querist. Don't ask. In every case the name and address of the party answering must accompany the reply, and it will be printed. Then if there is further interest in the matter the one propounding the query may take it up with the one answering if he so desires. The plan will be put in operation next week.

* * *

What is Clara Barton's address?

Glen Echo, Maryland.

*

What is the population of England?

Nearly 31,000,000.

*

What is a bungalow?

The house of a European in India.

*

What did the potato bug live on before potatoes?

It is a native of the foothills of the Rocky Mountains and ate the leaves of the sand burr, leaving it for the potato and migrating eastward.

What is the national flower of England?

The rose.

*

Why are Frenchmen sometimes called Johnnie Crapaud?

The nickname originated with the English sailors at the time of the war with Napoleon.

*

What causes buttes?

They are nearly always in the hilly countries, the surrounding parts of which have been washed away leaving the buttes standing.

*

I read that there is no such thing as an extinct volcano. Is this true?

Scientists agree that any volcano is liable to go off, once there has been one. Some of them seem reasonably dead, but the unexpected happens at times.

*

Is there a good form of speech for a proposal of marriage?

None that the Nook knows. The chances are that under any circumstances it is an uproariously funny thing to an innocent third party eavesdropping.

*

What is the Beef Trust?

A combination of the large packing houses to buy cattle cheap and sell meat dear. The combination is illegal. Individuals may do what a lot of dealers may not band together to bring about.

*

Is there an animal called the siren?

Yes, something on the lizard order, found in the marshes of South Carolina and Texas. The classical siren is a fabled creature of Greek mythology.

*

What are sumptuary laws?

Laws intended to regulate the private expenditure of the citizens. Thus, if a law should be passed making it illegal to eat cheese at dinner time that would be a sumptuary law.



The Home





Department



A SUMMER DRINK.

BY MRS. O. S. PRATT.

THIS should appeal to those of us who are not within reach of a soda fountain as it can be made at home without much trouble, besides being an inexpensive and healthy drink.

To two and one half ounces of citric acid add two quarts of boiling water and three pounds of white sugar and let it come to a boil. Remove from the stove and add the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Boil again for two or three minutes, stirring constantly. Strain, flavor and bottle. For a drink, put three tablespoonfuls of this syrup in a glass, fill the glass a little over half full of water, stir in one-fourth of a teaspoonful of baking soda and drink immediately.

Outlook, Wash.

* * *

BISCUIT PUDDING.

BY LULU GOSHORN.

BREAK four biscuits into bits, add one-half cup of sugar and enough boiling water to soften them. Flavor to taste with any spice preferred, and bake a light brown. When done remove to a dish and pour over them the following dip.

Take one heaping tablespoonful of sugar, one rounded tablespoonful of flour and one pint of boiling water. Stir constantly and cook till clear. To be eaten with or without cream.

Ladoga, Ind.

* * *

FRUIT TAPIOCA.

BY MRS. GUY E. FORESMAN.

SOAK two tablespoonfuls of tapioca over night in a little water. In the morning add one cup of sugar, one pint of milk, one egg. Heat the milk, add the tapioca, boil twenty minutes, beat the

volk of the egg, sugar, two teaspoonfuls of flour and a little salt, stir into the milk and boil five minutes. Pour into a dish, beat the whites of the egg with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of sugar, spread over the top, and set in the oven a few minutes. Pare and slice bananas or oranges, lay them in the bottom of a glass dish and sprinkle with sugar. Wet a knife, slip around the edge of the pudding to loosen and lay over the fruit.

Lafayette, Ind.

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CHICKEN POTPIE.

BY LIZZIE BARKLEY.

STEW one chicken a half-hour or more, according to age. Take raised bread-dough as much as wanted, add one egg, one-half pint of cream, one-half cup butter, a little salt. Mix, and stiffen with flour, then roll thin and cut in small squares. Slice potatoes and add pepper and parsley to taste. Put in a kettle a layer of chicken, one of potatoes and one of the cut squares of dough, repeating till all are in, then add boiling water and boil one hour.

Somerset Co., Pa.

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TAFFY.

BY MRS. GUY E. FORESMAN.

TAKE three cups of sugar, one half-cup of water, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and butter the size of a walnut. Boil until it hardens when dropped in cold water. Do not stir at all, and be careful not to scrape the kettle when you pour its contents out on a large well-buttered platter. When cool enough pull until white. When this is cold break into small pieces.

Lafayette, Ind.

POTATO SALAD.

BY JESSIE M. BAKER.

TAKE four large or six small potatoes and four eggs, boil until the potatoes are done. When cold, peel and chop fine with one-half of a small onion, reserving the yolks of the eggs, season with salt. For the dressing, put one heaping tablespoonful of butter in a pan and set it on the stove. Beat the yolks of two raw eggs with one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of ground mustard and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Add, gradually, two-thirds of a cup of vinegar stirring all the time. Pour this in the hot butter and let heat to thicken, *but not boil*. Pour this over and stir into the potatoes and eggs, put into a salad bowl and garnish by grating yolks of two eggs over the top.

Whistler, Ala.

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DEVEILED EGGS.

BY MRS. H. P. ALBAUGH.

BOIL six eggs hard. Peel and cut through in the center. Remove the yolks and cream them. Add to the yolks one-third teaspoonful of ground mustard dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Salt and pepper to suit the taste, and after thoroughly mixing, refill the whites.

1369 Monticello Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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HOT SLAW.

BY SISTER JOANNA MASON.

SLICE a small head of cabbage and put in a dish that you can set over a kettle of boiling water, cover tight, stirring it occasionally, and leave about an hour. Take a pint of sour cream, three-fourths of a cup of sugar, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and beat up together, pour over the cabbage and serve at once.

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SALMON CROQUETTES.

BY ANNA M. WOODS.

TAKE one and one-half cups of rice and boil quite soft and dry. Add one beaten egg, a lump of butter as large as an egg, salt and pepper to taste, and let cool. Take one can of salmon,

drain off the liquor and remove the bones. Mix well with the rice, make into small balls, roll in beaten egg and cracker crumbs and fry in hot lard as you would doughnuts. Serve hot.

Tipton, Iowa.

* * *

CODFISH BALLS.

BY MRS. C. E. ECKERLE.

TAKE two quarts of potatoes mashed and prepared as for the table, one-half pound of codfish boiled and freed from bones, one egg, salt and pepper. Form into balls and fry in hot lard as you do doughnuts. This recipe makes a large quantity.

Elgin, Ill.

* * *

BOSTON CREAM PIE.

BY MRS. P. D. FAHRNEY.

TAKE four eggs, a little over a cup of white soft sugar, four tablespoonfuls of water, two cups of flour and one heaping tablespoonful of baking powder. Bake in two deep pie plates, a light brown, and when cool fill with the following

CREAM.

Take one pint of milk, three-fourths of a cup of sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful of flour. Mix the eggs, sugar and flour with a little cold milk. Heat the remainder of the milk to the boiling point, stir in the batter and cook well, stirring carefully. When done flavor to taste, with any extract, cut pies in half and fill.

Frederick, Md.

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QUEEN PUDDING.

BY MRS. GUY E. FORESMAN.

MIX one pint of bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, yolks of four eggs beaten, grated rind of one lemon, and butter the size of an egg. Bake until done. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, and beat in a cupful of sugar in which has been stirred the juice of the lemon. Spread on the pudding a layer of jelly or jam. Pour the whites over this, and replace in the oven until slightly brown.

Lafayette, Ind.

THE INGLENOOK

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FROM DAY TO DAY.

I wonder if 'twould matter much
If I some day should fold my hands
And never more a task should touch
So long as in the glass the sands
Should run for me—I wonder would
The world be just as fair and good?
If I some day should stay my feet
That know the path of duty plain,
And selfish wander from the heat,
The hurts of soul, the cries of pain,
And pamper self in solitude—
Would I be missed for my lost good?
If I should some day steel my heart
To answer neither plead nor prayer,
Refuse to do my little part,
Of my best good refuse to share
With someone who was sick and poor;
Be deaf to cries outside my door—
Would all these count for very much?
Or would some little place in life
Be yearning for a soothing touch
To calm the restlessness of strife?
Would someone miss me if I stayed
Or from the path of duty strayed?
I need no answer to my thought,
No one need tell me yea or nay:
The answer comes unbid, unsought—
It is to live from day to day
As 'twere the last, with God in sight,
And love and kindness infinite.

—Ram's Horn.

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"LITTLE PEANUTS."

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

Rob's friends call him a "camera fiend." He photographs practically everything and everybody that comes in his way. But the dream of his life is to excel in child studies. It was this ambition, coupled with an absorbing love for the children, themselves, that led to one of the happiest occurrences of his life.

Rob's chum is employed in a down-town studio, and often good-naturedly allows him the use of dark room and developing trays. Rob was standing on the steps of this studio, one morning, when his attention was attracted to a street vender of peanuts, and a shabby child of about three years, who apparently belonged to the outfit. Over the shoulder of some credulous customer, the young man's indifferent ear caught a fragment of the regulation tale of a sick wife and starving children; just then the baby turned so that he got a fair view of its face.

Rob's heart leaped. If he could only get a snap-shot! Long lashed, solemn brown eyes, set in a face as beautiful as a cherub's in spite of its uncleanness, and, Rob noticed, even in his excitement that it was entirely un-Italian. The child's gaze traveling the circuit of strange faces, met his and stayed there, almost as if in recognition, putting the finishing touch to his desire. The picture he must have, but he would not risk a chance shot in the crowd. The next instant, his nervous hand was on the Italian's arm.

"Lend me your baby for a few minutes," Rob entreated. "I want to take his picture. I'll bring him back safe." The man drew away with so black a scowl that Rob retreated, abashed. The man looked frightened, Rob remembered afterward, but he was too thoroughly disappointed to notice it then. He reached blindly in his pockets for some chocolates and offered them to the child, whose big eyes still followed him, and was rewarded by a rapturous smile that made it doubly hard to give up his wish.

Suddenly a wild plan flashed into his head. He gave a quick glance at the Italian, who was engaged in a dispute with a haggling customer, and without allowing his courage time to cool, picked up the child and sprang nimbly inside the passage leading to the studio stairs.

"You're not afraid, are you, Little Peanuts?"

he asked, as they reached the top of the flight: and he was reassured by a flicker of a smile in the solemn eyes turned inquiringly upon him.

It was early, and the studio was empty. Rob set down his captive, and got out his camera with shaking hands. Lurid visions of the probable fate of a kidnapper danced through his mind, but he bent every energy on his focusing. To his astonishment, the little subject was posing himself as if accustomed to being photographed every day.

"Papa do dat," spoke out the baby, suddenly and clearly. Rob looked his surprise. The peanut vender had not struck him as being a person of artistic tastes. However, that did not concern him now. The shutter clicked. Rob slipped in the shield, and took out the plate-holder. It would require but a moment to develop, and he must make sure of his prize.

Crossing the dark room door, he was brought face about by a childish cry. "Little Peanuts" had run across the room and was climbing nimbly to the top of a table, over which hung a portrait of a lady. The small face glowed as the grimy hands caressed the glass ecstatically.

"Mamma! Mamma! My mamma!" breathed the child.

Rob laid down the plate-holder and started. The greatness of the proposition that confronted him sent his head spinning, and all fear of a kidnapper's doom went out of his thoughts. He had no personal acquaintance with the original of the picture, but her sad story was well-known all over the city,—how her little son had mysteriously disappeared some months before, and no skill that love or money could command had been able to trace him. It seemed too good to be true, that here was the treasure: and yet the likeness of the little face to that of the portrait offered almost indisputable evidence.

The evidence was confirmed, half an hour later. Rob telephoned a call to the chief of police, who in turn summoned the child's real father, to a revelation that made him doubt if earth or heaven held him.

The Italian slipped through their fingers. Although arrested and brought to trial, there was no way to prove false or true his tearful statement that he "found litta babby los'."

Elgin, Ill.

MAKING PERFUMERY.

NEARLY all the perfumery that comes to this country reaches the manufacturer in the shape of tin cans holding from twenty-five to fifty pounds of raw, fatty material. When these are opened the contents are not unlike dirty lard or tallow. It is this substance that contains the perfume of flowers.

Nearly all the flowers from which high-grade perfumes are extracted come from the flowers growing in Southern France, Bulgaria and Italy. Those which figure the most prominently in the floral world to be converted to perfume are the rose, jasmine, orange blossoms, tuberoses, violets, and cassiaflowers. The blossoms of these flowers are gathered before sunrise while the dew is wet on them and are emptied upon large plates of glass which have been smeared with a mixture of tallow and olive oil. The fat attracts and absorbs the perfume of the flowers. After the layer of flowers have laid upon their fatty beds for twelve or fourteen hours these flowers are taken off and fresh ones are put on. This process is repeated until the fat becomes so strong with the characteristic odor of the flower used that it will not hold any more. It is the extraction of this odor from the fat that belongs especially to the province of perfumery.

It is rarely ever that anything but the very highest grades and costliest of perfumes are made from any one flower odor. A great many perfumes are made by the extraction of the various flower odors. And a great many more are made synthetically, that is, chemically, from other substance and flowers, and while they have all the effects and practical attributes of flower perfumes they do not contain a drop of the natural essence.

The use of perfumes is sometimes frowned upon and declared to be in bad form, but the cold facts are that the sales are continually increasing and more perfume is made and sold now than before, even considering the natural increase of the population.

* * *

THE Nebraska State game warden has forbidden the farmers to fight the grasshoppers with poison, saying that the loss of birds and game is too costly a price to pay for the destruction of comparatively few insects.

MORE ABOUT THE CLIFF DWELLERS.

It would seem that the cliff-dwellers were a peaceful, agricultural people, who excelled in the art of building and of pottery-making; that they were decorative in their tastes is shown by some interesting dados which are still visible upon the inner walls of a few rooms. Many bits of coarsely woven cotton cloth, sandals plaited from the fiber of the yucca plant, and pieces of a material made from cotton and feathers, show that the cliff people were not at a loss for warm garments. Highly decorated pottery, rude ornaments, stone axes, knives and arrow points, bone awls and flutes, are among the articles

of enemies, and as the approach to the ruins is exceedingly difficult the inhabitants were thoroughly secure in their nestlike retreats; indeed, many of the smaller dwellings are entirely inaccessible, and only the birds may know what the crumbling walls and dust-filled rooms contain.

The absolute dryness of the atmosphere is no doubt the cause of the remarkable state of preservation in which the ruins are found, for although the snows of winter lie deep in the cañons, and the rare summer rains sweep across the thirsty country, back in the hollow of their overhanging cliffs these ancient houses lie, undisturbed by wind and weather; only the hand of time works his slow but sure destruction.



FARMING IN FLATHEAD VALLEY, MONTANA.

found during the excavations. As no instrument of metal, but only those of stone, bone, and wood, have been unearthed in the cliff ruins, these solid, well-built walls become more of a mystery. Turkey feathers and bones are found in large quantities in the dust heaps, and the flocks of wild turkeys which abound upon the mesa are probably descended from the fowls possessed by the cliff dwellers untold decades ago.

The houses are invariably protected by the natural cliff formations from any sudden attacks

The people who inhabited these quaint houses did not bury their dead in remote places, but kept them close at hand. In every community there is one portion which was devoted to the sweepings and general refuse, and in these places skeletons are almost invariably found, often several in one pile, doubled up, mummified, and covered with matting woven from the yucca fiber. Again, there are caves which seem to have been general burying places, and the mummies found in the shallow graves are evidently of an older

race of people than the cliff dwellers, as the pottery and ornaments buried with them are of cruder shape and finish than are found in the cliff graves.

In various localities on the mesa summit are innumerable ruins of pueblos, now mere heaps of stone. It would seem that once the cliff dwellers inhabited these plateau villages, and were driven to the more secluded cañons, by hostile tribes. Scattered throughout the sandstone cliffs are also interesting cave dwellings, sometimes consisting of several small rooms, excavated from the soft rock, and often rudely decorated with native plaster, while upon elevated cones of rock are the ruins of watch towers, commanding a splendid view of the surrounding country. Leading over the cliffs the flights of stone steps are worn smooth by generations of sandaled feet; perhaps they were but pathways between neighboring cliff pueblos, or they may have led to the shrines of favorite deities.

As it seems probable that this ancient race was a peaceful and agricultural people, where were the fields they cultivated, and whence came the moisture to vivify the parched and arid land? What was the origin, the life, the final fate of this ancient people, who vanished from off the earth, leaving but a few relics in proof of their one time existence? Why did they build their homes in such remote and inaccessible places, and finally leave these haunts of their ancestors, the graves of their sacred dead? Was it the dread spirit of famine that drove them forth, or human enemies, or merely the desire for wandering and adventure?

These are questions archæologists are trying to answer.

* * *

ABOUT SOME SQUIRRELS.

It would delight the heart of the average Nook boy to be in the locality described in the *Chicago Journal*, which has this to say:

In Eastern Texas, Southern Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi, where a great deal of Indian corn is grown, the farmers are now making preparations to protect their crop from the hordes of gray squirrels that infest the woods and like nothing better than roasting ears.

The young of the squirrels are more than half grown, out of the nest, and as busy as their elders.

One of them cannot eat more than an ear of corn in a day, and if they confined themselves to a single ear apiece probably the Southerners would not bother them.

It is the habit of the squirrel, however, to scamper from ear to ear, as a bee goes from flower to flower. From each the squirrels eat the tenderest top part, that being most easily reached through the folds of the shuck, and in this way they ruin a great deal of corn, the injured ear failing to mature properly. The squirrel gets little beside milk out of these kernels, but likes that and gets deliciously fat on it.

The ingenuity of the Southerner has never devised any way of checking this pest except with the shotgun. It would not do to poison the ears, as later on the poisoned ones could not be told from the others, and there is no form of bait which could be laid out to attract the pests, since they do not want anything but young corn.

So the farmer and his boys have to content themselves with wandering stealthily through the fields, going across the rows and looking down them as carefully as they can. The corn is as high as their heads, but that does not matter. In fact, it affords a better concealment.

Whenever they see a stalk shaking violently there they know that a squirrel is at work. They walk slowly, taking their time since they know the squirrel will take his.

When close enough they see a small gray body coiled around an ear, the long tail hanging down and the sharp teeth busy at work. They knock him off at thirty yards with No. 3 shot.

Immediately after the report there is a mighty scampering among the rows made by alarmed squirrels hurrying to the woods. Indeed, the little animals rarely venture more than fifty yards into the field and in this way their ravages are circumscribed.

They will rush to the fence, go over it like a flash, and hide themselves among the branches, chattering volubly. Meantime the farmer or one of his boys is reloading the muzzle-loader. He knows that the squirrels will be back in fifteen minutes, coming out by ones or twos, and he will stay shooting until the sun is within an hour of setting.

At that time the squirrels all leave the fields, to return after the sun is well up the next day. Protection of some sort is gained in this way, not

so much from the number of squirrels slain, though they are killed in hundreds, as from the fact that the noise of the gun acts as a scarecrow and keeps them disturbed.

Any fifteen-year-old boy in a Southern corn-field at this season is able to kill a couple of dozen of squirrels in a day, and as they are all young they are delicious food. There is nothing better than young fried squirrel unless it be young squirrel broiled on the open coals.

HOW APPLE TREES ARE GROWN IN ARKANSAS.

BY S. L. GROSS.

FIRST the apple seeds are planted in a loose soil. After a summer's growth the roots are

the way it must grow. The ground is cultivated every year while the trees are young. Trees are set all the way from twenty to forty feet apart. They do not grow as large nor live as long here as in Tennessee.

Arkansas.

"MAMMA, fwhat makes the funder come down?" asked Master Three-year-old, of Elgin, who had been watching the play of zigzag lightning during a thunder shower. "The thunder doesn't come down," answered Mamma who had been interested in something else. "But it does come down, Mamma, for I sawed it" insisted the boy. "No, Dear, when two clouds come together they make a noise that you hear, and we call that thunder, but we cannot see it and it



VIEW OF FLATHEAD VALLEY, MONTANA.

taken and grafted. We have two kinds of grafted trees, the whole root and the piece root. For the whole root tree they cut off the top of the seedling and graft a scion to the top of the seedling root. For the piece root they cut the root into two or more pieces and graft each piece, making more trees to the number of seedlings. Some people like the piece root trees but I like the whole root trees the best.

The grafts are allowed to grow in the ground one year. Then they are taken up and set in the orchard where they are expected to grow and bear fruit. While small the tree is trained

doesn't come down." "Well," after a thoughtful pause, "the funder's tail comed down, for I sawed it!"

IN Jewish marriages the woman is always placed on the right of her mate. With every other nation of the world her place in the ceremony is on the left.

THE smallest of British animals is the harvest mouse, which makes a globular nest in wheatfields. A full grown specimen weighs half an ounce.

DRINKING BLOOD TO GET HEALTH.

"LET them raise the price of beef as much as they like. But if they raise the price of beef blood there will be trouble."

The man who hurled this defiance at the Meat Trust was one of a strange company of invalids which daily lines up at a local abattoir, in which beeves receive the fatal stroke which starts them on their journey to a thousand dinner tables.

"I can get along without cooked meat, but I believe if I were deprived of my daily glass of blood I would die in a month."

Many others besides this unfortunate have learned the nourishment of fresh beef blood; so at times the abattoir takes on the appearance of the waiting room of a hospital. "Blood drinkers" the employes of the yard term the invalids who call, and they extend them every courtesy.

"A man would have a heart of stone not to feel sorry for them," remarked one burly butcher: "so we help them all we can. It's wonderful, though, the effect the blood has on some of them. Now watch that fellow there."

An emaciated invalid had just drunk two glasses of the red fluid. A tinge of color instantly crept into his wasted cheeks, he straightened his drooping shoulders, tossed back his head and walked firmly away. The pint of warm blood had apparently put new life into him.

By this time a number of people were waiting for the killing of the next steer. One and all seemed to regard the blood as a sort of life nectar.

"They come in just such numbers every killing day," explained a representative of one of the butchering firms. "We have regular callers who never miss a day, and others who come once or twice a week. Some have been coming here for years. The drinking of blood seems to be all that keeps them alive. A few I have seen shake off their illness and grow fat under the influence.

"Many have ceased to come and I suppose that they are dead. We make them all welcome. If they offer to pay for their glasses of blood our employes usually take the money. It is their perquisite. The firm doesn't interfere.

"A beautifully gowned woman drives up here twice a week in her carriage, sends her footman in with a glass, has the draught of blood brought

to her, drinks it and sends the footman back with a dollar bill. She explained when she first came here that she was anaemic, and her physician had ordered her to drink a glass of bullock's blood twice a week."

One of the men was asked how he liked the red fluid as a beverage.

"Tastes just like warm milk," he asserted. "Just a little salty, but shut your eyes to the color and you would never think you were drinking blood. At first it is a trifle nauseating. But the taste for it is soon acquired when the fanciful objection wears away.

"I used to be as thin as a rail. I'm not a consumptive. Don't believe blood drinking will cure consumption. It is only good for bloodless persons.

"I suppose some people will say this treatment is not efficient. Isn't it proof enough that the men who live in a slaughter house atmosphere almost all the time are invariably fat and sleek? Did you ever see a thin or haggard looking butcher? They are always fat and rosy. The reason is that they breathe blood six days a week. Look at that splendid specimen of manhood killing the bullock. Did you ever see a tailor or a shoemaker with such a robust physique? If I could manage it I would sleep in a slaughter house and live exclusively on a blood diet.

"I've seen women run shrieking out of the slaughter house," commented the butcher, "when they first came for a drink of blood. Once they get the first glassful down, the 'shuddery' feeling is gone, and they drink it as nonchalantly as the old-timers.

"The blood is about the only thing we can't turn to profit. So let the cadaverous crowd have it at their own price, or no price at all, if they are poor. We are glad to have them come. They create a diversion.

"They compare notes concerning their ailments, between drinks, and discuss the relative merits of the slaughter houses and the quality of blood to be obtained at each one. They are quite a part of the life here, and when we find one of them ceases to make his accustomed call it makes us quite sad."

SOME men wear their faults so all can see. Others keep them hid. Now which do you say is the wiser?

GAGGLE GOO.

I WANT to tell you how I go to sleep. About ten o'clock, every day, I get so sleepy I can't even play. Things drop out of my hands and my eyes bat in spite of myself. Sometimes I am a little sticky and then my Ma washes my hands and face and takes me up in the big rocker. Then she sings something like this:

"Sleep, baby, sleep, naught can
Harm thee now, my child."

and there is a lot more to it, but after the first verse it is only a far away song like music in the distance. But if it stops I shift around, and then she begins again. In a little while I begin to feel myself going. First, my eyes go shut, then my mouth comes open, and I've known them to squeeze my mouth wider open to see how my teeth are coming on and I was too sleepy to raise a hand, or even to bite as I do when they try it when I'm awake. Pretty soon everything slips away like, but the other day when they thought I had gone I heard someone say "bananas." and I sat bolt upright. But my head was like Buddy's, too heavy, and I fell back and let everything go. After I'm clear gone I don't know a thing. When I open my eyes I'm in my "cubby." Don't you know what a "cubby" is? A cubby's a crib. Strange how some grown up people twist the natural names of things.

Buddy, that's my brother, sleeps most of his time, and when he's awake about all he does is gurgle, laugh and drink milk. Then he goes to sleep again. Buddy's head is getting faster on his shoulders and doesn't wobble as it did when the stork brought him. Do you know Buddy's name? It is Howard M. Von Plees, and mine is Louise Von Plees. I'm about two years older than Buddy, but the Nookman said that thirty years after this I'd be the last one to tell that I was the older. I don't see why. Do you care to tell your age?

Buddy's a good boy and he just sleeps and sleeps. He's growing fast, but his hair promises to be the color of a fine day sunset, the red kind. There isn't much of any kind now, but it's coming all right enough. I don't think they wanted that color but the stork brought him in the night when it was too dark to tell colors.

Buddy is like me in one respect. We're both

bottle babies. At first our milk man gave us milk that made us sick. Then he said that he would milk our can full from the same cow and then it was all right. The Nookman said to the milk man, "Do you know what formaldehyde is?" The milk man said he didn't. "Then," said the Nookman, "do you know what iseline is?" The man said he thought he had heard of it, and the Nookman said they were the same things and he asked the sook cow man did he know anything about the Pure Food Laws of Illinois? The man said he did, and the Nookman said, "Well." From that day on neither Buddy nor I got sick on our milk. Funny, wasn't it?

LOUISE.

* * *

CORONATION OF EDWARD VII.

THE coronation of Edward VII will take place on the twenty-sixth day of this month at the Westminster Abbey. For months people who are interested have been preparing themselves for this imposing ceremony. The building in which the coronation will take place has a seating capacity of eight thousand, and this will barely accommodate the officials who have absolute right to be present.

The order of exercises has not been determined in full at this writing, but will follow pretty closely the order characterizing the coronation of the late queen. There will be different music but no throwing of money into the crowd as at previous coronations. A number of medals will be struck off and distributed. After the ceremony, which will occupy three or four hours, the King will dine with a few friends.

Of course all this is a mere formality, but to do away with it, or even any considerable part of it, would be a grievous innovation distressing to the heart of the average Englishman. A large amount of money will change hands, and a vast amount will be represented in useless dress and ornamentation at the time and place of the crowning of the king.

* * *

THE smallest engine ever made has been completed. It is a horizontal engine and runs as accurately as the best engine ever built. It is made of gold, silver, copper and steel, and covers a space about the size of a penny.

GETTING WHIPPED.

A SPECIAL correspondent of the Sunday St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* has the following interesting article about corporal punishment:

The extent to which corporal punishment is permitted in the schools of this country is the subject of an interesting investigation recently concluded by Dr. William T. Harris, United States commissioner of education.

The result is the discovery that infliction of bodily pain by teachers is still allowed in 25 of the great cities of more than 100,000 inhabitants.

Corporal punishment is forbidden by law in the boroughs of Manhattan, Bronx and Richmond, Greater New York; in the entire State of New Jersey, in Chicago, Baltimore, Cleveland, Syracuse and Toledo.

In Philadelphia there is no written rule, but corporal punishment is said to have been abandoned by common consent of teachers. In St. Louis a thrashing can be administered to a youngster at school only by a principal, or in the latter's presence and with his consent. According to the school rules, such application of pain must be avoided as far as possible, even under the limitations specified.

Blows upon the hand with a rattan are the only means of corporal punishment permitted in Boston schools. Even this is forbidden in high schools and kindergartens and upon girls in the grammar schools. Each case must be reported through the principal to the superintendent.

Except when the superintendent gives permission to other teachers, only a principal or acting principal can inflict bodily pain in the Buffalo schools.

Either a strap or a rattan must be used upon San Francisco school youngsters when the necessity for corporal punishment arises. All schoolgirls are exempt but boys below the high school are eligible in extreme cases of naughtiness. The honor of wielding the strap or rattan is reserved in all cases for principals or vice-principals.

Blows upon the head and violent shaking of pupils are prohibited in Cincinnati. Blows upon parts of the anatomy not specified can be applied upon extreme provocation, but not on account of failures in lessons or recitations.

Lonely confinements and blows upon the head are forbidden in the New Orleans schools. Whenever a milder means of corporal punishment is resorted to it must be inflicted in the presence of the victim's classmates or during the lesson in the course of which his offense is committed. It can be applied only in extreme cases as a last alternative, and only by the principal or by his express authority.

In Detroit schools corporal punishment must, according to the rules, be avoided if possible, and when resorted to it can be inflicted only with the full knowledge and consent of the principal.

In Milwaukee it is forbidden to shock innocent pupils by the sight of the chastisement of a classmate, and lonely confinement is prohibited.

Corporal punishment is allowed in the schools of Washington, and teachers are permitted to inflict it, although the rules state that it must be avoided if possible. All cases must be reported monthly to the principal, and through the latter and the supervising principal to the superintendent.

Confinement in closets and punishments of any kind are forbidden by the manual of the Louisville School Board. After having been avoided as far as possible, mild corporal punishment may be inflicted after the nature of the offense shall have been fully explained to the victim's fellow pupils.

Written consent from parents is essential before corporal punishment may be inflicted in the Minnesota schools. The principal alone may resort to such discipline under these conditions only after all other means of reform have failed. The parents' consent must be obtained also in Providence, R. I., and corporal punishment is forbidden in that city above the primary grades.

That the teacher's anger may have due time to subside, she must allow a session to intervene after the offense before inflicting corporal punishment upon Fall River, Mass., pupils.

Commissioner Harris has sent to the Charleston Exposition a unique series of wash-drawings depicting the evolution and history of corporal punishment, as inflicted in the schools of the world. These were prepared for the bureau of education by Mr. Felix Mahony, artist and cartoonist.

The ancient Roman schoolmaster cruelly ap-

plied to his unruly pupils a whip whose lash was studded with steel beads.

In China, Persia and Turkey the ancient bastinado is applied even to this day. This instrument is either a lath, paddle or stick of bamboo. With it continued blows are struck upon the bare soles of the feet until very often the blood issues from beneath the toenails.

In Germany there used to be in each city a functionary dubbed "the Blue Man," whose sole duty was to go from school to school and flog

gory has an iron-grated window, a small stove, two wooden chairs, two oak tables and a narrow wooden bedstead. The prisoner must supply his own bedding. On entering he pays about twenty cents; on leaving a similar sum. Every day in prison costs him twelve cents.

❖ ❖ ❖

AN EFFICIENT OFFICER.

A MAN who was "wanted" in Russia, had been photographed in six different positions and



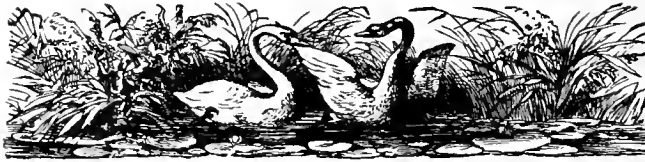
OPENING UP A FARM ON THE BENCH LANDS, WASHINGTON.

bad children. He wore a mask and blue cloak, but none of his victims ever fathomed his personality. Needless to say, the mere mention of his nickname caused all little German girls and boys of those "good old days" to tremble in their boots.

In Germany the school dungeon is even now a stern reality. The typical prison of this cate-

the pictures were duly circulated among the police departments. The chief of one of these wrote to headquarters a few days after the issue of the set of portraits and stated: "Sir, I have duly received the portrait of the six miscreants whose capture is desired. I have arrested five of them and the sixth is under observation and will be secured shortly."

NATURE



STUDY.

LADY BUGS.

It has cost the United States government several thousand dollars to import the lady bug into this country. A pair of these insects have been landed at San Francisco, from which it is hoped to propagate millions of them.

Lady bugs at \$2.25 a head makes the importation come high, but Uncle Sam felt that he had to have them in his business.

Sickly and peevish, physically impoverished by their long journey from the interior of China, the lady bugs seemed on the point of death. They were only pulled through after a course of most improved nursing by the government.

Many times word went forth from the hospital that the end had come—that Mr. and Mrs. Lady Bug had succumbed to the unfavorable climatic conditions of the sea-coast—the rumor only to be officially denied in the next bulletin from headquarters.

These two bugs which Uncle Sam is taking such great care of and nursing with all the skill at the command of the agricultural department were brought to this country from the interior of China by Assistant Botanist Marlatt, who traveled about 40,000 miles to capture them.

Mr. Marlatt picked up a whole colony of the tiny insects in China, housed them carefully and finally landed in San Francisco with but four of his charges alive. Later two of these died and those spared were guarded with care such as a mother might bestow upon a sick infant.

It was the fearful ravages made by the famous San Jose "scale" upon all forms of vegetation in that California valley of fruit and roses that led the United States into the business. Botanical experts delved, studied and dug, and when about to give up hope of finding a remedy for the pest came across the Chinese lady bug, which loved nothing better than scale to eat and has an appetite for that sort of food which cannot be appeased.

Fifty little lady bugs have just been born, and with the solicitude of a father caring for a grow-

ing family Uncle Sam is trying to bring up the group in the way it should go. Scales are being gathered in great quantities and fed to the insect wards of a paternal government while the heads of the family recoup their health.



STREWN FROM THE CLOUDS.

WHEN the skies lower and the clouds threaten they do not always bring rain of the regulation kind. Indeed, there are many instances on record in which the downpour was of an entirely different kind. New York's recent shower of muddy rain is one of those phenomena which, though not common, occur at long intervals in all parts of the world. Not long ago at Fiume, in Austria, there was a heavy fall of half-frozen, brownish snow, and in Italy and some parts of Germany there was a downpour of red rain. It was found upon investigation that the brown snow of Fiume was caused by the admixture of sand which had been blown from the desert of Sahara hundreds of miles away across the Mediterranean, and the red rain was not a deluge of blood, as the peasants thought, but was due to the presence of quantities of minute infusoria, which somehow had been drawn up into the heavens and let down again when the clouds fell as rain.

A singular phenomenon of this sort occurred in Venezuela some time ago when colored hailstones fell in the State of Zamora. There was first a heavy thunder-storm, with much rain, and then after a while the hail came down in such abundance that hundreds of bushels of hailstones might have been gathered. Some of the hailstones weighed as much as two ounces. It is well known that in the tropics hailstorms are exceedingly rare in places situated in the lowlands. But this hailstorm was remarkable on account of the color of the hailstones, some of which were whitish, while others were blue, green, rose color or red.

Schwedoff, who, in his memoir on the origin of hailstorms, describes a fall of similarly colored hailstones which fell at Minsk, in Prussia, in the

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month of June, thinks that the colors are due to the presence of nickel and salts of cobalt and that the phenomenon confirms his hypothesis of the cosmic origin of hail. There have been many well-authenticated cases where after a heavy rain the ground has been found strewn with small fish which have dropped from the clouds, and even young frogs, scarcely out of their tadpole state, have been known to descend upon the wings of the storm. One theory is that all these foreign substances are carried up into the clouds by whirlwinds and another that the least bulky of them, such as minute infusoria, are caught up in the process of evaporation.

* * *

THE GREAT FORESTS.

A TABLE in *Science* shows that Canada leads all other countries in the extent of her forests. She possesses 799,230,720 acres of forest-covered land, as against 450,000,000 acres in the United States. Russia is credited with 498,240,000 acres, about 48,000,000 more than the United States. India comes next with 140,000,000, Germany has 34,347,000 acres, France 23,466,450, and the British Islands only 2,695,000. The table does not include Africa or South America, both of which contain immense forests. It may surprise some readers to learn that the percentage of forest-covered land is larger in several European countries, Germany, for instance, than in the United States.

* * *

QUARRYING WITH WATER.

A REMARKABLE quarrying feat was recently accomplished at Rubislaw quarries, Aberdeen, Scotland. A large stone had been drilled, ready for splitting, when the thought struck the foreman that the severe frost which prevailed might be utilized. Water was poured into each of the drill holes, and it was found after a couple of days that the block of granite had completely burst open. An idea of the immense power of the frost will be gathered when it is stated that the stone thus detached measures twelve feet by five feet, and has a weight of about six tons.

* * *

THERE are 4,500 muscles in the body of a moth.

THE ANIMALS AT PELEE.

LONG before Mont Pelee began to rumble late in April, the live stock in the vicinity became uneasy, and at times were almost uncontrollable. Cattle bellowed at night. Dogs howled and sought the company of their masters, and when driven forth gave every evidence of fear.

Wild animals disappeared from the vicinity of Mont Pelee. Even the snakes, which at ordinary times are found in great numbers near the volcano, crawled away. Birds ceased singing and left the trees that shaded the sides of Pelee.

* * *

THE wings of all butterflies are threaded with stout veins. These veins are hollow like the framework of a bicycle. When the wings come up wet and clotted from the pupæ case, the butterfly in some fashion forces air into the veins, thus stiffening and expanding the wings so that flight is possible in from ten minutes to an hour. Flight, by the way, is no haphazard process. A butterfly knows where he is going, and commonly, also why.

* * *

THE proverbial early rising of the lark, expressed in the catch phrase, "up before the lark," is denied by an eminent ornithologist, who claims that whereas the greenfinch is up at two o'clock in the morning in summer, the blackbird at four o'clock and the hedgerow sparrow half an hour later, the lark does not appear till after five.

* * *

WASPS may often be observed detaching from fences, boards or any old wood the fibers, which they afterward manufacture into papier mache.

* * *

THE Dorking fowl is the only living bird which in its adult condition possesses a five-toed foot.

* * *

A FULL grown elephant can carry three tons on its back.

* * *

THOROUGHbred dogs are less intelligent than mongrels.

* * *

THE horse has no eyebrows.

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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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LITTLES.

A little joy along the way,
To make the old world brighter;
A little smile from day to day,
To make some sad heart lighter.
A little love to sweeten life,
And gild the earth with glory;
A little song with sweetness rife,
So runneth life's glad story.
—Will Ward Mitchell.

THE BOER WAR.

THE long, costly and disastrous war, between England and the Boers in South Africa, has terminated in the acceptance of the sovereignty of England by the burghers. The war did stagger humanity, as was predicted in the start. The terms of peace are given below:

1. The burgher forces to lay down their arms, hand over all their rifles, guns and munitions of war in their possession or under their control and to acknowledge the sovereignty of Edward VII of England.

2. All prisoners are to be brought back as soon as possible to South Africa, without loss of liberty or property.

3. No action to be taken against prisoners except where they are guilty of breaches of the rules of war.

5. Dutch is to be taught in the schools if desired by the parents, and used in the courts if necessary.

5. Rifles are allowed for protection.

6. Military occupation is to be withdrawn as soon as possible and self-government substituted.

7. There is to be no tax upon the Transvaal to pay the cost of the war.

8. The sum of three million sterling (about fifteen million dollars) is to be provided for restocking the Boer farms.

9. Cape Colony rebels are liable to trial, according to the law of the colony to which they belong. The rank and file of these rebels will be disfranchised for life. The death penalty will not be inflicted.

YOUTH AND AGE.

THERE is generally a conflict between the buoyancy of youth and the sedateness of age. The two look at things differently. Youth wants to ride on the merry-go-round, age prefers sitting on the porch. It is only a matter of years, for the old man has forgotten his youth. Every last one of us with graying hair long ago loved little green apples and red lemonade, and had not the slightest hesitancy in putting both away on top of each other every chance we got.

The taste for little green apples and the seductive "sassafril" has left us, but the boy and girl have it all right. It's natural and therefore normal and to a degree healthy. Imagine a ten-year-old boy and girl sitting at a dinner table and ordering roquefort and café noir while discussing seismic disturbances! Better that they be allowed the run of the place in their bare feet and access to a convenient mudpuddle. They sustain the same relation to the grownups that the little chickens with half their bodies bare do to the old hens and the rooster.

Give them their chance. It only comes once. In later years they will not want to run barefoot and fish in the run with a pin hook. They will be all the better men and women for it. Of course there are limitations, but the word goes out from the Nook office,—let the youngsters loose. Soap and water at the day's end are cheaper than a doctor in the night for a weakly child.

THE THINGS TO READ.

EVERY now and then the Nook is in receipt of a letter of inquiry as to what to read. There can be no answer at all. A good many honest people who think they know, but who do not, will exclaim that there should be no hesitancy about it. But there is a good deal more to it than they think. A good many of these good people who never bought a book of their own volition in their lives, and who never read one through, and who would not find anything readable in Shakespeare, think they can tell off hand what is good for others to take up. But they can't do it.

The facts are that reading is like eating. People ought to read what they like best. Their choice may not be mine, nor mine theirs, but the mental recreation and palatableness of the instruction ought to determine what to take.

* * *

THE CROP CONDITION.

THE crop conditions of the United States are vastly improved. The fall and winter were unfavorable in many places to the development of good crops and the early spring was cold and dry, and the planting of crops was very much retarded. Since that time universal rains have fallen and the outlook is exceptionally good. They are now cutting wheat in some parts of the INGLENOOK'S territory and planting corn and potatoes in another. In a few days we will send out our schedules for June and we will expect to hear from the country at large as being vastly improved in its outlook. The recipients of the schedules should return them as quickly as possible. There may be instances where the reporter will have to anticipate the outlook a little but make a guess at it from all the conditions available and return to the office as soon as possible.

* * *

THANKS!

THE Nookman desires to thank members of the Family who have sent recipes for the cure of malaria. From the variety of them it is evident that there are more ways to kill the malaria germ than by quinine and pills. Nearly every locality seems to have its favorite remedy, doubtless the result of experience.

AT LEAST WE THINK SO.

Contentment is the mother of happiness.

✦

No man living can afford to lose one friend.

✦

The under dog may not be worth crying over.

✦

The failure attributes his brother's success to luck.

✦

Some people cannot be familiar without vulgarity.

✦

The honeymoon often ends with the advent of burnt steak.

✦

Never mind, woman, there are no dishes to wash in heaven.

✦

Keep your ideal well ahead of you and work up toward it continually.

✦

If you want to get credit in this world all you will have to do is to die.

✦

People utter more falsehoods from carelessness than from intentional lying.

✦

Every time you get mad and break loose there is a circus and you are its clown.

✦

The tongue of detraction talks like a streak, but truth is sometimes tongue-tied.

✦

A good dinner will do more to put him in good humor than all your tears and talks.

✦

Seeing a boy with a fishing-pole doesn't necessarily mean that he is going to cochineal.

✦

An idle person and an uncultivated field are alike in the fact that weeds and faults develop spontaneously.

✦

They said he died and left all behind him. But really he took over with him all the forgotten good deeds he had done. There weren't many, but they paid his way in.

VOODOO REMEDIES.

IN 1678 the pharmacopœia of the college of physicians of London recognized the skull of a person dying a violent death as being of great medicinal value. The horn of the unicorn, too, was a specific against many ills. In 1724 the virtues of human fat, of skulls, of unicorn's horns and of toads, vipers and lizards were recognized by the same institution. In 1742 the pharmacopœia was considerably revised, but it retained centipedes, lizards and vipers upon the list.

Hundreds of years before, in China and Japan, the same objects were presented by the medical practitioners. Japan until recently believed in the virtues of the carbonized remains of common animals.

Chickens, cats, birds, dogs and many other creatures were kept in the backyards of the doctor, and the patient made his selection of the animal which should perform the cure. The creature would be killed with some ceremony and burnt to ashes before the eyes of the sick one. As soon as possible afterward the curative remains would be applied.

From live animals to-day the doctor has taken to dried creatures' skins, horns, teeth, and claws, taken from almost every imaginable creature. The farther these things have traveled the more value they are supposed to possess.

India has a like superstition, and Gen. Robert Warden tells of having killed a fine tiger and removed its skin. When the natives saw this trophy they begged to be told where the body of the animal was buried, explaining that from its bones a decoction could be made that would cause those who drank it to become immensely strong and courageous.

England had the same fetich in 1685, when Dr. Toope, of Oxford, became interested in the uncovering of a grave of the ancient Britons on Hakpen hill in Wiltshire. The bodies of these men had been laid in the ground feet to feet in a circle. The doctor says:

"The bones were large and nearly rotten, but the teeth were wonderfully white. I dug up many bushels, with which I made a noble medicine."

At one time human skulls were exported from Ireland to Germany to be used in medicine, and

the mummified remains of the ancient Egyptians were much sought after.

At the present day it is said that more rattlesnake oil is bottled in Pennsylvania than ever before in the history of the State. In New England cobweb pills are supposed to cure the ague, and in the south a certain knuckle bone in a pig's foot is a sure cure for rheumatism, if it be carried in the pocket or worn suspended from a string around the neck.

The spider web pill originated in China, where all species of insects had certain positive or negative values in medicine. In Pekin it is customary to give two to three scorpions or spiders to a patient ill of fever. In Ireland the peasantry swallow small spiders alive to effect cures. From these the cobweb pill of the New England peasant was easy. In Flanders the live spider is fastened into the empty shell of a walnut and worn around the neck of the patient. As the creature dies the fever decreases until it is gone entirely.

This attention to the spider as an agent is thought to have come from the epidemic of spider insanity that ran through Italy at the end of the fourteenth century. The bite of the Lycoas tarantula is supposed to have produced the epidemic, though it has long been certain that the creature is harmless. The alleged victim, however, became oppressed, morbid, grew livid and at the sound of music would begin a half-manic dance, keeping it up to exhaustion. For three centuries the ailment existed, spreading throughout Italy. Then it waned and died, leaving only the "tarantelle" dance as a remembrance.

In thousands of communities there is a firm belief that a buckeye or horse chestnut carried in the pocket will keep away rheumatism, or cure it if the wearer already has it.

Through all these more or less superstitious agencies has come the present pharmacopœia of the physician. With it have come the water cure, the grass cure, the faith cure, the mind cure, the hypnotic cure and scores of similar "schools" of practice. These "schools" are multiplying, too.—*Chicago Tribune.*



THE German government will probably make experiments with petroleum for fishing smacks.

IT MAY BE ANOTHER POMPEII.

EDGAR COX, a miner, has reached Redding, Cal., after a hard trip across the country from Lassen Buttes, forty miles east of that place, bringing a story of strange discoveries of even deeper interest than the great crater and the springs and caves of the lava fields. The discoveries are of bones and implements denoting a people and a state of civilization existing there many centuries ago. It is believed a second Pompeii may be hidden beneath the lava and ig-

as they were engaged in the daily routine of life. Next the searchers came upon rude spoons and bowls. They were apparently of stone, but they bore no resemblance to the Indian relics which the traveler sees often in that region. Instruments which perhaps were used as hammers and chisels were found. They, too, were totally unlike the known implements of the Indians. Some of the stone articles were of such design that they could not be classified at all. The surveyors became convinced that they had chanced upon relics



CHERRY ORCHARD IN WASHINGTON.

neous rock which was belched in a far remote period from the mouth of the grim old crater.

A party of timber surveyors investigating their way over the rough country south of Noodles pass found within four feet of the surface human bones half petrified. They evidently had lain at much greater depth, but erosion had thinned the crust of earth above them. The skeletons were in various postures, as though death had come suddenly upon the ancients, striking them down

of a race that antedated the known Indians so far as to have little in common with them.

It was the conviction of the party that the ruins of a settlement or city, possibly engulfed with its inhabitants by an eruption of the long extinct volcano, lie beneath the lava and can be reached with comparative ease from certain points where little lava remains.

Money is labor boiled down and crystallized.

ABOUT BUNNY.

IN the *Review of Reviews* is an article taken from the *Edinburgh Review* telling something about rabbits. The latter publication declares that no quadruped so small and apparently so insignificant as the rabbit has played so important a part in the political and social history of the English-speaking race. In England alone many thousands of persons have been hurried, on account of the rabbit, to the jail and the gallows.

After having played such mischief in England, it is running Australia. Three couples of rabbits were introduced into Australia for the purpose of providing the colonists with sport and food. As a result the colonial government is now spending enormous sums of money in putting up rabbit fences hundreds of miles in length in order to cope with the rabbit plague. Fifteen million rabbit skins have been exported from New South Wales in a single year, yet there is no apparent diminution in their numbers. At the beginning of the Christian era rabbits multiplied so much in Majorca and Minorca that the inhabitants begged the Emperor Augustus to send one of his soldiers in order to fight the bunnies, who were reducing the islands to famine. On the island of Porto Santo, near Madeira, a tame dog with her litter was liberated five hundred years ago. In thirty-seven years they had multiplied to such an extent as to make the island intolerable for human beings.

The reviewer says that the rabbit originally came from Spain, although Confucius five hundred years before Christ named the rabbit as one of the animals which were worthy of being sacrificed to the gods. From Spain the rabbit rapidly spread over France, Holland and Germany, but owing to the damage which they did to the forests the Germans ruthlessly repressed them. They never established themselves in Scandinavia or Russia. It is believed that they were first brought to England by the Romans, and they are still making their way northward in Scotland. Although their teeth are very sharp and formidable, they seldom bite, but there are many cases in which, on being taken from nets and traps, they have inflicted severe wounds upon men and dogs. To protect their young they will attack stoats, weasels, and crows with astonishing courage. They swim well, and when hard

pressed, can climb trees with rough trunks or ivy. When domestic rabbits are turned out wild they soon revert from their fanciful colors to their original gray. Rabbits form the chief food of foxes; eagles will fly at no higher game as long they can get rabbits, and very young rabbits just out of their holes are often eaten by owls and crows.

The reviewer describes the various methods by which mankind has attempted to get rid of rabbits, one of the most amusing of which is that of fixing the end of a small candle by melted wax to the back of a lively crab. The candle is then lighted, and when the crab, bearing this torch upon its back, starts down the hole, the rabbit promptly bolts out. One of the largest "bags" of rabbits killed in one day by one man was made by Sir Victor Brooke, who, in 1885, fired 1,000 cartridges and killed 740 rabbits. This, however, was surpassed by Lord de Gray, who killed 920 in one day. On Mr. Lloyd Price's estate, in North Wales, in 1885, 5,086 rabbits fell to the guns of a shooting party in one day.

The reviewer touches upon the question of raising rabbits for food. He quotes Cobbett, who says that three does and a buck will give a rabbit every three days in the year. Major Morant maintains that when rabbit farming is done on a large scale, and the rabbits are kept in movable hutches with wire bottoms through which the rabbits can graze, and which are removed two or three times every day, 200 will produce 5,000 young in a year, which can be sold for £500 (\$2,500). A warren can be made to produce fifty rabbits to the acre with tolerable certainty. But when rabbits are only shot, and the warrens left until the next winter, not more than ten rabbits an acre can be expected. Fifty rabbits will eat down the grass of an acre of pasture as fast as it grows.

SOME TRAITS OF ANIMALS.

NATURE has given every known animal some distinctive method of defense, yet few people in this busy world, with the exception of those who make a study of animal life, know exactly what they are. In the herbivorous animals the defense gift, as it might be called, is more prominent than in the flesh-eating species, because the latter are the relentless enemy of the former.

In a noted animal collection now to be seen in Chicago, are several hundred of both species, and devotees of natural history will have the privilege of inspecting them to their heart's content.

The giraffe, one of the most peculiarly built of the herbivorous animals and one that is rapidly becoming extinct, will probably attract as much attention as any other animal in the menagerie. He is a native of Africa, and being thin-skinned is supplied by nature with remarkably sharp hoofs, which he uses with destructive force when attacked by lions or tigers. A giraffe has been known to virtually tear a lion into shreds.

The zebra also uses his hoofs, but in a different manner. Instead of striking he kicks. Zebras when pursued by carnivorous animals will gallop wildly for a time. Suddenly they will stop, form a circle with their heads toward the center and kick viciously and in unison at their enemies. In the formation of the circle the weakest animals are forced into the center and in consequence are afforded additional protection.

The greatest kicker of the herbivorous class is the cassawary. Although he has but two legs, they can easily do the work of four when put into active service. The legs are so thickly muscled that a cassowary can break a tiger's back at one blow.

The eland, the largest of the antelope family, is furnished with a pair of spiral like horns, the points of which are as sharp as freshly-ground swords. With these horns the eland, while running wild in the country south of the Sahara desert in Africa, impales his many adversaries of the cat tribe on his horns and dashes them to death on the sun-baked ground.

The Russian white deer is devoid of horns and depends on razor-edge hoofs to protect his family and himself. The llama also uses the hoofs in the event of an attack.

The oanger, or ghoraka, known as the wild ass of western India, fights like the zebra and protects the young and weak in the same manner. The yak, from the highlands of the Thibet, butts and tramples his enemies. His coat of extra long coarse hair affords him considerable protection.

* * *

THE Bible is being translated into ten Philippine island dialects.

TALES OF THE EAST.

A FRENCH writer asserts that Russia contains 32,000,000 horses of various breeds, from the tarpan, the singular wild horse of Turkestan, to the thoroughbred Arab. Perhaps the most interesting are the Kirghiz and Kalmuk horses, the useful cavalry animals of the Don, the unequalled pack horses of the Altai and the small but serviceable breed of Finland. Extremes of temperature and the hardships of a nomadic existence in the most merciless of climates combine to make the Kirghiz among the hardiest horses on earth. All winter they have to find a bare subsistence on roots beneath the snow and the enormous mortality in these wanderings exercises a continuous process of selection. Fast and long racing are the chief diversions of these rough tribesmen and even their courtship is pursued in the saddle, every marriageable maiden, aged no more than fourteen years, having to be chased on horseback and transferred to the saddle of her wooer before she is his legitimate bride.

Dr. M. A. Stein during his recent researches among the buried cities of Asia discovered much information regarding the life of those cities which for 2,000 years have been immersed in the sand. The most striking excavations were made in the heart of the desert north of Niya. There one settlement was exposed, covering with its scattered dwellings and shrines an area of about twenty-four square miles. Refuse heaps which were unearthed near some ruined houses which apparently had been tenanted by village officials contained hundreds of documents, beautifully written on wooden tablets and carefully tied and sealed. Owing to the preservative nature of the sand many of these were in splendid condition—the ink as black and the seals and string as perfect as if they were only a few weeks old. As these documents are in a known Indian script their decipherment can be expected to reveal in a fascinating manner many of the details of the ancient village life.

* * *

OUR corps of crop reporters and co-editors of the NOOK should remember to fill out their schedules as soon as received. This means a guess at the last week of June, which can be readily and reliably done. The schedules for June will be sent out next week.

YOUR THERMOMETER.

THE chances are that every reader who has a thermometer at all, will say for it that it is accurate, and perfectly reliable. He believes it as he does his watch, though he knows that the watch goes out of line more or less every day. When there is a cold spell, below zero, the most inaccurate instrument in the neighborhood, is the one taken to show that it was excessively cold.

A standard thermometer is one that is absolutely accurate under all circumstances, and such an instrument was likely never made. With care and skill on the part of the manufacturer an instrument may be turned out that will be nearly perfect, sufficiently near perfection to meet the demands of the ordinary individual not engaged in scientific pursuits. But the average lot of cheap instruments are of very little real use. When one looks at an assortment of them in the merchant's show case they reveal all sorts of temperature, each of its own.

Thermometers have different material in them to show the degree of heat and cold. Sometimes colored spirit is used, and frequently this parts with its color and is hard to read. The metallic thermometer is sluggish to an extreme, and the very best material is quicksilver. The reason for this is that quicksilver is uniform in its expansion and contraction from forty below to six hundred above. At or about six hundred degrees above, the mercury begins to jump, and is unreliable. But the average Nooker has no business in a country or place where the temperature gets above six hundred degrees. Not even a new INGLENOOK would make him comfortable.

Here someone asks how a reliable instrument can be had. There is only one way, and that is to get one from a manufacturer who turns out only the best, and who does not deal or dabble with advertising trash. There are such manufacturers, and it does not necessarily follow that their instruments are excessively high in price.

If there is a great difference between two thermometers in different places and it is desired to compare them, the only method of getting at it correctly is to put them in water, side by side. This will show the extent of the variation with a greater accuracy than hanging them side by side in the air.

There are many different makes, and styles of thermometers on the market, and there is little difference as to the mounting and the accessories as far as their accuracy is concerned. The thing to do in the first place is to get a good instrument from a reliable manufacturer. Likely as not the nearest local dealer buys the cheapest and does not know a single scientific fact about his wares. A good mercurial thermometer will last practically forever, unless destroyed by violence.

* * *

TO FIND YOUR WAY WHEN LOST.

WHEN you discover that you are lost first stop and pull yourself together. Recall the direction in which you started from camp—whether you went north, south, east or west. You can always do this if you try. The next step is to fix the points of the compass. When that is done, you will be able to go in the general direction you wish. Find a mature tree that stands apart from its fellows. Even if it is only slightly separated it will do. The bark of this tree will be harder, drier and lighter in color on the south side. On the north it will be darker, and often at the roots it will have a clump of mould or moss. On the south sides of all evergreen trees gum, which oozes from wounds or knot holes, will be hard and amber colored; on the north this gum is softer, gets covered with dust and is of a dirty gray. In fall or winter trees which show a rough bark will have nests of insects in the crevices on their south sides. A tree which stands in the open will have its larger limbs and rougher bark on the south side. You have many evergreens in your part of the country—cone bearing, or coniferous, trees—firs, spruces, cedars, hemlocks, pines. They ought to be good compasses. Hardwood trees—the oak, the ash, elms, hickories, mesquits and so forth—have moss and mould on the north. Leaves are smaller, tougher, lighter in color and with darker veins on the south; on the north they are longer, of darker green and with lighter veins. Spiders build on the south sides. In the South, air plants attach themselves on the north sides. Cedars bend their tips to the south. Any sawed or cut stump will give you the compass points, because the concentric rings are thicker on the south side. The heart of the stump is thus nearer to the north side. All these things are the effects of sun. Stones are bare on

the south side, and if they have moss at all it will be on the north. At best, on the sunny side only a thin covering of harsh, half-dry moss will be found. On the south side of a hill the ground is more noisy underfoot. On the north side ferns, mosses and late flowers grow. If you are on a march, small bushes will give you the lesson: their leaves and limbs show the same differences. Almost all wild flowers turn their faces to the south. There are many others signs, but I reckon you will find these enough.—*St. Nicholas*.

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WHAT THE INSECTS COST US.

IN Harper's for June Dr. H. C. McCook, in his article on "Insects and Civilization," gives some startling statistics as to the amount of destruction done annually in this country by insects of various sorts. Here are his figures:

"The chinch-bug caused a loss of \$30,000,000 in 1871, upwards of \$100,000,000 in 1874, and in 1887, \$60,000,000. The Rocky Mountain locust, or grasshopper, in 1874 destroyed \$100,000,000 of the crops of Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska and Iowa, and the indirect loss was probably as much more. For many years the cotton caterpillar caused an annual average loss in the southern states of \$15,000,000, while in 1868 and 1873 the loss reached \$30,000,000. The fly-weevil, our most destructive enemy to stored grains, particularly throughout the South, inflicts an annual loss in the whole country of \$40,000,000. The codlingmoth, the chief ravager of the apple and pear crops, destroys every year fruit valued at \$30,000,000 to \$40,000,000. The damage to livestock inflicted by the ox-bot, or ox-warble, amounts to \$36,000,000.

"These are fair samples of the enormous money losses produced in one country by a few of the pigmy captains of pernicious industry whose hosts operate in the granaries, fields, stockfarms and the stock yards of our country. What is the grand total? Mr. B. D. Walsh, one of the best entomologists of his day, in 1867, estimated the total yearly loss in the United States from insects at from \$300,000,000 to \$400,000,000. In 1890, C. V. Riley, long chief of the division of entomology, estimated the loss at \$300,000,000. Dr. James Fletcher in 1891 footed up the loss to about one-tenth of our agricultural products—\$330,000,000! In 1899, E. Dwight Sanderson,

after careful consideration of the whole field, put the annual loss at \$300,000,000.

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WATCH FIGURES.

THE earliest watches made in Europe took a year, it is said, in their making, cost the equivalent of \$1,500 apiece, and varied in their time-keeping from forty minutes to an hour a day. At the Waltham, Mass., factory nearly 600,000 watch movements were made during the census year 1900, or nearly 2,000 complete movements for each working day—not quite one a day per employee—more than any other factory in the world and a greater yearly production than any other country except Switzerland. The effort is now being made to raise this production to one per day per employee, which would be a total of 3,000 a day, or over 900,000 a year. The cost of these movements varies from \$3 to \$75, and their timekeeping quality is best shown by the fact that the three American watches, which received the highest award for accuracy of rate at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876, showed an average daily variation of only twenty-three hundredths of a second.

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HOW EXCELSIOR IS MADE.

EXCELSIOR, which is an American invention, is made of bass wood and poplar. The logs are sawed into eighteen inch lengths and split in halves. A series of knife points run down the face of the block, cutting into the wood in parallel lines that are spaced according to the width of the fiber to be made. A following knife slices off the whole face of the block thus served. The fibers curl and commingle as the knife sets them free. An excelsior machine makes two hundred to three hundred strokes a minute, every stroke cutting off a tier of fibers across the face of the block.

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Going into politics is like entering a big sewer half full of its horror. None may emerge unsullied.

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Good will live forever. Evil will surely die. Otherwise right would forever be wronged and the world upside down.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT WASHINGTON'

BY IDA RASH.

WASHINGTON is a most beautiful country in the spring and summer when the mountains are covered with vegetation. From where we live we can see in the distance great mountains covered with snow the year round, looking like marble statues towering up into the skies. These are the Cascade mountains. Where we live the mountains are at present covered with grass and strawberry blossoms. Wild strawberries grow here in great abundance.

There are also great quantities of large timber. Pine, fir and tamarack trees grow in abundance along the streams, and even away up on some of the mountains. We have beautiful streams of cool water lasting all the year. These are fed by the snow in the mountains.

Stock-raising is one of the chief occupations here, as there is much good grass. Stock run out on the range all winter long, and are not fed grain. They look a little gaunt in the spring but as soon as the snow is gone and the grass begins to grow they get sleek and fat. The great herds of cattle and horses grazing on the mountain slopes form an attractive sight.

Mining is another leading occupation here and there is also considerable farming carried on. Washington is a fine country for small grain. Nearly all kinds of grain except corn do well here. This is not a good corn country, but barley grows seventy-five bushels to the acre, oats makes sixty bushels to the acre, and both spring and fall wheat grow and produce large crops, as also does millet. The great variety of vegetables adapted to the temperate regions are all grown here.

Chesare, Wash.

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MARK TWAIN'S SERMON.

MARK TWAIN lately visited his old home in Hannibal, Mo., and on Sunday morning, June 1, attended the Baptist church, where he was expected to preach a sermon. The pastor, Mr. Gill, as reported by the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, preached a short sermon and then invited Mr. Clemens into the pulpit, "not to preach a sermon," he said, "but to say a few words, what-ever might come to him to say."

"No," said Mark Twain, arising in the pew

where he sat beside his old sweetheart, Mrs. Frazier, the Laura Hawkins of his boyhood. "No, I shall not come into the pulpit. I might do that on a week day, but I cannot do it on a Sunday without bruising my own sense of the proprieties.

"But I must take issue with Rev. Dr. Gill, who says that I need not preach a sermon. What I say will be preaching. I am a preacher. We all are preachers. If we do not preach by words, we preach by deeds. What we do and say has its influence upon others, and in our daily life, though we be not clergymen, we preach to each other.

"The art of preaching is to influence. From the pulpit and from the mouths of all of us, the preaching goes on all the time. Our words and deeds are like the tidal waves of the seas that encircle the earth.

"They are not for ourselves alone, but for others. We forget that we carry influence, but we should remember it and we should see that our influence is of the good kind.

"Words perish, print burns up, men die, but our preaching lives on. Washington died in 1799, more than a hundred years ago, but his preaching survives, and to every people that are striving for liberty his life is a sermon.

"My mother lies buried out there in our beautiful cemetery overlooking the Mississippi, but at this age of mine, she still cheers me. Her preaching lives and goes on with me.

"Let us see that our preaching is of the right sort, so that it will influence for good the lives of those who remain when we shall be silent in our graves."

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KANSAS SPRINGS.

BY A. L. MILLER.

OUR springs of Kansas are numerous and of good size for a prairie country. They vary in flow from a tiny trickle to a stream of many gallons per hour.

Wyandotte County has many springs and they are very strong. Much of the water supply in the suburbs of Kansas City is furnished by these springs. In the western part of Argentine is situated a spring at the bottom of a hill but near the top of one of the deepest ravines in the city.

It goes by the Indian name of "The Three White Devils," and was noted far and near in the days before the war. In the southern part, very near the top of the range of hills overlooking Argentine, and constituting the only good water supply of that part of the city, is situated one of the strongest springs in the State. The water is beautifully clear and slightly charged with magnesia. It runs a large stream even after many people have drawn water from it in the driest of weather.

Bonner Springs, Kansas, takes its name from splendid springs in the hills northwest of the town, in the McDaniel park. Water is taken from them by a windmill to supply the great Bonner Sanitarium, a home for the mildly insane of the wealthy. This water is impregnated with a little sulphur and magnesia, but is extremely healthful.

In Anderson County, on the point of a long sandstone ridge, is situated a splendid spring. Though not strong it never was known to go dry although over a hundred feet above the surrounding country, and in a dry region.

Two miles to the south and west of this is the Cherry spring, running from a crevice near the bottom of a huge sandstone rock. Listening at the orifice from which the water runs, one can hear it in the extreme distance, trickling and purling from a miniature waterfall. This spring forms the headwaters of Cherry creek, and is very strong, never having been known to go dry. This was a great camping place for the Osage Indians.

In Johnson County, at North Shawnee Mission, is a noted spring. It is situated on the old Santa Fe trail, and John Brown, Thomas Johnson—the Methodist missionary,—Governor Reeder, the great Indian chief prophet—brother of Tecumseh,—and many other notables drank from it. All the water for the great Shawnee Mission, sixty-two years ago, and all the water that the members of the second Kansas legislature drank while in session came from this spring. It is especially noted for its purity. At present it furnishes water for great greenhouses and market gardens near by, where flowers and vegetables are raised for the Kansas City market of to-day.

Olathe, Kans.

IN THE MATTER OF RUBBER.

THE milky sap of the rubber plant is obtained by either tapping or felling the tree, and the juice, when collected, is prepared for export in various ways. The best and most practical way of preparing the rubber for market is that used in the preparation of Para rubber and has much to do with its superior quality. This is known as the process of fumigation. A fire of brushwood or palm nuts is kindled, and over it is placed a clay funnel. The Seringueiro, or rubber gatherer, dips a paddle-shaped stick into his gourd of milky sap, then holds it in the dense smoke issuing from the funnel until the latex acquires sufficient density. This process is repeated, adding layer after layer, until the mass on the end of the paddle reaches the desired thickness, when it is slit up, and after drying in the open air is ready for market. By this process a good workman can cure five or six pounds of rubber in an hour.

MEASURING A PLOWMAN'S DAY.

THE up-to-date farmer can estimate quite closely what amount of work his men do in a day, and the way in which he does it is ingenious. Assuming that a good plowman will walk about eighteen miles a day, he proceeds to determine how much land will be gone over in that walk.

The factor in the case is the width of the plow. Cutting a seven-inch furrow, a full day's work will mean the plowing of an acre and a quarter; an eight-inch furrow will mean an acre and a half; an eleven-inch furrow two acres; and a fifteen-inch furrow two and three-quarters acres. Thus the farmer knows how many men he needs before beginning the work, and also what each man should accomplish every day.

REFERRING to our Crop Reports the statistician of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., says:

"I have taken much interest in the schedule you are using, and believe that the information obtained by the use of the said schedule is liable to be very thorough and to furnish accurate pictures of the conditions in the localities for which the reports are made."

The Q. & A. Department.

THE INGLENOOK is not responsible for the answers to which signatures are appended. If errors are made write the party answering. If you know more than the facts stated make an article about the subject if you think it of general interest. No argument will be allowed and remember that the NOOK family is a courteous one. If any of these queries suggest others it is the readers' privilege to ask them. We seek knowledge in the NOOK. Foolish or catch questions will not get a hearing.

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Is it possible studying alone at home, to acquire a verbatim knowledge of shorthand?

It is possible with constant and persistent effort.—*G. A. Hoke, Stenographer, Inglenook office.*

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Is it right to look out for one's personal welfare when success will be at a loss to others?

Theoretically, no. But the millennium is not here yet.—*John E. Mohler, 1418 Court Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.*

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Where may the Cumberland valley be said to begin and end?

The valley begins at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and ends at Hagerstown, Md.—*Wealthy Burkholder, Newburg, Pa.*

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What are some of the most valuable stamps to a collector?

Twelve pence Canada, four cent pan-American invert, which are worth \$500 each, and two pence Mauritius, worth \$2,500.—*Charles Eshelman, Collector, Elgin, Ill.*

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Can proofreading be learned through the correspondence schools offering to teach it by mail?

The knowledge thus acquired would be unsatisfactory, as the student would find out who attempted to fill a position as proofreader with no other knowledge of the work. It would be a help only.—*Blanche Lentz, Proofreader, Brethren Publishing House.*

Are there any parts of the world or its nations not occupied by either Christians or missionaries?

Since there are about five hundred million Protestants, Greeks, Roman Catholics, and Jews, against one thousand million Mohammedans and heathen, it stands to reason that large portions of some nations have not so much as heard that there is a Christ.—*Galen B. Royer, Sec'y Gen. Mission Board, Elgin, Ill.*

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By whom and how are the International Sunday school lessons prepared?

The lessons are selected by a committee of fifteen, chosen from the various denominations. The preparation of the lessons is left entirely to the Sunday-school editors of the publishing houses using the lessons. The committee offers no comments.—*I. B. Trout, Editor Sunday-school Literature, Lanark, Ill.*

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Is a Business School graduate capable of keeping the books of any industry, say those of a mine, a store, a bank or a railroad?

No, not without special training for each business. Each industry has methods of its own. The bookkeeper of a bank could not keep books for a railroad without learning it. The graduate gets the *principles*. The practice is different in different businesses.—*Mark Early, Chief Bookkeeper, Brethren Publishing House.*

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Is it advisable, in mission work, to pass over nations not Christians to reach a field?

Circumstances may differ. The Lord may call a man to a special field which may necessitate his crossing a non-Christian land. Paul had to pass over a part of non-Christian Asia to answer the call from Macedonia. As a general thing we should do the work next to our hand. But to make that as a specific rule to apply in all cases and under all conditions we would not deem advisable. Follow the Lord's leading.—*John R. Snyder, Pres. Miss. Reading Circle, Bellefontaine, Ohio.*

Does an English born person learning German in the United States ever get the accent and pronunciation so correct as not to betray his mother tongue before a native German?

No. It has never been done. As in the case of the German speaking English there is always a note of betrayal. This does not mean that a language may not be intelligently mastered, and intelligibly spoken. But there goes with it an indescribable something that tells it is not native speech.—*L. A. Plate, Elgin, Ill.*

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Do any of the seedsmen grow all their own seeds?

No, they do not. The seeds, however, are grown under the supervision of the seedsman as far as possible. The different seeds are grown in different localities. Northern grown seeds are always preferable as they are stronger and if planted in a more southern climate mature earlier. There are a great many seeds imported annually from European countries, such as flower seeds and many small vegetable seeds.—*C. G. Heine, Elgin Seed Company, Elgin, Ill.*

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The River Jordan. What does Jordan mean?

"The Down comer." Between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea the Jordan plunges over twenty-seven cascades and rapids, and falls a thousand feet, more than any other known river except the Sacramento in California. So says W. E. Curtis in his recent letters written from the banks of the Jordan. This rapid descent gave it the name of Jordan, "The Descender," or "Down comer." Jordan for crookedness has no

peer. A straight line between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea measures sixty miles, and the length of the river between these points is about two hundred and twelve miles.—*W. R. Miller, 406 Jackson Bvd., Chicago, Ill.*

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Does Suggestive Therapeutics constitute any part of the practice of Osteopathy?

No. Osteopathy, in a few words, is the adjustment of anatomical abnormalities by mechanical means, thus relieving the organism from hindrances to its perfect working.

More explicitly: "Osteopathy is that science or system of healing which emphasizes (a) the diagnosis of disease by physical methods with a view to discovering, not the symptoms but the cause of disease, in connection with the misplacement of tissue, obstruction of the fluids and interference with the forces of the organism; (b) the treatment of disease by scientific manipulations in connection with which the operating physician mechanically uses and applies the inherent resources of the organism to overcome disease and establish health, either by removing or correcting mechanical disorders and thus permitting nature to recuperate the diseased part, or by producing and establishing anti-toxic and anti-septic conditions of the organism or its parts; (c) the application of mechanical and operative surgery in setting fractured or dislocated bones, repairing lacerations and removing abnormal tissue elements when these become dangerous to the organic life.—*Clara L. Todson, D. O., Elgin, Ill.*





The Home







Department



ALUM BASKET.

BY LIBBIE HOLLOPETER.

MAKE a basket of wire that will not rust and lap it with canton flannel or candle wicking. Dissolve alum in water in the proportion of one pound of alum to one quart of water by placing on the stove to heat. You must have enough of the liquid to entirely cover the basket. When the alum is dissolved place the basket in the liquid and put in a cool place to settle. It will be beautiful and sparkle like crystals.

FOR A CORAL BASKET,

Lap basket with wick or canton flannel, tie on raisin stems all over, and dip in melted sealing wax.

Pentz, Pa.

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LEMON CUSTARD PIE.

BY SISTER ALICE HECKER.

FOR four medium-sized or two very deep pies, take two cups of sugar, butter the size of an egg, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, the yolks of four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and two cups of boiling water. Mix the cornstarch with a little cold water before adding to the boiling water. Mix all together and bake with under crust. After the pies are baked cover with meringue made of the whites of the four eggs beaten to a stiff froth with two tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar, and set in the oven until slightly browned.

Carrington, N. Dak.

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LAYER CAKE.

BY HANNAH SANGER.

TAKE one and one-half cups of flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder, mixed in the flour.

Break an egg in a cup and fill with sweet cream. Add one cup of sugar and flavor to taste. Do not stir more than is necessary.

Bays, W. Va.

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SWEET CORN BREAD.

BY MISS ELLA REITZ.

Take

Two cups of Indian, one of wheat;
 One cup of sour milk, one of sweet;
 One good egg that well you beat,
 Half a cup of molasses, too,
 With one spoon of butter new;
 Salt and soda each a spoon,
 Quickly mix' and bake it soon.

Elk Lick, Pa.

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A REFRESHING DRINK FOR HOT WEATHER.

BY MRS. WILLOUGHBY FELKER.

PUT in a gallon jar three tablespoonfuls of root beer, one lemon sliced and sugar to suit the taste. Add a large lump of ice and fill the jar with water.

Leaf River, Ill.

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CANCER REMEDY.

BY SISTER L. C. FOREHAND.

TAKE ten cents worth of stick of brimstone and five cents worth of common bar lead. Put the lead in a ladle and melt it. Then lay the brimstone on the lead and burn it thoroughly to dust. Sift this through a domestic cloth and sprinkle on the cancer. Do not wash the sore but scrape the top of it every day and sprinkle more dust on the raw sore.

Wheatland, Mo.

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